♡S'enfarger dans le quotidien♡

An Arts-Based Exploration of Neurodivergence
and the Current Digital Landscape

By

Jules Dufresne

A thesis exhibition presented to OCAD University
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for the degree of Master of Fine Arts
in Interdisciplinary Art, Media & Design

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Abstract

22h44, 28 décembre
I want a new life.
I'm not sure if I have the strength for it.
I feel extremely lazy, maybe because I'm exhausted.
Messiness is spreading around the house: things I won't use, won't wear, won't play with. Things I will end up throwing away. Weighting me down.
Weighting me down.
Maybe that's why. Scrolling is so easy.

This research started as a deep dive into a year of dealing with internet and cellphone overuse, and the different ways I tried to get myself out of the chaos of algorithmic life. Through autoethnography and arts-based research, I documented and scrutinized the difficulties of living a life entangled with digital technologies, and explored solutions to make it more livable. By getting in touch with older technologies—a slide projector, typewriters, film photography—and with nature, this thesis transformed outside of screens in an exploration of neurodivergent ways of living and researching. In my thesis exhibition *S'enfarger dans le Quotidien*, I crafted a home space where we neurodivergent people can rest and exist as we are. In this thesis paper, I let my academic writing follow the branching and expanding thought processing of Autism and ADHD. Anchored in an intersectional and feminist disability justice theory, building on the work of scholars such as Ahmed, Hersey, Piepzna-Samarasinha, Crenshaw and Schalk, this AuDHD research paper offers a tentative answer to the question: "What would it mean to *crip* a thesis?" The entirety of this work is by and for neurodivergent and disabled people.
An embodied, messy and playful path trying to steer away from the one written by big tech companies, and into our most divergent selves.

Keywords: Artistic autoethnography, Arts based research, Autism, Internet, Multidisciplinary, Neurodivergence, Relationships, Social media

Acknowledgments

Both my thesis show and this paper wouldn't have been possible without the tremendous support of my friends and family. Mamie, papa, maman, Vivek, Francis, Marie-Ange, Lei, Bénédicte, Sarah, Jacob, Laurence, Neema, Francesca, et Gabriel Peterson Marchand. My ancestors, my guides, friends and family who left us too soon: Michèle, Caroline, Joane, Doris, Marc, Rachel. You all have thought me love and radical acceptance, and for that I am forever grateful.

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To my advising committee: JJ Lee, thank you from the bottom of my heart for trusting my voice and pushing me to write in a profoundly neurodiverse way. This project wouldn't have been the same without your subversive spirit, wisdom and joy. Michael Lee Poy, thanks for helping me make this thesis as Québ as it could be. Michelle Miller, thank you for jumping in the final months of this project and offering much needed kindness and guidance.

Completing an MFA has been one of the most challenging tasks I've set my mind to in the past years. The joys and hardships that have entailed from that project have led me to countless migraines, meltdowns, an increased need for daily support, and exhaustion. Two incredible people helped me survive and complete grad school, I'm so touched to be calling them my friends: Sade & Sofia. You are a gift to this world.

Thanks to the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada for partially funding the final year of this research project.

And finally to my fiercest life partners: Léon and Rémon. Thanks for tolerating my fifteen + hours outside of the house, and for being so present, reminding me of the importance of living in the now. You're simply the best.

Dedication, Part 1

First and foremost, this research project is an act of rebellion and care for my younger self. Jules, I continue to dig in and look for ways in which you can expand your being into this world. I will continue to protect you, to love you, to believe in you, and to trust you. Everything I do is to inch closer to the joy you sought, to honour the creativity and bursting passion you carried and to repair the harm that was done to you. You are enough as you are.



Dedication, Part 2

I am surrounded and supported by a myriad of Autistic, ADHD, and AuDHD friends, family and life partners. The love and care that we cultivate in our relationships is so precious and rare—it repairs and rewires me every day. Thank you for helping me believe in a world both soft and powerful. Thank you for helping me build that world.

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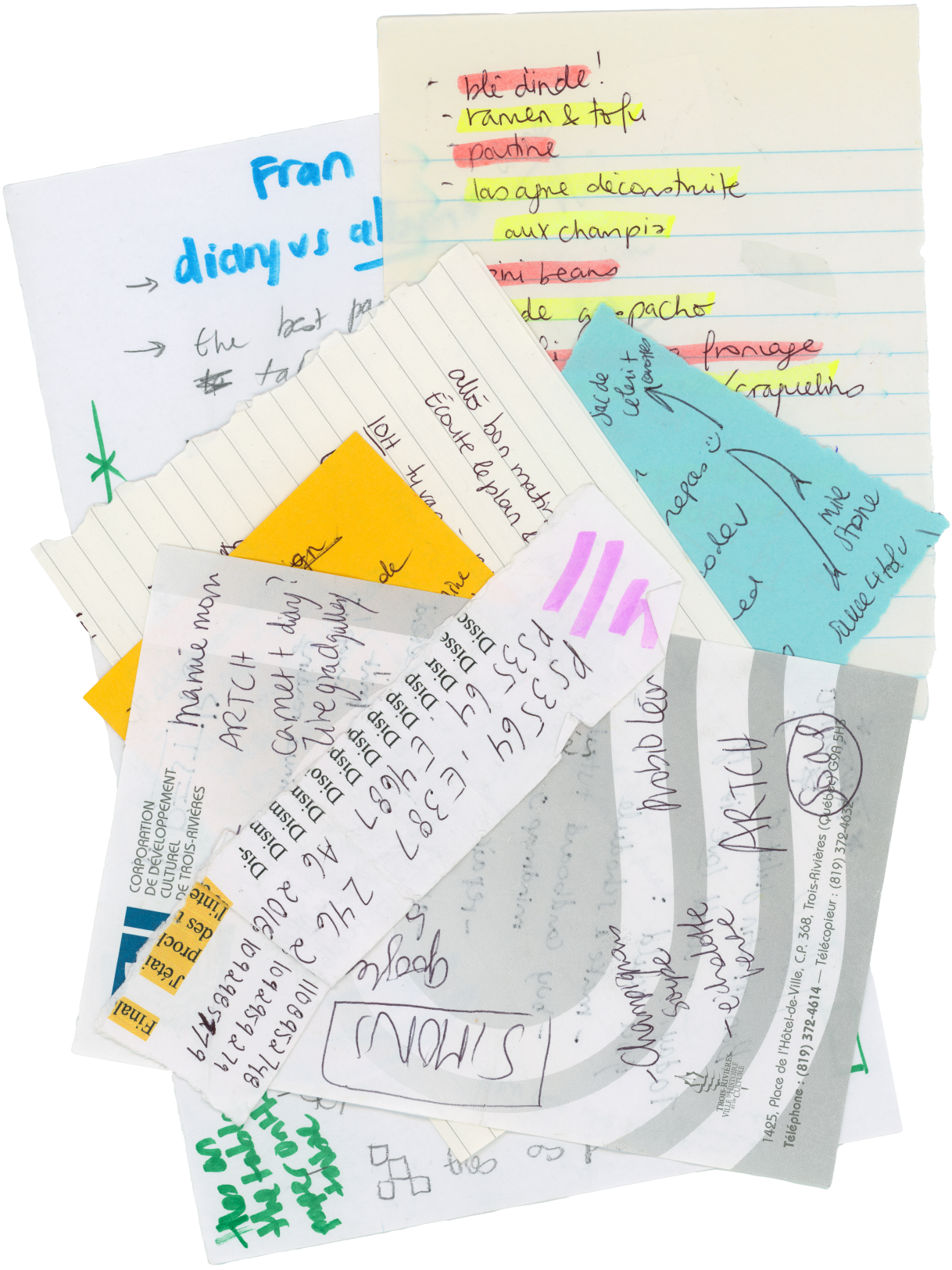

Fig. 1. Buried in to-do lists. 2026

[1] The alternative text (alt text) for this document was generously written by Sofia Sue-Wah-Sing.

The Beginning

17 février 2024
C'est vrai que je me vois pas comme quelqu'un de travaillant parce que j'accomplis pas de "grandes choses". **J'm'enfarge un peu dans le quotidien.** Toutes les tâches de la vie quotidienne m'apparaissent très lourdes. J'ai toujours l'impression de travailler et pourtant j'me vois pas comme quelqu'un de travaillant. En me confiant à Vivek tantôt, je disais genre "it's not because it feels like work that it is work".

This research paper begins with a lot of shame, guilt, and feelings of inadequacy. I want to honour the excruciating work of being neurodivergent and navigating daily life[2]. The title of this thesis is "S'enfarger dans le Quotidien" because it is, truly, a feeling of stumbling over the everyday: a sentence, a lost pair of keys, a busy schedule, or an empty one, holding together a routine, a job, a life. When almost everything one does in their life feels like work, it is hard to recognize it as such. With this project, my desire is to highlight the everyday labour disabled people have to do to stay alive. I want to show and celebrate these efforts, inspired by disabled and feminist activists of colour like Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, Audre Lorde and Alice Wong, whose work has helped craft a space where neurodivergent and disabled people can be themselves, come together and build community.

Something that keeps on slowing me down in my everyday life is the digital space[3]. My delicious combination of autism and ADHD (AuDHD)[4] make it so that I am easily distracted and disorganized, I have trouble switching tasks, I hyper focus on random subjects for hours at a time, I am hypersensitive to sensory inputs such as lights, noises and textures, I have meltdowns, and more. Who I am and how I live my life is seriously impacted by the current digital

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[2] Craig et al, "A Review of Executive Function Deficits in Autism Spectrum Disorder and Attention-Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder."

[3] Throughout this thesis, I use "digital space" as an umbrella term to encompass the computer, the cellphone and social media platforms such as Facebook, Instagram and YouTube.

[4] I resonate acutely with the term "AuDHD", an unofficial popular term that merges autism and attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder together. Thanks to this umbrella term, I have found a community of people who are engineered in a similar way than myself. For this reason, I prefer using the joint version of the two. For more, read Bercovici, "An Introduction to AuDHD."

landscape, with which I have a layered and complicated relationship. This relationship is the starting point of this thesis because online distractions, on my phone or computer, are constant obstructions in my daily life. The first research questions I posed were:

1. What is the relationship between internet addiction and neurodivergent people?
2. How does the current digital landscape affect our lives outside of screens, our interpersonal relationships, and our sense of self?
3. How can I improve my relationship with digital space?

These questions are the backbone of the project and they informed the art making as well as the research. Through autoethnography and arts-based research (ABR), I am investigating the difficulties of living a life entangled with digital technologies, and exploring ways to make it more livable. These methodologies work in parallel and allow me to embody knowledge and experiences[5].

At the core of my autoethnographic practice is a passionate practice of journaling and note-taking. In my practice, the diary serves as the groundwork to create art. Such practice has been influenced by a lineage of women and queer people journaling, writing memoirs, and making sense of their lives through writing. Artists, writers and thinkers such as Annie Ernaux, Samra Habib, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson and Eternity Martis have provided examples and proof of the validity of such work and inspired me to continue in my intimate writing and making practice. The diary therefore becomes a research text from which I can later make sense of my experiences and emotions[6]. Autoethnography is the study of personal experiences in order to understand a broader political and cultural context, the concept being that an individual is a reflection of the society they live in[7]. In particular, I am interested in queering the research field in an approach similar to what Melanie Yergeau calls autie-ethnography, affirming that "to author

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[5] Bartleet, *Artistic autoethnography*.

[6] Scholar and musician Jaime Belmonte uses the journal as both a source material and a provocation in his work and research connects with my own working method. Belmonte, "Between Memory and Documentation."

[7] Adams, Ellis, and Holman Jones, "Making Sense and Taking Action: Creating a Caring Community of Autoethnographers"

autistically is to author queerly and contrarily"[8]. This methodology is crucial for me because my thinking and art-making don't follow a linear path. With this personal way of responding to the world around me, I am able to communicate something about my experience, and my vulnerability offers to open a conversation. Since this practice has the self as a starting point, let me introduce myself.

I am a descendant of white French settlers and grew up in a working-class, culturally Western-centric, and French-speaking environment in the largely French-speaking province of Québec. I am white, trans non-binary, part of the queer community, able-bodied, and thin. I am autistic and have ADHD (AuDHD); I often use reliable speech, even if at a painstaking price. I grew up in the small town of so-called "Trois-Rivières", in a predominantly white community where cis heteronormativity was the norm. I am a survivor of domestic violence and multiple sexual assaults, and live with post-traumatic stress disorder. Although I am from a working-class background, the fact that I'm able to study in Toronto at the graduate level, moreover in visual arts, is proof that my social and economic context has significantly changed. My partner's unwavering support, which includes substantial financial support, is allowing me this opportunity.

Being white and specifically white Québécois comes with a lot of unlearning around race and colonization. In my early twenties, I started to make tremendous efforts to unlearn what I had been taught both at school and in my hometown. Multiple truths can coexist in parallel; I am simultaneously marginalized and oppressed for certain parts of my identities, and a privileged member of a system in which I hold considerable power[9]. Understanding that basic fact helped me de-center my own traumatic experiences and difficult upbringing in order to see other people's suffering. Then, I could start addressing how I participate in the multiple systems of

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[8]Yergeau, *Authoring Autism*, p.6.

[9] This analytical framework is called intersectionality, a term theorized by Kimberlé Crenshaw in 1989. Crenshaw's argument is centred around Black women because of the multifaceted oppression they face and the erasure of their oppressions by focussing solely on one framework. "I argue that Black women are sometimes excluded from feminist theory and antiracist policy discourse because both are predicated on a discrete set of experiences that often does not accurately reflect the interaction of race and gender. [...] Because the intersectional experience is greater than the sum of racism and sexism, any analysis that does not take intersectionality into account cannot sufficiently address the particular manner in which Black women are subordinated." Crenshaw, "Demarginalizing the Intersection of Race and Sex."

oppression of which I'm part of the dominant group. I hold myself responsible to unlearn and mitigate the harm I'm contributing to; for example by decentering myself in rooms where my voice is most often heard and by speaking up whenever I see systemic violences being enacted, like I would want to be spoken up for. Over time, I have learned to do more than whisper my support behind the scenes; to not remain complicit in silence, and to continue to learn new ways to show up for other marginalized people every day.

I am not Indigenous to the land I was raised on, coming from a settler-colonial family of French descendance. The land that helped me grow into the person I am today is the unceded territory of Nitaskinan, land of the Nehirowisiw (Atikamekw). I am forever grateful and indebted to Nehirowisiw Aski Territory Guardians who work fiercely to defend and protect that land. I want to celebrate their most recent success, where they relentlessly defended the Nistaskinan for weeks by holding blockades against forestry workers to prevent the provincial government to pass a bill that would have caused irreparable damages to our ecosystems[10].

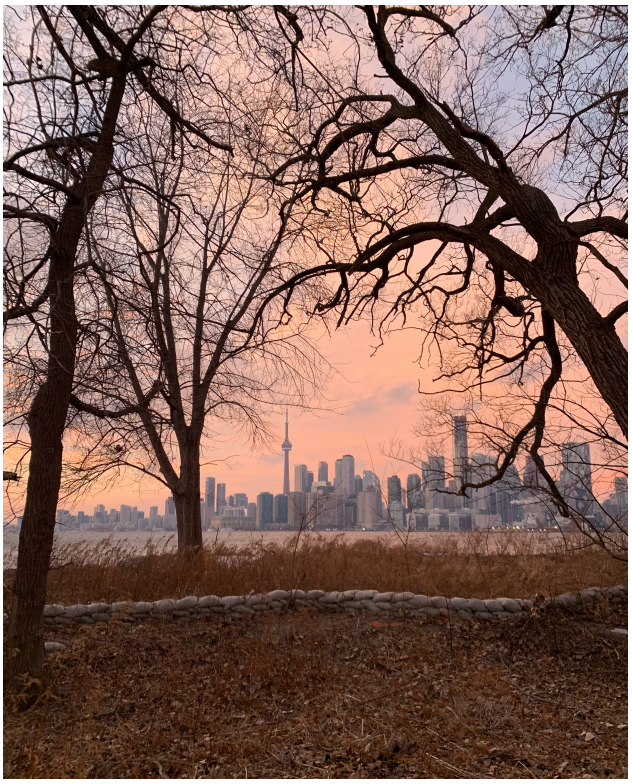

Fig. 2. Ward's Island. 2025

For the past three years, I have worked and lived on the land of the Treaty 13 territory, present and ancestral territory of the Mississaugas of the Credit, Anishnabeg, and Haudenosaunee. Throughout my studies, it is the richness of this land and its inhabitants that have constantly brought me back to the present moment, amidst the chaos of academia. I have been welcomed, inspired and transformed by this land. I have connected with countless living beings including spiders, racoons, squirrels, cats, cicadas, and many birds amongst which herons, hawks, woodpeckers and cormorans. Through my mentor April Hickox, I have had many opportunities of residing on Ward's Island, part of the sacred land Mnisiing. Once a traditional healing space for

[10] Bainbridge, “A Summer of Resistance in Nehirowisiw Territory.”

Indigenous people, Mnisiing has played a huge part in my own healing journey. Beyond a land acknowledgement, I have a duty of care for these lands that have supported me; Nitaskinan, Tkaoronto, Mnisiing. I am profoundly invested in a daily practice of respecting and honouring the land and its people. Caring for the humans, animals, insects, trees and plants by greeting them and tending to their needs, and by speaking up for injustices whenever I can. I do not take for granted what I have received and I will continue fighting, showing up, disrupting and helping whenever I can. I want to stand by the rallying cry of my disabled community when they write that they won't tolerate deeming injustices beyond our control[11]. Injustices are not outside of our control. Almost all of us hold a position a power within our lives, from which we can enact change.

For me, this power finds expression through my autoethnographic, arts-based research making practice. Growing up AuDHD, I kept trying to mould myself to adults and friends' expectations of who I should be and how I should act. I was failing repeatedly and facing the consequences of being ostracized by my peers and hurt by the people closest to me. I carried a lot of shame of not being able to be like others, and quickly internalized other peoples' criticisms. I saw myself as ugly, stupid and less-than. In adulthood, I am reenacting these childhood dynamics in my relationship with myself; feeling disappointment and shame over my behaviour, and trying to shape myself to an idealized version of a life and a person I am unable to be. In *Witness My Shame*, Shary Boyle[12] draws a catalog of shameful moments from her childhood and teenage years. This emancipatory act of taking back the power from a burdensome and cumbersome shame, and in doing so rendering it banal, is a companion to my own creative process. Like Boyle, part of my art making involves showing the exact things that are meant to be kept private; my YouTube watch history, the files and folders of my desktop, diary entries of trying (and failing) to repair my relationship with digital technology. By bringing these narratives to light, I'm not only making sense of it, but also acknowledging them as a collective experience.

Therefore, writing about the digital space is visceral. I **have to** write about it: every time I'm stuck behind my screen, mindlessly scrolling—the guilt, the shame, the inevitability of it all.

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[11] Jackson, and V. Cedillo, “We Are Here to Crip That Shit”, p.109.

[12] Boyle, *Witness My Shame*.

I need to reveal everything, to push against the idea that this isolating experience should be kept private. I want to pull the curtain back and say VOILÀ: here's what I watch, what I do when I'm online, what I accumulate and consume on my computer. It's not good; but who gives a shit? Even if I close my computer or my cellphone, what I do on these devices doesn't cease to exist. More specifically, it doesn't cease to be part of who I am, of what I do, and of what I carry with me. For this research project, I want to show the digital space in a way that feels material and tangible—because it is. The body and the mind don't forget, they can't. If it doesn't disappear when I close my screens, where does it go? Where is it stored in my body? In my imagination? In my mind? In relation with Singh's idea of the body archive, I explore the ways in which the countless hours seemingly lost scrolling or spiralling online are archived within my body[13]. It hurts, it is painful to spend hours on whichever platform has successfully captured my attention. But I can't shoulder this pain alone. Inspired by the collection of essays *Disability Visibility: first-person stories from the twenty-first century*[14], edited by Alice Wong, I am influenced by embodied knowledges and disabled artists, writers and scholars who are able to translate their experience in tangible words. What does it mean to experience life from the sidelines in a world built to accommodate neurotypical minds? To counter the eugenic logic that disabled lives are an anomaly to get rid of, Garland-Thomson argues that disability is a "universal and persistent human experience" and that disabled people "create circuits of meaning making in the world"[15].

Through designing the exhibition and writing the thesis, I faced difficulties regarding knowledge production in an academic setting tied to rigorous deadlines, frameworks and often undetermined expectations. Quickly, I started wondering how to resist and exist within the structural and systemic barriers that we neurodivergent people in daily life and education. This paper is acutely addressing the questions that arose during this process:

1. What does it mean to experience life from the sidelines in a world built to accommodate neurotypical ways for thinking, researching, and making?
2. What would it mean to *crip* a thesis?

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[13] Singh, *No Archive Will Restore You*.

[14] Wong, *Disability Visibility: first-person stories from the twenty-first century*.

[15] Garland-Thomson, "Building a World with Disability in It."

Consequently, in the past months, I have started to theorize about what would an AuDHD methodology look like. An embodied way of researching, a messy and scattered methodology. I have recently encountered Haraway's principle of diffraction as a research method[16], that takes its roots from the anti-ethnography work of the filmmaker and post-colonial feminist theorist Trinh T. Minh-ha. In a research project, diffraction considers all forms of knowledges as valid and challenge the production of knowledge itself. It resonates with the way this thesis and my art making has unfolded in the recent years. Building on those concepts, an AuDHD methodology allows me to follow the ideas in a non-linear way, building knowledge three-dimensionally. In a world where accessibility is often a burden that disabled people need to shoulder themselves[17], I find myself constantly asking people, at work and or in academic spaces, for accommodations. This research paper is an effort to adapt to my own pace and needs. Instead of looking for accessibility outside of myself, I'm building the courage to hold space and accept my differences, to not constantly fight against myself. My desire is to create a space of listening and empathy for neurodivergent people affected by digital media, and I am, after all, one of them.

In arts-based research, the researcher follows the idea. Mine comes from a lot of suffering but also the intuition that the pain of what I'm going through is shared by many, as a direct result of the current digital landscape. I've followed that idea through multiple mediums, and developed it in various ways. ABR values diverse ways of knowing; embodied, sensory, imaginative[18]. The process of making art becomes in and of itself a way of investigating and producing knowledge[19]. Tangible, quantifiable results is not the goal with this research methodology, rather, the process informs so much of the knowledge production that it becomes a form of understanding. Throughout this paper, I will walk you through the process of my art

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[16] Barad, "Diffracting Diffraction: Cutting Together-Apart."

[17] For more on this topic, read this amazing paper about the labour of academia and disability justice: Dorrance et al, "Awe of What a Body Can Be: Disability Justice, the Syllabus, and Academic Labour." In addition to writing about the fact that accommodations require additional work for disabled people, it also makes a great point that they "[...] only scratch the surface of the care networks we dream of building in a more accessible classroom and university environment."

[18] Leavy, *Handbook of Arts-Based Research*, p.5

[19] McNiff, "Artistic expressions as primary modes of inquiry."

making practice of the past two years and a half which culminated in my thesis exhibition *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*.

