Tied in Knots

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Tied in Knots

by

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This thesis entitled:
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The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the signatories, and we find that both the content and the form meet acceptable presentation standards of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.
ABSTRACT

Chase, Meghan K. (M.F.A. Department of Art and Art History)
Tied in Knots, Thesis directed by Professor Alvin Gregorio

The fear of navigating the world begins with advice received as young girls: never walk alone at night, always inspect the back seat of your vehicle for intruders, carry your keys between your fingers. Over time women accumulate experiences that confirm the validity of that advice, experiences that become a burden felt within the body. Women learn to expect violence, to occupy their body differently, and to navigate space based on that expectation. *Tied in Knots* documents an ongoing performance using kitchen knives to knit an aimless and endless strand. The repetition becomes an engrained compulsion and form of muscle memory, similar to the ritualistic actions undertaken by women to avoid a potential threat.
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Introduction
Step outside, scan your surroundings, call a friend, clutch your keys between your fingers, walk swiftly and stand tall. You’ll be less likely to be harassed if you appear confident, at least that’s what I have been told. It’s false. These are automatic reactions derived from necessity, ones that I have learned to perform as instinctively as I have learned to walk. The fear of navigating the world began with advice received as a young girl, urging females to never walk alone, never leave drinks unattended, etc. It is advice that implies that violence against you is imminent so it is your responsibility to expect and prevent it. We live in a culture that normalizes violence. One in which the President of the United States can unapologetically talk about grabbing pussy1 and have that sentiment publicly endorsed by his election.

Over time women accumulate experiences that confirm the validity of that advice, experiences that become a burden felt within the body. I have been followed, flashed, cat-called, grabbed, proposed to by a stranger, proposed being urinated on by a stranger, cornered in an office and aggressively asked by my boss how it felt to know that he had all of the power and I had none, forced to change my walking route to avoid the smoker in the corner house who always wanted to know where I lived and if I lived alone, etc. These are not out of the ordinary examples. Because this violence is not the worst case scenario, it often does not get identified as wrong, or even get identified at all. However, over time these repeated experiences change how I occupy my body. I learned, subconsciously and intuitively, to navigate space based on the expectation of violence before it even happens.

The following work in this thesis is about the complete absurdity of that repetition, the

1 "I did try and fuck her. She was married. I moved on her like a bitch, but I couldn’t get there. And she was married. You know I’m automatically attracted to beautiful. I just start kissing them. Its like a magnet. Just kiss. I don’t even wait. And when you’re a star, they let you do it. You can do anything. Grab ‘em by the pussy. You can do anything.” This was taken from an audio clip of Donald J. Trump in 2005 and was released during the 2016 United States Presidential election. It was chalked up to “locker room talk” and Donald J. Trump went on to become President of the United States.

engrained muscle memory of body movements, the strain felt within the body, an uncomfortably humorous over-preparedness and a palpable tension. My aim with this work is to acknowledge how systems of oppression normalize violence for some bodies within our patriarchal society. However, I would also like to acknowledge that my own position is one of privilege and that when I speak of “women” there is no universal “woman” and no universal “women’s experience.” Women’s experiences are varying depending on a myriad of factors from race, class, ability, sexual orientation and identity, etc. These intersectional factors place some bodies in much more vulnerable positions than others. At times, I speak about my body’s reaction when making in comparison to my body’s reaction to navigating the world, and I am speaking specifically about my own body and not some universal body, as that does not exist.
Meghan Chase, *Tied in Knots and We Get Sharper*, 2018
This exhibition features two works, *Tied In Knots* and *We Get Sharper*, which result from
and document the action of using kitchen knives as a tool to aimlessly and endlessly knit. The repetition of knitting becomes an engrained compulsion and form of muscle memory, similar to the ritualistic actions undertaken by women to avoid a potential threat, while the knives give the knitter a tool to “always be prepared.” My aim was to create a visual and visceral tension for the viewer that occupies a space between comfort and threat.

The title, *Tied In Knots*, is connected to the origins of the word “knit” which derive from the German word “*knütteln,*” meaning “to knot.” To knit is to tie in knots. “Tied in knots” is also an expression to denote worry or anxiety over a difficult situation, as in “my stomach was tied in knots.” That anxiety is visually noted within the content and the aesthetics of the artwork, although subdued by the color, the materiality and the perceived calming effect of knitting.

