

NOT ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN

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Abstract

This paper is in direct support of my thesis exhibition, *Not All Dogs Go To Heaven*, held at Gales Gallery, York University, April 11-15, 2022. This document and its text reveals the conceptual and material concerns that are relevant to the narrative and mythology that become the focus of the exhibition. Central to this project is an entity of fiction. It is never fully revealed, only referenced. The stray dog stands in as a metaphor. The path that it travels is curiously arranged and its existence is fugitive. The artworks I am creating are located in this speculative zone. Physically, the works take the form of fabricated and assembled sculptures, cast objects, acrylic structures, metal lightboxes, and digital images and illustrations materialized through commercial printing techniques. These works all exist within an imaginative area—the stray dog's path—and are the accumulated forms of multiple iconographic references and inherit the emotional weight of the contemporary milieu. The work itself is a “check-in” of the current moment, it suspends the time it exists in order to dissect it in a slow and critical manner. Through the use of bold visual forms and imagery, the works are able to highlight the strange times we live in—a sense of contemporary angst that is sticky and bright and plasmic.

Dedication

In some ways, this project came together by chance. Fortune and luck are dissimilar when one is granted and the other is stumbled upon. I am grateful to have both.

This project's completion is emergent. These works are remixes. Every part of this exhibition and of this text is in reference to: pre-existing images, texts, objects and symbols. This project considers the realities of survival and offers a reconsideration of the elements that it gathers.

Thank you.

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Technical Description

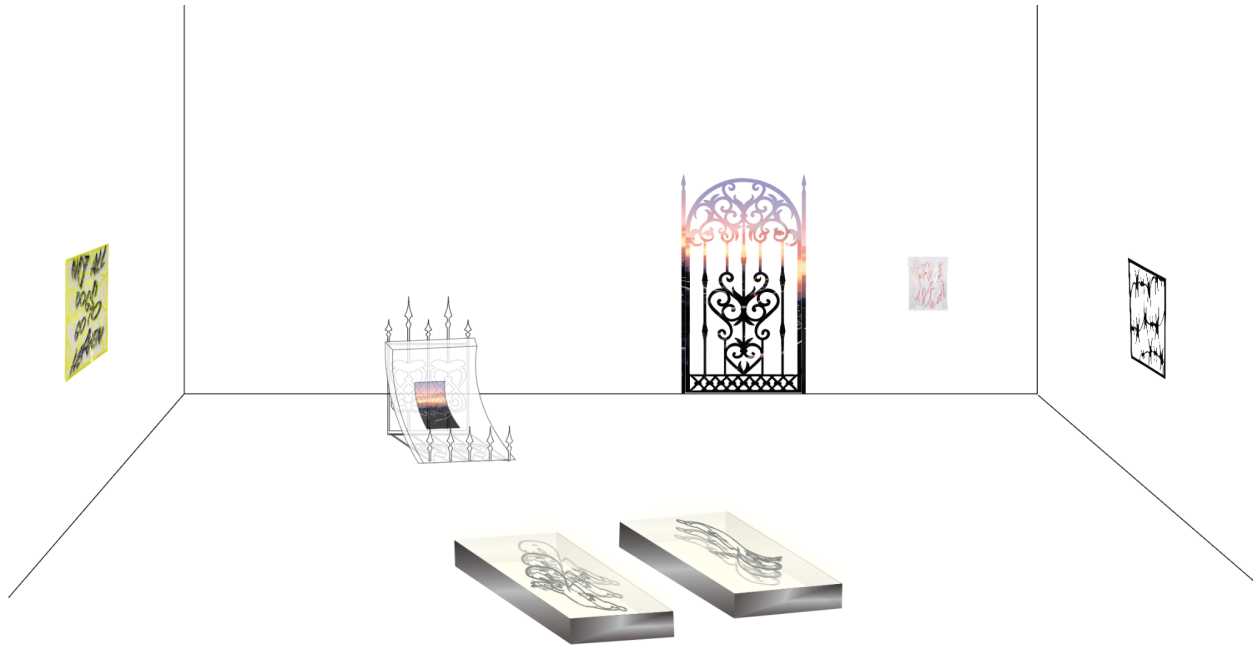


Figure 1. Digital rendering of thesis exhibition layout. Andrew Harding.

