

living with

(notes from inside the haunted house)

by

Casper Sutton-Fosman

A thesis presented to OCAD University in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts in Interdisciplinary Master's in Arts, Media, and Design
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
2023

Abstract

This project couples the subject of the haunted house and the subject of the trans, disabled body as resistant to normative nuclear family structures. Looking with aesthetic structures of layering/transparency, tangling/untangling, and hiding/revealing, the haunting of the domestic space becomes a lens through which to examine gender, visibility, memory, and care. Using my own non-linear experience of selfhood through gender transition, traumatic memory, and physical relationality to space, I attempt to recontextualize uncertainty and mutability as feelings worth embracing. This work consists of a non-linear written essay (this document) and *FLICKERS, FRAGMENTS*, a multi-media installation mixing old/new and analog/digital methods of creation.

Acknowledgments

The buildings that make up OCAD University – and my apartment – lie on land historically stewarded by the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Haudenosaunee, the Anishinaabe and the Huron-Wendat. I grew up in the forests of the Munsee-Lenape and Schaghticoke peoples, and lived for many years in the desert biomes cared for by the Tongva and Chumash nations. So-called Canada and the US have an ongoing legacy of colonialism that can't be bandaged with a short paragraph read at the beginning of a paper or conference. As a settler on this land, migrant body from a lineage of both colonizers and colonized, I acknowledge the complications of my presence here and the ongoing fight for native sovereignty on Turtle Island. I also wish to thank the indigenous friends, neighbors, and faculty members who have taught me so much; where words are not enough, I will stand by you.

I owe immense gratitude to my primary advisor Cindy Poremba and secondary advisor Paulette Phillips. You both brought vital thoughts and questions from very different perspectives and offered me generous support, time, and care.

Thank you to my professors (past, present, and future), especially Maria-Belén Ordóñez, Peter Morin, Una Chung, and Angela Ferraiolo.

Thank you to OCAD University and the province of Ontario for their financial support through multiple scholarships and bursaries over the course of my studies, including the Ontario Graduate Scholarship.

Thank you to Liz Driver and Sarah Chin for their generous support in allowing me to present my exhibition in the Campbell House.

Thank you to my family.

Thank you to my cohort. We hold each other.

Thank you to Jay, who brought me into the fold of play. You let me sleep on your couch and held my hand.

To Kit, always. Thank you for holding the camera.

NAVIGATION

[Introduction](#)

*

[Reflections](#)

[A Strange Loop](#)

[A Thread](#)

[Dead Reckoning](#)

[Lover's Eye](#)

[A Fragment](#)

[Signals](#)

*

[Resolution, Resonance](#)

*

[FLICKERS, FRAGMENTS: Images & Documentation](#)

*

[Works Cited](#)

Introduction

a note on form

This paper has an introduction, but its body has no linear structure; you are meant to traverse it in whatever order you feel drawn to. At the end of each section, a hyperlink will return you to the list of parts. I choose to structure the paper in this way to resist a linearization of my non-linear experiences of trauma, transness, and disability. You, in reading this paper, like me in writing it, will feel your way towards an understanding (or an acceptance of non-understanding)¹.

a note for you

I must begin by acknowledging the presence of the two beings without whom this thesis cannot exist: you, the reader and I, the writer. It is important to me that you are aware of your role in the creation of this document. For my part, I am unruly. I live as a trans body, a disabled body marked by trauma, unable or unwilling to conform to structures of labor, gender, family. You are unruly too. I say this because I know you: sometimes you are me, sometimes you are my friends, mentors, and loved ones. In this paper you must share the label of You that is both singular and plural – and that sharing, shifting multiplicity makes you just as unruly as I am². This makes me wary of you. Writing and making is a practice of hiding and revealing, and there are parts of myself I choose to protect by hiding them from you (Tuck & Ree 604). At the same time, I hope you will see me. I hope you will tug on the threads that I show you, unravel the curtain that separates us, and see yourself in the mirror of my work.

P.S.

I was thinking about that house while writing this.

The house I still think of as yours, even though you don't live there anymore.

You don't even live in the same town.

At the same time, through all the nights we spent there (sleeping, sleepless), it never really felt like it belonged to us. Not just because of the unseen landlords with their unfathomable wealth but because it always just belonged to the ghosts.

an overview of methodologies, guiding figures, and unanswerable questions

This work is about haunted houses. It is not about the specificities of what makes a ghost, or about a particular space. It is about the place that is supposed to be safe, that is supposed to be stable, feeling and becoming unsafe, unstable. It does not matter if the haunting is true or imagined, because the outcome is the same: a human construction meant to provide shelter and comfort becomes a source of anxiety, confusion, and trauma. A house becomes a haunted house.

The figure of the haunted house interests me because I feel a kinship with it. We are both what Sara Ahmed calls “affect aliens” – creatures who are placed into the (normative, nuclear) happy-family structure and fail to uphold it or actively hinder it (30). We fail well, and often, and purposely (Halberstam 3), and as a result we are maligned, removed, abandoned, fixed (exorcised).

¹ see **Dead Reckoning** for a further exploration of feeling lost.

² the understanding of you as singular and plural should serve as a guide for anyone struggling with the understanding of they as singular and plural.

Because of this kinship I choose to approach this paper in the form of what Paul B. Preciado calls the body-essay – a hybrid methodology that weaves together auto-theory, phenomenology, queer and disability studies, and post-structuralist Marxism. In the body-essay, the self becomes the site of research, experimentation, and proof – I foreground lived experience and the intentionality of being, as well as being concerned with the experience and meaning of embodiment or having/inhabiting/being a body. This type of research provides a space for deep introspection on my own experience; my entwining identities of transness and disability create a deeply individual embodiment, yet one that is “potentially resonant and inhabitable to others” (Sobchack 25). In using these tools of thought, the body-essay emphasizes context and entangled experiences; the places where objectivity and subjectivity meet. My ability to be recognized as an authority on my own condition (a trans/queer/disabled condition) is contingent on my taking up the language of academia, colonialism, patriarchy (Preciado 2021, 20); I present this thesis in the hopes that you will see and understand both the parts that fit neatly into this structure and the ones that don’t.

Another important facet of my approach, with my work being situated as it is inside the haunted house, is Jacques Derrida’s concept of hauntology. Derrida begins *Specters of Marx* by asking what it means to learn to live; offering that this knowledge cannot exist in only life or only death, but rather that it can be learned in the spaces of overlap, in collaboration and communication with those who are not living – beings who have died or have not yet been born. His ghosts are those who leave imprints on our present experience, leaking out from their past or future time. A ghost begins by returning (126), strengthened in cycles of repetition, looping, disappearance and reappearance. This fading in and out of being is also a question of visibility/invisibility – Derrida refers to the specter as “what one thinks one sees and which one projects – on an imaginary screen where there is nothing to see” (125). To be haunted is to see, to hear, to know what is not presently there – to think with the ghosts.

This document is not the totality of my thesis – my creative practice has required just as much exploration and research. My making – culminating in an exhibition at the Campbell House Museum³ – draws on my background in production design and directing for theater, a practice which ingrained in me the importance and evocative nature of space, light, shadow, and clutter. What I take from theater and performance is a focus on the meaning of watching and being watched, a love of ephemerality, and a firm belief in questioning binaries and boundaries (truth/fiction, subject/object, public/private). As well as theater and performance, I am invested in creating with mediums that are prevalent within marginalized communities and often made marginalized themselves in discussions of fine art. I look to fiber/textiles, pastimes/games, and the digital. You engage with fiber and digital technologies every day; they are tools of embodiment and comfort (to dress in your favorite clothes, to listen to your favorite song). Pastimes and games draw you into my world – you are more than a viewer, more than an eye.⁴ To further explore and practice concepts of non-linearity and haunting, I use methods of creation that defy categorization, that blend analog and digital, and that are deeply rooted in the practices and communities of marginalized bodies. My work takes video and sculptural forms, passing through aging space and technology – the CRT television, antique handkerchiefs, the Campbell House itself – and into transformation and entanglement.