This work consists of two knitting knives sitting atop a narrow pedestal, frozen in mid-action, while the fabric cascades over the edge and extends in a line through the museum space. In its fully extended state, it resides at approximately 1 foot wide by 343 feet long, although currently it is displayed in a much shorter scale with the excess fabric folded and piled upon itself. In this display, it simultaneously creates both a sculptural form and a line drawn in space.

*As form:*

When I asked multiple viewers how this form read, one described it as reminiscent of a topographical map. It contains areas where the fabric peaks and areas where it fades away into a low valley. Its high points are reflected in the surface of the floor below it, like a mountain mirrored in a lake, echoing its same image back to itself. It’s quiet and still. At the same time,

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2 “Knit (v.).” *Index*, www.etymonline.com/word/knit
3 I say ‘approximately’ because its width varies dramatically throughout the piece depending on whether stitches were added, dropped or cut. Additionally, its length was measured by repeatedly holding up sections to the height of my body, then dropping it to the floor. I cannot be certain of its exact measurement, as the fabric can also be stretched longer.
another viewer read it as bodily. It’s amassing and slumping onto the floor with a desperate crawl towards the viewer. It’s pale orange-pink tone feels almost intestinal, as if the body is laid, spilling out. This contrasting comparison between beautiful landscape and brooding, discarded, body speaks to the same visual tension of opposites that are at odds in the warmth of the fabric and harsh threat of the knives. The same work can somehow occupy both positions depending on the person examining it. The same is true of the spaces occupied within the world. The same space can produce drastically differing experiences depending on each person as well as their position within that space.

As line:

The fabric becomes a weighted contour drawing, getting thicker and thinner to place emphasis on different moments; particularly highlighting moments where it is cut by the knives. It draws a line through the vast black canvas that is the museum floor and composes a walkway for the viewer to follow. It also forces the viewer’s gaze downward, pressuring you to stare at the floor as you walk the line. This mimics the body language that one might use when wanting to avoid eye contact with a stranger on the street. When I moved to Massachusetts in my mid-twenties, I consciously tried to break that learned behavior of looking down when I walked. I would make eye contact with people. Maybe I would smile in some form of acknowledgement. However, by doing so I seemed to invite more objectifying behaviors or unwanted remarks, as if my eye contact was a way of giving consent to being harassed, so I returned to looking down. The world teaches our body how to move through it. When describing her body’s reaction after an encounter of what I refer to as ‘normalized violence,’ Sara Ahmed said “I kept going but it was different. I was different. I was much more nervous. Every time somebody came up
behind me I was ready, tense, waiting.”⁴ Women learn through advice and through experience that “if you’re not modifying your behavior, if you’re not being careful or cautious you can be made responsible for violence directed against you. Look at what you were drinking. Look at what you were wearing. Look at where you were.”⁵ So we learn to occupy space differently. We may walk in a narrow line, looking down.

_As line AND form WITH flexibility:_

Girls are often taught to take up less space in an effort to be accommodating. “A world can shrink when we shrink.”⁶ This artwork addresses those learned behaviors of occupying space while simultaneously disobeying them. In size, this work _can be_ compact. It can mold, bend and roll itself to fit into small areas. It can shrink. It can be flexible and accommodating to nearly any space that it’s in. On the other hand, just as easily as it can shrink, it can expand to fill a room. It can rise to the occasion of being confrontational, altering the body’s movement through space and dictating a 300+ foot pathway for its viewer to walk. In this regard, it can operate on the scale of Richard Serra’s massive steel sculptures, only it can do so in a way that does not require such a colossal erection. It can hold emotional weight without physical weight. It is not a hard line or a hard form in space, but a soft, flexible one that can shape-shift and transform to find its place.

Meghan Chase, *Tied in Knots*, 2018
Meghan Chase, *Tied in Knots*, 2018

Meghan Chase, *Tied in Knots (Detail)*, 2018
We Get Sharper is its partnering piece; a knitted burgundy loop that hangs suspended from the wall. It opens to a narrow hole in the center, and expands outward, getting larger with each row knit, like a skirt or a dress, only one that hangs absent from the body. Its knitting tool, a circular “needle” that was fabricated from a knife, a sharpener and rubber tubing, hangs from the center in the last row that was created. Theoretically, with each row knit, the knife is endlessly sharpening itself in a cyclical fashion.

