

**CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY**  
**School of Graduate Studies**

This is to certify that the Graduate Project Exhibition or Film Project prepared

By: Xénia Lucie Laffely

Entitled: GHOSTS BEHIND CURTAINS  
Or are they wearing dresses

Held at: MFA GALLERY - CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY  
1395 BLVD. RENÉ-LÉVESQUE O

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

**Master of Fine Arts (Studio Arts – Fibers)**

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

Names of the final examining committee:

Aaron McIntosh	MFA Studio Arts Advisor
Kelly Jazvac	Faculty Examiner
Mariah O'Brien	External Examiner

Approved by: Erika Adams  
Graduate Program Director or Chair of  
Department

Annie Gérin  
Dean of Faculty

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# GHOSTS BEHIND CURTAINS

*Or are they wearing dresses*

**Master of Fine Arts Project Statement**

Fibres & Material Practices, Concordia University

Xénia Lucie Laffely

Supervisor: Aaron McIntosh

April 2026

We are inside a Swiss chalet, or bedroom  
I am materializing ghosts

Through patchwork and more

**This is a patchwork of writings**

artistic statements on the left  
ghosts stories on the right  
and journal of making at the end

Last summer, I told my friend I didn't want to make anything new for my final show. Making new things makes no sense, the earth is full, so is my studio, my closets and my brain. I forgot about this decision, and started making new things but while I was doing so, my hands started cutting old things.

My hands started patching works.

This show came by itself, building up on previous works, conceptually and physically. During the first year of my master, my work evolved around the idea of slowing down the gaze. I was, and still am fascinated and disturbed by the way we are consuming images and inspired by the idea of a more physical way to approach *looking* that involve not only the eyes but a broader sensibility. I created pieces that were bedazzled, visually complex, building on auto-fictional and collective stories. The second year of my master was built around the pragmatic dimension of artistic production. I considered how to subvert the existing model through gift giving and recycling. Storytelling and autofiction have been some of the common threads of these three years, linked to the figure of the phantom and the experience of being haunted. For my final show at Concordia, I am merging these different approaches.



The face of my grandmother

A ghost in ceramic - a baby that was never born

A ghost hanger. As in a wooden sculpture with a textile piece on top

A dog wearing a ghost costume with the word GOD written on it

Two ghosts dancing on top of a swimming pool, (in my bathroom)

A green ghost in the shape of a pickle

Ghost stories

And more

# Patchwork as a way to process ghosts

Patchwork became the central method and technique for this work. It is the tool through which I tell the stories of phantoms and try to liberate them, to create something new while using something old.

M Gnanasihamany  
*Metabolizing  
Moving Images*

*What happens within the body as we “consume” the moving image? Taken in through the eye, does the image stop at the level of sense, or can it go further and metabolize larger systems—the gut, the heart, the spirit, an institution, a landscape, a nation—breaking open their purposes and possibilities?*

Looking back at my work these past 10 years, figures of ghosts (but also witches, monsters, and other nightmares) keep returning constantly, without me even noticing. I feel almost reassured about the number of times I see them appearing in my titles, my statement, my images. They are constantly dancing around me. So it felt very necessary to conclude my master’s with a project that embodies them in a more frontal way.

The ghosts in my work aren’t only literal spectral figures. They are the echoes of secret stories, shameful heritage or unlived experiences.

They refuse to stay buried.

This project is a way to give them a body and a shape. But also a space—between reality and memory—for us to face them and for them to escape us.

Eve Tuck & C. Ree  
*A Glossary of  
Haunting*

*For ghosts, the haunting is the resolving, it is not what needs to be resolved.*

What makes a ghost a ghost?  
I think it might be shame.

Our gaze is interrupted.  
I don't want them to be painting.  
I don't want them to be visible.  
Offer them some anonymity.

They are made from pictures of pictures and  
obstructed with old pictures of pictures.  
The body is lost in the information.

*I am using my arm to determine the length of the gaze.*

Eve Tuck & C. Ree  
*A Glossary of  
Haunting*

I hope these images make you squint.

## Hauntology

In French: *hantologie*. It's a mix of ontology and haunting. I can't say this word in English. Every time I try, people think I'm talking about hunting, which I don't mind because it's not that far. Being haunted is being hunted by the past, by objects and ideas that come uninvited, that linger in the spaces between what we see and what we remember.

Jacques Derrida,  
*Specters of Marx*

Hauntology is the way the past haunts the present through traces, specters, and unresolved historical elements that continue to influence contemporary experiences. Hauntology challenges linear notions of time and progress by suggesting that the present is always inhabited by the past in uncanny ways.

Mark Fisher,  
*Ghosts of my life*

*Haunting, then, can be construed as a failed mourning. it is about refusing to give up the ghost or - and this can sometimes amount to the same thing - the refusal of the ghost to give up on us.*

## Patchwork

Patchwork is the tool I chose to process ghosts and to process haunting. Process doesn't mean getting rid of them, it means learning how to co-habit. Stitching older works means stitching older stories, like memory quilts. Through cutting and reassembling, I am reframing these wandering figures into a more intentional framework.

This process is like a spectral archaeology, where I dive into my ghosts and the ghosts of my family. I use patchwork both as technique, obviously, but also as a theoretical framework to process the haunting. I see patchwork and embroidery mostly as a way to digest the imagery and to create visual noise at the same time. It's a new way to slow down my/our gaze, but also to slow down my pace of working. Aria, Evolena and the crew have been trapped within their heteronormative patriarchal and violent visual



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economy. That's the way I encountered them at first. Through cutting and patching, I free the images from their original landscape and bring them into a queer lens. Patchwork emerges now as my strategy of exorcism. It's a method to deconstruct not only the figures but the way they are portrayed and to disrupt their original representation.

Legacy Russel,  
*Glitch feminism*

*Glitches gesture toward the artifice of social and cultural systems, revealing the fissures in a reality we assume to be seamless. They reveal the fallibility of bodies as cultural and social signifiers, their failure to operate only as hegemonic normative formulations of capital weaponized by the state. The binary body confuses and disorients, pitting our interests against one another across modalities of otherness.*

Patchwork is a type of glitch, it complexifies the images. The glitch is my process. By cutting and reassembling these images, either digitally or physically, I'm cutting through their legibility. The figure and the background start merging. Each piece of a patchwork becomes the pixel of a new story.

I say patchwork, and I mean patchwork as in using fragments of older work to create something new. I moved studio a lot and I moved apartments a lot too. Every time, I have thrown out things I made. The ones that you are seeing were too precious to be thrown. I started by un-stappling what I could. And then cutting through the piece. At first, I followed a method, a specific ratio. At the end I just cut. I can tell the story of each of these fragments. There is a lot of tears and a lot of lies hidden in these incomplete images.

### **About the images**

But patchwork also appears in the construction of the imagery itself, by merging the storylines. Inviting ghosts into the present is a way to make

## Ghosts in short dresses

When I was a kid, my mom worked at the village library. She would order books at our house, especially comic books, so we could read them before adding them to the library catalogue. I would get through the pages quickly, looking for boobs. And I would find a lot of them.

Aria, la gardienne des clés, Aaricia and Kris de Valnor in *Thorgal*, Chinook in *Buddy Longway* and of course Evolena in *À la recherche de Peter Pan*. They were all strong female figures with big boobs. I would read and re-read their stories, fighting evils, seducing men, being attacked and undressed by force, taking baths, being alone in desartic cloudy landscapes. I never asked myself, at the time, who were the hands drawing them. And for whom. Later, I went to some comic book events and facing these older white guys drawing so many boobs gave me the blues.

I forgot about them.

In summer 2022, as I was riding my bike on a solo trip in the Eastern Townships, I listened to *Les chemins de désirs*, a podcast about the genealogy of the author's erotic imagery and desires. I started looking back at my own history and I remembered them. I didn't realize how vivid my memories were until I got reunited with them.

