

Productivity Without Productivity: Crip Theory, Interspecies Collaboration and Material Art Practice

Katie Jung

A Thesis in the Individualized Program

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Master of Arts (Individualized Program, INDI) at

Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

May 2019

© Katie Jung, 2019

Concordia University
School of Graduate Studies

This is to certify that the thesis prepared

By: Katie Jung

Entitled: *Productivity Without Productivity: Crip Theory, Interspecies Collaboration and Material Art Practice*

and submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts (Individualized Program)

complies with the regulations of the University and meets the accepted standards with respect to originality and quality.

Signed by the final Examining Committee:

_____ Chair
Dr. Rachel Berger

_____ Principal Thesis Supervisor
Raymonde April

_____ Examiner
Dr. Danielle Peers

_____ Examiner
Lynn Hughes

ABSTRACT

Productivity Without Productivity: Crip Theory, Interspecies Collaboration and Material Art Practice

Katie Jung, M.A.

Concordia University, 2019

Productivity Without Productivity aims to imagine new futures for disability by performatively reading crip theory's non-assimilation version of disability studies in new and unconventional ways into the methods of art practice. I develop research-creation as crip method that enacts crip theory as a non-normative method for art practice in order to see what new forms and modes of living it can produce. Rather than making accommodations to do things in normalized ways, what non-normative practices can be produced? I examine this question through a series of experimental projects: *Tidelines/Field-guide*, a print-based project that explore processes of transformation and disappearance through trace-making and cartography techniques; *Spoons Dog*, an ongoing collaboration between myself and my service dog, Spoons; *Flowers of outre-vie*, an ongoing, ritual practice of making brooms from discarded funeral flowers; and *Shifting Objects*, a process-based project informed by DIY, artisanal ceramic repairing techniques. Engaging the generative intersection of crip theory, interspecies collaboration, and material art practice, these crip-creation projects cultivate *time-consuming*, quotidian, ritual practices of living and care, object repair, listening, conversation (with human and nonhuman others as well as materials) that do not require assimilation into efficiency-driven disciplinary norms. Together these projects develop an account of "productivity *without* productivity" that unhinges neoliberal structures of productivity and value, while cultivating desire for what disability disrupts. In so doing, my interdisciplinary projects contribute new avenues of material exploration for crip theory and critical disability studies, while providing a crip theory framework for material art practice.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the friends I made along the way of this thesis — thank you for your friendship.

Ida, thank you for always giving on-point reading recommendations. Really, the best reading recommendations I ever received during my degree ALL came from you. But also thank you for listening, for coming over to hang out with me at the final hour of different projects, and most importantly (or also) for the long walks chatting big method ideas with Spoons and I. Thank you for bringing me groceries and helping me move things when I was pregnant. I can't imagine doing this thesis without you. Gaining your friendship through the course of this degree has been such a gift.

Aimee, thank you for your friendship too. Thank you for the hour-upon-hour-long chats on the phone. For your cheerleading and for showing up even though Montreal's infrastructure doesn't make it easy. For your anger and rants. For your little good luck textos you send right before something big is about to happen. For letting me stock you and drive you to work before we knew each other. For networking like a witch who's going to put it back in fashion. And always, for hissing at bros who pass us in the hallways as we lounge.

Dan and Linds, thanks for showing up at a critical moment of my masters, just after finishing my course load. When I was starting to become lost and disenfranchised you were anchors of wisdom that I reflected on often when I felt the toxicity of academia. Thank you for blazing a trail for the rest of us so we knew it was possible.

To those who helped me get here and helped keep me here...

Gwynne, from the very beginning years, before I started this thesis, your help has been indispensable. Thank you for teaching me philosophy. For your wisdom, conceptual and technical edits, your brilliance and for lending me your creative brain to help me talk, think and write through this thesis. Without you none of this would've been possible. But also thank you for the long phone

calls, for the meals and the road trip to the forest to vision. And for reminding me often to eat before poetry. Your long friendship, your tender heart, pep talks, and brilliant mind have been a constant anchor to me and this project.

Raymonde, thank you for letting me witness your art practice, without which I would've never returned to art practice for this masters project. Your generous sharing of method and studio practice have been integral in giving me the confidence that has made my work possible. Thank you for listening and for the studio visits and for patiently enduring my missed deadlines and general lateness as well as my justifications that it is simply part of my method. Your warmth and mentorship have been great sources of strength. Thank you for joining the research-creation scene with such incredible authenticity and sincerity. You put theory into practice in the most beautiful way and I love you for it.

Lynn — and through proxy, Jane — I met you early along the road in my undergrad when we shared a research lab space. You were so incredibly influential to me. Your presence stood out and I am privileged to have learned from you. Thank you, Lynn for having me as part of your team and for joining my thesis committee. Your comments and support were appreciated.

Afterlife-ers, thank you for the shared Sunday meals, the chats and your presence on campus. Coming downtown was so much more pleasant with the high likelihood of bumping into one of you lovelies.

To the friends who wrote with me...

Ashley, thank you for your meticulous attention to detail and sharing your prowess for language with me. For reading my page-after-page-after-page-long rants, which I called “paper drafts,” and helping me sort my mushrooming ideas into linear enough thoughts to keep them on the page. For your patience and willingness to meet me where I was, week after week, I am indebted. Without this, I would never have made it through course work. Thank you also for also teaching me what an em-dash is and for tediously transcribing hours of video into captions. For the late-night and the early-morning edits--I have become more legible as I have learned from you.

Jackson, thank you for bringing Mischa over to my house in the afternoons. And for breaking the isolation that was thesis writing. For meeting up with me to help me type out my verbal ideas into written prose. Most of the creative writing in this thesis comes from drafts written together. Weaving my multitudes of drafts upon drafts into one piece would never have happened if it wasn't for you!

Sarah, thank you for reading my writing when I feared no one would have the stamina to do so. And for encouraging my maximalism! For asking me to send you more when I thought I had already sent you TOO MUCH. Thank you for your writing prompts and your careful reads. You taught me to trust myself and my voice. You encouraged me to explore non-linear writing and pushed my writing process in ways I didn't know I craved. Going with the flow and allowing myself to trust this rhythm rather than being driven by stress of finishing has been such an important lesson I learned through our work together. You taught me that writing can be creative and I came to enjoy it through our work together.

Claire, thank you for being zero bullshit and patiently helping me get through the designated grueling tasks. I will never forget the image of you helping me fold laundry, you folding diligently underneath a mountain of clothes that towered, no joke, just shy of the ceiling. For listening to me earnestly as I explained to you how important Spoons' CV was to my thesis and then for helping me draft and write it. For helping me take photographs again and for re-learning how to use 120mm cameras with me. For demanding / prioritizing that I use a tripod and for the long phone chats and the tiny crab emojis — your keen attention to detail with my work and patience with my deflecting was nothing but love in action. Thank you for sticking through it all.

To my many other dear friends....

Jen, your friendship and support is a constant source of strength. For checking in on me and for your constant encouragement. I am so thankful for my friendship with you and your beautiful family. Our chats are always a source of strength and energy. Thanks for being open about sharing where you're at. And thank you for taking a ceramics course with me! Thank you for letting me in and for Bailout Club at the beginning and for inviting me to breakfast.

Caila, thank you for attending that PhD Marx *Das Capital* class with me as my “note taker.”

Collaborating with you on which class we would take together was so fun. I don’t think I ever would have taken that class if it wasn't for you. I loved this collaboration so much. I think it was the best use and application of a minimum wage note taking stipend I’ve ever seen. Traveling to Concordia with you for a late-night winter course to talk about capitalism was such a treat.

Noah, thank you for emailing with me — before which time, I never thought writing was worth it. Our conversations, specifically written conversation, showed me I was capable of writing from a place of anti-assimilation rather than for efficiency's sake! Because nothing was efficient about our emails :) Your chit chat with me in that format has been such a great source of learning to articulate ideas and friendship in writing. Thank you.

Dot, thank you for back rubs and the meals and doggy walks. And for talking manipulating tools with me. Montreal misses you.

To my roommates, who put up with the endless garbage flowers and debris in our home. Maryam, Alex, and Marjolaine, you will never look at funeral flowers the same again. Marjolaine, thank you also for hearing me and rising to the broom occasion by giving me your beautiful cut hair locks to draw into a broom/brush base. You’re so rad and such a good friend!

To my family...

Hannah, thank you for helping my with edits at the final hour when it was impossible to ask someone else. For reading carefully and saying “I think you could say it better here like this.” For turning track changes off. For picking up the phone and for listening keenly. Your love and sincerity have always been such a gift to me. Thank you for helping drill tiny holes into impossibly hard wood when I was making brooms. And for eating meals with me. Thank you also for being such a good friend to Spoons and for giving her doggie gifts when you visit. We appreciate you.

Mom and Dad, thank you for your routine visits and company. For making Montreal your second home and being here increasingly more and more often. But for also opening up your home and your heart to Spoons in the winter while I escaped the Montreal temperatures to a residency at your

home. Thank you for bringing me camping and swimming on the beaches of Vancouver Island's west coast since I was a kiddo. The routine has fostered such a great source of strength and equipped me with a way to access that strength. Dad, thank you also for reading along with me on texts and drawing ideas on paper with me. And for painstakingly drawing me out a custom-made calendar-agenda with circles, icons, and waves when I started back at school — one that satisfied my refusal of any calendar with boxes or rectilinear lines. Mom, thank you for helping find and name Spoons, the best gift anyone could ever give me. You're so good at research and you help me prioritize what matters with your continuous love. Thank you both for your friendship and patience. I couldn't ask for better parents.

