

UNTITLED

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My time at art college was constantly shifting.

Time moved incredibly slowly and incredibly quickly.

In the darkroom winding ribbon, the film around spools, the stiff ribbons cracked and seized in different directions than my stiff and cracking fingers.

I chose the early mornings and late nights to disguise the hours and hours it took me to complete this task that took minutes for most to complete.

The time I spent in the darkroom dragged on and on. Dragged like the hours it took my tangled and tight fingers to tame tangled thread through the eyes of 300 needles on my loom.

When I asked men in the welding studio diffused metal for me, time moved incredibly fast.

Requests for help made me sweat. The back of my neck and face hot. My right arm swung to wrap around my back. My voice quickly tremoured out of my mouth. A stutter slowed it down.

Trips down the many winding staircases. And they were trips quickly move my body. Quick with my smile to rest assured anyone that I was sharing the stairs with that this trip was a one- time trip.

But it wasn't.

There was an embarrassing rub between my desire to hide my disability as they moved around the school. And its overt display.

Re·Vision

The Centre for Art and Social Justice

There was an ironic rub between my desire to represent the normal, simple, plain, beautiful body in my art. And my messy, spastic, never-still body that made it.

Disability, despite my best efforts, appeared in the splotches and photographs where I couldn't quite separate the ribbon in the dark. Or knots that remained in my thread and showed up in my tapestries when my fingers had just given up.

When I finally decided to let disability show up on more than just the surface, when I decided to centre my disability proudly, a very soft rub came.

I felt this rub burn up in my face, lump in my throat, tense up in my right arm that snaps around my back, every time I hear my voice, see my body or imagine the way my shaky touch must feel.

I feel the rub of being my own, most unintended viewer.