This paper is organized in an AuDHD way: it traces a path that makes sense to my brain. We will follow together a map of colours that will guide us through the themes and subjects of this research. The connections reflect how I think about these topics. I can't write about them in another way—this is Audhd methodology in practice. Here is where we're going:



Fig. 3. Map of coloured dots. 2026

One last story before we start this trajectory together. When I was in the thick of writing this thesis and making art for my thesis show, I started becoming overwhelmed very easily. Almost every day, I would find myself completely burnt out, unable to bear any sensations from the outside world. On top of my normal migraine "intervention plan" of closing my apartment's lights and pulling the curtains down, I now had to cover with black electrical tape the tiniest sources of light; from the piercing green of the oven's electronic timer to the aggressive orange of the bathroom fan's nightlight. One of these days, I closed the bathroom's lights and went in the shower. Instinctively, I folded myself into a ball on the shower floor and let the warm water fall on my back. I imagined myself as a pebble in the middle of the forest, being rained on. It was grounding and reassuring. I had nothing to do, nothing else to be but a pebble. In *Everything, Everywhere, All at Once*, when Evelyn's self fractures into the multiverse, she experiences all the different versions of herself, each created by different life choices. Her daughter Joy experiences

the same: the possibility of living any of her alternate lives at any moment (everything, everywhere, all at once). For Joy, it fuels a deep cynicism and a nihilism. On the screen, Evelyn's lives flash before us: a singer, a pizza sign holder, a kung fu master, a lover with hot dog fingers, a monster, a prisoner, a nun, a priest, a statue. Images of the countless versions of herself overwhelm the screen with disruptive music, until we're back at the laundromat and Evelyn collapses on the floor, as a rock. The laundromat slowly fades into a deserted landscape where we find our protagonists Joy and Evelyn, both transformed into rocks in this parallel universe. There is a pause and a relief from the tumultuous, ever-expanding life possibilities. Joy explains to her mother that in this universe, life form was never developed. In this world, the worries and anxieties of Evelyn's life as a laundromat owner don't matter. Here, there is nothing more to do than being a rock.



Fig. 4. Drawing of the rock scene in *EEAAO*, inspired by Josh Chen's drawing (2022). 2026

I'm curled up in a ball on my shower's floor, and a gentle lullaby comes to me. I start singing four simple sentences, repeating them over and over again. I sign louder and louder, letting myself cry and feeling the warm rain on my pebble back. From that day, it became a routine. Whenever I could sense a meltdown coming up, I would close all the bathroom lights, become a rock in the bathroom, and sign the pebble song. In *Living a Feminist Life*, Sara Ahmed introduces the idea of the ripple effect to explain how feminist actions are like ripples in water that eventually create bigger waves[20]. Like throwing pebbles on a lake, small actions hold the potential to create a larger impact. By being a pebble, then, in all its immobility and lack of social pressures, I hold the capability of enacting change. "You don't have to worry about that here[21]."

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[20] Ahmed, *Living a Feminist Life,* p.3

[21] *Everything, Everywhere, All at Once*, 1:39:05 to 1:42:05.



I am a pebble in the forest
I am a pebble in the rain
In the rain I am a pebble
I am a pebble in the rain

Fig. 5. Lyrics to the Pebble Song, and my hand holding a clay pebble (more on that in Assemblage #6). 2026

Carrying the work

On the 669 train from Montreal to Toronto, my seat neighbour was an older woman. From time to time throughout the journey, she would open her phone's photo app and look at a picture of Keanu Reeves. She was smiling and seemed deeply contemplative. There was a real tenderness in her look and attention. I was mesmerized by her actions, and couldn't stop looking despite the clear violation of privacy.

Sometimes, she would stare at Keanu for a couple of minutes and then close her phone.

Other times, she would zoom it on certain parts of the picture, always the same image.







Fig. 6. Keanu Reeves, zoomed in 3 times. Date and photographer unknown.

That's the relationship I want to have with my thesis. I want to carry it everywhere with me, in my pocket or in my backpack, open it every now and then, contemplate it, zoom in and out, and close it again. I want to smile, be contemplative, tender and attentive. I want to be so fully immersed in the writing that people can't look away.

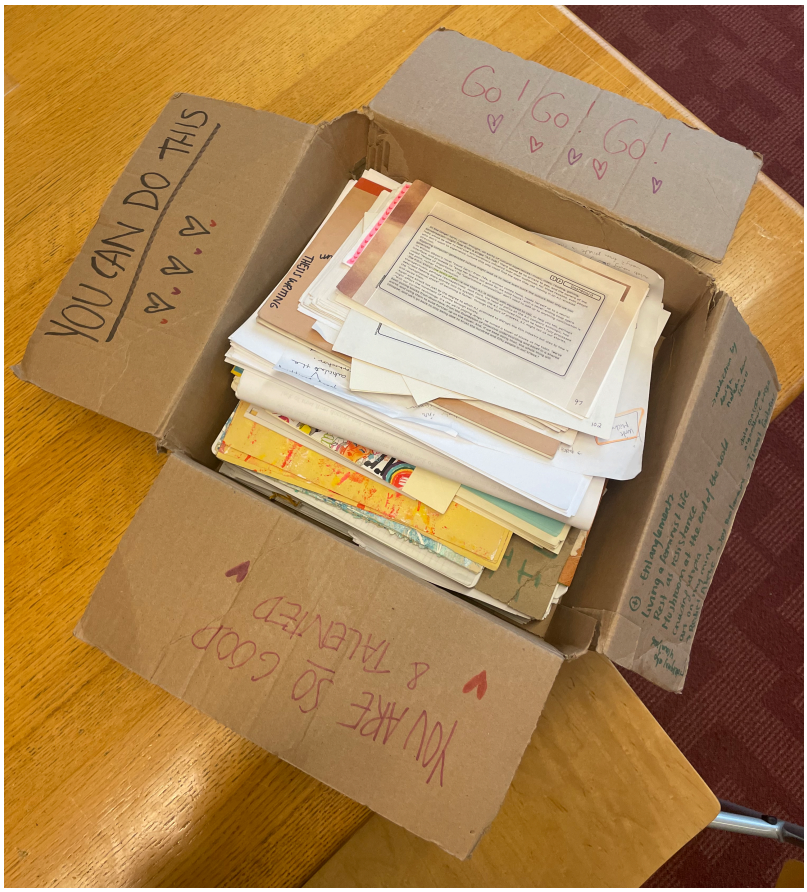

Fig. 7. Cardboard box of notes. 2025

Not long before I wrote those lines, my thesis was a jumble of notes written by hand, typewriter poems, PowerPoint presentations, assignments, meeting minutes with my supervisor, feedback from teachers, Pages documents, PDFs, Notes App to-do lists, text and voice messages sent to myself—an accumulation of everything I had been collecting, writing and researching for months. My Herculean task was to put them together and weave meaning with into all this raw research material. I printed everything out, two hundred sixty-one pages, and chose to store it in a cardboard box.

For weeks, I carried it from my house to my studio, in cafes and libraries. I would try as hard as I can to make sense of my research, feedback, process—drawing connections in chaos. My devotion had more frustration, passion and stubbornness than the contemplation, tenderness and attention of my train ride partner, but I was sharply inspired by her.

Turn out "the Keanu Reeves scam"[22] is a very common romance fraud, where impersonators pretend to be Keanu Reeves and develop a romantic relationship with their victims, eventually stealing tens of thousands of dollars from them. This is very likely what was happening to my travel companion. There would be interesting parallels to make with how academia is also a scam, But I'll leave it at that.

[22] [deleted]. "My 69yo mother has fallen for a "Keanu" scam, and I don't know what to do..." 2025

ASSemblage #1



Fig. 8. Blue, Ultramarine, Yellow, Violet, Orange, Rose Madder, Yellow Green

This is the beginning of what I have called *The Assemblage Game*, and it's a desperate measure. I have colour-coded all my materials; articles, books, found images, artist references and thesis sections to be completed. My thesis outline follows a map of coloured oil pastels dots, each colour referring back to one of the previously stated categories. Together, they allow me to include all the materials I've gathered and, hopefully, to make sense of them.

The frustration of having to conform to an academic environment stems from my branching thought process. My research approach is anchored in my meandering thoughts, wandering to a multitude of expanding paths; getting sucked into research rabbit holes, imagining different hypotheses, objectives and even life trajectories. Let me give a concrete example to illustrate the scale of the task. One day, a very generous teacher came to my studio to see my work. My primary supervisor is on a medical leave, and I was seeking every possible means of support to continue the writing and production of this research project. She suggested I read Deleuze's text *Ce que les enfants disent*[23]. Immediately, I knew that I would resonate with the text, firstly because I could read it in its original language, but even more so because I feel very close to children's thinking. I have dedicated a large part of my life to drawing inspiration from the freedom of thought and action of kids, rooted in curiosity, play and in the present moment. That night, I prepared a new reading list based on this professor's feedback, intending to read two to three hours a day for the next few days. The next day, I began reading *Ce que les enfants disent* shortly after waking up. In the second paragraph, Deleuze mentions Deligny's work with autistic children:

> Rien n'est plus instructif que les chemins d'enfants autistes, tels que Deligny en révèle les cartes, et les superpose, avec leurs lignes coutumières, leurs

[23] Deleuze, *Ce que les enfants disent*, pp. 81–88.

> lignes d'erre, leurs boucles, leurs repentirs et rebroussements, toutes leurs singularités[24].

This **instantly** piqued my curiosity. I leave Deleuze's article behind and start reading about Deligny, his practice, and especially the living environments he created from the 1960s onwards with nonverbal autistic children. I read a psychology article, a blog post, excerpts from a doctoral thesis, and a scientific article. I take notes (a little panic sets in when I wonder how to organize them and where all the notes I've taken from my readings are, many of them probably lost), copying certain passages, highlighting important words, reacting sometimes emotionally, sometimes critically, to these passages. Fernand Deligny, a French writer, social worker and educator, was vehemently opposed to the institutionalization of autistic kids[25]. Despite believing that autism can be cured by a living environment where autistics can be fully themselves, Deligny was still a pioneer at the time in his rejection of treating autism as a pathological deviation from the norm[26]. Deligny didn't perceive autistic people as inferior to him, he believed there was something to learn from us. His interest in autistics' journeys—the attention we pay to life in all its details—touched me. Then, in one article, I read about the pathologization and institutionalization of autistic people, and that's when it all clicked together: I imagined a new life for myself. I thought: **that's a PhD**. I could do an autoethnographic study on autistic trajectories! Now I can't stop reading, it fascinates me, even though I'm supposed to be reading the Deleuze's article, I'm now researching autistic trajectories and Deligny's alternative living spaces for autistic kids. Each sentence provides a new context that I have to research further. It's now been three hours and I haven't eaten or drunk anything yet: I'm hungry, thirsty and restless. I'm now imagining a future where I pursue a master's degree in art therapy and then a doctorate on alternative methods of existing and building communities together as autistic people.

It's endless: I have a brand new to-do list, Deligny's books and films to read and watch, people who have studied, critiqued and expanded on his work to read, and all of that within the first two paragraphs of Deleuze's four-page article. While watching an excerpt from Deligny's

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[24] Deleuze, citant Fernand Deligny, *Ce que les enfants disent*, p.1.

[25] Winter, “Fernand Deligny et l’autisme aujourd’hui : repoussoir, apôtre, précurseur.”

[26] Ibid.

movie “Le moindre geste” on YouTube, there is an algorithmic recommandation on the side: “I started treating my husband the way he treats me and he hates it.” I click on it.

That's where the relief comes from: the video has a title, a specific topic, a beginning and an end, a framework. With my way of thinking and making in research, the branching paths lead me to infinite routes and ever expanding possibilities. Unfinished, messy, time consuming. Three hours of research for a single paragraph. This AuDHD time that stretches, molds and expands—one that cannot exist in academia. The pathways my brain opens must constantly be halted. I end up blaming myself for being the way I am, for “loosing” all this time, for not “working” enough. There's little space for this way of thinking and researching in academic spaces, and that's the problem. In the end, I didn't watch that recommended YouTube video. It took me all the efforts in the world to shut down my computer and, in a panic, I retreated to my bedroom. I had to close my curtains and put on my detachable hood, my earplugs and my earmuffs on top. I slept for four hours straight, completely exhausted. This is an anecdotal example of how branching thought patterns work from the inside, how exhausting—but also expansive, rich, and beautiful—it can be.

Wondering if she alone would return to the scene of her illegal abortion, to rewrite and rethink the events in order to process and express her pain, Ernaux asks herself:

> Je me demande si je n'écris pas pour savoir si les autres n'ont pas fait ou ressenti des choses identiques, sinon, pour qu'ils trouvent normal de les ressentir. Même, qu'ils les vivent à leur tour en oubliant qu'ils les ont lues quelque part un jour[27].

I'm finding echoes of my approach in Annie Ernaux's words. By detailing my thought patterns on paper and explaining how and why everyday life can feel unbearable, others can find joy and strength in their own “inability”, their non-compliance, their resistance. With my writing, I want neurodivergent and disabled people to know that it is normal to feel and live the way we do. I hope that we can find relief and understanding together, that we do not need to carry all this weight alone.

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[27] Ernaux, *Passion Simple*, p.36.

Assemblage #2



Fig. 9. Orange, Pale Green, Yellow Orange, Rose Madder, Blue Green, Rose Madder, Pale Blue, Pale Blue, Orange, Yellow

This research project began in 2024, prompted by the course Directed Interdisciplinary Studio 2. Our final assignment was a group exhibition in the Great Hall of 100 McCaul Street, in less than a month and a half after the beginning of the winter semester. From the evening of that very first class, faced with this pressing new deadline, I started drawing a self-portrait every day. The only way I was going to make any art within that tight timeframe was through a cumulative practice. Having never been able to draw myself, I was curious to learn this medium and, in particular, to discover new ways of knowing through drawing rather than writing—a quotidian practice that is an integral part of my life. I ended up dropping the directed studio a few weeks later, but continued the challenge of drawing one self-portrait daily, accompanied by a short note about my day, for an entire year. With this growing archive, my



Fig. 10. Self portraits May 7th, November 23rd and December 6th. 2024

focus was the impacts of new networked technologies on my life. A condensed version of this year-long research exploration is included in the chapter called *Autoethnographic research*.

In September 2023, I moved to Toronto for my studies. Being far from my family, partners and friends, and not yet knowing anyone in this new city, I felt isolated and alone. I had a lot of free time and spent it on my computer and my cellphone, watching online content and scrolling on various social media platforms for hours. This behaviour had somewhat been there for years, but it was slowly spiralling out of my control. There were several impacts on my health and I realized I had a problem. It prompted me to investigate my relationship with the current digital landscape and in particular its interactions with my AuDHD. Neurodivergent modes of functioning can make us vulnerable to the persuasive design of our modern digital tools. Persuasive design is a design approach based in psychology with the goal of guiding user behaviour toward specific outcomes, aligning with the goals of platform developers and, more importantly, investors[28]. Built-in most of our social media platforms and many of our modern day apps, persuasive design was first theorized by BJ Fogg in the end of the 1990s, who proposed a behavioural model that would "effectively encode experiences that change behaviors"[29]. His book *Persuasive Technology: Using Computers to Change What We Think and Do*[30] argues that interactive technologies such as the computer have an advantage over users and open new avenues for the manipulation of user behaviour. Fogg recognized that the immediacy of the gesture in interactive technology had a great economical advantage over traditional media such as newspapers and TV. That instantaneity can cause users to act on impulse, hence aligning their decision, albeit regretful later, with the intention of corporate clients. This book propelled the interdisciplinary subfield of Persuasive technology[31], still active today. For persuasive designers, it's not about making products and platforms that are better suited for their customers' needs, but rather making it easier for their users to have the behaviour that will bring them profit. At the time, the ethical implications of such an entreprise were only brushed off.

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[28] Harris, *How Technology Hijacks People's Minds*.

[29] Fogg, *A behavior model for persuasive design*.

[30] Fogg, *Persuasive Technology: Using Computers to Change What We Think and Do*.

[31] Spiel et al., *ADHD and Technology Research*.

In the *Oxford Handbook of Digital Ethics*, Williams argues that digital technologies raise ethical issues regarding freedom of thought and attention, and the freedom of action. Platforms like Meta or TikTok sell our attention for profits and it has long lasting impacts such as new mental habits and constant distraction[32] and even debilitating impacts, reminiscent of the slot-machine designs and addictive nature of gambling[33]. For neurodivergent people, I argue that this risk is tenfold because of our increased need for dopamine, our propensity to impulsive behaviours, our sensory processing differences, our challenges with self-regulation, and more.



Fig. 11. Self portraits September 3rd and December 12th. 2024

My ongoing self-portrait project served as a fertile ground to further my artistic explorations of the digital space. The journaling entries and self-portraits prompted me to explore other mediums into which I could translate them. In the winter of 2024, I learned ceramics and decided to try my hand at making tiles. I was attracted to ceramics because of the slowness that clay imposes: it dictates its own working schedule. Making with clay involves many stages, and each one of them requires a different way of interacting with the material—from wet clay to leather-hard, and finally bone dry clay. In the beginning, I dramatically slow down in order for

[32] Itthipuripat, "Value-Driven Attentional Capture Enhances Distractor Representations in Early Visual Cortex." and Mark et al., "The Cost of Interrupted Work"

[33] Schüll, *Addiction by Design: Machine Gambling in Las Vegas*.

the clay to harden, but once it reaches a certain stage, I have to pick up the pace and work quicker. I must care for the clay even outside of my time in the studio; storing it in a particular way to be able to either pick up where I left it, or come back at a drier stage if that's what I need. I cannot leave the clay behind for weeks. It is an ongoing conversation with the material, an exchange—I adapt to it, pay attention to its changing nature. Clay also keeps all the traces of your interactions with it, an embodied archive of gestures. As Jacqui Ramrayka, a British-Guyanese ceramicist, describes: "it's a very grounding, tactile material, it responds to everything you do."[34] As I was looking for an alternative to a life led by algorithms, clay offered me the perfect opportunity to slow down and listen. I spent a lot of time in the ceramics studio learning its language and testing all kinds of techniques to draw and write on the tiles; sgraffito, tracing, freehand drawing, carving and image transfer.



Fig. 12. Traced drawing for image transfer on a ceramic tile. 2024

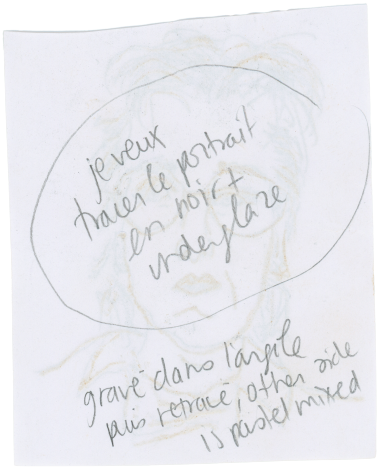

Fig.13. Notes on the image transfer process. 2024

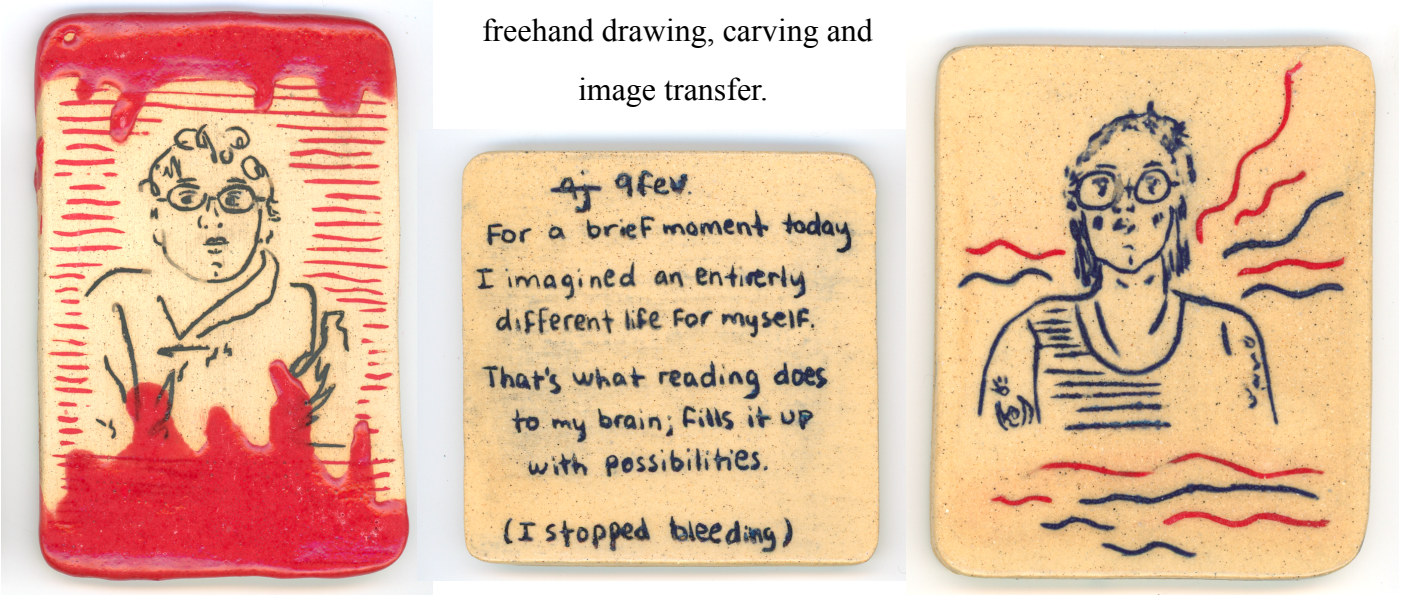

Fig. 14. Finished ceramic tiles. 2024

[34] In an interview for Victoria and Albert Museum, "Breaking the Rules of Ceramics."

For our winter 2025 group exhibition at the Great Hall, I experimented with monotypes in an installation called *Et j'ai failli pleurer*. I designed a homely studio space with a faux wood floor, a desk and chair, a rack to dry my prints, a typewriter, a salt lamp and a plant. On the wall behind my working station was a grid of twenty-four blank sheets of BFK Rives paper.



Fig. 15. *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, installation in the Great Hall. (Photograph by Yifan Wang). 2025

I pre-selected two portraits and journal entries per month from my autoethnographic self-portrait project. For the entirety of the exhibition week, I was present in the gallery twelve to fifteen hours daily, typing on the typewriter during the day and making prints at night. As the days went by, the empty sheets on the wall were gradually replaced by portraits. People passing by would interact with me and observe the evolution of the work throughout the week. I loved observing how the location changed depending on who was visiting—students, workers, gallerygoers—and how I, too, was transformed by my surroundings. This dialogue within and around the installation is fundamental for me: I am not just exhibiting my art, there's a dynamic interaction between the public, the work, the venue and I.



Fig. 16. *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, installation in the Great Hall. (Photograph by Yifan Wang). 2025

Transforming the gallery into a domestic environment and working on site was so impactful that it became an inspiration for my thesis show and further art practice. With *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, I lived a different temporality. What I experience with the digital space can only be explained as a **loss of control over the time of my life**. When I get stuck in an algorithm, whatever the reason—procrastination, fatigue, being overwhelmed—I loose control over the passage of time, the time of my life. Sometimes it's associated with joy. I don't want to discount the fact that these moments, and these timeless spaces can make me feel good. They are instants where I dissociate and forget my physical reality and, sometimes, that's what I need. But often, it is associated with shame and/or guilt over which I need to regain control. Being in that gallery space for more than twelve hours a day, working on **my** on neurodivergent time, without digital distractions, was transformative.