Spooooooooons, thanking you only brings me to tears. You are better than any collaborator I could have ever dreamed of. There are no words to describe our relationship adequately. So instead I'll _____ for you. That blank space means prioritizing how you want to exist in the space around you, listening to you, scratching you, and pulling over at the side of the road when I see good-looking grass or a great swimming lake.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS	xi
INTRODUCTION	1
METHODOLOGY AND CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORK	2
Crip Theory as Method	2
Desire, Crip Futurity, and Strange Temporalities	7
De-composition	11
Intelligible, Interspecies Co-habitation	13
Conversation, Meshing, Collaboration	15
PROJECT 1: <i>Giving Trace a Mark</i>	17
Go to the Ocean	18
PROJECT 2: <i>Spoons Dog</i>	22
Dogs Don't Belong to Writing	23
The Dog—the Human	25
The Service Dog—the Human	26
The Logic of Public Access for the Working Dog	27
PROJECT 3: <i>Flowers of outre-vie / Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie</i>	31
Flowers of outre-vie / Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie	33
PROJECT 4: <i>Shifting Objects</i>	38
Love Notes	39
APPENDIX: <i>About Making Brooms</i>	46
BIBLIOGRAPHY	61

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Figure 1. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.	6
Figure 2. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.	6
Figure 3. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.	7
Figure 4. Left: Documentation of page 1 of intaglio artist book <i>Field-Guide</i> , by Katie Jung, 2015.	
Right: Documentation of mural intaglio print from <i>Tidelines</i> , by Katie Jung, 2015.	17
Figure 5. Documentation of intaglio artist book <i>Field-Guide</i> , by Katie Jung, 2015.	20
Figure 6. Documentation of mural intaglio print from <i>Tidelines</i> , by Katie Jung, 2015.	21
Figure 7. Documentation of etched copper metal from intaglio artist book <i>Field-Guide</i> , by Katie Jung, 2015.	21
Figure 8. Left: Documentation of <i>The Dog Does not Belong to Writing (Lola)</i> , Katie Jung, 2013.	
Right: Documentation of <i>The Dog Does not Belong to Writing (Spoons)</i> , Hannah Jung, 2017.	23
Figure 9. Screenshot of Katie Jung’s phone notes dictated in 2013.	25
Figure 10. (Left to right) Spoons rolling on the concrete in lieu of grass. Lounging. Passenger seat with illuminated night collar in mouth. Yurtle the turtle-ing on Montreal city snow pile. Chewing bone on your leg during meeting because I’m ready to go. Dogs against ..., manifestation/protest face.	29
Figure 11. (Left to right) Documentation of <i>Optica</i> exhibition. Window cinema. Documentation of Claire helping Katie take photos. Snow love. Water/swimming love. Ugh meetings.	30
Figure 12. <i>Flowers of Outre-vie</i> , by Katie Jung photographed with Claire Forsyth, 2018.	31
Figure 13. Documentation of <i>Brushes and Brooms of Outre-vie</i> , by Katie Jung, 2019	32
Figure 14. Documentation of <i>Brushes and Brooms of Outre-vie</i> , by Katie Jung, 2019.	36
Figure 15. Documentation of <i>Brushes and Brooms of Outre-vie</i> , by Katie Jung, 2019.	37
Figure 16. Documentation of <i>Shifting Objects, #2</i> , by Katie Jung, 2018.	39
Figure 17. Above: Documentation of <i>Shifting Objects, #2 (Big Bowl)</i> Left: Documentation of <i>Shifting Objects, #5 (Gravy Boat)</i> . Right: Documentation of hand written letter shredded by Spoons.	45

INTRODUCTION

I have to tell you something, I said.
I'm not going to lie.
I have to tell you.
I have this god-shaped hole in my heart, and I
think you do too.

—Richard Van Camp.¹

My goal throughout this thesis process can be best described in Pat Schneider's words, when she tasks writers to sound more and more like themselves, or said differently, to resist standard workflows.² I extend Schneider's call to include feeling more and more like myself and working to show what looks more and more like myself from a making perspective. I experiment with making in ways that are intrinsically connected to my embodiment and embodied knowledge. In this way, I extend what I think of as "voice" in writing terms and transform it to other outputs. This practice gets to the core goal of my thesis project: to widen method and process to work and make from a place that doesn't require assimilation into efficiency-driven disciplinary norms.

Frustrated by relying on disciplinary conventions in art and academia, I have been guided by the question: *What would it look like to create other modes of working and collaboration?* My work takes place in the ruptures where disciplinary conventions fail to contain me. These ruptures offer a place for transformation. To explore this, I aimed to develop an anti-assimilation approach and methods of collaboration. This allows me to resist grandfathered-in ways of working, and instead, to begin building and creating diverse practices of collaboration. Rather than relying on scripts of accommodations used in order to fit into existing structures and modes of working, I have been interested in creating and building scripts. I aim to develop decentralized ways of working.

Through ongoing reflection on Schneider's call to sound, make, move, feel, and be more and more like myself, I came to realize that conversation is a foundational part of my voice and thinking. Putting theory into practice, this thesis consists of four experimental projects that engage relationships and modes of working with materials, animals, humans, and myself: *Tidelines/ Field-guide*, a print-based exploration of giving trace a mark and practices that are fixed-in-transformation;

¹ Richard Van Camp, *The Lesser Blessed* (Madeira Park, BC: Douglas & McIntyre, 2016).

² Pat Schneider, *Writing Alone and with Others* (Oxford; New York: Oxford University Press, 2003).

Spoons Dog, an ongoing collaboration and meshing between myself and my service dog; *Flowers of outre-vie*, a performance that explores ritual process; and *Shifting Objects*, a process-based ceramics project. Each project re-articulates and experiments with a conversational approach. Conversation connects these projects: conversation between beings, places (i.e., routines and movements through space and place), and objects (i.e., materials). A significant outcome of this thesis has been the development of my own working methods. Not thinking in monologue, but rather, a sort of back and forth with myself, other people, animals, materials, and places is an integral part of my process for thinking and making.

Collected here are a series of discrete, interrelated projects that have taken shape throughout my thesis process. In each section, I present traces of the processes related to these projects including documentation, theoretical work, and creative writing. I offer key results and articulations of my thinking through, and practicing of, this approach from my location as an artist-researcher. With this thesis, my hope is to create a precedent for practice and desires that recognize, is accountable to, and redesigns collaboration and collaboration opportunities.

METHODOLOGY AND CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORK

In *Giving an Account of Oneself*, Judith Butler urges us to “risk ourselves precisely at moments of unknowingness, when what forms us diverges from what lies before us, when our willingness to become undone in relation to others constitutes our chance of becoming human.”³ Following Butler’s injunction, this thesis reads crip theory’s non-assimilation version of disability studies into the framework and methods of art practice. I aim to performatively enact crip theory as a method of art practice to see what new forms and new modes of living it can produce. The non-normative research-creation method I develop brings crip theory and art practice into conversation to address the following questions: What happens when you veer off traditional methods? Rather than making accommodations to do things in normalized ways, what non-normative practices can be produced? If we do things in multiple and diversified ways, what kind of results would this yield?

Crip Theory as Method

Colloquially, lots of disabled folks call themselves “crips,” which is short for “cripple.” The same way “queer” has been reclaimed, this deployment of the word “crip” is meant to “jolt people out of

³ Judith Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself* (New York, NY, Fordham University Press, 2005), 136.

their everyday understandings” of ability, bodies, thinking, and productivity. Crip theory anticipates “the common response of the non-disabled people to disabled people, of the normative to deviant.”⁴ In “Crip Cuts: On the Boundary Work of Enacting Disability,” Feminist Disability Studies scholar and crip theorist Kelly Fritsch argues that to “crip” disability is to both destabilize the concept of disability and the conventional meanings that cohere around it.⁵

In his 2012 conversation with Danielle Peers and Melisa Brittain, Robert McRuer, who is usually credited with coining the term “crip theory,” argues that there is no unanimous consensus or firm definition of crip theory. McRuer argues for an account of crip theory as a method of critical, cultural practice generated by queer communities in response to the intertwined “workings of compulsory heterosexuality and compulsory able-bodiedness”:

Crip theory is a collective practice.... that has been generated by a lot of queers, in one sense, partly because the workings of compulsory heterosexuality and compulsory able-bodiedness have been so intertwined for more than a century. And it’s really queer crips, crip queers, who have understood those workings really well. And hence, crip theory has been this critical cultural practice that has developed in a lot of queer communities, by artists, activists and academics, writers of all kinds, poets, painters; many different kinds of cultural workers have put into practice what I think we can call crip theory.

That said, I wouldn’t say there is an absolute consensus on what crip theory is. I would say that in many ways it is something that’s very much about excess. Compulsory heterosexuality and compulsory able-bodiedness generate sites of containment, where disability and queerness are managed, contained, kept quiet, kept silent. And crip cultural production has been about saying, “we’re not going to stand for that,” so to speak. “We are going to generate visions of the body and desire and community that are in excess of attempts to contain and manage us.” And there is not absolute consensus about what crip theory is, because that generative excess has been so incredibly varied.⁶

⁴ Alison Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip* (Bloomington, IA: Indiana University Press, 2013); Robert McRuer, *Crip Theory Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability* (New York, NY: NYU Press, 2008), 49.

⁵ See Kelly Fritsch “Crip Cuts: On the Boundary Work of Enacting Disability,” *Annual Meeting of the Society for Disability Studies*, Denver, CO, 2012.

⁶ Danielle Peers, Melisa Brittain, and Robert McRuer, “Crip Excess, Art, and Politics: A Conversation with Robert McRuer,” *The Review of Education, Pedagogy and Cultural Studies* 34, no. 3-4: Pedagogy, Image Practices, and Contested Corporealities (2012): 148–49, <https://doi.org/10.1080/10714413.2012.687284>.

This work is indebted to McRuer’s formulation of crip theory. Building on this excessive and variable model of theory as queer and crip, collective practice, my research-creation projects use art practice as a non-conventional form of theoretical expression that lends itself to destabilization, non-linear experimentation, and disruption. I develop a series of projects that use material art practice as a kind of conversational back-and-forth. Using a crip theory framework allows me to develop my own unconventional method that picks up different material art practices including ceramics, print-media, performance, ephemeral art, and ritual practices. I have designed a series of ongoing projects on the fly. These projects are customizable, accessible, responsive to my shifting needs, and to an ongoing practice of everyday experimentation. They have allowed me to embrace non-normative modes of temporal production where the outcome of practice cannot be anticipated. Over the course of my program of study I have unraveled a series of tedious and *time-consuming* practices; the resulting projects that comprise this thesis are works-in-progress that resist resolution and stabilization. I understand these projects as “fixed-in-transformation”: rather than finished, disseminated outputs. It was never possible to foresee where these ongoing, durational processes would lead me; the uncertainty of this method involved risk at “moments of unknowingness,” which are always situated in relation to others.⁷ In other words, art practice allows me to adapt crip theory to work on my own terms, in my own time.

Artistic experimentation gives new expression and new dimensions to crip theory that are often overlooked in Critical Disability Studies. Yet, research-creation offers generative possibilities for experimentation and for building alternate modes of desiring, knowledge production and dissemination. Material art practice creates perversities and reversals of conventional value systems; it allows for non-normative ways of doing things. Responding to this fertile intersection, my thesis develops research-creation as crip method. This approach allows me to imagine and cultivate new futures for disability. Changing our imaginations, as Butler suggests, allows us to change our situations. Fantasy carries a “critical promise” that allows us “to imagine ourselves and others otherwise.”⁸

My projects aim to reimagine disability by mobilizing two of crip theory’s central methodological principles of “crip time” (the queering time as embodied and futural is proposed by critical disability theorist Alison Kafer, in *Feminist, Queer, Crip*) and “de-composition” (developed by

⁷ Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself*, 20.

⁸ Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself*, 98.

McRuer in *Crip Theory: Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability*),⁹ alongside the principle of “interspecies co-habitation,” which I borrow and adapt from Feminist Animal Studies scholar Vinciane Despret’s text, *What Would Animals Say If We Asked the Right Questions?*¹⁰ I will explicate each of these concepts, which I performatively deploy in my four discrete but interrelated projects:

1. *Tidelines/Field-guide*: a print-based project that explore processes of transformation and disappearance through trace-making and cartography techniques.
2. *Spoons Dog*: an ongoing collaboration between myself and my service dog, Spoons.
3. *Flowers of outre-vie*: an ongoing performance that explores of ritual process.
4. *Shifting Objects*, a process-based project informed by make-do, DIY artisanal ceramic repairing techniques.

