

A picture of a waiting room: the walls are mint green. We

OK together.

look straight onto a far wall. A large loosely painted image of

OK together. Intimate everywhere.
Sour wreckage. Okay, inside
blurry mystic room. Sour touch.
O.K.O.K. Immanent intimate.
Shifting together, OKkkk? Inside
reflective. Ok, slow. Together?

a cropped orange face surrounded by a bunch of bright green

hangs above a row of chairs. Chairs line the edges of the

Asher Liftin[⊖] Felicia Chang[⊖]
Gregory Dellis[⊖] Jack Adam[⊖]
Jane Zhang[⊖] Kitty Kan[⊖] Lauren
Gatta[⊖] Melissa Leone[⊖] Paige
Davis[⊖] Sydney Holmes[⊖] Valerie
Navarrete[⊖] Vera Villanueva[⊖]

room, and a grey table lies in the center of the room. On the

table are strewn all different kinds of magazines. A half eaten

sandwich was left on top of an Architectural Digest magazine,

"I'm okay – you're okay." This past year, the requisite, small-talk greeting of "How are you?" has elicited more Okays, than Goods, or the grammatically more correct choice: I'm well. Okay as in – pretty good, i.e., not bad, good enough, could be worse, have nothing to really complain about. Okay as a positive feeling, as in – healthy, well, recovering, as good as it is going to get, a thank goodness I'm alive, as positive an answer as one is going to get. Or it could be just as easily used as a negative response: just okay, not great, been better, so-so. Comme ci, comme ça. ¶ For Boomers and Gen Xers, the phrase, I'm OK – You're OK conjures up images of the dehydrated yellow cover of a bestselling self-help book of the same name, published in the late Sixties. In it, the author details the theory of Transactional Analysis, a study of relationships and interactions between people through the study of their person-to-person transactions, or units of social intercourse. The stimulus, then the response;

lettuce from the sandwich spilling into the green hills of Long

a greeting, then an acknowledgment; a question, and answer; a request, and a fulfillment, etc. Contrary to the ego-centered theories of Freud, this method centered on observation of human communication itself: words, facial expressions, body language, gesture. ¶ In addition to focusing on analyzing how we communicate, the theory placed an emphasis on the stroke, as in that specific type of physical touch, to describe any fundamental unit of social action, whether it be positive or negative. Stroke could refer to any social interaction or acknowledgment, including a verbal or non-verbal, non-physical "stroke," rather than only a physical touch or pat. The book explains that we crave these strokes in all our day-to-day interactions, not unlike how an infant or child needs to be held or cuddled. ¶ So here we all are, 6 feet apart, with half of our faces (very necessarily) covered. In muted silence. That is, if we are actually near one another, on campus or in the studios. We are more frequently separated by walls and air and

Island pictured behind a radiantly glowing design duo boast-

sometimes state lines, sometimes even oceans. We sit less than two feet from a computer screen, and look into the eyes of another human being, or peer all around their silhouette at all the details of the rooms that encase them, be it in real or virtual backgrounds. This access tricks us into feeling like we are becoming so close, and that we have achieved a familiarity like never before. Students and professors alike may visually enter one another's space, be it neat or disorderly, purposefully natural or subtly art-directed, quiet or with roomies and kids passing through the background. It feels like we have grown closer, but much can be lost in translation in all the data zipping up through outer space (a miracle of technology!) and shooting back down to earth, especially when you are not all breathing the same air, in and out, in and out. ¶ Keystrokes replace a nod or tilt of the head, and without notice, a face can suddenly become a black box with two words. (Did they leave the room? Or are they picking their teeth?) Some of us

ing their latest project assembled from the wood of old barns

are usually alone in a room these days, and some of us are never, ever alone anymore. While some of us faculty are juggling kids and families at home, these young artists here are alone together in apartments or art studios downtown, just a dividing wall away from another student sitting in front of a screen, next to take-out containers that replace evenings out with friends. We are left to crave more and different human interaction – through contact, touch, acknowledgment, gesture, all of it, some more than others. The tap tap tap of the keyboard in the chat or on the phone screen is not enough. The transactions we once took for granted have been virtual and digital, not physical, these days. ¶ We did it, and we just about made it, and we are okay, and that is okay. And okay is enough. And we have been going through this together, albeit separately, and what it is going to take to finally move beyond this and start again with resolve is to really do this together (but separate, folks!) and continue to somehow care for one another

scattered throughout the world. A young kid sits in a chair

and advocate for a just society more than we ever have before. It has to be okay, because otherwise we are, well, sunk. And we have to be okay together, or else we are truly alone, while still sunk, with no one coming to pull us up – with their actual hand, no less! (Someday, and hopefully soon.) ¶ Sending congratulations and strength to the Class of 2021, who bridged the remote space and the physical one with objects of beauty and meaning.

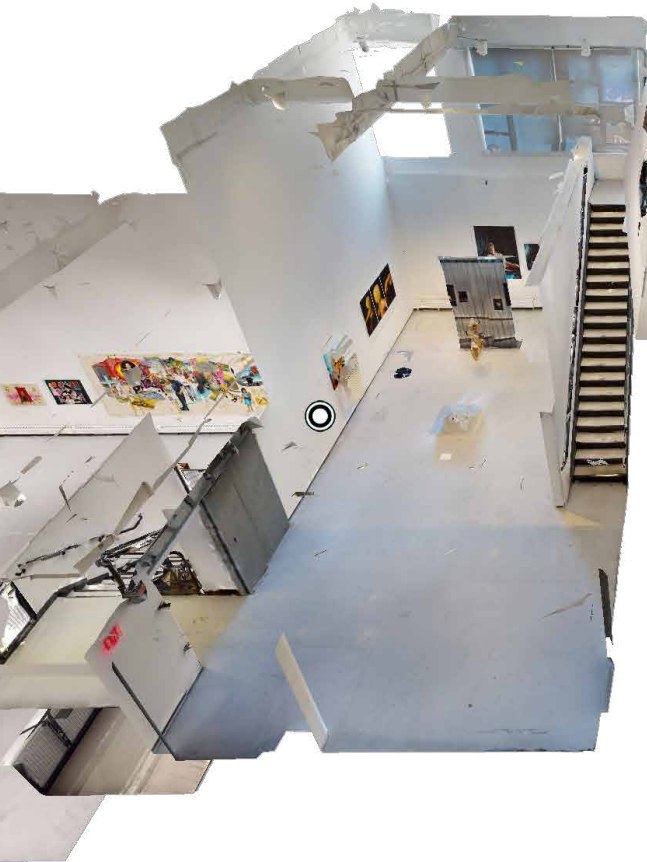
Lisa Kereszi
Director of Undergraduate Studies
April 2021

Sources

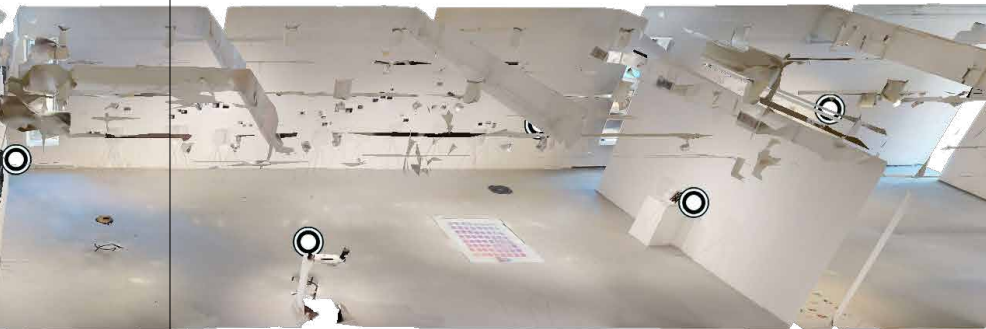
Thomas A. Harris. I'm OK – You're OK. Harper Collins Publishers Inc., New York, 1967.

Eric Berne. Games People Play. Grove Press Inc., New York, 1964.