Fig. 17. *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, installation in the Great Hall.
(Photograph by Yifan). 2025



Fig.18. *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, monotype detail.
2025



Fig. 19. *Et j'ai failli pleurer*, monotype detail.
2025

In the summer of 2025, I went on an artist residency at Aviário Studio in Portugal. Jon Fischer, another artist working at the studio, was perfecting a technique of screen printing on ceramics tiles. I was immediately fascinated by the idea and he was generous enough to teach me. Through this material investigation, I wanted to translate the feeling of being frozen in the digital space: scrolling myself numb, stuck in an endless loop. I collected natural textures, for example pine needles, which I transferred onto acetate to screen print, trying to evoke this feeling of being trapped in a texture.

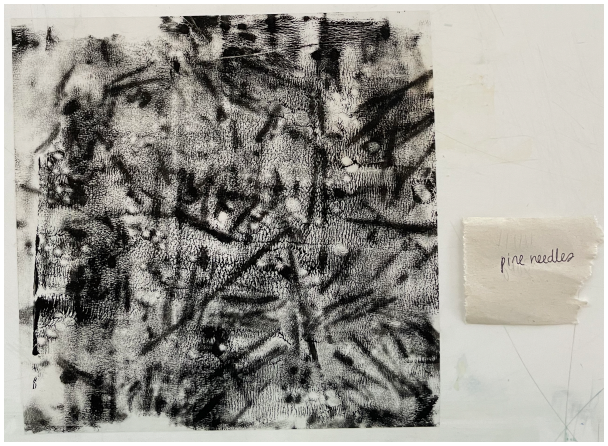

Fig. 20. Pine needles texture on acetate. 2025



Fig. 21. Prototype of the acetate sheet with the portrait underneath. 2025



Fig. 22. Result on industrial Portuguese terracotta tile, after firing. 2025

I realized quickly that it's not nature that I feel trapped by, but technology. So I asked myself: what is the texture of technology? It appears to be a very flat, white texture, but when you zoom in, you discover the pixels. There's a sort of grain to it. I worked from screenshots of Gmail emails, FaceTime screenshots, Instagram and Facebook posts, exploring their pixelations.

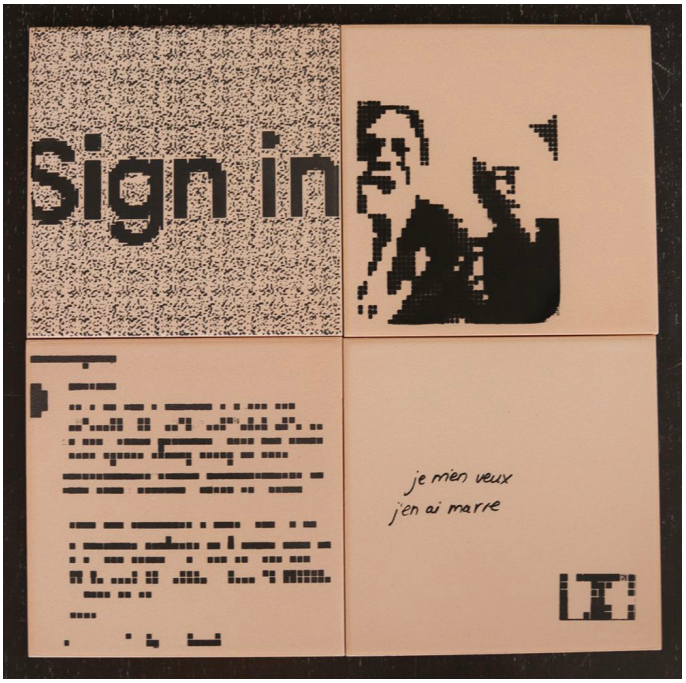

Fig. 23. Screen printing on industrial Portuguese terracotta tiles. (Photograph by Daisy Eltenton). 2025

The work I produced at Aviário studio is mainly comprised of portraits and texts on tiles which express my helplessness and despair at the way I was using technology to the point of forgetting my own personal needs. These tiles embody the pain that I felt then.



Fig. 24. Screen printing on industrial Portuguese terracotta tiles. (Photograph by Daisy Eltenton). 2025



Fig. 25. Screen printing on industrial Portuguese terracotta tiles. (Photograph by Daisy Eltenton). 2025

The exploration of technology's texture was so intriguing to me that upon my return I started working on it at Open Studio. For this screen printing project, I asked myself: “What am I losing in this mindless scrolling?” I recorded fifteen minutes of scrolling on Instagram, then I went out for a fifteen-minute walk, taking photos of what I was watching at those precise timings. With screen printing, I superimposed the screenshots of the Instagram videos I watched with these outdoor photographs I took.



Fig. 26. Film photography, shot on Nikon FE2. 2025

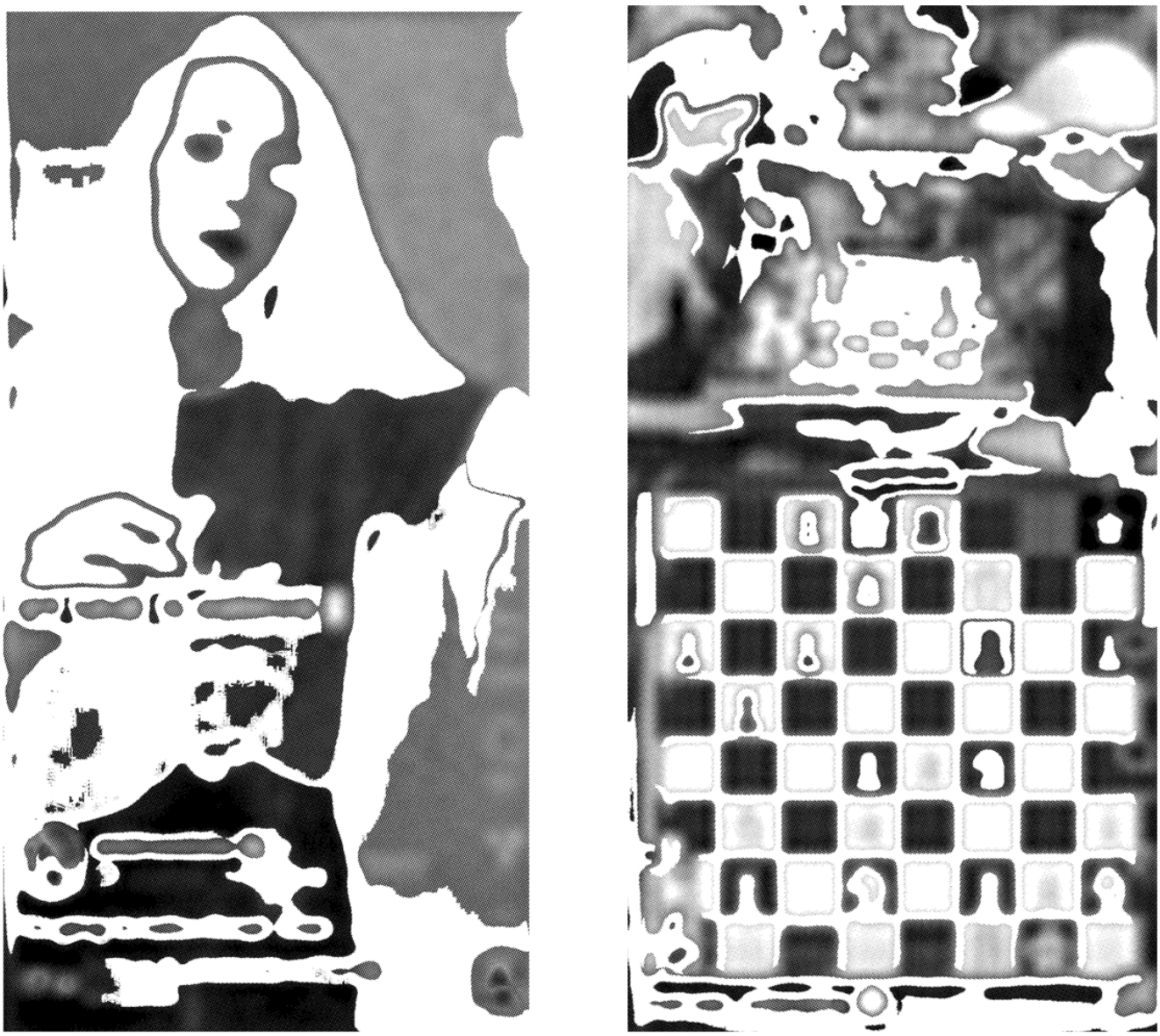

Fig. 27. Screenshots from an Instagram doomscrolling session on acetate, prepared for screen printing. 2025



Fig. 28. Both technology textures superimposed, screen printed on Stonehenge paper. 2025



Fig. 29. Digital photograph and both technology textures screen printed on Stonehenge paper. 2025

This work shows how my online consumption prevents me from accessing simple everyday things and affects my ability to be fully present off-screen. The constant urge to be connected is a phenomenon that I seek to reveal and push back through my art.

More broadly, I am interested in making public what we experience in an intimate way, often linked to shame and guilt. In my installation *Files and Folders*, I collected all the unnamed files and folders accumulated on my computer, and pasted them on a pillar in the Grad Gallery in conversation with the objects accumulated in my home.



Fig. 30. *Files and Folders*, Installation. (Photographed by Kay Nadjiwon), 2024

There was a performance aspect to the work: sticking these files one by one on the pillar was like confronting everything I had collected on my computer without knowing. As I pasted them, I read them, reliving key moments in my life—photos, memes, videos, online comments, official documents of my transition, text messages from loved ones. Tracing the thread of my relationship with my computer over the last few years.



Fig. 31. *Files and Folders*, Installation. 2024



Fig. 32. Detail. 2024

Assemblage #3



Fig. 33. Rose Madder, Orange, Crimson Lake, Orange, Pale Blue, Blue Green, Rose Madder

During our first year as graduate students at OCAD University, on the fifth floor of 205 Richmond street, there was a small corner tucked in between two studios, with beanbags and two Bergères chairs. We students set up a library next to this sitting space, and everyone brought books from our respective homes: comic books, zines, theoretical books and, of course, a box of tissues. This in-between space helped me process a lot of what was happening within the bright white walls of academia. There, I spent time reading comics, relaxing, looking out the windows at golden hour, or in extreme cases lying face down on the bean bag, earplugs in, crying and breathing to calm myself down. Many of us were using this space on a daily basis: "I'm taking a nap on the bean bags, see you later!"

Pushing back against white supremacy and capitalism, Tricia Hersey in *Rest Is Resistance: A Manifesto* argues for "vulnerable, generative spaces for healing[35]" that open an ancestral DreamSpace in which we can recharge and connect with ourselves. The poet, artist and activist practices rest to remedy her experiences as a Black woman living in a territory built on colonization and chattel slavery[36]. *Rest is Resistance* is Black Resistance to the cruelty of our current grind culture, and the violence endured for centuries. Hersey advocates for the urgency of making time and space for rest, in both small and big ways, both collectively and individually.

The fifth floor resting corner acted as a soothing and restful anchor in an unwelcoming institution that was already conditioning us to the grind culture Hersey is loudly denouncing. But one day, the bean bags disappeared. It was the first warning sign of the institution chipping away at this sacred place. I emailed our program director, claiming half-joking that "someone stole our bean bags", arguing in all seriousness that we needed this space to remain a space to rest. In the

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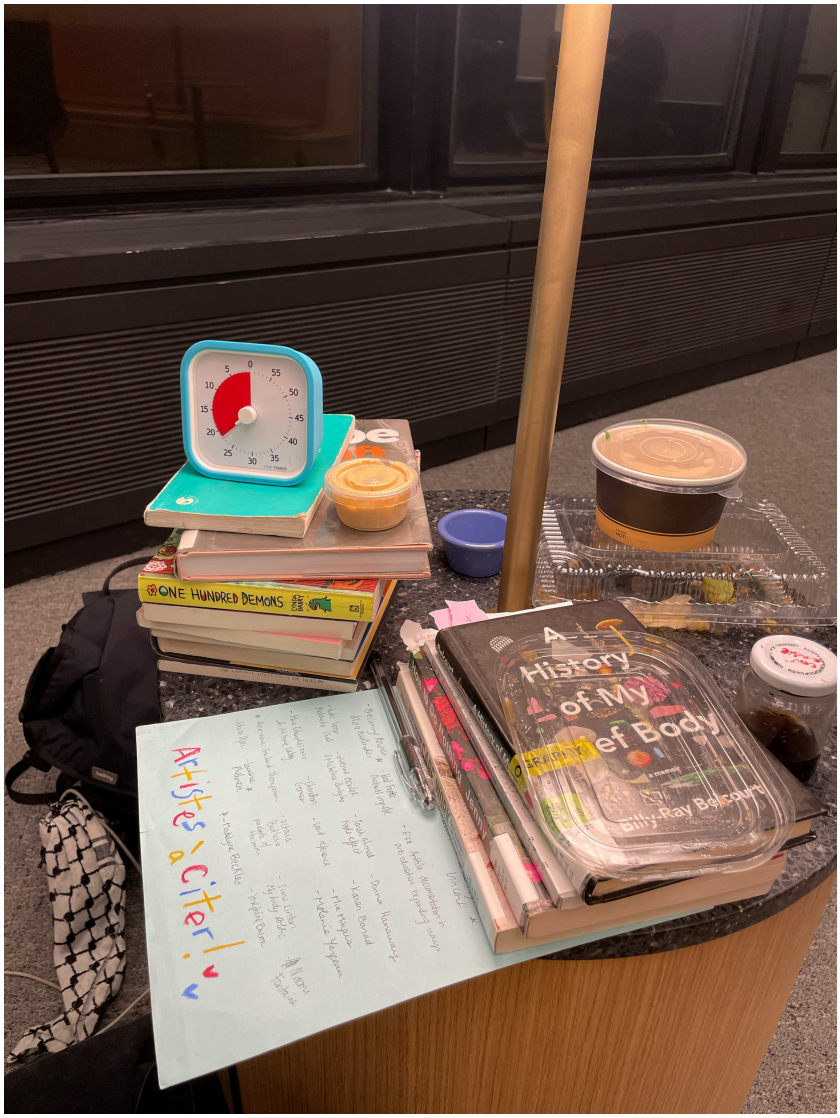
[35] Hersey, *Rest Is Resistance: A Manifesto*, p.7.

[36] Ibid, p.146

summer, the Bergères chairs also disappeared. By the following fall semester, the library and the books were gone. Three desks were standing in their place, to accommodate the ever-expanding size of our MFA cohort—which had now doubled. Not only do I have no idea where the bean bags went, but I had completely forgotten about this resting place until recently. Academia effectively convinced me that rest and recharge have no space within its walls.



autoethnography
image of a fire

a fire is the only way i'm able to work; to bare my heart and soul

ah tabarnak est-ce que je fais juste me rajouter de la job avec mon osti d'idée de marde de fucking assemblages de marde

Fig. 34. Side table as I was writing this paper, Robarts Library. 2026

I'm looking at a found image of bees surrounding their queen. It's impossible for me to tell if she's dead, injured, or alive. It's customary for worker bees to circle their queen to feed and groom her, but I don't know if in the photograph their dance is due to a different circumstance than everyday service. With this writing exercise, I'm trying to circumvent effort. I can't avoid it, but maybe I can get around it—the effort of writing about something too fresh, too close, barely digested: my thesis exhibition. At Ignite Gallery, I designed a domestic space comprising of a kitchen, an office, a living room and a bedroom, reminiscent of my childhood.



Fig. 35. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, vue d'ensemble.
(Photographed by Yifan Wang). 2026

I completely transformed the gallery space by changing the flooring, each area covered in a different wood texture, and by adding lots of furniture; a kitchen table and chairs, a desk and a chair, a couch and side tables, a floor couch, coat hooks and a bench.



Fig. 36. Petit *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, view of the living room. 2026



Fig. 37. Sign “Kindly remove your shoes!” 2026

Before entering the space, a sign invited visitors to remove their shoes; a rug was placed at the entrance for that purpose. This simple gesture of removing one's shoes contributed to the transformation of the gallery into a home setting. My artworks were displayed throughout the house.

→ The office displayed my monotypes:



Fig. 38. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, view of the office. 2026

→ My ceramic tiles from Aviário Studio were arranged between the office and the living room:



Fig. 39. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, view of the ceramic tiles.
(Photographed by Yifan Wang). 2026



Fig. 40. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, detail of the ceramic tiles. 2026

The tiles were installed on the wall, spilling onto the floor, in a scroll-like manner.

→ The living room exhibited part of my screen printing project:



Fig. 41. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, view of the screen printing project. 2026

→ Next to the coat hooks, my handmade ceramic tiles were displayed:



Fig. 42. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, detail of the handmade ceramic tiles. 2026

→ The bedroom was filled with my photographs:



Fig. 43. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation, view of the wall of photographs. 2026

In the living room, there was also a binder with a printed version of my files and folders and a book of all the videos I watched during the last month before deactivating my YouTube history. These are things we are supposed to keep secret because we are told they are embarrassing. By exhibiting them in a community space, they become collective rather than private.

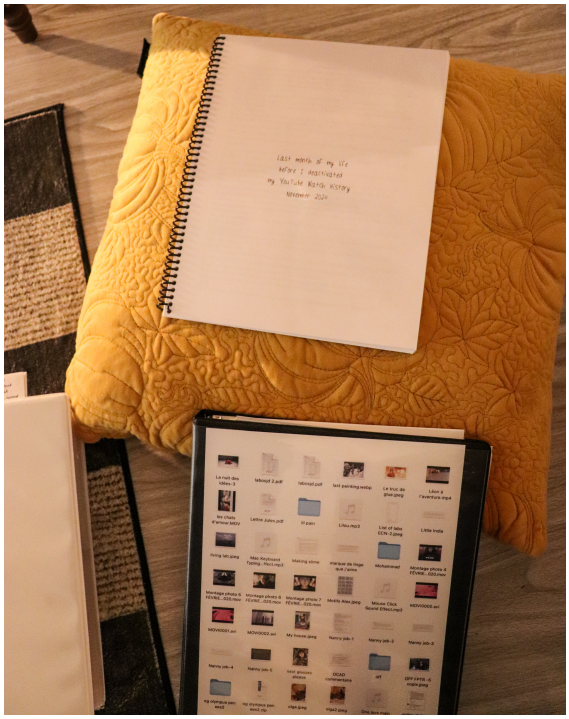


Fig. 44. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, detail. 2026

This latest project takes inspiration from a time when I had severely restricted my use of Facebook and Instagram on my phone and computer. My partner, who is a computer engineer, created a program on my computer that I cannot modify: it blocks specific websites and shuts the internet off late at night. Suddenly, the only source of dopamine I had left was YouTube on my computer. And it wasn't good at all. The last month before deactivating my history is particularly dark. I printed out the title of each of the videos I listened to during that month, along with the length of the video and the time of viewing. Rereading these sixty pages of videos, I recognize barely 1% of the videos I watched. For example, there are five videos on how to secure a wig even though I don't wear one. Why was I watching that? Even though I'd rather look away from these hundreds of videos, it's also part of me, and probably part of you too. It's important to recognize that yes, it's difficult, it's unpleasant, and those hours are gone forever. But it's also a way we experience time as a collective.

S'enfarger dans le quotidien invited the public to step into everyday life as a form of resistance to the contemporary technological world and to a hostile academic environment. It was an invitation to stop and slow down. This exhibition was designed so that we neurodivergent people can feel that we deserve a space to rest, a space where we can be fully ourselves.



Fig. 45. Installing the peel and stick floor. 2026

The installation was a colossal and painstaking undertaking; thirteen people[37] helped me over the course of two days, one of which I couldn't even sleep in order to complete the work. The installation was up for four days before it had to be taken down. In the days that followed, I cried multiple times a day. While processing what had happened, I had to face the facts: there were so many things I would have liked to do in the installation, but hadn't been able to.



Fig. 46. Deinstalling the exhibition. 2026

I would have loved to take a picture with my family in the space (they came all the way from Québec by train!), I would have liked to spend more time alone, watch a movie or even take a nap, write about my feelings, or my encounters with the visitors. I had offered a space of rest for others, but I wondered if I myself had managed to rest. Given the scale of the installation and its significantly short duration, it felt like the experience was abruptly interrupted, and that was difficult to accept. But there was no time to dwell: the thesis paper was due in a week.

[37] This exhibition truly couldn't have seen the light of the day without extraordinarily dedicated people and their support. Pictured in Figure 33: Potato Noodle, Neema, Francesca, Sofia, Megan. Not pictured: Tavleen, Rithika, Yifan, Potato, Mo, Ray, Sade and Coralie.



Fig. 47. Everything spread on the ground at the library. 2026

At the library, I'm again looking at the found image of bees surrounding their queen. I have spread on the ground all of my articles, books and images, with their corresponding colours, dancing around me in a circle, wondering if I'm dead, injured, or alive. Je l'ignore moi-même ces derniers jours; I no longer follow my daily routine, no longer write, stretch or clean the house. I can barely feed myself. All my efforts are directed toward completing this thesis and I'm not even able to do that. The rhythm of neurodivergence is a slow, clunky, messy, scattered one. I am moving at a painfully different pace. This profound inability to function as expected reverberates in Sami Schalk's argument for feminist studies to include disability justice. My struggle with productivity and academic expectations reflects how being “able” or “unable” relates to systems of oppression in our society. The profound ableism of academia forces me to perform in a moment where I severely need to recharge. Meanwhile the burden of having to care entirely for my domestic space, with no support for daily tasks—such as cooking and cleaning—become increasingly difficult to perform in times of hight stress and pressure. Schalk explains in *Disability and Women's Writing* that applying a disability lens to feminism helps us understand how systems of oppressions are interdependent[38]. This intersection is evident in written work like Audre Lorde's Cancer Journal, where she details how she stood up against a repressive hospital system by refusing to wear a prosthesis after her mastectomy[39]. Through her writing and her refusal, Lorde learns to accept her cancer, the operation that ensued and the loss of an organ. In this

[38] Schalk, “Disability and Women’s Writing.”

[39] Lorde, *The Cancer Journals*.

revolutionary act, she is also asking other women to join her in accepting their new bodies, in a way that would allow them to recognize each other as survivors, open up dialogue about their journeys and lift the taboo surrounding breast cancer[40].

Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, in *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice*[41], details ways in which Black and brown queer disabled people have come together, through care work, to find moments of joy, rest, and community. The space I created for *S'enfarger dans le quotidien* was an attempt at caring for myself and carving within the institution and the white space of the gallery a moment; of rest and of pause. Resisting. Not being "able" to function within academia is often accompanied by blame, guilt and shame for neurodivergent folks[42]. We created a environment where it was accepted to take a pause, to be overwhelmed, to need a moment. Whether one could spend a minute, an hour, or the entire day, this installation was a space where they could be themselves in all their complexity. And that is care work.