I have allowed one project to shift into another, outside the metric of normalized modes of measuring productivity generally used to evaluate work in academic contexts. Each of these discrete, but interrelated crip-creation projects provides another iteration of my research-creation method at the intersection of crip theory, interspecies collaboration, and material art practice; each differently deploys and engages these guiding conceptual resources. This research-creation project was presented as an installation and performative presentation that included a repurposed display table that I crafted out of raw timber for the *Outre-vie/Afterlife* exhibition, *Les bons voisins*, at the FOFA Gallery. I displayed a number of material objects on this table, including *Outre-vie Brooms* and flower debris, ceramic artifacts from *Shifting Objects*; the artist’s book *Field-Guide* and intaglio prints from *Tideline*; as well as documentation of my “time-consuming” processes of making. Spoons was also present to participate in the performance. This written document is intended to contextualize the installation by providing a methodological and conceptual framework, as well as creative writing texts associated with my projects. This written component serves to situate my four projects within a theoretical framework and explains how I deploy crip theory as a non-assimilation based foundation for making.

⁹ Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip*; Robert McRuer, *Crip Theory Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability* (New York, NY: NYU Press, 2008).

¹⁰ Vinciane Despret, *What Would Animals Say If We Asked the Right Questions?*, trans. Brett Buchanan (Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 2017).



Figure 1. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.



Figure 2. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.



Figure 3. Documentation of thesis installation, April 2019.

Desire, Crip Futurity, and Strange Temporalities

I deploy art practice to develop a new articulation of what crip theorist Alison Kafer calls “crip time.”¹¹ Drawing on Judith Halberstam’s notion of queer temporalities, as well as Eliza Chandler’s questioning of temporality, Kafer argues that crip time doesn’t refer to a quantitative determination of time.¹² Rather, it’s a way of thinking about time as qualitative, embodied, and futural. Crip time refers to a queering of time. Disability is considered something one would want to correct or eradicate by assimilating disabled bodies to normative structures (here through the allocation of more time for a given task). Disability is often measured in time: extra time is calculated in quantitative terms and then allocated to the disabled person. Kafer’s insistence on thinking of “imagined futures” leads her to question what it means to create desire for something conventionally understood as undesirable. According to Fritsch, “‘to crip’ is to open up desire for what disability disrupts.”¹³ This involves imaging disability into the future, instead of seeing disability as tragedy to

¹¹ Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip*, 26.

¹² See Judith Halberstam, *In a Queer Time and Place Transgender Bodies, Subcultural Lives* (New York, NY: NYU Press, 2006) and Eliza Chandler, “Sidewalk Stories: The Troubling Task Of Identification,” *Disability Studies Quarterly*, 30 No.3-4 (2010), <http://www.dsquds.org/article/view/1293/1329>.

¹³ See Kelly Fritsch, “Crip Cuts,” n.p. See also “On the Negative Possibility of Suffering: Adorno, Feminist Philosophy, and the Transfigured Crip To Come,” *Disability Studies Quarterly* 33, no. 4 (2013), doi: 10.18061/dsq.v33i4.3869.

be overcome. Kafer urges us to desire crip futures without assimilation. She describes her work on desiring disability into the future, as a topic that was so inconceivable, that it was misunderstood as a science-fiction plot. She asks, what positive outcomes can we imagine for crip futurity, where ableness only sees tragedy?¹⁴ Crip time provides a framework for thinking about what, and who, is projected into the future.

In keeping with the central tenets of crip time, my projects aim to foster desire for strange temporalities. The projects that make up this thesis issue from a place of lived desire; at specific junctures and points of rupture where I fail to assimilate. What happens from inhabiting these ruptures? What would it mean to explore disability in time and to articulate my own crip time? This thesis is born from a desire to enact crip theory by operating on my own crip time. What would it mean to open desire for what disability disrupts through art practice? To explore these possibilities, I developed a series of smaller projects that could be compiled over the course of a degree. I was confident that using non-traditional academic methods to complete my thesis work would not only make my education more accessible to me, but that it would be required that I develop a crip method that involved putting crip theory into relation to material art practice. What would happen if instead of trying to be accommodated into a normal master's work structure, I was *given time* to be more like myself?

Crip futurity is an important site to both imagine, articulate, and materialize alternative futures that anticipate a moment that has not yet arrived. My projects consider a constellation of questions: How can I sound and be more like myself? What would it mean to articulate my own time as crip time? How can I open desire to what disability disrupts? How can art practice inhabit these points of disruption and what emerges from these strategic, performative practices? My projects produce new material expressions of crip time. Art practice provides a space for non-linear exploration and speculation that doesn't require proof to verify its findings. Encouraging dis-juncture and disjunction, art practice encourages structural experimentation and play, while recognizing failure as a form of productivity that yields no results. At the same time, I recognize that the art milieu is marked by many ableist failures of access and recognition. I understand how deeply art is rooted in histories of oppression. While mapping these histories is beyond the scope of my thesis, I want to flag these failures and violent omissions, even as I take up material and ritual art practice as a radically resistant practice of everyday living.

¹⁴ Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip*, 2.

My thesis is thoroughly grounded in a crip theory framework: I am operating on my own crip time, which is specific to me. I develop a structure that facilitates the construction of my own personal rhythms and ritual practices of art making, which are also performative, in situ, durational, and quotidian practices of living. These practices aim to determine what desire for the future can look like. Crip time allows me to cultivate my own time; crip time functions as a general call to action that prompted the cultivation of routines that articulate my own crip-ness. The result is a series of “strange temporalities, imaginative life schedules, and eccentric economic practices” that refuse normative regimes and guidelines regarding productivity.¹⁵ The resulting projects that make up my thesis work push the boundaries of conventional theoretical and academic writing; they are not, as I will argue in a moment, finished products. Instead they involve the deployment of and creation of ritual practices for living; these material practices aim to create space and desire for my own living.

The kind of rituals that I am interested in—the kind I intuitively desire and long for—resonate with Dominican-American novelist Junot Díaz’s description of love and resistance, which I first encountered in quotation as the epigraph to Leanne Simpson’s collection of short stories, *Islands of Decolonial Love*. Díaz explains that “The kind of love that I was interested in, that my characters long for intuitively, is the only kind of love that could liberate them from that horrible legacy of colonial violence.” What Díaz calls “decolonial love” is a desiring for the possibility of loving “one’s broken-by-the-coloniality-of-power self in another broken-by-the-coloniality-of-power person.”¹⁶ This desire for self-love in the aftermath of colonial violence begins by knowing what it is not. For me, this project parallels an intuitive longing, (as it does for Díaz) that does not aim for coherence, neoliberal productivity, or the homogeneity of time this productivity demands of our bodies.

Decolonial love proceeds from this negative moment through an attempt to sort through what desiring of the futurity means. This desire for crip futures is born out of an empty space. As Kafer suggests, the desire to examine disability futures:

¹⁵ Halberstam, quoted in Kafer *Feminist, Queer, Crip*, 38.

¹⁶ Junot Díaz and Paula M.L. Moya, “The Search for Decolonial Love: An Interview with Junot Díaz,” *Boston Review*, June 26, 2012, <http://bostonreview.net/books-ideas/paula-ml-moya-decolonial-love-interview-junot-d%C3%ADaz> quoted in Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, *Islands of Decolonial Love: Stories & Songs* (Winnipeg, MN: Arbeiter-Ring Publishing, 2016), 9.

Is a desire born largely of absence? We lack such futures in this present, and my desires are practically inconceivable in the public sphere. There is no recognition that one could desire disability, no move to imagine what such desire could look like.¹⁷

Responding to this important acknowledgment, my aim is to define the contours of this absence but without filling this space with definitive contents. The large and broad goal then of my work is (like Diaz's expression of decolonial love), the production of a kind of desire for futurity that can liberate the legacy of colonial violence. An impossible task. In my thesis this task is expressed through the quest for everyday practices that were not settler-colonial practices, (or practices of assimilation), but rather practices of making and creating desire. The projects that constitute this thesis attempt to engage materials that are less imbued with coloniality and institutional power—quodidian and ritual practices of living and care, object cobbling, listening and conversation (with objects and human / nonhuman others), interspecies co-habitation, collaboration etc. Each of these time-consuming, performative practices of making actively undermine conventional neoliberal structures of productivity and value. Together they articulate a paradoxical attempt to be productive in ways that undermine productivity, which I call productivity without productivity.

It is not productivity for productivity sake

It is not (as I learned the hard way) sitting on my ass ALL the damn day in a refusal of productivity because I will (fact) feel like a rotting pile of goo.

It is not writing

It is not resolute, fixed, final or finished works

It is not assimilation

It is not endless private labour in order to participate in conventional practice

It is not an attempt to revive the past (ceramics)

It is not thinking tragically about myself

It is not participating in not useful self-care conversations

It is not feeling bad about my leaky needs

It is not time management, as in “have to” / “should” kind if self-structure

It is not learning linear organizational systems; these are completely useless to me.

It is not perfection

¹⁷ Kafer, *Feminist-Queer-Crip*, 45.

It is not coherence

It is not to not write in a conventional way that makes me sound the same as everyone else

It is not the deployment of disability as a token metaphor

It is not Roberts Rules, or adapted Roberts Rules

It is not ... performing and displaying diligent productive efforts in order to get validation or support

It is not ... the pursuit of ‘correct’ / coherent kinds of desire, the ones that don’t interrupt business as usual ways of working and being

It is ... bringing desire into process differently

It is ... productivity without productivity

It is ... contributing to processes and projects that are fixed-in-transformation

It is ... unraveling into time-consuming works-in-progress

It is ... getting to know my own rhythm, rather than using self-discipline to motivate movement

It is ... developing modes of working that get at the heart of my own ‘voice’ (e.g., conversational or dialogic approach)

It is ... developing ways of collaborating that allow for being different together (that don’t require assimilation)

It is... meshing i.e., collaborating with both human and nonhuman others (i.e., animals, materials, and objects)

It is ... trying to produce less harm as a personal practice of harm reduction

It is ... recognizing where I hold privilege and taking up less space by reverse privileging those who may be more venerable than me

It is ... using my privilege to cite the law differently

It is ... undermining the limitations of conventional practice and what it can and should produce

It is... creating desire for what disability disrupts

De-composition

This practice of productivity without productivity involves making processes that are fixed-in-transformation. Mobilizing what McRuer calls “de-composition,” as a methodological approach and key component of crip theory, my projects cultivate and privilege “incoherent” and unfinished

works and rituals.¹⁸ In *Crip Theory*, McRuer asks how we can labor to agitate composition. Problematizing traditional approaches to Composition Theory, McRuer argues that traditional approaches to composition tend to emphasize the reduction of difference into finished products that demonstrate compositional sameness (from the “well-made” essay to the supposedly coherent identity of the heterosexual male).¹⁹ According to McRuer, this notion of composition prioritizes formula and routinized order that simultaneously composes cultural practices of corporate efficiency and naturalized heterosexuality.²⁰ Composition is a highly monitored cultural practice, and those doing the monitoring (on some level, all of us are involved in this process) are intent on producing order and efficiency where there was none, and, ultimately, forgetting the messy composing process and the composing bodies that experience it.