The image above is a visual rendering of my thesis project installation located in Gales Gallery, York University, April 11-15 2022. Installed on three walls and the floor of the gallery upon entrance, a conversation amongst the works is held. Beginning with the left side of the gallery is the first piece—a wall sculpture titled *Not All Dogs Go To Heaven*. A digital dye sublimation print of text (as per the title of this work) is stretched and encased in a fluorescent green acrylic vessel—the front plate featuring a fabricated spiderweb design (18 x24 inches). Continuing to the back wall of the gallery space, centered and to the right, two works are installed. *Respawn at Sunrise*, a translucent wall vinyl (6.5x3.75 feet) is adhered near the center of the back wall. This work takes the form of a vectored gate illustration, its interior fill composed of a photograph of a sunset that forms a gradient palette of black, mauve, goldenrod and salmon with lilac near the top. To the right of this work, *Creature of Discomfort* is installed.

A dye sublimation print of text (as per the title of this work) is stretched and encased in a milky white acrylic vessel shaped in the form of viscous goo that rises from the bottom and drips down from the top (9x12 inches). Continuing to the right wall of the gallery, the final wall mounted work is installed. *Untitled* is a black acrylic vessel, the front plate composed of strands of stylized barbed wires that crosses its surface. This piece stands alone with no interior, save for the skewed shadows that are cast onto the wall inside (18x24 inches). On the floor, two works are installed. To the left and back, *Foampeace* is a freestanding floor sculpture composed of a sheet of foam that is pierced by its acrylic fence-like structure and on the foam's surface is a printed photo (24x24x48 inches). To the right of this artwork is an installation titled *Bonding Portals*. Two lightboxes, each measuring 30x40 inches are placed adjacent to each other. The wiring that extends from each lightbox joins together as one cord, looping around in a tail-like formation. Each lightbox dons its own illustration adhered on an acrylic surface of a fading image of Casper the Friendly Ghost—one with text that reads “Faded Vessels” and the other “Blunted Terrain”. Objects are placed atop these lightbox support structures: a singular plaster cast dog bone and multiple wax cast dog toy candles.

Entering Fiction: Object Offerings and Material Transformation

“Far from being an escape from the world, then, here fiction takes us to its symbolic center, and might allow us to establish some leverage within the tangled contingencies and hidden conventions that lie there” (Shaw, Reeves-Everson 7).

What I’ve made—what has been brought forth and offered—glows from an “unreal center” (Shaw, Reeves-Everson 6). Familiarity has been skewed; the politics of transformation align with a reflexive curiosity. Fiction here becomes a device to uproot relations situated in sincerity and its force in building a narrative.

Fiction is enmeshed with the variables that define it. Tripled and then doubled, fading backward and then backlit atop a lightbox that is stacked with objects, Casper the Friendly Ghost has found his way into this project. There is a structural contradiction that is captured within Casper’s form and exists in a realm of inbetweenness. In its lore, and across its cartoon franchise(s), the origins of Casper’s being have appeared in various ways. In the 1960s and 1970s, Casper was conceived as a ghost birthed from ghosts—a purely spectral being of non-human origins. In the 1995 film *Casper*, he is said to have died from pneumonia—once human child, now ghost. In the iterations to follow, death is no longer attributed to his ghostly form (Casper The Friendly Ghost Wiki). Casper simply is as he appears. This impossibility of a non-physical being that is interactive and interactable, that is by the virtue of his name “friendly” yet unsettling to others. Casper has become—or has always been—an othered creature. As Donna Haraway observes in her “Companion Species Manifesto”, when disparate realities become accountable to their differences, “in ways that are barely possible but absolutely necessary”, this is a form of *significant otherness* (Haraway 7).