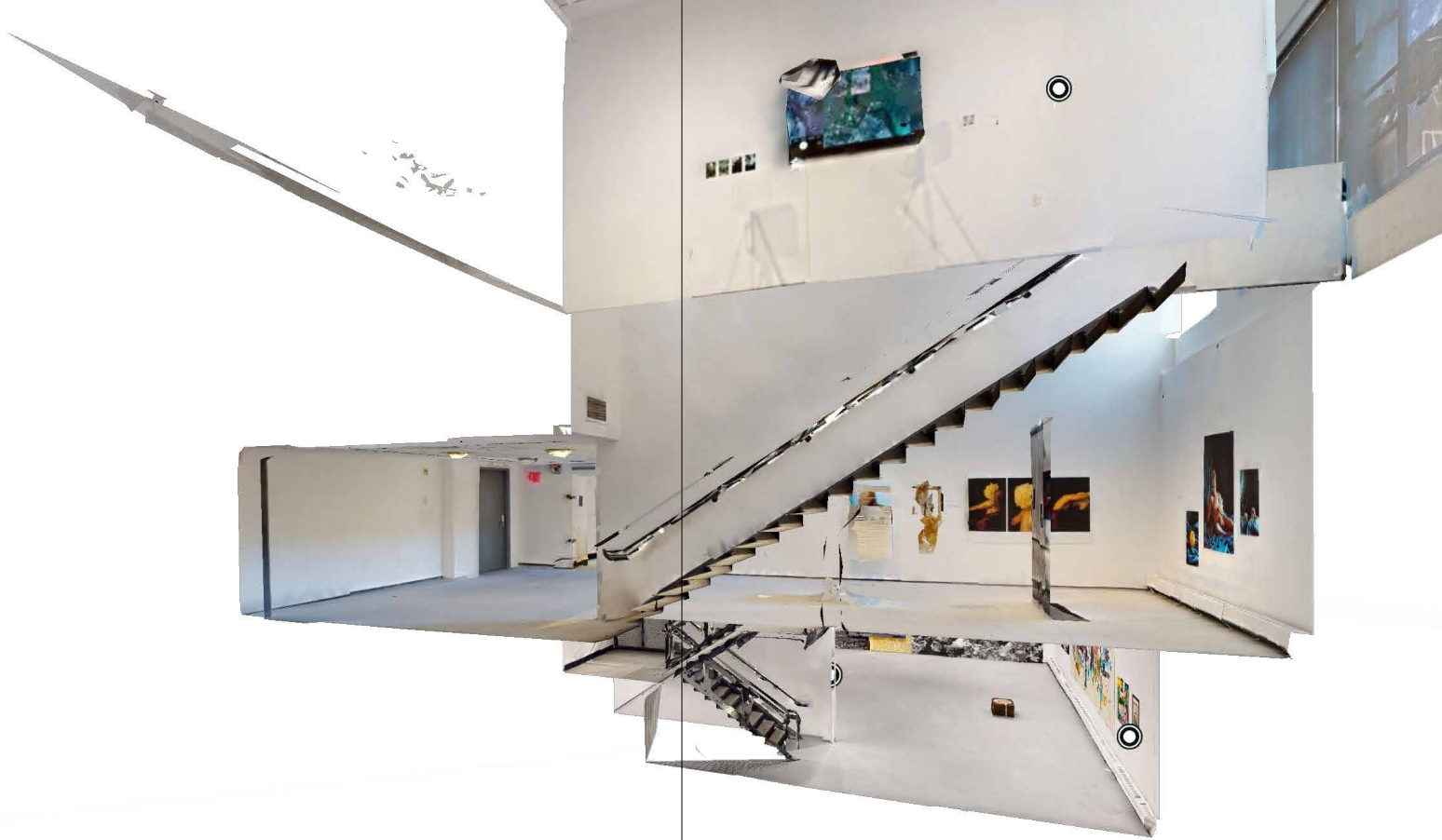
with one hand in their pants and the other grasping a small



figurine perched on the arm rest. The woman next to the kid

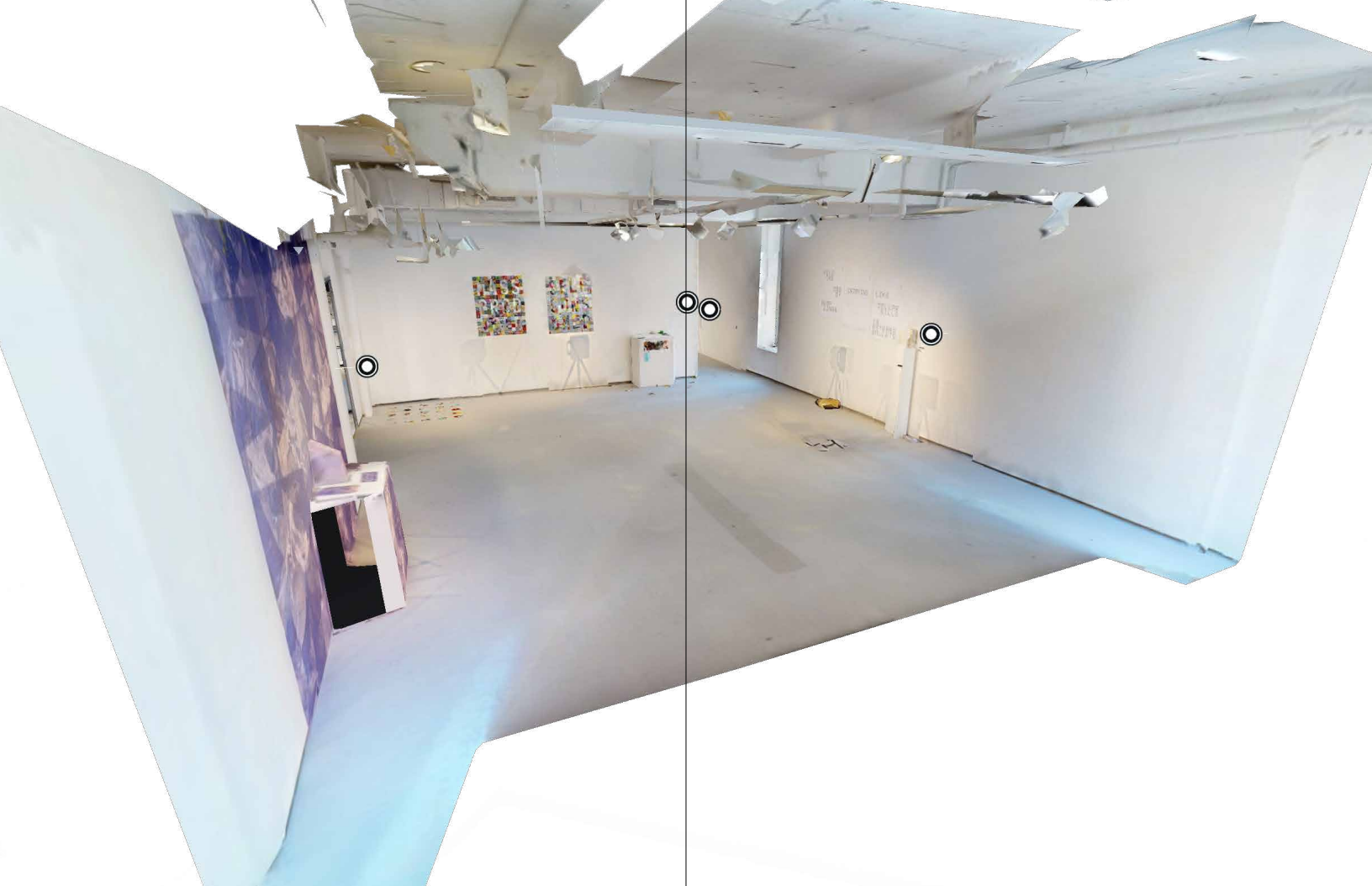


has a small dog in a purse on her lap and rests a magazine



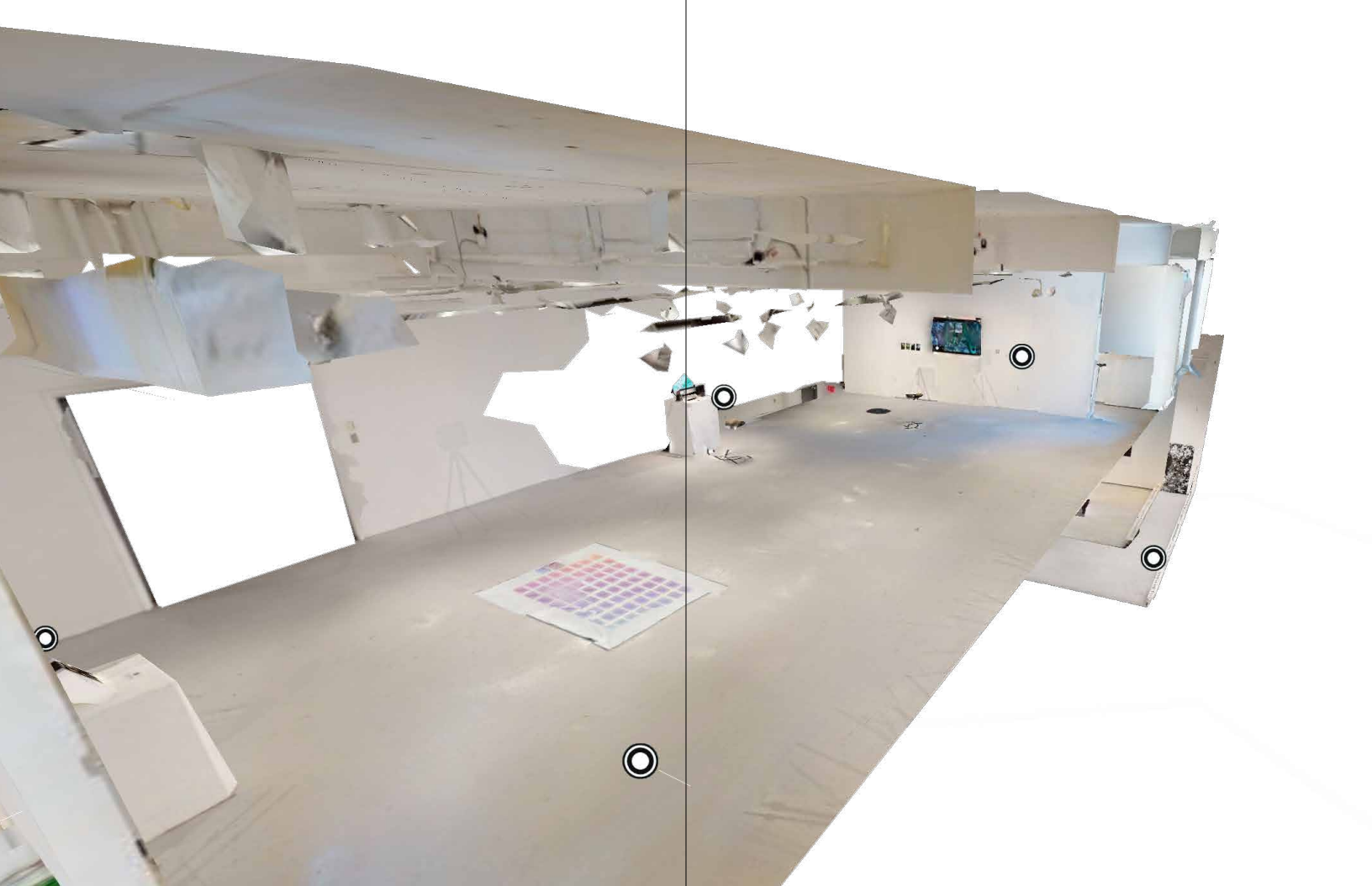
drawn from the table on the back of the dog. There is a live