In contrast, McRuer argues for a theory of “de-composition” that cultivates “desirability of a loss of composure.”²¹ Placing queer theory and disability studies at the heart of composition theory, McRuer acknowledges and affirms experiences where composing is always an unruly and disorderly cultural practice—where identity is never complete or finished and is always in the process of formation and deformation.²² McRuer challenges ableist assumptions of legibility presupposed by composition theory and extends it to include forms of composition that are never complete, which are always in process. Decomposition privileges difference, rather than attempting its resolution. Engaging in a critical dialogue on composing bodies and practices of composition, McRuer theorizes a mode of composition that is also a process of de-composition, he challenges the centrality of thesis or critique, and even the importance of finishing projects: “Is it possible to resist the impulse to focus on finished products?”²³ Suggesting that process is more important than product, because process encourages the formatting of new knowledge McRuer describes “de-composition” as “a process that provides an ongoing critique of both the corporate models into which we, as students and teachers of composition, are interpellated and the concomitant disciplinary compulsion to

¹⁸ See McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 146-170.

¹⁹ Composition Theory refers both to theories of composition from classical rhetoric to more recent process-oriented views. It also refers to a set of methods and pedagogical practices. For recent examination of the disciplinary boundaries and authority of composition studies see Keller, Christopher J and Christian R Weisser. *The Locations of Composition* (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 2007).

²⁰ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 146.

²¹ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 149.

²² See McRuer, “Composing Bodies; or, D-Composition: Queer Theory, Disability Studies, and Alternative Corporealities,” 49.

²³ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 147 and 151-53.

produce only dis-embodied, efficient writers.”²⁴ Placing queer theory and disability studies at the center of composition theory allows McRuer to foreground how our identities are “shaped and reshaped” through “multiple communities and discourses—of composing, or writing into existence, a coherent and individual self.”²⁵

Extending “de-composition” as a methodological approach for art practice and self-formation, my projects cultivate and privilege “incoherent” and unfinished works and rituals.²⁶ My thesis projects highlight embodied elements of compositional process. My works remain unfinished. They are ongoing works. They are fixed-in-transformation. They are interlinking; they blur into one another. They are never focused on the delivery of final products. My projects are strategically open-ended, quotidian performative and ritual practices that develop crip-creation as a practice of everyday life.²⁷ I use a de/compositional process that bears the traces of making, which are the foundation and heart of my thesis project. This process-based framework observes and articulates transformations: these works are constitutively unfinished. They resist closure. In other words, I have no “finished” products, no definitive production and dissemination paths are followed. Rather, my projects are engaged in a quiet refusal. Their cultivation of incoherence is a refusal of neoliberal productivity: conventions that dominate academia as much as the art world. This refusal gets folded into my method and is what I call “productivity without productivity.” Instead of forcing things to be well-composed and coherent, throughout this thesis, I attempt to create projects that are ongoing, durational, open-ended, informal and folded into my everyday life,

Being productive without productivity is a method for answering this project’s larger research question about the cultivation of desire for crip futures. It is itself a method for crippling the future, and for imagining new forms of futurity that cultivate crip love. Within this incoherence however, there is always an element of coherence—we could say an *incoherent coherence* that involves a methodological specificity that takes different material forms of engagement depending on context.

Intelligible, Interspecies Co-habitation

My work seeks to develop collaborations where the goal is being different together. These collaborations rely on a conversational or dialogic approach with both human and nonhuman others

²⁴ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 149.

²⁵ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 146.

²⁶ McRuer, *Crip Theory*, 149-52.

²⁷ See Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life* (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2002).

(i.e. people and animals), and things (i.e., materials and objects). My projects adopt methodological principles from Feminist Animal Studies. Specifically, from Vinciane Despret's discussions of co-habiting, affectivity, associated worlds and world-making, and the creation of intelligible practices of coexistence.

In *What Would Animals Say If We Asked Them the Right Questions?*, Despret discusses interspecies collaborations, co-habitations, world-making, the creation of intelligible practices of coexistence. She develops the concept of "intelligible co-habitation" within a broader discussion of the associated worlds of animals and humans, which I explore in my projects, but specifically with Spoons-dog. Despret is concerned with the ways in which the worlds of humans and nonhuman animals can be effectively welded together. Borrowing from Deleuze's radical empiricism, Despret explains how animals and people inhabit different worlds simultaneously. She argues that we share an associated world. This idea is predicated on a differential account of perception: each species is bestowed with different sensory and perceptual organs which are the foundation of how meaning is constructed. "Animals, [she argues] endowed with sensory organs different from our own, do not perceive the same world." She continues:

Bees do not have the same perception of colors as we do, and we do not perceive the same scents that captivate butterflies, any more than we are sensitive, as a tick is, to the odor of butyric acid released by the sebaceous follicles of a mammal for whom the tick, hanging from a stem or a branch, lies in wait.²⁸

Despret's concepts of "intelligible co-habitation" and coexistence serve as a point of departure. I extend and develop her interventions in my conversational methodology. Her aim to have these two incommensurate worlds "cohabit in the most intelligent way possible" encourages me to engage in a back-and-forth with other beings and develop new modes of interspecies cohabitation.²⁹ According to Despret, one is always affected by another being and vice versa. These two worlds affect and effect each other: they attune, invent, create, decline, and metamorphoses one another, "sometimes as a composition, sometimes as simple co-presence."³⁰ The result, as Despret argues, is "the transformation of what was the proper world of one being by another, or, to put it more accurately, the transformation of a being-with-its-world by another being-with-its-world."³¹ Living together—or cohabiting—in an intelligent way, necessitates both "thinking and connecting" with what is required

²⁸ Despret, *What Would Animals Say?*, 161.

²⁹ Despret, *What Would Animals Say?*, 164.

³⁰ Despret, *What Would Animals Say?*, 164.

³¹ Despret, *What Would Animals Say?*, 165.

in this cohabitation but just as much in what it invests and metamorphoses.” What emerges from these collaborations is “a mobile and variable world, with permeable and shifting boundaries.”³² Despret destabilizes the anthropocentric superiority of human ways of being in the world. In doing so, she opens questions of cohabitation and coexistence that when used as a methodology create a powerful tool that can undermine the limitations of conventional practice. One that not only destabilizes notions of a hierarchy of existence, but invests an interest in the transformative potential, of what collaborations can create, decline, and shift/change. A method attentive to, what Despret calls, ‘attuning’ to one another given that we are affected and effect the other, throughout our entanglement/meshing/cohabitation.

I extend this approach to materials as well. I work under the presumption that material objects also share capacities for world-making.³³ I engage process as a collaborative back-and-forth which is both affecting and being affected. I am interested in what these conversations produce. This meshing of worlds—where the goal is not to become same together, but rather, to retain difference or alterity in relation—seeks to develop and practice methods of collaboration that resist assimilation. This conversational method is equally relevant in material collaborations and with beings that do not speak or write in the English language. It demands communicating and other modes as well. Negotiating in this dialogical manner means that we cannot be entitled to the other’s world.

Conversation, Meshing, Collaboration

The work that forms this thesis is born of conversation and collaboration. Here, voice is a critical concept. Because these pieces are collaborative, it is always more than a simple or coherent “I.” Rather, voice is always “multi-voice.” Each project involves adjustments and negotiations with new interlocutors, be they human, non-human, or material. For instance, in *Spoons Dog*, I develop non-verbal modes of communicative collaboration with my service dog Spoons, even though she does not have access to language as we understand it, we are able to work together to be mutually understood. In *Shifting Objects*, I collaborate with objects just as a potter listens to clay when working with it on the pottery wheel. The collaboration is tactile; one listens to materials. This thesis

³² Despret, *What Would Animals Say?*, 165.

³³ Object-Oriented Ontology (OOO) and its counterpart Speculative Realism similarly ask about the experience of non-human objects as well as about the ways they affect human viewers. See for example, Levi Bryant, Graham Harman, and Nick Srnicek, *The Speculative Turn: Continental Materialism and Realism* (Melbourne, Australia: re.press, 2011).

acknowledges the constant back-and-forth of communication and adapts this into a methodological practice of being different together.

The projects that make up this thesis have provided me occasions to experiment with putting crip theory into practice. This collaborative and dialogical element of crip theory can be further developed through future research-creation projects. This co-articulation of crip theory and art practice is underexplored and offers productive new avenues of development for crip theory. What is created, invented, declined, or transformed through relationships of what I call “meshing,” and collaboration, may it be with human and nonhuman animals, materials, or places (i.e., through routine and ritual practice)? What I mean by meshing are the ways I overlap with other beings, materials and places: Where is the line between myself and others blurred?

PROJECT 1: *Giving Trace a Mark*



Figure 4. Left: Documentation of page 1 of intaglio artist book *Field-Guide*, by Katie Jung, 2015. Right: Documentation of mural intaglio print from *Tidelines*, by Katie Jung, 2015.

Image description, Left: In the middle of the image frame lies a book, open flat. The paper is white with raw edges. The left page is blank. On the right page is an intaglio print, depicting a rectangle that is losing its shape around the edges.

Image description, Right: In the center of the frame stands a person holding up a large print. The paper is white with raw edges. The bottom of the print is partially rolled where it meets the floor. The person holds the print from the top, looking down at it. In the background, a similar image is hung on the wall. The print is an image that depicts geographical shapes in vertical lines. The density of the ink is higher in some areas. The shapes make out the edge of what looks like a continent or rock.³⁴

Tidelines/Field-guide is a print-based project that explores processes of transformation and disappearance through trace-making techniques and cartography. I turned to printmaking for its pre-photographic technology of rendering visible ephemera and giving trace a mark. As well as for its tradition of collective making. I wanted to know what would happen if I were to map my artistic process; that is, if I were to archive and trace the contours of each choice I make. What did I choose to protect and what did I let become visible?

³⁴ An earlier version of this image description was published in Acton, Kelsie, Megan Johnson, Katie Jung, Aimee Louw, Ash McAskill, Marta Simões Peres, seeley quest, and Jessica Watkin, "Being in Relationship: Reflection on Dis-Performing, Hospitality, and Accessibility," *Canadian Theatre Review*, no.177 (2019), DOI:10.3138/ctr.177.008.

I started by printing the backside of the print plate. I printed the “wrong” thing so to speak. The absent side. The *not-supposed-to-be-seen* side. I wondered, what could *this* tell me? Working with a master printer afforded me the opportunity to question each of our printing decisions and to explore my own biases. The project evolved from there as I unraveled heavily into the process of printmaking that I was working in. I wanted to know what would happen if I rendered visible the making process by inserting my making into the visible finished work. I wanted to know what the marks would say if I traced out each print as a kind of ingrown mark-in-process / mark-in-conversation.

The *Tideline* prints experiment, play with, and materially articulate unnoticed and insidious processes of erasure. *Field-guide* is a storybook holding the stories marks tell, as well as evidence of material and process conversation. I wanted to learn how to listen to and read both the marks with ink residue and the absences on the paper formed by etching parts of the plate that had not been well-protected and therefore had become engraved quickly and even disappeared—once printed. If these marks have too much exposure to acid whole parts of the plates become engraved so deeply that they disappear in the printing process. This was a conversation of participation.

I engaged absence, erasure, and redaction through an exploration of the movement of tides and intaglio print processes. I used a series of corrosive etching techniques including the use of protective ground and subsequent submersion of copper plates in an acid bath—or mordant, that cuts into unprotected parts of a copper surface. The resulting prints trace the contour of absence in its ghostliness. The prints would later serve to map a series of instructions for resistant practices of protection and care.