³ a public historic museum in Toronto, situated in a hundred-year-old Georgian house with a long and tangled history.

⁴ see **A Thread** and **Signals**, respectively.

My research is driven by a desire to find comfort in uncertainty, and I choose the haunted house as my guide. I seek a mixed alignment – I recognize in myself the ghosts and the haunted, and the ways in which they both become bound to the house. Living with a haunting is to engage consistently with a precarious unknown (either of the house you live in or of the inhabitants that live in you). We are dangerous to each other, but we can learn to navigate that danger. To that end, I seek to further understand three questions:

Can the figure of the haunted house as entity guide us towards a way of imagining an acceptance and comfort in unknowing/uncertainty/mutability?

Can the haunted house be both a site of trans and disabled resistance to the normative nuclear family structure that excludes us, and a place to process the trauma and grief caused by trying to adhere to these structures?

Can hybrid forms of meaning-making that don't fit neatly into categories of gender, genre or medium draw out trans and disabled representations and build new associations on the cultural symbol of a haunted house?

With these questions in mind, I invite you now to traverse the corridors of this document, to let your eyes adjust to the light, and to find the secrets therein.

[return to navigation](#)

Reflections

When I was younger I had no mirrors in my bedroom – something I didn't even think of as unusual or intentional until a friend commented on it. I did not (do not) like to look at myself, in part because I am often surprised and confused by what I see. Covering mirrors after a death is not uncommon in cultural mourning practices; it is present in elaborate Victorian funeral rites and the Jewish period of sitting shiva, among others. The reasons given for this tradition vary – to avoid vanity during a period that should be focused on the deceased; because after a loss the veil between life and death is thin and mirrors can act as doorways; to prevent spirits from getting lost in reflected corridors. I, with my aversion to mirrors in life, ended up with a version of this mythos that to me seemed the obvious reason for covering mirrors in a house of death: that if a ghost should return to the house they lived in and see their reflection in a mirror, they would realize they were dead, and be paralyzed with fear and confusion – unable to move on or let go. When I see myself, I am trapped by it: looping through obsession and repulsion, trying to understand how I might be perceived.

Every morning I wake up and stare at my body in the mirror as I rub AndroGel (testosterone suspended in a clear, alcohol-based gel that looks, smells, and feels similar to hand sanitizer) on my shoulders and upper back. When I was taking testosterone through injections, I felt the point of puncture; the physical boundaries of my body being breached to allow the hormones access. A door being opened. I reveled in the self-injury of it; to change the body I resented, felt trapped by, I had to damage it. In autumn of 2020, after two years, the practice of stabbing myself weekly no longer felt novel or vindicating; it was exhausting and anxiety-provoking. The doctor called what I was experiencing 'injection fatigue' and told me it was common; in the next few days I began my relationship with gel testosterone. Of his experience with gel, Preciado writes – "The testosterone molecule dissolves into the skin as a ghost walks through the wall. It enters without warning, penetrates without leaving a mark" (2013, 67). Every morning I wake up and let the ghost in. I watch in the mirror as the slow, deliberate changes take place over the course of months. Every morning I see myself imperceptibly different from how I was yesterday, and wonder if it's working; but in pictures of me from last month, last year, the difference is apparent. I have to engage with my reflection to change its shape. I have to caress my body as it is to change its form.⁵

This practice of communing daily with my reflection allows me to unstick myself from the mirror that I once felt so trapped in; I can freely enter and exit the loop. But I am still wary of how others see me – cautious of how I behave in conversation, how I carry myself, what I wear. Two words are important here: *passing* and *masking*. In my personal context the two are intertwined. Passing suggests a vocabulary of being perceived as a trans person, of being seen in a way that aligns with your identity. Passing in this way is not only *passing* the test or threshold of gender presentation, but also the way you are seen in *passing* – in fleeting moments where you are not scrutinized, in passing by a mirror and (mis)recognizing yourself. Dysphoric feeling distorts self-perception. Passing is also vocabulary used to euphemize death; the passing from one mode of being to another. To haunt might be to take a form that can *only* pass – walking through walls, only seen in flickers, already through the threshold. *Masking* evokes covering, pretending. You may be familiar

⁵ Erin Manning writes at length about skin, considering it as an outmost layer of ourselves that is in constant transformation (healing wounds, sloughing off dead cells) – to touch skin, to caress and reach toward, is to "...reach toward that which is in a continued state of (dis)integration and (dis)appearance." (2006, 85)

with the word in its context often used around neurodivergence – the process by which those of us who fall onto the spectrum of neurological difference learn to hide, to present ourselves through normative modes of thought and interaction. This type of masking is not only about hiding our less normative/acceptable selves – it is also about protecting them. Passing and masking both spring out of an awareness of difference, of how you are seen.

A practice of mask-making allows me to explore this; a mask becomes a filter through which our gazes must pass to meet. For this project, I look towards veils; shrouds of grieving, indicators of change. The visual language of the veil recalls that classic draped ghost, a body suggested but not clearly visible. Working with my digital image – filming myself (sitting, standing, laying down, knitting, face covered/uncovered) and then editing that footage – adds a temporal layer to my perceptual awareness. My use of video seeks to create a new resonance from the multiple frequencies of me (in front of the camera), you (behind the camera), me (editing on the computer), and you (watching on a screen). In the video I am knitting, needles prosthetically allowing me to change fiber into textile. The knitting is in a state of becoming alongside me, entwined with me, that never resolves. My face is covered, my face is out of frame. You have to engage with my body, with the outline of my form. I have to engage with it too, all its dysphoric misrecognitions and invisible aches and pains. You cannot see where it hurts in the video. You cannot see where the fatigue crouches in my core. You cannot see the dry residue of testosterone on my skin from the morning hours before I packed a bag and walked to the Campbell House. These sensations and complications haunt my video work as a ghost haunts a house – I cannot see them, but I know they're there.

[return to navigation](#)

Dead Reckoning

To be lost requires an idea of where you were planning to go, or at the very least where you came from. In navigating, finding our way, we expect the world to adhere to our expectations of spatial logic: that markers of place will stay where we last left them; that the inside of a structure will fit the outside; that windows and doors and halls will take static form in a way that we are familiar with. We rely on memory, intuition and normative systems of measurement to guide us. What, then, do we make of houses that don't adhere to these structures? Houses with doors that go nowhere, halls that get longer every time you walk down them, stairs with no discernible end⁶. Vivian Sobchack writes – “The shape of ‘not knowing where you are’ is elastic, shifting, telescopic, spatially and temporally elongated” (72). If Gaston Bachelard is correct in his assertion that the purpose of the house is to provide comfort and stability (107), these houses fail their inhabitants, their humans. This is a common trope of the haunted house; an unruly, impossible space that seems to resent its inhabitants. Houses can become unruly in many ways, real and fantastical; in *A Glossary of Haunting*, Eve Tuck and C. Ree discuss the example of a leaky roof which, in their words, “expresses the horror of walls transgressed, physical structures made permeable and violated of their visual promise of protective boundaries” (645). The impossible house reflects the anxiety of feeling lost, the precarity of uncertain living.