Fig. 48. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, view of the installation during the artist talk. (Photographed by Yifan Wang). 2026

[40] Ibid.

[41] Piepzna-Samarasinha, *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice*.

[42] Dorrance et al, "Awe of What a Body Can Be: Disability Justice, the Syllabus, and Academic Labour."

Assemblage #4



Fig. 49. Blue Green, Blue Green, Blue Green, Orange, Rose Madder, Pale Green

i need this thesis to be a map
a map of anger and resistance
and my exhibition to be a blanket
a blanket of care and resistance
to fight back because our voices aren't heard
my struggle is the consequence of anunadapted program
and i just feel so, so powerless
i have so many ideas and so many fun things i want to do
but i need to push it out and it doesn't want to come out
and i'm so fucking tired and burnt out and angry
i can't get past the anger i'm not able to
people take their anger and do something fun or nice or productive with it
none of my feelings are productive
none of my life is productive
i'm not able to make a product out of my research
this feels deeply unintuitive to me
i'm not able to make sense of it and i need to rest
i want to rest i'm so so tired
this is so removed from anything that i resonate with
everything accumulates and i just can't make sense of it
i'm not able to

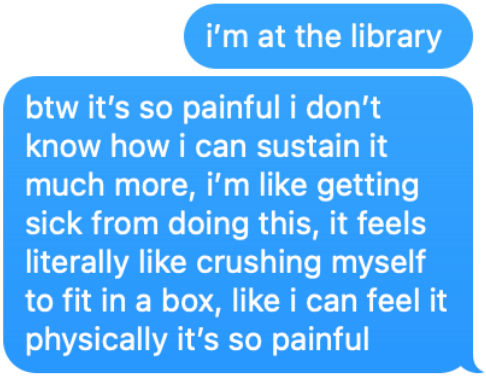


Fig. 50. Text message to Vivek. 2026

I am inspired by artists who use installation to create a immersive world where we can settle down—expansive artworks. The more time you spend with them, the more they reveal themselves. Some artists have an art practice with themes similar to mine (Célia Beauchesne, Alessia Canteros) or have a similar execution (*5 years at home* from Laurence Philomène, *My bed* by Tracey Emin). For the scope of this paper, I have decided to write exclusively about artworks I've seen in person. I have been transformed with and by these artworks; moved by the emotions they conveyed and the space they made for me to exist. They have carried me through my art practice and inspired me to offer the same kind of resting spaces within the art world.



Fig. 51. Marzia Farhana, *Ecocide and the Rise of the Free Fall*, installation, Kochi-Muziris Biennale, India. 2018

Bangladeshi artist Marzia Farhana, after the devastating Kerala floods of 2018, utilized discarded found materials, remnants of the inundations, to create a space where the movement and memory of the past was perpetually reenacted. In her exhibition for the 2018 Kochi-Muziris Biennale *Ecocide and the Rise of the Free Fall,* one could relive the chaos of the floods, through

other people's lost belongings scattered in the space. Calling it an “urgent archive of loss[43]”, the artist constructed an environment that forces the viewer to reckon with the impacts of the current ecological devastations, effects that they are most probably removed from. With this artwork, Farhana is concerned by the family memories and ressources that will be lost by the countless human-made ecological catastrophes. The installation is accompanied by a soundtrack playing sounds of houses collapsing and being demolished by the disaster, and the video displays ecodisasters from that year-itself in Japan, Indonesia, Sri Lanka.

The Guyanese Canadian artist Sandra Brewster uses drawing and photo-based gel transfers in artworks like *DENSE*[44], displayed at the PowerPlant Gallery in 2022, or the recent *Fish*[45], at the McMichael Canadian Art Collection. Grappling with the impact of displacement,



Fig. 52. Sandra Brewster, *DENSE*, PowerPlant Gallery. 2022

[43] Farhana, by Safina Project.

[44] https://sandrabrewster.com/dense/

[45] https://mcmichael.com/exhibition/sandra-brewster-fish/

Brewster's work shows the complexities of migration and identity formation within the diaspora through the layering, concealing and revealing her photos and drawings. Her practice is intricate and textured, created through an accumulation of images, gestures and time. The repetition of her movement in building these site-specific ephemeral installations invites a bodily engagement with the work. The more you spend time with the piece, the more you can feel and see the labor of the artist. Running counter to our era, which perceives the present as an investment for the future[46], Brewster's installations are a labor of love.

Hersey explains that when we are exhausted, our imagination and intuition are blocked[47]; we find ourselves without the capacity to see clearly and deeply. This is what I feel with this experience, and despite the interplay of assemblages, I find myself seriously pissed and sad that I'm not afforded the time to make sense of this thesis and all the work I've put into it.

Jackson and Cedillo titled their article about complicity in academic's power structures and how we need to create a culture of access *We are here to crip that shit*[48]. What would it mean to *crip* a thesis? Surely there would be a lot of breaks, a lot of pauses, a lot of unrest, of humour, of questioning, of joy, of curiosity, of depression, of meandering. I find works like Lynda Barry's comics and instruction books very inspiring as a way to think through messiness. Collaging personal material such as childhood pictures and drawings, discarded drawings from her students and found images, Barry is able to share a real experience that is difficult to convey. Crippling a thesis could be, then, layering my thoughts, sources, references, half-ideas, half digested theories, layering them until they convey something true, something real, something "hard to come by[49]."

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[46] Garland-Thomson, "Building a World with Disability in It."

[47] Hersey, *Rest Is Resistance: A Manifesto*, p.121.

[48] Jackson, and V. Cedillo, "We Are Here to Crip That Shit."

[49] Barry, *Making Comics*, p.50.

Julie Delporte is another comic book writer that works with the spontaneity of drawing, and has been a big inspiration for my work. In her comic *Journal*[50], you can see sketches, marks of white out, scotch tapes. The writing and drawings are diary entries over the course of a year after her breakup with a long romantic relationship. The author is thinking through her daily life, dreams, reflections.

"dans la nuit du 13 au 14

quelque chose me tient éveillée.

une énergie, désir sans objet, d'où j'ai l'impression qu'enfin va sortir un livre.

puis le matin je suis lasse et j'ai perdu ma confiance.[51]"

In that vulnerability, I can see myself, and I am encouraged to continue to share, even the things that I can't make sense of.

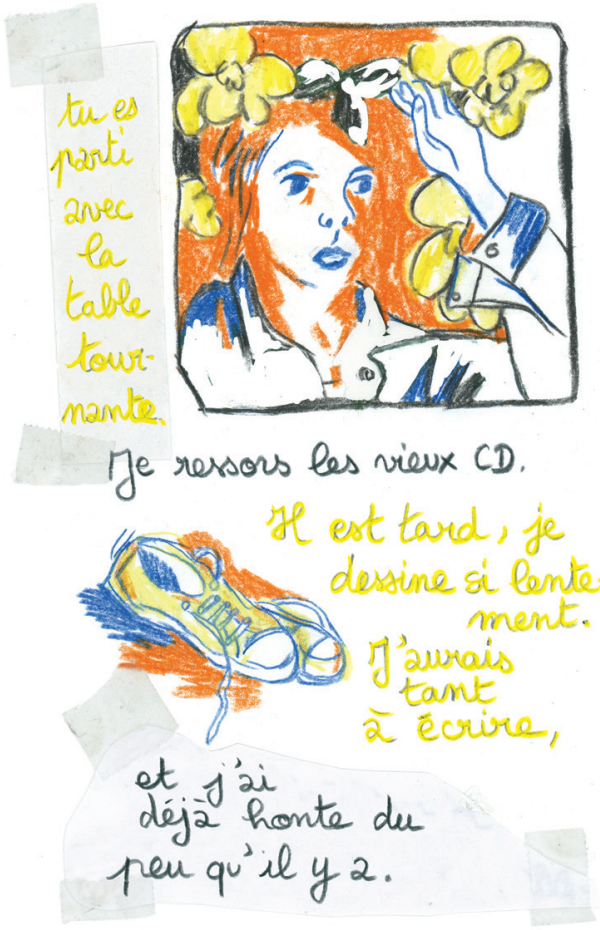

Fig. 53. Julie Delporte, *Journal,* p.7. 2013

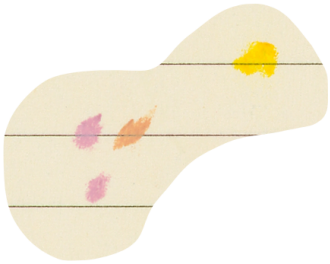

Fig. 54. Chrome Yellow, Old Rose, Yellow Ochre, Old Rose

Assemblage #5

In *Nommer le vivant*[52], the character of Myrique learns to name the living around them, helping them connect to what surrounds them and gives them an anchor as they navigate suicidal thoughts and profound unhappiness. During a visit to Rimouski for a literary residency, the words of Mélilot de Repentigny resonated in my subconscious. Learning to name the living as a way to resist and choose life, again and

[50] Delporte, *Journal*.

[51] Ibid, p.107.

[52] de Repentigny, *Nommer le vivant.*

again. While researching autoethnography, I found echo in the words of Atay[53], who affirms that our daily lives are increasingly digitalized and therefore our identities are intertwined with the digital world. De Repentigny gives me the tools to resist this extreme digitalization. **Savoir nommer ce qui nous entoure**. Ironically in Rimouski I used the *Picture this* app, fervently recommended by my mentor April Hickox, in order to learn the names of what surrounded me.

At the center of Hickox's art practice, which is cumulative and unfolds over time, Hickox anchors a relationship to nature and the passing of time, "overlapping layers of human and natural histories embedded in the landscape.[54]" To sit here, like a quiet observer, looking at the same landscape, day after day, is to notice the slightest change, viscerally different. At the very root of the living—**change**.

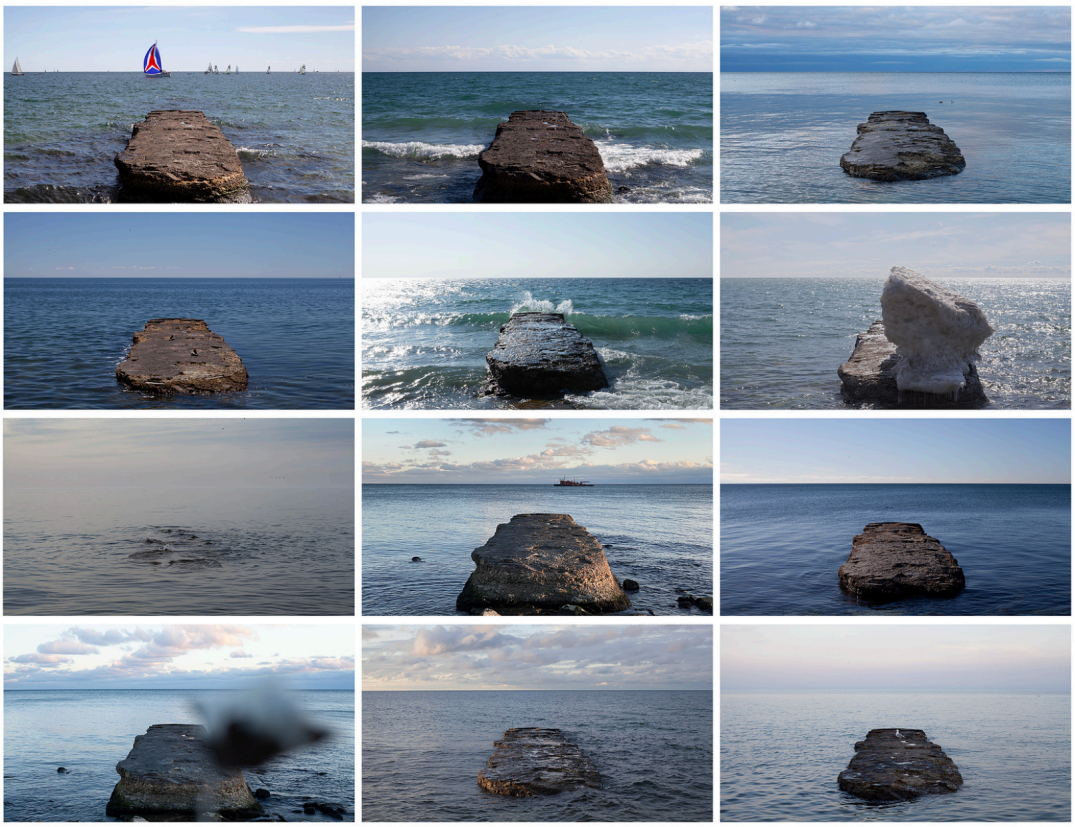

Fig. 55. *Vantage Point Passing*, video, April Hickox. 2020

[53] Atay, "What Is Cyber or Digital Autoethnography?"

[54] https://www.aprilhickox.com/

Being in the stressful context of the academic environment, I had to invent ways to rest that I could not have thought of. A nap here and there, notebook ready to jot down new thoughts. A blindfold covering any source of light. A moment on my balcony, watching the woodpecker make its nest, or a raccoon eating a squirrel. The idea of The Nap Ministry came to Tricia Hersey when dealing with exhaustion caused by her graduate program—from her lived experience in one of the pillars of grind culture emerged the profound need and desire to make space for rest as a generative and healing practice for Black liberation[55]. Faced with a capitalist system that never ceases to extract time and energy, one has to find creative ways of resisting . Caring for ourselves and our most basics needs such as sleeping, eating and breathing can be revolutionary.

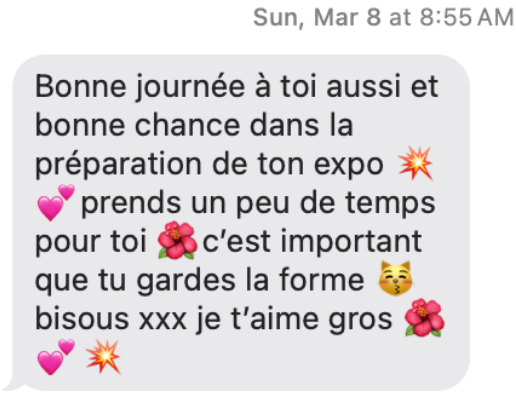

Fig. 56. Text message from my 100-year-old grandmother. 2026

Assemblage #6



Fig. 57. Pale Green, Orange, Pale Blue, Rose Madder, Crimson Red, Crimson Red, Old Rose, Yellow Ochre, Pink, Yellow Green

Found images of a flowering tree and a flower bed remind me of the month of May at April's house, where she asked me excitedly to make a marble watering station for the bumble bees. In her chapter *Care Webs: Experiments in Creating Collective Access*, Piepzna-Samarasinha reflects on ways in which QTBIPOC[56] people have attempted to build support networks to access care by and for themselves.[57] In the last semester of our grad studies, my friends Sade Alexis, Sofia Sue-Wah-Sing and I would go to the ceramics studio and spend the entire day working on different clay objects. We would share

[55] Hersey, *Rest Is Resistance: A Manifesto*.

[56] Acronym for Queer and Trans Black, Indigenous, and People of Color.

[57] Piepzna-Samarasinha, *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice*, pp. 27–104.

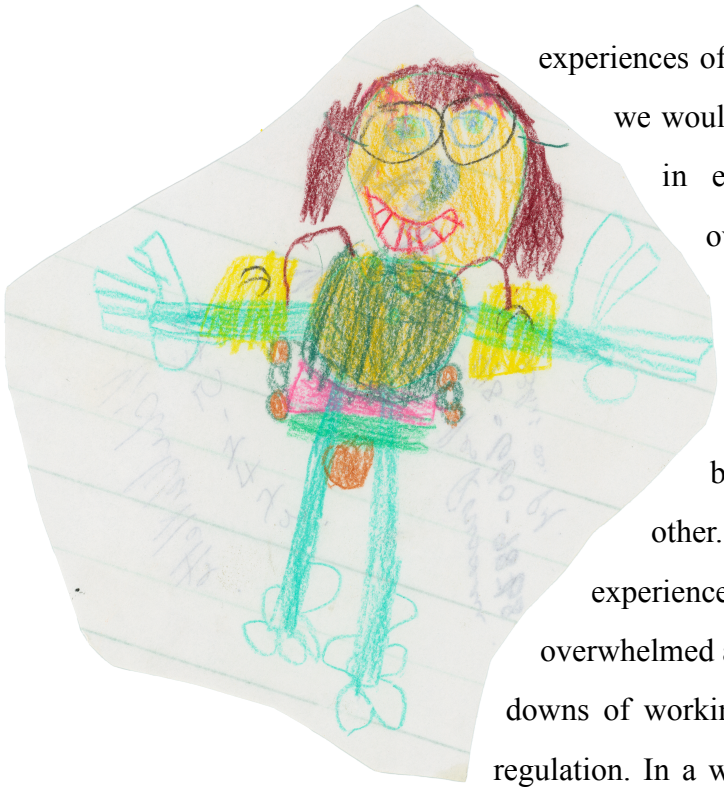

Fig. 58. Drawing I made as a kid. 1995

experiences of sufferings in the academia, personal life experiences, we would listen to music, laugh out loud: regulating ourselves in each other's presence. We would often be too overwhelmed, too thirsty, needing to pee, close to a migraine or to a meltdown. We would often tell each other "If it wasn't from you guys, I wouldn't be here today." We would push each other to go to a bathroom break when needed, would buy lunch for each other. There was such a quiet relief in sharing this common experience of being completely swept by our sensory inputs, overwhelmed and overworked. There was so much joy in the ups and downs of working with clay and making this moment a time of co-regulation. In a whirlwind of academic expectations, we were creating our own little neurodivergent nook. At the core of being AuDHD is the constant creating and imagining of distinctive ways of being and doing[58]. It is not coincidental for me, therefore, that the three of us ended up creating domestic spaces for our final thesis exhibitions, without even discussing it prior. This is where our being and doing leads us: into existing fully as ourselves.

> Think of this: how we learn about worlds when they do not accommodate us. Think of the kinds of experiences you have when you are not expected to be here. These experiences are a resource to generate knowledge. To bring feminist theory home is to make feminism work in the places we live, the places we work. When we think of feminist theory as homework, the university too becomes something we work on as well as at. We use our particulars to challenge the universal[59].

In the final semester at the ceramics studio, I started working on small chunks of clay that I would mould in various shapes by pressing them against my hands and fingers, and then burnishing them with a pebble. Burnishing is a polishing technique that involves rubbing the

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[58] Price, *Unmasking Autism: The Power of Embracing Our Hidden Neurodiversity*.

[59] Ahmed, *Living a Feminist Life,* pp. 9–10.



Fig. 59. A bowl full clay pebbles. 2026

leather-hard clay with a hard smooth surface, creating a glossy finish. The repetitive gestures helped me process my feelings and soothe myself. In all truthfulness, for the longest time, I didn't even have the intention of showing my clay work in my final exhibition. I was there to co-regulate myself with my neurodivergent friends. I needed to canalize my excess energy in a repetitive, almost numbing movement—other than scrolling or swiping. Rather than expanding on the self-portrait tiles, that required planification, precision, and hard-working, I was just making rocks. It was a way for me to resist and exist through the ableism I was facing at school. A way of stopping time.

Lubna Chowdhary's *Metropolis 2020* is an installation comprising of more than a 1000 handmade clay objects created over the span of three decades. I am reminded of accumulation and time, again. In *Metropolis 2020*, every sculpture is a world. Arranged to create incongruent cityscapes that can't be pinned down to a location or time, Chowdhary's architectural objects offer a space to rest, imagine and dream. In that, I find a lot of comfort and inspiration.



Fig. 60. Lubna Chowdhary, Metropolis, Kochi Biennale. 2019

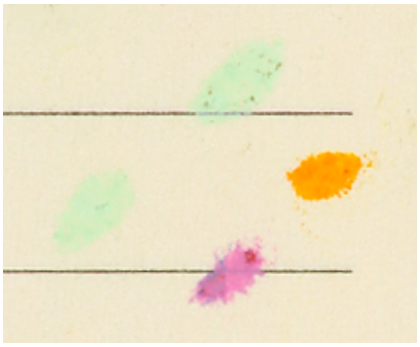

Fig. 61. Pale Green, Pale Green, Orange, Pink

Assemblage #7

"We might need not to eliminate the effort or labor from the writing. Not eliminating the effort or labor becomes an academic aim because we have been taught to tidy our texts, not to reveal the struggle we have in getting somewhere[60]."

I feel the need to show **the struggle** through this writing, to share the pain. The texts that are foundational and inspiring for me, are often places where I can see how the writer worked through the words and the ideas, how they mapped them. I am inspired by their vulnerability of sharing the process of thinking through their lives and themselves.

I'm holding on to winter, I am. And winter is holding on to us. I look at snowy images of Québec with envy. I want the cold and the snow to be my blanket, to brighten my days, a little. It is cruel to finish school during winter. What a proof that we are so removed from the human experience and from what our bodies need. Winter is a time to rest, to recharge, to make sense of our lives and experiences[61]. It is not a time to produce, because we are **not** productive. Yet our capitalistic society never stops; never slows down. University systems don't allow nonfunctional periods of time[62].

Throughout this thesis, you might have noticed already that I have emphasized the struggle by **changing the font**. It felt important to me to leave some traces of how hard the work was, to highlight the effort, the conflict, the fight.

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[60] Ahmed, *Living a Feminist Life,* p.13.

[61] May, *Wintering: The Power of Rest and Retreat in Difficult Times*.

[62] Dorrance et al, "Awe of What a Body Can Be: Disability Justice, the Syllabus, and Academic Labour.", p.63.

ASSemblage #8

I'm so done with this assemblage idea
All my papers and books and images are scattered on the floor
and i'm too exhausted to pick up the pieces.

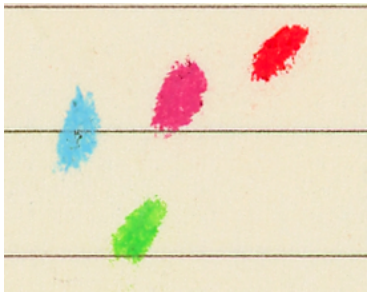

Fig. 62. Pale Blue, Rose Madder, Crimson Red, Yellow Green

My teacher in undergrad, Besnik Haxhillari, kept on pushing us to have our own gallery initiatives. He would encourage us to create alternative spaces where to display each other's work, and in doing so building community and a portfolio. “Move the furnitures in your house and have a gallery there!” The first time I saw this idea being put in practice was in India. My teacher, Chinar Shah, opened a gallery at her house called Home Sweet Home[63]. She would curate bimonthly exhibitions in her living room. My classmate Malvika and I were inspired by that initiative. When I came back to Québec after my year-long exchange, we co-curated an exhibition in my living room in Trois-Rivières and in hers in Yelahanka. “White box” style galleries have always been hostile for me. Historically, museums have been spaces to display stolen art and artifacts[64], deprived of their cultural context. The whiteness of a museum supposedly being a “white canvas”, follows the colonial idea that white is neutral. Sensory wise, the white walls, the neons, the bright white lighting can be very overwhelming for neurodivergent people. With the years passing, crafting a domestic space appears to not be an alternative for me, but a priority. JJ Lee's most recent show in Cedar Ridge Creative *Yesterday Reframed* showed that a domestic space, integrated into the museum space, can very much be a neutral canvas for the work. For me, having a domestic framework from which to work from, habitable and inhabited, transforms the gallery space into a place of exchange. The space

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[63] “Home Sweet Home is a research and publication platform to investigate self-organized, artist-led, and curatorial projects in India.” For more information: https://homesweethomestudio.org/

[64] Feld, “Museum Reconciliation and Reparations: Canadian Context.”
Divya Mehra is one of the artists who addresses the topic of whiteness and colonialism in contemporary art & museums, in installations such as *From India to Canada and Back to India (There is nothing I can possess which you cannot take away)* https://mackenzie.art/exhibition/divya-mehra/ , or the recent ~~*Live Laugh Love*~~ https://cagvancouver.org/exhibition/Divya-Mehra.

transforms the artwork and the artwork transforms the space. My art making practice isn't a static thing where objects remain unchanged, no. They are changed by the location of the work and its interaction with the public. The installation becomes expansive; the more time you spend with the work, the more you engage with it. The public has the potential of becoming a curator of sort. When Judith Doyle visited *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, they opened a box that most people were passing by, and were struck by the 3D clay portraits. She commented: “This should've been displayed.” I explained to them that she could display them wherever she wanted. And she did! I love the way my show was morphing in front of my eyes through the many interactions of people living in the space.