Its title We Get Sharper refers to the knives sharpening themselves, while also referencing the sharpening of awareness. In a discussion of being a “feminist kill joy,” Ahmed describes how “we need to keep sharpening our tools. When we speak we are often heard as sharp… a voice can be a tool.” The literal sharpening of tools becomes a stand in for the idea of the self staying “sharp.” Per the museum’s request, for the final display, I had to dull the knives and make them blunt. A voice can also be blunt. Perhaps a voice is required to be simultaneously sharp and blunt to speak against a patriarchal system.

To be a powerful tool, a voice needs to bind together with other voices to create a network. One often cannot be heard alone. In its display, the object is pulled taut at the top, revealing the weave as an interlocking net-like structure. It shows more clearly how the parts make the whole, or how they are not acting alone. According to its etymology, in Middle-English to “knot strings to make a net” also gave rise to the word “knit.” It is referencing its own history while also exposing how each loop ties to its neighbor to form a community.

While the top is firmly held tight, the bottom of the fabric is draped limp and loose, allowing for the material to have some sense of agency and take on its natural shape. Its circular body with a cavity in the center, as well as its meaty color, begins to mirror that of a cervix or a blood cell, again referencing the body. In addition to its visual reference, this object was created specifically to the scale of my body, the scale of a female body, and in doing so

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8 “Knit (v.).” Index, www.etymonline.com/word/knit
becomes concretely gendered.
Meghan Chase, *We Get Sharper*, 2018
Meghan Chase, *We Get Sharper (Details)*, 2018
**Touch:**

With both of these works there is an inherent comfort that resides within the softness and warmth of the material, as it is said to form “part of an infant’s first tactile experience of the world. These types of surfaces evoke a sense of the familiar spaces or material environments with which many, if not most people, interact.”⁹ There is a sense of security felt within the fabric itself. The act of repeatedly knitting constructs the illusion of meticulously trying to seek that place of material comfort through tactility. “Fabric also alludes to the action of covering something. In the case of clothing, this something is the human body, which is both covered and extended by fabric. As such, fabric elicits a hidden or absent body as well as the sense of clothing touching a body.”¹⁰ There are direct visual connections between the work and the female body (in form, in scale and in traditional labor). In addition, it connects to the silencing of the female body, that can speak to this absent or the hidden body.

**An Audible Silence:**

In feminist discourse, silence has been associated with denied power and oppression. In art it has manifested as the absence of women’s names from the canon. Andrea Scott writes of a new kind of silence, one that is “palpable in the work of a number of young women artists: an eloquent silence, resistant to dualities and fixed designations. Fluid and indeterminate, it accommodates contradiction and embraces difference.”¹¹ These works rebelliously fights back against a learned behavior of silence by filling the room with that silence. A silence that is so strong that it becomes audible, it becomes deafening, it becomes a point of tension within the piece. The absence of a literal noise leaves the sound of the knives scraping to the imagination.

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It makes the trail of footsteps by viewers following the knitted pathway more poignant. “Just as white contains all color, silence contains all sound.”\textsuperscript{12}

In the case of Alix Pearlstein’s \textit{Floor Crack Fuzz} (1991), cotton is placed in between the seams and cracks of the gallery’s wooden floor. The work acts as a pause, as a way for the viewer to take notice of something that is normally unnoticeable. By removing the traditional object from a gallery, she asks the viewer to focus on the experience. She is creating an intervention on the architecture and filling a void that would not normally be perceived as a void.

While I am working in a more object based mode, I draw on Pearlstein’s language of softness and subtleness. In my work leading up to the thesis, I made a series of pieces where I filled the gaps of found shutters with knitted fabric. It began with the larger spaces in between rungs, and then worked its way down to the tiny unnoticeable pinholes. There was a visual contrast between the materiality that I was drawn to - the softness of the knit wool overflowed from the inbetweenness of the hard wooden slats. More than that, it was a way to create that deafening silence that I previously spoke of. It theoretically shut out anything existing on either side of the wall (though also lacked any real ability to be protective). The effort to seal up the seams became obsessive and meditative in its repetition, similar to my thesis work. Visually, the stark contrast of hard concrete floor beneath the knit wool in \textit{Tied in Knots} is functioning similarly to the juxtaposition of wood and wool in the shutter piece, and wood and cotton in Pearlstein’s work. All are calling attention to the idiosyncrasies and experiences that might ordinarily go unnoticed.

