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Brain Fog

The Race for Cripistemology

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The article inquires to what degree what is dismissively or apologetically called “brain fog,” or other cognitive states of difference, must be excluded from the presumed activity of cripistemology, given its active suppression particularly within academic spaces, including disability studies. In turning to crippling partiality, it attends to the concomitant importance of addressing questions of racialization and decolonization.

Introduction: Do People Still Say “Toke”?

As the special issues of the *Journal of Literary and Cultural Disability Studies* on cripistemologies went into production, I was invited to give a keynote at New York University at the cripistemologies conference organized by Lisa Duggan and Mara Mills in anticipation of this publishing event. I was grateful to be able to attend, as for some time I had doubted that I could. What I first thought to describe as “extenuating circumstances” in a prefatory disclaimer, I realized would have to be treated quite differently. Just two days earlier, I had gotten stoned—for the first time in more than ten years. I think the word is “toke.” I took a toke, or I toked. *Dictionary.com* says I could say, “I toked some grass.” So it is. It was a great pleasure. My toke did not choke, as they sometimes do, by inducing fear and paranoia; instead, I had a lovely giggle about nothing at all, or at least nothing that I can remember, and eased my way into and then out of sleep with nary a worry about how I was going to arrive at a good keynote that coming Friday. I just kept repeating the phrase my friends and I had come up with the first time I ever got stoned at age 23, whose mysteries I am still trying to unpack twenty years later. The phrase is “more ice cream than you can remember.”

Yes, I live in California where flora—including the grass—are various and plentiful and are so weird they resemble fauna. And yes, the west coast of the United States has a long tradition of experimentation, of knowing how to “go cosmic,” with not a small dose of orientalism. That is all true; I am a product of my environment. But the most remarkable thing about getting stoned was

the next day, Monday. After a miserable six weeks of ongoing migraines and nausea, accompanied by wiggly visual and auditory distortions, I suddenly felt better, suggesting that getting stoned had been exactly the right “treatment.” For the respite, I thank my friend Angie, who spirited me a leftover joint from a prescription used to complement her chemotherapy the previous year. So, in fact, not only did I feel fortunate to be invited to give the Cripistemologies keynote, I was also fortunate to have such a support network that I could travel to the conference, and even more fortunate to have come up with a few things to say.

The migraines announced themselves with a visual signature: if I looked just to the left of someone, I could make that person simply disappear, amid shifting zipper lines within my field of vision. Soon after this aura came the extraordinary pain, and then came the sequence of rolling migraines. My visits to doctors and acupuncturists, my ingestion of meds, and my otherwise widespread attempts did little to stem the tide of migraines. In that six-week period there was exactly one two-day stretch in which I was free of major head pain. I had to email excuses in advance, when I was able to read a screen and not throw up at the same time, or retrospectively apologize if I had not been able. Even harder was that it seemed extremely difficult to think, both before and after the migraine itself. “Feeling stupid” is a phrase I do not use, for its palpable anti-disability sentiment, its violent rejection of a particular cognitive range of being. Yet what better phrase is there, sometimes, for my force of disappointment and self-repudiation in comparison to what I expected of myself—particularly in this type of academic employ?

Feeling and reporting that “I can’t think,” in fact, is something I have undergone since I was young. By now, I’ve learned to just stop working when I have an illness event because it is too hard to keep track. Whatever the specifics, many call such a cognitive state—or style even?—“brain fog,” and I am impressed by the number of people who know from experience what that means. Whereas I once led a class in which I hid an occasional inability to process what my students were saying, today, having summoned pragmatism and courage in part derived from immersion in a range of locations, including the collective work of disability studies, I am open with my students on days I feel far from intellectually optimal, heightening our awareness of the shared project of pedagogy. It is then that my wish for shared epistemologies that can be developed together among differently cognating beings becomes most acute—even, or especially, in the university. The kind of intellectual work we are asked to trade in, I venture, requires a *comprehension*—a word that suggests both finality but also wholeness of grasp—something that feels impossible

when brains are foggy. I mention this comprehension again, not because I want to critique pedagogy, but rather because I want to ultimately ask after the methodology, the operands, the instruments of cripistemological theorizing. This article inquires to what degree brain fog or other cognitive states of difference must be excluded from the activity of cripistemology, given their pervasiveness; I then ask how integral a role cognition's racialization might play in such inquiries.