In summer 2025, at my parents place in Switzerland, I looked for *them* in the attic. I got scared that my brother might have taken them to his place. The grey edges made my heart shake. I laid down on my sister's old bed, placed three pillows behind my sunburned back and started with Evolena.

I go through the pages. The story is not important but I am still going to tell it to you. It's about a writer (Emett maybe) who is travelling in the Swiss mountains, near Evolene, to do research about a

Weyland, *Aria*

Van Hamme,  
Jean & Rozinski,  
Grzegorz,  
*Thorgal*

Derib, *Buddy  
Longway*

Cosey, *À la  
recherche de Peter  
Pan*

Claire Richard, *Les  
chemins des désirs*

peace with them. Staying with the trouble means refusing simplicity, the idea of focusing on one thing at a time and accepting the messiness and the overwhelming.

Donna Harraway,  
*Staying with the  
trouble*

*In fact, staying with the trouble requires learning to be truly present, not as a vanishing pivot between awful or edenic pasts and apocalyptic or salvific futures, but as mortal critters entwined in myriad unfinished configurations of places, times, matters, meanings.*

Staying with the Trouble has been a compass.

I went to Switzerland last summer and took a lot of pictures of Aria, Evolena and the whole crew. Back to Montreal, I started drawing them. That's usually how I make things. I gaze, I save, I draw and then I stitch. I had to do and re-redo them until I reached a point where I was kind of happy with them, and that's when my sewing machine broke.

No.

ASEM 620 "Books  
and Publishing as  
[Artistic] Method"  
with maya rae  
oppenheimer

I had already made drawings of them during an ASEM on book publishing with Maya. I made a little zine about those graphic novels and about the idea of re-appropriating stories from my childhood through a queer lens. Re-drawing images is a way to process the stories and the memories, but also anchor them in a new narrative. Drawing and re-drawing Aria & cie came from a desire to free them from their narrative, from their landscape, from their gaze. Maybe. By taking Aria & cie from their limited world, I am building them a new space. I'm not sure if I'm trying to make them mine or really free them. I guess it's not an important question.

I used a mix of hand drawing and digital drawing, in order to reach a point of visual noise that would impact the readability of the images. My drawings are moved by a desire to make them less desirable. These figures weren't mine to begin with but they are the ghosts of my own queerness. I think I am trying to write my own story, using them.

counterfeiter. In the village where he is, he meets Evolena.

Evolena.

Un fantôme en velours épais.

A ghost in a thick black velvet dress.

*À la recherche de Peter Pan* was first published in *Le Journal de Tintin*, between 1982 and 1984. It's a two volumes comic book by Swiss cartoonist Cosey. His real name is Bernard Cosendai. I am laughing, just another guy changing his I into a Y.

Evolena doesn't speak much, she wears a skirt and heels in the snow and is fearless. At one point, she takes off her dress to put another one, smaller, that she takes off as well to be naked. It's probably the biggest drawing of the whole comic book. I wonder how old I was when I read this for the first time. I can picture me flipping the pages to look over all the men.

Evolena would have been friends with Aria.

They both love walking and being alone.

*Aria* was one of the first Franco-Belgian comic books to center a woman in the story, as a real protagonist and a subject. She also first appeared in *Le journal de Tintin*. At the time, readers could vote on the stories they wanted to see more of, and they voted for her. No kidding. A blond gal with big boobs, a small white dress, riding a horse. But apparently Weyland was very intentional about creating a female protagonist who was active, moral and resistant. Aria's World is vaguely post-apocalyptic or medieval-fantasy. It doesn't say if she has supernatural power but she's definitely witchy.

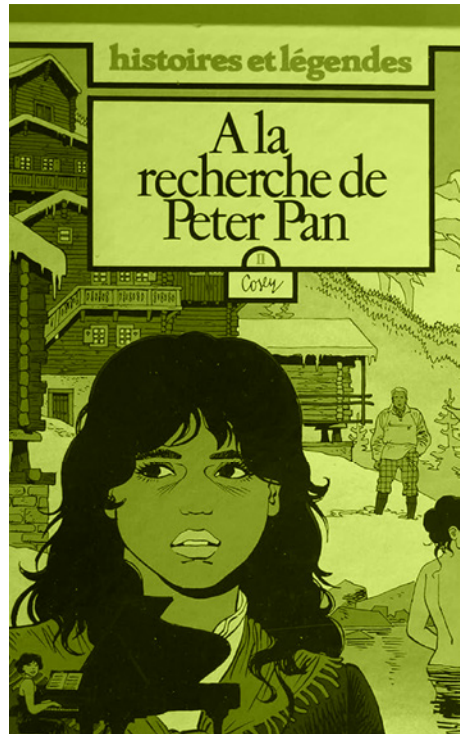
I think she could be in love with the key keeper.

Or Kris the Valnor.

Again, *Le journal de Tintin*. 1977. *Thorgal* was a mix of Norse mythology, science fiction, and human family drama. He's a child from the stars raised by Vikings,

M Gnanasihamany  
Metabolizing  
Moving Images

*To metabolize is to cede control. As materials enter the porous body, they are digested and released, but in between are all sorts of modifying and compromising processes: absorption, integration, and influence. We are moved by what we see, generating exposure to a productive risk: if we allow our sense to be bent by the stories, images, and textures of others, what other boundaries might open themselves to a shift?*



constantly torn between his origins and his desire for a simple life with his family. He is so annoying. He is in love with Aaricia through the many volumes. We know almost nothing about her and she barely speaks. At one point, Kris the Valnor makes a move on her as they are both showering together. Aaricia refuses because she only loves boring Thorgal.

We don't know much about la gardienne des clés either. She lives alone in a ruined ghost city and she just hangs out naked with a big belt around her hips and her long hair. I'm still unsure if she's evil or not.

I look at these books, trying to find some answers. But I can't unsee these men, drawing their fantasies as if they were inspired. Did they know that their gaze was going to stick under my eyelids for twenty years?

I wasn't their target. But their fantasies became mine by friction, by accident. Their sexist, orientalist and sexualized vision made roots in my brain. Adrienne Rich told me to include them in my continuum, they are the ghosts of my Swiss straightness.

I am at this fancy café, the one inside an old bank and I am reading Rich. The continuum is not a rigid category, it's a kind of spectral space capacious enough to hold partial experiences and faint stories. Rich makes an invitation, asking the peripheral, the ambiguous and the unnamed experiences to move in. Rich is the host of this big, complex, beautiful house full of rooms and stories. It makes our stories find a room. The lesbian continuum is a tool, to make visible experiences that have been erased or overlooked by heteroreality. The continuum is a big house with ghosts dancing with curtains.

But now, what I want to know is  
can my gaze transform the story?

Adrienne Rich,  
*Compulsory  
Heterosexuality and  
Lesbian Existence*

## The space as an invitation

The space I am building to host the patchworks reminds us of a house, it has chairs, walls and curtains.

But the house is haunted.

The ghosts might gather, hide or converse with us.

Milena Charbit  
*Architectures  
lesbiennes*

The space is now *une architecture émotionnelle et relationnelle, où les espaces s'adaptent à la nécessité d'intimité ou de distance.* (Milena Charbit)

And the room is inverted. The cube in the center is dressed with fragments of past stories and crossed over with draperies of imagined landscapes. The cube becomes a vessel, a portal for the ghosts to escape, to find refuge from the persistent gaze. It's a closed space that becomes a portal or a barrier.

The drapery acts as queer camouflage, through hiding and revealing abstract landscape. The folds create more visual noise. Camp ornamentation can work as a shield. They are not curtains anymore because they got camped up.

Susan Sontag,  
*Notes on camp*

*To camp is a mode of seduction – one which employs flamboyant mannerisms susceptible of a double interpretation.*

They act like a thread to another world where Aria and Evolena can dance together without anybody looking at them.

Or they can hike.

They can do whatever they want there, they have the space and no gaze to undress them.