The silence that exists in all of these works “enables significant resonances, and should not in any sense be mistaken for absence. The space it conjures allows for speculation, reflection, debate, and disagreement. It is polyvocal, in as far as it attempts to be inclusive, alluding to senses other than the visual or the purely cerebral. Attention to detail is manifested

not just in the final ‘body’ of work, but is apparent throughout the myriad dances and shuffling inherent in a working day.”

Rosa Lee brings about a few points that my work addresses; one, that silence does not equate to absence, as previously discussed. There exists the possibility for more to be felt within the gaps of no sound. Also that this piece is polyvocal in its attempts to be inclusive. While it strives to dissect and discuss issues of power dynamics and oppressions, it is also fluid and compassionate in its conversations and movements. It is soft and hard, warm and cold, comforting and dangerous, and plays with the inbetween of opposites. Lastly, Lee discusses the detail not just within the final product but in the myriad of dances during the creation. This leads to my next chapter that addresses the action, performance and rhythmic movement of the workday.

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Meghan Chase, *Shut In/Shut Out* 2017
Knitting Performed
Tied in Knots, A Painful Labor:

The labor of knitting has become slow chronic pain that lingers with the work. When I began, I could see the progress that the strand was making. My input effort had a direct and visual output. Now, it has gotten to a scale where a day’s worth of labor does not appear to make the slightest change. In Sidekick, Elizabeth Price describes the act of religiously rolling tape into a massive ball over the course of several years. She addresses how change happened “so slowly, so incrementally, that it was really only possible to say for certain that it had happened, after it had been and gone.”

I frequently alternate between feeling optimistic and feeling defeated by this piece. The more I work on it, the harder it becomes to work on. The knife has turned into a heavy burden to hold, weighing down my hands by the trail of fabric slumped onto it. It is as cumbersome as navigating the world with fear in the back of your mind and as repetitive as trying to state a problem of inequality in a world that does not always recognize inequalities’ existence.

Over time the act of knitting with knives turned physically strenuous; my arms have to remain upright at roughly a one-hundred-degree angle, away from my body to avoid any injuries in the event of a knife dropping. Gravity is working against me. With a knife in each hand, I pass the blade in my right hand underneath a stitch on the blade in my left hand. I then grab both knives in my left hand. I take the loose strand of yarn in my freed right hand and with a widely extended motion, again so as to avoid contact with the sharp edge of the knife, I wrap the yarn around the blade that I am transferring the stitches to and slide the old stitch off. With every few rows, the knitted yarn begins to twist and I have to unwind it. I repeat this action for anywhere from four to fourteen hours per day. The threat of the knives imposes a constraint and forces my process to slow down.

There is also a balancing act that happens; if I knit too cautiously the rows become loose and messy, whereas, if I knit too tightly the blade slices through the yarn leaving a hole in the fabric and I risk the entire piece unraveling. This has happened in several spots, although more so in the beginning when the blades were sharper and the learning curve was steeper. The nuances of this flirtation between recklessness and cautiousness are comparable to that of the experience of navigating the world and finding a balance between overly fearful and overly guarded.

*We Get Sharper, Fraudulent Overcompensation:*

In the museum display of *We Get Sharper*, the knife and sharpener are hanging as if they were the ones that carried the labor during this piece’s creation. However, it is merely an illusion, falsified to put on an act for its audience. The act of knitting with these tools is entirely possible. It is so incredibly slow moving, however, that it rendered them almost ineffective on a deadline. The wool did not slide as easily as it did on the two knives so instead I had to manually lift and move each stitch off of the sharpener as I was making it. There was also the sound of the knife scraping against the sharpener that became too torturous for me to withstand. It was hard to avoid making the sound and every time I heard it chills ran down my spine, my body would twitch and I began letting out short, audible screams and sounds of discomfort as a response.

The knives were not cutting through the wool on account of how thick it was, and it did not appear to make any visual difference than that of normal circular needles. So, instead, I made a tactical decision and found a pair of 30.00mm needles that mirrored the width of the knife, and took over creating it with those. It was significantly more pleasant. In the end, I slid the needles out and inserted the fabricated knife and sharpener in their place, so that when faced with an audience the piece could reveal a tougher exterior, a sharpness, and a danger.
Each skein of yarn produces roughly my height of knitted fabric (5’2”), depending on whether or not I accidentally add, drop, or cut stitches. One of me is equivalent to one skein. In the end, I can measure the piece in terms of my body to find an approximate length as well as labor and time expelled.