Go to the Ocean

Go to the ocean when the weather is bad—on one of those days nobody wants to remember when the conditions are unfavorable. Go to remember what kind of beauty this is. Go so you can remember that beauty isn't by definition still, motionless, or careful. Wade into the ocean as the storm approaches and everybody else is leaving. People might think it's reckless to be out when it's less picturesque, but don't listen to them. Remember that you're not actually being reckless at all. Toss yourself in. Remember that being in this kind of storm is actually something quite familiar to you. Let the water move you, hold you and weather you. Let its force take you for those moments. Remember that abrasive closeness doesn't scare you. In the momentum that can lift you up, waves crash over and cap and curl into little hollows. If you're there in the water for that moment stay and

soak it up. Let it fold onto you, enclose you. Let it in and under your skin so that your body knows that feeling; a need for a dialogue of touch. Enjoy the flirt, go to remember to let yourself be seen. Sand is sculpted into ripples from waves. Go so that you can remember that if you're looking for one thing you're probably miserable.

Why do I have the rhythm I have? Why does someone else have a different rhythm? Why do we not have similar rhythms? The ocean in the storm looks so nice, like marbled fat in cuts of meat, like fans of schinkenspeck displayed on butcher paper—the less absorbent slick and slippery paper—a cold cut treat my grandpa used to give me when I came to visit him. I've heard staying with him described as being with a “stick-in-the-mud.” What is a stick-in-the-mud anyways? I don't think I've ever seen one. Maybe it's more like being stuck in a tide pool. I guess it depends on how you like being stuck. I like it—being stuck. I like it quite a lot. It's a nice break. But others, I've noticed, do not. Losing control feels bad for them. It's very hard to be stubborn in the ocean. The water rips away the superficial shit, washes away mental multi-tasking, then all of a sudden, you're just there. The tactile sensation of wavy water. What a relief.

Hello, moon! How do you move water and how does a sharp rock become smooth? Is each rock I find on the shoreline a map? If when a rock moves through the water, it changes shape like a symbiotic conversation between the elements, then can I invite that kind of dialogue into my own movement? Can I trace the little details by making marks from movement? If you fix them in transformation with no foreseeable end—you will see that *each mark tells a story*.

When you cannot go to the ocean, instead sit in a cradle of water, run the bath water over you. For to be in a tub of water, is to be in the cascades of your body as terrifying and as unknown, yet as assumed as, a breath or as a heartbeat, as a need for sleep and eating. When you are stuck in your head and can't think of your body, get into the tub, and scald it with hot water. Or plunge your feet in cold water, to bring a sting followed by tingling, to relocate the blood to your feet and as far away from your head that it can be.

—*Oh yes, oh hi you, my body, there you are.*



Figure 5. Documentation of intaglio artist book *Field-Guide*, by Katie Jung, 2015.



Figure 6. Documentation of mural intaglio print from *Tidelines*, by Katie Jung, 2015.



Figure 7. Documentation of etched copper metal from intaglio artist book *Field-Guide*, by Katie Jung, 2015.

PROJECT 2: *Spoons Dog*

Spoons Dog is an ongoing collaboration between myself and my service dog, Spoons. At the heart of this project is an attempt to explore the generative possibilities for a sustainable inter-species cohabitation. It is comprised of documentation of our ongoing, everyday processes of working together since December 2015, around issues of access intimacy, disclosure, as well as training practices and methods.

Traditional methods of Public Access Training require the assimilation of service dogs to normative anthropocentric behavioral models and spatiotemporal structures. Drawing from, but also questioning the limits of “spoon theory”—a disability metaphor used to calculate limited energy available for activities of everyday living—our collaboration rethinks modes of coexistence in service relations-based reciprocity and less-harm. What I call “meshing” requires an ongoing process of negotiation and mutual transformation of our overlapping rhythms, needs, desires, and experiences. *Spoons Dog* documents this exploration of cohabiting a space differently together, but also the unexpected transformations and metamorphoses this has given rise to. Our experimental collaboration has resulted in unanticipated modes of spatial intervention in normative structures of public access spaces. Together, we are working to generate reciprocity of space and quality of life in our co-habitation and meshing of one another’s worlds through our inter-species collaboration. After three years working together, Spoons is agitating for better service dog labor regulations in inner-city campuses. I document these manifestations in destruction and disregard of private property, chewed leashes, a penchant for trespassing on lakeside properties, boat launches, and construction sites. I have responded to these claims through a series of shifts in my own sense of awareness and understanding, as well as modifications to my everyday routines.



Figure 8. Left: Documentation of *The Dog Does not Belong to Writing* (Lola), Katie Jung, 2013. Right: Documentation of *The Dog Does not Belong to Writing* (Spoons), Hannah Jung, 2017.

Image description. Left: Paper is scattered across the floor in the middle lies a puppy chewing.

Image description, Right: Documentation a shredded note contained in a zip lock sandwich bag.

Dogs Don't Belong to Writing

Rather than trying to write from my own experience about my relation to Spoons, I have tried here to narrate a parodic text from the perspective of Spoon's own experience and sense of temporality. Normally, I wouldn't speak for the other, instead I would make space for the other to speak. But if I gave Spoons this space she would have something to write. Dogs have no relation to paper and to writing. Unless of course we recount the saying "the dog ate my homework!" This expression gets straight to the heart of dog's relation (or rather, non-relation) to writing. It is the only authentic expression of the dog's relation to paper and ink and the practice we call writing. This posed a methodological problem.

I contemplated different approaches to this conundrum: perhaps I could write something for Spoons to shred? This way she could perform her own engagement with writing from her own orientation to the world. This seemed more authentic to her experience (and to our experience of being together), than any attempt to translate our time together into words. Or perhaps I could dictate into my phone while out on walks, at the dog park, or while she frolics in the grass. But how would I remain in the moment while transcribing these experiences into writing? Something of the ephemerality of the experience would paradoxically be lost in the process of trying to save it. This

second option seemed even more destructive than the first. Experience never amounts to a full or structured thought, to the rules of punctuation, grammar and syntax. I didn't want to force these human conventions onto Spoons, nor onto the various forms our relationship has taken.

I abandoned the idea of imposing academic language because Spoons does not relate to this language; this imposition involved a kind of non-consensual violence. This drew me to satire and parody, two styles of writing that could at least give a kind of self-reflexive awareness of the limits of the humanist and anthropocentric heritage of writing in the West. I decided to write in a scholastic style with reference to the old philosophical debates about the animal-human difference, which argue for the priority of the human over the animal. In tracing the genealogy of this debate, I ended up in the Old Testament. A new game emerged: to sound as ridiculous as early moral philosophy, Genesis, the patriarchy. I would use a style of writing that is overly-complex, abstract, and which needlessly repeats itself. This top-down language is structured by hierarchical oppositions that constantly work to reinforce the human in position of power. The understanding of animals that emerged from these texts was so offensive that I decided to and flip the animal-human binary, to inhabit and valorize the position of the animal and to pollute it somehow by writing in the same style about what I understood of Spoons' relationship to me, a human in her life. Through the use of irony, this text performs the clichés, but also redefines them. It parodies a certain humanist heritage and discourse that positions itself as superior to animal language.³⁵ At the same time, it aims to say something about my interpretation of Spoons' experience of temporality, or "dog-time."

³⁵ This writing was also inspired by Anne Boyer's fable "When the Lambs Rise Up Against the Bird of Prey," in *A Handbook of Disappointed Fate* (Brooklyn: Ugly Duckling Press, 2018).



Figure 9. Screenshot of Katie Jung's phone notes dictated in 2013.

Image description: the image depicts a screenshot of a note posted on Instagram. The note reads “Dog eat Dog world, Doggy eat dog, Doggy dead world, Doggy doggy world.” The Instagram caption reads “options.”

The Dog—the Human

What constitutes the dog? What is the meaning of Dog? What is it to be dog at all?

The dog does not learn through scholarly definitions. Certainly. The dog knows what the dog knows through learning of smells of food cooking that's made during the dogs designated evening walk time, while the dog is left waiting ... It is on these grounds that the dog is different than the human.

The dog learns by understanding the world as a system; by inhabiting rhythms outside its own nature. The dog is not closed upon itself like an island. It is always in relation, breached by the

shoreline of an archipelago connected beneath the water's surface. Understanding relationality, the dog learns to effectively have its needs met through negotiating itself outside itself.

The Service Dog—the Human

What is it to be service dog?

The service dog then learns to live outside itself too. Why this stretching outside of its dogness? This un-dogness, this unlearning of its essence, nature, or quiddity, this outside or beyond, requires learning of how to stand outside itself, how to instantiate an awareness of itself through the eyes of the human or even, *as human*. This stretching beyond entails learning the form of human perception and experience.

The service dog learns all that it knows through awareness of patterns that emerge only from a habitual practice of denying their own bodily needs. To be in a service dog-like relation is to have your essential needs spread across the time and space of another's routine. It is, to an extent, to lose yourself to the needs of another. Each daily function—when to sleep, when to pee—is mediated and moderated by a different choreography. This is a new ethics of care. It is a relational practice, which is also a practice of endurance of the other. As such, this inter-connection must display coherent focus towards the sole-human it works for, to whom it remains solely-focused. So as to perform correctly. In the gaze of the other human who watches it, in its given surrounding.

This is the true meaning of *dogness*. Everything in order to be dog. And moreover, a service dog. By everything, we mean even the experience of the human that exceeds human perceptual experience. In relinquishing control over its horizon; in accepting into this horizon the shoreline of the other, the service-dog becomes a scholar of world-making in-relation. The essence of dogness is thus to be in relation with the Being of all beings in which they are in relationship with. And the service dog is in relation, but insofar that it can only do so in its undogliness. Not to bark or pee or be dog in order to have its needs met. So as to be as humanly un-dogful as possible. The service dog then metamorphizes “good dog”-ness into human coherent qualities. So as to fit neatly into its circumscribed category and so as to be read as such easily by those who see it. Certainly, the service

dog inhabits world not in solitude, but in and through processes of worldmaking that are constitutively intersubjective.

The Logic of Public Access for the Working Dog

What would it mean to articulate service dog time?

The service dog—like all who are interdependent and unlike others who are ostensibly, so called, independent—is an expert of human. This is not to say that they don't know themselves or know their own needs or desires, but it is to say that what they know, need, and desire, is intertwined with and in exception to human law and world-making.

The service dog then, is not learning a kind of knowledge, which one could acquire directly. But rather a vocabulary of—expertise confirmed across senses and exercised through learning of smells of bad moods that end up leaving you to waste away at long meetings without breaks.

The saddest part of the service dog's reality is being desired for its non-dog-like qualities. The ideal service dog is characterized by a dog that doesn't act dogly in public, but instead performs coherently as if out-stretching beyond itself gives it access to human law as such. Its education is forged in the unlearning of its dog-ness.