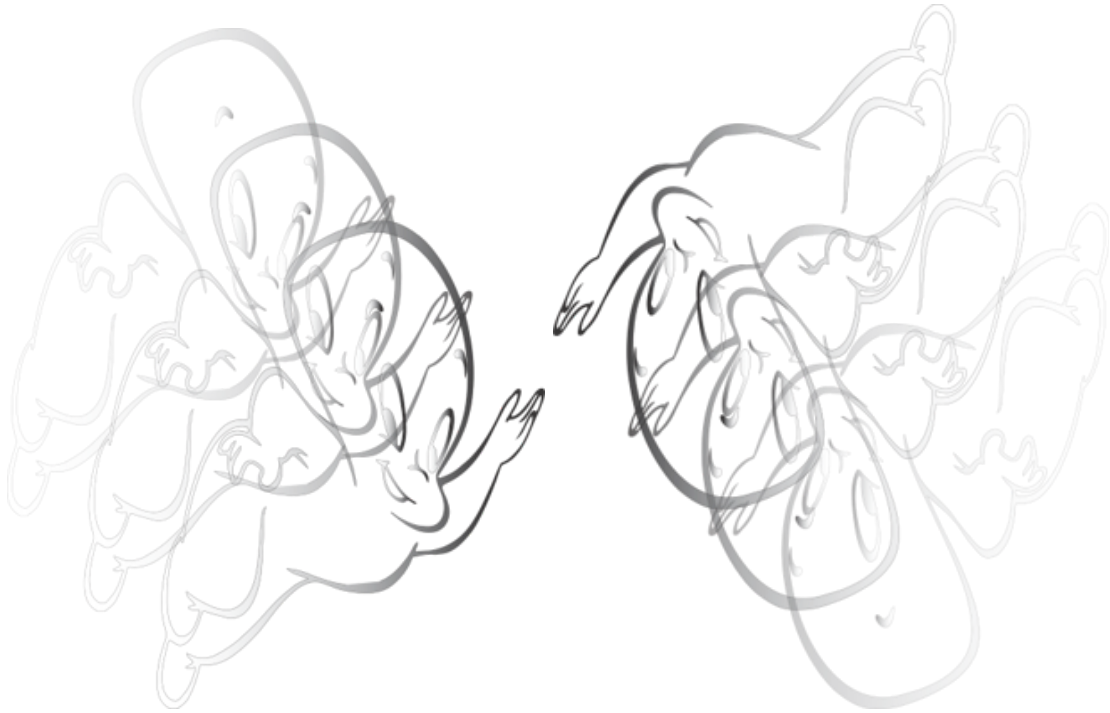


Figure 2. Illustration of Casper the Friendly Ghost. Andrew Harding.

As an entity of several and simultaneously no specific origin, featured here as borrowed—stolen— intellectual property and as a recognizable caricature, Casper serves as a guide along the stray dog’s path.

Fiction here becomes an entry point, it becomes method. This method of fiction expresses itself twofold—[to] gain agency in the construction of the everyday” and to be “deployed as holes to let in the “future” or “abstract-outside” (Shaw, Reeves-Everson 8). World building in this project is dependent on its own dissection—its self-awareness of the ontologies of objects, fragmented sentiments and image pairings used reflexively—its proximity to, and reckoning with the realities outside of its own making. The holes in this project are where curiosity enters and gnaws away—it chews on truths—those that are difficult to digest, those that relate to our own mortality and optimism for the future in witness to the rapidly shifting and perhaps decaying

global condition—and spits out fiction—those that allow a break, those that look beyond or outside and off-ward to the harsh realities we face and that can offer an alternative perspective.



Figure 3. *Bonding Portals*. lightboxes, acrylic, wax, plaster. 60x40 inches. 2022. Andrew Harding.

I was approached by a stray dog of fortune when I received these lightboxes. From an inquiring text message, these lightboxes spawned in my studio from years of storage. Following the lineage of two artists before me, spanning twenty years into the past and now casting light into the future, they are heavy, metallic and glowing. Reciprocity finds itself in an ethereal exchange with the stray dog of fortune. Casper's raised arm signals offerings that are presented in this assemblage. Dog chew toys have been transformed, finding new materiality in plaster and wax. Dichotomous materials—of durability (structural and hardened) and of warmth (mutable

and meltable)—are both actors. Where a transformation has occurred in the act of mimicking and duplicating, so too has a translation occurred in the reading of these objects.