punk rock band playing on the left side to entertain the peo-



ple waiting their turns while a ballerina dances across from

the band wearing a Destroy All Monsters band tee. The main



singer has on a tee shirt from old navy and is wearing flip

flops. A tv is mounted on the wall in the top right corner of



the room. One of the celebrities featured on the cover of the

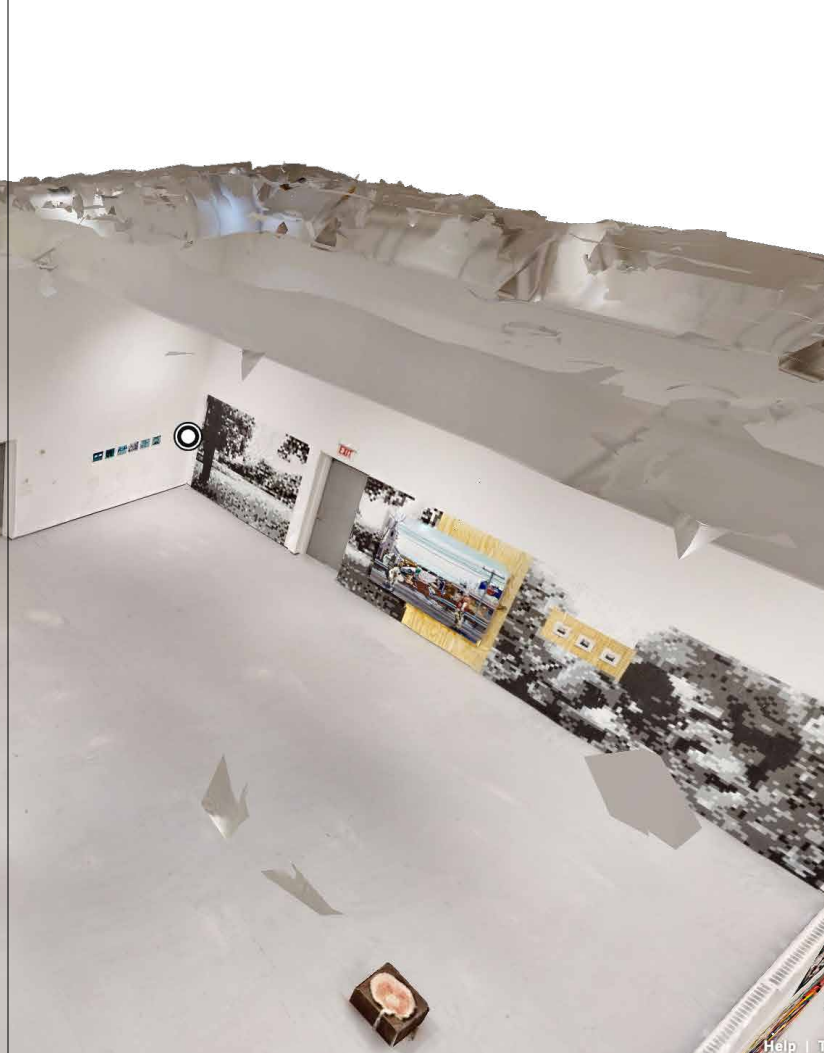


table magazines can be seen in a mugshot on the tv. Another

OK together. Intimate everywhere. (Reflective) together. Sour wreckage. Ohhhkavy... inside blurry mystic room. O.K.O.K. Imminent touch. Shifting together, OK? Okay, slow. Together?

Print

1



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: photograph by Kitty Kan
ok, sour, shifting

3



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium:
Photograph by Asher Liftin
ok, blurry, intimate

2



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Paige Davis
ok, mystic, inside

4

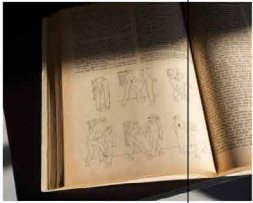


Title: Sketchbooks on table, 2021
Medium: Photograph by Melissa Leone

5



7



Title: Page from a book, 2021
Medium: Photograph by Melissa Leone

6



man is sitting on a chair but his face is obscured by a ring

stain left on the picture from a wet cup. The floors of the

OK together, Intimate everywhere, (Reflective) together, Sour wreckage, Ohhhkavy... inside, blurry mystic room, O.K.O.K, Imminent touch, Shifting together, OK? Okay, slow, Together?

Print

3



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Felicia Chang room, ok, inside

1



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: photograph by Vera Villanueva wreckage, everywhere, ok

2



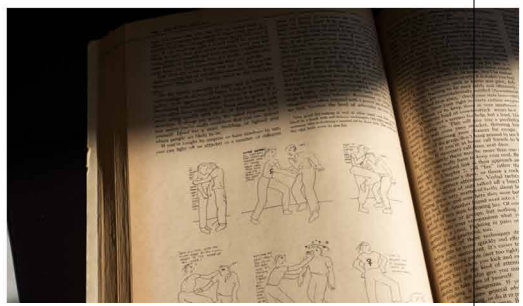
Title: Cat looking up, 2021 Medium: Photography by Jane Zhang mystic, shifting, ok

4



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Valerie Navarrete room, slow, ok

5



6



7



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: photograph by Sydney Holmes wreckage, ok, everywhere

8

room are checkered with black and white squares containing

flecks of other colors. An old couple hold hands and sit pa-



OK together, Intimate everywhere, (Reflective) together, Sour wreckage, Ohhhkavy... inside blurry mystic room, O.K.O.K, Imminent touch, Shifting together, OK? Okay, slow, Together?

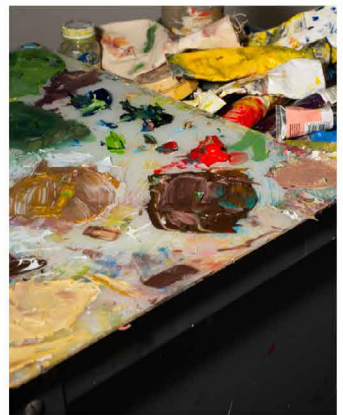
Print

3



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Felicia Chang blurry, everywhere, sour

1



Title: Pigment, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Paige Davis sour, wreckage, everywhere

2



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Asher Liftin wreckage, sour, shifting

4



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Valerie Navarrete ok, mystic, sour

7



Title: Studio, 2021 Medium: Photograph by Felicia Chang blurry, sour, together

5



6



tiently dressed in lighter colors and wearing matching visors.

They look intently at the kid sitting to their left. One of the



many magazines spilling off of the table is concealing the



shoe of one of the old people. A house plant is placed in the



foreground concealing parts of the picture. The image is fad-



ing in some places and in others the colors become acidic.