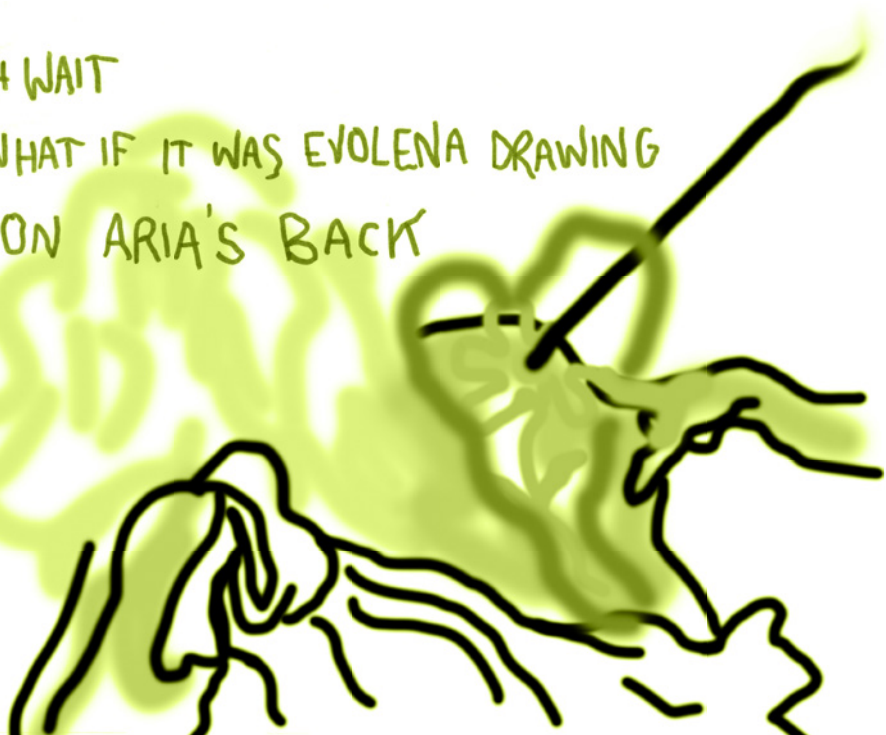
Canada's Drag  
*Race, The shade*

It's like the walls are wearing Sami Landri's dress, the pink one with black dots and lettuce stitches.

Some of the curtains are printed with a drawing of an imaginary landscape. I created this landscape merging different temporalities and geographies. First, the Swiss mountains, then the graphic novel

OH WAIT

WHAT IF IT WAS EVOLENA DRAWING  
ON ARIA'S BACK



landscape, and finally the Moroccan landscape. Each of these layers carries its own histories. The Moroccan landscape in particular carries the weight of my family's colonial history. Associated with the fantastic landscape from the graphic novel and the Swiss mountains, they create complex topography where the personal and collective ontologies intertwine. They act like alternative geographies offered to ghosts to escape their original framing.

It's a visual territory, a new cartography, a psychogeography, a topophilic space maybe.

Hélène Cixous,  
*Fiction and Its  
Phantoms*

*The country from which we come is always the one to which we are returning.*

*You have already passed through here: you recognize the landscape. You have always been on the return.*

It's a space of the uncanny, it's a place for the haunters. It's a place where our shame can grow oranges again.

The walls are eating us and the patchwork wallpaper can make you hallucinate.

Charlotte Perkins  
Gilman,  
*The yellow  
wallpaper*

*That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid, but I don't care there is something strange about the house I can feel it.*

Around the dressed cube, there are chairs. Three wooden stools, two wooden chairs and a patchwork chair (maybe). A patchwork of wood from previous projects, of found objects and older textile pieces. They make the space becoming, maybe, a bit more intimate, or ambivalent. They might be asking you to sit but they might be already taken by ghosts.

Milena Charbit,  
*Architectures  
lesbiennes*

*Comme le genre, l'espace ne se contente pas de refléter un ordre établi, il en est aussi un agent de production (...) organisant non seulement la circulation et la visibilité, mais aussi les rôles, les proximités et les separations.*

## Ghost growing oranges

I have other ghosts hidden in my stories. My mom was born in Morocco in 1950. My grandfather moved there from Switzerland when he was around 20 and started working as a farmer. Eventually he started growing oranges near Taroudant, in a place called Menouia. At the time, Morocco was under a “protectorship”, in other words, a colony where France was administrating the country. It lasted from 1912 until 1956. My grandfather, my grandmother and their two kids moved from Taroudant to Morens in Switzerland in 1957, when my mother was seven. She told me she remembers that before that, my grandfather was sleeping with a gun under his pillow.

I feel ashamed just writing this.

*Decolonization is a recognition that a “ghost is alive, so to speak”.*

Eve Tuck & C. Ree  
*A Glossary of  
Haunting*

I am listening to them. But which ghosts are those? My mom’s baby brother is buried there. He’s haunting a place he never belonged to. I am imagining a new landscape where he can come back and do what baby ghosts do.

## Monique

That’s the name of my grandmother. She was around 25 when she married my grandfather. They divorced many years later and in the memories I have, they were not speaking. My grandmother was living alone in Yverdon-les-Bains, in Switzerland, with her collection of small spoons that we inherited and the chocolate magnets on her fridge. She loved François Mitterand and snacking. When I think about her, the picture I have in my mind is the professional portrait she made, maybe when she was 70? It’s a blue background with texture. She is wearing a white shirt with a pattern. It’s almost like little flames, orange and blue ones. The collar of her shirt is slightly open

Eve Tuck,  
*Visiting as an  
Indigenous  
Feminist Practice*

*Visiting, an activity, something we are doing now or do so often we are always doing it. A present tense activity. A presencing. A visitation is a word that combines both the visit and the visiting – the occurrence in time, and also what we are doing in that time.*

Are you wondering what is inside the cube or behind the chairs or in between each seams? They are an invitation as much as they are a hiding strategy.



and you can see her pearl necklace. She is smiling, a fake rigid tensed smile that is telling me and maybe you that she probably wasn't super comfortable.

I remember this smile.

I wonder if she was wearing a wig at the time.

In the text my aunt wrote about my grand-mother Monique spitting on a portrait of Hitler. I think my grand-mother got in trouble for it. At the end of the war, she got put in jail because of her mother being a collaborator. Monique was trying to be on the right side of history, her mother wasn't. It must have felt so bad for her to be ashamed of her mother.

Like I am with my grandfather.

Like I am with the history of my family.

I wonder what Monique would think now.

But shame is a feeling that is welcome in my house, like ghosts.

The baby ghost is guiding me, leading me with

*The painful obligations to work through the grim details of imperial and colonial history and to transform paralyzing guilt into a more productive shame that would be conducive to the building of a multicultural nationality that is no longer phobic about the prospect of exposure to either strangers or otherness.*

Paul Gilroy,  
*Postcolonial  
melancholia*

# Journal of making

## November 12th

I haven't been writing. I've been busy. I've been working. I've been sleeping. I've been taking my little drops to sleep. I've been stretching and mobility-ing.

I haven't been writing.

Allyson Mitchell,  
*Inside Killjoy's  
Kastle: Dykey  
Ghosts, Feminist  
Monsters, and  
Other Lesbian  
Hauntings*

Today I went to the wood shop for the second time. There was a lot of waiting. So I read a bit of the Killjoy's Castle thing but J. confirmed that it's a bit too much second wave feminism. Made me blush. I'm struggling to find what I am looking for in terms of writing inspirations for my project.

I got to the wood shop at 10am, after taking the metro with a mask like a good girl, stopping by Berri-UQÀM to return the books at the library and eat a grilled cheese that was no good.

At the wood shop, I glued the little arms to the frame. I used tape. L. said it would be enough. Probably. And it was. I fucked up and mixed up two of the little arms. L. said that it was fine. She also said that it was the first time I was making a mistake and it made me proud. I waited a long time for the glue to set. So I read a bit of the book and that's when the J. said something about it. I felt embarrassed because I actually agree with them. I went for lunch, borrowed a laptop, talked about vaccines with M., ate a tiramisu in the shape of a cake and went back to the wood shop.