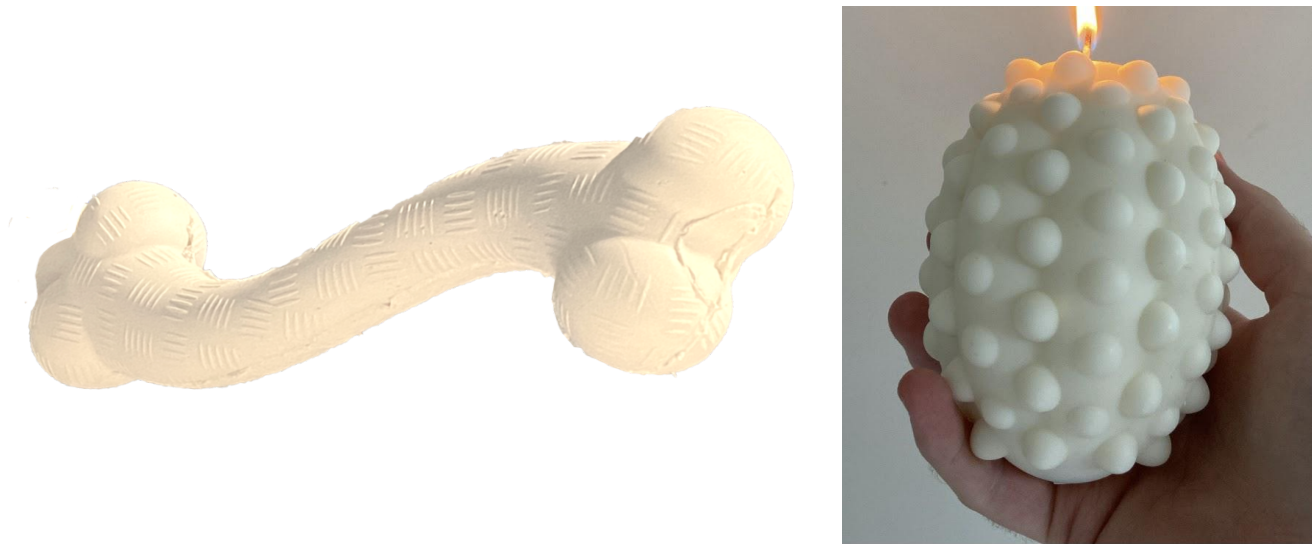


Figure 4. Plaster Dog Bone (left), Wax Dog Toy Candle (right)

Where plaster may suggest a coldness in its cast white shell, the singular and curved dog bone forms a link between the realm of the physical in its material form and as a spiritual offering to the stray dog. A cartoonish and exaggerated representation of a symbol of reward. Plaster as a material of construction is used figuratively to build relationships with this being.

Scattered across the installation's surface, wax candles cast in the likeness of a dog chew toy are also highlighted from below but remain unlit. Translation is occurring in a completely abstracted manner; its form is suggestive, its purpose is votive. Oval in shape, and reminiscent of

a grenade, with a spore-like surface they are objects of imagination and illuminate the stray dog's path.

These offerings acknowledge the ways in which we can relate the spiritual to the physical. As raw materials of wax and plaster their function is relatable but what do we make of the materials we understand when they collide with forms we may not expect to encounter?

In the dialogue of material transformation and in the choice of the selected object offerings, Jane Bennet's description of *thing-power* deciphers the following notion:

"Thing-power gestures toward the strange ability of ordinary, man-made items to exceed their status as objects and to manifest traces of independence or aliveness constituting the outside of our own experience" (Bennett xvi).

As an aid of enrichment, of play and even as devices of meditation these newly formed dog toys are skewed in their recasting. While the remains of their intended function may be at odds with their materiality, their aliveness is nurtured by their own curious presentation. Intention, context and reception are but elements within the circuits of perception—they produce feedback loops of questions and of possibilities. Sometimes, the material, or for the purposes here, an object or image issues a call, even if we do not quite understand what it is saying (Bennett 4).

As new iterations of mechanically produced objects, the shift in production has scaled down from the thousands to the few. Where only one plaster cast dog bone exists it becomes somewhat of a unique copy, a form of contradiction akin to Casper's questionable corporeal form. The few candles that have been placed are similar but not exact; variations in their surface texture and the difference in their burn are not reproduced in an exact manner. In dialogue with the project *Individual Works* by Allan McCollum, 10,000 unique casts of everyday objects were

created. Artist and writer Andrea Fraser wrote about this work and suggested that he negated the "egalitarian promise of mass production" in favour "of the service of a redistribution of symbolic objects" (Fraser). The casting of objects in this project fulfills a similar desire—the material shift and installation imbues a symbolism that I define as votive and its material composition makes it unique despite being formed as or from copies of itself and its previous iteration.

In brief, the material elements that have been gathered and selected and crafted across all of the works that contribute to this exhibition, beyond what has been listed above, act as passageways for further exploration—i.e. The plaster that builds, the candle that lights, the text that suggests. Deftly cryptic yet blatantly referential, the collision of these two approaches create an opportunity for introspection. Where material pulls and attracts, imagery holds and interrogates. The familiarity in material is rendered speculative by its form.

The bonded ties of material and object, image and form, fiction and comprehension must also reconsider its relationship to the structure that it is supported by—both physical and metaphorical. These lightboxes have created a platform for the object offerings, they are conduits for transference, the glow that is produced is an activating force—their status has been elevated while remaining in flux. Adorned with illustrations and text that reads *faded vessels and blunted terrain* they form a circular pattern, these lightbox vessels become the portals that bridge a connection to the stray dog.

Structures and Support: Approaching the End of the Path



Figure 5. *Not all dogs go to heaven*. Acrylic, dye sublimation print on synthetic silk. 18x24 inches. 2020. Andrew Harding.

Creature of discomfort. Acrylic, dye sublimation print on synthetic silk. 9x12 inches. 2020. Andrew Harding.

Untitled. Acrylic. 18x24 inches. 2021. Andrew Harding.

I am very interested in the conceptual and physical role of support structures and their influence on content and ability to skew context. Celia Condorelli's interview with Mark Cousin provides an important interlude in considering the importance of structure and support in their conversation about scaffolding:

“The object should be supported by the tectonics of its structure, whereas the fantasy just imagines the cube without having any interest as to whether the cube has attributes that will enable it to stand” (Condorelli 119).

