

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

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PRACTICE SUBMISSION – TRANSPOSITION II

in partial fulfilment of the requirements of Sheffield Hallam University
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Culture and Creativity Research Institute, Faculty of Science, Technology and Arts

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All work attributed to Debbie Michaels unless otherwise stated

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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.



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.



HUNG OUT TO DRY, 2015

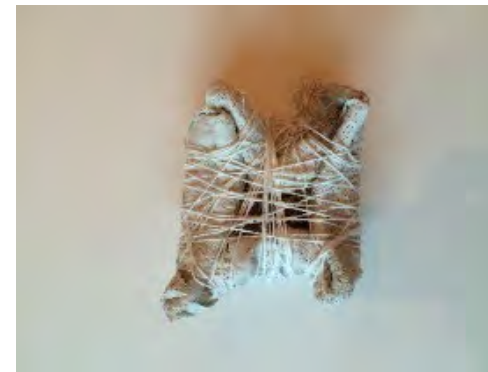
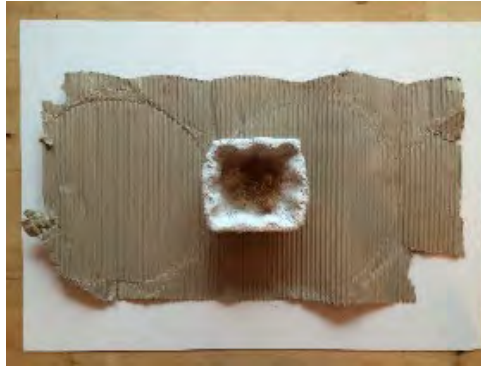
Easel, table, desk lamp, string, picture pins, Modroc, suspended lightbulb



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.



MOMENTS IN TIME, 2016

cardboard carton, corrugated cardboard, Modroc, string, sheeps wool, tree bark, ginger coir, 18 × 15 (variable)

A photograph of a nest made of twigs and dried grass, with a small bird visible inside. The nest is situated in a natural, outdoor setting with dry vegetation and a sandy ground. The bird is a small, brownish-yellow species, possibly a finch or a similar small bird, perched within the nest. The nest is constructed from a mix of dry grass, twigs, and other natural materials, creating a textured and somewhat chaotic structure. The background shows more dry grass and a sandy area, suggesting a natural, perhaps coastal or island, environment.

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.¹ 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.

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 shreds 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.²

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

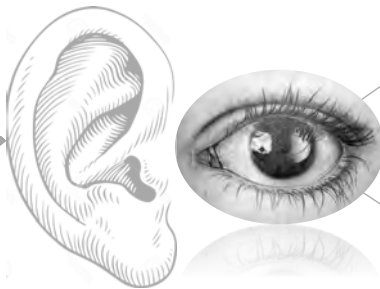
Hinshelwood, R. D., and Wilhelm Skogstad, eds., *Observing Organisations: Anxiety, Defence and Culture in Health Care*, London: Routledge, 2000, p. 22

...achieving particular objectives. Above all, they perform the cultural activities of the organisation specifically on the day, and the emotional quality of the unfolding events. Moreover, s/he needs to gauge the pull to join or leave. As observer, witnessing the activities, of like and unlike feelings of approval or disapproval, the pull to join or leave fleetingly pass across his/her mind. In summary, to keep an eye on three things: the objective quality of the atmosphere; and his/her own inner experience in the psychoanalytic setting would be to observe these areas of observation together reflected in the 'culture' of the organisation. Invited more or less pressing the food that...

Influences

conscious

unconscious



one hour observation
of the organisation and myself in the organisation

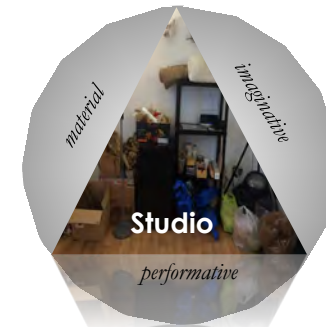
+

one hour art-making
in a studio space

Objective events
what is happening?

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

Inner feelings
subjective/aesthetic response?



+

one hour a week
over twelve weeks

+

one hour a week
over twelve weeks

SK: So, repeating the hour...It's one hour observation, plus one hour making... So it ~~segways~~ ^{segues} - *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

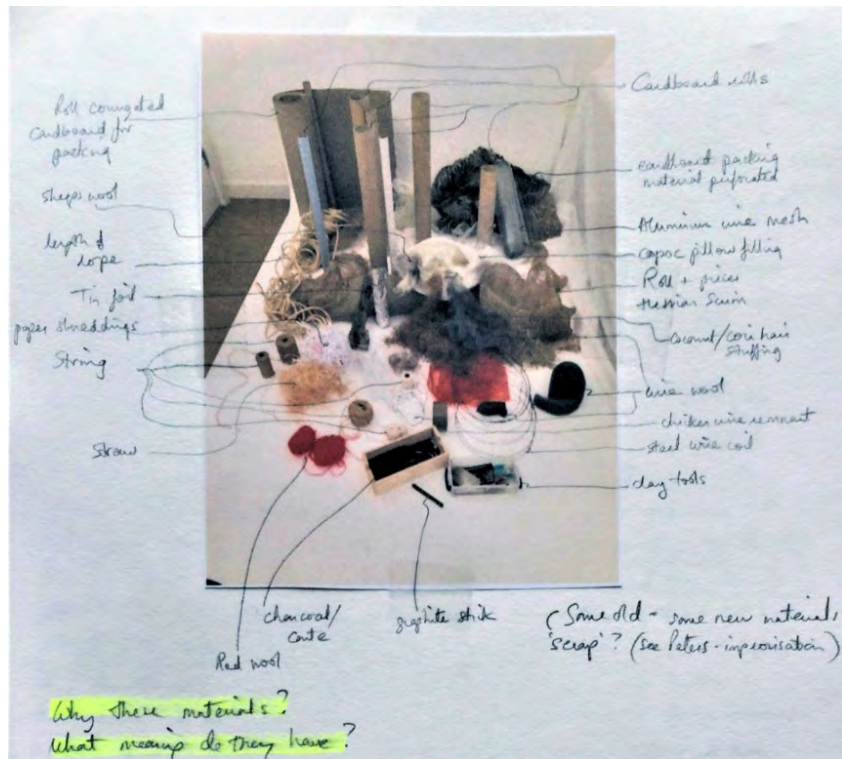
Working with what material I bring into the room
Restricting myself to only that
Might bring in something from outside I want to work on, or just
see what emerges (like therapy)
Think about what materials I have in the room
Where do I do it?...in the art therapy room or the other
space?...more of a blank 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



Observation 1 - 28/1/17.

09.05

As I write this I am sitting in the car parked a few hundred yards down the road from A&R. There are roadworks further up blocking the way. I feel nervous + excited in anticipation of the day's work. I walked on the tracks on my first visit as I left home. After dropping Carmie I drove in. Lots of blocked roads - no local cafe's open, so I parked up, doubled off the tracks when starting. I'll turn it on again when I leave the car. My bladder is telling me I am nervous and my heart rate is 71 - higher than my average resting rate. I check the clock again - 9.04. I have the leaflets in my bag that I have prepared to put out on the various tables in the communal area. In the back of my mind I'm also wondering what T & R will say through the Hearing Contract. I have my ID Badge on. 9.07 - I'm going to leave now. I switch the tracks on again.

BGP

I walk up the road towards the building. There are roadworks - no parking - I walk through the automatic entrance doors to the reception area. The shutter is down but I find the red button to lift and sign myself in. I walk down the corridor to the communal area and over to the admin office. B is working again + I ask if it ok to put my coat there. She explains that there is a presentation happening, so I say not to worry, I'll hang it down and take my coat from the admin office and take it down to the communal area. I think to myself that I don't want to be the last one to leave the back. (After less intrusive I think to myself that I don't want to be the last one to leave the back.)

Checking on I go that I have the correct number of leaflets. There are roadworks on the way yet and the TV isn't on. I am a bit early still and need the lift to go back up the corridor. There is a staff member there in the communal area. I ask if it is ok to put my coat there. (Wondering why I'm asking). There is a different staff member there. I ask if it is ok to put my coat there. I sit back in my seat at about 9.20, adjusting its position as I am concerned that it is too close to the wall. A man (white) who I estimate to be in his 40's walks in. He is wearing a white shirt. I am reminded of the chest I first worked with here in 2003. He sits near the TV at one of the tables. Shortly after I have settled the staff presentation seems to have ended. One of the team comes to me and apologises - she says I look a bit tired. She had been explaining that 'I wasn't doing anything' - but had got cut off - had been going on to say that I wasn't doing anything with patients, but was not off. Had been concerned that I might have heard. I said it was fine. I hadn't heard anything and it was wrong. She apologised again. I was aware of not wanting to just nod and say yes, but rather to try to feel it. It felt different from when I had done the singing exercise, more focused on my internal state, towards a inner place. The staff had come out now + R turned on the TV. Times under the Hammer. Patients were arriving - mostly on the transport provided. One of the transport men was bringing over the lady who had sat in front of me when I came on 27.11.16. She was in a wheel chair - he had helped her into a chair. A man came over to her who I took to be a relative. She sat with her back to me and took her feet towards the chair which was being moved over the back of the chair. The man with her was looking

Document The Production

In documenting the work of *making* from different positions, I am not concerned with obtaining an objective, accurate, or complete record of events. Rather, as part of a reflexive process, these records include personal thoughts, associations, and speculations, as well as aspects of subjective, experiential material *embedded* and *embodied* in process.

at what was on the table. He picked up my leaflet, looked at it briefly and then threw it back on the table. He looked at it he didn't + particularly want to be there - was jiggling his leg up + down + fanned himself. I asked various other people around - a couple who seemed nice, and 2 other men who sat separately but in the area by the TV - I recognised the black man from my previous visit but the other were white. The staff were, as always, jovial and greeting those patients with a joke if they were upland. One staff member addressed the lady in front of me as 'Mulla'. I was aware of the strong positive aspects and the difference with my own child in London. Some voices stood out, but there were areas of chatter which were outside my hearing, - turns of picking up anything specific. I was not actually looking/distracting out, but was aware of staff moving around - explaining the process to the new couple. I could not see the lady in front of me but only his back, the top of his head, the back of his chair and his feet. The chair seemed to swallow him up. I realised that his feet weren't touching the floor + felt some concern, at the while moment B noticed as well and helped her to change chairs - gently helping her to stand with the support of the table whilst she and the man with her changed the chairs around. 'That's better'. B said + asked her if she'd like her bedding. The lady indicated that she would and the man said something like - 'well, there's nothing else to do'. B brought the bedding back and joked about the bedding it off today as was odd outside. A team member, young black man, 5th Physics came to talk to her and said he'd come back after she'd had a cup of tea. (The majority of staff were white female) as an IT. R brought the tea trolley around at about 9.55. I was aware of feeling

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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

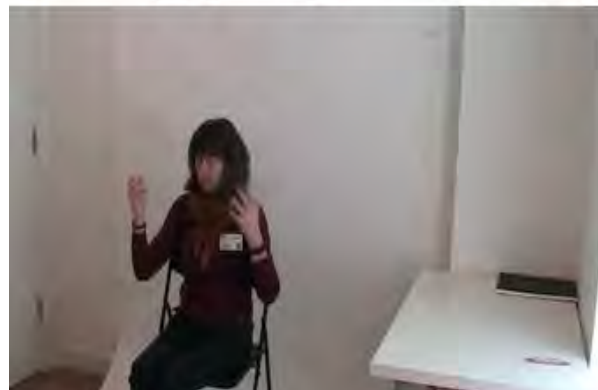
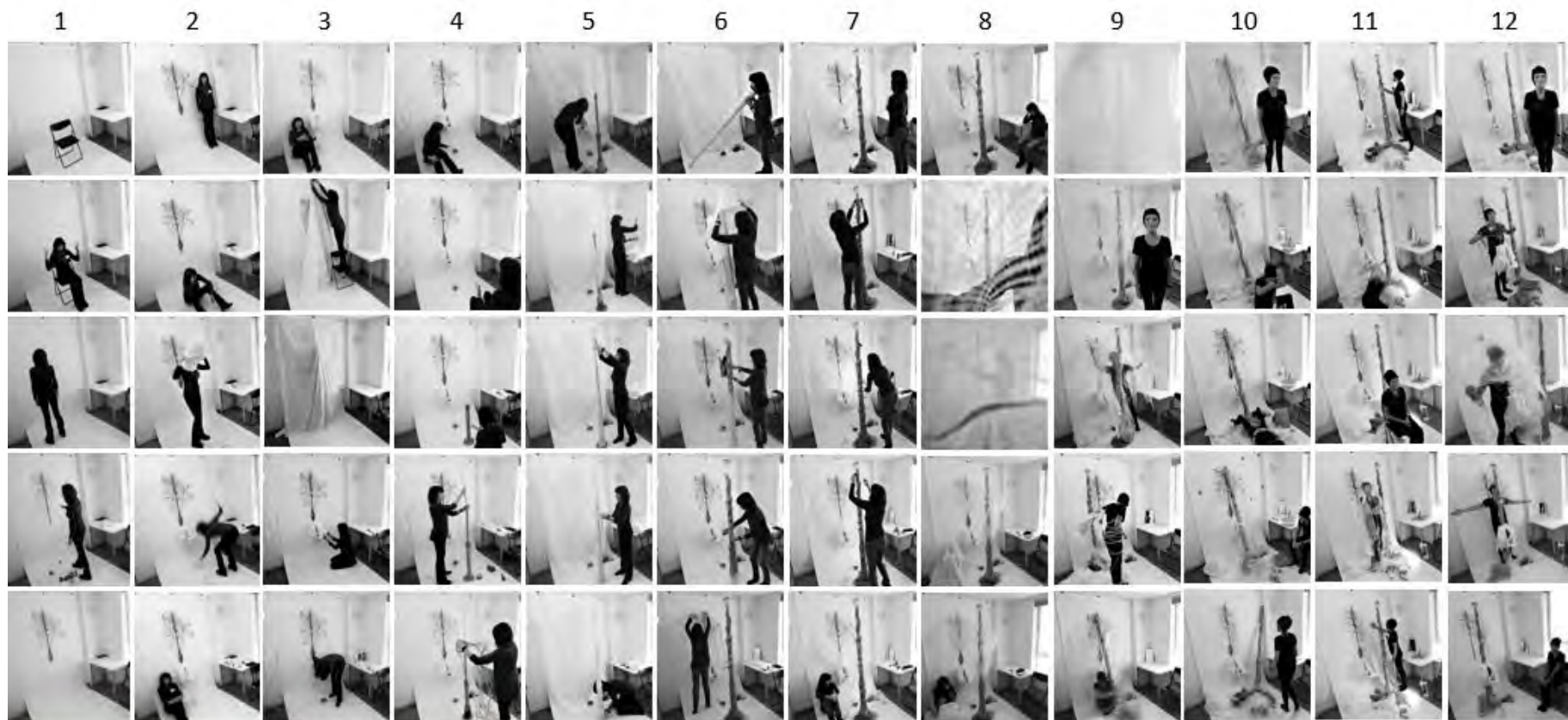
Methods of unobtrusively recording aspects of my experience

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.