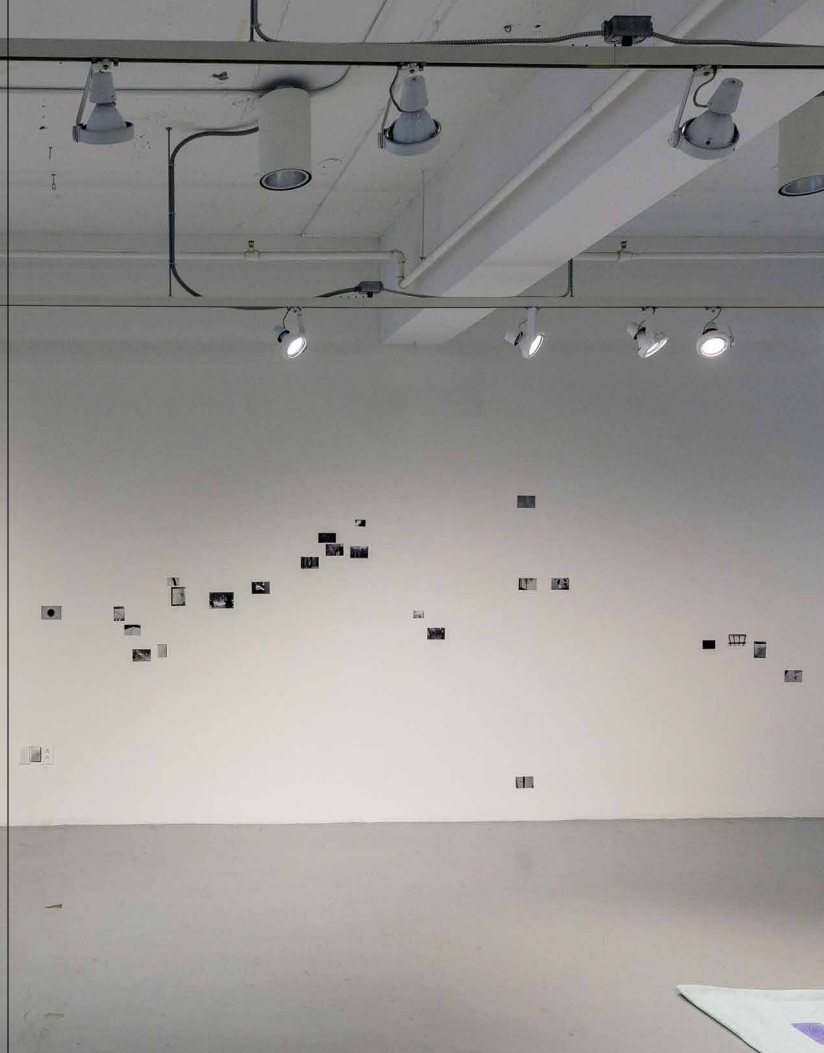


They have been really inspired by all of the amazing work

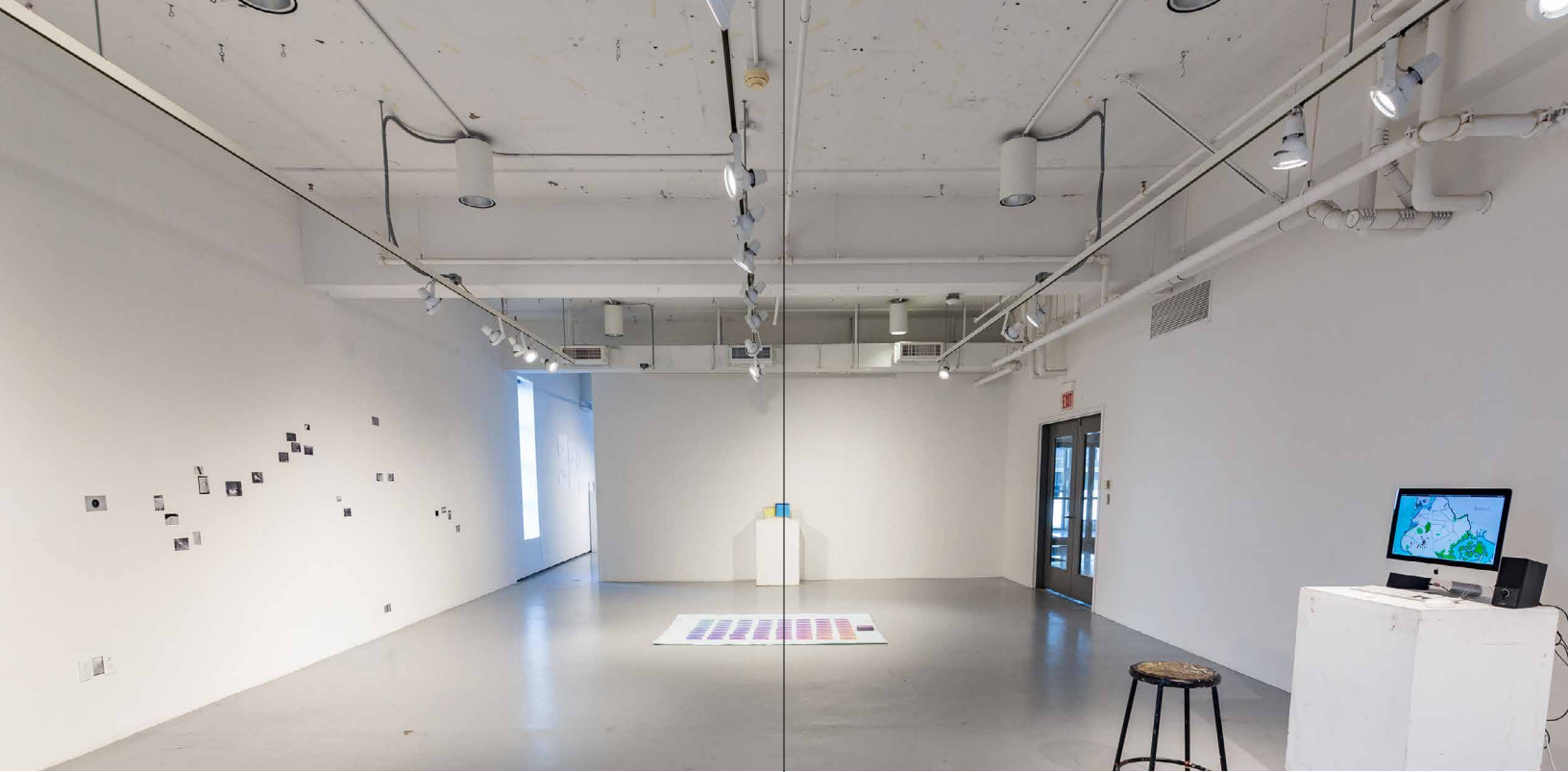
that exists online. They look at a lot of websites. They read



too many books, on the computer. They scroll through a lot



of tweets, a lot of photos. They really want to make a typeface



using a computer program. They like to code. They believe

that the digital world provides a space that the physical world



can't. In the physical world, signs are always stuck to some-

thing. They're printed out and pasted, put together, to remain



in that same shape forever. But they also love the physical

world. The physical world is full of wonderful shapes and



textures that the digital world can barely imitate. They take a

lot of pictures of the physical world. They take a lot of walks.



They were curious to see whether the physical world could

translate to the digital world. If the best of both could coexist



in a typeface. They use machine learning libraries in python



to translate shapes in images into letterforms. They created

∞



an editor so that they can write any text they want with any

assortment of attributes. Everything is malleable. Line height.



Width. Weight. Kerning. Their workflow is messy. Their



code is long, thousands of lines long. Their code isn't split



into neat files. They aren't patient. They spend a lot of their



time writing instead of coding too. They write poems and



prose, two pages every week is the general practice. They use

this writing practice to generate ideas and sample text for

⊕

Y P L W C B R G L O < M S
T O L B I A Z O R F R W O O K S

⊕



their type specimens. They have too many files on their com-

puter – photos of the physical world that they like. They take



those photos into the editor, where the program translates



them into text. They like creating work that is open to multi-

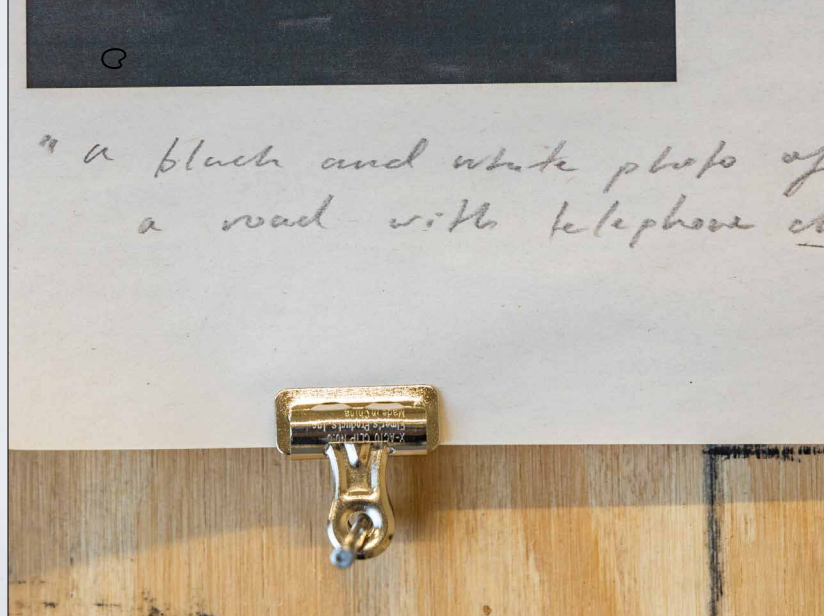


ple interpretations and applications. They want to build

something that can't be boxed in, even though their typeface



is very boxy. They're sitting on a dusty step in the hallway of

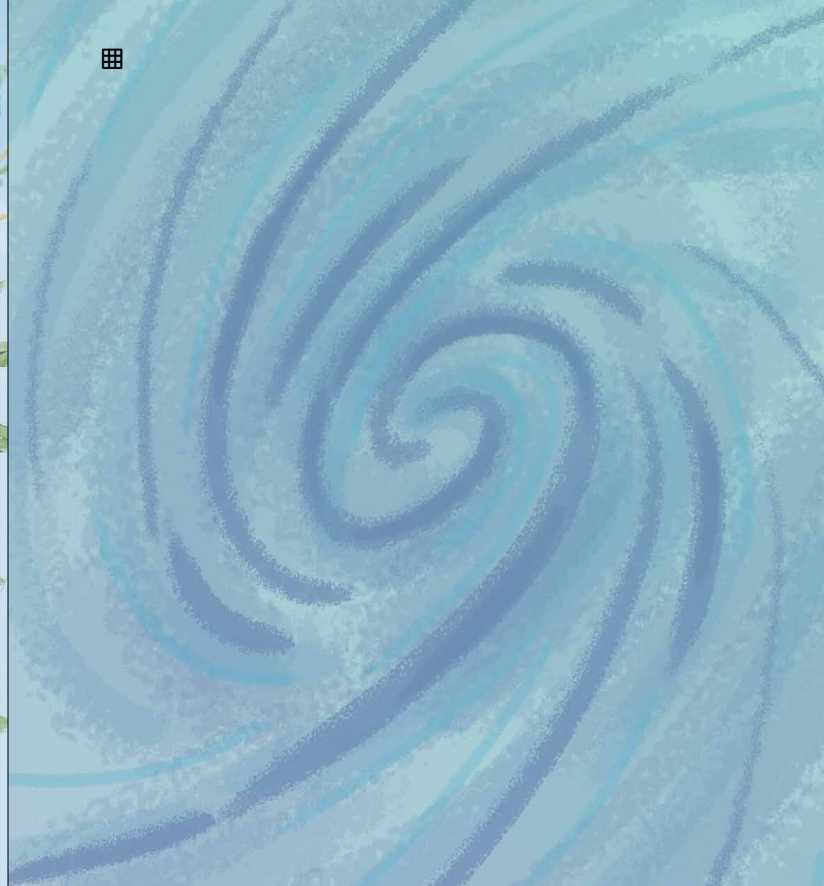


" a black and white photo of
a road with telephone co

a friend's apartment building waiting for her to return home.