The service dog's Being is granted. Granted by and through public access training in which the dog learns not to be dog to all those who see it. The service dog is not the dog we *let be*. Rather being service dog requires an ongoing performance of coherent un-dog-ness for public observation. Which is to act non-dog. It is a being that is not dogly. It is to let the human swarm around the dog and because the dog is service dog, the dog is without reaction. Can then, the service dog, be said to be superior because it is un-dog-ly, that it to say, even perhaps, human?

The exception to the service dogs, un-dog-ness, is saved for tokenizing programing and philanthropy, where the service dog is given title: savior. Where the service dog becomes the specter of supernatural animal with its uniquely dog-like qualities. Here the service dog's, dog-ness is mystified, for human gain and funding opportunities.

In many ways, the service dog inhabits different times at the same time. And asked to adjust its dog-ness. The service dog, then is projecting beyond its own time and sense of being. It is not for-itself, but instead, the contrary imposed in multiple measures of time, being, and so forth, as to remain in resonance.

The service dog projects beyond its own time; a learning that requires a kind of knowing that imposes another measure of time alien to it. Knowing then, is a kind of fundamental estrangement. According to this estrangement from its dog-ness, the service dog acquires its measure from elsewhere and therefore in-authentically. Yet this “inauthentic” living-outside-itself entails a resonance that is alien to its own experience of time. Service dog time is an orientation to time that is a flexible standard of self and the unlearning of self, simultaneously. The service dog needs to sustain temporalities of self *and* other. Service dog time emerges in response to this need for living “beyond” dogsself. It is a multi-temporality that results from interdependency. Where routine and essential needs are outside of your control. Because others, who themselves might be busy, or running late, or subject to a myriad of shifts and logistics, intervene into your routine and become part of your schedule. Operating on service dog time then, is living in a live rhythm *inside* the time of other people, places, and things and simultaneously *outside* this time³⁶. At the same time, it always involves finding the moment, or underlying possibilities in the present, to meet your needs in the future.

When the human exclaims “I love service dogs,” it is to say something similar to the human who says “I love the acquisition of animals: I love to have power over another for my own use. That is, “I own.” It is an extension of the desire to be served. It is to form a desire to wield authority. It is the human displaying their good taste, where they might be heard to say, “I love animals,” or “look at my beautiful animal,” but what they mean is, to take on animals. In these pronouncements, the service dog is no exception. Except the service dog hears “please serve me as humanly as possible.” When the human exclaims, “I love service dogs,” it is to say I desire to be served by an animal labourer, that I own, and have authority over. And in the humans necessity to produce, and reproduce, productive dog-ness, for its gain, lies the impossibility of service dog-ness. Because here the human requires dog subjects, who are healthy and efficient, yet docile, and in doing so the human produces dogs it can *not* control.

³⁶ Service dog time is a direct reference to Allison Kafer’s work on crip time. See Kafer, *Feminist, Queer, Crip*, 26.



Figure 10. (Left to right) Spoons rolling on the concrete in lieu of grass. Lounging. Passenger seat with illuminated night collar in mouth. Yurtle the turtle-ing on Montreal city snow pile. Chewing bone on your leg during meeting because I'm ready to go. Dogs against ..., manifestation/protest face.



Figure 11. (Left to right) Documentation of Optica exhibition. Window cinema. Documentation of Claire helping Katie take photos. Snow love. Water/swimming love. Ugh meetings.

PROJECT 3: *Flowers of outre-vie / Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie*



Figure 12. *Flowers of Outre-vie*, by Katie Jung photographed with Claire Forsyth, 2018.

Image description: Pink roses with red tips spill out of a pottery pot in the foreground. The image is cluttered with other pink and red and blue objects in the background. In front of the roses packaging from opened 120mm Kodak film are strewn around. A half full tiny cup of sparkling water is to the left of the roses. Behind the cup is a stack of books topped with a white pottery bowl that are only partially seen in the frame. To the right of the roses there is an uncoiling roll of developed uncut 120mm negative film resting between a unneatly stacked pile of pottery and pink folder.

Flowers of outre-vie / Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie explores ritual process. This project is comprised of an ongoing ritualistic practice of foraging, sorting, arranging, hydrating and redistributing funerary and baptism flowers discarded from local churches reflects on the nature of self, aleatory and the everyday, value and labor, hospitality and the finite nature of living and dying. Drawing on traditions of performance and ritual, this project challenges the boundaries of art and life, passivity and activity. I use DIY, self-taught methods of gleaning and floristry that unfold outside art's traditional

objects and spaces. Experience, procrastination and everyday ritual are my medium, while my method relies on the practice of repurposing ritual objects. *Flowers of Outre-vie* encompasses a form of resistance to the normativity of labour as well as a site of labour's undoing. These ritual practices involve a revaluation of labor that is usually considered peripheral. Here the repurposing of ritual objects moves into a central function of regulating my quotidian routines. This solitary practice of foraging is also participatory; each recipient of *outré-vie* flowers is drawn into the social fabric of ritual engagement. These purposefully undocumented interactions reside only in the space and time they occupy in my own memory, and in the social memory of the interactions they foster and in the finite and shifting material arrangement of the flowers themselves, which are an agent and actor that determine my quotidian life. Time is central to these ephemeral everyday rituals: tending to cut flowers is always an urgent activity of care. When the flowers are too dead to be used in *Flowers of outre-vie* they become part of the *Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie* project where I labouriously make brooms and brushes instead of writing. Each Brush and Broom is hand tied using ancient knotting techniques and sewn into wooden bases I carve from salvaged garbabe wood.



Figure 13. Documentation of *Brooms and Brushes of Outre-vie*, by Katie Jung, 2019

Image description: The image looks down at palm leaves of different sizes piled up, on a red carpet, on the floor, in front of a yellow couch that is only partly visible in the corner of the frame.

Flowers of outre-vie / Brooms and Brushes of outre-vie

I call these garbage bagged bouquets—these discarded gardens of pulpit funeral or baptism flowers—*life, flow*.

Am I alive if the church garbage holds my sense of self? If it holds my ability to function more than my own brain? How strange then that the flowers almost become a part of my human anatomy, like a limb or an appendage. Just barely outside of myself, they become a part of my habitual routine. I imagine being in relationship with numerous bodies, things, and spaces that are outside of myself, but that also hold executive function of my movement more than my own brain. I imagine myself as uncontained, without coherent edges. Like flowers tossed into different garbage bags An incoherent bouquet scattered across time and space.

I read in a book: the brain has no censors that reach beyond skin, unlike my stomach or other parts of my body. I imagine that my body knows what to tap into more than my brain does. I remind myself that my body has a memory, and I imagine that my body knows where my sense of self is more than my brain. What if my feelings are contained more in what surrounds me, carried there, more than the logic of conscious thought? A blanket touches me. It becomes part of my body because it holds the sensation of my feelings more than my self. Once my body is in motion, it has its own flow.

The flowers work both for and against me. A kind of productivity without productivity. The way I live is to be cast into motion by something bigger than myself, outside of myself, outside of my imagination even.

I imagine myself like a body of water with infinite shorelines and surface. I imagine all of the parts of my body live outside of myself spilled out like the contents of a beach bag. I imagine myself to share the outside of other numerous bodies, things, and space. What if myself is outside of myself?

I can't both hoard the flowers and keep them for later, unlike the other things I forage. Get the flowers in water. Handle the flowers minimally. The main goal is to get them in water. Water, water, the flowers are thirsty and they need to get in water before I can do anything—really anything. Time

stops for these flowers to get into water before life can recommence. Survey what you have. Archive the greenery. Depending on the selection and the condition of the flowers, sort by species, expected lifespan, or stem size. Free the flowers from the compacted oasis in their stems by chopping off their ends with an industrial wire cutter. Pretend you're an archivist or an auctioneer who quickly has to find an efficient system to process items. Arrange them into manageable bundles and each bundle within its own jar. Distribute them around your house first and then, once you're satisfied with them, around your neighbourhood, amongst neighbours, friends, and local businesses. Make sure to buy and find more jars because you will need them.

How do you write in movement? The problem is, the predicament is, I am not writing. When I find the flowers—about mid-forage—in that moment, the words come. But it is also the precise moment that I need to hustle the flowers home and into water. It is not a moment to pause.

(PAUSE...)

The movement is what gives me space to breathe language into my feelings. Movement by design makes the act of writing difficult, but I know that if I am in motion, the words come more easily. I do not belong to writing. I wonder if once I have written enough times, if my body memory will know how to write for me? The flower movements are familiar—they have a rhythm that I know—once my body is in motion it has its own flow.

What is it to wait for the outre-vie flowers to emerge? There are minute minute minutes, or hours, weeks and innumerable measures of stop-time spent in anticipation of foraging, sorting, arranging, hydrating, cleaning, and distributing flowers. It is cycling back and forth past the church. It is finding flowers accidentally before I have had time to deal with the last batch. It is driving by the church on my way home. It is finding an excuse to take a little break to stroll to the corner. It is noticing the hearse, getting excited, and realizing that there was a funeral that day. Maybe the extra cars parked on the street mean there is a baptism today?

The flowers appear at unpredictable moments despite all of the ways that I try to anticipate their emergence. And then there's the moment that they emerge, as if to justify my compulsion to routinize this process.

What are outre-vie flowers? It is a kind of labour but not work—it is not paid work.

It will be a project I do while I should be writing. Time will be folded into time that folds into time uncountably. When the discarded funeral and baptism flowers are too dead to be part of the *Flowers of outre-vie* project, they will become brooms. The brooms will be labourious.

Making the brooms will become a project about the kind of labour I do. I will be doing it while I should be writing and thus it will become a project about the kind of labour I am scorned for doing. I will justify the project as a way for me to clean up the massive amount of flowers that I have already collected at home, but it will also require me to collect more of them. Making brooms will infuriate the people around me to no end.

I will have countless splinters in my hands. There will be tears. I will require favours from anyone who I see. My sister's forearms will ache when she helps me drill millions of tiny holes in the wood I have carved from glued together pieces of wood I have also found in the garbage by my house while procrastinating writing. As I work on hand knotting the broom bristled together there will be palm leaves in my pockets, in my purse, in my car, scattered around my house and everywhere I go.

It will be a project that challenges the labour others think I should be doing. But it will be the kind of labour I want people to witness me doing. It will be a kind of labour that works against me and the people who have proximity to my everyday. There will be days and nights, nights and days, filled with making brushes and brooms as I fall apart and fall deeper into the labour of the project. The project will require me to tap into stress's urgency to make my deadline. I will tap into adrenaline like a medicine. So the project will be unsustainable. It will be a site of both the labour I'm doing but it will also be a site of labour's undoing. It will become a project about productivity. And it will be against productivity but also for it.



Figure 14. Documentation of *Brushes and Brooms of Outre-vie*, by Katie Jung, 2019.



Figure 15. Documentation of *Brushes and Brooms of Outre-vie*, by Katie Jung, 2019.