Partial Cognition

Like others, I had trouble reading in school when something shifted in my mind and body around the age of ten. But because of my middle-class mien and a certain racialized model minority position, I can only suppose that I, *unlike* many others, was forgivingly credited with having come up with “smart,” if eclectic, alternatives when in fact I was having so much trouble with the information, was full of not-knowing, and had to find a way to learn differently, which was associatively, since the direct path felt blocked.

I would not tell this as my “disability history,” because in many ways it does not count as disability and even looks to some like superability. But I have started to tell it as *a* history that has surprising connections to disability and that pushes me to think about disability as a thing that has more than four square edges. Disability is morphily contingent—in its very constitution, its narration, its historicization. Indeed, I like that elsewhere Robert McRuer has said that cripistemology represents “seriously twisted ways of knowing in the current global order.” Such twistings—the ones that mush and pull at disability and disability theory’s own complicit norms—seem to answer particularly well the call to craft cripistemology.

Readers might guess at this point that I am less interested in moving directly, as an identity gesture perhaps, to sheerly *re-value* this experienced cognitive “partiality,” experienced as a “less” of rationality. Rather, I wish to consider this partiality in relation to an ideal and also to a demand of a particular kind of cognition called comprehension, which academic thinkers are supposed to foster even as we pursue “a single line of thought.” Donna Haraway’s language of “partial perspective” in her article on “Situated Knowledges,” an article precisely about epistemology, is useful to think with here. I do not know if Haraway’s piece from three decades ago is a cripistemology, but I think we might be able to claim it as one provided we bracket its use of sight as a structuring *metaphor* for knowledge probes and nothing more. When I teach

this text, I draw on the humility made necessary by partial perspectives, as well as on the necessity of working together amongst our diverse embodiments and cognitions on shared projects—projects themselves that, I genuinely hope, will *not* be comprehensive.

Back to the migraines. This migraine series produced for me a new, extended illness profile. In fact, all that seems regular in this “chronicity” is its *phasal* nature, marked by an occasional shift into a new unfamiliar terrain of symptomatology, at least for a while, of what is understood as chronic illness. By “chronicity” I’m working with the challenges to normative time made by recent thinkers of “crip time,” such as Ellen Samuels; and also referencing some wonderfully demanding recent work by Elizabeth Freeman, who has drawn on Lochlann Jain’s notion of prognosis time by defining chronicity as *agnosis* time, spacious, potentially pleasurable time that by definition does not terminate in cure or in death. Each phase of chronicity—with its characteristics, its temporalities, its surprises and nonsurprises, and its socialities—needs learning anew. Those of us who work for wages and who have lived or even thrived within such crip departures from normative time, can then be stunned by the revenge of the clock: we are, upon “improving” beyond that mediated threshold of capacity that says “work/don’t work,” tasked with finding ways to renavigate standard timeliness, as well as prompted to go “meta” in order to help others work with our changing versions. And we catch up on what is owed other decent folk who have every reason to expect something from us because we have promised to do it. Rosalind Gill and others have traced the injuries of neoliberal academia; this is of course the common experience of what *perceivedness*—described by some as disability, by others as illness, by others as pain, by others as gender deparicularization, or gender deterritorialization—obligates in a labor or social profile.

How, then, does cognition’s racialization more explicitly complicate the picture I have already sketched? I have written before about toxicity, and I continue to think about its many characters, and the injunctions its invocation constitutes. In light of the recent global turn in disability studies, I continue to be fascinated by what I read as a proxy disability nationalism, one that rehearses vulnerability and native nationalism by exigently repelling the toxic. The (racialized) nationalisms related to some conditions proximate to disability, like the toxicity that threatens disability, are such that toxins, and thus the toxicities that may accompany them, are literally exported to other places, as in the logic demonstrated within the notorious 1991 memo signed, if not authored, by Lawrence Summers, then of the World Bank. I quote it substantially:

Shouldn't the World Bank be encouraging MORE migration of the dirty industries to the lesser developed countries? I can think of three reasons . . . 1) a given amount of health impairing pollution should be done in the country with the lowest cost, which will be the country with the lowest wages. I think the economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest wage country is impeccable and we should face up to that. 2) I've always thought that under-populated countries in Africa are vastly under-polluted, their air quality is probably vastly inefficiently low compared to Los Angeles or Mexico City. 3) The concern over an agent that causes a one in a million change in the odds of prostate cancer is obviously going to be much higher in a country where people survive [long enough] to get prostate cancer than in a country with higher mortality rates.