I used a pneumatic dremel, sculpted the frame. It made my hands vibrate intensely. Like I have a million bugs under my skin eating me from inside.

I left at 4:30 after some sanding to go get a free soup.

I felt weak because of the vaccine.



Park Chan-Wook,  
*The Handmaiden*

While I was sanding, I decided to re-make the ghost ceramic sculpture but in metal. Actually, I think I decided it when I was sleeping last night. I felt so bizarre after watching *The handmaiden*. It made me dream of the little ghost and other twisted things.

### **November 14th**

I made a mind map.

je pense que je sais plus où je m'en vais.

queering my past  
autoethnography  
fake stories  
haunted objects

Do you see? Do you understand what I am trying to make?

I continued cutting older textile pieces into small bits. I stuck them onto the wall. It's a big patchwork piece. My first real patchwork piece after saying the word patchwork for probably 6 years. I am cannibalising my own work. making it into something else. Which of those pieces are already queer? All of them actually.

Legacy Russel,  
*Glitch feminism*

I have to leave in 30 minutes. I have time to re-read 1 or 2 chapters of *Glitch Feminism*.

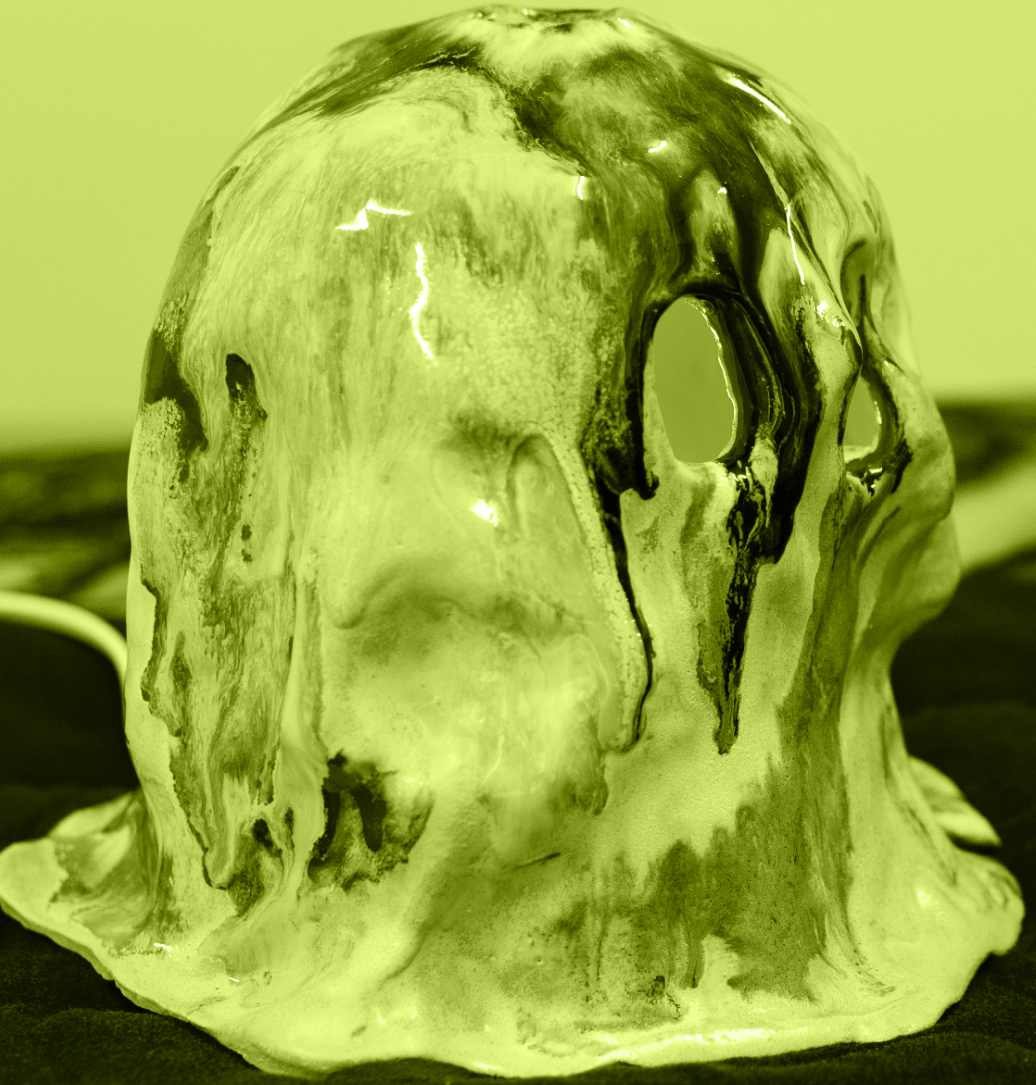
### **November 27th**

Mon ventre me fait mal car j'ai mangé trop de fondue. Pour m'immerger i guess.

Lundi j'ai terminé les cadres, la semaine d'avant, ils ne me plaisaient pas. Trop plat. La shape est random donc j'ai ajouté des petits bouts que j'ai coupé à la scie sauteuse pour donner plus de volume. J'ai eu peur de me couper. J'ai collé et sculpté. Mes mains tremblaient, tout mon corps vibrait. J'ai poncé, pas assez of course car j'ai pas de patience. J'ai ramené les deux cadres à l'atelier, je les regarde en fronçant les sourcils.

Ils ne me plaisent toujours pas.

I don't like them.



I worked too quickly.  
I don't like the wood I chose. I don't like the shape. I  
am constantly thinking about what I should have done  
instead. Can I make it work?  
J'ai fait des tests avec des rideaux, ensuite j'ai mis des  
chaînes à l'intérieur du cadre.

Maybe this is it?

Je pense à Evolena.  
Je pense aux chalets suisse.  
Je pense au fromage.

Hier j'ai commencé à dessiner, pour retrouver un peu  
de sens.

### **November 28th**

I continued cutting older textile pieces into little  
squares, keeping the same ratio. I cut the creepy piece  
of A. as a kid.

It's a strange, methodical process that feels very unlike  
me. Each piece from my past work maybe becoming  
the pixel of something new.

I am cannibalizing so I don't have to make things new.  
I don't want to make new things. How can I make  
sense of making new things.

All of these carry so many ghosts. They were so  
meaningful and now they scare me.

I make a pile of them, the pile is getting higher. From  
time to time, I stop and place them in a patchwork  
to see what it looks like. I stick them onto the wall,  
creating an image that feels so familiar and completely  
alien to me. I am obstructing the narrative to free the  
ghosts.

I am glad I learned about the word hauntology not so  
long ago because this is what I am doing.  
Literally, like Sami would say.

### **December 1st**

Don't forget about your horoscope.

to never ignore your needs and to take care of your  
well-being, everything in balance and moderation. <3



**CAPRICORN** (Dec 22–Jan 19)

Time for you to lock in on your creativity. A lovely time of harmony and connecting with the beauty around you, use it as inspiration, and create for play, not for work. Allow your heart to take over and make something that makes you feel actually happy—not even necessarily proud, just something you like! Believe me, when you allow yourself to create out of love instead of fear or anxiety, everyone will love what you've made anyway, so don't hold back.



**AQUARIUS** (Jan 20–Feb 18)

Disruptions and change manifest at home these days. New

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## December 3rd

I went to the metal shop to re-create in metal the carpet I tufted 5 years ago. Was it 5 years ago?

I traced the carpet pattern, image onto the metal sheet. I felt the weight of the past in my hands. The carpet feels too symbolic.

After tracing the lines, I started cutting through it with the plasma cutter. I had to say «eye» every time I was cutting but I kept forgetting.

Eye!

So that people would protect their eyes from the light. My eyes were already protected by the big glasses. My hands by the big gloves. I kept saying it under my breath, trying to remember the word. Cutting through the lines felt intense, destroying the story as I was making it solid.

Then I had to create four spikes in metal by sanding. I have zero patience for sanding and abandoned it as I was doing it. Through the window, I could see the apartment of someone, she was getting ready, going back and forth. I wish I had binoculars. Was she seeing me as well? My hands were shaking from the sander. I pressed too hard, too fast, but nothing broke. I did break one thing later on, when I was using the grinder. M. was annoyed and I was not surprised. I work too fast and have no patience.