This subjective, hyperbolic space was once all I knew; Sobchack argues that such space is the shape “...of a child's world *before* it and the child have been properly ‘disciplined’ and ‘sized’” (60, emphasis in original). To me, the house I grew up in was an entity, chameleonic and aware of our presence in it. We had conflicting information about when it was built, and when it was added on to, which led me to imagine a mythos of our house as something that had simultaneously always been there and that had sprung into existence the day we had driven to see it for the first time. I was three years old when my parents bought the house; some of my earliest memories are of moving in, learning the peculiarities of the space, choosing what colors to paint my room. It was, as some would say, a fixer-upper – the roof leaked the first time it rained, the basement was often damper than it should be, and the garage was coated in a white fibrous dust that later turned out to be asbestos. My “first universe” (Bachelard 86) was transgressed even before I arrived in it; I have no memory of living in a well-disciplined house. It permeated my dreams – I walked shifting corridors and infinite staircases, and then I woke up, never sure how much of it was real.

Because of this, I learned to relate to houses (particularly haunted ones) in the same way I learned to relate to people; seeking patterns, anticipating points of friction, attempting to balance my needs and theirs. An unruly house is not a static object; it is unpredictable and in flux – and the lifespan of a house, its timescale, is much longer than ours. A haunting is not always perpetuated by the ghost of a human. Our relationship to our houses is symbiotic. In *The Familiar and the Forgotten*, an essay on Kitty Horrorshow's 2016 game *Anatomy*, Mark Hill writes that “A home that isn't cared for cannot protect us...just like lonely and bitter people, a lonely and bitter house can do terrible things.” Hill compares *Anatomy*'s house to the titular domicile in Shirley Jackson's classic

⁶ a history of this trope would be too lengthy for the purposes of this paper, but I can point to various examples important to my writing: Giovanni Piranesi's *Imaginary Prisons* etchings, reworked for their second publishing in 1761; the Winchester Mystery House in San Jose, California; Mark Z. Danielewski's influential novel *House of Leaves* (2000); the window in my childhood bedroom.

The Haunting of Hill House, pointing out that “the house isn’t merely a vehicle for the antagonist, but the antagonist itself.” (2018) Both of these houses are unruly – they shift and change and make no sense, and both tales end with the protagonist (or player) tied to the house forever.

These are also both queer stories. They relish in uncertainty of space, fear, and intention. *Anatomy* is a game about searching in the dark, feeling through a familiar yet unfamiliar house. Seeking out cassette tapes that narrate a consideration of house as body, of an abandoned house as hungry and sad and angry, the player is driven forward by a search for an understanding that never fully materializes. Kitty Horrorshow is an openly trans artist, and her voice cuts through the static on the cassettes within *Anatomy*, oscillating through (mis)recognition in a way that uses our expectation of being able to divine gender by vocal pitch against us. Her distorted whisper becomes the voice of the house, and we spend too long untangling her words to get a clear idea of what their speaker might look like. Before a conclusion can materialize, the house itself devours the player, ending the game. *The Haunting of Hill House* is largely considered a queer-coded narrative, and many papers have been written considering the relationship between Eleanor and Theodora, the possibility of Eleanor as a repressed queer and traumatized body positioned against/alongside the liberated and self-assured figure of Theodora.⁷ Eleanor, whose fraught relationship with her mother leaves her immature and skittish, both longs for and is repulsed by Theodora; and in the end, Eleanor chooses to stay with the house, unruly body in unruly space, becoming yet another ghost in the house’s “absolute reality” (Jackson 1).

I am far from the first person to draw the connection between haunted domestic spaces and queerness; but I want to use this narrative and connection to draw out an emergent perspective⁸. The nuclear family has abandoned us, so we can choose – as the house in *Anatomy* does – to seek revenge, or – to borrow a phrase from Donna Haraway – to *stay with the trouble*, as Eleanor does. To stay with the trouble in this context is to recognize our becoming-with the house, our entanglements, our relays. We cannot hope to wrestle the house into an understandable form, but we can see the magnetism in its mutability and use that to embrace our own. Although *Hill House* ends with Eleanor’s demise, the reading I want to offer is (in line with Muñoz and Sedgwick) reparative and hopeful one: if the very concept of haunting tells us death is not the end, we can interpret Eleanor’s actions as an expression of autonomy – she insists on her cup of stars (Jackson 61). I do not mean here to advocate for suicide, but to recognize the queer search for what Paul B. Preciado calls *a way out* – radical transformation, gender transition, self-acceptance as a way to keep on living (2020). The house and Eleanor both refuse what is expected of them, and in doing so become irreversibly entwined.

[return to navigation](#)

⁷ See Evans 2020, Herren 2021, Lootens 1991.

⁸ I am thinking here of Natalie Loveless’ description of *worlding*; of storytelling as inherently a vessel for perspectives and narratives (2019).

A Strange Loop

Haunting confronts us directly with our own multiplicity of knowing. You can know that in terms of scientific research and concrete fact, there is no proof for the existence of ghosts⁹. But in a haunted house – in the presence of doors that slam on their own, wind that whistles disconcertingly – you cannot shake the possibility that there are revenants/remnants there with you. An emotional knowledge rooted in folkloric tradition and the anxiety of something being other than what you expected. This felt knowledge exists alongside and in tandem with the intellectual reasoning that tells you there’s a logical explanation – moisture in the wood, rats in the walls. For me, this multiplicity of knowing is not only a daily occurrence: it is a symptom. Hypervigilance, obsession. The things I am cautious of make no sense; I know this. I flinch at the opening drum riff of Alanis Morissette’s *You Oughta Know*; it took me years to feel comfortable eating chicken tikka masala. Like a haunting, there are days that I don’t believe the events that traumatized me even happened – I doubt my own experience, my body, my racing heart. It can’t have been as bad as I remember it. Ghosts aren’t real.

It’s difficult to write about my trauma without recounting it, immersing myself in it. I am invested in protecting myself, and I want to be gentle with you; this is not a damage narrative. I am not defined by what happened to me – but it is a facet, and it provides me with a certain kind of insight. This is all I’ll say: when a relationship ends – a longer relationship, where your friend groups start to blur together, where people think of you as a couple before they think of you as individuals – it’s as though people around you let go of a breath they were holding. Suddenly, everyone has opinions. I ran into a friend the day after – when they asked about her and I quietly said we were taking some space, they said *finally* – *I was wondering when you were going to dump her*. I didn’t understand how they saw what I thought I’d been so good at hiding. Our façade of normalcy depended not on my hard work but on others pretending not to see the cracks.¹⁰

We think of abuse as cyclical; but if this is true, we must think about all aspects of normative family life as cyclical. We are guided into knowing our roles as children, which prepares us for future roles that involve the guiding of our children. We are instructed not only how to behave in our family unit but also how to witness and present ourselves to other families. To perform the happy family is to preserve the happy family: it ensures our problems remain *ours*, outside the control of state or social apparatuses. When we turn away from discomfort and mistreatment, it is because we learn it as the polite thing to do: after all, no one wants to make a scene. Domestic trouble begets haunting; the abused child, the neglected spouse. These are the living ghosts that haunt suburban houses – their revelation would destroy the happy family, so we seek other explanations. They are hidden within the house, confined and aimless, leaving their traces in the walls. As Carmen Maria Machado writes, “you don’t need to die to leave a mark of psychic pain.” (127)

Eeriness – the uncanny, the haunted – is allegorically tied to trauma. It’s only natural that haunting would cycle, self-perpetuate. I want to point to two specific examples: the first, in *The Haunting of Hill House* (2018) – Mike Flanagan’s television adaptation of Shirley Jackson’s novel of the same name¹¹; and the second, in Junji Ito’s seminal horror manga *Uzumaki*. In *Hill House*, the cycle is temporal and literal – Eleanor, as a young child, is plagued with dreams and visions of an

⁹ see also Muñoz, 2009, page 65 – “Queerness has an especially vexed relationship to evidence.”