Forged in acrylic, their tectonic surfaces mimic spider webs, viscous goop and barbed wire—they are vessels and containers of support in both the narrative and the physical structure. Amongst each there is a commonality—they are protective forms that prevent immediate access. In ways this barrier applies to the viewer as well, but upon entrance into the work a trap has been deployed—the spiderweb captures its prey, the thick goop is suffocating and slippery, the barbed wire imprisons. The purview of status as analyzed with the casted objects poses the following consideration: are these vessels simply aesthetic signals or containers to protect their interiors—and if the latter, why? We protect that which is sacred and that which has value. We also protect that which we do not want released—feelings of dread, angst and dispossession. Perhaps both are mutually tied in this series. *Not All Dogs Go To Heaven* and *Creature of Discomfort* are each a disconcerting turn of phrase. They distill a particular feeling that is granted by such times of unrest—their exaggerated forms, legibility, lettering and overall aesthetic are not unmatched to this current period of strangeness. An enduring global pandemic paired with the realities of late stage capitalism are rendering bleak realities. These texts that are trapped in and locked out are carried preciously in their vessels—akin to the Lament Configuration featured in the *Hellraiser* franchise, which itself is an adaption of Pandora’s Box—both contain portals that once unlocked release wicked energies. *Untitled* remains the odd one out—maybe there is nothing more to say, a vessel filled with the casted shadows its surface creates—a quiet gesture. Fugitive.

Anthropologist and writer Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing sheds light on notions of indeterminacy, especially that which is felt in such apocalyptic times. In her book *Mushroom at the End of the World* her focus and study of the Matsutake mushroom states that they were the first living thing to emerge from the blasted landscape in Hiroshima (Tsing 3). The resilience of

this organism is able to withstand human disturbance, even that of a catastrophic scale, but proves incredibly difficult to cultivate and farm. The meticulous practice of harvesting creates value—status is poised in scarcity. Contrasting our current global predicament in combination with ongoing anthropocentric concerns, Tsing acknowledges that “we are stuck with the problem of living despite economic and ecological ruination. Neither tales of progress nor of ruin tell us how to think about collaborative survival. It is time to pay attention to mushroom picking. Not that this will save us-but it might open our imaginations” (19).

In favour of a progress that values a continuation rather than promoting the capitalistic framework of industrial growth, we must accept this fate. Precarity is no longer an exception, it is the defining mode and framework of our everyday lives and into the future.

Glowing and hyper synthetic, the materiality of these three works is paired with an anxiousness embedded in their text—the weight of contemporary burden is presented in high gloss. Where the offering of candles and dog bone previously presented in this paper have granted a trusting bond with the stray dog, it is now an appropriate time to visualize artworks that exist outside of the framework of survival and something that is forward looking. In suspending the realities of the current moment, those of earthly concerns—its contingent foundation, contact can once again be made with the fictional realm of the stray dog. Escaping the avenues of destruction laid forth, the stray dog arrives at the end of times with the instinctual knowledge of preservation. Its psychic power sustains its journey, it knows the path that follows an infinite dawn.



Figure 6. Digital rendering of *Foampeace*. Acrylic, foam, photograph. 4x2.5 feet. 2022.

Foampeace watches from a distance. A soft foam landing is pierced by acrylic fence posts. The stray dog's path is not above or below this realm, but rather adjacent to it. An offering has been presented to the viewer *from* the stray dog—a singular photo of a sunset. The location and time of this photo is withheld. Perhaps a past reflection or a signaling of what's to come. Of materials and symbols of ephemera—the absorbent and lightweight quality of the foam is paired with a clichéd and nostalgia-laden photograph. The clear acrylic fence posts form a suburban geometric structure—architecture that is familiar and fractured. This sculpture is a sentiment, it breaks free from the anxiety of indeterminacy. Its sanguine outlook is translated through the use

of recognizable imagery and in the ontology of its materials—foam’s capacity to gently hold and the photo's ability to picture that which we await. Tethered down by the acrylic fence posts that support its free standing structure, it pictures the infinite dawn the stray dog approaches. This work is an interlude. We await the final direction as the sun sets.

In engaging with assemblages and collages of varied materials, forms and presentation methods, this project embodies curiosity through reconsideration. As objects have had their functions transformed, materials have translated purpose and presentation has altered status. Text and imagery have furthered readings and made their own implications—they’ve made works that are sticky with insight. The stray dog’s path in its fictional assembling advocates these reconsiderations—where our current timeline may be fractured, it embraces the nature of multiple temporalities. What has been skewed and altered and changed is not for the sole purpose of reinventing itself, but rather it challenges or looks to that which is ignored, that which does not fit, the ideals and notions that are not invested in the progress of capitalism, rather ideals that look at the ineffable.