They open their Notes app and search the word "hallway;"



three results appear. The first is unsorted notes for a short



piece they wrote about two sisters who shared a house next-

door to their grandfather. After the sisters had passed away,

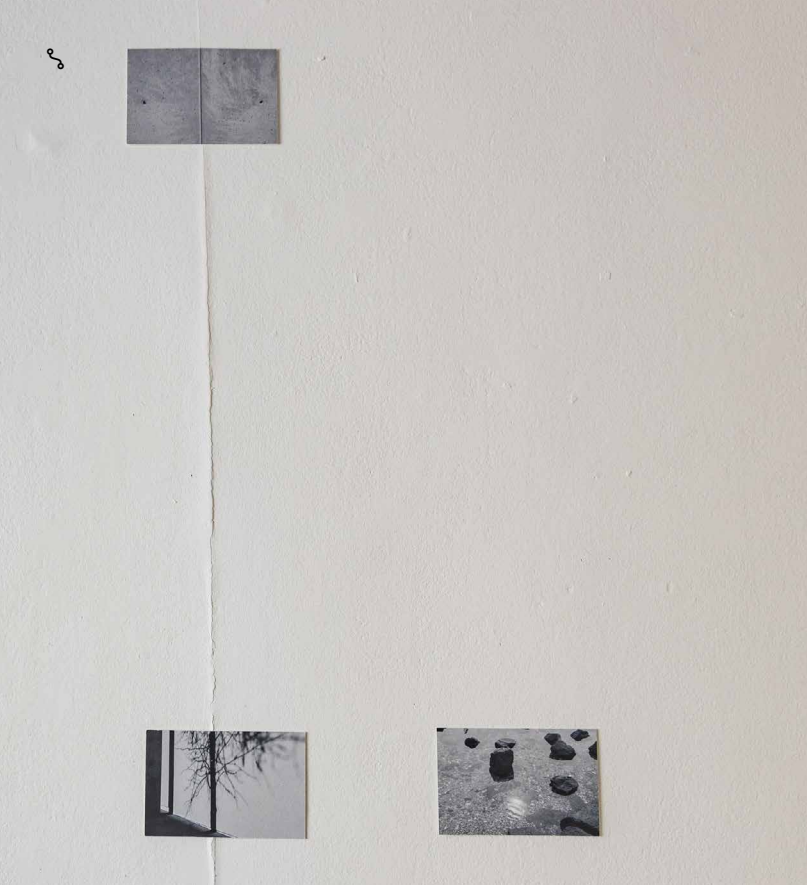


Out here in the tundra

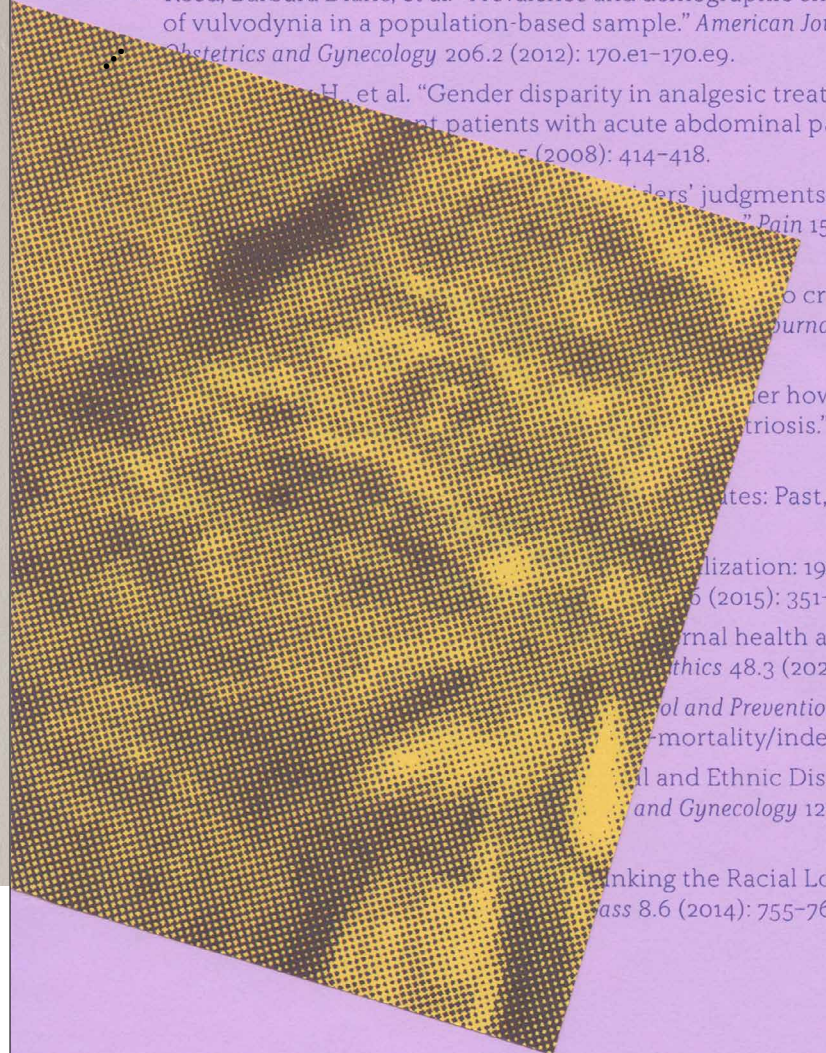
they took home an old bench of theirs, which is now in their



hallway. The second note is a ranked list of every single room



in Ezra Stiles College where they considered living junior



year. Room A41, they observe, is at the end of the hallway.

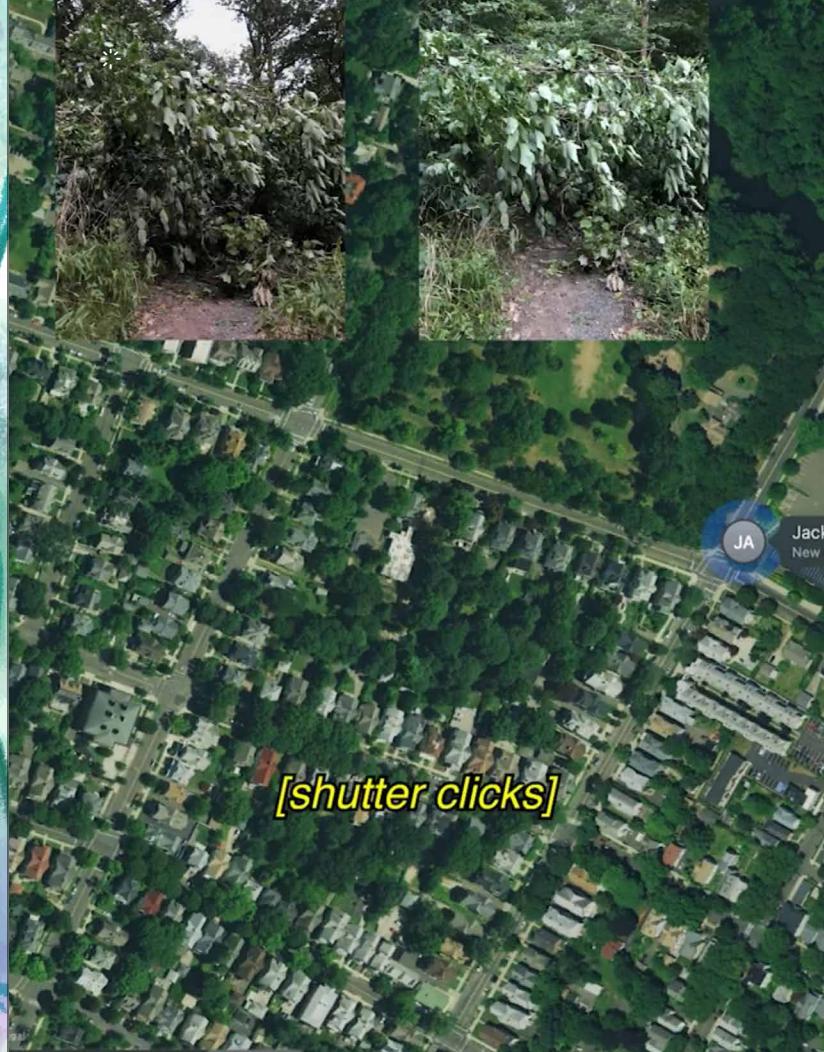


The third note is an unsent letter addressed to the man with

whom they shared an apartment two summers ago. After he



had left for Tibet, they began collecting all of the things they



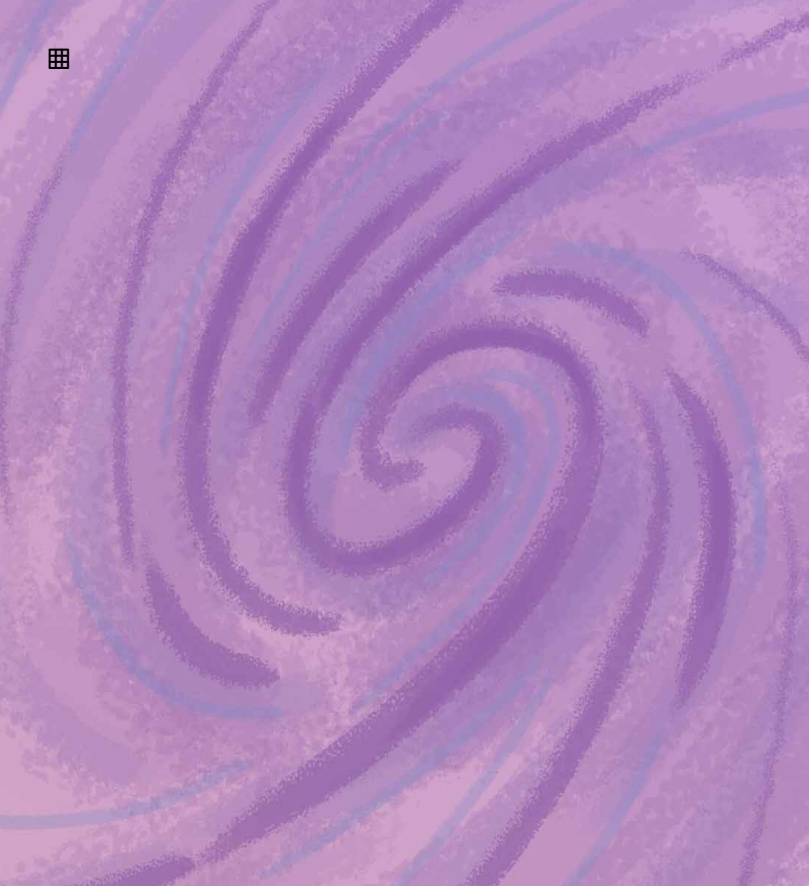
wanted to tell him. Towards the end of the summer they ec-