¹⁰ see **Lover’s Eye**

¹¹ see **Dead Reckoning** for a deeper consideration of Jackson’s novel.

entity she calls “the bent-neck lady”; only to realize at the end of her life that the specter haunting her has been her own future death all along. As she hangs, choking, from a noose in the titular house, she drops through her own memories, seen from the perspective of the bent-neck lady. She experiences terror in her death and in her childhood at the same time, even though these events take place decades apart in a linear sense.

In *Uzumaki*, Ito presents us with a town “plagued by spirals”. The first two chapters follow a family: a father who becomes obsessed with spirals – first with collecting them, and then, when his collection is thrown away by his wife, turning himself into them. At the point at which some tales of haunting might end – when he is consumed by his obsession and crushes all his bones in order to shape his entire body into a spiral – Ito simply shifts focus: his wife, who survives him, becomes obsessed with eradicating spirals, going so far as to shave off all her hair to avoid curls and cut off the tips of her fingers and toes because of the whorls in her fingerprints. Her son – who has been increasingly aware of spirals since his father’s obsession began – tries to protect her from the knowledge that there are spirals inside the human body, in the cochlea of the ear; but her husband comes to her in a dream and tells her, and when she wakes up she plunges a pair of scissors into her ear. The spirals force relation and transfer, memetic, through familial proximities. In chapter 3, Shuichi (the son) has formed an uncanny ability to sense the spiral before it even forms. He is hypervigilant: not fully pulled towards his mother’s drive for eradication, but still guided by a fear and wariness of the spiral that is present even when it seems there are no spirals to be found. When the spiral does emerge – this time in the face of a classmate – his suspicions are confirmed and his hypervigilance only grows stronger.

[return to navigation](#)

Lover's Eye

My childhood bedroom. Four walls, one with windows looking out into the yard. My family moved into the house when I was three, needing more space as I grew. The room that became *my* room was an odd addition that at some point went from a deck to an enclosed porch to a sunny bedroom with inconsistent wiring and a window that connected it to the master bedroom – my parents' bedroom. As a toddler, this was very convenient; I was easy to monitor. I had regular nightmares and a habit of sleepwalking, so an easy way to check in was a necessity. To me, it felt like a special shortcut I could take – if my mother was folding laundry, I could climb through the window and talk to her, or I could surreptitiously check their closet for presents before birthdays and holidays without ever appearing to leave my own room. But, as toddlers tend to do, I got older, and the presence of the window soured in my mind. I wanted independence, and privacy – the window became a breach in my comfort zone, a gaping hole in the one space I could call my own. The older I got, the less my parents and I trusted each other. They rarely felt the need to knock (my door never had a lock), or to stay out of my room when I wasn't home – what felt normal and comforting in earlier parts of my childhood became frustrating and disconcerting. In high school, I found out that they'd been reading a personal blog that I shared with friends without my knowledge, and that they were keeping an eye on my internet history. I am sure this was out of care and concern – I was a depressed, queer teen who had contemplated suicide more than once – but I felt betrayed and violated, and became even more secretive as a result.

There is a delicate and sometimes painful balance between care and autonomy; its ephemeral nature runs contrary to the stable foundation of the nuclear family. As a parent, at what age do you allow your child to make choices that may hurt them? To make choices that may hurt you? At what age is “allowing” your child to do anything less a function of raising them, and more a function of exerting control? This is how structures/architectures of care become intertwined with/transformed into architectures of surveillance. I can't pretend to know where the threshold – that moment of crossing the line – is, or if there even is one that can be pinned down and defined. Derrida's specters return here: I am haunted by the memory of being watched, and that memory is indistinguishable from reality – I am watched every day. You are too.

The intricacies of surveillance and care are more and more entangled with technology – I readily admit to checking up on friends, researching past lovers, and feeling para-social connection through the portal of the internet, and I know you do too. Social media is wrapped up in the complexities of image, of how we present and perceive ourselves. The machines in our pockets are engines for looking at others, but they also reflect us in the dark screen. In more ways than one, they are Claude glasses¹²; a way of looking without looking, a filtered, softened, reflected version of our world. Flattened but not dull, it is simply a manageable slice of what would otherwise be beyond overwhelming. We see when our friends are doing well, what they are proud of; when they are struggling, they are often simply out of frame.

¹² a Claude glass is a dark-tinted or black pocket mirror, slightly convex (like the screen of a box TV), popular in the 18th century as a composition tool for artists and a landscape viewing instrument for tourists. In addition to framing the reflected area within the confines of the mirror, the dark glass would give it a painterly quality, softening edges and unifying color palettes. Similar obsidian mirrors were used for scrying and divination by indigenous Aztec/Maya peoples, and later adopted/appropriated by European occultists such as John Dee.

This is not unique to the digital – points of communication, of connection, are points of performative identity (Butler 226). In the familial space – the family portrait, the greeting card, the outgoing voicemail message.

There are moments, especially in a trans and disabled context, where we must submit ourselves to surveillance in order to receive care. To prove my trans identity, my disability, I must reveal it: to a doctor for medical access, to an employer for workplace accommodation, to a justice system for legal changes of name and gender marker that would afford me privacy. An allergy panel may be a useful metaphor: you had an allergic reaction to something, you don't know what, so a series of needles make tiny abrasions in your skin – entryways for isolated allergens – and whichever ones swell up are the ones causing the problem. An external body, with power that you lack, has to witness and surveil your hives before they can be treated. But with something more abstract – mental illness, chronic fatigue – there is no easy way to show where the problem is coming from. Is it internal? External? Temporary or permanent? This emphasis on *proof*, on a hard delineation between abject and normative selfhood, doubts that marginalized bodies truly know their own experience. We cannot be trusted; we are unreliable narrators (Sterne 12).

Trauma proves a sticky point here. While I may be willing to submit to my doctors a list of symptoms, to show them the blisters on my hands, to answer to the best of my knowledge a behavioral questionnaire – to recount trauma, to be asked to prove it, poses the risk of re-traumatizing. Beyond the reliving of an event or series of events – what if the proof is deemed insufficient by the powers that be? What are we left with if we cannot reveal ourselves enough to be deemed worthy of care? What degree of belief do we need to achieve for medical intervention, political intervention, community intervention? We would all like to believe that there are cut-and-dry ways of knowing, but as the information translates from our bodies to our words and back again, things get lost. I saw upwards of five doctors over the span of four years when I was dealing with the worst of my sleep troubles; each had a different approach, and they all seemed surprised that none of their predecessors had tried theirs. I complained of nightmares and trouble falling asleep: one guessed apnea; another prescribed pills to make me drowsy; one urged me to get more exercise, push my body to exhaustion so I'd have no choice but to rest; finally, one noted that my trouble falling asleep might be due to anticipation of the nightmares, and prescribed me medication to help with those, which I've been taking ever since.

Through being poked and prodded and surveilled, I have learned a language that allows me access to care. I know which symptoms to emphasize, which diagnoses to rattle off, how and when to use the word “comorbid”. I don't feel so vulnerable anymore – I have built up a mask that looks enough like me that I don't need to reveal my face. But like a bedsheet ghost, I can't help but wonder if I'm still visible underneath.