Fig. 63. *S'enfarger dans le quotidien*, installation. 3D clay portraits displayed by Judith Doyle. 2026

Assemblage #9

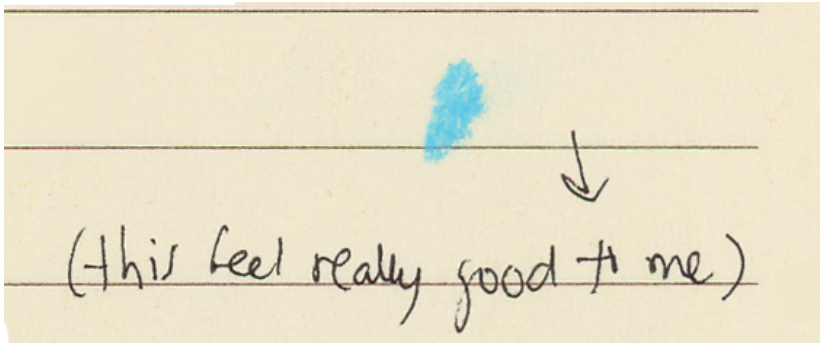

Fig. 64. Pale Blue

this is my last assemblage. I don't know if it was a good idea, things are even more messy than they were before, and now I have fifteen more pages of writing to go through, edit, and incorporate to the thesis.

I am reassured by art practices that unfold over time such as Raymonde April's[65]. Her photographic work is often shown years, decades later, as a collection of the everyday. She layers her photographs with text entries that add another dimension to her images. In *Traversée*, her exhibition at le 1700 La Poste, April was exhibiting photographs from the past fifty years and her cumulative practice felt reassuring et encompassing. Much of my practice is also cumulative, and without a definite goal. It is a mirror into the "unglamorous work of survival"[66], as the Driftpile Cree writer Billy-Ray Belcourt calls it, much of which is done in the mundane every day repetitive tasks. Ann Cvetkovich, in *An archive of feeling* writes "Because trauma can be unspeakable and unrepresentable and because it is marked by forgetting and dissociation, it often seems to leave behind no records at all.[67]"

Here is my way of reclaiming the archive through personal archiving:

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[65] See this moving portrait of her photographs and herself: https://raymondeapril.portraitcanada.ca/

[66] Belcourt, *A History of My Brief Body*, p.21.

[67] Cvetkovich, *An Archive of Feelings*, p.7.

Autoethnographic Research

Ce soir, 10 janvier 2024, j'me couche avec un début de migraine qui me suit depuis cet après-midi quand j'ai écouté une quinzaine de vidéos **Am I the Asshole** de suite sur Youtube, incapable de m'arrêter.
J'en ai eu la nausée.



11 janvier 2024
Why is it that as soon as I start school again, I start feeling inadequate? Inadequate and alone, and overwhelmed and lazy and less-than.
Depuis lundi, je termine chaque journée avec une migraine.
Mon corps ne peut plus de sons, plus d'images.
Incapable d'en prendre plus.

13 janvier. Oups, il est 4h du matin. Je suis resté scotché sur mon cell pendant deux heures. Images et témoignages de génocide. Je continue d'être triste, horrifié, en colère, pleine d'espoir. Chaque jour.
J'donne un atelier sur le monotype, mais j'en n'ai jamais fait. J'me pratique depuis deux jours et je maîtrise pas du tout la technique. ça me stresse et me fige. Alors je suis encore plus dans les excès: me coucher tard, télé, téléphone. Donc, encore une fois, j'ai supprimé Instagram et Messenger de mon cell parce que je me gère pas. J'suis pas capable de me gérer. C'est correct.
J'aimerais être capable d'utiliser les réseaux comme des outils, mais en ce moment, ce n'est pas le cas.

Nuit du 19 janvier, 3h04 du matin

I'm ashamed of myself and feel guilty. I'm looking for ways to live in this world. Every time I can't, I feel like I'm failing and it makes me feel so, so shameful. Today, I needed to rest, but I pushed myself to go to school and work. My expectations are too high, I can't always be disappointed in myself. I need to be proud of what I do, not ashamed of the way I do things, nor guilty that I can't do everything.



21 janvier

Ah j'su tanné! Peu importe c'que j'fais, j'me couche tard. J'pas capable de planifier ma vie comme du monde. J'ai l'impression d'avoir tout le temps mal à la tête, sur le bord d'une migraine. J'dors à des heures pas possible, j'ai pas de routine. Et la liste de choses à faire s'allonge sans que je trouve le temps de me reposer.

ça me fait du bien d'avoir un espace ici, me dessiner chaque jour m'apporte beaucoup. M'observer, m'arrêter, prendre le temps, apprendre.

22 janvier

À chaque fois que je prends de la médication pour mon TDAH, ça ne dure que quelques mois avant que je doive arrêter parce que j'ai trop d'anxiété. J'en ai parlé au médecin à l'école et il m'a conseillé de prendre du prozac pour gérer l'anxiété, et de passer à la médication TDAH par la suite.

J'ai besoin d'une routine, mais j'y arrive pas. Même la fatigue m'épuise.

25 janvier. AAAAAAAAAH ça me gosse!

J'ai pas de routine, pas de structure, plein d'idées mais pas l'espace.

JE FIGE. Mon bordel s'accumule, j'capote, j'suis pas bien, ça fait deux jours que j'vais pas marcher avec Léon et je me sens mal.

À minuit ce soir, j'ai décidé que je voulais me faire un site web, ici, maintenant. Une fois décidé, j'ai procrastiné pendant une heure parce que ça m'a stressé. À 1h30 du matin, j'essaye, j'essaye de faire mon site web, mais ça marche pas, je bloque et j'm'acharne et
ALLÔ?!?! Y'EST TROIS HEURES DU FUCKING MATIN
C'EST QUOI L'OSTI D'RAPPORT DE CREER UN PUTAIN DE SITE WEB?!?
AAAAAAAH j'en peux pu de cette personnalité, putain!
Les montagnes russes, le chaos, toute qui s'accumule.
Meltdown en français c'est effondrement. J'ai eu un petit effondrement.
I have no fucking idea how to function in this fucking world.

31 janvier 2024
Ces temps-ci j'ai le cerveau mou et j'y prends plaisir. Je m'abrutis dans mes divertissements. J'ai comme "besoin" de m'abrutir. J'écouterais AITA non fucking stop. Faut que je me retienne tellement pour me coucher tôt et pas regarder des écrans. Je sais pas ce qui se cache derrière ce besoin de regarder du contenu qui ne m'apporte aucune valeur et qui, au contraire, me fatigue, voire me draine. C'est-tu juste une addiction ou ça cache un besoin fort que je n'arrive pas à combler? C'est-tu juste un manque de self-control et de persévérance ou j'ai de quoi à comprendre? À changer?

Vendredi 2 février 23h23
FEVRIER SANS YOUTUBE
Je me suis levé à 7h30 ce matin et j'ai passé une heure sur mon cell. Je fais jamais ça mais contrairement à mon habitude j'avais laissé mon cell près du lit.
Je me fais un février sans YouTube et j'ai oublié un peu tantôt, j'ai écouté 20 minutes de vidéo. Je veux m'en empêcher complètement, trouver mon divertissement ailleurs.



(6 fev)

ALLÔ

ARK ARK ARK

ENCORE YOUTUBE

ENCORE

JE M'AIDE PAS

JE VEUX M'AIDER

What am I afraid of?

What am I hiding?



9 février. For a brief moment today, I imagined an entirely different life for myself. That's what reading does to my brain: fills it up with possibilities. Outside, with the spring-like weather, the birds chirpring, my book in hand, the Subway guy offering me a free sandwich: a new life opened in front of my eyes. One where I wouldn't focus on the struggle as much, where I would recognize and be grateful for all the gifts. A life where I would barely be tired, barely complain. One in which when I want to do something, I'm able to. It filled me up with pride, and joy, and a feeling of success. Not that it was the first, nor the last time that I imagined a different life for myself. But it felt real, tangible, like a vacation, like everything was possible. Also, I finally stopped bleeding.

Douze février. Je ne veux pas focusser sur le négatif, mais je suis hyper consciente de tout ce qui me râpe comme si j'étais une plaie ouverte. J'ai du arrêter de prendre la médication au cas où ce soit ça qui ait causé mon hémorragie. J'ai peur que la joie, l'optimisme, la simplicité que j'ai ressentie ces derniers jours n'ait été dûe qu'au Prozac. Ce matin, plus rien. Une incompréhension, un mal-être et surtout, je retrouve le manque de capacité de me sortir des écrans. Ce sentiment d'être un échec. A failure (sounds more dramatic in English) The same old sentences, like

"why am i like this" tournent en boucle dans ma tête. Pas capable de compléter mon énorme to-do list. Aller à mon cours avec une migraine. Dans le métro, devoir me couvrir le visage au complet dans ma tuque et mon foulard, parce que les gens et la lumière m'agressent. Mais **surtout** le voir comme quelque chose qui serait ma faute. Comme quelque chose que j'aurais à régler -**mon** problème, mon fardeau, mon erreur. Une incapacité à vivre qui serait ma responsabilité. And this is the attitude I want to change. The thinking that somehow, only the days where I'm happy and everything makes sense are "the good ones", or have value. I want to see value in my existence at large, with my limited capacity and its impact on my life and health. I want to see all of that as having a major role in shaping who I am. Carving days where it's easier, building up energy to be there for myself when it's harder. To be able to be understanding and strong or at least to not blame myself for needing more, for not fitting in, for not fulfilling my "potential" or my goals. My mental state and my physical state don't define me. They can't define me.
I can't be dependent on how I feel, perceive or experience the world to love myself, or to feel worthy.

14 février

J'ai recommencé le yoga, la méditation et les pages du matin, ça aide vraiment avec tout ça; la digestion. Permettre aux émotions d'être processées dans le corps, par le mouvement, à travers les écrits. En forçant le silence par la respiration, ça ralentit mon rythme et m'aide à aller plus lentement. Je ne réussi pas à quitter YouTube pour le moment. Certains jours j'oublie carrément ma décision de faire un février sans YouTube, d'autres jours j'arrive juste pas à me contrôler. MAIS je m'améliore et je me donne des trucs. Comme hier, j'ai laissé mon ordinateur à l'école pour ne pas écouter de vidéos. Je me suis acheté une radio qui joue des CDs & des cassettes!!! Quelqu'un m'a donné des VHS et y'a plein de films qui ont l'air bon. Slowly slowly, j'essaye de quitter le contenu qui me fait sentir vide et je tente de le remplacer par des choses qui me remplissent. Ecouter des films en VHS, la radio, la musique et la lecture. C'est long. C'est difficile. Je relis mes journaux de y'a 7-8 ans et je me rends compte que c'était le même combat. Mais j'ai progressé, vraiment.

2 mars 22h45

Me forcer à ne pas écouter de vidéo sur mon cell et mon ordi m'apporte vraiment une distance dont j'avais besoin pour me détoxer des écrans. Ca me rassure, me donne confiance, me calme. Ca m'permet d'avoir mes émotions en face aussi, je peux pu les geler, ça fait du bien.

J'ai réinstallé Insta hier sur mon cell et j'ai regarder des vidéos pendant 35 minutes. Et aujourd'hui, dans mon char dans l'parking, pendant une heure et quart. J'm'en veux pas. C'est mon habitude.

Mais j'ai aussi pu lire les stories de mon ami.e qui vit une passe rough, lui offrir mon soutien et iel m'a invité chez ellui. J'ai pu voir des appels de dossier à venir, en apprendre plus sur ce qui se passe sur le terrain en Palestine, etc. Faque t'sais...c'est ça là.

Naviguer les excès. J'aime pas non plus couper les ponts complètement avec les réseaux parce que ça m'apprend beaucoup et me garde en contact avec des gens et des causes qui me sont chères.

Naviguer l'inaviguable, sans me noyer, et accepter le reste.

Avec des efforts, mon temps d'écran diminue, mon temps de vraie vie augmente, pi ça, c't'un fucking win.

3 mars 2024

Je veux remplacer "why am i like this"

avec "what is my need behind this".

Compassion and care.It's ok to be the way I am.

It's lovely to be the way I am.

4 mars, presque minuit allô

Mon moral s'améliore et je pense que ça a BEAUCOUP à voir avec ma diminution de conso de vidéos et réseaux sociaux. BEAUCOUP. ça me fait du bien d'exister hors écrans, j'ai plus de temps de qualité avec Léon, je m'écoute plus, me repose plus, j'ai plus confiance. ça vaut la peine.

C'est dur, mais ça vaut la peine (en criss).

5 mars 2024. J'ai décidé de continuer mon défi sans YouTube pour le mois de mars et d'y ajouter pas d'écrans après 20h et pas de réseaux sociaux. J'ai vraiment un bon moral. Je ne veux pas retourner en arrière. Oui, il y a

encore l'occasionnelle rechute, hier & avant-hier, un p'tit deux heures dans le char, un p'tit deux heures dans le lit. Mais je suis capable d'en observer les effets et impacts dévastateurs (et je pèse mes mots) sur ma santé mentale, ma perception de moi, de la vie et des autres.

JE NE VEUX PLUS CA

& j'en reviens pas en faite à quel point ça participe/participait à la détérioration de ma santé mentale et de ma capacité à vivre une vie au diapason avec moi-même. Je me sens plus connecté.e à la nature, plus libre, je ressens plus d'espoirt face au futur. J'ai encore un besoin immense de divertissement mais en me tournant vers les livres, je découvre mes semblables. ça me connecte quand même, et à un autre type de communauté. Et ça m'inspire. En lisant, je me dis "moi aussi, je peux" au lieu d'être confronté.e à une vision idéaliste de la vie au quotidien et du succès, à laquelle je me bute sans jamais me dire "moi aussi, je peux". Etre en ligne, ça me remplit de "oh mon dieu, j'pourrais jamais" et de "comment ça se fait que moi je suis pas capable". J'ai l'impression que tout le monde réussit sauf moi. Même les personnes qui vivent des échecs arrivent à en faire du contenu et à réussir au moins ça.



1 mars 1h36 du matin

J'me rend compte que je processe mes émotions en dormant. Quand j'les étouffe pas devant des écrans, elles me tombent dessus comme une brique, me forcent à ralentir. Aujourd'hui, j'ai dormi jusqu'à midi 30 en pensant à Rachel, en me réveillant toutes les 30 minutes. Ca m'a faite du bien.

je me rapproche beaucoup de Léon, ou lui de moi, depuis que je suis moins sur les réseaux, sur mon ordi, ou mon cell. Je suis plus dans le moment présent avec lui et je le remarque. J'suis plus à l'écoute de ses besoins, je prends le temps. Et en

retour, il dort plus souvent avec moi, il est plus colleux que d'habitude. Je sens notre lien s'approfondir et se renforcer.

8 mars. je me sens dissocié.e.
je me demande si je processe mes émotions en me reposant ou en dissociant, coudonc. Sur Insta une vidéo pro-génocide circule avec ma face en gros plan, assez dystopique, quand on a bloqué l'entrée au resto à Chrystia Freeland pour dénoncer le génocide. Dans les commentaires, quelqu'un a dit que les cheveux roses c'est un indicateur d'inaptitude sociale (pas faux HAHAHA) et d'une incapacité à penser de façon critique.

20 mars, 1h du mat
Mon nouvel hyper focus c'est Pokémon, en particulier Pokémon go. Faut que je lâche les écrans mais ça m'aide à relaxer. Aujourd'hui, j'ai mangé une fondue au fauxmage pour dîner. C'était nowhere et je me trouvais badass.

22 mars... Today started a bit rough: comparing myself, stressing out that I'm not enough, I don't know enough things, I don't have anything to teach, I'm not a real artist, I'm so behind everyone and I can't do anything right. Then I read, instead of being on my phone, and allowed myself to be sad. Then I worked in the ceramics studio and it really calmed me down. The snow was there today to help me carry my pain. And it did. It helped me. Feeling the cold, the landscape slowly turning white, the snowflakes racing in the wind. It comforted me and it helped me being ok with the state of things. Mostly, i'm going to be fine. I'm going to crack this system, then help the people crack it too.
And, most importantly, the things I know, the way I speak, the art I make **don't define who I am as a person.**
I am much more than that, and I'm awesome!

23 mars
Quelqu'un dans le métro aujourd'hui m'a dit
'"Sometimes, you have to go through the fire to survive.
You have to go through it." This is my fire.This is my fire.

26 mars

Aucun de mes portraits ne me satisfait. Je suis dans une crise de l'autoportrait. J'ai pu la spontanéité et la créativité des débuts, mais je n'ai pas le talent du temps qui a passé. Sûrement parce que je fais ces portraits vite et fatigué en fin de journée. Je veux apprendre à me dessiner. Me dessiner et me reconnaître. Pas 365 différentes versions de moi. Maintenant que j'y pense, pourqoi pas ? Mais me reconnaître, j'aimerais ça me reconnaître lorsque je me dessine. J'ai souvent idéalisé cette rencontre. Comme si, sachant me dessiner, j'allais enfin me rencontrer.

En tout cas, pas ce soir.



4 avril, 2h50

En regardant mes autoportraits, L m'a dit que c'est pas comme ça qu'il me voit, que je suis plus "belle" que sur mes portraits. C'était un compliment, je crois. Ces temps-ci, je repense beaucoup à la testostérone. Je m'ennuie de comment ça me fait sentir. Je ne sais pas ce qu'il y a de l'autre côté, genre quand ma voix ou ma pilosité vont changer irréversiblement. J'ai peur de ce que va penser ma mamie, mes parents et les gens que j'aime. Mais je sais que c'est ça que j'ai besoin de faire. Embody who I a really am.

6 avril, 1h40. Despite all my efforts, I ended up watching videos and sleeping late. J'ai réinstallé Insta sur mon cell pour publier la marche pour Al-Aqsa Day sur ma story et partager quelques podcasts. MEN C'EST LA FAUTE À INSTA, that's it, that's all. Insta, c'est de la drogue pour moi. Et j'sais pas comment réconcilier mon besoin de communauté en ligne avec mon addiction à mon tel et aux réseaux sociaux. Genre il était 23h11, et là, il est fucking 1h40 du

matin?! Breathe in, breathe out. Ok. J'ai lu qu'il faut se coucher pas fatigué et avec des pensées positives. Donc:

merci pour Léon, le soleil, la révolte, le changement, ce projet, Vivek, mes ami.es, ma famille et tout le reste.

13 avril, minuit 48

Allô. Aujourd'hui j'ai demandé à Vivek de venir chez moi parce que je suis fatigué et que le risque de rester figé devant un écran est énorme et ça me ferait sentir comme un osti de tas d'marde. Il m'a aidé avec la vaisselle, j'ai réussi à ranger mon appart, c'est-à-dire toute crisser dans mon garde-robe. J'essaie d'être plus attentif à Léon et ses besoins, de me botter le cul, mais aussi de me reposer. Je suis tellement vidée, je ferais juste dormir tout le temps. Mais je pense que c'est important de garder une routine. To not let my world crumble.

Dix-sept avril, minuit-ish. Demain je déconnecte mon cell, écho, mon ordi, fini, niet, nada pour un jour: **demain, la paix.**

J'suis tannée de tout avoir au bout des doigts, de pouvoir tout faire: calculer, prendre des photos, chercher mon chemin, connaître les heures d'ouvertures, apprendre le hindi, texter ma grand-mère, facetimer ma cousine, écrire à mon directeur de programme, recevoir un message sur ma boîte vocale - CA ME TAPPE SUR LES NERFS.

8h45, dix-huit avril.

J'ai croisé une mère et sa fille en marchant dans Cabbagetown y'a trois jours, leur énergie commune m'a happée de plein fouet. L'enfant, pas plus vieille que 9-10 ans, parlait avec tant de prestance, une présence si imposante; ça respirait l'argent, pas juste la richesse normale, nenon, le generational wealth. Et pour la première fois de ma vie, j'ai ressenti une grande tristesse, voire une honte, qu'il y aura des choses à cause de mon background de classe que je ne pourrai <u>jamais</u> enseigner à mes enfants. Une façon d'être dans le monde, une façon de take up space. Ne pas juste respirer l'air qui nous entoure mais que cet air nous respire à son tour, je sais pas comment l'expliquer. Une vague.



Récemment, je suis tombé sur mes avis de cotisation depuis 2009 et j'ai checké toutes les années. 3000$ de revenu, 8000$, 12000$, deux années à 20000$. Mon plus grand salaire fut pendant la pandémie avec 35000$ grâce à la PCU. Hier j'ai acheté des choses seconde main, certaines avec le but explicite d'apparaître un peu plus "classy", un peu plus "adult", un peu plus "institution". Et j'étais full fière de mes achats, mais en mettant le sac que j'aimais le plus à la laveuse (pour pas attraper de punaises) il en est sorti brisé, la ganse du sac à dos déchirée et le faux cuir a percé et s'est effrité. Et là j'ai pensé "ouais peu importe ce que je fais, je vais avoir l'air cheap." C'est impossible de faker d'avoir du linge ou des affaires neuves. Ca se voit. D'habitude les sous ça me fait pas grand chose, je me suis toujours foutu de ma Corolla toute brisée, poquée, avec la peinture deux couleurs qui s'écaille. Mais ici, à Toronto, j'en ai honte. J'ai l'impression de côtoyer au quotidien toute une braquette de monde qui sont complètement dans une autre classe sociale, qui voyage à l'étranger pendant les vacances, une semaine ici, une fin de semaine là, du monde qui s'achète du linge neuf, qui ont de l'argent pour vivre. Je sais pas... ça me rentre plus dedans que d'habitude -ma place dans ce monde et les possibilités limitées qui m'attendent à cause de ma place dans ce monde. Pour ça et plein d'autres raisons, je suis déprimé ces derniers jours.

19 avril 2024

J'veux pas être trop, je suis moi, pas trop.
Mais ça déborde et parfois, ça m'angoisse.