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?
more web-dense web &
fibres -

a web-like
doodle?

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

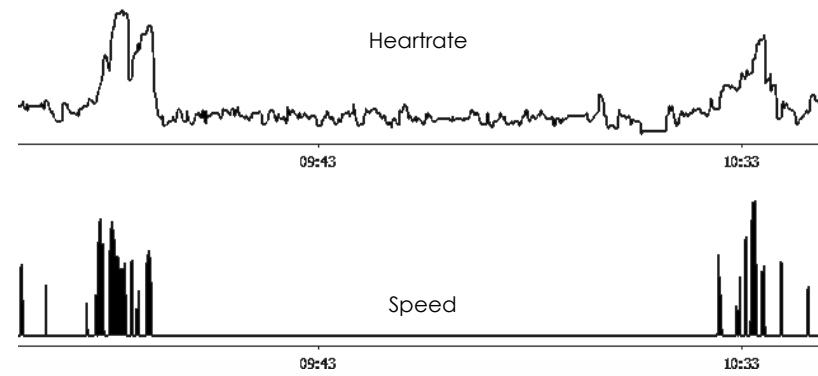
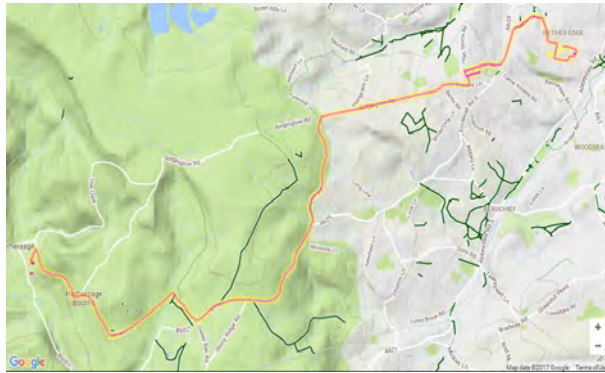
31.1.17

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 31st January 2017... so I'm waiting to go in um to start my 2nd 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*.

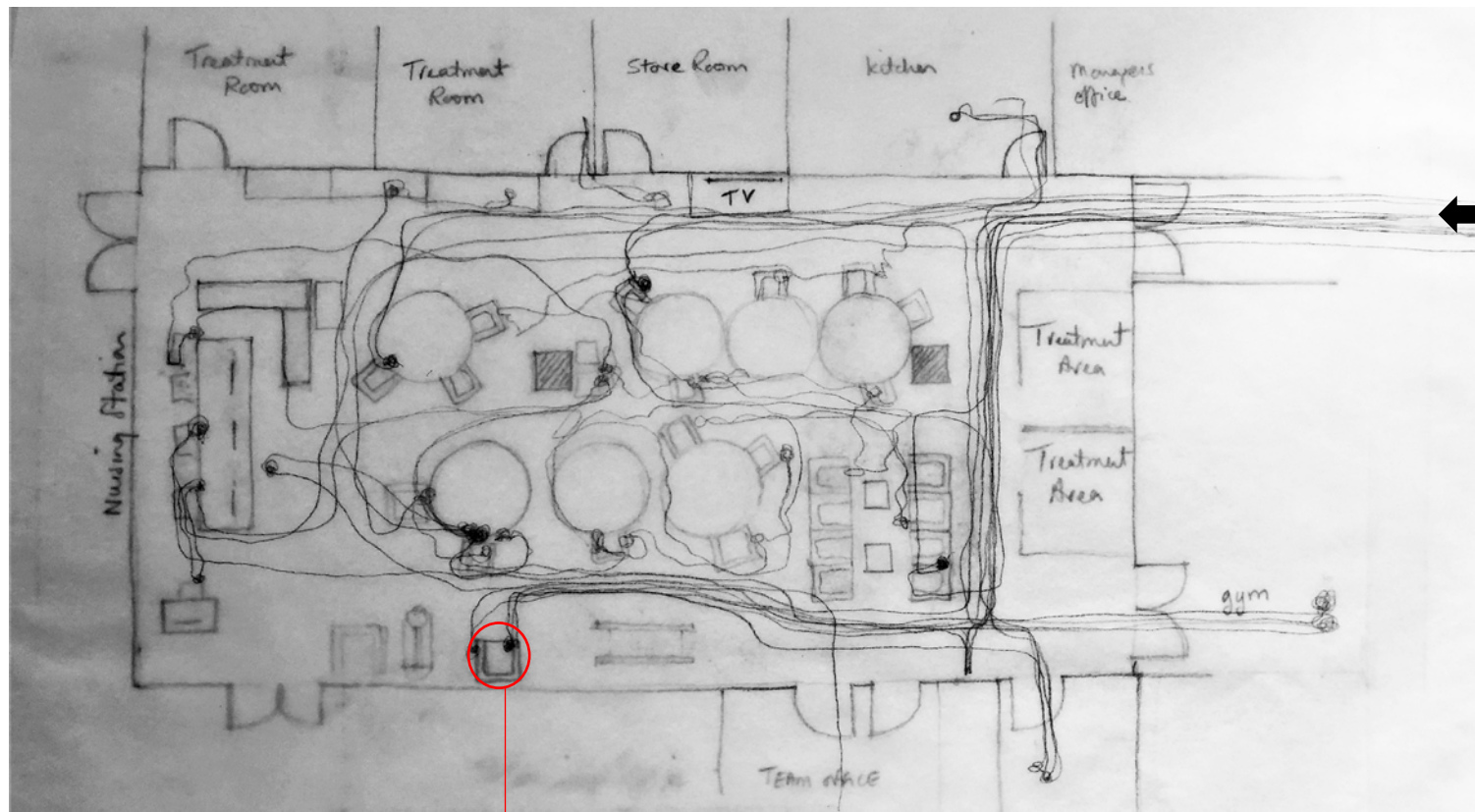
After describing the pattern of my movements each week, I present a series of impressions drawn over twelve weeks through the various documentary lenses described. These do not offer a complete or accurate record of happenings and events. By its nature, all documentation is selective, incomplete and 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 dayling -
- not connecting with anything



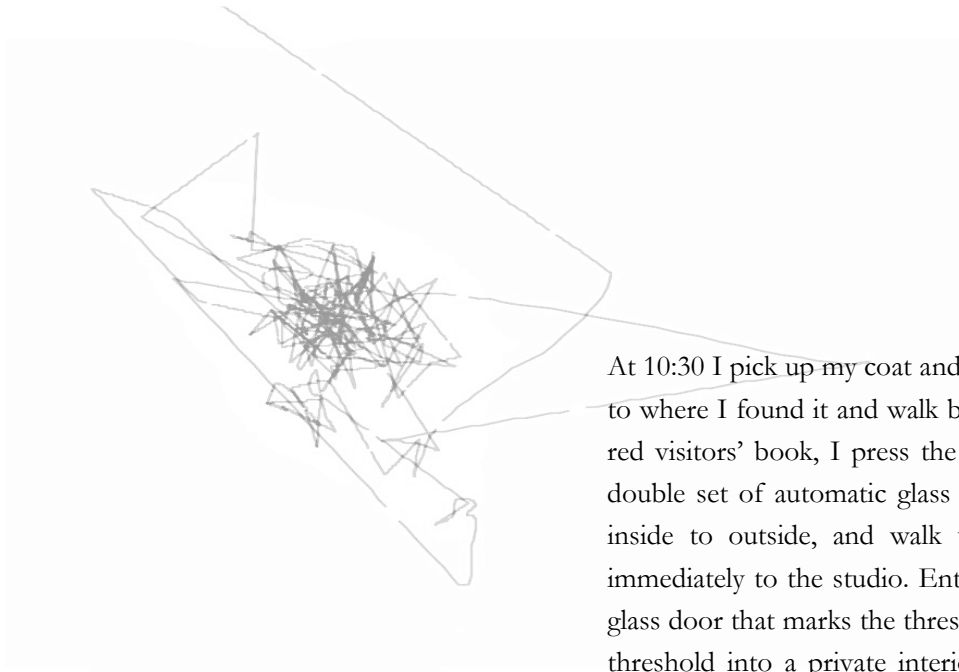
Follow a Similar Pattern Each Week

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.



On leaving the studio, I lock it behind me. Then, locking another as I move from private to public areas I press the green button on the wall, exiting the premises through the set of glass doors that mark the threshold from inside to outside – making sure the door has closed securely behind me.



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

'cup of tea?'

what is my role?

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

pockets of sound merge into one nonsensical, meaningless noise

Homes Under the Hammer

overwhelming

disorienting

nausea passes

painfully slow

the noise in my head subsides

she shuffles back one foot in front of the other

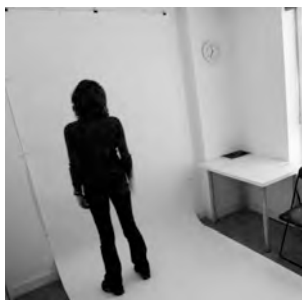


I didn't know I was going to do this

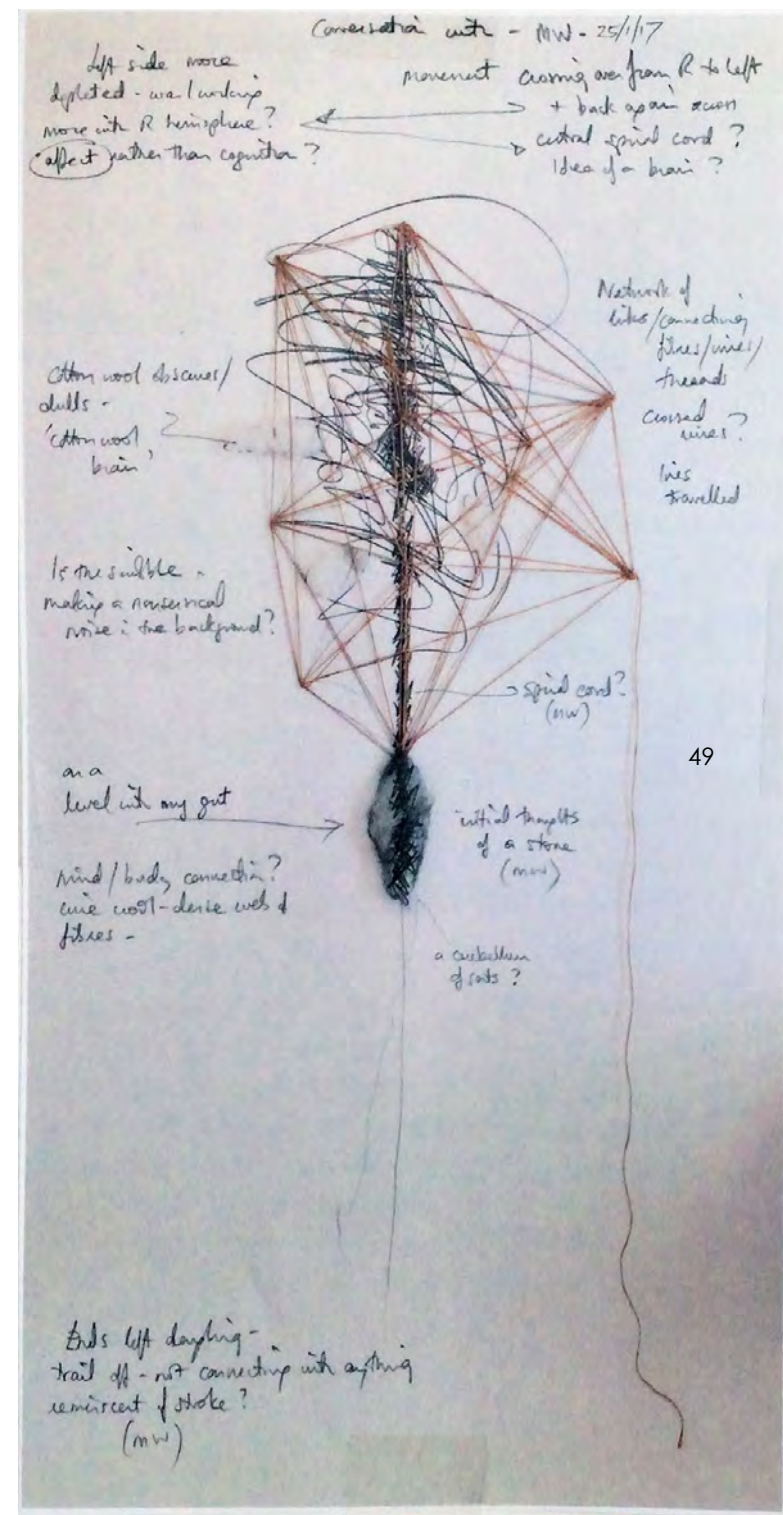
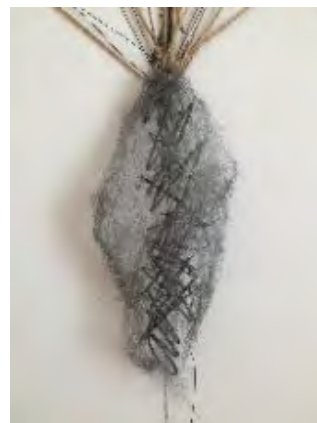