[return to navigation](#)

A Fragment

Knowledge production is a process of layering and compiling. I am not creating something new from scratch; I am reflecting what I have learned in combination with my experience and interpretation. This reflection takes a new form. The process of photogrammetry¹³ is similar – to take a series of photographs and compile them into a three-dimensional model of a space/object/person. You could look at each individual image and perhaps construct the model in your mind, but instead I mediate the images through computer programs that misrecognize separations and surfaces we take for granted. A photogrammetric scan of my body, in a chair, knitting, my face covered: the model makes no distinction between my body and the fiber, my body and the chair, the chair and the floor. I become part of the house, a fleshy tumor latched onto the old wood.

Well, you might say, that is a problem with the technology; that it can't recognize your separation from the house doesn't mean it isn't there. I agree – functionally, I am not stuck in the floor. But the failures of technology allow me to visualize ways of feeling as a disabled person; I can't help but connect the representation of my body becoming one with the house to the concept of a disabled body being *housebound*. Seeking resonant representations of disability, I keep returning to the glitch, connecting the semiototechnology (Kittler, Langlois) of digital image to the medical presentation of depression, anxiety, etc. as neurological “misfiring”. A glitch is an anomaly. A break in the pattern, indicating (or causing) a technological anxiety (Russell, 7). Glitches destabilize our trust in technology, ask us to consider what lies under the surface, out of sight. Legacy Russell writes, “...the glitch creates a fissure within which new possibilities of being and becoming manifest” (11). The glitch is a space for play, for resistance to binaries, for productive failure (Halberstam 3). Residing in the glitch – in the in-between spaces of gender, technology, selfhood/community – also opens a space for kinship. Confronting a glitch means peeling back the skin of the software and seeking interface with its esoteric, arcane inner workings. In many ways, a glitch performs the same function as a haunting: it destabilizes what we think we know, causes a moment of disorientation, of *what-was-that*. It shifts our experience of time, and in some cases makes us question our own perception. Russell positions the glitch as a refusal, a becoming-through-destruction that operates against expectations of functioning in a capitalist, gender-normative context. Hito Steyerl considers the ways that the “poor image” resides outside a “class society of images” (6); the glitch is aligned with the abject, the marginalized.

Beyond the functional similarities between a glitch and a haunting, there is a direct connection between the eccentricities of technology and the presence of ghosts. Telephone wires carried our disembodied voices like ghosts, now they float through the air; signal interference on radios and TVs brings eerie communication from unfamiliar sources.¹⁴ Paranormal researchers rely on the glitch to find ghosts. Filmic representations of haunting increasingly utilize tropes of glitching and what Shane Denson calls “crazy cameras” (3) to evoke destabilization and the uncanny. The haunted glitch has been summarily adopted by trans and disabled artists as a tool of embodiment;

¹³ photogrammetry is a process of creating a 3D scan through photographs; hundreds of overlapping photos of the same object from various angles are compiled to form a digital model.

¹⁴ see Sconce 2000, Blackman 2019, Gallerneaux 2018.

Kitty Horroshow's 2016 game *Anatomy*¹⁵ uses the glitch as a mechanical tool to shift the player's relationship to the act of playing – part of the experience is the multiple times the program unexpectedly quits and starts up more distorted and changed than the last time you opened it.

The space of the glitch is also *accessible*. It is easier for digital media artists operating outside the mainstream/spaces rich in resources and funding to lean on the limitations of their tech for aesthetic resonance than to attempt to reach for a big-budget, hyperrealist aesthetic. Working with the glitch is more collaboration than control – you cannot predict exactly what will go wrong or how. You must meet the glitch on its own terms; it will never make it easy for you. But you can find the spaces where the glitch thrives and pry them open – in working with photogrammetry and lidar scanning, these are spaces of reflective depth, transparency, and connection. A mirror becomes a passageway because the light keeps bouncing. A glass tabletop disappears altogether, leaving a clock to float inches above the table's base. Speaking to a friend about the work I was doing, he excitedly told me that his Roomba thinks there's a hallway in his apartment that it can't access – what it's seeing is a floor-length mirror. So the haunting continues: machines act as a vessel to engage with the uncanny. Gallerneaux describes mediumship as a “lineage of prosthetics evolving from analog into digital realms” (29); the glitch is one point in a long line of ghostly communication.

[return to navigation](#)

¹⁵ also discussed in **Dead Reckoning**.

A Thread

Donna Haraway writes of string figures, using thread as a point of engendering and transformation. String figures fall into a peculiar and very particular kind of creation – they are not permanent or really preservable, not useful or commodifiable in a capitalist sense, and they are not performed for large audiences; rather, they are small and private things whose being is entirely in their making. String figures are “practice and process; it is becoming-with each other in surprising relays” (Haraway 3). The other thing about string figures is that they are unpredictable. Even when following a pattern or knowing a trick, the way the string twists or tangles can affect the outcome of the figure. The unpredictability and potentiality of thread draws me to it materially. Knit and crocheted work can be unraveled far more quickly than it can be made, and its making is a repetitive, embodied experience. Making textile work is sensory by nature – the feel of the threads, the texture of the fabric. It is connective, metaphorically and literally; makers of textile learn from each other, make for each other, make for friends and family, make together. We can also use Haraway’s string figures to imagine thread as resistant and transformative – working within the unpredictability of thread to create fiber work is an engagement with uncertainty.

Mai Tominaga’s 2006 film *Wool 100%* tells the story of two sisters, Ume and Kame, who have grown old together in their cluttered house; they repeat their collecting of discarded junk alongside rituals of eating, sleeping, cataloguing. They care for the objects they find – each is meticulously cleaned, documented, and placed carefully somewhere on the inside or outside of their home. Angela Maddock notes the vulnerable, dreamlike way that their possessions coat their house, hanging from the roof and lining the garden walls; “unfolded folds and multiple gatherings, turning the inside out” (43). As their belongings take their places within the house, the space of it shifts to accommodate them – their house is ever becoming, filling and spreading. I’m reminded of the figure of the cave in Wajdi Mouawad’s *Alphonse*; it weeps, its tears become stalactite and stalagmite pillars that support it, but eventually “all these columns of tears will fill me. And I will disappear” (35). But the cave doesn’t weep in anticipation of its disappearance – it weeps to *change*. The repetitive, imperceptibly slow creation of pillars is the cave’s movement, its growth. But still, it *weeps*. Though there is transformation in it (and in the cluttering of Ume and Kame’s house), it is a slow one, a painful one.

Just as the cave is interrupted by the sudden appearance of a child (Pierre-Paul-René), Ume and Kame’s routine is interrupted by the appearance of a young girl, naked aside from the messy giant red sweater she knits for herself, then unravels, then knits for herself again. Aminaoshi (“knit-again”) engages with their house as a ghost. She lets herself in and refuses to leave; at first she does not engage directly with the sisters, but leaves messes, sleeps on their kitchen table, moves their things. There are times that the sisters believe she is gone, only for her to appear again, wailing: “Damn! I have to knit it all over again!”

Aminaoshi’s knitting is frenzied, but there is only so fast you can knit; her slow, painful attempts at creation mirror the sisters’ collecting habits, and in the end, they must help each other. The house, antagonistic to Aminaoshi’s intrusion, attempts to consume her, leading the sisters to begin a letting-go – tossing the objects that harm their newfound companion. Eventually, the sisters reconcile their complex relationship with the practice of knitting, steeped in the trauma of their mother’s death: then, they are able to help Aminaoshi, knitting a sweater for her, from her own red yarn. Creating through fiber – a sweater, a hat, a blanket – is an act of care; expressing vulnerability

by accepting the sweater, Aminaoshi deepens her odd entanglement with the sisters, looping them together in a non-normative formulation of family. The red thread of Aminaoshi's sweater engages with a semiotic lineage of complex femininity and motherhood. Maddock draws in the work of Louise Bourgeois and her use of red fiber in works like *The Red Room – Child*, with its “tightly wound cones of red thread” (44), visible only through a single window marked ‘Private’.