Figure 7. Digital rendering of *Respawn at Sunrise*. Translucent vinyl print. 6.85x3.75 feet. 2021.

As the sun continues to set a sunrise occurs simultaneously in the distance. The final and penultimate work of this exhibition takes its form. *Respawn at Sunrise* is a mystic transformation. The act of artistic process has claimed the photo offering from the stray dog and has translated its image into a gate. Oversized and decorative, its metaphor is heavy handed and generous. It lifts a gradient palette, it appears glowing from within, it is a harbinger of our fate. Installed on the back wall of the gallery, the translucent vinyl application gestures its presence in low opacity. This project's ruminations on indeterminacy, of operating out of abundance in times of scarcity and illness, of purging the burden of contemporary angst, of exchange and reciprocity even in the most abstracted of ways and of a fictional narrative that weaves throughout, the stray dog's path concludes with this work. *Respawn at Sunrise* presents an opportunity to make anew, what awaits on the other side will only be known when our feet hit the pavement. We are not met

with a solution but rather a possibility: in times like this there is “nothing to be said or done” (Kelela 00:55), we may only “await our armored fate with a smile” (SZA 1:12).

Process and Processing: Venturing Forth

In reckoning with ruination, this project's locus is situated in an embrace and encounter of that which is unplanned and unknown. In building towards the hope that underlines these works, it begins with an offering to the stray dog that opens up a passageway. In venturing forth, the apocalyptic tendencies that weigh on this project are packed away in vibrant vessels. In a reciprocal exchange, a singular photo is gifted by the stray dog. A gate appears, it beckons, the path continues. After all, "making worlds is not limited to humans" (Tsing 22).

This project is an atemporal ballad. It dedicates itself to the stray dog and to the perseverance needed for survival. There is a tradition of authorship anonymity in ballads, folklore adjacent and therefore adaptable. These works may be aesthetically stylized yet they lack a certain hand of the artist or author—perhaps anonymous creations. These works do not accommodate the brush strokes of a painting but rather they feature the imperfections that only a commercial printer can produce. Corners are clean cut and the casted objects at first glance may seem like purely fabricated duplicates. Everything has been remixed—syncopated from reality; they push and pull the threads of reality in an attempt to detach and suspend while remaining grounded in their use of references.

There are portions of this paper, these works, this project's inception and completion that remain withheld from the audience and the reader. The stray dog being one of them. Casper becomes a stand-in character, representative of a figure who has their own wandering mythology, he is a carrier and touchstone. Focus is dedicated to empowering the symbols this project uses, to charge them with meaning, to alter their appearance while ensuring their status as symbols and their legibility remains—succinct representations of the abstract or the unknown.

I think a lot about the ways this project deals with the notion of an offer or of an exchange. My art making is a process of borrowing and I want to be forthcoming with how I create. The process of selection is first and foremost. Sometimes selection occurs out of pure aesthetic interest, or it's direct in its search for that "thing" that fits the equation—a particular material that imparts new meaning, a form that elaborates on concept, an image that provokes curiosity. This process can never be forced, it's often encountered with eyes that are ever searching but always discerning. It's a feeling, an instinct, when something announces itself to me—I listen to what it says, I research its origins, what it symbolizes and how that symbol may have more than one interpretation, I create from its presence and its absence—everything changes, new revelations occur, it's been broken down and assembled back together again. It goes through rounds of translations. When the elements are gathered, edited, and recontextualized, they are then returned and ready to be received—by *who* or *what* is left open for discussion.

Process in my work leaves much to be questioned by the viewer. Where the sutures of an artwork may not be visible, the fingerprints or brush marks not featured, these sculptures manifest as pseudo-products. Process and assembly occurs behind the scenes, and it includes administrative processes that most may not consider. Material sourcing, shopping for quotes and shipping arrangements require a work back schedule that takes into account fabrication timelines and the schedules of printers. Weeks or even months of planning culminates in the production of a specific piece, starting with the prototype phase.