21 avril, 2h22

Je sais pas, tout allait bien: j'ai réussi à faire la vaisselle, sortir les poubelles, récu, compost, vider les litières, ranger mes affaires, me faire assez à manger pour avoir des restants, aller marcher avec Léon dans les escaliers, faire mon autoportrait et il était minuit et demain c'est lundi donc c'était parfait. Je me suis allongée sur le dos et j'ai ouvert YouTube Shorts OF ALL THINGS: shitty platform with shitty algorithm et me voilà deux heures vingt minutes plus tard. WHY?! C'est pas pratique, putain, le TDA. Je planifie TOUT et soudain, pouf!

22 avril 2024, 22h06 → oups! la 100e journée c'était le 19 avril, j'suis dans l'champ ben raide!

Centième journée de ce projet. Wow. J'apprends vraiment quelque chose sur la persévérance, l'endurance et la rigueur avec ce projet quotidien. Que c'est possible de transformer en habitude à peu près n'importe quoi. Depuis au moins un mois, je ne me coucherais pas sans faire mon autoportrait. Y'a pas de question là-dessus. Qu'il soit 22h ou 4h du matin, que je sois fatiguée, tannée ou que j'aie le goût de le faire. Ce projet est maintenant mon quotidien et je suis le quotidien de ce projet. Je trouve ça beau, de me setter des objectifs ou d'avoir des idées et de les mettre en oeuvre.

Vingt-sept avril, 3h53 du matin.
Oups, j'ai joué au Nintendo Ds jusqu'à 3h15 du matin. Le bordel s'accumule ici et là, caché dans des sacs, des armoires, des tiroirs, des valises. Je me sens mieux, mais ça me fait sentir uneasy de savoir que du matériel s'accumule, s'entasse, ne sert à rien en attendant je ne sais quoi.

3 mai 2024, 22h54. I think it boils down to the fear of not being "talented" enough. Because being an artist is all I have, it's the only language I speak, the only work I can sustain, my most efficient way of communicating. And if it's not enough, I don't know what or who else I can be. This pressure sometimes crushes me.

6 mai. Je reviens à ma peine. Je ne sais plus laquelle. Chaque fois que je retrouve le silence, les larmes montent. Je me couche seulement lorsque je

suis totalement épuisé. Je m'effondre sur l'oreiller. J'ai besoin d'aide et je vais la chercher, mais en attendant, j'ai besoin d'aide pareil. Ca me touche de voir que j'suis capable de reach out, d'être honnête et transparent avec mes struggles, de chercher des réponses. Nos assurances d'école couvrent beaucoup de dépenses; naturopathe, acuponcture, massothérapie, psychologue: j'va toute les prendre! Je veux aller mieux.



8 mai, 1h42 du matin
J'ai passé beaucoup de temps aujourd'hui sans musique ni podcast avec les sons et les bruits de la vie et ça m'a fait du bien. Je réalise que ce qu'il me faut quand je suis overwhelmed/en autistic burn out, c'est de revenir dans mon corps. Mais avec le PTSD, mon mécanisme de défense c'est le contraire -me couper de mon corps, dissocier, quitter le navire. Mais y'a que moi qui peut conduire mes tempêtes.

jeudi 9 mai 2024. Allô guess what?
Ben oui y'est 4h du matin hihi
La communauté qui s'agrandit autour de la résistance est tellement inspirante. Les ressources semblent illimitées. Les gens se mobilisent en nombre et il y a une place pour chacun.e. Ca et l'attitude de steadfastness des Palestinien.nes makes me believe with my whole heart that we have to keep on living, fighting, resisting. Ca me donne confiance, m'allège le coeur. Les choses bougent parce qu'on les fait bouger. On a ce pouvoir. Ce sont nous qui avons le pouvoir.
J'existe en ce moment dans un grand flou. Je sais fuckall où je m'en vais. Je ne sais pas comment y arriver non plus. Je sais comme pu rien, mais c'est injuste de m'imposer de figure it all out alors que ce que j'ai besoin, c'est d'une pause. D'un esti d'break. De rebâtir ma confiance, de

retrouver cette relation simple à moi. Le reste va venir, ou pas, mais je me serai retrouvé. Je m'aurai, moi, à défaut du reste.

11 mai 22h55
Pour vrai je suis juste tanné.e. J'ai l'impression de jamais pouvoir me reposer. Btw la skibidi toilet c'est genre trop pour moi, ça me fait sentir fucking insane. I can litteraly feel my brain rotting.



13 mai. Il est 19h45. Persévérer.
Je suis hyper fatigué. J'ai du mal à tenir mon corps debout. J'ai pris un shift de 4h à 8h du matin au campement parce que je sais pas si j'aurai l'énergie une fois que l'éecole reprendra, demain. Bracing myself.

Jeudi 23 mai
Oh, je suis tout le temps déçu de moi ces temps-ci, ça gosse. Et des fois, surtout quand je suis en retard, je me répète "je m'hais" en boucle.
Ca m'affecte beaucoup. Là, j'suis full déçu.e de moi parce que même si j'avais mal à la tête, j'ai scrollé sur Youtube jusqu'à 23h30. Toute pour PAS me coucher. Pour regarder des vidéos sur les mormons, BYU et les DJ (?!)
Osti que j'suis pu capable.

31 mai 2024, Gibraltar Point Centre for the Arts
Je suis en résidence sur les îles de Toronto. Tout s'est calmé. Aujourd'hui était plus douce. J'ai une grosse douleur au dos qui m'indique de quoi mais j'ignore quoi. Je suis si dur envers moi. Ca me fait mal. Ce que je me dis dans ma tête c'est cruel, sans pitié ni compassion. Depuis quand j'ai si peu confiance en moi? Ce n'est pas du tout confortable de vivre de même.

Depuis quand j'ai si peu confiance en moi? Ce n'est pas du tout confortable de vivre de mème. J'suis fatigué et triste de ça.

3 juin 22h33.
Je rentre de ma résidence sur les îles. Ca fait deux jours que je dors juste 2 ou 3 heures par nuit et ça me rentre dedans. Je veux absolument finir ma chambre pour ne pas accumuler de bordel. Mes portraits sont vraiment rapides et botchés ces derniers jours. Je suis fier et ému de ce que j'ai nourri et fait grandir en moi à Gibraltar Point.
Il ne me reste qu'à le cultiver. Merci.

5 juin 23h51
Journée mêlante qui a commencée sur mon cell. Un peu comme flotter dans un no man's land. Mais je persévère dans ma quête de garder l'énergie des îles; le sentiment de communauté, la capacité à travailler, l'excitation par rapport à mon travail, la collaboration, l'optimisme, le sentiment que ça va aller et l'énergie proactive. Garder l'énergie des îles vivante. Ca demande des efforts et c'est beau. Je crois en moi.

6 juin, minuit 13
Encore une fois, je me rends au bout de moi, jusqu'à ne plus pouvoir porter mon corps. Au moins je m'en rends compte de plus en plus tôt, donc ça va de mieux en mieux? Idéalement, j'aimerais manger avec d'avoir tellement faim que j'arrive pu à penser, dormir avant de m'effondrer, pisser avant de presque me pisser dessus. Un jour à la fois. Fier de l'énergie que je cultive depuis mon retour des îles; je ne laisse rien s'accumuler, je suis dans l'action
-une action réaliste, douce, à mon rythme et à mon image.

7 juin 2024, minuit 18
Je commence à me reconnaître dans mes portraits. 150 jours plus tard, au moins 300 portraits plus tard. Je comprends mieux le trait, ce qui m'intéresse visuellement, ce qui me constitue et me rend unique, reconnaissable. Depuis mon retour des îles, je pédale. Je redouble, retriple, requadruple d'efforts sans relâcher la cadence. Défaire mes

valises, faire mon lavage, faire ma vaisselle et ranger mon bordel maintes fois, etc. etc. Garder l'énergie accumulée sur les îles et bâtir de quoi ici. Je me sens plus optimiste, plus capable. J'ai confiance. J'me rends compte que le travail est constant. Vraiment, il me faut travailler sans cesse. Mais si je le fais, alors le repos devient un réel repos. Pas un repos "en attendant de", "en procrastination de", "à la place de", non. Un vrai repos, ferme, profond. Et ça, ça vaut tous les efforts.

9 juin 23h37
J'veux pas que ce projet devienne une vache à lait pour mon art. J'veux pas que ce soit un backup duquel puiser quand j'ai pas d'inspiration. Ce projet est une recherche. Me chercher à travers le dessin, l'autoportrait, le quotidien, l'ennui. Me chercher dans ce qui se répète, dans la routine. Chercher ce qui me définit, ce qui change, ce qui fait partie du plus grand que moi. Analyser les courants qui me portent, comprendre les vagues et les tempêtes, comprendre les accalmies. Comprendre ce que c'est de vivre en 2024, ce que ça fait de vivre en 2024. Ce projet est un projet de recherche -recherche du nous à travers moi.

10 juin, 2h07
Ces temps-ci, depuis les îles, j'ai une grande assurance qui grandit en moi. Je suis aussi plus doux et bienveillant envers moi-même. J'accepte mon rythme et je l'admire et je l'aime. Je vois où m'apporte ma neurodivergence -ailleurs, différemment, sans possibilité de prédire, d'encadrer ou de définir. Et j'aime ça. Je surfe ma vague. Mon propre bateau. Beaucoup d'efforts pour en arriver là mais wow, j'en suis fier. Et consciente que: ça aussi, ça va passer.

13 juin, minuit 35
Fatigué et sous pression, donc je dois me débattrre contre mes addictions. Téléphone, ordi, but I'm ready. Bring it on. Je suis rendu meilleur et je suis prêt à me battre.



15/06

migraine

bordel

unfinished everything

infinite to-do

migraine

30 juin, 1h36am

Bon ben c'est ça han peu importe ce qui se passe dans ma vie quand je retourne sur mon cell et que je tombe dans une loop -ça câlice toute mes efforts au vidange. C'est revenu: un stress, une pression, un sentiment d'inadéquation, avoir l'impression de ni être ni faire assez.

C'est vraiment ça. J'ai recommencé à écouter plus de télé, à être plus sur mon cell -j'ai recommencé à me sentir comme une marde.

Premier juillet

Ben ouais, c'est la fatigue. C'est pour ça que j'ai du mal à me contrôler. J'suis épuisé et devant les écrans j'ai l'illusion du repos sans l'effort du repos. On n'en parle pas assez de ça: **l'effort du repos.** Le repos, c'est répondre aux besoins de mon corps; me nourrir, me laver, m'abreuver, me mouvoir. Ca demande un effort. C'est reposant, ça me recharge, c'est le vrai repos. Mais ça demande un effort. Ce qu'être scotché à mon écran ne me demande pas. Ce soir, j'ai initié le début du changement. Je me suis ramassé, j'ai fait du vélo. Les écrans: FUCK YOU.

3 juillet. I need someone to hold me accountable. Vivek venait ici ce soir, alors j'ai fait toute ma vaisselle, toute mon ménage, je me suis lavé. J'avais pas pris de douche depuis cinq jours. Quand le bordel, la faim, la vaisselle, le corps s'accumulent, ça m'apporte tellement de stress. Ca m'incapacite en faite, c'est intense.
Aujourd'hui, le campement à U of T a été démantelé. J'aurais tellement voulu être là mais je me suis levé à 13h30 et je me sentais plus malade que jamais. Je me sens mal parce que maintenant que tout est rangé, je me sens magiquement pu malade. Mais j'apprends à écouter mes besoins et mon corps. And it's ok. C'est ben correct.

4 heures du matin, 6 juillet
Ark, pourquoi? Insta?! J'aurais pu dormir à 22h. Why am I like this?
Ca m'gosse tellement.



Zombie, 3h10 du matin, 10 juillet
Ark, mais c'est une putain de maladie mentale, ça gosse dont ben. À 20h, j'étais prête à aller dans le bain et me coucher, j'étais fier! Mais j'ai fini par écouter des vidéos pendant SIX heures. What the fuck is this fucking sickness tabarnak?! J'en peux pu, osti!
La culpabilité, la honte, le sentiment de pas être assez, / en constraste avec la curiosité, le fun, l'apprentissage, le feeling de communauté. VOL! THEFT!
Les réseaux sociaux en particulier le short form content **nous volent notre vie.** Pi câlice que j'su tanné.



2h du matin, 11 juillet

Je suis sur les îles chez April, pour garder sa chatte Maybe. J'ai invité mes ami.es à dormir. C'était vraiment une belle journée remplie d'une atmosphère juvénile, un peu hors du temps. Être sur l'île entre ami.es, au soleil, en nature, à vélo, la plage, jouer aux cartes, la bouffe. Tellement wholesome. Overall je suis pas fier de ma consommation d'internet, mais c'est un chemin. Et sur ce chemin en ce moment, j'ai besoin d'aide pi c'est ben correct.

13 juillet 2024, 2h25

Allô! Tout se passe bien. Je me sens plus à l'aise avec les objets, la réalité des choses, mon horaire, je suis proactive et ça fait du bien. Sleeping very little to achieve this though.

19 juillet. Juste genre ouais, fucking tanné.e d'avoir à me battre pour exister, pour survivre. Fucking fru contre mes proprios qui nous voient comme un investissement plus que des humains. DISGUSTED at this fucking system. How powerless it makes us feel, when we are everything, and **we have all the power**. Fuck them.

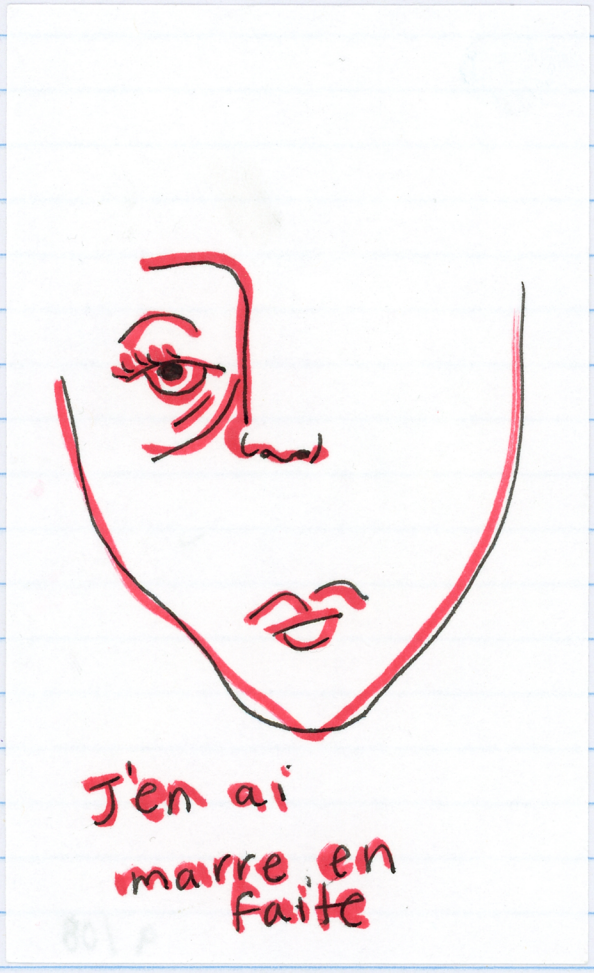
24 juillet, Wed, 23h05

ça se pose, ça se calme. Je me pose, je me calme. Ca me fait du bien, la nature. Voir les grenouilles, les nénuphars, les libellules, les suisses, l'eau de la chute, entendre la pluie: ça m'ancre. Cultiver le calme.

29 July.Ca va mieux. I'm back in my body, cleansed by the river. Groundind myself helps me render my phone futile.
I really don't need it by my side at all times.

4 août 2024, minuit 50

Bon, ça y'est, mes proprios ont mis une offre sur la table. 7000$ pour que je déménage dans trois semaines, le premier septembre. C'est pas ce que j'envisageais quand j'ai aménagé ici il y a un an, mais ça me semble être la meilleure option. On verra.



9 août

Partir, c'est toujours aussi difficile.

10 août, 1h11 du matin. Vivek a emmenagé à l'appart pour le mois d'août. Habiter avec lui m'aide à ne pas aller dans les extrêmes; moins de télé, moins de réseaux. Et overall à avoir une meilleure routine manger-dodo. J'en suis très reconnaissante. Les recherches d'appart vont bien, c'est overwhelmant mais ça se passe bien.

15 août, 3h15 du matin, rouge de rage.
En fait, je sais pas pourquoi mes proprios continuent de me faire chier alors que j'ai accepté toutes leurs fucking conditions ET PLUS. Je bouille de rage. Ils ont un esti de power trip, ça me fait capoter. Alors qu'ils avaient accepté que je parte le premier septembre peu importe l'heure, ils viennent de m'écrire que je dois quitter pour midi cette journée-là. Je peux pas rentrer dans le nouveau loyer avant 15h. Fucking assholes. Ils veulent juste me faire chier. Ils pensent qu'ils ont tout le pouvoir, mais c'est grâce au fait que je déménage rapidement qu'ils peuvent mettre leur appart en vente.Ben malheureusement pour eux, c'est moi qui habite dans l'appart et qui choisit de quitter ou non.
Ca se joue à deux ce jeu-là. What the fuck.

Samedi 17 août, 1h21 du matin.
Mon corps, même plus capable d'être un corps.
I have to step up, be present for myself, a parent of sort. I've been dissociating for weeks, just floating somewhere outside my body.
I need to bring myself back.

24 août 2024, 20h30
Ouais, allô. Avec Vivek ici pour body double-m'aider à faire le ménage, les repas, prendre soin des chats je réalise à quel point j'ai besoin de support. Même avec tout ce support, j'arrive tout juste à être fonctionnelle. Et ce soir, ça me déprime parce que ce supporte-là n'existe pas en dehors de la sphère intime du couple.

6 septembre, 1h30-ish du matin. Mon linge est à terre, montagne. Mon sofa est dehors, sous la pluie. Sa couverture imperméable que j'ai acheté il y a trois jours est en boule juste à côté. J'te l'dis, être TDAH des fois, c't'essouflant. Au moins, it's a fun ride.

15/09, 2:22
Mostly juste tanné.e de feeler fucking inadequate. :)



Bon ben ça y'est! 20 septembre 2024, minuit 40, j'ai trente-quatre ans, pi je ne pourrais être plus heureuse qu'ici: à passer le cap de minuit avec Léon et Rémon, un projecteur d'aurores boréales, ma chambre à côté du balcon, mon hamac à toutou. Je vis ma best vie d'enfant à l'âge adulte et ça me réconforte tellement.
Quel privilège. Pi oui, c'est intense. Oui, c'est beaucoup. Mais c'est moi. C'est la vie que je choisis et c'est qui je suis.



23 septembre, 1h05
Bon ben c'est ça, j'ai médité quatre minutes et j'ai éclaté en sanglots en pensant au fait que mes proprios m'ont crissé à porte, tout le stress du harcèlement + du déménagement. Toute ça en deux fucking mois. Et à quel point j'ai eu d'la chance de trouver cet appart, si parfait pour les chats et moi, et à quel point j'ai géré et sur demander de l'aide quand j'en avais besoin. Honnêtement, wow. Oui, je compense depuis mon déménagement en étant hors de mon corps, mon coeur devenu roche. Je me couche à pas d'heures, je joue trop à Duolingo but a least I'm here, I'm alive and I'm better.

24/09 J'ai juste envie d'être dans les arbres et en silence. J'arrive même pu à parler anglais. J'ai recommencé à me trouver laide, j'hais mon accent, je me compare et je me trouve dont ben pas bonne, pas articulé, pas cultivée, pas capable. J't'à boutte, vidée, je flotte au-dessus de moi. J'ai de la gratitude pour tout, je suis reconnaissant et je sais que j'ai tout ce dont j'ai besoin. Je vois, je reconnais, j'apprécie. Mais mon corps a pris un coup. J'ai besoin de pleurer sous la pluie.





Minuit 15, 26/09

Ark, osti qu'y'a des soirs que ça me tente pas de faire c't'osti d'projet-là! Probablement trop intime, trop personnel, trop banal. Aucune idée pourquoi je suis juste capable de parler de moi dans mon art, je jure que c'est pas égocentrique. Je cherche quelque chose, des réponses. J'ai de la compassion pour moi-même, mais sur le tard. Genre pour la moi de y'a cinq-dix ans. Mais j'ai hâte d'avoir la compassion instantanée, genre pour la moi de y'a deux heures, qui s'est fait offrir un cell gratuit en échange d'une crossette en essayant d'acheter un flip phone sur Marketplace. Après ça, j'ai supprimé toutes les photos et vidéos de moi sur mon profil Facebook.

27 septembre, minuit 18

J'ai ce besoin constant d'être stimulé ces temps-ci.
Un bruit de fond incessant. Je sais que j'ai besoin de me grounder. Je fuis un peu, beaucoup, ce qui est bon pour moi.
Je prends ma douche presque chaque jour, which is good! Je me lave et me masse les pieds avec de la crème avant d'aller me coucher, which in and of itself is a grounding practice.
Je fais de mon mieux.

28/09, minuit 50

Ca me fait du bien de voir du monde, de sortir de ma zone de confort. J'ai très peu de faculté d'auto-contrôle ces temps-ci. Donc si je reste chez moi, anyway, je consomme tellement tellement d'écrans qu'aussi ben juste sortir et profiter de la compagnie des autres. J'ai installé une appli pour limiter mon temps d'écran sur mon cell. Demain, je vais garder la maison sur les îles. Hâte d'être ancré dans mon corps. Rest more, not restless.

Octobre 2024, premier, 23h12

Il y a comme un switch qui s'est installé en moi. Je ne sais pas encore comment le nommer. C'est doux. Tous ces choix à faire par rapport à la technologie, c'est pesant, ça s'accumule et ça devient tellement lourd. Et là, ça m'est arrivé trois fois ce soir que j'ai fait le choix d'arrêter de consommer du contenu, et c'était facile & simple. Sur le traversier vers

les îles, quand j'ai arrêté mon podcast, j'ai remarqué une araignée qui tissait sa toile. J'me rends compte à quel point je comble chaque instant de silence de podcast ou de musique, pour me rassurer parce que je suis activé et que j'ai besoin de me calmer. Mais au final, ça fait le contraire. Je ne suis plus ici, je ne porte plus attention à ce qui m'entoure, aux êtres vivants qui sont là, à la nature, aux humains.



La déconnexion que je ressens, je me l'impose. Comme si me geler, me sortir du monde et de mon corps, c'était la seule façon de continuer. Mais je pense plutôt que la seule façon de continuer, pour moi, c'est de regarder l'araignée faire sa toile, ou la flaque d'eau se former goutte à goutte.