To tangle and untangle my own red thread lets me engage with this lineage, with my own relationship to fiber, family and femininity. My mother taught me to knit and sew and embroider, I learned most of what I know about fiber from women; I struggled through the early parts of my transition with thinking of fiber as a feminine craft, trying to untangle the performance of gender from a type of making I truly love. In this thesis thread functions as an exploratory tool for layering, looping, complication – it is time, too, a physical representation of my past motions, a trace of my tangles. My knitting has allowed me to sit and reflect on the ways I am making, and leaving it in the space – still in the process of becoming – is its own engagement with time and uncertainty: rather than creating a perfect and complete object, I am showing a facet of my process, and involving you in the becoming of my work.

[return to navigation](#)

Signals

For many of us, the house is the first domain of play – of peek-a-boo, hide-and-seek, of pretending and imagining. Play serves to break barriers and expectations, blur boundaries between the real and unreal, and allow us to engage with uncertainty. Games and play are tools of engendering at an individual and community level; to ask you to play with me unseats you from the role of observer (reader) and makes you part of this thesis. To make art about destabilizing boundaries and tradition within the space of a house (as a haunting does), it felt vital to me to reckon with the boundaries and traditions of art itself. Thinking this through ideas of co-implication, haunting and embodiment, I came to the space of lyric games. While they are entangled in a community and tradition of tabletop role-playing, lyric games find a lineage in instructional and performance art – they are poetic, personal, abstract. Rather than continue to try to describe them, I offer a concise example in the form of Riverhouse Games' *We Are But Worms: A One-Word RPG*. The entirety of the game, its text and instruction, is (as the title implies) one word:

Writhe.

Lyric games are games that question the very definition of games – that resist categorization and ask us to consider what it means to *play*. It's not a stretch to trace their influences to works like Yoko Ono's *Instruction Paintings* or *Grapefruit*, Bruce Nauman's *Body Pressure*, and John Cage's *4'33*. To grasp the full space of lyric games as play, art piece, and poetry, I turn to designer Logan Timmins: "The first method of play is to read. To read and imagine is a form of play." (3)

I also want to draw specific attention to the proliferation of lyric games in trans and other marginalized communities. Lyric games are alienated from the world of fine art, circulating in PDFs and zines. When Yoko Ono first exhibited her instructions in a gallery in 1962, "...the journalists who came to the opening didn't seem to get the point at all." (Ono 1995, 6) While Ono's work has been more than accepted into the artistic canon, artists working in similar spaces today still struggle to find recognition that their work *matters*. This is not entirely unsurprising, given the amount of lyric games that celebrate and uplift trans and disabled voices – and not just voices, but joy and hope, rather than the often damage-centered tone around trans and disabled artwork in majoritarian spaces. Lyric games offer queer futurity over queer struggle. Even games that engage with the struggle – like Jay Dragon & Maria Mison's *101 Games for Survival* – aim to empower, to offer a way forward, a way out¹⁶. They are absurd and tongue in cheek and recognize the difficulty of living. Take game 98 from the aforementioned book: "In the most mindful way possible: try knife throwing!"

I am using lyric games in this project as a way to layer my experience with yours; I am thinking of you as I write them, you may think of me as you play them, we both perform the same actions. Through the complications and entanglements of thread, I ask you to touch what I have touched, leave traces of your presence in my work. The use of thread taps into our everyday personal relationships with material, as well as what Haraway calls "passing on and receiving, making and unmaking, picking up threads and dropping them" (3). There is instructional text in the space, my

¹⁶ see *Dead Reckoning*.

engagement with lyric games; but it is a little more than a starting point for your experience of touching, tying, untying, tracing and tangling.

I write my little instructions and think of them as games, but this document too is a game: haven't you been reading and imagining? I hope to offer relationality through haunting, asking the house's visitors to slow to its pace and feel through their own relationship with space, thread, and memory. Play asks us to enter a space with an uncertain outcome, and oftentimes we enjoy it. I align my work with Jason Mohagheh's category of "Games of Superstition (ritualized wildness)", which utilize scores and instructions to enter into chaos and the arbitrary. I am using play to enter the in-between spaces, of transness, disability, and haunting, and embracing the uncertainty I find there.

[return to navigation](#)

Resolution, Resonance

Hello again. Are you looking for the ending? For now, there isn't one. I doubt there ever will be. The other day, my partner and I were on the phone with my partner's mom; she said – "When you die, there's still laundry to do." I'm never going to say everything I wanted to say. My entanglement with the haunted house has hovered in the back of my consciousness for years, passing through my work in flickers and obsessions. This thesis was an attempt to draw it fully into view, tune the dial until the static falls away; but for all the effort and concentration I've put into the focus, I can already feel it starting to go fuzzy. I feel lost, doubled, reflected and shattered. I will write about this again, you will read about this again. Or you will write and I will read. You and I are a little stuck on this topic.

I was thinking about how in my parents' house, we were afraid to go into the basement; and in yours, the attic. I was thinking about how when you died I was just angry and I wore uncomfortable jeans to the funeral. I was thinking about when we used to Skype from our bedrooms late at night and stop talking when the video feed fragmented – the glitch was an entity joining us in the conversation, so we made room for it to speak. I was thinking about you crying in the shower in the hotel room when your mom died even though you knew as soon as the phone rang. I was thinking about hanging the towel over the mirror so I wouldn't have to look at my naked body before I got into the shower. I was thinking about a lot of things.

I wish I could go back to that house, but I don't know who lives there now. I wonder if they have to contend with our ghosts, traces of our strange and malleable family – shrieks and laughter from the echoes of queer teens who slept on the floor there when there was nowhere else to go. I don't know if you ever really felt like you belonged there; I didn't. But that house was an amalgamation, a palimpsest – the space and time of the house itself was awkward, uncertain, disjointed, so it was okay that I was too. I take that feeling with me, long after the last time I set foot in that place, and I know you do too. A part of me still lives there with you.

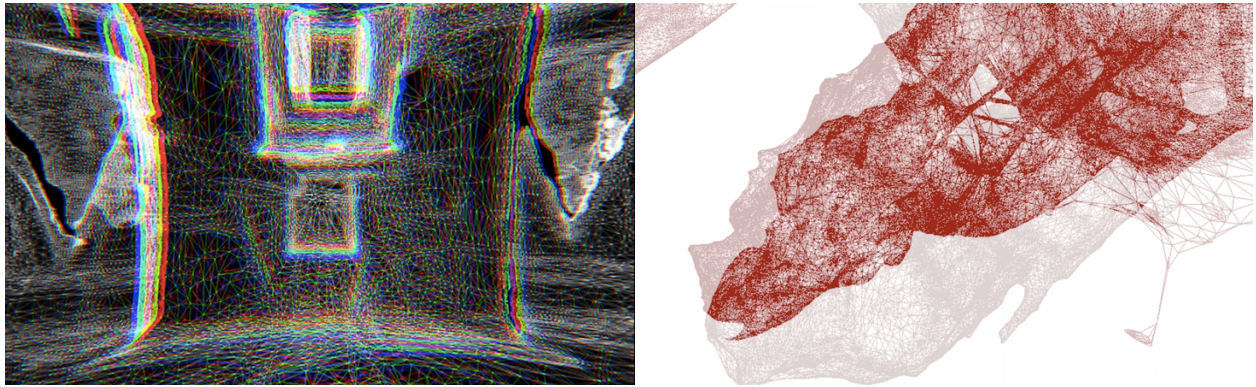
[return](#)