That Summers, when challenged, quipped that this memo was "ironic" does not affect in any way the underlying logic of chronic indebtedness, coded as "low wage countries" and "high mortality countries," as if these conditions emerged without the help and insistence of the world bank and the WTC.

I have become aware of two cautions that are being expressed by many criptistemologists in relation to disability nationalism, two reasons why calling out disability nationalism is critical to a transnational analysis of disability's complexity: one, the ongoing fact of war and impoverishment and the varieties of impairment they deliver (on top of sheer death), such that disability pride can seem to ignore the ties between Western rights-based identity formations and the US's role in constructing international dependencies to furnish its constructed dominance under the guise of democracy; and two, industrialization, mass-commodified agriculture, and the injuries they deliver to their generally socially or globally peripheralized and disempowered, racially gendered laborers. Toxicities are integral to both. And both of these—particularly the former—have been part of the kind of objects called forth to witness *against* a disability nationalism, as perhaps something like a white identity project. Damage to life and limb—that is the phrase that comes up in war talk—amputations by munitions, permanent scarring from roadside bombs. These are the wounds of war. The "flying limbs" dramatized in what happened in 2013 in Boston, the stark reversal of superability to the loss of the very limb that made you super—these are the players in the transnational drama of war's production of disability.

But I brought up this example because what we often do not see, when we name such damage, is that in both cases cognition is so very often part of what happens, what changes. Or, if it is preferred, "intellectual disability," and here I refer to Licia Carlson's important history of the treatment of cognitive impairment and its philosophical ramifications. I do want, in a disability-studies inheritance context, to insist on the words *damage* or *harm* while registering

the ways cognition changes, and suspending judgment on those changes. That is, I want to insist on the harmful and indeed transformative function of the act, however complex the agencies and histories behind that act, even if the result may not be experienced as harm. A cripistemology needs to weigh questions of value carefully, well beyond a sheer reversal of negativity that can accompany some neoliberalized, otherwise highly capacitated identities of disability. Disability rights often takes place, today, at a distance away from certain sites of damage/change, such as the cancers and other chronic conditions that impact agricultural laborers who deal in pesticide intensities and combinations (toxic combinations) that are virtually unstudied except by those who must cope and strategize under these particular working or living conditions. These multiple conditions come with a deeply hybrid transitional profile in which the mind and body undergo their own effects. The head injuries of war, likewise, which Jennifer Terry has described as occurring in ever-changing ways due to the development of new kinds of munitions, have their own neural and cognitive effects.

Let us think not only about chronicities, toxicities, and effects, but also about points of bodily departure, particularly what integrities are proposed by what haunted presumptions of essence. Who gets to begin, in the eyes of others, with a body? And who gets to begin, in the eyes of others, with a mind? When Dan Quayle said in 1989, “What a terrible thing it is to lose one’s mind. Or not to have a mind at all. How true that is,” in reference to what he thought was the public slogan of his audience that day, the United Negro College Fund (“A mind is a terrible thing to waste”), he was perhaps revealing his own cognitive troubles. But various structures of privilege permit him to be a kind of Dory (from *Finding Nemo*), meeting with no serious penalties for cognitive missteps, while those he references are habitually produced as possible sites of deficiency, rather than as people who have historically struggled for access to a particular kind of cognitive elaboration tied to class and race privilege. I refer here to profiles of race, gender, and labor that produce variable “body”–“mind” distributions that are keyed to their proper place in a hierarchy. The kinds of transnational felt resonances that *might* cripistemologically inform one’s approach to people positioned as conventional “others” (through racism, postcoloniality, class, political geography, or, indeed, disability) become *less* palpable precisely because of the differential corporealization of “good”-minded selves and “other” possible embodied subjects—other possible experiencers, other possible bodily situations, other possible cognators. I imagine this differential becoming as complementing Margaret Price’s work, for instance, in delineating the hidden but pervasive figure of the “able mind” that prevails in the academy

within a context of production, collegial sociality, and more. Price's delineation of the privileging of rationality would apply well here, though her focus is primarily on mental disability as a diversion from that academic rationality, rather than intellectual ability/disability and its racialization. Here, we can also consider Nirmala Erevelles's recent work on the stickiness of the racialized school-to-prison pipeline and its relevance for various considerations of disability—both the impossible registration of disability and the impossibility of services for select racialized intersections.