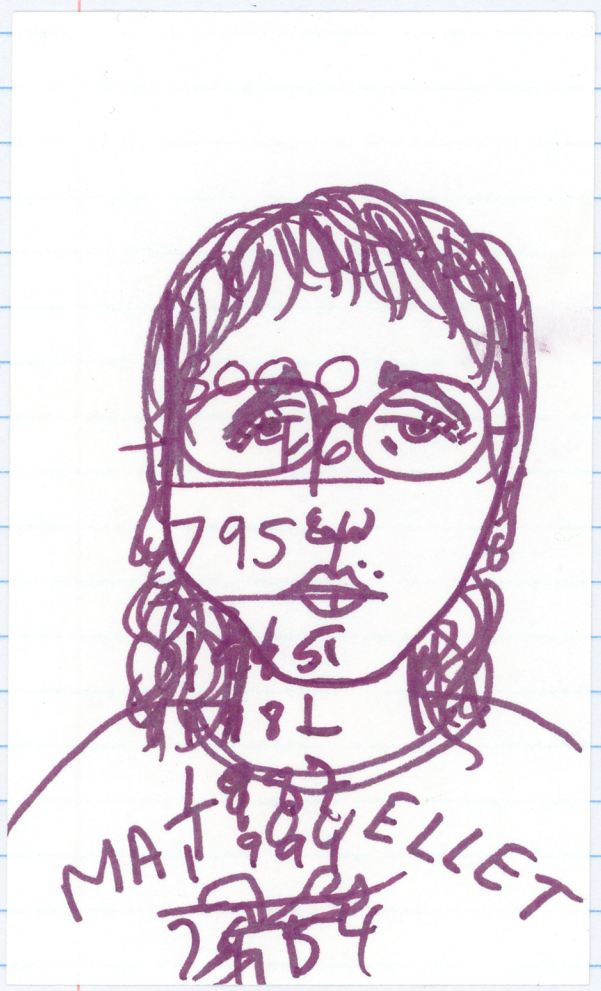
12 octobre

Neuf mois plus tard, on ne peut pas dire que je suis capable de me dessiner. Je dessine des traits caractéristiques, mais chaque portrait est différent. Je suis trop impatiente pour apprendre à dessiner. Je me tanne super vite. Aujourd'hui, j'ai laissé mon cell derrière pour une partie de la journée et c'était normal. Je n'ai pas senti que ça changeait ma vie comme mes pauses parfois le font. En fait, peut-être que je sens que je ne peux pas me permettre la pause totale, me couper des gens que j'aime et des to-do. J'ai tellement envie d'avoir une landline. J'envie cette époque des communications. Maintenant, j'ai besoin de mon cell pour toute. They have effectively made me addicted to this device, to the point that I can't imagine being without it. Cette fois-ci, je n'ai même pas apporté ma caméra sur les îles. Mon séjour ici me fait du bien. De l'espace entre mes pensées. J'en suis reconnaissante.

"Si je n'ai pas de tendresse pour mes dessins qui en aura." Julie Delporte

16 octobre

Je me rends compte que l'effet/l'impact le plus nuisible de l'ordi et du téléphone pour moi c'est le fait que je fais passer mes besoins/désirs technologiques avant les besoins/désirs de mon corps. Si je me pose une question, je vais chercher sur google pendant que je suis aux toilettes. Souvent, j'écoute la télé plutôt que dormir. J'écoute un podcast plutôt qu'être en silence même si je suis déjà en sensory overload, etc. À répétition comme ça, choisir la technologie numérique en priorité sur le corps, ça crée une déconnexion profonde avec moi-même, avec qui je suis. J'en oublie de respirer, de me réguler, de manger, de prendre des pauses, de boire, de pisser, d'aller dehors, ça m'éloigne de ce qui me rend <u>humain</u>. Je me dissocie de moi.



Je flotte.

J'améliore ma relation avec mon cell/ordi de plus en plus et j'ai commencé à remarquer ça dans les derniers jours, l'impulsion de prioriser la techno avant mon corps.

25 octobre, 22h

C'est ça qui gosse, c'est que je pense toujours qu'il y a une façon "correcte" de faire les choses, de vivre ma vie. Pi j'me mets la pression de me conformer à ça, comme si je ne pouvais pas exister naturellement dans ce corps, dans ce monde.

30 octobre 2024, 21h35. En revenant sur les îles en water taxi tantôt, j'ai pleuré. La ville de Toronto s'éloignait du rivage, le capitaine du

bateau faisait jouer du Tame Impala dans le tapis, les eaux sombres fracassaient le navire par vagues. Quelle chance d'être ici, d'être ici sur les îles chez April, si vite. Un an plus tard avec Maybe, les voisin.es, à corriger les copies de mes élèves. Je vis mon rêve.

3 novembre 2024, 20h30

ça me déçoit d'avoir dû arrêter la testo. Avec Maybe et l'automne aujourd'hui, et les livres, je me suis vraiment reposé. Je me sens vide, positivement; nouvelle, rechargé.e. Je me sens possible et capable. J'ai écouté cinq heures d'une docu-série sur le procès Depp-Heard, super bien recherché et d'une perspective féministe. ça a réparé quelque chose en moi. Toutes les nuits et les journées à détester Amber Heard, puis à me détester à travers elle, puis à avoir peur et à être blessée de me reconnaître dans son histoire, à réaliser ce qui est en train de se passer, et à avoir mal. Alors je me rassure devant cinq heures de contenu qui prouve qu'Heard avait raison et à quel point on l'a failli. Dans cette admission de culpabilité et de faute, quand je lis les commentaires de toutes celles et ceux qui ne l'ont pas cru, je répare quelque chose en moi. C'est à moi, aussi, qu'iels s'excusent. C'est pour moi, aussi, qu'iels écrivent ces lignes, c'est à moi qu'iels disent: "J'ai honte, j'aurais dû te croire. Tu as le droit d'être imparfait.e. Je te crois. Je te vois."
Je veux me donner un mois sans shitty YouTube ou podcast. Je veux être capable de vivre ce que j'étouffe avec ce contenu-là. Tous ces séjours sur les îles m'apprennent beaucoup. Je continue de cultiver les efforts nécessaires pour me garder vivante, et ça veut aussi dire accepter les allers-retours. Je veux surtout accepter les façons que j'ai de me défendre, de me calmer, de me ramener à moi. Que ça passe par une aliénation et une dissociation, oui, parfois, c'est décevant, mais ça ne fait pas de moi ou de mes efforts un échec. ça fait parti du processus.

4 novembre 21h06

In the previous days, I've stopped looking at myself in the mirror to draw these portraits. I have lost something of the self. Tonight,

looking into my eyes, I see a tenderness, a determination, de la fougue et de la passion. I wanna be able to draw myself in a recognizable way. A bridge between the page and I. Aujourd'hui c'est ma dernière journée sur les îles. I just settled in a routine, and it's time to leave.

6 novembre 11h42 du soir
Ces derniers jours, je sens mon corps beaucoup plus. I feel it move. Même les muscles. Je le sens exister. Mon corps me rappelle sa présence. ça fait que je m'étire le soir avant de me coucher. ça me donne le feeling d'habiter mon corps.



12 novembre, 21h24
Je suis tombé à vélo. La roue de mon vélo a glissée sur la track de tramway alors que j'essayais de me tasser du chemin d'une voiture. Je suis bien tombé, considérant que j'aurais pu tomber et me faire frapper par un char.Je ne sais pas ce qui se passe avec mon corps. Quelque chose me ramène, me force à me ramener à sa matérialité. Hier, c'était la migraine tellement incapacitante que j'étais au lit à 20h. Ce soir, c'est l'accident de vélo. La première émotion qui m'est venue quand je me suis blessé c'est la culpabilité. Je me sentais mal pour mes collègues de manquer mon cours, mal pour le prof, mal pour ma coloc que je pourrai pas faire la vaisselle, mal pour mes chats avec lesquels je pourrai pas autant jouer. **La culpabilité!**

16 novembre, 3:02. Je suis vraiment en train de catcher que même un vidéo, une minute, une toune, WHATEVER sur YouTube will send me in a spiral. it's vile

FROM TODAY en plus d'être J12 sans écouter AITA j'ajoute de passer un mois sans youtube. Rien. Aucun contenu. Nada. Faut que je me sauve la peau esti pi ça, ça me pourri l'existence sans mon consentement. ARK! J'en ai marre, ça suffit.

11h57, 17 novembre

Rebellion qui circule dans mes veines. Human beings can be so vile, mean and heartless in exchange for land and freedom. It's the reason why I am here; dispossession, dishonesty, theft, oppression. Chilling to hear what those colonizers are shamelessly singing in the streets of Amsterdam, happily chanting the death of children in the name of the land they stole. My heart stopped when I heard them chant things like these. To think that this is just history repeating itself is even more horrifying. We are watching the playbook of colonization unfolding before our eyes. We learned nothing. Je n'ai pas le choix de voir à travers les horreurs de l'occupation, de la colonisation et du génocide d'Israel sur le peuple Palestinien mes propres ancêtres colons et ce qu'ils ont fait à celles et ceux qui habitaient ces terres avant eux. Je me demande lesquelles de ces horreurs ont été commises par le sang qui circule dans mes veines.

23 novembre 21h35

Je suis fucking tanné et gossé. Tanné de l'énergie que ça me prend juste pour vivre, genre tout ce qui me pèse. What the fuck genre, toujours penser à toutes les to-do, toute le ménage à faire, toute les objets qui s'accumulent, j'me sens toujours mal de toute l'espace que je prends dans mon appart, mes affaires sont fucking partout, j'ai toujours pas eu le temps de plier mon linge propre de la semaine passée et j'ai à peu près cinq brassées qui attendent d'être lavées, sans compter toutes les travaux d'école, what the fuck sérieux, allô? Genre ça sert à quoi autant de devoirs rendu où on en est? Non mais sérieux, j'peux-tu genre travailler sur mon projet de recherche? Ecrire sur des affaires qui font du sens pour moi? Pas juste genre des osti de devoirs, what the fuck? 4-5 devoirs/travaux

par cours?! Are you kidding me? Et rien sur ma pratique? Rien qui explore mon sujet de recherche genre, actually, what the fuck?! On est à la maîtrise, esti, c'est quoi le problème? On dirait que l'uni, ça sert juste à normaliser le fait d'être en burn out, épuisé sans arrêt. De normaliser de ne pas être entendu quand on se bat pour nos droits, de ne pas avoir son mot à dire, d'obéir à des guidelines et des deadlines, pi j'en ai plein mon criss de cul. Pi toutes les sons de cette ville, toutes les bruits, toutes les lumières, toutes les personnes à appeler, avec qui être en relation. Oh my god, j'en peux pu, osti j'en peux pu, j'en peux juste pu.



26 novembre, 2h49

Sortir de moi.

Parfois c'est ce dont j'ai besoin;

sortir de moi.

28 novembre, 3h

J'ai passé fucking DEUX HEURES ET DEMI dans mon char, à zéro degré celsius, à essayer de passer un niveau sur Duolingo. De 22h40 à 1h10 du matin-FUCKING INSANE. Sérieux, ça me rend folle osti, que mon cerveau marche de même, que l'internet, le cell, l'ordi marchent de même. Des tas de compagnies qui font toute pour garder notre attention. Cauchemar osti.

OH MY FUCKING GOD J'HAIS LA TECHNOLOGIE J'HAIS CE QU'ON EN FAIT
J'HAIS QUE TOUTE SOIT UNE OSTI DE PUB, QUE TOUTE SOIT FAITE POUR QUE TU RESTES EN LIGNE LE PLUS LONGTEMPS POSSIBLE &
J'HAIS QUE JE TOMBE DANS LE PIÈGE, QUE JE SOIS VULNERABLE À ÇA
Mais surtout
J'HAIS DUOLINGO

tabarnak que je suis fru contre cette vie, à quel point c'est tough de réguler mes comportements/ma conso, tant de temps gâché, ma santé qui part avec. ARK

30 novembre, minuit 45

J'viens de traverser une petite tempête. ça va déjà mieux. J'ai fermé mon cell en rentrant chez moi à 22h et j'ai fermé mon ordi à 23h sans regarder de vidéos.J'ai supprimé Duolingo de mon cell après le fiasco de jeudi. Je réapprends à vivre en moi plutôt qu'hors de moi, dans un ailleurs qui semble confortable parce que j'oublie mes émotions, parce que je veux pas vivre ce que j'ai à vivre. I'm sick of being used as a pawn



En montrant mes portraits à ma prof aujourd'hui, elle m'a demandé qu'est-ce que je pensais du fait que je dessine juste ma tête et pas mon corps. J'avais même pas remarqué! J'ai répondu que c'est parce que je sais pas dessiner, mais je savais pas dessiner ma tête non plus y'a un an...?!

5 d[illegible]

J'ai tellement de self-talk méprisant envers moi. Somehow I keep thinking that I'm used to it now, the social aspect of things, it'll all be good, I won't be awkward, I won't beat myself up, but no, I do and I will.

Super! Il est 4:33 am, le 6 décembre
Aujourd'hui a été une journée particulièrement longue. Je me suis senti.e vraiment démuni.e, emprisonné.e, j'ai beaucoup pleuré... Pour mon essai dans le cours de A, je recherche sur le sujet du design de persuasion & je trouve ça vraiment difficile. Mais vraiment.
Je me sens prisonnière de l'ordi et des réseaux sociaux, je sens mon potentiel se ruiner, glisser entre mes doigts. Faire mes travaux est une bataille CONSTANTE avec mon cerveau pour tenir à distance les distractions & c'est tellement épuisant. Je réussis pas tout l'temps & c'est démoralisant, ça me fait sentir coupable, démuni.e, sans pouvoir, faible. ça augmente vraiment ma colère & mon sentiment de honte. Je me sens complètement inadéquate/inadapté/incapable et je tourne cette colère vers moi. **ça devient de la haine.** Je le jure, ça change fondamentalement ma relation avec moi-même; je me hais d'être "comme ça", de pas être "capable" de me contrôler, de gaspiller autant de temps...
Mais là d'en apprendre plus sur le design de persuasion ça... ça rajoute une couche de colère. Parce que, ouais, toutes nos pensées, nos vies, nos habitudes, nos buts, sont régis par ces applications qui sont littéralement conçues pour nous garder en ligne à l'infini
ET JE SAIS çA
mais je suis pas capable de m'en sortir et c'est ça le persuasive design!
La façon de concevoir et de vivre nos espaces en ligne doit changer.
Et en attendant j'ai le sentiment de me noyer esti. Mais ça va.











9 décembre 2024, 22h47

Bon ben, mes journées ces temps-ci sont fucking poubelle. Je me lève full tard, je suis zéro organisé, je fais n'importe quoi. J'espère vraiment être capable de finir la session au plus criss. Je veux juste passer deux semaines sans avoir à regarder un putain d'ordinateur. J'en peux pu.

11 décembre, 1h14

J'ai downloadé mon historique YouTube des six derniers mois et après j'ai tout supprimé pour désactiver l'algorithme de recommendation. It felt great but most of my day was spent archiving my YouTube watch history which also felt alienating.

J'arrive pas à avoir l'air assis sur mon dessin. Ca me fait travailler fort de dessiner mon corps. J'dois être dans une bonne phase de cycle menstruel parce que même si j'me suis couché à 5h du mat hier, je suis full en forme, optimiste et apaisé. Aussi, j'écoute moins de télé.

Yé, 13/12, 1h55 du matin.

J'écoute pu la télé, j'écoute pu la télé! Pas YouTube, pas de films, pas de séries, nada. C'est fini les écrans pour moi! J'ai fait du bricolage et j'ai fini le podcast sur Frida Kahlo. Quelle différence d'écouter du contenu meaningful plutôt que du junk! J'suis plus créative, plus présent, plus ancrée. Ecouter l'histoire de Frida pendant quinze heures me motive à m'améliorer en dessin. I feel my efforts culminating. It is a hard fight, but a worthy one.

16/12

Il est 21h12 et je cogne des clous. J'ai passé une super journée sans techno, à lire, à être seule. Les chats n'étaient pas très colleux. En silence, à manger, trois repas. Faire du brico, aller faire des emplettes à vélo sans GPS. C'était doux, simple. J'ai écouté la radio en buvant une "sangria", j'ai écouté une cassette sur ma vieille télé. Il a plu toute la journée. J'étais immergé dans le présent. Quelques craintes ici et là: que quelqu'un meurt, qu'on ait besoin de moi. Mais quelle liberté cette journée off. Pas de communication, pas de problème, pas de

temps perdu à rien faire sur Internet. Juste la présence.
Ecouter mon corps pour de vrai. Me faire confiance.

26/12

Je pense qu'au-delà du talent ou de la maîtrise du dessin, que je n'ai clairement pas, au moins me dessiner dans le miroir serait important. Même si je ne suis pas capable de me dessiner, at least looking in the mirror keeps/shows some key features of the day. Des éléments marquants.
This project is coming to an end. A year of drawing myself daily. It feels like it can't end anymore, like it's an ongoing thing, parallel to my life. Imbricated with it.

27/12 21h45

Sometimes it seems like I've lost touch with this project and with myself. I'll start Vipassana again, to get in touch with the spiritual. Learn how to live in this world. And what a world.

22h44, 28 décembre

I want a new life.
I'm not sure if I have the strength for it. I feel extremely lazy, maybe because I'm exhausted. Messiness is spreading around the house: things I won't use, won't wear, won't play with. Things I will end up throwing away. A weight that crushes me. Weighting me down. Maybe that's why.



Scrolling is so easy.

Ark 2 janvier, 3h43. Double ark. Why am I like this? I had such a great day in the sun, in the Beaches. I wanted to read the whole evening and sleep early, but instead, I watched fucking TV and here I am. I need to learn to fucking control myself. I need a routine, sleep before midnight, un cadre, a framework. I need to overcome that. Fuck. Fuck.

4 janvier 2025, 2:24 am
ok j'ai un nouvel hyper focus sur les beanie babies et j'ai écouté des vidéos full tard, et surfé sur Ebay et Marketplace & envoyé plein de messages pour en acheter. Pour le nouvel an, on s'était chacun.e fait un bingo de résolutions triviales; des aventures, des trucs que ça nous tente de faire, des choses qu'on va assurément accomplir. J'avais mis sur ma carte d'hyperfocusser sur un sujet random. Alors au lieu de me sentir mal d'avoir écouté des trucs sur les beanie babies jusqu'à 2h du matin, je me suis dit "Yé! J'ai rempli ma résolution!"
How to reframe the moments where my AuDHD is disabling and transform them into a joy, an appreciation of who I am?





The End...-ish

This summer, I became obsessed with cicadas. My bedroom balcony overlooks a huge silver maple tree that shelters all kinds of creatures; raccoons, squirrels, and, in this unusually hot summer, a chorus of cicadas. I never paid attention to their life cycle before, but something about it felt uncannily familiar to the way I create and live. Cicadas spend years underground feeding on root sap, gathering energy. Then, for a brief moment above ground, they emerge, sing intensely, reproduce, and disappear. I don't die after an intense period of research creation, of course, but their rhythm resonates deeply with me. For an extended time, I accumulate excessively—diary entries, sound recordings, dreams, collage materials… And then, when the moment is right, everything comes together all at once: excessive and alive. All summer, whenever I heard a cicada, I felt strangely supported—like I was finally in the right place.

Two and a half years ago, at the beginning of this project, I started chronicling the impact of the current digital landscape on neurodivergent people. Documenting the process of this research project was very confronting. I was working precisely on what is meant to stay invisible, what we constantly seek to erase. I would often fall back into doomscrolling: for example, when compiling my YouTube watch history, I would read the title of a video that peaked my interest, search for it and dive back into a cycle. We normally consume online content without lingering but with this project, I was forcing myself to look at them, acknowledge them, study them.

There is something in me that resisted the writing of this thesis. My body often physically couldn't go revisit the pages I had written, the feedback I had been given. Daily, I was excitedly reading, expanding my knowledge, drawing connections, writing. But when it came to finalizing it in one form or another: **I resisted**. Yet instead of fighting alongside that part of me that so strongly desired to fight, I blamed myself, shamed myself, forced myself to comply. The discombobulated[68] shape of this paper is my attempt at cultivating kindness for those parts of myself that refuse productivity and result. I will have given this memoir time, care and rest but I will also have had to push it towards the exit sooner than it required. The way my mind is

[68] My favourite English word.

branching brings me so much joy. I can only dream of a world where we, neurodivergent artists and thinkers, have all the time and ressources we need to untangle and make sense of it all.

In an interview with his peers Noah Emanuel Morrison and Xingpei Shen, Ditiya Ferdous writes about their daily experiences of racism and discrimination both in academic and cultural spaces while studying in Estonia[69]. They share that "persistent forces of alienation, acculturation, and racism left their imprint not only on our daily well-being but also on the methods and contents of our artwork." The environment you evolve in can transform yourself and your work, even as you're trying to push back. It transforms you and is very inflexible to being transformed by you. They articulate perfectly the process of making art in a hostile environment and the impacts it can have, which I resonated with profoundly.

Through making my way into academia, and developing my own tools and methodology, my research questions shifted towards ways of fundamentally altering writing and researching in academic context. Building a neurodivergent space for my thesis show, as an act of resistance to the tech world[70] and to a capitalist and ableist institution, opened up a realm of new possibilities for my practice. How people were engaging with the installation made me realize how important it is to craft theses alternative spaces. Being comfortable in our work and in academic spheres shouldn't be an exception. In a hostile space such as academia, it is essential to build experiences that values and allows neurodivergent thinking, researching and making. This is the research I'm taking forward as I finish this paper. It is an urgent work of radical compassion[71] and joy making.

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[69] Ferdous et al, "Cracking and Mending Contexts."

[70] Words of wisdom spoken by my friend Sade Alexis at my artist talk, Ignite Gallery, 2026.

[71] Alok Vaid-Menon on "*A Really Good Cry: Accepting Yourself - How to Not Let the Judgement of Others Mold Who You Are*", 2024

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Appendix

S'enfarger dans le quotidien

An Arts-Based Exploration of Neurodivergence and the Current Digital Landscape



Research presentation, April 22nd 2026

Le meilleur reste à venir

Research Questions

-What is the relationship between internet addiction and neurodivergent people?

-How does the current digital landscape affect our lives outside of screens, our interpersonal relationships, and our sense of self?

-How can I improve my relationship with the digital space?

Newer Research Questions

-What does it mean to experience life from the sidelines in a world built to accommodate neurotypical ways for thinking, researching and making?