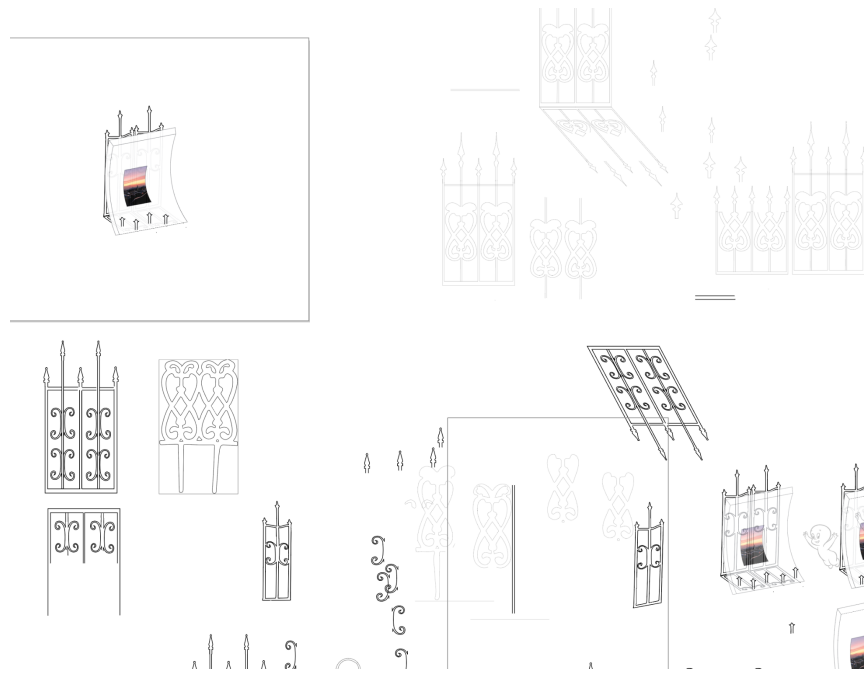


Figure 8. Process screenshot of digital renderings and mockups for *Foampeace*.

These works manifest in the way an architectural project comes together, mockups of shapes, considerations of spatial awareness, sizing and design are worked through multiple and often fractured segments of an artwork. In figure 8, the first draft file for *Foampeace* is captured. Several versions of the initial mockup float around this freeformed document—I make new artboards in Adobe Illustrator when needed and expand its dimensions, the file is scrollable and its file size grows larger and larger. Multiple repetitions and adjustments to each element of the piece are made, repeated and scaled to experiment with how they work with its overall construction. Beyond the development of its aesthetic form, it must also take into consideration the limitations and possibilities of its form, printer restrictions, and cost. These illustrations are not only drawings but the beginnings of the final fabrication file for the printers. I visualize the final work as a whole, and then break it down into its parts by material. I began with designing the fence, considering its size and its structure in how it would hold the foam that curves down its front. In order to do this I had to construct an acrylic backing, which then is duplicated and

cut in half to make a floor piece that joins together in a 90 degree L-like structure. In order for the foam to hold its shape and remain stable, it had to be pierced at the bottom to prevent it from slipping. With its construction figured out, now aesthetic considerations are able to come into play.

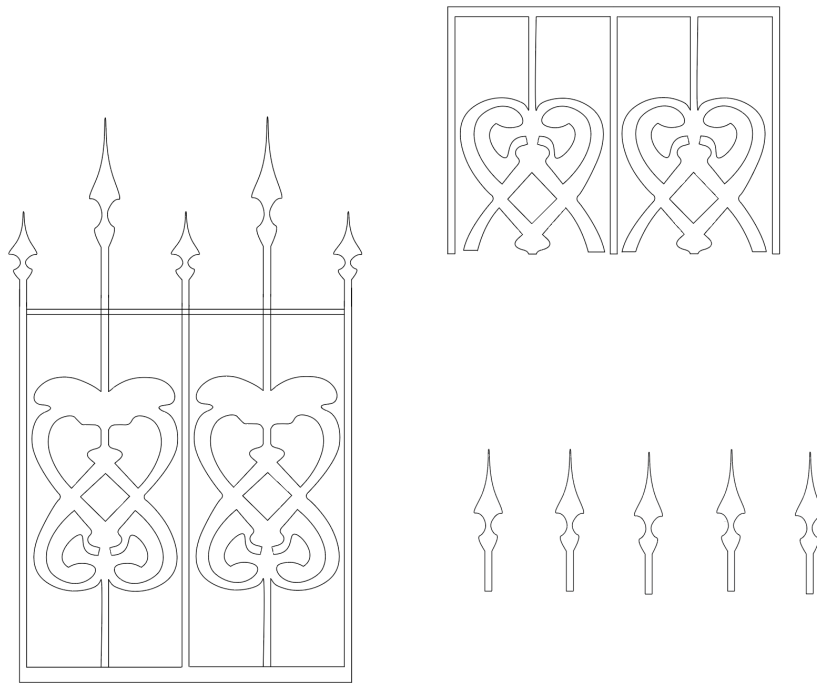


Figure 9. Fabrication file for *Foampeace*.