PROJECT 4: *Shifting Objects*

Shifting Objects is a process-based project informed by make-do, DIY artisanal ceramic repairing techniques. What would objects say if we asked them the right questions? What stories would they tell and in what voices? *Shifting Objects* is a process-based project that responds to these questions. Informed by make-do, DIY artisanal ceramic repairing techniques, it encompasses a series of ongoing interventions in which I reconstruct cracked or broken everyday household porcelain and tableware using different joinery techniques. These techniques include re-firing with a glaze made from sand collected from the shores of Kamouraska, Quebec during yearly meetings of the Outrevie/Afterlife collective, as well as stapling, adhesives, fillers, and cold glazes. These processes allow me to trace the lines—and breakages—of multiple and intersecting histories that have accumulated in these discarded objects over time. What emerges is a material conversation that involves listening with hands. Rather than the execution of a preconceived plan oriented towards a productive output, this project deploys a series of process-based practices which are improvisatory, performative and collaborative. Their results are uncertain. They involve a constant process of letting go or grieving, because objects never end up saying what you want them to. Resisting nostalgia³⁷, *Shifting Objects* is motivated by a concern to rethink objects not as fixed, but fixed-in-transformation. Developing intersecting themes of multi-voice and narrative these sutured ceramics resist coherent meaning. Instead they produce their own theory of what I call “incoherent coherence” that cultivates a desire for imperfection and absence.

³⁷ This is developed from Alison Kafers concept of *compulsory nostalgia*. See Kafer, *Feminist-Queer-Crip*, 42.



Figure 16. Documentation of *Shifting Objects*, #2, by Katie Jung, 2018.

Image description: Pieces of ceramic bowl lay randomly in the frame on an orange background. Metal rivets line some the cracked edges.

Love Notes

#1.

There's nothing singular to say about you. There is only the moving around and negotiating of your pieces. What I can tell others about you is: fitting all your pieces together, slowly. Retracing each break. How I rig up a nesting bed, typically by bunching up a piece of fabric beneath you. To hold you. Because you're more fragile on your newly sutured seams and you won't settle for some time, so the rig fills the gap. Your seams and fracture lines are visible and when I look at them I think

about your supports and the kind of rigs that are and were there for you, but that is more hidden in your process.

What is your voice, really? I'm trying to sketch out what you're telling me.

You have at least three missing pieces, if not more. Sometimes when pottery doesn't have a stamp on it I can't google you, instead I have to rely on your clay, how you feel and look. I have to search for your marks; my fingertips scan for any irregularities in your glaze. I search for marks that betray your position of rest in the kiln where you were fired.

Your clay isn't grey so you're not from Quebec, it isn't yellow either so you're not a Western North American pot or old yellowware from England, whiter clays that aren't porcelain are Eastern Great Lakes area. Your clay is quite white. I don't think your porcelain though.

Where are you from? What is the colour of the soil there?

Are you made from English clay?

Once I met a pastel pink glazed pot who had a stamp on the bottom saying 'England.' So, I suppose made from English clay. All along the breaks revealed pink clay. I've never seen pink clay before. It all reminds me that we can not know, we can never know each-other fully and to try and do so is gross. But what we can do is spend time together, make space, and if we are lucky we get to learn a bit more about each-other. I like that. Because I'm definitely not interested in smashing or breaking other pastel plates who are stamped 'England' to see if they're pigmented inside.

#2.

You are in a thousand pieces. You are a large bowl, or no—were a large bowl? Hrm, are you not a bowl anymore? You're in pieces. Is that why I get so stressed? Stressed when you break because now we have nothing to call you anymore? If you're a bowl and you break are you still a bowl? Maybe it's because things like you are supposed to have a function or a form that makes you function? And so, when you fracture or take a break sort of speak from your function—what are you?

I have a picture of you before you fell to pieces. You can see in the image that you have so many staples, thousands of staples. I hung you on the wall. To display you, so visitors could see you.

You're a bit thicker than porcelain, what clay are you made from? Ok. a thousand might have been an exaggeration, but you are def·i·nite·ly a lot of pieces. How do you spell def·i·nite·ly? I can never spell that. De-finite-ly, c. 1550s, "having fixed limits," from Latin *definitus* "defined, bounded, limited," "completely" (see de-) + *finire* "to bound, limit," from *finis* "boundary, end." How ironic. All of your limits have definitely been breached and broken.

Your clay is a bit greyer though and it's quite dirty at the cracks, so it's hard to tell. You came to me via my cousin's dad. You're one of the first ones I had ever seen with visible break lines. You're so big even for a bowl. You're glorious. I'm trying to piece your rim back together, I'm trying to see if I have all the pieces to make your rim, but like I said, you're in so many pieces.

I wasn't there when you broke. You were in the Micro-house with some nice Airbnb guests from Iceland. You were on display I hung you proudly on the wall like a work of art. I did so from the rope you were coupled with, when you came to me you had a rope tied around you to cradle you. To me it suggested that you had been hung on display before. It doesn't surprise me because you're so beautiful. I hung you from your rope. But the rope unraveled at one part and broke. I have a picture of your snapped rope too. I think that rope is quite old, but maybe not as old as you.

What would I ask you? Maybe about the lives of the workers who constructed you—a kind of historical materialist analysis, but then also conversely a materialist history about where you were stored and how you were displayed and who handled you and what role you played in everyday life. What functions you provided and what stories you draw into yourself?

Now I have found all the pieces for your rim.

When Hildisif and Gudni told me you fell, I asked them to put you in a bag for me. They seemed very stressed about it... that the rope had broken on their watch. It's interesting how you've drawn witnesses into your story. I love when Materials draw witnesses and collaborators into their story.

This is you so far: what I've pieced together of you.

I find that it's arbitrary who gets drawn into the story, people become witnesses and agents in your repair and next life...your circulation. How as a bowl you are used. Like a tool with a function. But when you break, then what? What happens to you? And what happens after you break? Are the choices in the hands of whomever you break in? Who saves the chip that breaks in their hands? Who tries to replace it?

I was interested in the concept of breaking before I went back to school because I was interested in how taboo it was to take a break from work, and the idea of having a break and breaking and having a shift and working and that transition period of shifts...

Again, we come back to cycles.

And also, labour. What kind of labour people are willing to do. Invisible labour. Alienated labour. Fixing is a certain kind of labour ones takes. If I sit here and glue you it will take 5 mins every three days for many days. It's a certain tedious kind of labour. Time-consuming. But you're less work than taking out my garbage, so...

Mystified labour and fetish objects and the commodification of labour in objects. This is a funny conversation, big bowl, but I do think that part of the disability justice discourse—the transformative justice discourse—I'm interested in is invisible labour and how much invisible labour people do, that is, when you broke, I feel the shift opens up a possibility for me to unravel into you into you. And as collaborators, and your material history in process, so it's a pleasure to support your transformation, and somehow our collaboration stretched back also to your previous collaborators who stapled with you in your previous repair.

To be the agent that throws you away involves a neglect for this history of labour held in you. I enjoy prioritizing the kinds of labour that are non-colonial, or non-ableist and are material in a fixed-in-transformation kind of way. These kinds of labour are not easy. But that what I love. I trust it more. It's the kinds of labours that trigger a kind of glitch in me... I trust it more if it's

difficult. Difficult in this Time-consuming, inefficient, and therefore, socially unacceptable way. Kind of like contributing to works in progress. I like it so much. To be doing exactly what you're not supposed to be doing labour-wise. One likes to be productive but doesn't want to be subject to capitalism. Haha

#3.

Hello, little collie dog. You came to me via the Salvation Army. You're missing a foot. You don't stand up on a shelf with three legs. I think that is the issue. For balance you need a prosthetic. You tip over easily.

You shouldn't have been on the shelf at the Sally Anne because by policy they don't sell "broken" things. Which leads me to believe that you either snuck out to the store floor or you lost your leg in the store. Who gave you this little prosthetic? Fashioned out of a screw and drywall plug. I'll never admit it was me! Someone would have had to be carrying a screw and a plug in their pocket or something... I don't know. Or taken it from a piece of furniture in the furniture section. To repurpose it for you. Oh well, why I'm obsessed with these support things is funny. It's all really quite boring to most, but not me and I like to think you too.

#4.

Dear broken mirror,

Tell me, am I right to get self-conscious of all of this?

I don't just want to repair fancy china, objects of colonial signs of prosperity. Ugh, China is a funny thing that way. How it's too fancy to be used as a casual thing and gets kept in a special cupboard and comes out only for holidays and special occasions. I have to tell you, I do it not because I'm trying to revive the past or keep it alive. The reason I like doing it, is I like tactile collaborations and I don't like perfectionism. That's also why I hung you on my wall, after you broke. Who came up with the nonsense of nine years of bad luck for breaking a mirror anyways? After you broke I reassembled you in your frame. Like stain glass in a window frame. And hung you in my bedroom so I could look at myself through your cracked reflection(s) everyday. I enjoy my image as you show

me quite a lot—probably also for its imperfection. With this practice of cobbling things back together you don't have to be good at being invisible and I appreciate that because there's a visible transformation—a kind of reincarnation, a practice of intervention.

I don't know where the lines of appropriating in these things are though... something to think about.

#5.

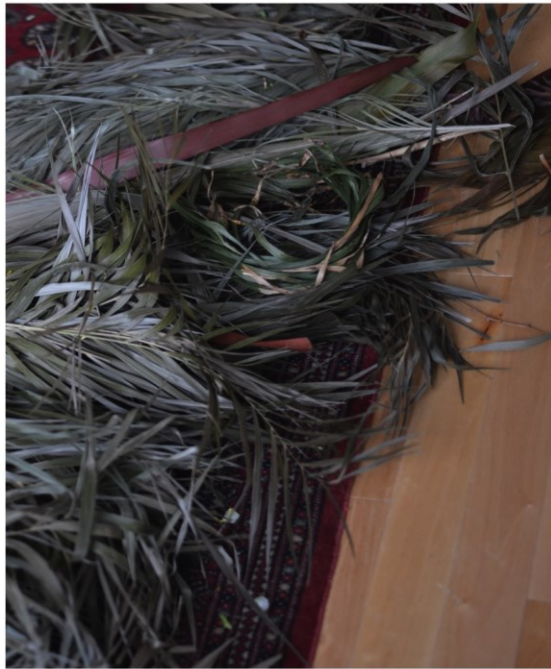
Oh Wedgewood gravy boat you have a beautiful blue landscape. A picture of England's countryside. You come from a very fancy British ceramic company for the rich. They make your relatives now for Ivy League schools. They'll put a Harvard campus landscape on them or whatever. The way people would once get a plate of the Queen... now they can get the Engineering building. I love you gravy boat, you carry precious gravy. And your place in the is really something because, how often does one use you gravy boat?

Speaking of the stone that has no world, I filled you with all these clay stones, stones that I collected near Kamouraska, clay that has been shaped by the water into these stone like shapes, I have them sitting inside you, because gravy boat I think of you as a carrier of what's important.



Figure 17. Above: Documentation of *Shifting Objects*, #2 (Big Bowl) Left: Documentation of *Shifting Objects*, #5 (Gravy Boat). Right: Documentation of hand written letter shredded by Spoons.

APPENDIX: *About Making Brooms*







This long project is one way to help me clean up the mass of flowers I have collected, but it also requires I collect more of them.

About Making Brooms

Maybe it should be called, *A Woman Making Brooms from Unsalvageable Church Garbage*, or *A Woman Making Brooms so She Can Sweep up the Garbage She Salvages*. **But probably it should be called, *A Woman Makes Brooms so She Can Salvage More Garbage*.**

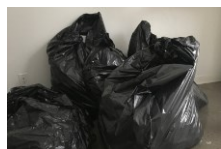


The long labourious task of hand making brooms.