Cognitive or intellectual disability—and its broader matrix of cognitive variation—represents the near unthinkable for academia (which then, in the light of the connections I have been making, says something about academia's continuing struggles with whiteness). What are we to do with the brain fog that has become our troublemaking buddy in this context, more prevalent than we were told to believe? What if we cannot cancel it, for those of us who arrive here on more secure cognitive ground? Or those of us who have experienced cognitive change with various shifts due to age, illness, injury, or other bodily transition? What about the cognitive imposters who have always thought “I don't think” while somehow getting through? And there could also be the fact that cognitive imposters *are* us, in that we have all trained in an unfamiliar specialty of cognitive style that we have paid, not necessarily life and limb, but certainly money, passion, and labor for. Finally, what about those deemed cognitively deficient their entire lives, about whom definitions, sometimes insidiously, vary; and about those trapped by the strange trades between cognitive disability and race? Where and how do all these differences fit into this picture of academia, of cripistemology? I am only the last to ask these questions, and yet they might bear revisiting precisely for the themes addressed in these special issues.

I began studying cognitive science from the perspective of linguistics in graduate school, just before it “went seriously neural.” Today, the commonsense acceptance of a biologized and hence neural basis of mind is in part why I think the terms *neurodiversity* (a dynamic term with which I hope this article, while only glancingly overlapping in scope and content, nevertheless makes good political company) or *neuroatypicality* are used with such pervasive commitment among activists and disability studies scholars and in part why spokespersons like Temple Grandin appeal to neuroscience for insights on autism. And yet some characterizations of neuroatypicality seem strangely tendentiously neural in character and seem to have more to do with old-school cognitive elements such as information retrieval, calculation, and the like. Thus, even in neural approaches to cognition today, there remains a notion

of *information* being acquired, held, sequestered, and corralled. I know that calling it all “information” is a rude reduction of what was going on in cognitive science then and now—or, rather, that the “information” matter of cognitive science itself is continually protean and under revision. And yet, information has prevailed, I think, by and large.

Why is this relevant? An information-handling reading of cognition, rather than being a remote disciplinary feature proper only to cognitive science, is integral to the prevailing mechanisms for the contemporary production of knowledge. As humanities and social science scholars we are tasked to work with a fluid cognitive tool set: taxonomies, namings, retrievals. Ultimately, the academic institutions we inhabit are at this moment adept at producing what I would call disciplined cognators. What happens to us in that process? I do not mean that some people simply become canonical or affixed to disciplinary frameworks. I mean that our disciplining goes much further than disciplinarity. We know this, but to what degree have we explored its consequences for our production of epistemologies? What *kind*—perhaps even, what *cognitive* kind—of epistemologies do we wish to produce? Must we consider brain fog—or other kinds of cognitive states deemed improper—necessarily punishable in a cripestemological context of collective devising?

The concept of cis-ness might help us move toward tentative answers to some of these questions because of the ways in which it opens up questions of time, change, and transition. *Cis* is a term that within critical gender discourses and practices indicates not only “same” but a singular originary-to-present “homeness” in a given gender position as assigned at birth, as in “cisgender man.” But monolithic cisness never exists, at least not so very robustly; we are all too complex for such linear transhistorical sameness; we live in a world that gifts our interpellated gendered selves with confusing complexities and contradictions. So what does it mean to say something like “Ciscognators”? Someone who has the same style of cognition as assigned (such as “normal” or “not delayed”) when they were born? Maybe not; but maybe we *can* talk about an expected temporal trajectory, not consistent throughout but—like sexual development narratives—having its own proper spurts and ebbs, a mapped journey of cognitive elaboration (known to cognitive scientists and pediatricians as development), such that a cognitive identity can be felt and affirmed in a way that produces the effect of a “cis.” But the becoming that neurotoxicities, for instance, invite, is something else.