statically typed that they came to believe their landlord to be



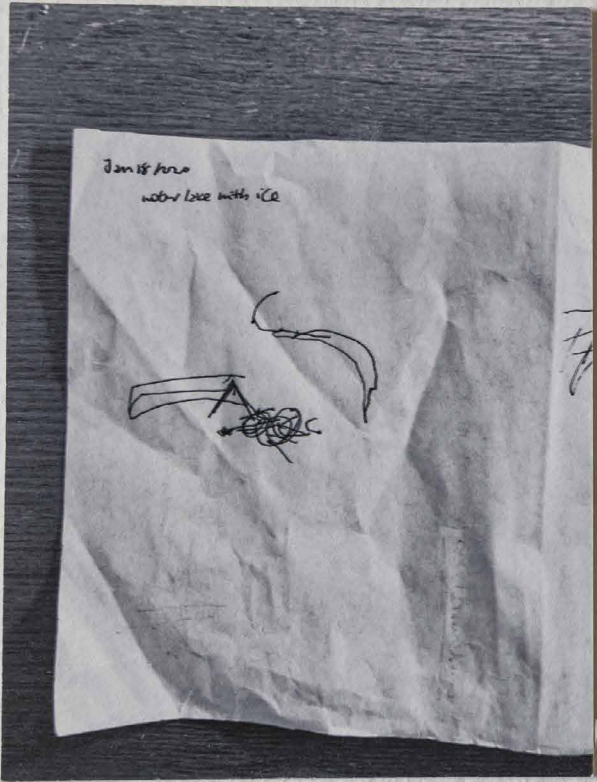
a recreational marijuana user. This conclusion arose during a



visit to her house to do laundry after their washing machine



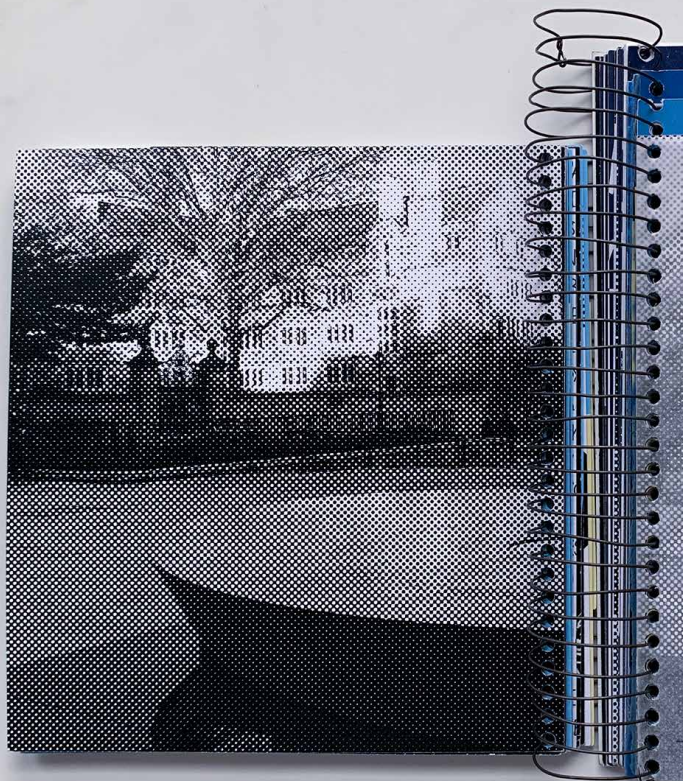
had broken. Her hallway had an undeniable aroma. They



hear voices below them in the stairwell and they peer through



the railing. All three of these hallways sound more interesting



than this one. Since tightly-packed waiting rooms have gone



out of fashion during COVID, they've spent quite a bit of



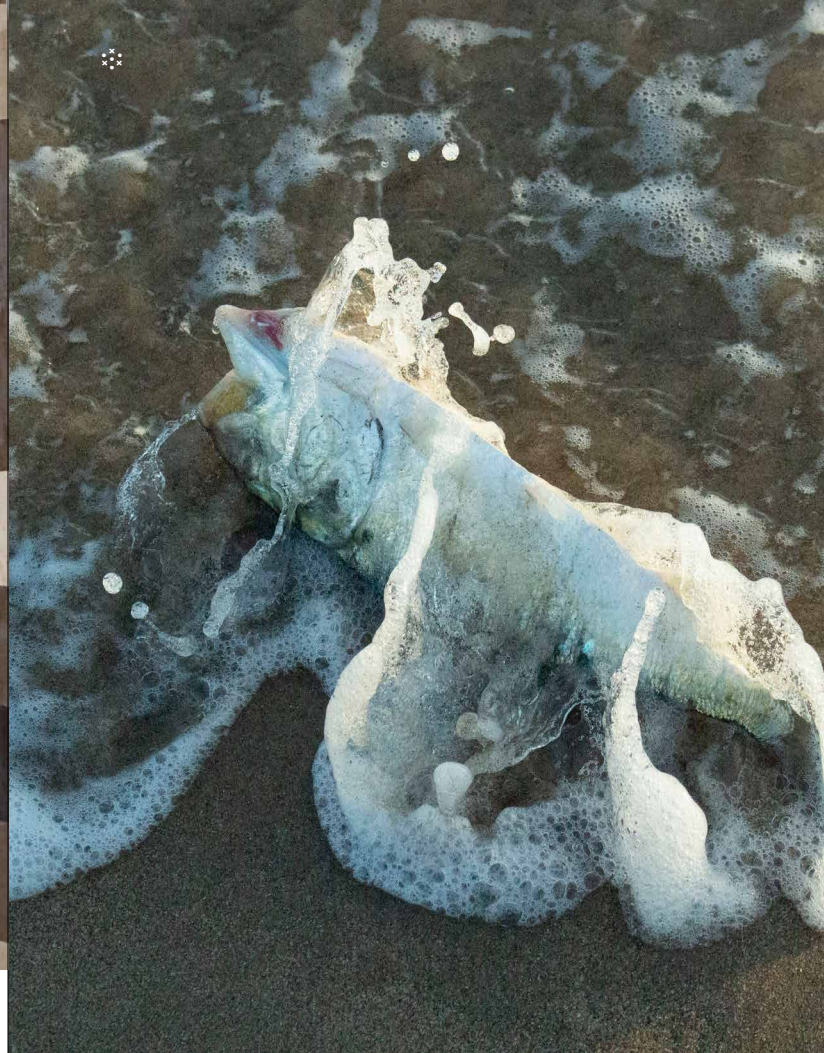
time waiting in hallways. They haven't become any fonder of



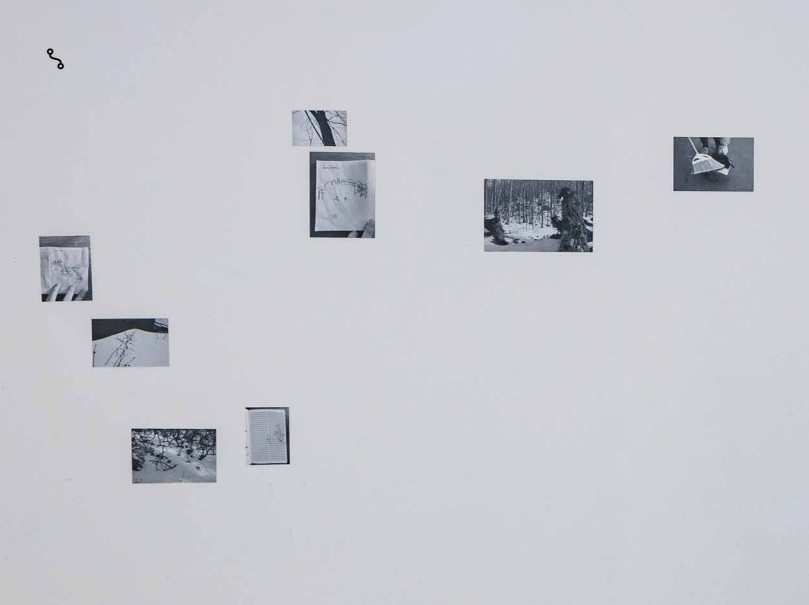
them, or how light and air seem to never find their way from



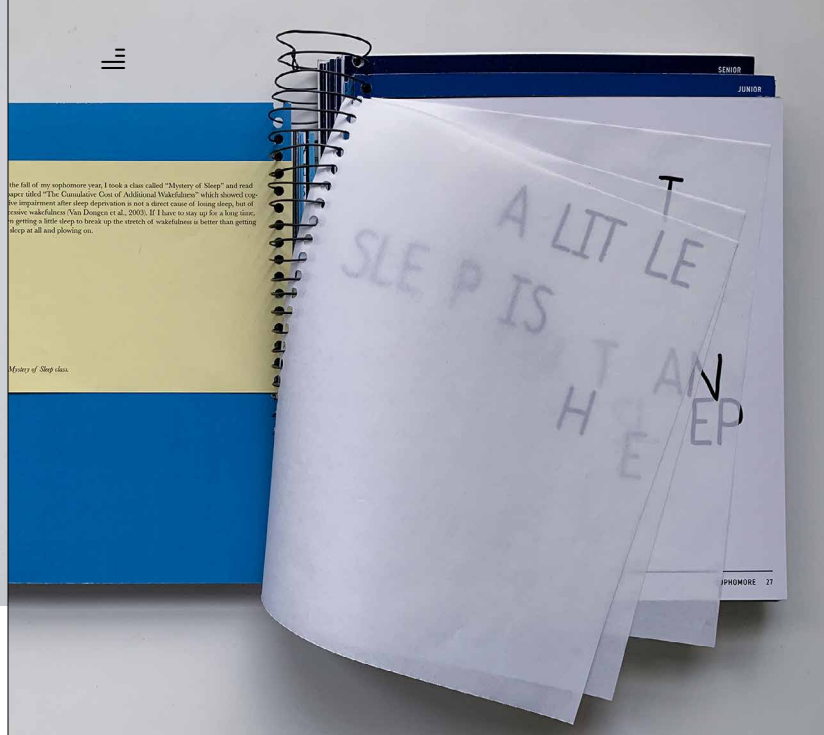
one end to the other, always getting lost somewhere in-be-



tween. They want to search another word in their Notes app,



but something holds them back: they don't like to think of



their writing as data, or as something which can be queried.