This image is representative of a finalized fabrication file—all of the elements of the piece are laid out, exacting in measurement and to scale. The translation from digital file to its physical form has been anticipated through planning—I use measuring tapes and mark on the wall with pencil denoting its final size to bring its scale from the screen to the physical world. I consider its presence alongside the final exhibition in rendering a to-scale version of it in order to understand how its size reads amongst the other works—like the exhibition mockup under

technical description. After fabrication files have been received and the piece has been created, and when the materials have been sourced and shipped—something that has not been without challenge due to covid’s detrimental effect on supply chain logistics and cost increase—the process of assembling begins. Despite the planning that can go into a digital rendering, including the math of its dimensions and physics of its structure, occasionally adjustments need to be made. I bond together the pieces of acrylic using a chemical solution that melts the plastic to itself, it becomes one in a matter of seconds.

The use of acrylic is dominant and recurring within this project. I liken my usage of it more so as a raw material rather than a prefabricated form. It’s transformative capabilities are endless. I draw into its surface—I cut through it. It highlights or withholds that which it contains, it punctures and pierces. This is the product of the 20th century. Increasingly we are witness to its decay but never its recycle. It becomes yellowed with age, weakened by ultraviolet light, it photodegrades but never biodegrades. It will be plastics—both micro and macro—that will form fossils and embed the earth as a trace of our time. Like the matsutake, I wonder what will be able to emerge through the acrylic crust in the generations to come.

The trauma-making of the past two years, which continues to this day and for the foreseeable future, is abstract and disappointing in the ways that individual and community care has been seconded to profit and a “return to normal” by governing bodies and institutions. Although, maybe it is too easy to apply judgement to something that perhaps was inevitable. It is difficult to comprehend its scale, but perhaps this abstracted representation that I have enacted in my exhibition of the abject feelings it imparts in us and the rejection of such is a way that it can become manageable. After all, these cumulative realities of life during a pandemic, decay and destruction are not new. They have been experienced time and time again by countless

communities, marginalized by its effects, something that cultural critic and professor Grace Dillon refers to as the “Native Apocalypse”. We all cope with the here and now in many different ways, through community, through study, through substance, through work, through rest. This project is but one of these methods—maybe a combination of them all—artmaking and narrative work in tandem, its imaginative forces are active in considering the algebra of our current situations.

Undertaking a substantive project like this over the past two years is self indulgent in ways that privilege has set aside time and resources to untangle such philosophical threads. At times it has been nagging and at times it has been fulfilling. In working through the zoomscape, fluctuating restrictions and lockdowns, cancellations and indefinite postponements, this project’s presence constantly resurfaces. It’s always waiting. In ways, I think this project becomes a souvenir of its time and in wrestling with its harsh realities, I’m reminded of the following sentiment from Simone De Bouevoir: I’m reliving it, neutralizing it, and transforming it into an inoffensive past that i can keep in my heart without either disowning it or suffering from it. (461) This encapsulates so perfectly the discussions on indeterminacy and precarity, the dread we have experienced and no doubt will continue to experience and the agreements we make with ourselves to carry on despite all else.

I’ve been light handed with theory in this paper but have adopted and adapted my concepts through the writings of Bennett and her material embrace, paired with Tsing’s delicate way of holding this moment in time—one that does not appeal to progress but one that persists. Research also manifests itself in visual origins. In the collections of images and texts and objects that have been used in this project they themselves are also research materials that serve the function of narrative devices while visually forming the foundation of each work. Everything

that remains familiar and recognizable in this project is because of a developed relationship to iconography. I am shaped by their symbology as much as I have shaped it. Every angle of entry into each work, obtuse or acute, singularly or collectively, is substantive in its own right—separable and conjoined.

As we venture forth with the gate visible in the distance, the end feels an awful lot like the beginning. The gate is both an entrance and an exit, it's a signal of change and the formation of a chapter. In the gate's near approach, I am looking back on these works and wondering if they will continue to carry me further? What becomes of these works when they are disassembled, packed away in pieces and boxes? The space they occupy in my studio is a physical testament. When do they become distant memories that bury reflections of emo sensibilities paired with thoughtful craftings and charged with perseverance. As an artist the daunting question of *what is next* is always looming. Precarity is well known to artists and makers alike. In addition, the lessons that have been learned from persevering through such times of global decline have definitely skewed my own outlook and the ways in which my practice is structured. The time and resources that this master's program has made available echoes my commitment to maintaining an earnest relationship with my practice. Practices and procedures remain individualistic, scope and breadth widen.

I cannot reveal what awaits beyond the gate, I couldn't if I tried. This project was never about solutions, but the remnants of ongoing attempts at survival, the embrace of the indeterminate and operating with sincerity in its approach. Maybe this is just the first chapter of a lifelong series. Maybe it's just metaphysical mush. I think the stray dog remains as such—stray. It roams the end of times as we all do, it crosses these words, it encounters these works, it listens and feels. Not all dogs go to heaven, but some do.

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