Give me the sturdy tools, otherwise I'll break them. When I finally finished the piece, or just decided I wouldn't do more, I was supposed to bend it. I was waiting for M. and by the time he came by, I had changed my mind. I started playing with the holes, the cut outs and bending it by hand. I liked it better. I told him I changed my mind, he laughed. Then I went to put the piece in the assembly room and forgot about it. It's probably still there.

I needed to do it to get it out of me but I don't think it belongs to this project.

## **A ghost in the shape of a purple handmade tufted carpet.**

It feels like a long time ago.

R. asked me this morning about moments in my life when I got so angry. Obviously the carpet story comes to my mind. but it was already in my mind. I think it is often on my mind.

I was coming back to drop the dog off. I see the carpet in the street. No actually I dont see it. I went up the stairs. A. shows me the apartment. I moved out a couple weeks earlier. They cleaned my presence out of the place. I made some positive sounds, some ooooooh, some waouuuuh, so nice, cool. At one point I asked them where they put the carpet. In the street. *What?* I reacted right away. *But I told you don't toss it in the street.* Blablabla. I went down the street to see it. It had spent the night outside, under the rain. It broke my heart, even more than it already was. This is not the better ending à quoi je pensais.

We had texted. *What should we do about the carpet? I guess throw it away. Yes, but don't toss it in the street, it deserved a better ending.*

I scream at them, I yell. What the fuck I probably said. It probably sounded funny with my Swiss accent.

The day after, my tears had dried out and crystallized around my eyes. Eyes red and swollen, the tears kept coming. Do you think dogs peed on the carpet during the night?

I'm walking there or biking to get the dog back - shared custody logistics. The carpet is still outside, somebody looked at it because it's not entirely rolled up anymore. They decided not to take it. Rude. I roll it back, go get a black garbage bag in my old apartment and put it inside. I don't know what to do with it. I take it up the stairs. I struggle, I leave it on the deck.

A couple days later, I took it home with me. I texted K., she told me wtf of course it shouldn't be thrown away. Take it back. So I took it back. I put it in

## **December 10th**

I started making chains with charms. They all hang like tiny bits, tiny stories.

I wanted to do curtains, but I don't want to buy fabric so I thought maybe I could use metal.

2-3 years ago, I used meters and meters of metal chain for an art project, a little cabin in the woods. I asked my mom to weigh them. 17 kilos, it would cost 154 Swiss francs to send them here. I asked her to do it and that I will reimburse her of course. She doesn't want to because she feels bad that I don't make money, so she suggested a trade. The postal fees for some of the metal pieces I made. By the time I received the chains, I had changed my mind. I am going to use fabric. But I will still use some of the chains and some of the charms. They are the connections and they carry the weight of it all, no?

## **December 13th**

Hier j'ai vu J. et J-A. On a bu du thé au studio. J'ai mangé seule et j'ai parlé de spreadsheets.

J'ai eu une révélation. R. m'a envoyé des inspirations de spreadsheets pour mon cours de portfolio. Des portfolios qui utilisent des spreadhseets. J'avais déjà voulu faire ça et j'avais pas réussi. I didn't unlock it at the time. but then I did. this is what I am doing today. This is my work process and my final work at the same time.

It's a patchwork of cells.

On est samedi. R, est en train de tester des tenues pour le mariage de M. ce soir. et moi je joue a google spreadsheet. J'ai mon cœur qui bat.

Hier j'ai cousu toute la matinée. des bouts de vieilles pièces ensemble. J'ai utilisé une couverture, la première que j'ai faite je pense, avec sainte xénia. Je l'ai pas regardée dans les yeux. Je l'ai coupée sans affronter son regard. Elle va me servir de fond.

Also R. said something that stuck in me. For this project, I am slowing myself down. I work too fast, before thinking. By cutting, complexifying, using spreadsheet I am forcing myself to take more time.

the laundry machine and dried it outside on the clothesline. It looks kinda fresh again. I had used 100% acrylic yarn to make it because it was the cheapest option. I almost lost some hair through the process because it got tangled in the tufting gun while I was tufting it.

I still want to ask Reddit: Who's the asshole?

It's looking at me now and it's still mad.  
It's the ghost of betrayal.



## **December 14th**

I decided to officially abandon the wood frames and the metal carpets. They are not really what this is about. I reframed my plan and want to focus on the drapery. Creating a new landscape and chairs to look at it. I want to create a haunted space. Or a space to look at ghosts.

## **December 15th**

Je viens de glâcer les biscuits pour la deuxième fois. Non, la troisième fois. J'ai fait des magenbrot et le glaçage ne glace pas. J'ai utilisé une autre recette pour voir, tout ça en écoutant la version audio de "Que notre joie demeure" et après avoir aidé A. à payer son loyer. J'ai passé la matinée au studio, pas la journée complète comme j'avais prévu mais aider A. à payer le loyer est plus urgent. On est le 15. J'apprends que tout est plus compliqué quand on ne lit pas.

Donc ce matin, à l'atelier, j'ai planté des clous pour fixer le patchwork smiley sur un cadre en bois. Je teste quelque chose de nouveau : ne pas stretcher les pièces sur les cadres mais les clouer, les aplatir tout en laissant leur bordure libre. We'll see. J'ai aussi continué à broder à la machine un des bouts de ma pièces *lesbian of tiktoks*. Rien de spécial. Je me suis aussi amusée avec des petites impressions papiers des dessins photoshopés que j'ai fait sur photoshop. Comme J. Je les ai imprimés en petit et je m'amuse à les associer, comme des patchworks. Tout me semble plus clair depuis vendredi passé. Jeudi peut-être. La hantologie, puis les tableaux excelle, puis le patchwork. Tout est lié. Tout se lit horizontalement.

## **December 16th**

I sew all day and my back hurts. I don't want to go to Longueil, so I cut the big pieces into smaller sections that I can quilt with my domestic machine. It also allows me to create a more concentrated treatment. But it is also flatter. I am questioning myself about the

Kev Lambert,  
*Que notre joie  
demeure*

Xénia Lucie Laffely

# Ghosts hiding behind c

Final show, Concordia  
MFA, Fibres program

Advisor : Aaron MacIntosh

inside the swiss chalets close

>>>>>>>>

Materializing hauntology into ornament

is it my final project ever ?  
 i don't know  
 i don't want to work with my name anymore  
 i don't have anything to say  
 i don't want to make new stuff

it's about the **GOSTS**  
*Saint Syl* of course  
 he followed me. from la riponne all the way to montreal. i think about his blue eyes full of herc  
 the green ghost  
 the dead baby  
 and all the sexy ladies (aria, evolena and co)  
 they are all bathing in the lac leman and eating cheese.

i am making this little story. about them. them haunting me. hunting me.

importance of flatness or volume in my work. Maybe it is not that important after all. Maybe a little bit is enough.

I quilted the drawing of la gardienne des clés. She's tied up and screaming but it's my voice getting out. I am asking you «am I also a creep». Or what?

### **December 17th**

I had a studio visit with K. She understood what I am trying to do.

It felt like a relief. Speaking about my work felt good because everything feels connected in a good way. At one point, I was talking about the graphic novels and asking «can my gaze on them redeem them?» or simply can my gaze change them? Can my gaze on the colonial past of my family transform it? It's a way to also hold responsibility. She said that in quantum physics, it would.

But we're in Canada, not in quantum physics.

### **Decembre 25th**

We watched *My left eye sees ghosts*. A movie from 1992 telling the story of May who loses her husband and gets depressed and gets into a car accident and almost dies but doesn't but starts seeing ghosts with her left eye only. At first she is scared of them but then she co-live with them.

I think it's the way to go.

You have to co-live with the ghosts, invite them in, listen to them, interact with them. At the end, she lets go of her husband and starts a new love with Sam, who looks like one of the ghosts and has 5 dogs.