I wasn't expecting to be looking in this direction

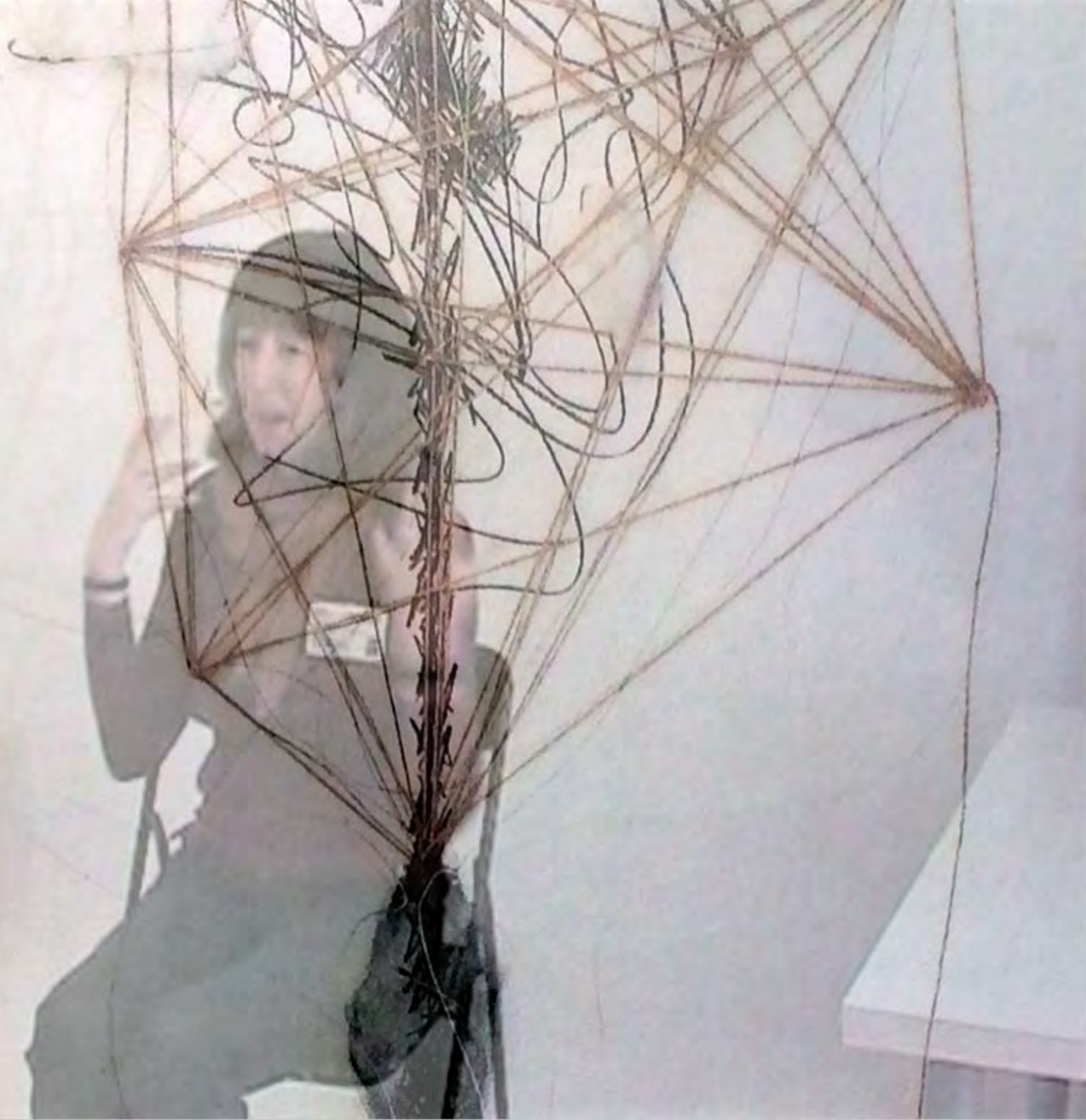
I was expecting to be facing the other way



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 / gut feeling / following my intuition rather than planning ahead with intention?

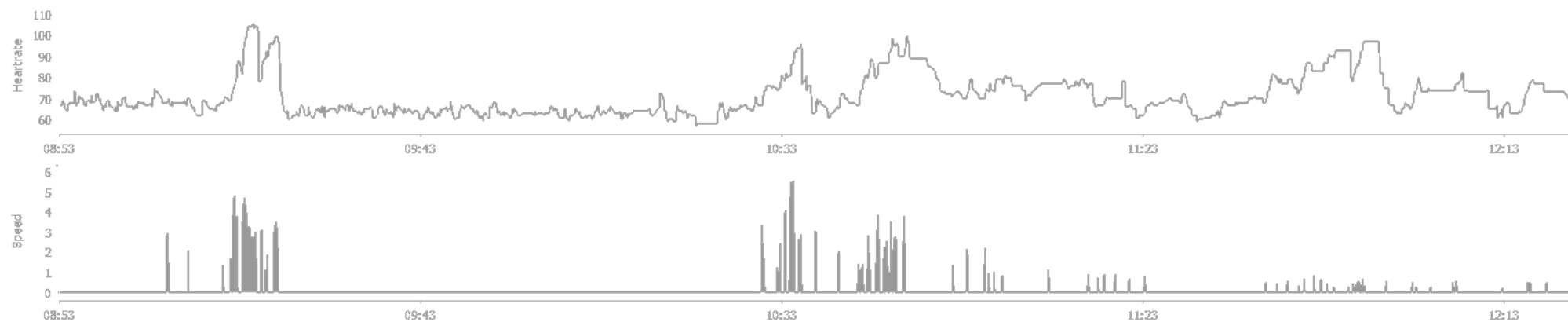
Then afterwards wondering whether the interpretation was too early? although
the context in which I was working seemed very relevant.
Something suspicious -

II

31 January 2017

It's You – Your Attention – Being Present

Listening, not Interpreting



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

talking out loud

capturing what's more immediate

stroke

massive trauma to the brain

disrupts connections

pathways and links we take for granted

emergence

from the inside rather than outside

hammer

homes under the hammer

hit on the head

the recording ends – suddenly cut off

a flurry of activity

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

then quiet

being quiet for a baby – hoping it will sleep?

'you look tired...'

the nurse says

'I am'

he replies

'not sleeping well'

going backwards

'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...'

frustration

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

'they have time for you'

left leg drags

jerky movement

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

parking

concerts

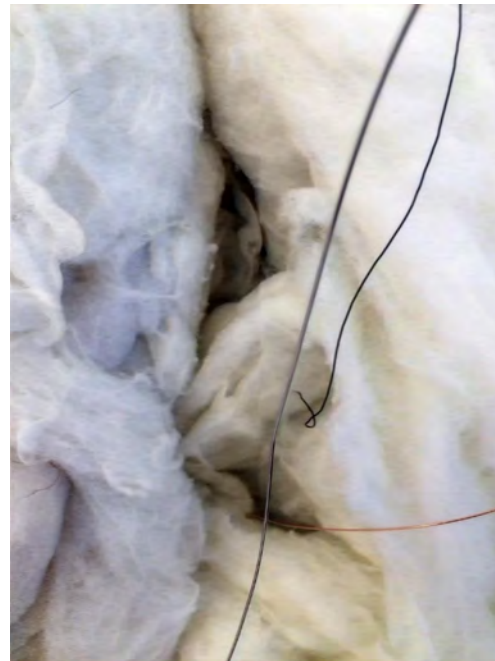
tired

a part of me wants to sleep

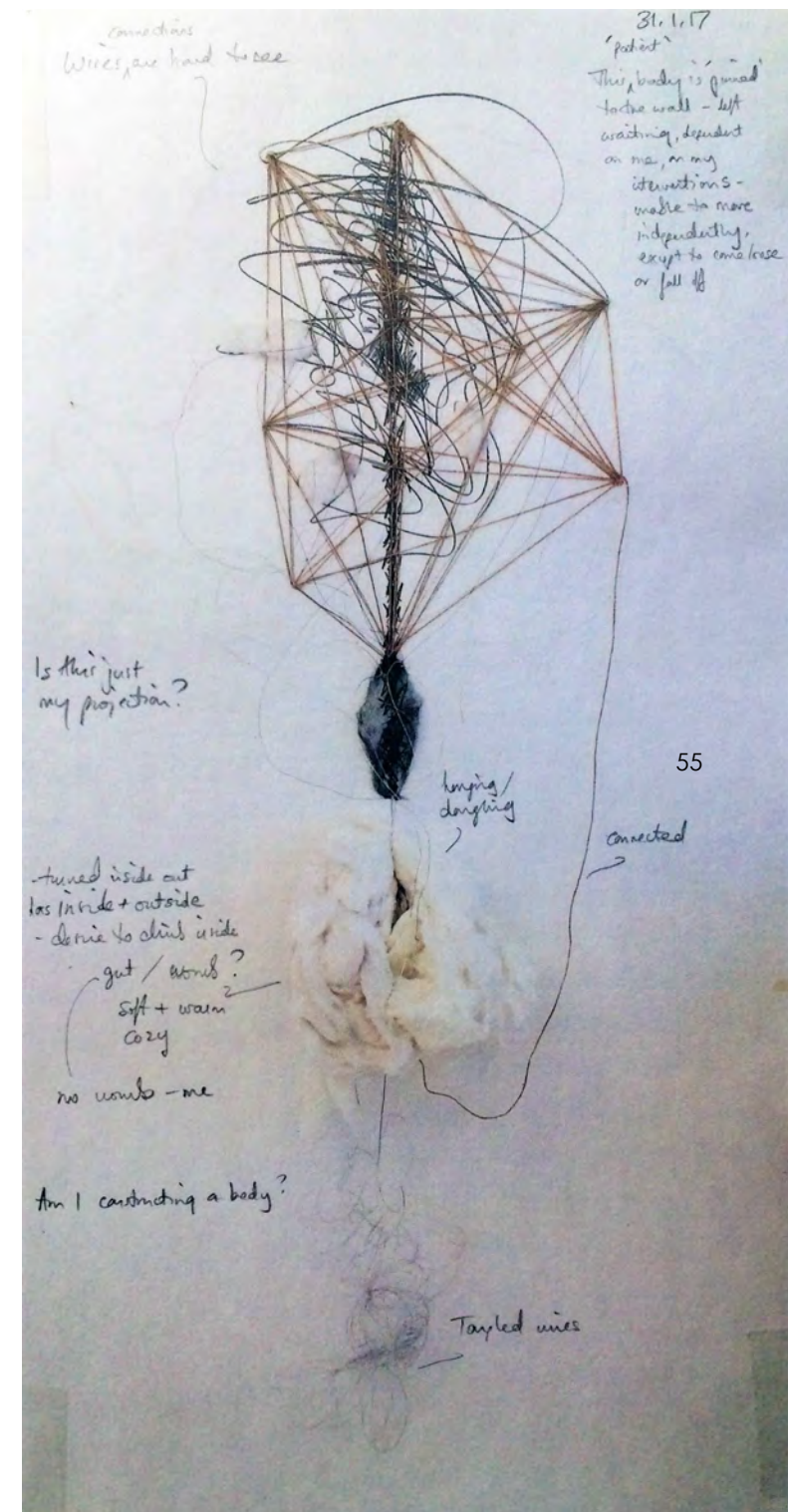
or is it a desire to shut off?



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



I want to get inside this



turning on some level (12/10)
tuned inside out
inside + outside
define to climb under
something distributed about it - perhaps that
gut / womb?
soft + warm
cozy
of the body being too small for the chain me
no womb - me
is reminded her of a nappy - Sense of helplessness
Am I constructing a body? - sticky substance.