My body × 1 skein = approximately 8 hours of labor.
My body × 66 skeins = 343 feet or 528 hours of labor.

Time becomes material. Similar to how Penelope from Greek mythology endlessly weaves and unweaves her shroud as a way of using labor to denote time, this piece acts as a documentation of time, only does so in a physical form. It can be read as scroll, a way of ordering the progress from past to present. There emerges an unevenness within the fabric that mimics the documenting of a heartbeat — something happened in a particular moment that causes for the fabric to be cut, a drop of stitches, an adding of stitches, a subtle change. Time, as material, becomes woven into the fabric. “When you are working in this way, psychological and physical changes take place. You are affected by duration: your perception and your reality become different.”15 Marina Abramovic describes a workshop in which she asks students to perform opening and closing a door as slowly as possible for an hour, for two hours, for five hours, etc. Over time “the door stops being a door and it becomes something else.”16 The tape ball stopped being tape, the knitted yarn stopped being knitted yarn. It transforms as a result of time spent with it.

While this process is frequently arduous it has also made me profoundly aware of my body through the action as well as the materiality of the piece. It leads to moments of becoming meditative in its mundanity and repetition. It leads to moments where I am hyper aware of my body because of the quiet strain put on my arm as it fights to continue the action over long durations. It leads to moments where I am aware of a material that I have spent my entire life touching but have paid little attention to. I began noticing how the fabric started responding to the space that it occupied. It slumps into the floor, becoming more limp the longer it lays in one spot. The wall mounted piece pulls and stretches away from its hooks and ever so slowly slides down the surface of the wall, expanding the knit holes with time.

*We Get Sharper, Body Relationships:*

Brie Ruais, a contemporary ceramic artist, uses her body weight (or in some cases double her body weight, or the combination of her and a friend’s body weight if she is asking for assistance) in each of her clay pieces to make a direct connection between the physical self and material. She gives herself simple perimeters before beginning each piece, pre-determining the action that will take place, so that while she is making she can focus on the relationship between the body and material and not think about the resulting form. For example, “Push Ahead, Turn 180 degrees, Repeat.” Using her weight is “a way to address [her] occupation of space, how much space [her] physical body takes up.”

Before beginning *We Get Sharper*, I had determined that I was going to work within a circular form to keep true to the most basic function of the circular needles. I knew that the scale was going to be a combination of my body’s height if the piece was held upright from its center, as well as my wingspan if the piece was laid flat. That way, no matter how it was

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displayed, there would still be that correlation. I began with the exterior stitches, and slowly worked my way in and up, dropping some sporadically to shrink the opening as it grew. The circular fabric began to entrench the body as it grew. It became a cocoon-like structure that covered me, a blanket, a second skin, a layer between the self and the world.

Out of necessity, this work also began to bring together feminist notions of community practice. At first, fearing that the strand was not going to be long enough, I reached out to fellow artists, friends, friends of friends, etc. for collaborative help in an email entitled “Are you a thrill seeking knitter?” I hosted three nights of knife knitting and had people sub in on rotation on three different sets of kitchen knives, often teaching each other with each rotation. What began as necessity towards an encroaching deadline, I realized, was actually an important piece of this work if I were to continue it forward. It brought together a myriad of voices, stories and experiences from other women into one place, into one piece.
Feminist Knitting Practices
Handiwork “has been the means of educating women into the feminine ideal,” according to Rozika Parker, “but it has also proved a weapon of resistance to the constraints of femininity.” The twenty first century brought about a rise in the popularity of knitting and traditional domestic crafts. This was due in part to Debbie Stroller’s publication *Stitch N’ Bitch* (2003), which used kitschy aesthetics and ironic or whimsical writing to reclaim women’s domestic craft and merge it with politics, DIY culture and community building. “Valuing the craft of knitting is a feminist act in itself according to Stroller, because the denigration of knitting correlates directly with the denigration of a traditionally women-centered activity.”