### **January 12th**

I started teaching and it is taking everything out of me. But I am still drawing on my computer. I am making this fantasmagoric landscape out of the different haunted spaces: from the graphic novel, Aran and some mountains where Evolena is hanging out, from Switzerland, and from Morocco. There are so many ghosts there.

Johnnie To and  
Wai Ka-Fai,  
*My left eye sees  
ghosts*

# CREATED

AM I ALSO A CRE



## February 8th

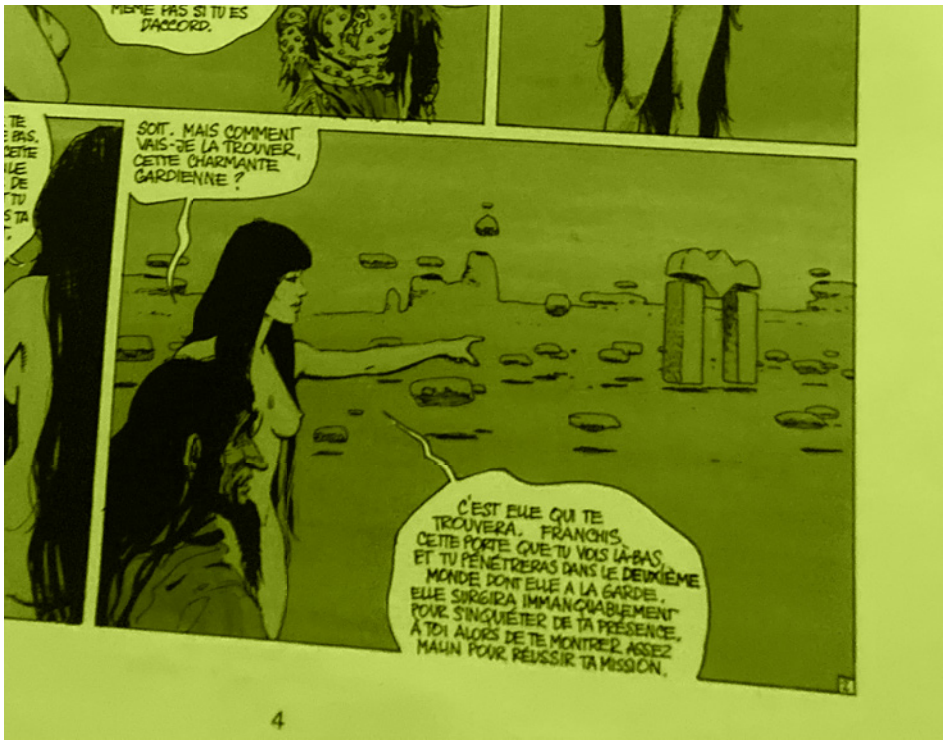
I asked my aunt to send me her thesis from 30 years ago. She was 40 years old and graduated from psychology. For her thesis, she decided to write about my grandmother's life. I asked her to send me the digital version of it and she told me she never had a digital version. She scanned each page for me and sent it through email. I remember the physical copy. Each period had a color, and she color coordinated the pages onto which she printed the text.

She tells the story of my grandmother Monique, born in France from a German mother. The war, her resistance, the fact that she lost her childhood love because her mother was probably collaborating with the Nazis. And then her marriage with my grandfather, a Swiss-German dude, who was living in Morocco and going back and forth to sell oranges. A settler. They lived there until Morocco's independence in 1956. My mother was born in Menouia, my aunt too. My uncle too, who died as a baby and whose ghost is still there. There are a lot of ghosts in Morocco, real ones and symbolic ones. My grandfather was a settler. My mom was born into his decisions, she's the daughter of a settler.

In October, we all, my siblings, my parents and my nieces and nephews, took a trip to Morocco for 1 week, or 10 days. I didn't want to go. Felt so uncomfortable with imagining our white Swiss family on holidays in Taroudant. My mom said how important it was for her. So I agreed and it was uncomfortable.

My mother is so attached to Morocco. She used to speak a lot about her nanny, G., who taught her Arabic and died a few months before my grandmother. The nanny's son and my mother are still very close. We visited him and his family and shared a couscous. He seemed so happy to see us, we hugged for a long time and I could see my mother crying. But her tears, nor the couscous erased the power imbalance I felt between our white rich family and A.'s family.

On the way there, we stopped to look at the property she lived in. We couldn't really see it. It has been abandoned. It's too big and there are not enough



money nor water to take care of it.

In the car, I asked my mother to tell me again. Why did grandpapa Hans moved there? It's pretty fucked. She explains. I don't belong there and, in my opinion, she doesn't either.

I don't know what to do with the shame that is haunting me.

So I am drawing landscapes. It's maybe a landscape for my mother. It looks like Morocco but it's a space outside of our colonial history.

I don't even know what I am saying. I want to read words from people who feel the same shame.

Shame is a judgment I impose on myself. And my grandfather. And my mother.

Shame is

*an intense and painful sensation that is bound up with how the self feels about itself, a self-feeling that is felt by and on the body.*

*Shame is about the self in that it involves looking inwards and feeling deeply pained and uncomfortable with oneself in the face of another.*

I wonder if my mother feels shame.

I think shame is my responsibility.

I think shame can be generative.

## **February 22nd**

I started working with a layering method with textile, while listening to *Anna* getting coucouuuu. I am still trying to slow myself down, adding labor to my process, adding steps. Basically, I am stitching ghosts on ghosts. I have this ongoing issue with having older pieces that I don't wanna do anything with. I fell out of love with them, I don't want to show them, I don't want to sell them. But I don't want to throw them out either. So I started cutting them into rectangles of various dimensions, small ones, bigger ones and then patching them together. When I end up with a decent patchwork in term of shape, size and I guess, aesthetic, I appliqué new work on top of it. Then I merge the two layers by removing some of the top one

Sarah Ahmed,  
*The cultural politics  
of emotions*

Leon Tolstoi, *Anna  
Karenina*



to reveal the bottom one. I like the idea of merging my ghosts. Sometimes, if I want to slow myself even more, I'll do patchwork instead of appliqué.

### **February 25th**

I keep working and reworking the paintings. The landscape and also the images.

The landscape is never right. It looks off so I continue to add things and then I remove things. I want it to look eerie and empty but also full of stories.

The landscape has to be a refuge. A place where the ghosts can hike but also maybe a place where the haunted can take a break. But also a place to protect them from our gaze. But also a place to come to terms with shame.

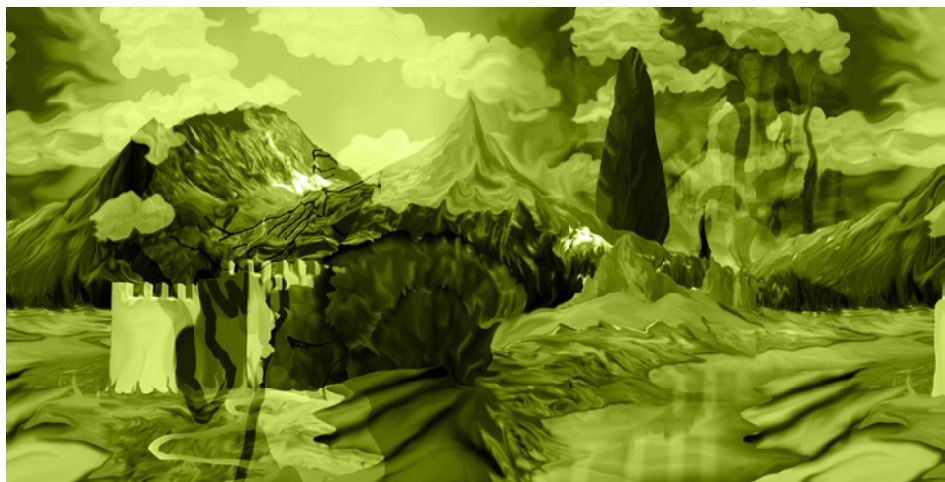
### **February 28th**

I finally finalized the landscape and sent it to be printed. I also went to Home Depot to buy the wood panels that I will be fixing the curtains onto.