dangling

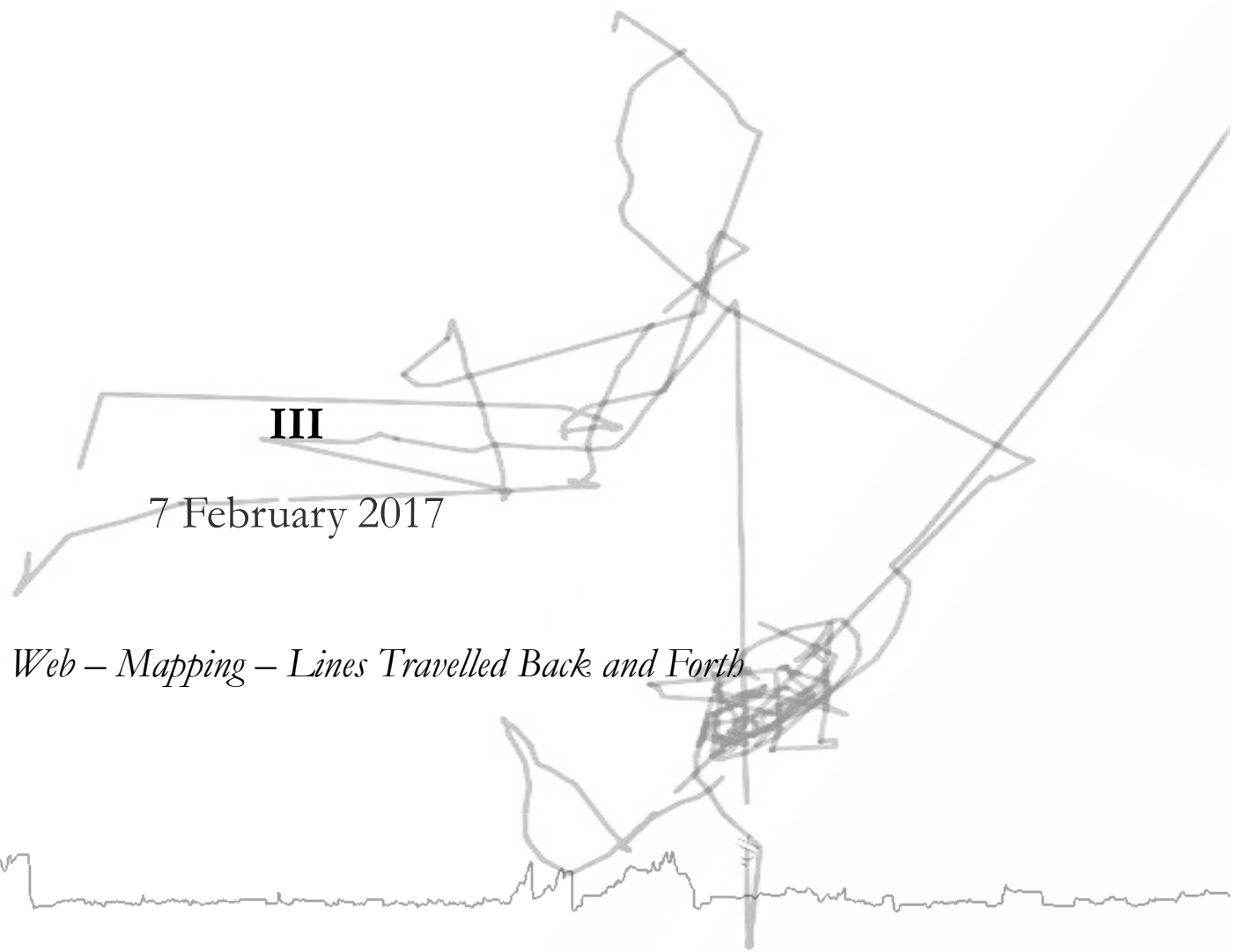
connected

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

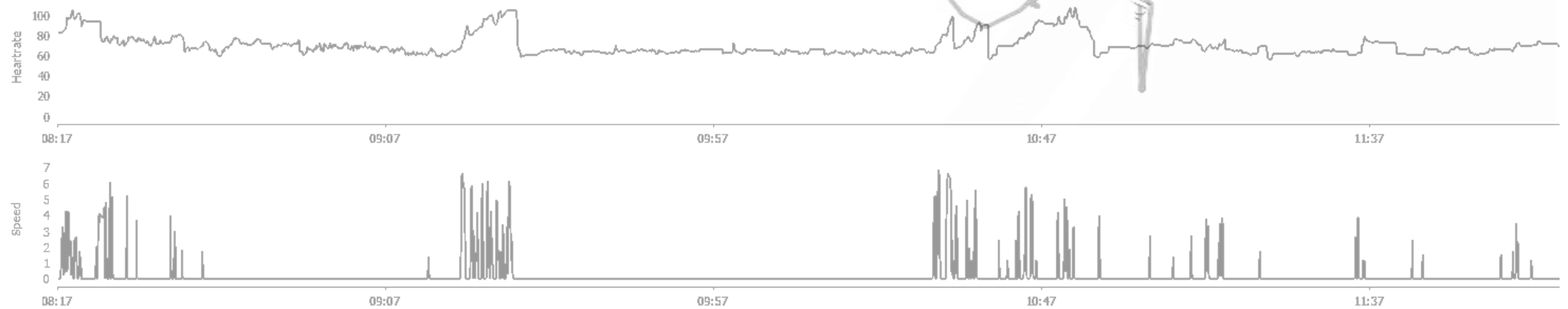
My inner world will influence how I see the outside + understand it.

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 organisation.
- Was the experience a cutting off? dissociation of sorts?



Weaving a Web – Mapping – Lines Travelled Back and Forth



book and...I guess...
nt...disrupted my preparation...
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
d 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
llar 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 um certainty um its um it's th
netimes which seems odd in a way because the I go
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
ing 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

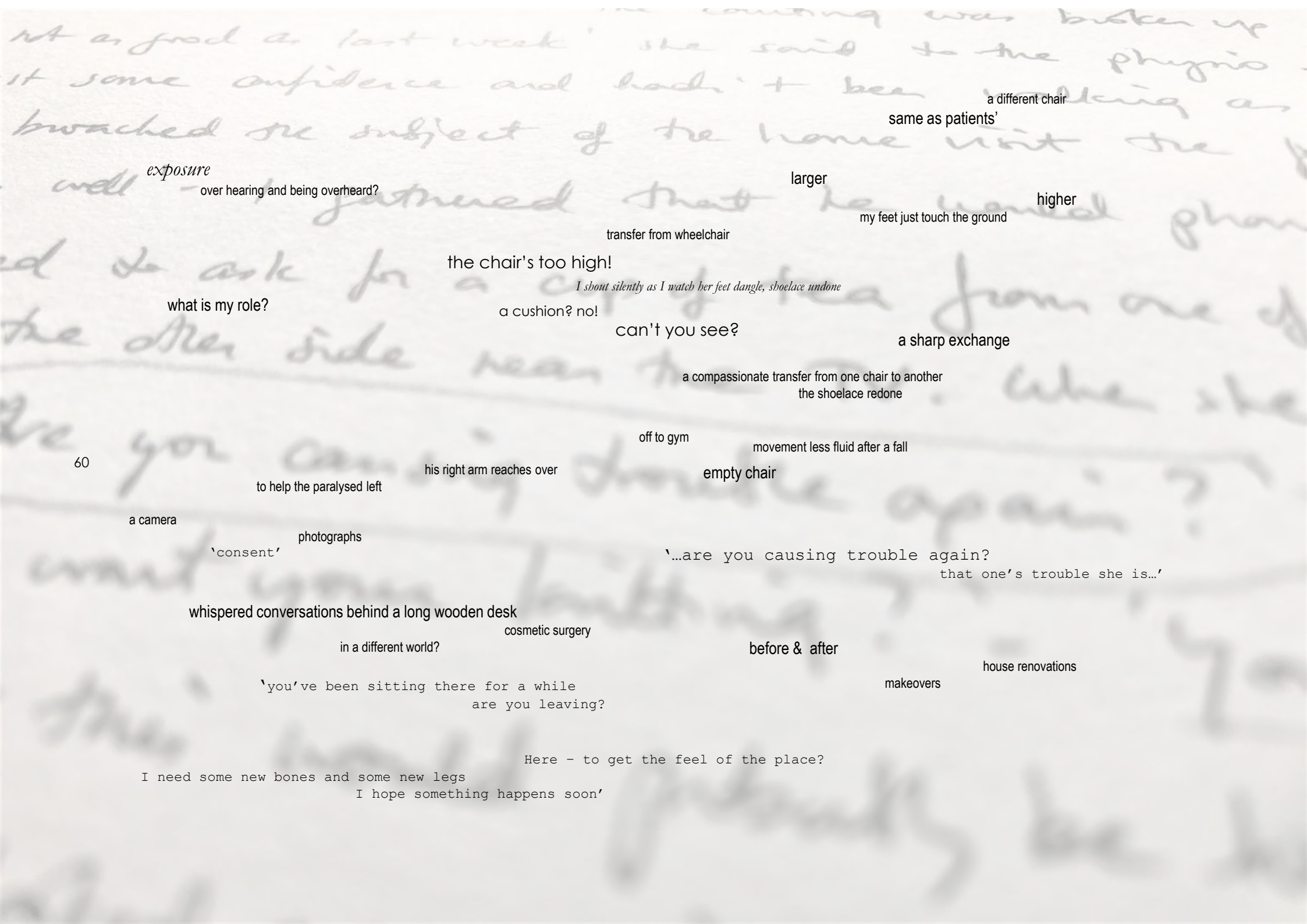
pressure to produce

pull back

hold the constraint

preparing

unfolding?



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

off to gym

movement less fluid after a fall

60

his right arm reaches over

empty chair

to help the paralysed left

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?

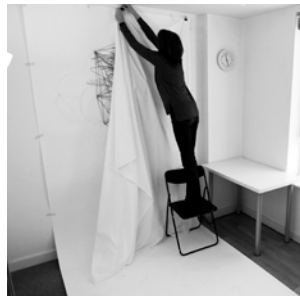
Here - to get the feel of the place?

I need some new bones and some new legs

I hope something happens soon'

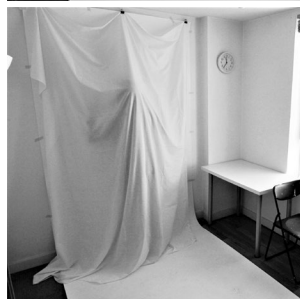


*need to lie down I feel a bit sick
something difficult to digest*

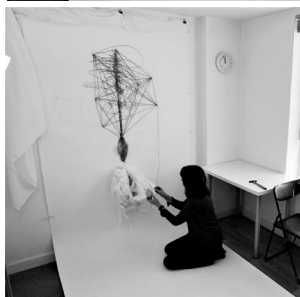


*tightly strung
pinned down
other bits hang loose*

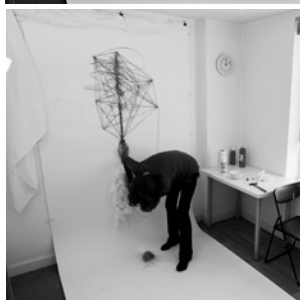
*the only way I can take this off the wall is for it to
collapse*



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



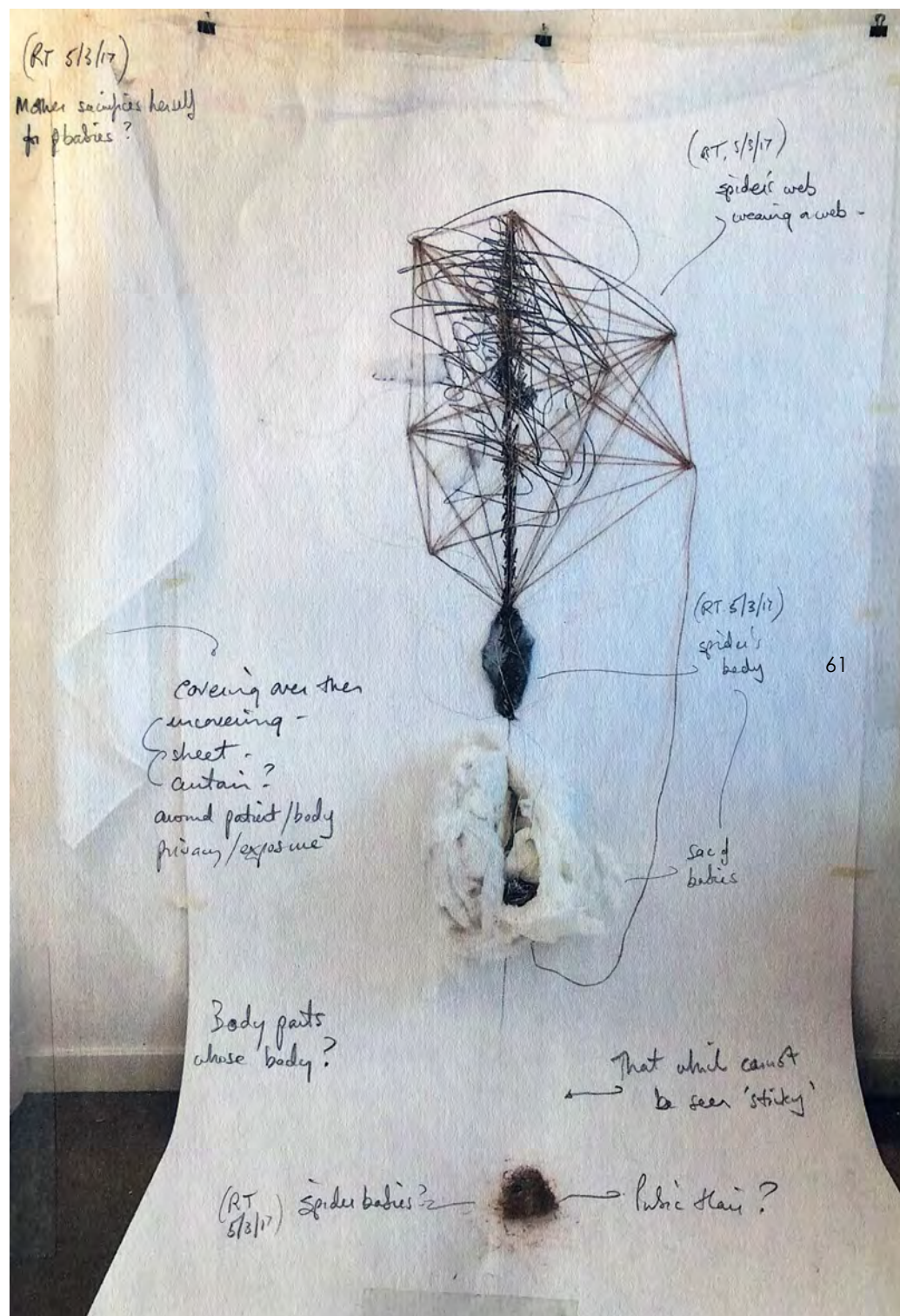
*easy to get caught in the wires
touching it on the inside*



I've found an end – I've lost it ah! there it is

as if making it go to the toilet

is this body alive or dead?



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.

62

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

Politics of Body

Observation of Body

Regulating Body

Rhythm of Body

Patterns of the Body

Monitoring of Body

Mechanisms of the Body

Mapping the Body - Har

Video - capable of recording + transmitting at same time.

Fragmentation of the body
from an invisible source
of an image - human
psyche need as a

Lejting Body 31.1.17

Receptive Body

Communicative Body

Penetrating Body

Observing Body

Aggressive Body

Intimate Body

Passive Body

Active Body

Sensual Body

Compassionate Body

Empathic Body

Sexual Body

Exotic Body

Naked Body

Cloned Body

Body as a

Learning

Transmitting

Breaking

Measuring

Sadistic

Interruptions

System

Force

Close

Warm

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

suspended

as if I am keeping it prisoner

videoing

photographing

the object screams at me to set it free

take off the constraints

locked in

imprisoned

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'

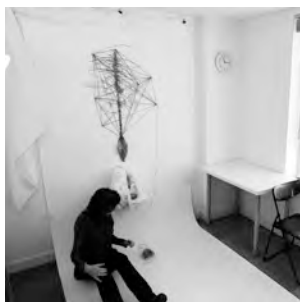
'look, my legs are really thin!'