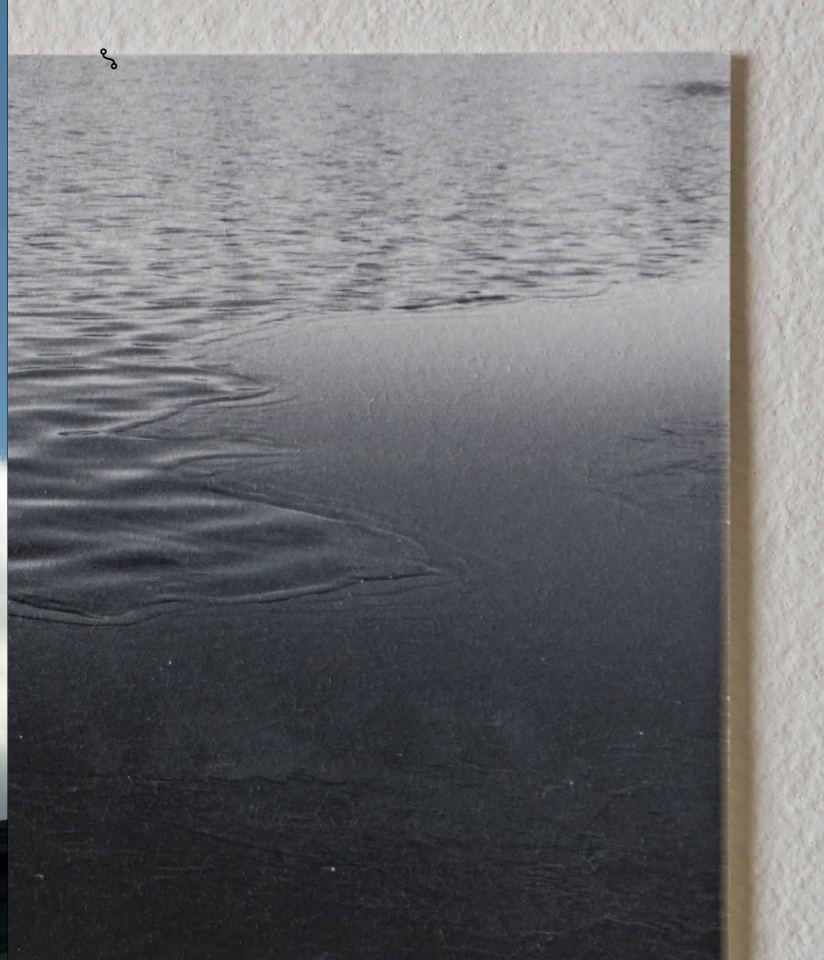
That being said, they don't like that any of their digital activ-



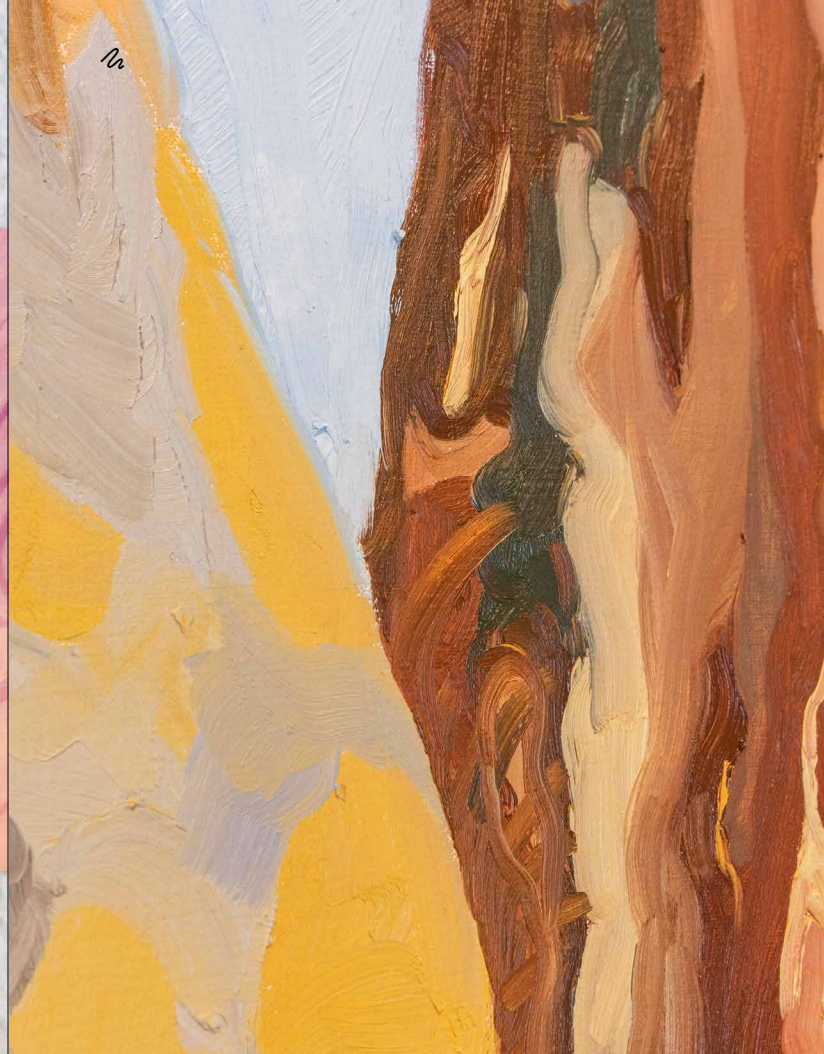
ity can be distanced from its original form and turned into



data. This line of questioning is new for them: do they like



their data? Do they like what it does, how it looks and feels?