Stop saying curtains. They are Draperies. Remember?

### **March 2nd**

I didn't bring anything else than my computer. I woke up early and changed my Illustrator file quickly because I decided not to engrave 'creep' on a stool but 'bouh'. I met J. at the CTC and showed him my file, we went to the CNC room. J. was talking too much but some of it was nice to hear - for example when he was telling us about Steven Cahlahan, this guy who got stuck in the sea for so many days. He was (is?) a friend of C. J. prepared the files for the CNC and then the machine did its job. It cut and engraved the beautiful wood I prepped with C. more than a month earlier. Then it was lunch break and then we cut the aluminium with the waterjet. J. made a mistake at one point, and we had to cut one piece 3 times. But it's ok, now I have something to use to test out the metal treatment. Also I realized while doing it that I should have probably chosen wood inlays instead of metal inlays. But it's too late now.



### **March 10th**

I moved my woodshop appointment because there is going to be an ice storm tomorrow. In an IKEA blue bag, I brought the legs I made for my textile-piece-turned-table a year ago back in the EV. I dropped the bag under the counter at the wood shop. They're gonna wait for me. My plan is to cut them and make them into stools legs. I refuse to make new ones. I should do that on Thursday, hopefully the ice won't last.

### **March 11th**

I am thinking about shame more.  
Is all shame equal?

### **March 20th**

I almost finished the stools. J. finally made the joke I had been waiting for, about stools.

I arrived at the woodshop around 9:30 and I was determined to finish the stools until I realised I didn't get the right inserts. C. told me right away, those are not good. He probably saw my face getting pretty tensed, I almost cried. I feel burned out. I decided to stay focused and continued working on the other stuff and that's what I did. I made holes and screwed screws etc.

I love making holes.

At 11:30, I was stuck again so I asked C. if it was ok for me to go get the inserts and come back for a bit more after the lunch break. He said yes and I did that. I got a sandwich on the go, got the inserts and came back to the wood shop just on time. I put the inserts in, glued and screwed the pieces on the back of the seating plates of the stools. At 2:30, I felt feeling finally satisfied.

### **March 22nd**

I went to Concordia to stitch, or quilt even, the top part of the curtains but today was just a big fail. The pieces are just too big to be quilted on an embroidery machine. I tried for a bit and gave up pretty quickly, texted A. to see if I can come quilt at hers on Thursday. She said ok so voilà the new plan. It was only 2pm so



I decided to go to my studio and I started working on some new small pieces and I hated everything I did. It's almost like I lost the spark, what I used to do doesn't work anymore. I always have ambivalent feeling about liking what I do, it's always a roller coaster.

### **March 23rd**

My sewing machine stopped working and it sucks. It's true that it has been a few weeks since it started making weird noises. It's also true that I've been extremely bad at oiling it and maintaining it. I'm constantly pushing it to the max because I convinced myself she can do it all.

I had started looking at Facebook Marketplace to find a second sewing machine just in case, but then today it stopped working. It made a scary noise, and it sounded like the mechanism was stuck in a way. I put it in a bag and tried to find a place to repair it, but it didn't work. It was such a frustrating day, because when I first arrived at the studio I felt fairly motivated despite the cold that has affected me so much these past few weeks. I had started working on one of the new textile pieces, the one with Evolena and her boobs. And then I was interrupted by the machine stopping. So basically, today sucked and I didn't do much. I did work on the stools, though. I tried the metal inlays, but didn't like it that much, so I decided to cover the metal with, you guessed it, fabric. I am cutting each piece and making little crans en français all around it, and then putting some stuffing material and gluing the border in the neatest way. It looks good so I did that on the stools, and that's all I did today.

### **March 28th**

I was at the studio by 9 a.m., and I worked on the new sewing machine that started making a weird noise, so I decided to bring it for a diagnostic to Monsieur Machine à Coudre on Saint Hubert. Before that, I did finish the textile piece with Evolena and her boobs, and I feel ok happy about it.

It's undecided, but I am contemplating the idea of changing the installation a bit and covering the cube

## Sewing ghosts

A few days ago, my sewing machine stopped working. I got it 15 years ago, maybe 20 years ago, maybe 10 years ago. Let me count.

My family gave me a sewing machine for my birthday. They probably bought it somewhere like a big supermarket, and it was a crappy sewing machine. I used it for a few weeks, and it broke kind of immediately. I was definitely not delicate with it, but I needed what we call a workhorse.

M. told me I could get the sewing machine that belonged to his mother. She had died a few years prior to that, maybe two years before that. I agreed to take the machine and have been cherishing it since. I remember he gave me the sewing machine in the original red plastic case on the Place Saint-François in Lausanne. It was so heavy.

I got attached to it right away. Since the beginning. It felt precious. I've been using this machine, and I love this machine. I stuck a sticker of a little holy virgin Mary on top of it. I don't know where the red case is anymore. When I moved to Montreal, six years ago, I left the machine behind. But I missed it, so on my first visit back to Switzerland, I brought it back with me. I had to get a transformator because the voltage is not the same here as in Switzerland.

I remember M. telling me about his dad's struggle to let go of some of his deceased wife's belongings. Like her hair products for example, which were still in the shower.

The sewing machine never felt like it belonged to a ghost. It's so solid, it's so sturdy, and it can put up with my brutality. I've been sewing almost everything I made with this sewing machine for the past decade. But I guess I finally pushed it too far and I haven't oiled it enough, which is probably why a few days ago my sewing machine stopped working.

I panicked. I called an Uber and asked him to drive me to Monsieur Machine à Coudre on Saint-Hubert. It was closed, so the same Uber drove me to Supreme Machine à Coudre. The guy took it, but I didn't trust

with a mesh fabric and using the mesh as a structure for the drapes instead of creating the drapes on top of the wall. I'm not sure yet, I am gonna sleep on it.

### **March 31st**

I went to the studio quickly after class and took down the Draperies. I have been thinking about them a lot and I actually hate them. I looked through my bins and found fabrics from past project that I decided to add to this one. I think the walls shouldn't be visible. They should be hidden by all the visual noise of the printed fabrics.

### **April 2nd**

I went to get my new old sewing machine back. The guy told me it needed love. I am gonna try to oil it every time I am using it. I now know how stitching ghosts can break a machine. When I opened the top case to oil the machine, back at my studio, the mechanism was covered with a white paste. I wonder if it's normal.

### **April 6th**

I went to the studio early and started working on the chair right way. I had been thinking about it since Christmas, when I had found it on the street. I took it and left it on my balcony until now, in case there was bugs. Then I took it apart and decided to cover it with patchwork. Today, I un-stapled, made holes, re-stapled, screwed, handsewn etc. Then it was kind of finished and I looked at it and hated it. It looks like a tiktok diy that went badly. It's the shape, it's the lack of wood I think. So in the shower tonight, I decided to use the chairs I made last year instead and change the inlays for patchwork ones.

It made me think about all the things I started making and decided to abandon. I started with 2 frames. They are in my studio and I have been ignoring them. I made the metal carpet and hid it in the assembly room. I am actually planning to go there tomorrow, and I hope it's still there because I am thinking of bringing it back. I made a textile piece in silk that I folded and put at the bottom of a bag. When I started

him completely, so then I called Michel Machine à Coudre and he told me to bring him the machine. I went back to Supreme, took the machine, and brought it on the other side of the island to Michel Machine à Coudre. He told me that the motor was burned and he couldn't do anything. He didn't tell me; he yelled that at me. I left the store and I cried on the sidewalk.