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*

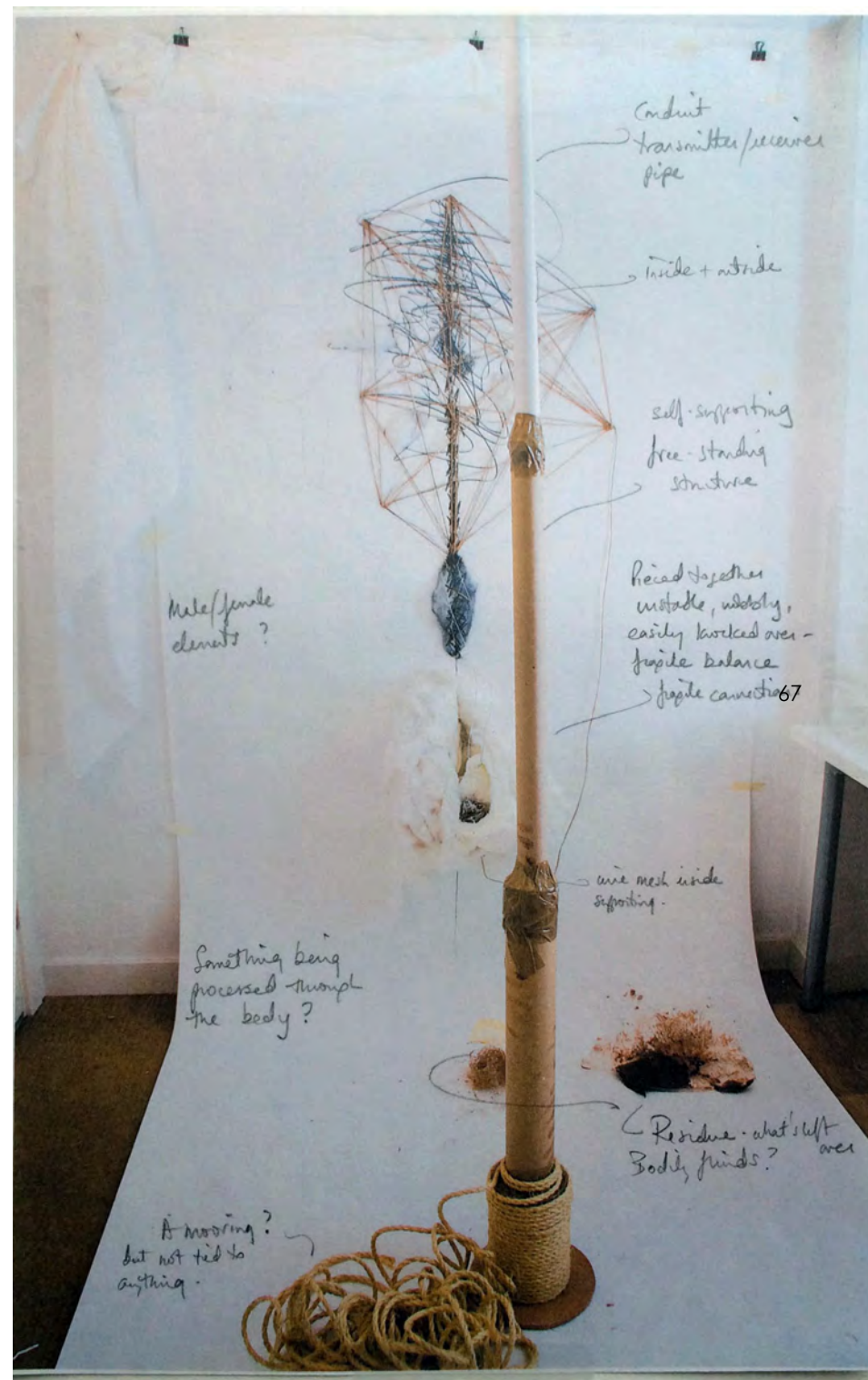
desire to escape

*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



fine mesh inside
supporting.

Something being
processed through
the body?

68

Residue - at
Bodily fluids

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?

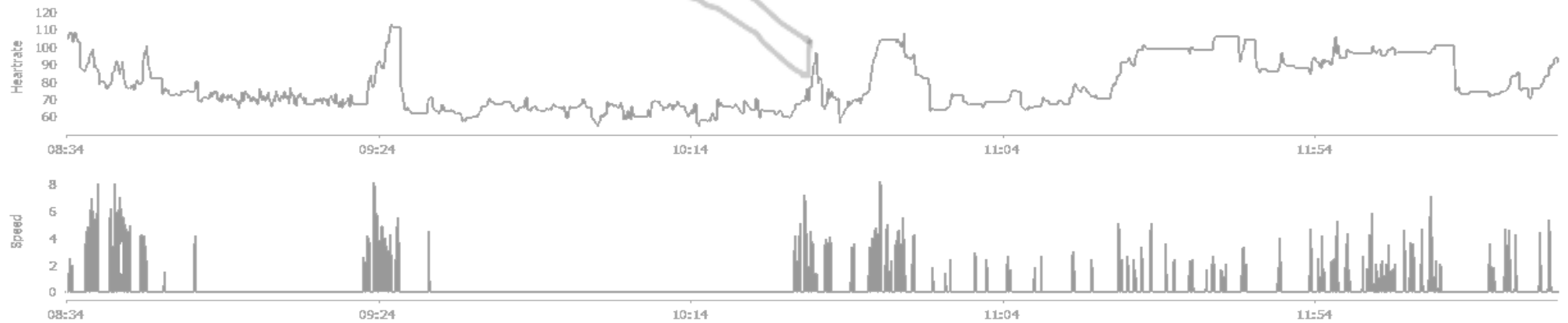
What is concealed or
revealed?

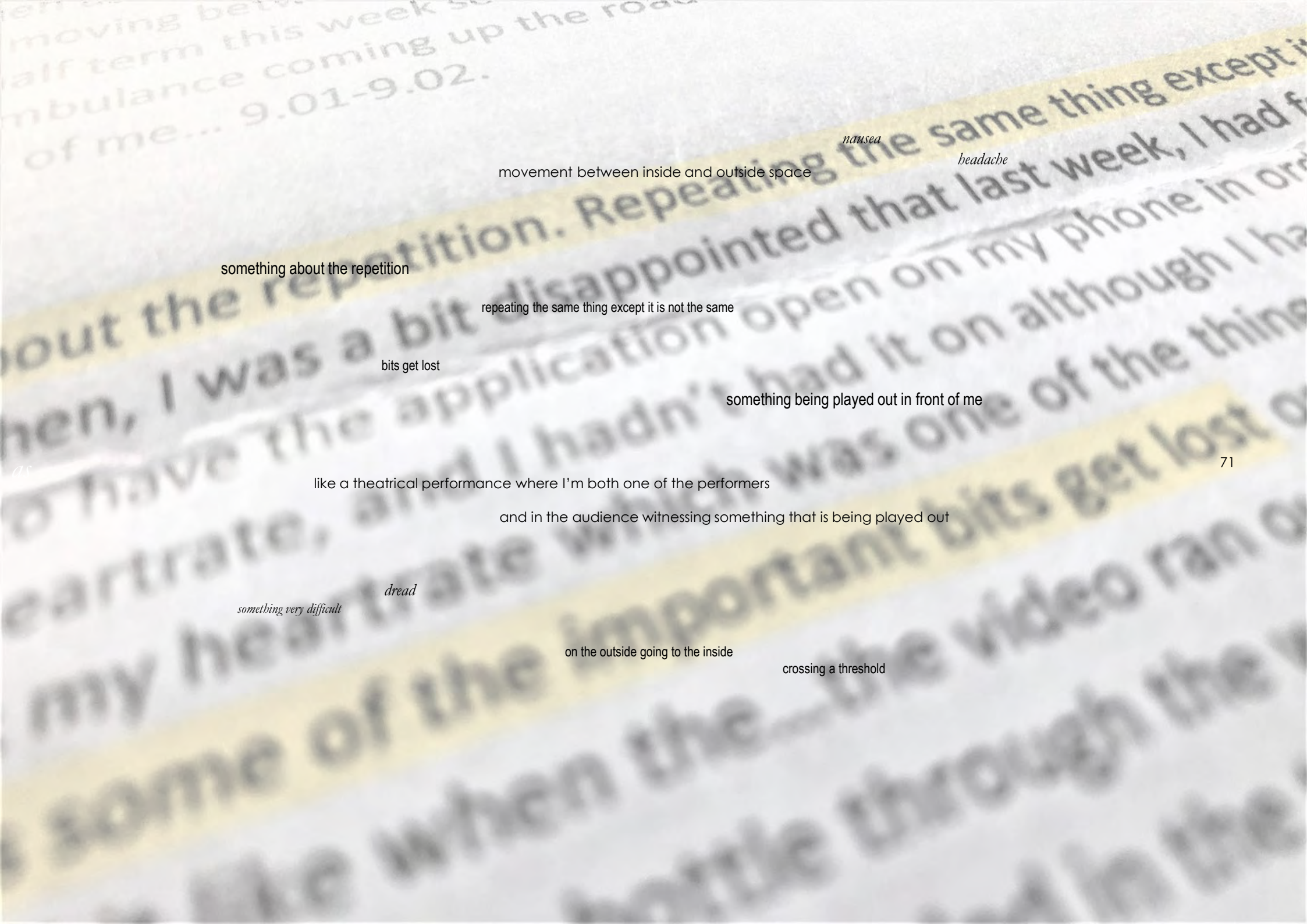
V

21 February 2017

Is Familiarity Setting in?

70





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

dread

something very difficult

on the outside going to the inside

crossing a threshold

established routine

weakness in her right side – a crutch nearby

'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

paranoia

repeating

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'

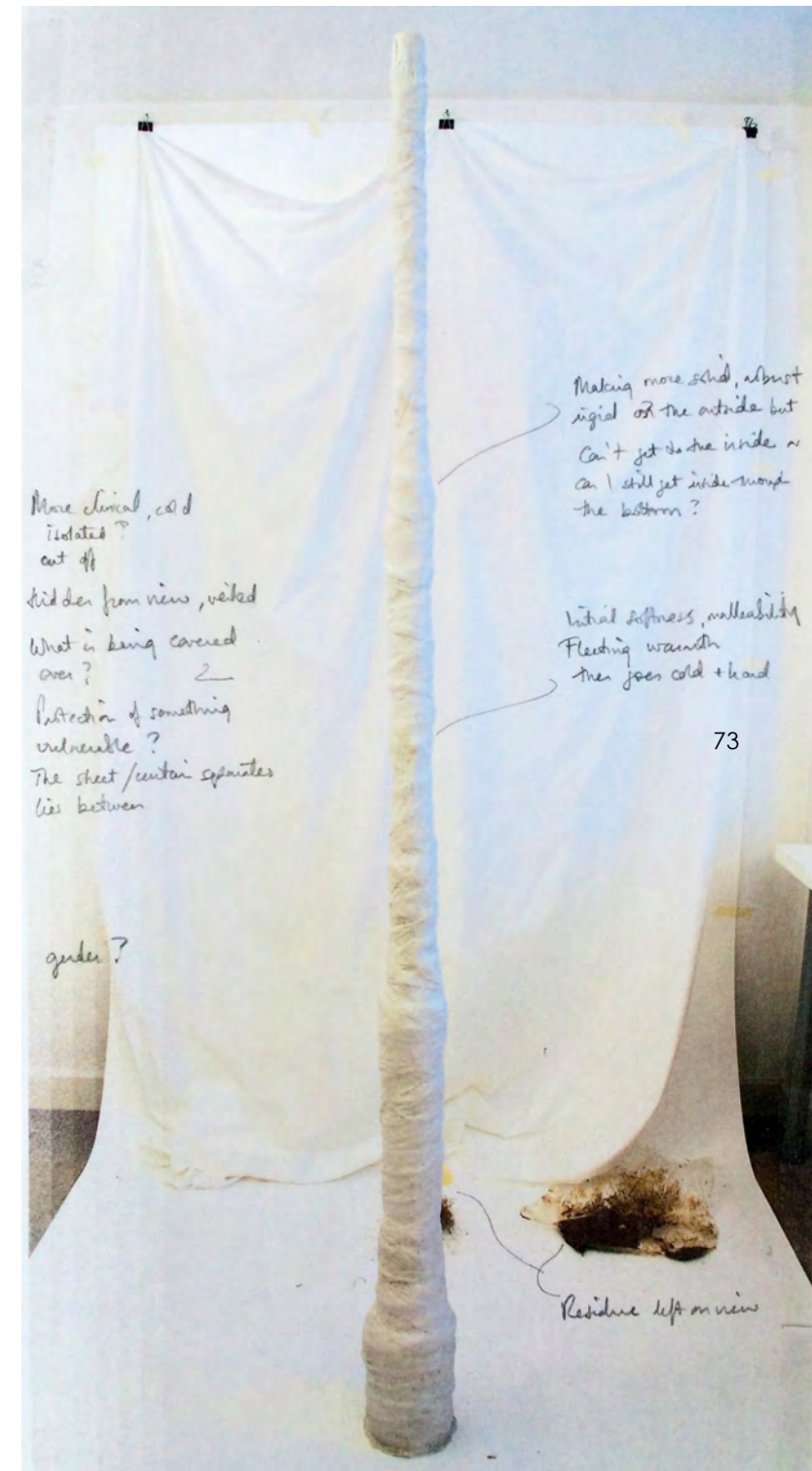


*I want to strengthen this
like wringing out a dishcloth
transmission of heat
still moving*



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 out⁷⁴ each week in the same way? A dredging 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
gender?
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?

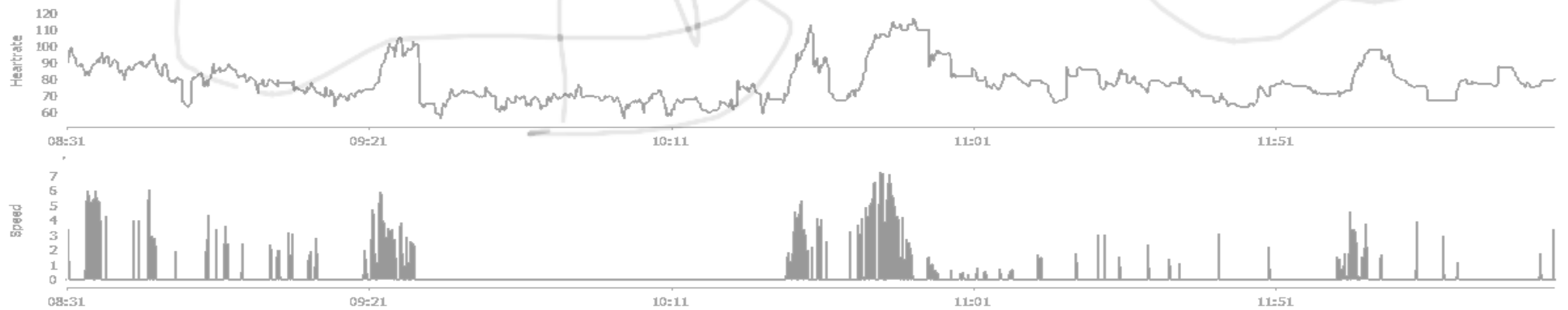
Initial softness, malleability
Fleeting warmth
Then goes cold + hard

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 always 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 doom and anxiety has passed

We greet each other and I sign in. There are round of leaflets so they are out on the table shouldn't be there, or of wanting to be involved

relief

I no longer have the dead feeling inside

I feel alive again

I feel alive again. I go to the toilet as usual say that it's really interesting – a lot of fascinating? I say that I am half way there 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?