We are all *becoming*, and I credit trans studies for helping me think through body- and self-becoming’s rich complexities. Trans studies helps to open beginnings, middles, and ends to meaningful inquiry. It asks fundamental

questions of temporal projection, certainty, and closure, precisely for epistemology. It helps to frame ways in which we are becoming environmentally, too, and in a way that transitions seem harder to sort into good or bad if we were to rely on characterizing the materials that move them along as toxic or not, endogenous or exogenous. As a brief example, two of my beloved people have had thyroid cancer and they are on synthetic replacement hormones to keep their metabolisms going. From another direction, Eva Hayward suggests that the transing frogs—frogs whose sexing appears to be correlated with densities of environmental toxins—might represent an opportunity to see who and what we become together, as opposed to simply an indicator species for what might become of us. Hayward writes,

I don't believe that a single environmental factor could explain transsexuality; the assertion is ridiculous. But it does open the realization that bodies are lively and practical responses to environments and changing ecosystems. . . . Instead of toxic sex change as a sinister force that threatens all life, it might be about reinvention, as well as about political and economic systems that affect everyone, including animals.

That process of “becoming together” gets interesting, and particularly relevant for disability and its edges, if we recognize that to do so is to experiment with bracketing what is properly human. I could head further into ontology and affect here, but instead, to further extend the inhuman, I want to conclude my reflections on cognition by turning to a text that had a major impact on me as a graduate student: *Cognition in the Wild* by Ed Hutchins, a cognitive scientist at UC San Diego who had spent a number of years serving in the military. He was particularly interested in navigation, and the more he looked at it, the more he realized that cognitive scientists were not telling the right stories. They were still imagining cognators as solitary humans, with interior thoughts, in that classic figuring. But the successful navigation of the ship involved many directional shifts among equipment, men, and material culture, such that “cognition” started to look very different. The men were starting to think “like” the machines; they were “becoming machines.” They were not only or ever controlling agents and no single individual could possibly have mastered the entire schema of operations. Partial knowledge emerges, again, as an alternative, post-human form of cognition. Ultimately Hutchins describes what he calls “distributed cognition,” such that cognition is distributed throughout the culture of the ship, and humans are one important part, but still, just one part of that. This cognition suggests the usefulness of shifting away from the perfect fantasy of repetitious and continuous comprehension; it gives up on this fantasy, reminds us of our shared thinking, and ensures that no “thinker”

is actually a thinker as they are imagined. I think this has implications for the shared cognitive labor we do, and it also could have unexpected and generative implications for the single-author system, the unmarkedness of collaboration, and ultimately what cognitive disability could or should mean. My hope is that it could somehow mean very little someday.

Conclusion: Back to Grass; or, Decolonizing Cripistemology

I end with the question of what cognitive kind of epistemologies we want to produce. The cripistemologies roundtable in this issue refers to critiques of intersectionality. Ever since interdisciplinarity, as a kind of characterization of an intellectual space such as a university or a realm of fields, or a trope for scholarly transformation, as well as a refuge for odd ones out, has come into itself, and those interpellated by it have gotten into the swing of it, I feel that a trajectory of epistemological culmination has been taking place—one in which, for instance, critiques of intersectionality, which articulates almost orthogonally to disciplinarity, have entered. Intersectionality and interdisciplinarity could be said to coexist today within a common era in which favored typologies have become solidified and stopped being animated so that race, class, sex, sexuality, and nation could be felt as comprehensive and could thereby become didactic. Yet critiques of intersectionality, timely as they may be, should not undercut the fact that the term or concept remains a useful heuristic that can at times caution against unconsidered rehearsals of privilege. There is a sense in which intersectionality might find itself at the heart of cripistemology, animating some of its core questions.

The next logical step, one that I feel we are arriving at, another phasal experience of the agnostic chronicity of academic production, might be something that looks and feels roughly like *transdisciplinarity*. What role should or might transdisciplinarity play in a cripistemology that we favor? Should it, as a certain intellectual style, perhaps have no particular hold at all in the new proliferation of cripistemologizing that may now take hold? I will confess to having hope for it to do *some* work for us as we move forward. That the speakers at the cripistemologies conference—at least by their nominal homes—ran the gamut of anthropology, communication, sociology, gender and women's studies, English, ethnic studies, and disability studies, suggests there is some sympathy for finding a shared space where we all fling ourselves into the mudpool hoping that there will be some generative intellectual-affective contact, albeit slippery contact. One of the promises for me of

