



2

BORN BY TEXT

3

2009

By way of  
introduction  
and  
departure  
...

What's in a  
**name**  
is the  
Subject  
...

**M**y name functions in my absence. It stands in for me, and *is* me, when I am missing. I am as much a 'text' as I am a body and a mind and an emotion. I am born twice: once when my body emerges from the body of my Mother, and again when I am named, when I am constituted and delivered by language. It is here, in text, that I'm born to the wor(l)d.

(Andrew Wayne Miller, 30 July 2009)





A FOOTBALLER





AN ANGRY KID



Juliet: 'What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

*(Romeo and Juliet)*

I HAVE THREE NAMES. A first name, a last name, and a middle name. Or, if you like, a Christian name, a surname, and a name that goes between these names. My first name is Andrew. My last name is Miller. And my middle name is Wayne. It is this last name, this so-called 'middle name,' that baffles me. It is a name used only in official documents. It's like a *non*-name, a found name, a number, that somehow differentiates me from other Andrews, other Millers, and other Andrew Millers. I don't know what to make of this name, this peculiar *oth-*

<sup>1</sup> An American hobo symbol from the 1920s and '30s. Translation: 'Speak religiously and they will give.'



er name, this bureaucratic name, this *stranger*.

There can be no 'other' *out there*, **in the world**, if the 'other,' *in here*, **is me**, notes Julia Kristeva. The stranger is *within*.

This middle name, this Wayne, is someone 'other' than me, someone in-between me, between Andrew and Miller, in official documents. He is the 'other' of my two names, my two me's, which become one me when combined. But usually I am just Andrew. Or Andy. Or And. Or even Drew. As a kid I was known as Miller. Or Milsy. Or Mildew. On account of the influx of Andrews in the 1970s.

Sometimes I was known as *Andy-pandy-pudding-and-pie-who-kissed-the-girls-and-made-them-cry*. And this was true. A kiss from an 'Andy-pandy-pudding-and-pie' would almost always end in tears. But Wayne? This is the name of the stranger within. The *not-me* me. The *alien* me. The *document* me. The *text-ual* me. The *five letter* me: W-a-y-n-e. Sounds like pain. This Wayne is an uncomfortable 'present' absence. A 'non-present' presence. A 'non-absent' absence. A self I can't know. Can't find. Can't fathom. He is *of* me, of my name, but *not* me. He is a word given to me by



A DRIVER



A PARTY-ANIMAL

my Father and Mother. Or my Father and not my Mother. Or my Mother and not my Father.

Mostly, Wayne doesn't exist. I forget his name. I forget until called upon to list all my names on a document, some important document, like an official document, like a passport. And I will have to go through the difficulty of remembering his name all over again. Because I forget. I forget how to spell Wayne. I have to spell it out in my mind before applying it to paper. W. A. Y. N. E. And then I have him in my grasp. For a second. A moment. Just long enough to set him down. To print him on paper. On screen. Online. Somewhere within the network of names. And documents. And screens. And files. And letters. And there will be Wayne, the name, the non-person me, the self, the subject, the other, in letters, in infinity. *Wayne*. The stranger within. The alien me. Who is neither you nor me—but *I*. Someone else. Someone other. Than me. Who sits between my names, my *other* names, my other me's, my other selves, in a row, like this: Andrew Wayne Miller. Which is me, on occasions, on some documents, when I am whole, as a name, a series of names, three names, two familiar, one



A HIKER

foreign, made by others. By Dad. By Mum. By Dad and Mum. By Mum and Dad. And while they have gone, Wayne remains, between my names, my proper names, my shared names, my selves. And today, which may have passed, I learned to spell Wayne all over again. W. A. Y. N. E.

Because.....  
 in the begining .....  
 when I was nothing .....  
 it started and ended with a name.....  
 A common name. A Christian name. A surname.  
 And a name that goes between these names. A name to s-e-p-a-r-a-t-e *my names from other names of the same name*. And so Wayne was born, and then died, within minutes or hours, of me, who shall remain nameless.

My proper name outlives me. After my death, it will still be possible to name me and speak of me. Like every sign, including "I," the proper name involves the necessary possibility of functioning in my absence, of detaching itself from its bearer: and according to the logic we have already seen at work, one must be able to take this absence to a certain absolute, which we call death. So we shall say that