“Textiles are [also] understood to play a central role in everyday life and have long been afforded unique cultural significance. In part, this is because sewing, quilting, weaving and knitting are specialized forms of making and communicating. But it also bears repeating that cloth has the ability to traverse the line between public and private as it travels with us on our bodies as we shift from the domestic realm to the streets.” Additionally, knitting as a medium moves fluidly between “high” and “low” class, as it has been used as both ornate decoration and as a way of cheaply producing goods such as clothing within the home. As a medium, it knows little boundaries.

Pentney discusses how feminist knitting practices occur on a pendulum and through a multitude of forms. The spectrum ranges through the celebration and reclamation of knitting as a domestic craft for individual DIY purposes and/or used for community building practice, as well as with explicit political aim. Activists have used “the unexpected materiality and out-of-place-ness created by knitted objects in the context of political protests… to disrupt the normalization of war, globalization, capitalism, and anti-abortion politics in contemporary Western societies. In

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so doing, these knitters forge together gender, race, class and ethnicity issues.” It is that out-of-place-ness that I am particularly interested in. The juxtaposition of the softness of knitting paired with the stark seriousness of protest can create a poignant combination.

Feminist knitting practices, or feminist practices in general, have also adopted humor or absurdity as a defense mechanism and way to address serious topics through more easily approachable and digestible avenues. For example, after a double mastectomy, Beryl Tsang created knitted prosthetic breasts. The comfort level was higher and cost significantly lower than that of traditional prosthetics. She titled them “Tit-Bits,” and began selling an array of them through an online website ranging from “everyday tits” to “fancy tits” to “floosie tits.” She donated all of the money made to breast cancer research and education. In addition, she also offered a free pattern to make your own prosthetic breasts and encouraged makers to post photos of their newly knitted tits as a way to connect community through self-empowerment, connect the body with craft, and have control and agency within cancer treatment.

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Las Hermanas Iglesias, in collaboration with their mother Bohild Iglesias, hand knit nude suits to match their (then) body’s tan lines, pubic and armpit hair, scars, birthmarks and tattoos. They then photographed themselves in a variety of public scenes and poses that ranged from sunbathing to modestly covering up. This work addresses the “natural” female body, and challenges societal norms of concealment and exposure that render the sisters simultaneously invisible and vulnerable.

Las Hermanas Iglesias, The Nude Suit Series (Tasmania), 2010
Liz Collins and the Knitting Nation collective created a performance work entitled Knitting During Wartime, in response to the question “What are we fighting for?” The performance took place during a themed art event on Governors Island. It consisted of a crew of knitters clad in coveralls knitting in unison, like worker bees at a hive, to produce a giant American flag. “The spectacle of their slowness offers a time-out to the audience to observe acts of making usually sequestered from public gaze… The absurdity of knitting a monolithic flag clearly calls into question the blind patriotic fervor of a post 9/11 nation.” All three of these works, while varying greatly in subject matter, rely on either absurdity or humor to knit together ideas of self-empowerment, connections to body, and social commentary.

Liz Collins, Knitting During Wartime, 2005

This work also plays into Lacey Jane Roberts reimagination of craft through the lens of queer theory. She discusses how reappropriation and performance become strategies of queering craft identities. “One technique of reappropriation and performance is over-performance. Through over-performance stereotypes are illuminated and exaggerated and their constructedness is revealed. Another avenue for reappropriation is the queering and requeering of traditional identities, fusing them with elements that challenge and skew the essentialist notions they project.”

In my work I am removing the functionality of traditional knitting tactics and over-performing their action to the point of irrationality. The queering of craft (or queering in general) can be used as a strategy to turn marginalized positions into ones of empowerment. “Craft could gain agency,” Roberts says, “by deliberately asserting an identity that defies fixed or historically prescribed boundaries in relation to its use of materials, processes or formal vocabularies.”

Craft mediums such as knitting or embroidery have traditionally been a form of women’s unpaid labor as well as a way of confining women to domestic spaces. However, through conceptualizing feminist or queer craft activities the nature of the medium has evolved to become a tool of resisting oppressions. It has been coopted and used as forms of protest, DIY culture and community building activities.


Conclusion
My body’s relationship to the creation of these works is similar to my body’s relationship to navigating a world where violence feels imminent. It is exhausting and redundant. However, within that space of difficulty also lies an ability knit together a new social tapestry. One that is flexible and malleable, much like the work itself. One that resides in the in-between of binaries.
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