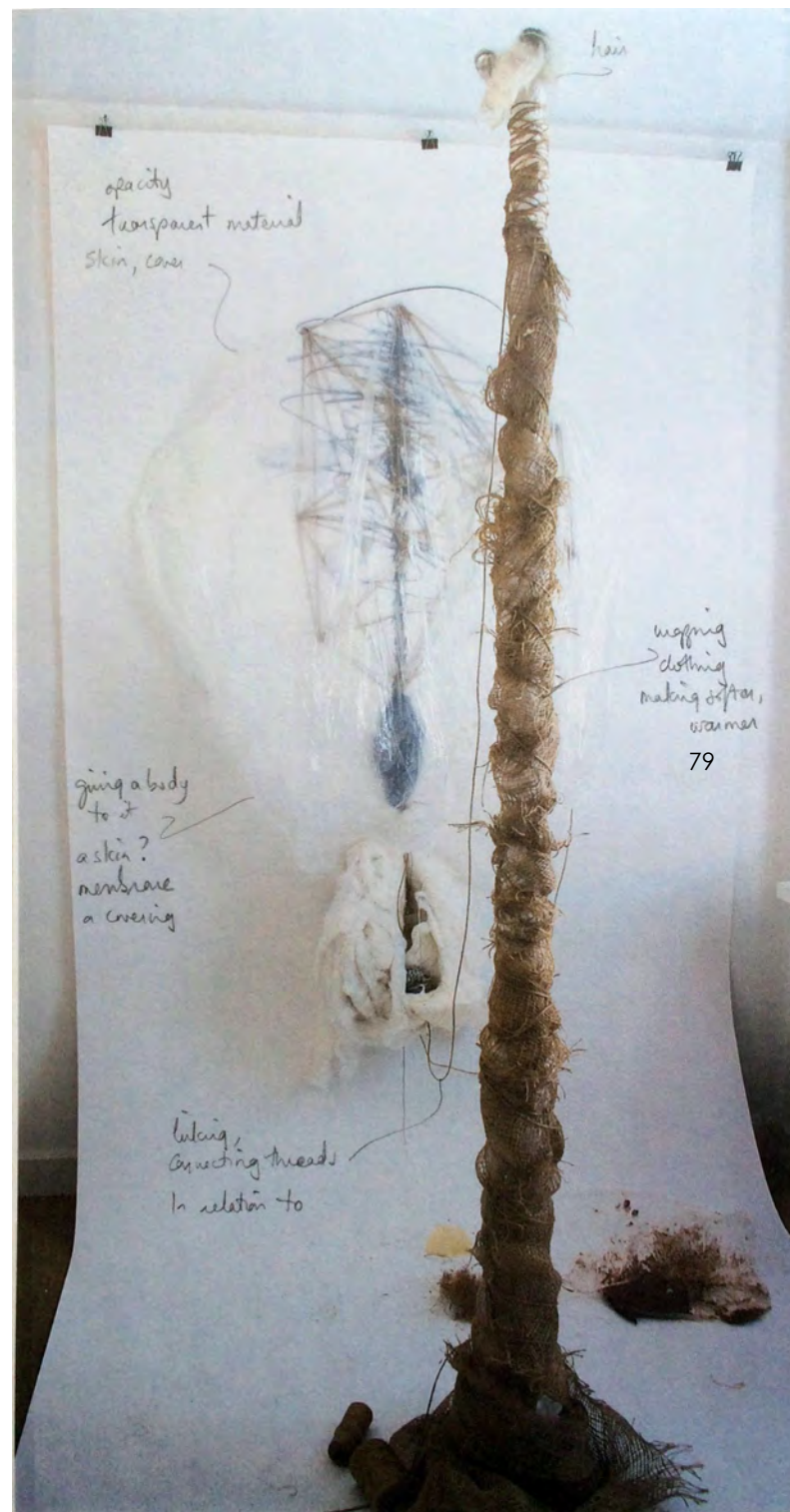
superior observer?



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



am I dressing something?



- To wrap - (verb) -

cover, enclose in 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

80

enclose

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 woman'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

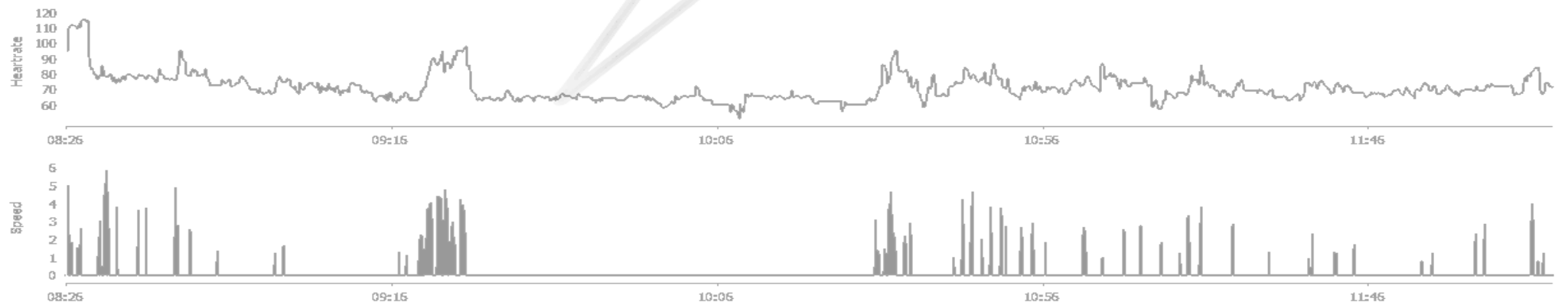




VII

7 March 2017

A Shift In The Atmosphere



...to get something I needed
... So I feel as if my mind
... AS I sit here
... the chatter of the drive
... a bit guilty because m
... (is that why I lo
... I lose last week's recording?!
... has a connection been broken?
... how to be affected but not consumed by it?
... I'm not
... have to g
... I feel like I've go
... as if something takes over my insides
... some female spiders sacrifice themselves for their babies
... eaten by them
... object use?
... I need to d
... space for it

guilt

my attention has been elsewhere

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

a TV programme

easy

warm

'The Replacement'

close

patients and staff

sharing memories and experiences

calm

quiet

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

'big strides...'

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

'only joking...just tormenting her!'

air of contentment and peace

cruel

a shift in the atmosphere

unsettling

distress?

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

sadness?

a vague sense that seems at odds

'They don't want me!

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

she cries

'it's the company...

...trouble with balance'

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

noise from outside impinges

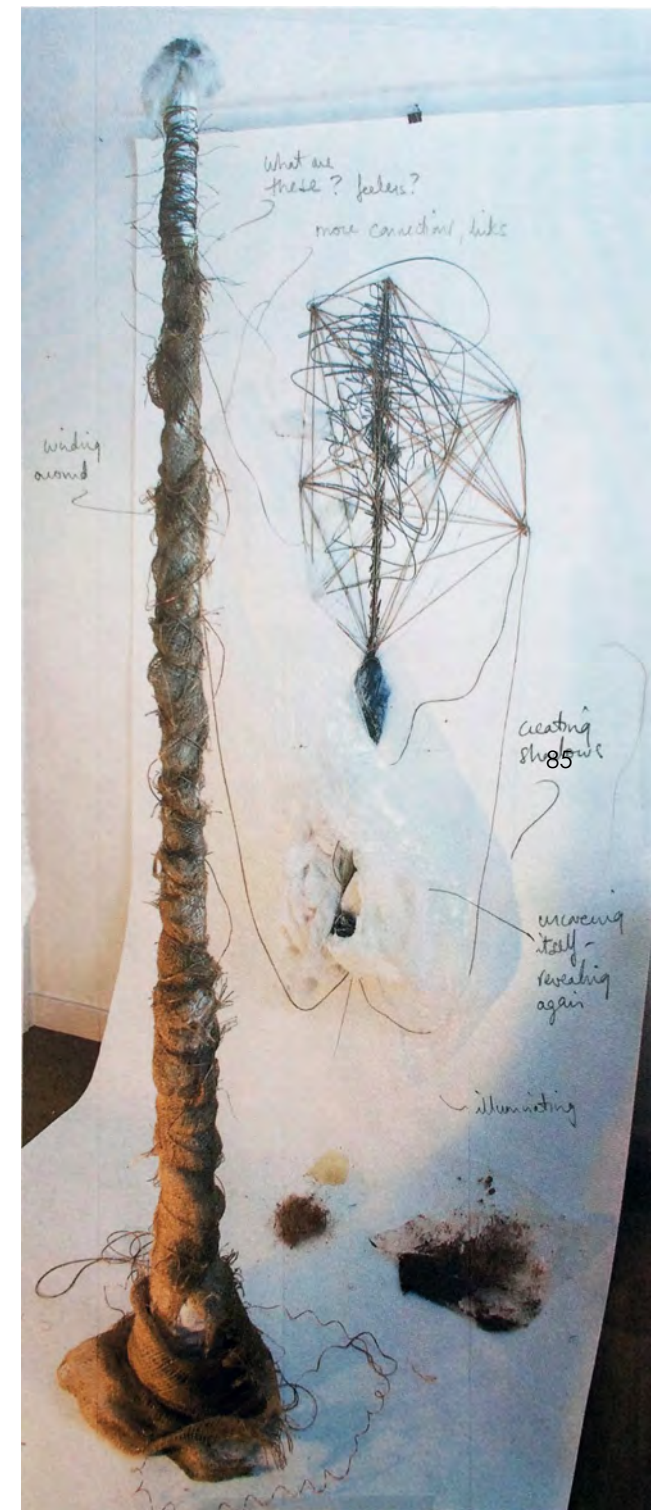
is this what I am picking up?



*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, ^{settled} 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

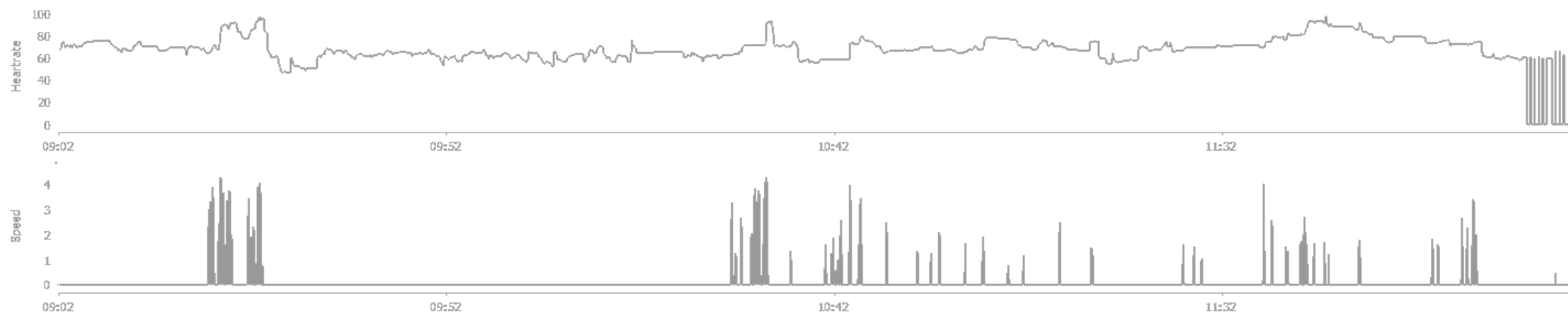


VIII

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'

I walk the other way back

anticlockwise

a man walks unsteadily

speech slurred

a smile returned

familiar self-consciousness

caught in his gaze

the room fills

chatter

tea, coffee and biscuits

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

shadows

slippers and shoes

items of sale

mirror

a conversation happens around the patient

with her outside it

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

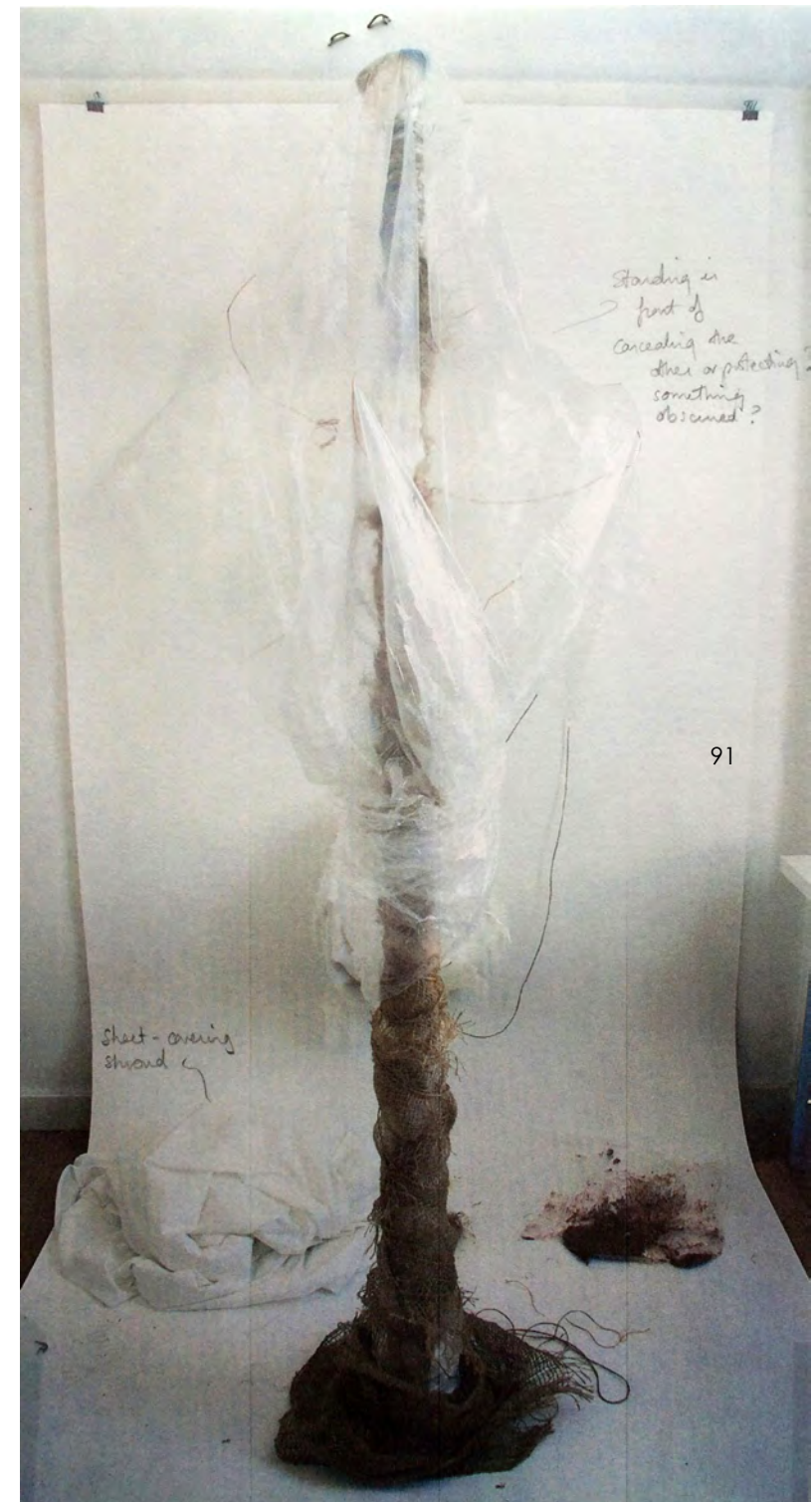
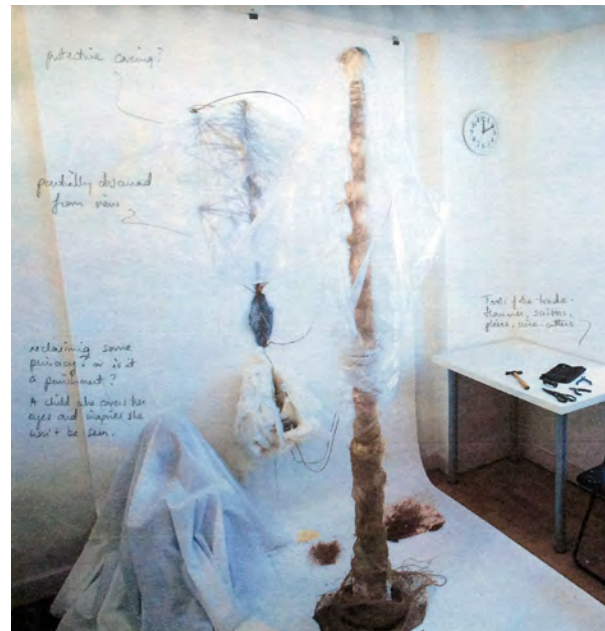
embarrassment