FLICKERS, FRAGMENTS: Images & Documentation

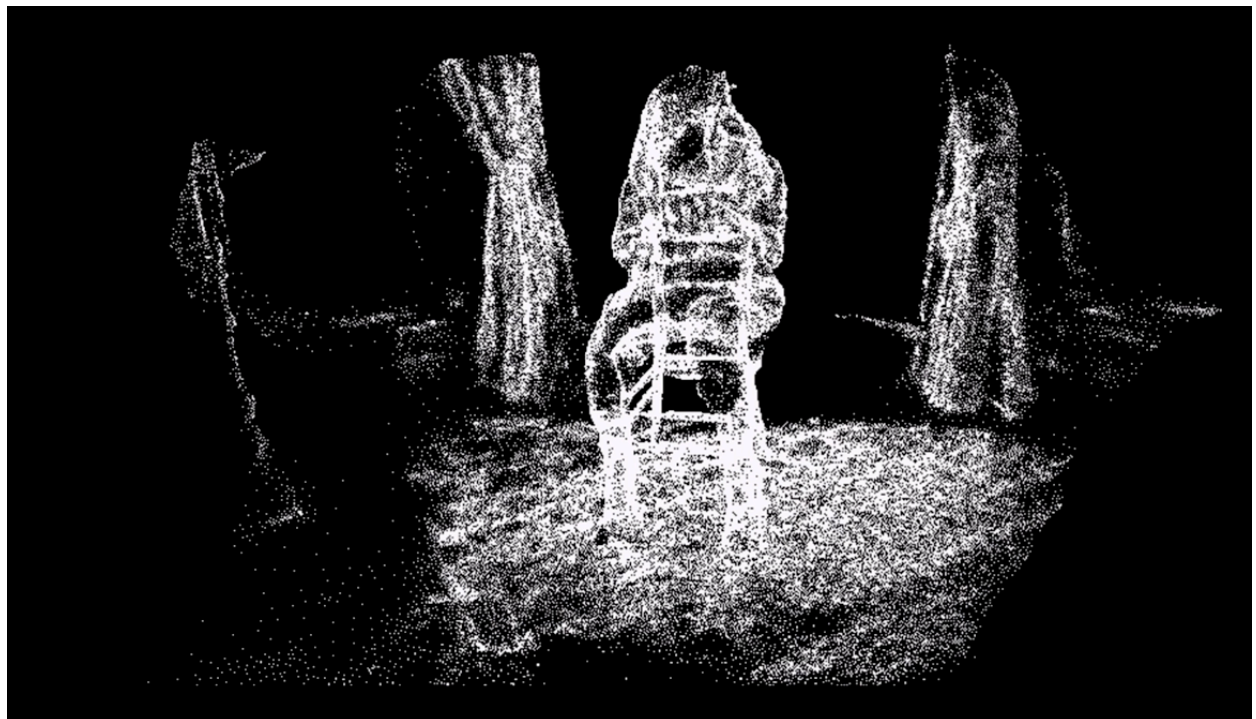
All documentation provided by myself and my partner, Kit Haehnel.

Although it won't be the same as seeing the work in the space, I have tried to arrange a journey through the installation on the page; from the northernmost wall with its projections and mirrors, around the textile works in the center of the room, and over to the television in the southeast corner.

At the end of this section, I include links to view parts of the work digitally.



above and below:
stills from single channel projector video - digital meshes created from photogrammetric scans





above: installation view of projection, on a wall between two antique mirrors draped with white fabric

below: installation view with projection and knit textile piece draped over antique chair





above: details of knit textile piece –
the bottom, unfinished, unravels and feeds into the top, forming a continuous tangled loop

below: installation view of projection and fireplace



next page:
installation view of the fireplace, red thread, and antique convex mirror



previous page:
installation view of the fireplace, red thread, and antique convex mirror



above: installation view of the CRT TV from the mantelpiece

below: installation views of CRT TV playing single-channel looped video

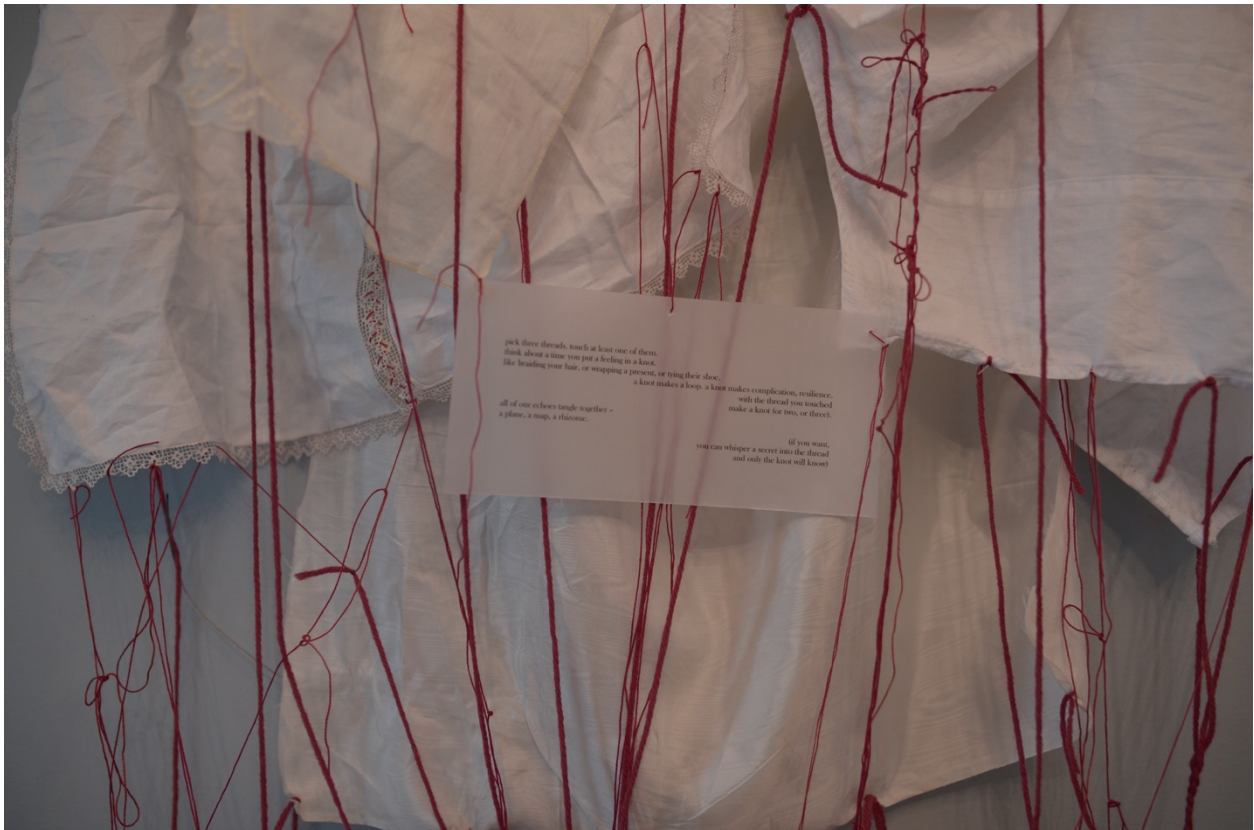


below: stills from single channel video loop played on vintage CRT TV





above and below: installation view and detail of interactive textile piece



pick three threads, touch at least one of them.
think about a time you put a feeling in a knot.
like braiding your hair, or snapping a pretzel, or tying their shoe.
a knot makes a heap, a knot makes complication, resilience,
with the thread you can feel
make a knot for love, or threat.

all of our selves tangle together -
a place, a map, a thorn.

if you want,
you can whisper a secret into the thread
and only the knot will know.

pick three threads. touch at least one of them.
think about a time you put a feeling in a knot.
like braiding your hair, or wrapping a present, or tying their shoe.

a knot makes a loop. a knot makes complication, resilience.
with the thread you touched
make a knot (or two, or three).

all of our echoes tangle together -
a plane, a map, a rhizome.