I brought the sewing machine back to my studio. The day after, I went to Longueuil to work on the quilting long arm. I've been going there for the past few years. It's in the basement of a house where A. lives. She owns the quilting machine, and she rents it to me. When I left, I ran into Annie and told her about my sewing machine. She told me that I could borrow hers. It's basically the same one as mine. My sewing machine is a BERNINA 830. I agreed, and I took her sewing machine with me back at the studio. I continued looking at Facebook Marketplace, and found an other BERNINA, a 730. This is how I ended up with another sewing machine owned by a ghost. I wrote to this man, Richard, and he told me that the sewing machine belonged to his past wife, who died a year ago. He sent me some pictures of her and the stuff that she was doing. I took the bus, and he waited for me at the parking lot of Tim Hortons. During the bus ride, I started panicking and thinking that I didn't know this man and that he could be a murderer, so I shared my location with Rupali. When I arrived, I saw in his eyes that he was probably not a murderer. We drove back to his place, and he showed me the sewing machine. I tested it quickly, then we took it apart from the table, put it in the car, and he suggested driving me back to the studio. We did that. For the whole way, he told me about his wife, about her cancer, about the fact that she lost two fingers at the end, that she was in so much pain, that he misses her dearly but is also so relieved that she's not in pain anymore. He told me about how he met her. He told me about the fact that she was doing haute couture. He told me about the fact that he helped her do trouser hems. He told me he was really happy to have

talking about what my thesis show would be, my first instinct was that I didn't want to make anything new. Making new things doesn't make sense anymore. There is too much, everything feels overwhelming. But then, I got excited and started making new things, from scratch. And now I am abandoning them to go back to the old things. It's going to be a mix I guess, like at a wedding. An old thing and a new thing.

*Pas peu fière*

### **April 8th**

I listened to an interview of Martine Delvaux and she talk about shame, as a feeling to live with. I agree.

### **April 9th**

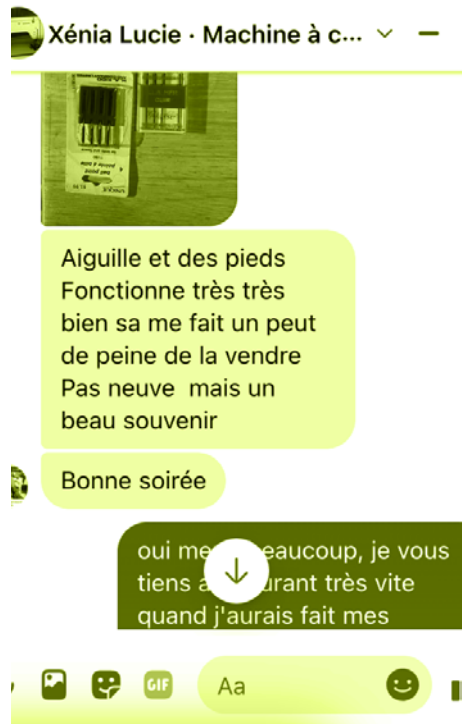
I bought new blades yesterday and they were so effective that I cut myself a few times. There's probably blood on some of the patchwork. I also decided to use the chairs I made last year. I am building a space, an empty house with big curtains so I need more chairs in case there's more guests.

I also found the metal carpet. It's way bigger than I thought. I had decided to bring it back to my studio but it was too heavy. I like it a lot but I don't think this house needs it so I am thinking of leaving it at Concordia and trying it on when I am installing.

### **April 13th**

Ok ok my project keeps escaping me and mutating. It's like my hands are making the work and my brain is barely following, and I think, after this morning's appointment, it might be because I have some issues with my thyroid. It makes my brain foggy. The doctor said, it makes everything slower and I am wondering if I manifested it. I've been forcing myself to slow down and maybe, maybe, I forced my body to slow down. But yesterday, I made a lot, and quickly. I cut through some new pieces. I showed the chair to E. and R. and they both said weird but yes. I was so close to giving up on it but I didn't and now I think she truly belongs to the show. And the walls need a new dress. With less drapes and more chaos.

found someone to take the sewing machine.  
After I was back at my studio, I started going through the things he gave me: three drawers full of things from his passed wife. Actually, not wife, they weren't married. And I started sewing with it but it was making a weird noise, like it was mad at me. I brought it to Monsieur Machine à Coudre. I am waiting to hear back from him.



### **April 17th**

I spent all day at the studio jumping from podcast to podcast - WNBA, the end of the world, scary boyfriends and queb jokes. All day, I stitched the dress for the cube. I tried to be as precise as I could. I made 3 different maps on illustrator to be sure to cut the right size for each piece. Then I put a number on each of the pieces, on illustrator and on a post-it. And I did a lettuce hem. It felt so nice to do this all day and to see my fellow studio mates arriving at the studio at different times, all wearing dresses. Like my cube. It will be all dolled up for spring.

### **April 21st**

The show opens in a week exactly and I feel excited but oh so nervous. Today I fixed almost all the things that needed to be fixed:

- + I finished the edges on the patchwork chair
- + I changed some of the inlays on the wood chairs
- + I added some lettuce hems on some edges of some of the patchwork pieces
- + I included a felt sample in one of the patchwork pieces because why not
- + I cleaned out a bit
- + I started a new textile piece

I still have to solder little charms but I don't know where to do it because there is no ventilation in my studio and I am too old to not be scared about dying.



# But what is a ghost then?

Legacy Russell,  
*Glitch feminism*

*By definition, 'to ghost' is to end a relationship by ending all communication, and subsequently disappearing.*

Mark Fisher,  
*Ghosts of my life*

*This raises the question of nostalgia again. But the condition that I'm trying to describe isn't nostalgia. It's something more like the return of what has been lost but never properly mourned. These are the ghosts of my life: not just the past that is dead and gone, but the futures that failed to materialize. The collection of writings gathered here is about coming to terms with the disappearance of the conditions which allowed a certain kind of cultural production to exist.*

Mark Fisher,  
*What is  
hauntology?*

*Derrida's aim, Hagglund argues, "is to formulate a general 'hauntology'(hantologie), in contrast to the traditional 'ontology' that thinks being in terms of self-identical presence". What is important about the figure of the specter, then, is that it cannot be fully present: it has no being in itself but marks a relation to what is no longer or not yet'*

Jacques Derrida,  
*Spectres of Marx*

*They do no more than disavow the undeniable itself: a ghost never dies, it remains always to come and to come-back.*

Eve Tuck,  
*Glossary of  
haunting*

*I am a future ghost. I am getting ready for my haunting.*

Audre Lorde,  
*Zami*

*I knew what it was like to be haunted by the ghost of a self one wished to be, but only half-sensed.*

Hélène Cixous,  
*Fictions and its  
Phantoms*

*What is intolerable is that the Ghost erases the limit which exists between two states, neither alive nor dead; passing through, the dead man returns in the manner of the Repressed.*

*The past is in the present in the form of a haunting. This is what, among other things, we imagined for queer history, since it involves openness to the possibility of being haunted, even inhabited, by ghosts.*

Carla Freccero,  
*Queer spectrality:  
Haunting the past*

*Further, haunting, ghostly apparition, reminds us that the past and the present are neither discrete nor sequential. The borderline between then and now wavers, wobbles, and does not hold still. Ghosts demand.*

Carla Freccero,  
*Queer spectrality:  
Haunting the past*

*Because ultimately haunting is about how to transform a shadow of a life into an undiminished life whose shadows touch softly in the spirit of a peaceful reconciliation. In this necessarily collective undertaking, the end, which is not an ending at all, belongs to everyone.*

Gordon, Avery,  
*Ghostly Matters  
: Haunting and  
the Sociological  
Imagination.*

*Like, ghosts are really queer, just saying.*

Caspar  
Heinemann, *Magic  
work: Queerness  
as remystification*





# Notes & illustrations

- Page 5 (illus) *The ghost hanger, 2025, sculpted wood*  
(illus) *Dogs as gods, 2024, collage of printed textiles, quilted and embroidered, 24 x 30*
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- Page 31 (illus) work in progress, metal carpet
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- Page 41 (illus), work in progress, digital painting

- Page 42 (illus) work in progress, wood stools
- Page 48 Florence Nadeau and Anne-Sarah Charbonneau, *Pas peu fiere*, April 9th with Martine Delvaux
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Xénia Lucie Laffely  
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