I imagine grass brooms constructed from the unsalvageable leftovers of out-of-vie flowers, from the debris that is too dry and fragile—already too dead to enjoy as greenery. The labour of making brooms from the discarded funeral flowers no one bothers to take, is a way to clean the mass of foliage accumulating in my house.

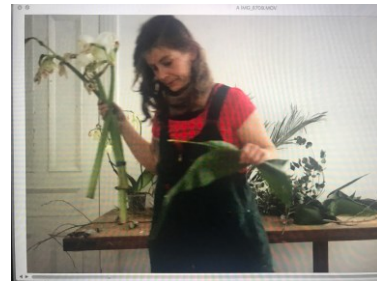
This project was born out of a post-foraging moment: feeling both too guilty to leave a mess for someone else to clean up and too tired to return home to get a broom... I began making brooms.



Making brooms is a form of procrastination, as resistance.

It will be a project I do while I should be doing other things—like writing my thesis. So it will be a project *against* writing, or *for* making brooms as a ritual of writing.

This project is about *what I do*, about my productivity, and what I choose to labour over. But it is also about what others think about what I do and the standards they use to judge my productivity. It casts a sidelong glance at judgment and economy of time measured in products. By requiring my productivity and devotion, this project is about the labour I am doing and also about labour's undoing.





Making brooms is my love note to "banal" or "menial" labour.

This project is *for* brooms and cleaning, and anything else seen as menial labour. It is a project *against* brooms and *all* cleaning, but also a reclaiming of brooms and of gleaning, of "women's work" and the work of all the invisible custodians of the everyday. It works with drudgery as its material and transforms it through a labour of care for things considered banal—for the discarded remnants.

Piles of palm will accumulate and time will fold into time countlessly.

Making brooms is about witnessing and time consuming invisible labour.

This project is a kind of work witnessed only by those close to me, who have proximity to my everyday. Its futility will infuriate those close to me to no end, but it will be the kind of labour I want them to witness me doing.

So it is a project that works *against* me and *against* those close to me, but it also creates the conditions for a new kind of understanding for those who are attentive to what they are witnessing.



The making of these brooms and brushes unravels me.

Documentation of the techniques of "drawing" a brush—of the brush-maker's knots is nearly impossible to find. I research and make prototypes for innumerable hours to figure how they are made. What history is tied up in these forms of knot-making? What language? What gestures do they demand of my body? Who still holds this knowledge of making today? What people continue to make these objects?

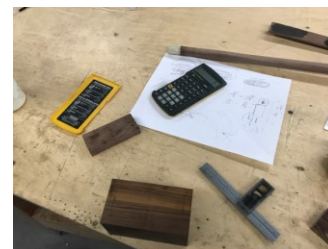
I use wood foraged from the garbage. It shards easily and my hands fill with splinters. I am told my materials are imperfect—even unpredictable because they are gathered from debris collected from the garbage. There is always breakage and loss and battling against this inevitability becomes bound up in the process.

There are late nights and tears.

I require help to see the brooms and brushes through to completion. This draws others into their weave.

I find palm bits in all of my pockets—in my shirts, my pants, in my purse. I carry around half-made brooms for weeks searching for a moment stolen here or there to bind bristles and draw them together onto their wooden structure with string.

I leave a trail of debris wherever I go.





Making brooms then becomes about everyday living and the flux of change.

Finally I end up with brooms too fragile to use—brooms I display to watch as their greenery slowly fades and dries.



Katie Jung

List of works:

- Palm, 2018
- Box of Palm, 2018
- Brush-Drawing Documentation, 2019
- Outre-vie Meeting Documentation, 2019
- image credit Raymonde April
- The Night I Made My First Broom, 2018
- Foraging flowers, 2017
- Documentation of Foraging, 2017
- Documentation of the Video I Missed the Deadline for, 2017
- Documentation 2 of the Video I Missed the Deadline for, 2017
- Documentation of Foraging when I was Also Moving, 2018
- Documentation of Foraging, 2017
- Piles of Palm and Spoons Documentation, 2018
- Brush-Drawing Documentation, 2019
- Brush-Drawing Documentation, 2019
- Woodworking Documentation, 2019
- Woodworking Documentation, 2019
- Woodworking Documentation, 2019
- Outre-vie Bird, 2017
- Portrait of Katie, 2018
- image credit Marjolaine Jacques
- Documentation of Foraging with Spoons, 2018



Special shout out to Spoons for companionship throughout these material adventures.





BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Acton, Kelsie, Megan Johnson, Katie Jung, Aimee Louw, Ash McAskill, Marta Simões Peres, seeley quest and Jessica Watkin. "Being in Relationship: Reflection on Dis-Performing, Hospitality, and Accessibility." *Canadian Theatre Review*, No. 177 (2019), <https://doi.org/10.3138/ctr.177.008>
- Afterlife group. *Outre-vie – Afterlife*. Quebec, QC: VU, Centre de diffusion et de production de la photographie, 2018.
- Baldwin, James. *Another Country*. New York: Vintage, 1993.
- Boyer, Anne. *Garments against Women*. The New Series, #67. Boise, Idaho: Ahsakta Press, 2015.
- . Anne Boyer. "When the Lambs Rise Up Against the Bird of Prey." *A Handbook of Disappointed Fate*. Brooklyn: Ugly Duckling Press, 2018.
- Butler, Judith. *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity*. Routledge Classics. New York: Routledge, 2006.
- Chapman, Owen B. and Kim Sawchuk. "Research-Creation: Intervention, Analysis and 'Family Resemblances.'" *Canadian Journal of Communication* 37, no. 1 (April 13, 2012), doi:10.22230/cjc.2012v37n1a2489.
- Certeau, Michel de. *The Practice of Everyday Life*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2002.
- Chapman, Owen B., and Kim Sawchuk. "Research-Creation: Intervention, Analysis and 'Family Resemblances.'" *Canadian Journal of Communication* 37, no. 1 (April 13, 2012), doi:10.22230/cjc.2012v37n1a2489
- Cheng, Anne Anlin. *Second Skin: Josephine Baker and the Modern Surface*. New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 2011.
- Clare, Eli. *Exile and Pride: Disability, Queerness, and Liberation*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2015.
- Cvetkovich, Ann. *An Archive of Feelings: Trauma, Sexuality, and Lesbian Public Cultures*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003.
- Despret, Vinciane. *What Would Animals Say If We Asked the Right Questions?* Trans. Brett Buchanan. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 2016.
- Fritsch, Kelly. "Crip Cuts: On the Boundary Work of Enacting Disability." Annual Meeting of the Society for Disability Studies, Denver Colorado, 2012.
- . "On the Negative Possibility of Suffering: Adorno, Feminist Philosophy, and the Transfigured Crip To Come." *Disability Studies Quarterly* 33, no. 4 (September 2013), doi:10.18061/dsq.v33i4.3869.

- . *Keywords for Radicals*. Oakland, CA: AK Press, 2016.
- Garland-Thomson, Rosemarie. *Extraordinary Bodies: Figuring Physical Disability in American Culture and Literature*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1997.
- . “Misfits: A Feminist Materialist Disability Concept.” *Hypatia* 26, no. 3 (August 2011): 591–609, doi:10.1111/j.1527-2001.2011.01206.x.
- . *Staring: How We Look*. Oxford; New York: Oxford University Press, 2009.
- Halberstam, Judith. *In a Queer Time and Place: Transgender Bodies, Subcultural Lives*. New York: NYU Press, 2006.
- Haraway, Donna. “Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective.” *Feminist Studies* 14, no. 3 (1988): 575, doi:10.22230/cjc.2012v37n1a2489.
- . *The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness*. Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press, 2003.
- . *When Species Meet*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press, 2008.
- Heidegger, Martin. *The Fundamental Concepts of Metaphysics: World, Finitude, Solitude*. Translated by William McNeill and Nicholas Walker. Indiana: Indiana University Press, 2001.
- Kafer, Alison. *Feminist, Queer, Crip*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2013.
- Keller, Christopher J, and Christian R Weisser. *The Locations of Composition*. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 2007.
- Krauss, Rosalind. *Passages in Modern Sculpture*. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1981.
- Kroll, Carol. *Putting On The Dog: A Handbook on Spinning – With A Different Twist*. Published by the author, WI, 1976.
- McRuer, Robert. *Crip Theory: Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability*. New York, NY: New York University Press, 2006.
- Mingus, Maya. 2018. “Disability Justice’ Is Simply Another Term for Love.” *Leaving Evidence* (blog). November 3, 2018. <https://leavingevidence.wordpress.com/2018/11/03/disability-justice-is-simply-another-term-for-love/>.
- . “Access Intimacy: The Missing Link.” *Leaving Evidence* (blog). May 5, 2011. <https://leavingevidence.wordpress.com/2011/05/05/access-intimacy-the-missing-link/>
- . “Moving Toward the Ugly: A Politic Beyond Desirability.” *Leaving Evidence* (blog). August 22, 2011. <https://leavingevidence.wordpress.com/2011/08/22/moving-toward-the-ugly-a-politic-beyond-desirability/>.

- Minh-ha, Trinh T. "The Body in Theory." *Woman, Native, Other: Writing Postcoloniality and Feminism*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1989.
- Moya, Paula M.L. and Junot Diaz. "The Search for Decolonial Love: An Interview with Junot Díaz." *Boston Review* (June 26, 2012), <http://bostonreview.net/books-ideas/paula-ml-moya-decolonial-love-interview-junot-d%C3%ADaz>.
- Oliver, Mary. *Dog Songs*. New York, NY: Penguin, 2013.
- Peers, Danielle, Melisa Brittain, and Robert McRuer. "Crip Excess, Art, and Politics: A Conversation with Robert McRuer." *The Review of Education, Pedagogy and Cultural Studies* 34, no. 3-4: Pedagogy, Image Practices, and Contested Corporealities (2012): 148–55, <https://doi.org/10.1080/10714413.2012.687284>.
- Piepzna-Samarasinha, Leah. *CARE WORK: Dreaming Disability Justice*. Vancouver, BC: Arsenal Pulp Press, 2018.
- Pond, Thomas. *Repairing and Restoring China*. Toronto: Coles, 1974.
- Schneider, Pat. *Writing Alone and with Others*. Oxford; New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 2003.
- Sedgwick, Eve. Gary. *In Your Pocket: Stories and Notebooks of Gary Fisher*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1996
- Simpson, Leanne Betasamosake. *Islands of Decolonial Love: Stories & Songs*. Winnipeg: ARP Books, 2013.
- Srnicek, Nick. *The Speculative Turn: Continental Materialism and Realism*. Melbourne, Australia: Re.press 2011.
- Withers, A. J. *Disability Politics and Theory*. Halifax: Fernwood Pub, 2012.
- Wolf, Virginia, Hermione Lee, Mark Hussey, Rita Charon, and Julia Duckworth Stephen. *On Being Ill*. Ashfield, MA: Paris Press, 2012.
- Van Camp, Richard. *The Lesser Blessed*. Madeira Park, BC: Douglas & McIntyre, 2016.