If, while setting down the full stop, thereby permitting the account to acquire shape, significance and force, we here recall Nietzsche’s insistence on the fictive character of the world, we are invariably reminded of the mutability of our construction and, with it, of the precariousness of our narrative and identity.

The trace I leave signifies to me at once my death, either to come or already come upon me, and the hope that this trace survives me ... I leave a piece of paper behind, I go away, I die ... Each time I let something go, each time some trace leaves me, ‘proceeds’ from me, unable to be reappropriated, I live my death in writing.

(Jacques Derrida, Learning to Live Finally: The Last Interview, 2007, p. 32)
Real Thing
My contribution to knowledge might not be located in the ‘content’ of my prose or the arguments I produce. No. My contribution might be in the arrangement and blending of texts, patterns, signs, and colours to form new ways of representing and building meaning: knowledges previously ignored and/or excluded by many academic communities. In a prose-centric economy that values words over images and linear arguments over layout and pattern, such knowledges and literacies might require new ways of reading, viewing, and assessing research. It is not so much what I ‘write’ (in the narrow sense of the term), but what I do (and perform, and enact) that this project is about. My contribution to knowledge might be ‘outside’ prose and ‘out there’ in the fringes, in the design, layout, and aesthetic of knowledge and text production. It might be my way of working and doing—the process—that constitutes an ‘original’ contribution.