(if you want,
you can whisper a secret into the thread
and only the knot will know)

above: instructional text from interactive textile piece

below: detail of knots tied in the piece by visitors to the exhibition





above, left: the textile piece when I installed it, prior to any visitors or additions
above, right: the textile piece shortly before I deinstalled it, after many knots and tangles from visitors to the space

Some other ways to view and engage with the work:

- [watch the video loop that played on the projector](#)
- [watch the video loop that played on the television \(includes sound that played in the space\)](#)
- [play this document as a hypertext game \(includes images, video, and sound\)](#)

[return to navigation](#)

Works Cited

- Ahmed, Sara. "Happy Objects", in *The Affect Theory Reader* ed. Melissa Gregg and Gregory J. Seigworth. Duke University Press, 2010.
- Bachelard, Gaston. *The Poetics of Space*. Translated by Maria Jolas. Penguin Random House, 2014.
- Blackman, Lisa. *Haunted Data: Affect, Transmedia, Weird Science*. Bloomsbury Academic, 2019.
- Butler, Judith. *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of Sex*. Routledge, 1993.
- Cage, John. 4'33. 1952.
- Corkhill, Betsan, Jessica Hemmings, Angela Maddock & Jill Riley. "Knitting and Well-being." *TEXTILE*, vol. 12, no. 1, 2014, pp. 34-57, doi: [10.2752/175183514x13916051793433](https://doi.org/10.2752/175183514x13916051793433)
- Denson, Shane. *Discorrelated Images*. Duke University Press, 2020.
- Derrida, Jacques. *Specters of Marx: The State of the Debt, the Work of Mourning, and the New International*. Routledge, 2006
- Dragon, Jay and Maria Mison. *101 Games for Survival*. Possum Creek Games, 2020.
- Evans, Lynne. "Help Eleanor Come Home": Monstrous Maternity in Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*." *Canadian Review of American Studies*, vol. 50 no. 1, 2020, p. 102-120. Project MUSE muse.jhu.edu/article/753741.
- Flanagan, Mike, creator. *The Haunting of Hill House*. Amblin Television and Paramount Television, 2018.
- Gallerneaux, Kristen. *High Static, Dead Lines: Sonic Spectres and the Object Hereafter*. MIT Press, 2018.
- Halberstam, Jack. *The Queer Art of Failure*. Duke University Press, 2011.
- Haraway, Donna. *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. Duke University Press, 2016.
- Herren, Graley. "Shades of Shakespeare in the Queering of Hill House." *Critique: Studies in Contemporary Fiction*, vol. 62, no. 2, Mar. 2021, pp. 152–165, doi:10.1080/00111619.2020.1789542.
- Hill, Mark. "The Familiar and the Forgotten | ANATOMY", in *Heterotopias: Studies*. Heterotopias Zine, 14th March 2018. <http://www.heterotopiaszine.com/2018/03/14/familiar-forgotten-anatomy/>

ANATOMY. Kitty Horroshow, 2016. <https://kittyhorrorshow.itch.io/anatomy>

Ito, Junji. *Uzumaki: Spiral Into Horror*. Translated by Yuji Oniki. Viz Media, 2010.

Jackson, Shirley. *The Haunting of Hill House*. Viking Press, 1959.

Kittler, Friedrich A. Edited by John Johnston. *Literature, Media, Information Systems: Essays*. G+B Arts International, 1997.

Langlois, Ganaele. "Meaning, Semiotكنولوجies and Participatory Media," *Culture Machine*, vol. 12, 2011. <https://culturemachine.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/01/7-Meaning-437-890-1-PB.pdf>

Lootens, Tricia. "'Whose Hand Was I Holding?' Familial and Sexual Politics in Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*", in *Haunting the House of Fiction: Feminist Perspectives on Ghost Stories*, edited by Lynette Carpenter and Wendy K. Kolmar. University of Tennessee Press, 1991, pp. 166–92.

Loveless, Natalie. *How to Make Art at the End of the World: A Manifesto for Research-Creation*. Duke University Press, 2019.

Machado, Carmen Maria. *In the Dream House*. Graywolf Press, 2019.

Manning, Erin. *Politics of Touch Sense, Movement, Sovereignty*. University of Minnesota Press, 2007.

Manning, Erin. "Creative Propositions for Thought in Motion", *INFLExions Journal*, no. 1, May 2008. https://www.inflexions.org/n1_manninghtml.html

Mohagheh, Jason. "Insurrection vs. Extinction: Excerpt from the Book of Games" in *Triple Ampersand*. The New Center for Research and Practice, 2020. <https://tripleampersand.org/insurrection-vs-extinction-excerpt-book-games/>

Muñoz, José Esteban. *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity*. NYU Press, 2009.

Nauman, Bruce. *Body Pressure*. Artist Rights Society New York, 1974.

O'Doherty, Brian. *Inside the White Cube: The Ideology of the Gallery Space* (expanded ed.). University of California Press, 1999.

Ono, Yoko. *Grapefruit: a Book of Instructions + Drawings*. Simon and Schuster, 2000.

Ono, Yoko. *Instruction Paintings*. Weatherhill, 1995.

Preciado, Paul B. *Can the Monster Speak? Report to an Academy of Psychoanalysts*. Translated by Frank Wynne. MIT Press, 2021.

Preciado, Paul B. *Testo Junkie*. Translated by Bruce Benderson. Feminist Press, 2013.

Russell, Legacy. *Glitch Feminism: A Manifesto*. Verso, 2020.

Sconce, Jeffrey. *Haunted Media: Electronic Presence from Telegraphy to Television*. Duke University Press, 2000.

Sedgwick, Eve Kosofsky. *Touching Feeling: Affect, Pedagogy, Performativity*. Duke University Press, 2003.

Sobchack, Vivian. *Carnal Thoughts*. University of California Press, 2004.

Sterne, Jonathan. *Diminished Faculties: a Political Phenomenology of Impairment*. Duke University Press, 2021.

Steyerl, Hito. "In Defense of the Poor Image", *e-flux Journal*, issue #10, November 2009.
<https://www.e-flux.com/journal/10/61362/in-defense-of-the-poor-image/>

Timmins, Logan. *Logan*. Breathing Stories, 2021.

Wool 100%. Directed by Mai Tominaga. The Klock Worx Company and Cinema Epoch, 2006.

Tuck, Eve and C. Ree. "A Glossary of Haunting", in *Handbook of Autoethnography* ed. Stacy Holman Jones, Tony E. Adams and Carolyn Ellis. Routledge, 2013.

We Are But Worms: A One-Word RPG. Riverhouse Games, 2019.

(The ghost of R haunts this document:
a remnant, a revenant, a reflection, a resonance, a resolution, a return.
A name.
I encompass all that I have ever been, and all I ever will be.)