transdisciplinarity is that canonical vocabularies become gently imperiled within such imagined spaces, potentially to a much greater degree than within spaces of interdisciplinarity. And that is a fortunate thing, maybe, because disciplinary vocabularies are haunted by traditions of thought associated with projects of privilege-building and colonization. Such a vocabulary-mushing project, with its suggestions of slippery ground and the impossibility of a standpoint, may sound risky in the sense that multiple embedded projects of dissembling, lots of people dissembling together, do not by themselves magically unmask insidious projects of privilege-building, and I think it is certainly true that they do not automatically do so (this is the nature of the rejoinder to deconstruction, for example, by women of color feminists and queer of color theorizing). We might even tell a story about interdisciplinarity as a style arriving precisely in time to defang the efforts of specifically feminist and critical race interventions, in that way that certain developments appear convenient or easeful to certain people in ways that turn out later to look like the reproduction of patriarchal whiteness. The title of my essay cites Barbara Christian's "The Race for Theory." Christian's dry critique of the strained advancements of Western literary theory-making, so often complicit with leaving race (and its own racialization) behind as if it were literally a drag, remains a striking account of the commodified movements of many strands of theory at the cost of race analysis, including their own practical racisms. While today we might identify a consensus among many fields that decolonization, for instance, and its racialized ramifications are in fact ever-more critical pursuits, it is also possible to identify other crests of scholarship ready to declare race the latest "healthy" candidate for entering the status of "post." Cripistemology, here, thus finds itself at a productive juncture: what practical racisms may quietly sustain within it, even as it turns headlong toward the promising partiality of transdisciplinary communing?

Cripping the acknowledged *partiality* that Haraway theorized has the effect of blurring dearly held vocabularies, whatever they are. That recognized and shared partiality feels cognitive. There is, therefore, a cognitive blurring relative to our former seat of comfort for those of us who have at some point resided more or less disciplinarily or in disciplined vocabularies, a blurring that certainly reads as "I can't think" or "I don't think," that comes part and parcel with this kind of coming together.

And this hopeful blurring takes me back to grass, my original provocation. As the earliest historical evidence transnationally indicates, marijuana has worked as a kind of medicine. It can also, even simultaneously, work as a desired or willful intoxication, a shift in consciousness, fruitfully complicating

the moral calculus among “care,” “medicine,” and “pleasure.” But there is a departure there worth asking about. I want to note, in closing, the importance of being able to think analytically about intoxication just as we might do toxicity, because they are contiguous even for many of us who would wish to segregate them. They both bespeak a molecular, rather than molar, flow, if you will; they are popularly arranged into differential intensity, so that intoxication feels like a light dose while toxicity feels heavy; and they mark differential privilege, such that toxicity is the province of others, while intoxications sometimes participate in a neoliberal lifestyle exceptionalism in the choice to enter when one desires. And yet they are also materially perhaps the same, encompassed by a oneness that is at once benevolent and malevolent.

If artists of all kinds have cultivated drug habits, habitual, chronic intoxications, then what does it mean to imagine the complex terrain of academia as one in which cognition-blurring substances like pot could only have an *improper* presence? Does the cultivation of an academic subject involve “clean,” “wholesome” cognition? And here I’m drawing on the insights of disability studies into various normativities of mind. I do not mean to proclaim a moral conviction that we should all be taking LSD to do our work (as surely some number of academics have). I am simply wondering at all that underlies the designation of proper cognitive bounds in this context.

But in light of a shared project of cripistemological making, and in the spirit of an article that itself aims no more than to be partial and projective, I do want to use the occasion to ask what kind of cognitions, what kind of information management, what kind of memory retrieval will we require to *do the theorizing* that will be important to move forward? I think this has something to do with what Jasbir Puar asks of the new cripistemologies in the Roundtable, that they will have to define “the ‘crip’ in cripistemology as a critique of the notion of epistemology itself, a displacement not only of conventional ways of knowing and organizing knowledge, but also of the mandate of knowing itself, of the consolidation of knowledge.” What knowing do we want here? What would a decolonized or decolonizing cripistemology—one that took that decolonization seriously by recognizing coloniality’s serious attachment to typology, identification, and orders of knowledge—look, smell, and feel like? Is it possible that we could talk about partial knowing working agonistically against and thus also with comprehension, almost as the queer works in odd partnership with the straight and narrow? And then recruit from these forms of knowing to devise a cripistemology that takes seriously its own crippled reach, or rather, cripps its *reach* while still *feeling* the stars? And make even a further turn to identify a different arrogance of partial knowing dissembling as whole, as the

surely revealing *condition* of majoritarian knowledge, about which our frictive criptestemological partial knowing offers a pretty devastating, holistic if not quite comprehensive, rejoinder?

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