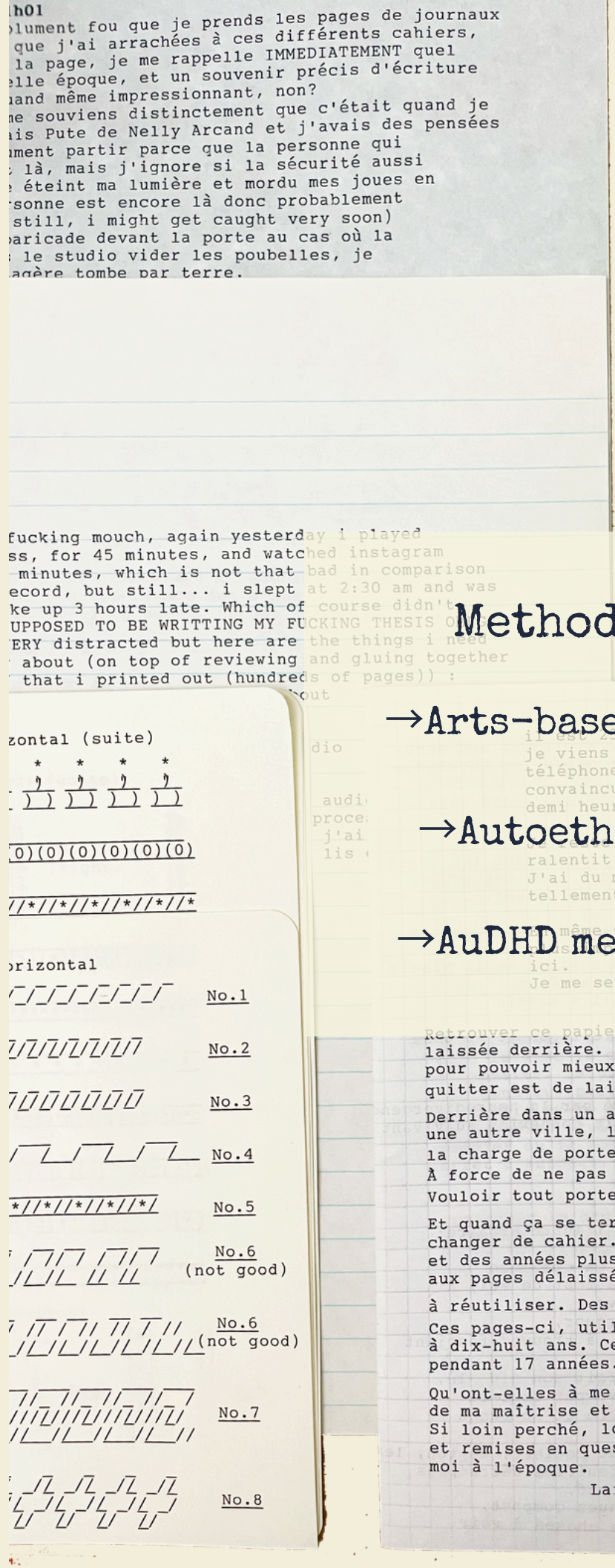
-What would it mean to crip a thesis?

Methodology

→Arts-based research

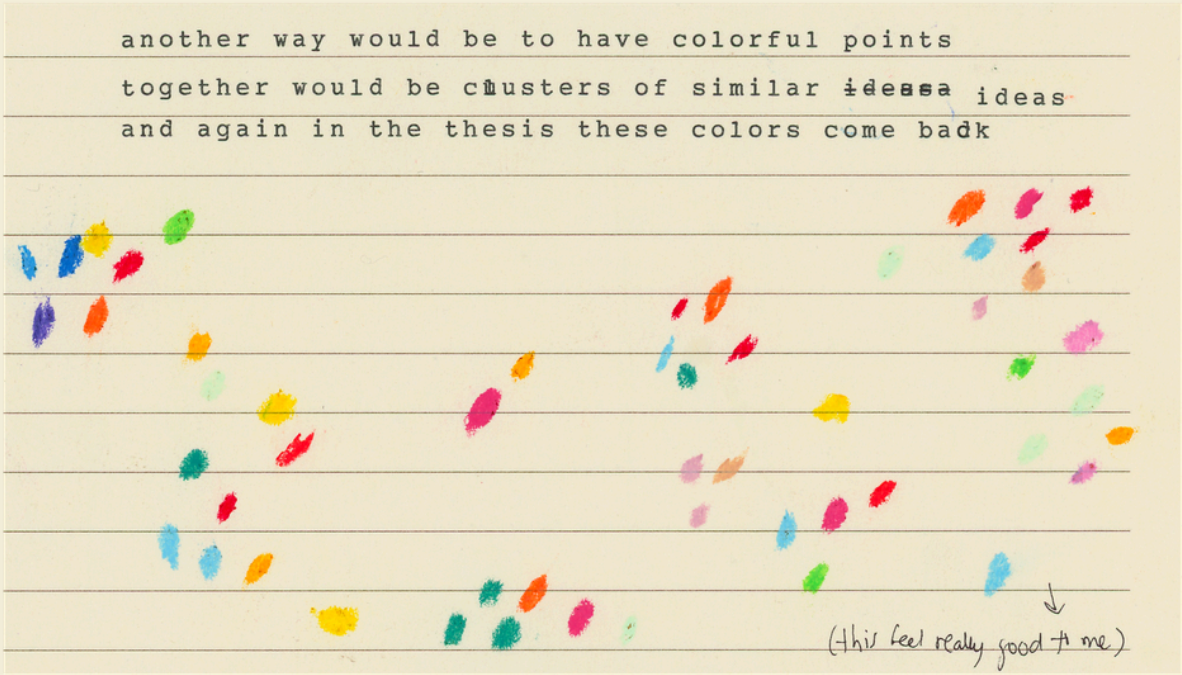
→Autoethnography

→AuDHD methodology





The thesis map





L'importance de l'usage du québécois dans mon mémoire



Dimanche le 23 novembre, 16h08
Grief came back again.
I don't know why.
I let the silence in. I let the grief in.
Hier j'ai eu une migraine. Obligé de fermer toutes les lumières de la maison. Tous les rideaux. Obligé de mettre du tape électrique sur les sources lumineuses agressantes; l'heure sur le four, l'indicateur lumineux qui allume lorsqu'on utilise un rond du poêle, la petite lumière verte pour la fane dans la salle de bain. Obligé de marcher dans la maison les yeux fermés en semi-permanence, un capuchon sur la tête et un masque pour les yeux en gelée, pour soulager. Lentement et douloureusement je me suis fait cuire une soupe Lipton aux tomates, que j'ai amené dans ma chambre, sur mon lit. En attendant qu'elle froidisse, un interminable temps d'attente qui a laissé entrer des souvenirs.
Une caméra, neuve, encore emballée, déposée sur la table du street sur l'Île Wards, avec un livre, et une note signée par April. Tu étais si contente que j'aie été selectionné pour une résidence d'artiste au Portugal, me souhaitait bon voyage. La caméra pour là-bas, le livre pour ici, pour lire pendant que je restais chez toi. Avec Maybe.
J'ai pleuré au-dessus de ma soupe Lipton brûlante, je me suis brûlé la langue et j'ai pleuré encore.
J'aimerais tellement que tu sois encore ici.
Peut-être que ce n'est pas juste de ne pas te laisser partir. C'était ton temps. Tu as quitté par toi-même

The need for working analog


WOW
YOU CAN'T STOP ME
BIG BRAIN FOR SMALL THESIS
SO MUCH BRAIN POWER NOW
NO BRAINS
UNSTOPPABLE
I'M JUST THAT GOOD!


WOW !!!
Je suis contente
machine à écrire
moi qui écrit tellement vite que y'a
DES FLAMMES
MA THÈSE



Yifan Wang

The thesis show

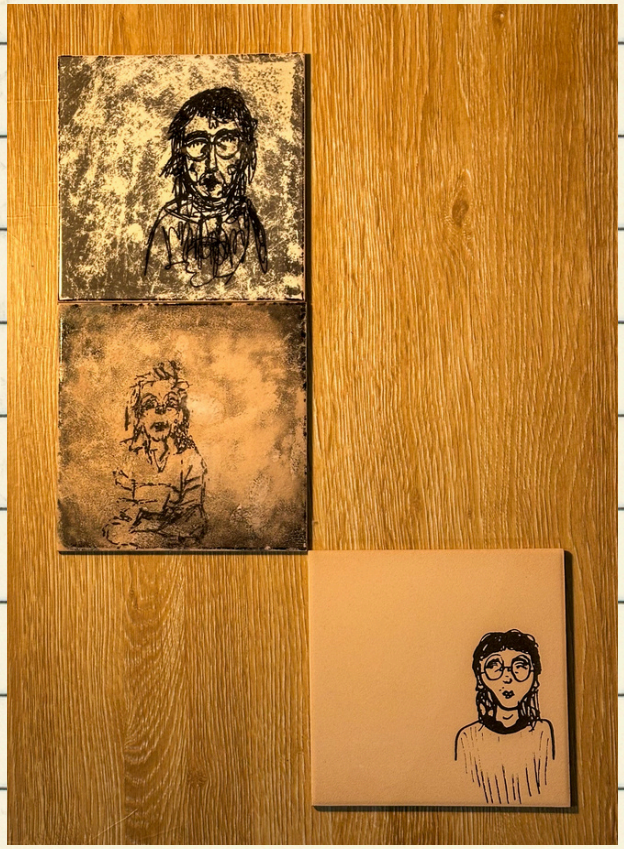


Vivek Verma




Sign in


Sign in




Sign in
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Sofia Sue-Wah-Sing







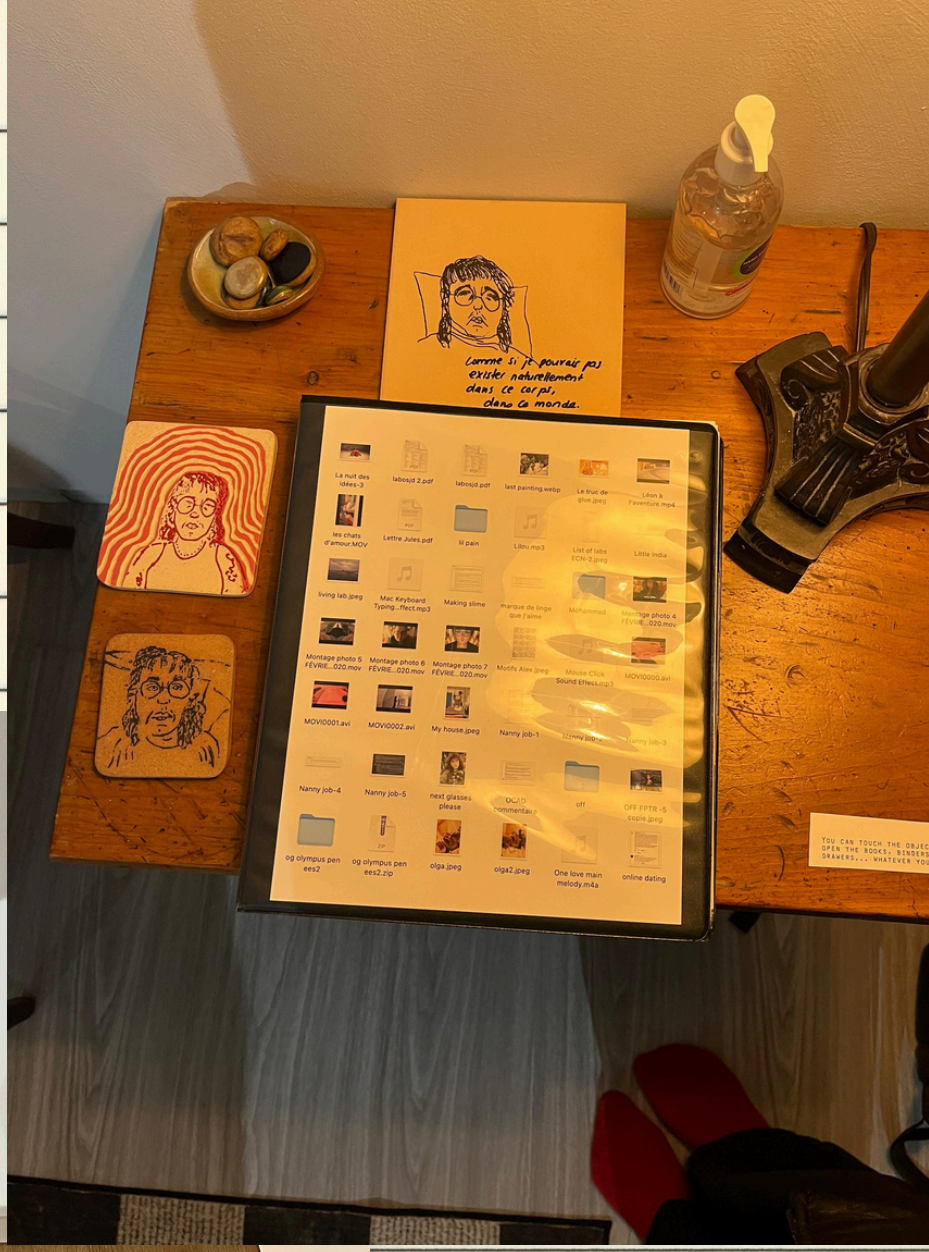
Julius Poncelet Manapul







Michael Lee Poy







Ezra Humphreys



Sherry Y. Lin



Inspiration for the bedroom;

ma chambre au 873 rue St-Honoré







Amy Noseworthy



Feifan Yang

The opening and artist talk



Yifan Wang





Yifan Wang





Yifan Wang







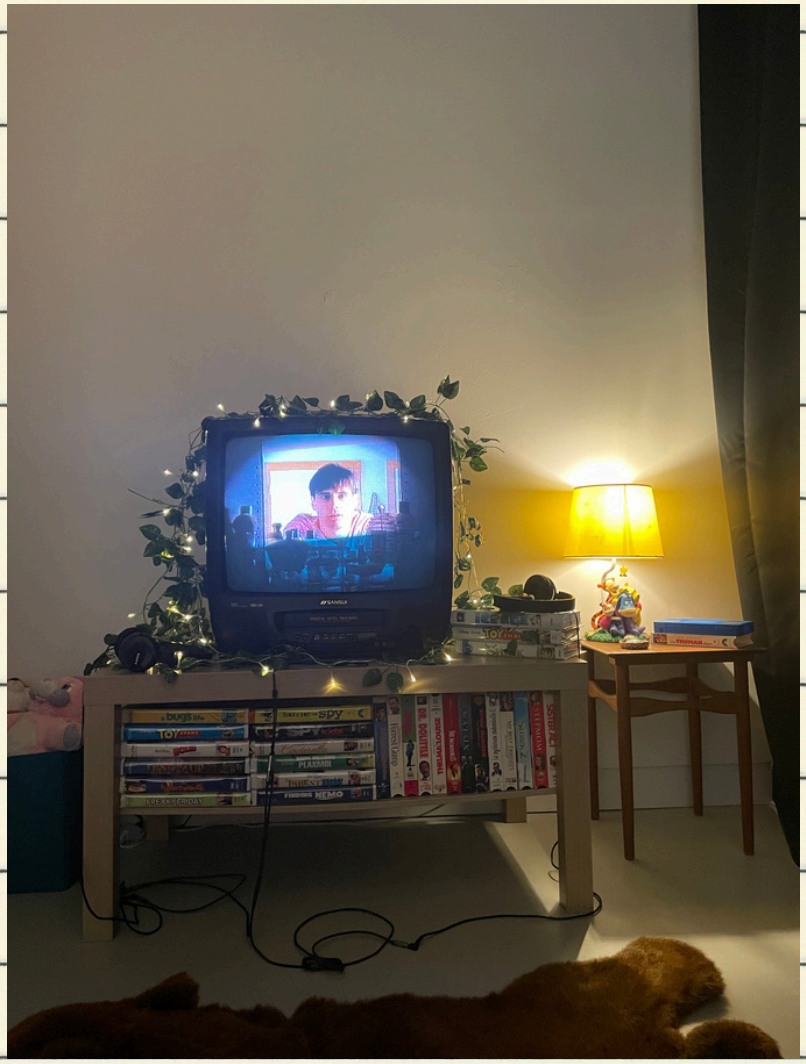


Yifan Wang





Yifan Wang





Yifan Wang

Ignite Gallery

s'enfarger dans le quotidien

Jules Dufresne

Monday March 23, 2026



Artwork by Joyce Lai

march23,2026
bonjour;) Jules,
it is a pleasure to hear about yourgallery.i love all the thoughts and intricate details! i feel so at peace and calm in this space
* *
merci pour votre ART ^0^
i am not very good at communicating my thoughts throughwritten language but thank you for t aking your time to explain everything to me!
i am having so fun learning more about you and your art

/ / / + + - - * *
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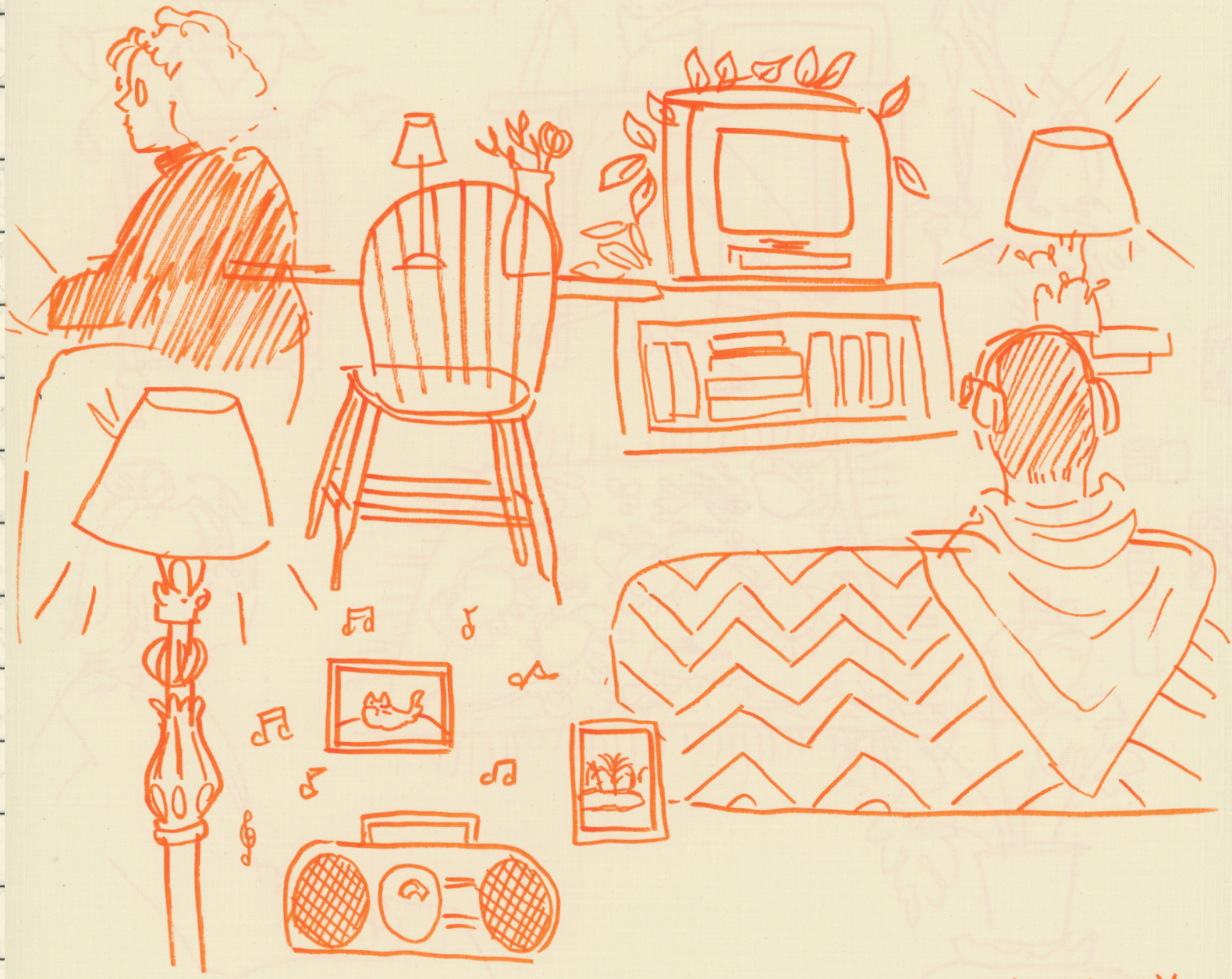
lots of love,
Joyce Lai ¶ J.Y.L



Artwork by Joyce Lai

Joyce Lai

Hi my name is Chloe and i am 10 years old. my favorite colour is indigo and my favourite food is sushi. I love to swim and i am in competitive swimming.something i like to do in my spare time is art. I like to draw, paint, and write.1 fun fact about me is that I have never been outside of north america but i have been on a plane. i hope you got to know a few things about me!!

t

Chloe
Irizawa ↑

↓ Tabitha Lucien,
Nikki Chiu

hi my name is Tabitha Lupien. Jules work is stunning. Im̀ so happy to b
be here!

Bonjour! My name is Nikki. Jules and I are neighbours. I love her a
we love arts! Creativity is an intergral part of human life.
To BE able to **create** is a priviledge.

bonne chance jules!!!!

jż=
Nuit du 19 janvier au 20 ewriter hey!!!!
3h04 du matin
I'm ashamed of myself and feel guilty. I'm looking for ways
to live in this world. Every time I can't, I feel like I'm
failing and it makes me feel so, so shameful.

i had acomputer typewriter like this when i was in grade school. i loved it so much because i was a writer.

but most of my stories i wrote by hand

my father was a journalist and he had an old school one

i used to have a calus on the middle finger of my right hand.it was the only way i knew my left from my right. its pretty much gone now, so i struggle to tell my which hand is which...

i havent really written by hand for so long...

and i havent written on a typewriter for so many years

Did i spell calus right?

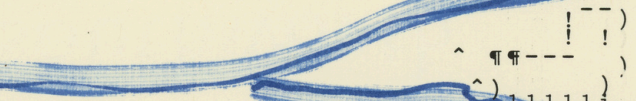
Typed by Emmy Pantin

With the light ofAOKI.Everything is crumbling and dissolve in a dazzling manner. We will all burn in the mire of the deep sea. Bereduced to ashes, and then lead a life of a fish..

WITH THE LIGHT OF AOKI?EVERYTHING IS CRUMBLING AND DISSOLVE IN A DAZZLING MANNER. WE WILL ALL BURN IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, BE REDUSED TO ASHES,AND THEN LEAD A LIFE OF A FISH.

Les quatre phases successives de lìmage seraient celles-ci;
elle est reflet dùne réalité profonde;
elle masque et dénature une réalité profonde;
elle masque làbsence de réalité profonde;
ellenà plus de rapport á aucune réalité quelle quèlle soit:
elle est son propre simulacre pur

__Jean Baudrillard__



The plesiosaur stayed in the thick and damp Tropical rainforrest, living on ferns.It was a dull dull and slow life. Hirokumo didnt know which kind of Jurassic dinosaur he is, maybe he is on the grass. but he led the same life. His computer was glowing green, just like the ripples in water.

Archaeologists say that dinosaurs might have had feathers but they couldnt be preserved, so modern people have no way of knowing what dinosaurs looked like. Hirokumo know the answer. Dinosaurs themselves didnt care about these feathers at all. They led a life in which they ignored the feathers as if they were air.

introduse our characters:+HARLEY, UNCIA++
+BOX HIROKUMO+



They are cats.
MAR 22 2006.

$\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{2}\ \frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}=1$
$\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{2}\ \ 1+1=2$
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$\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{2}\ \ \frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}=1$
$\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{2}$

3=EVERYTHING
1+2=3VERYTHING

---Laozi[Tao Te Ching]

The typewriter said to me , @stop writing all sort of noesence.
Iknow what I clearly phone
a means. wrote my once
typewriter it on .
down

¢@!¿[]§¶)_+ éç

Artwork by Leyang Yu

Future considerations

How to build an academic experience that values and allows neurodivergent thinking, researching and making?



Photo Credit: https://songsofinsects.com/

Thank you for coming to my research presentation



\(o^ ᴗ ^)/♡

jules.dufresne21@gmail.com

IG: @karaoke_shower

julesdufresne.com