self-conscious

thoughts of emptying everything out onto the floor

everything that isn't seen

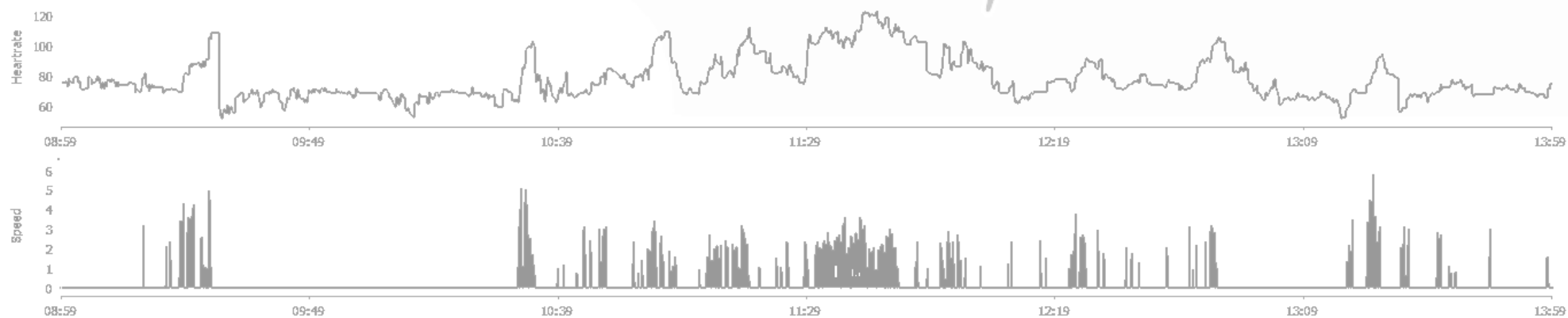


now - as if it has become about repetition, a repetitive routine
do without thinking. The method/approach has become a protocol
week the same way? A drudgery that has lost the liveliness
the beginning - It feels disturbing - it has disturbed me - Am I pick
the teachers in the atmosphere? Where is it? 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 dis
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 betw
t 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!

IX

21 March 2017

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

...transforming something potentially, and I'd written
as 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
f 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
about if I was doing that?... And then this
as wearing, dressing all in black, like
black leggings and socks and a
putting on

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?

sleepy

96

noise

TV is intrusive

too loud

an imposition!

we all face in the same direction

toward the TV

some kind of mind control?

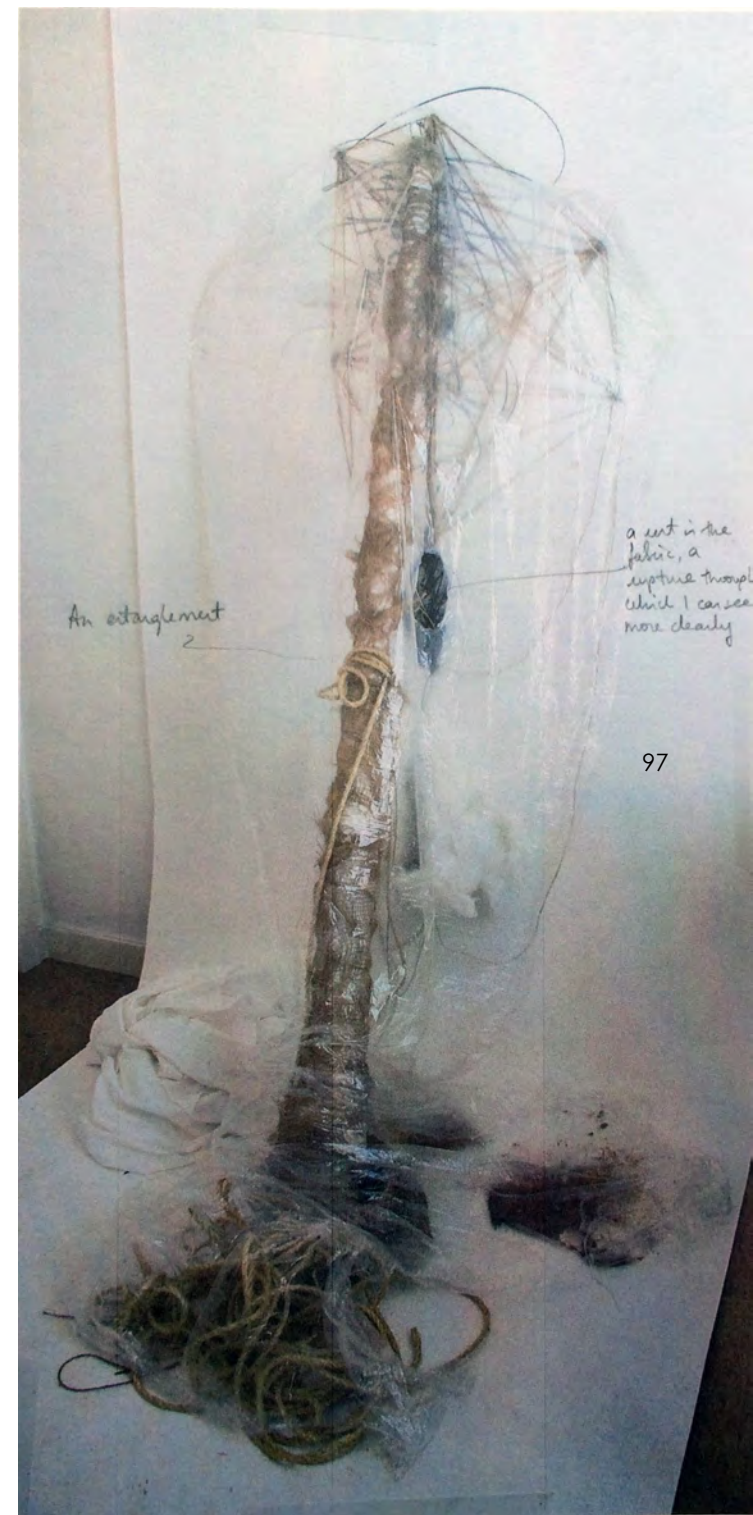
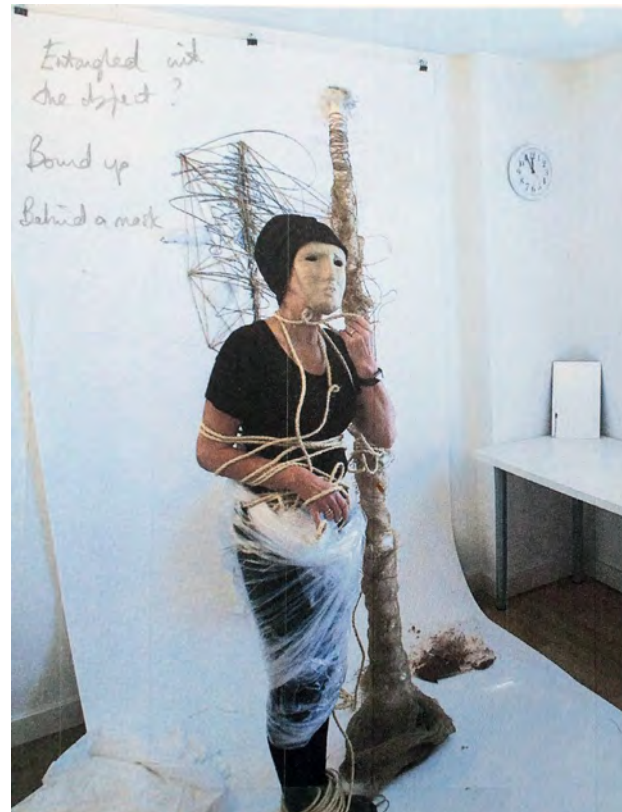
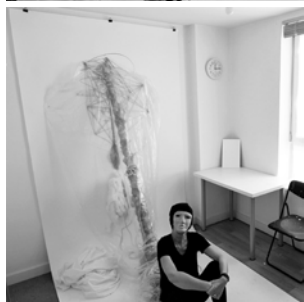
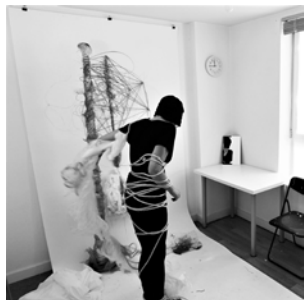
is it the chair making my back uncomfortable?

'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

what does the mark conceal
or free up?

Entangled with
partially obscured
information?

Bound up

Behind a mask

reclaiming some
privacy, or is it
a punishment?

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



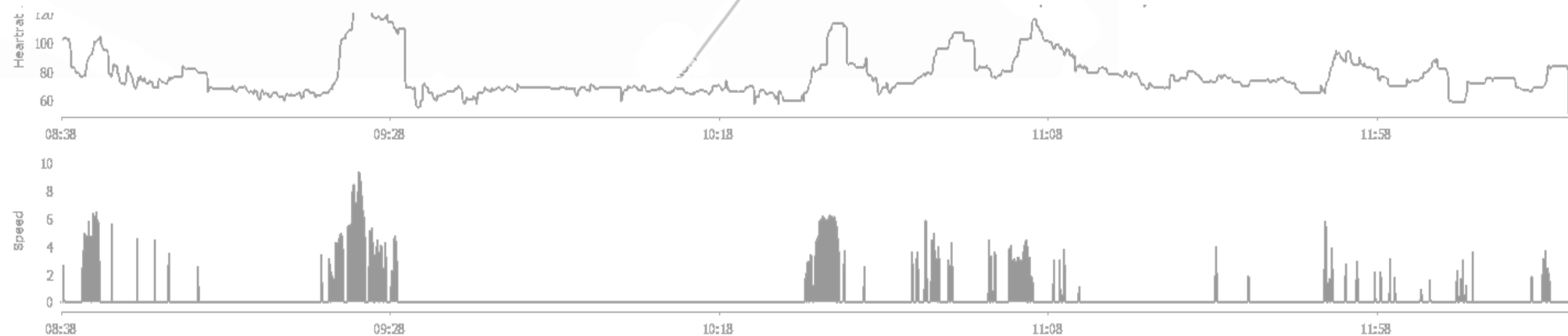
Tools of the trade -
hammer, scissors,
pliers, wire-cutters