A DREAMER

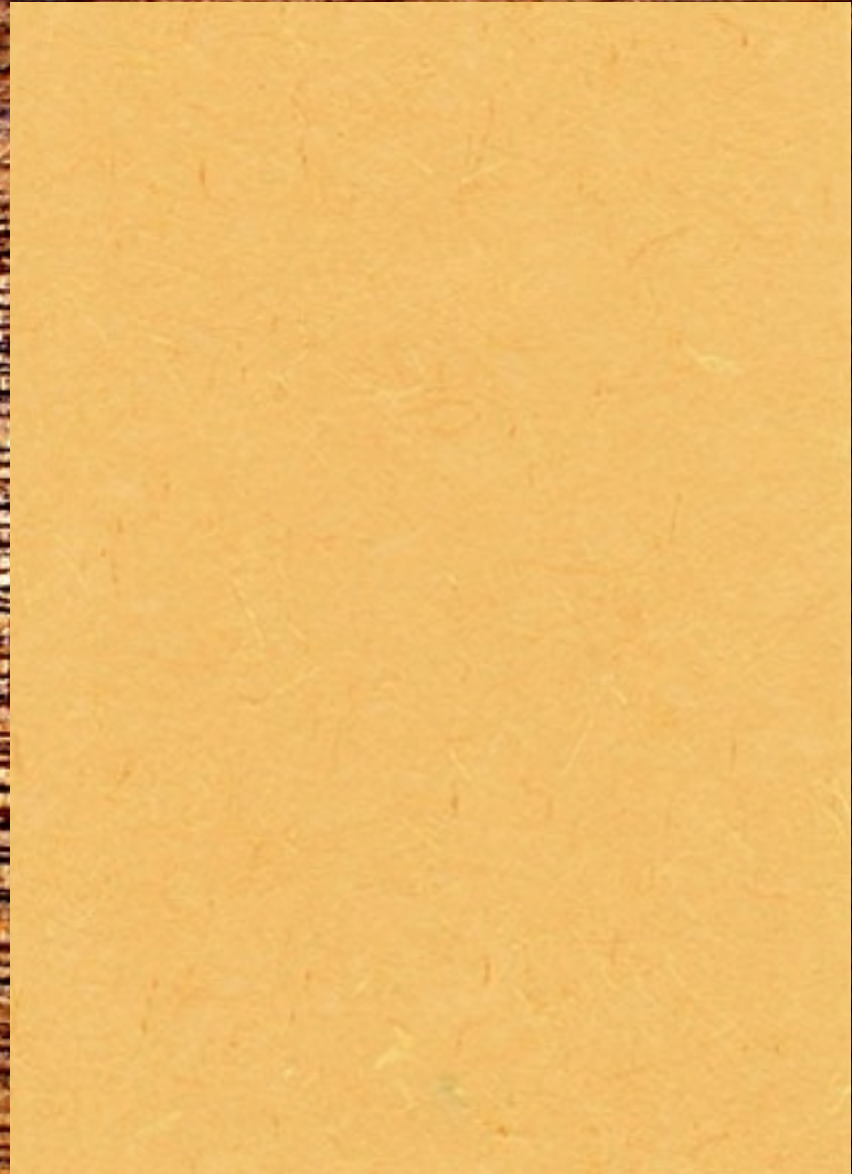
even while I am alive, my name marks my death. It already bears the death of its bearer. It is already the name of the dead person...

(Geoffrey Bennington, *Jacques Derrida*,  
1991/1999, p. 148)

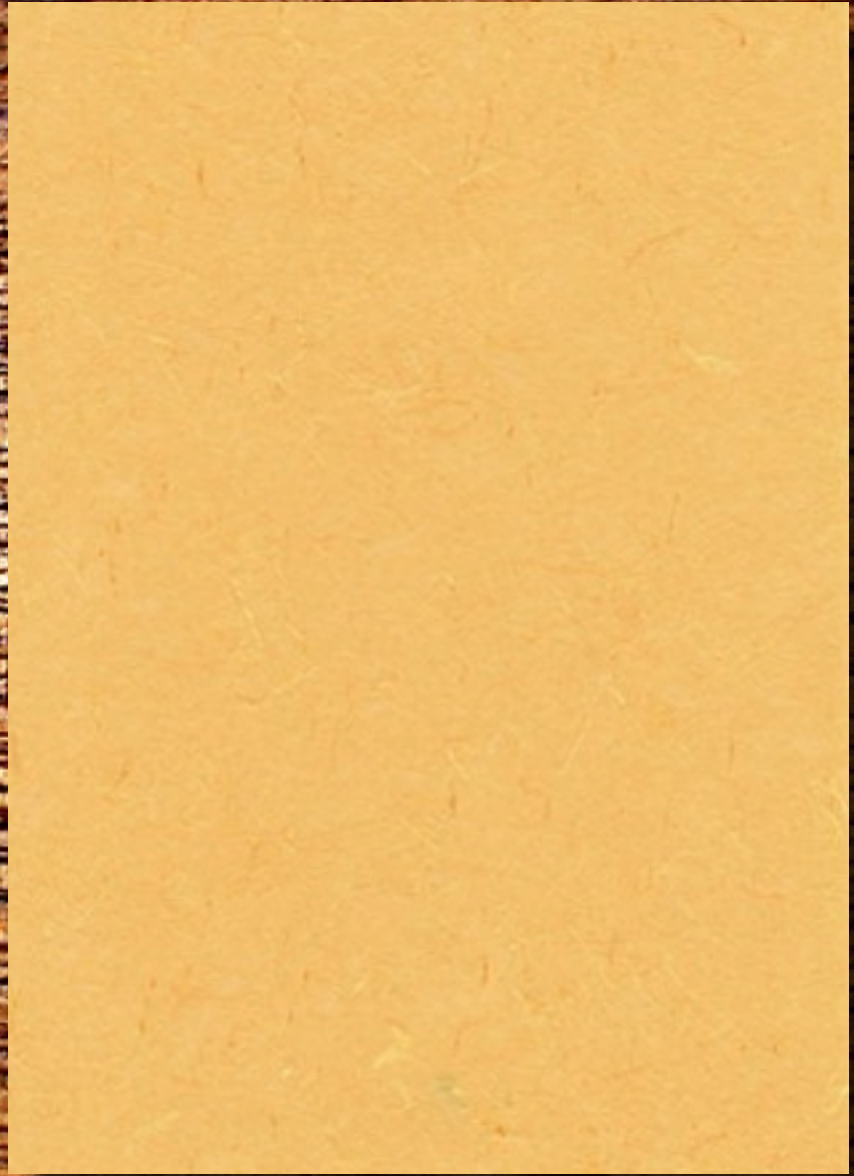
13



AN ARTIST



14





A LICENCE HOLDER



A STUDENT



A PATIENT





17



A MATE