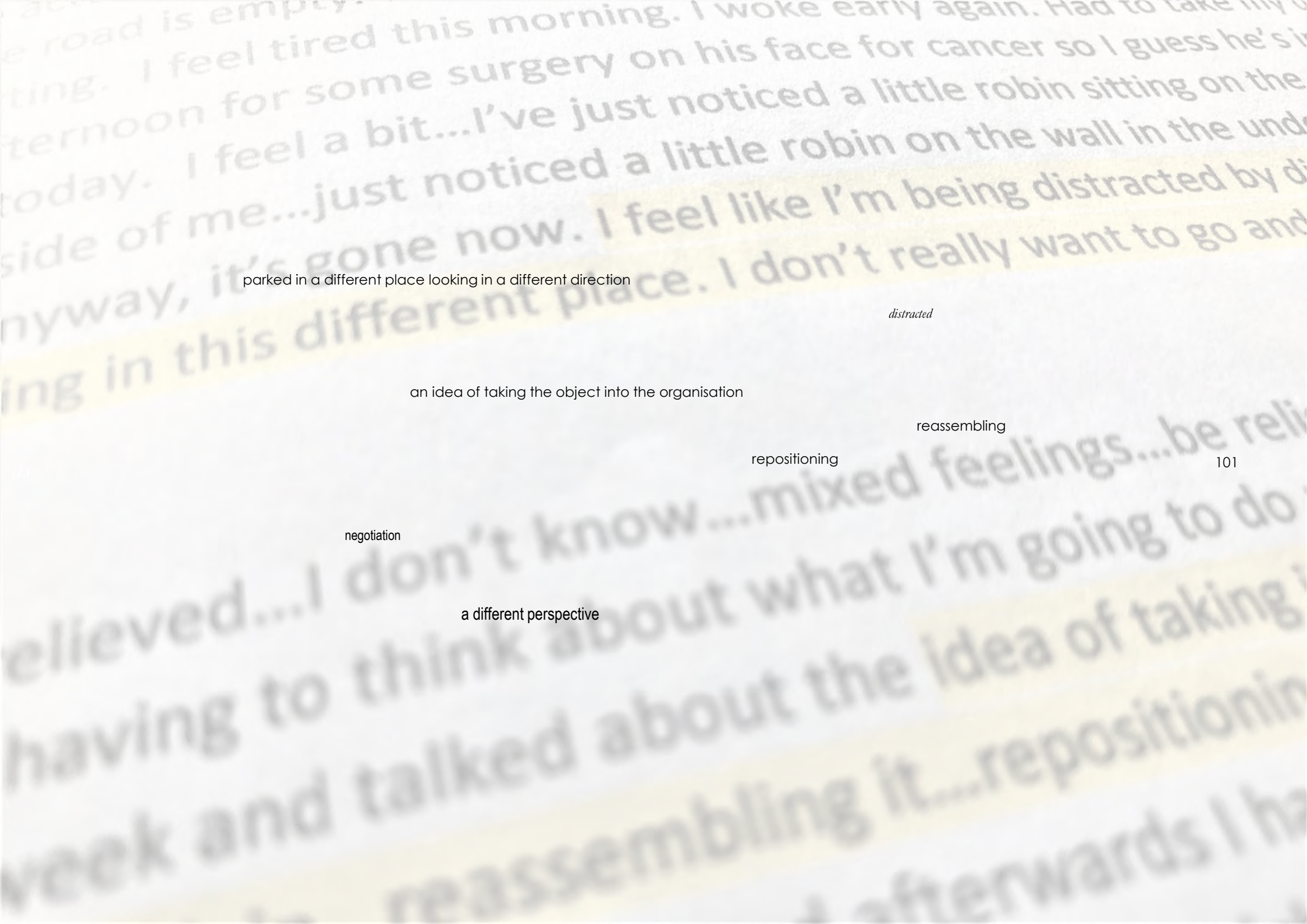




100

I Feel Like An Object – An Item of Something





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

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

labels

value

102

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

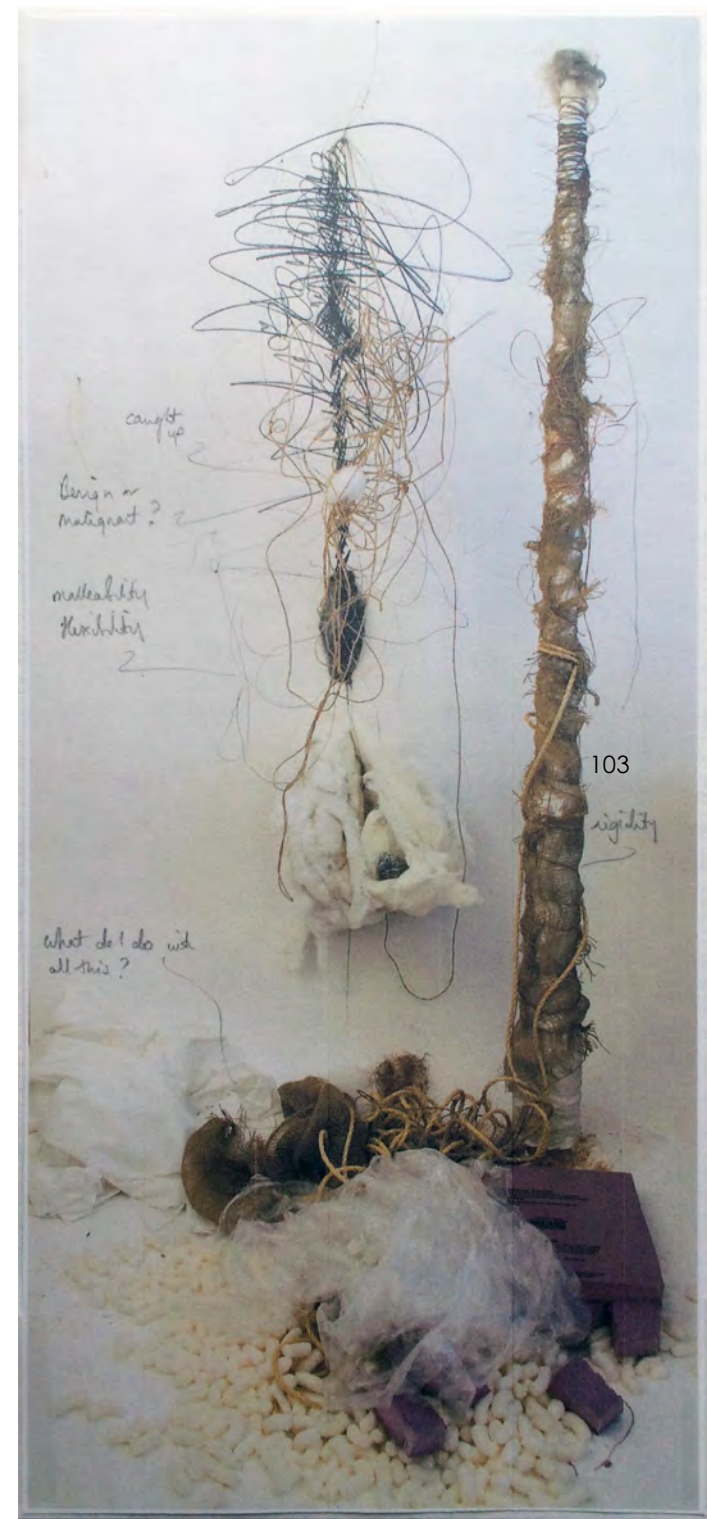
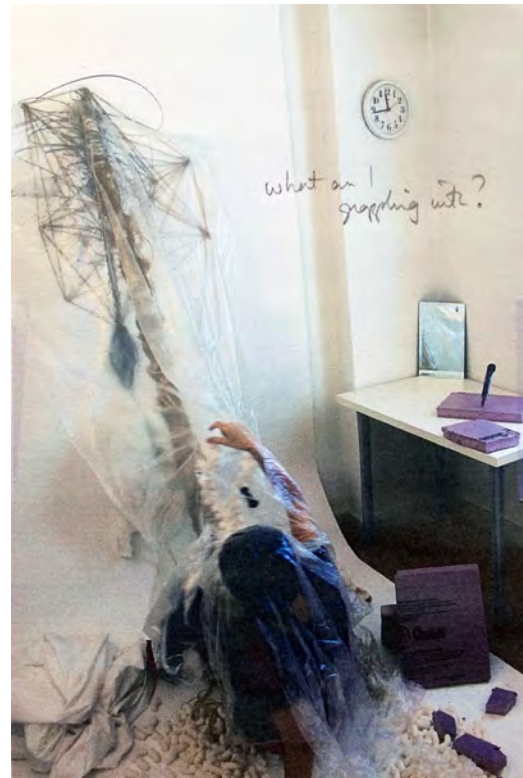
whispered conversation

briefly caught in each other's gaze

something sensitive

turn away

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



to do it a day before it's too late? The question is - how
posed to? How would patients respond? Will it just be laughed at? Not tell
with something in my understanding of it that was accurate.
How might I present it? Why am I wearing this mask? There is an anger

the same whole is this - not just the material but the psych. potentiality as destructive negative

desire to return to who one was or what one had, but the anger and rape in the face of knowing that this is unlikely to happen, and for some, will not recover. The body will no longer

104
that it used to. A leg drops or an arm hangs limp or the cognitive connections, the
highways that connect the brain with the muscles + nerves are broken. I am not capturing the

words - what's in feel. The rage & anger about what's lost and cannot be recovered
it 'dangerous' to go there. Requires 'control' the water is very hot! body that will no longer

that caught the hair with the murder + because that - don't let go of the
the elephant the

dis - what I feel. The rage + anger about what is lost and cannot be recovered
dimensional to weathering with ^{with the body that will no longer} ~~control~~ the water in my ^{not} ~~not~~! Taken over, it was

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

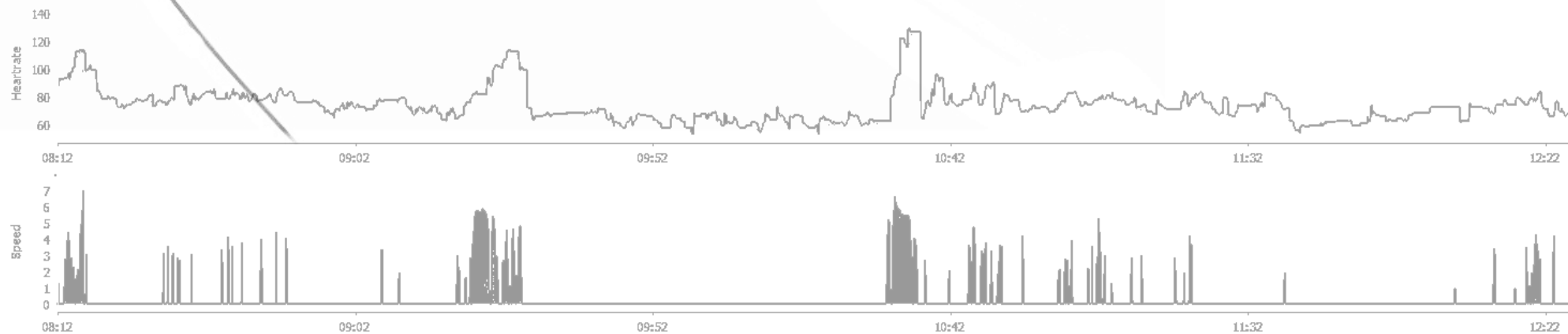
takes up, as if the constraints I have placed upon
- have no rules, the constraints taken over
addition - is that the dapper. The ink? In
see as liberating begins to become the further
the elephant in the room that can't be
I've built a monster + it has taken over
(Construted)

XI

4 April 2017

Time Passing – Presence and Absence

106



...up there
...I think...presumably
...house, but I'm not sure that's
...this section there's hedges and trees
...of a tennis court, don't know if that's ri
...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

an underwater investigation

navigating

a feeling passing through

slow things down

107

time

what we do with our time

self-conscious

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

empty spaces where people had been and were no longer

time passing

presence and absence

quiet

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

an anticipatory silence

'It's very quiet today'

'I can't hear!'

tidying

getting things in order

my leaflet is absorbed into the pile

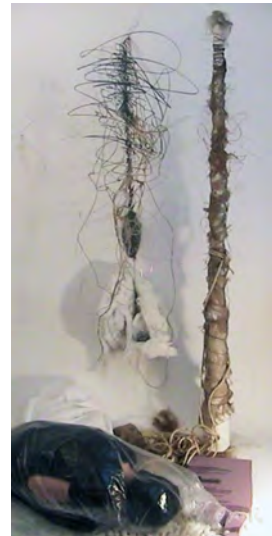
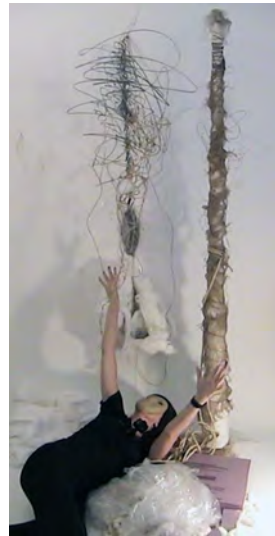
'Leave them out!'

*I shout silently**visible or invisible?*

...it's my wife



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



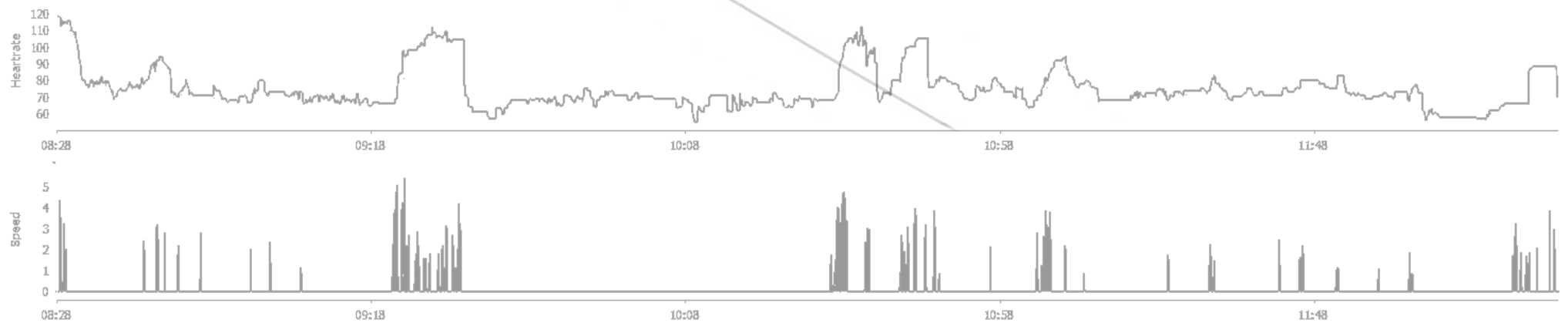
XII

11 April 2017

Residue

Something That Remains After The Main Part Has Gone

112



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....as 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 to
that there's bits in the foreground that are clear, the
us in on specific things....a particular way or fr
I don't know cause I haven't fini
and it hasn't finished v
coming 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

light

dark

I feel in a different world

anticipation of something about to happen

shifted into another place again now

view is obscured slightly
different position

impulse to move the chair

create more distance between

the incidental marks that are seemingly of no significance
but, none-the-less, are there

life goes on

as if I have never been there

occupied the space

have I already left?

time passes

as if watching a film I am also in

part of a drama?

the absence of those who were present a moment ago

who determines when the life of a sick body should be ended

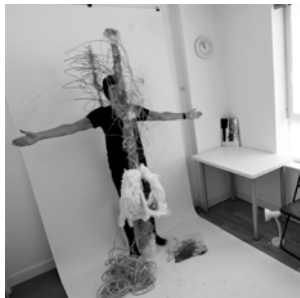
disappointment

sadness

'I saw you last week

no-one seemed to know what you are doing'

loitering with intent?



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, ^{the words,} or had actually
till searching elsewhere for a validation of what I felt. It
the observation, on what has now passed, or is past, &
is if a part of me waits 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.