They can't yet answer these questions and, for now, that's

OK. They skip down the steps to the first floor and out into



the cold air. They take photos of things they stumble upon,



usually alone, sometimes with others. They read somewhere



that babies stare longer at things they recognize, like a toy



similar to the ones at home, or someone speaking their native



tongue. They never grew out of this proclivity towards things



that are immediately and unfathomably familiar. They re-



main faithful to these strange moments of recognition and,

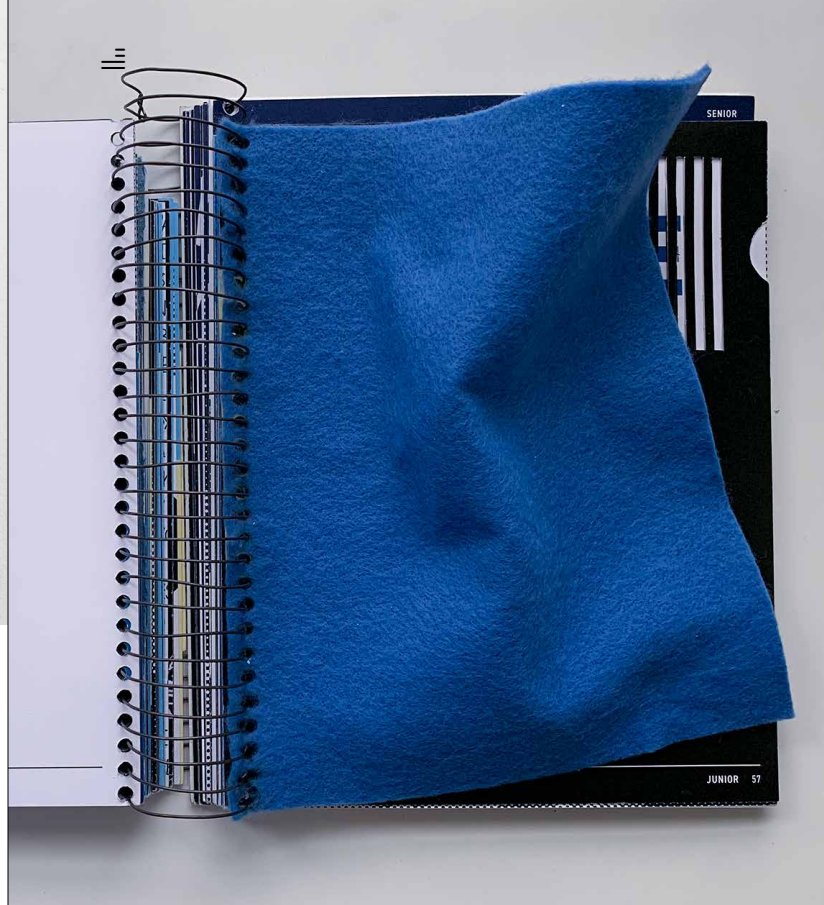
⊕



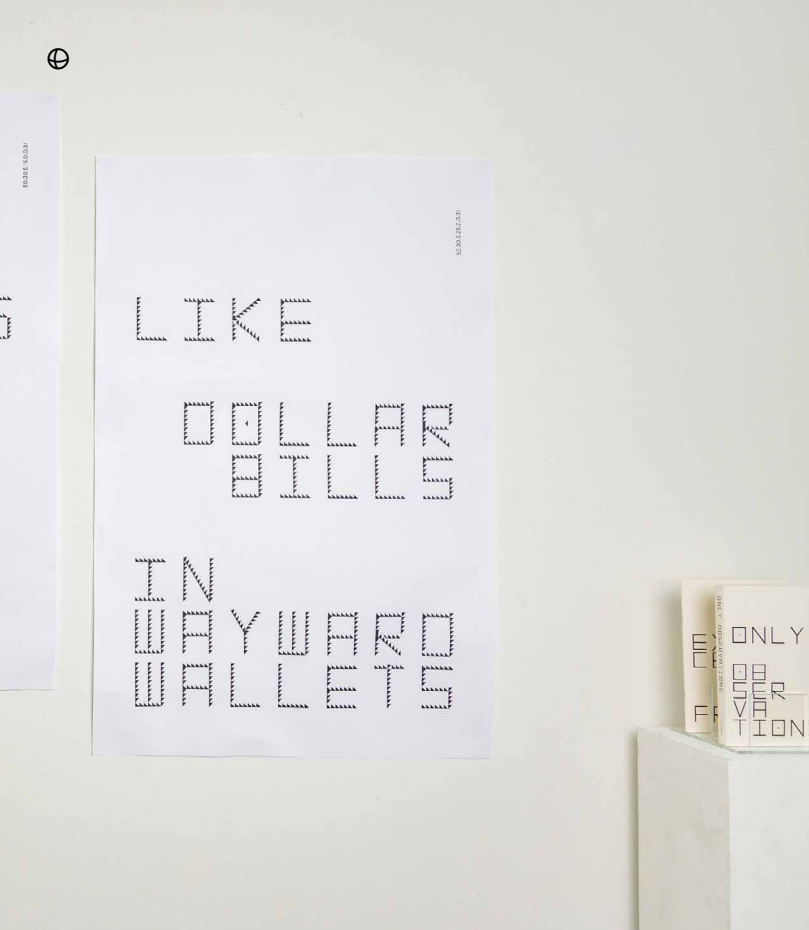
along with it, a desire to formulate these lingering images



into patterns. Photography is their attempt at preserving



these sites of recognition that make perceptible relationships



newly emergent in their world. After the photos have been



found, they create small prints (the size of their palm) and



arrange them alongside each other. The photos are printed in



black and white because they are interested in forms and re-



semblance, which is perhaps to say, the minimum operation

of an icon. Rather than trying to "decode" the photos in a way



that presupposes a codified and suspended system of linguistics-



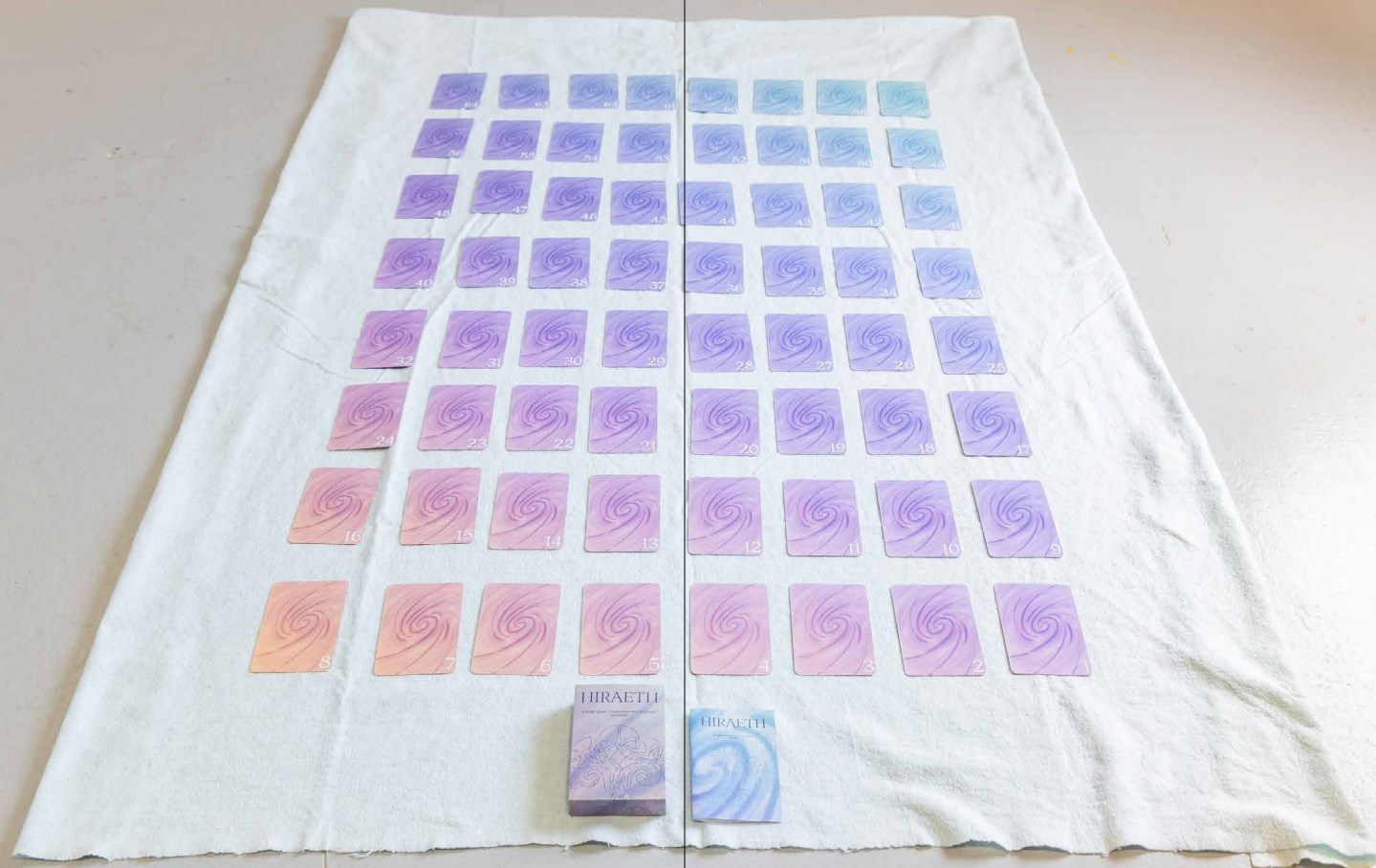
tic meaning, they are in search of ways to respond to the im-



ages on their own terms, as phenomenological performances



that are figurative and poetic more than they are pictorial or



even visual, kind of like hieroglyphs or myths or dreams. As a

result, they default to abstraction and often find it difficult to



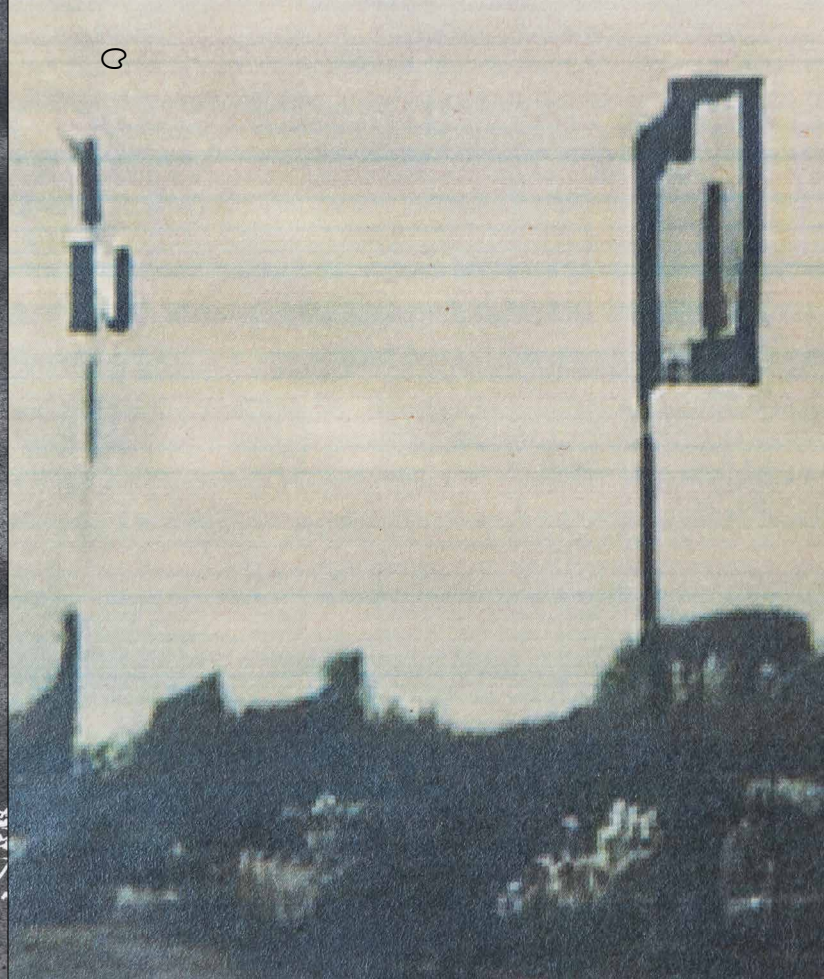
Speak about their piece in a coherent way, like right now.



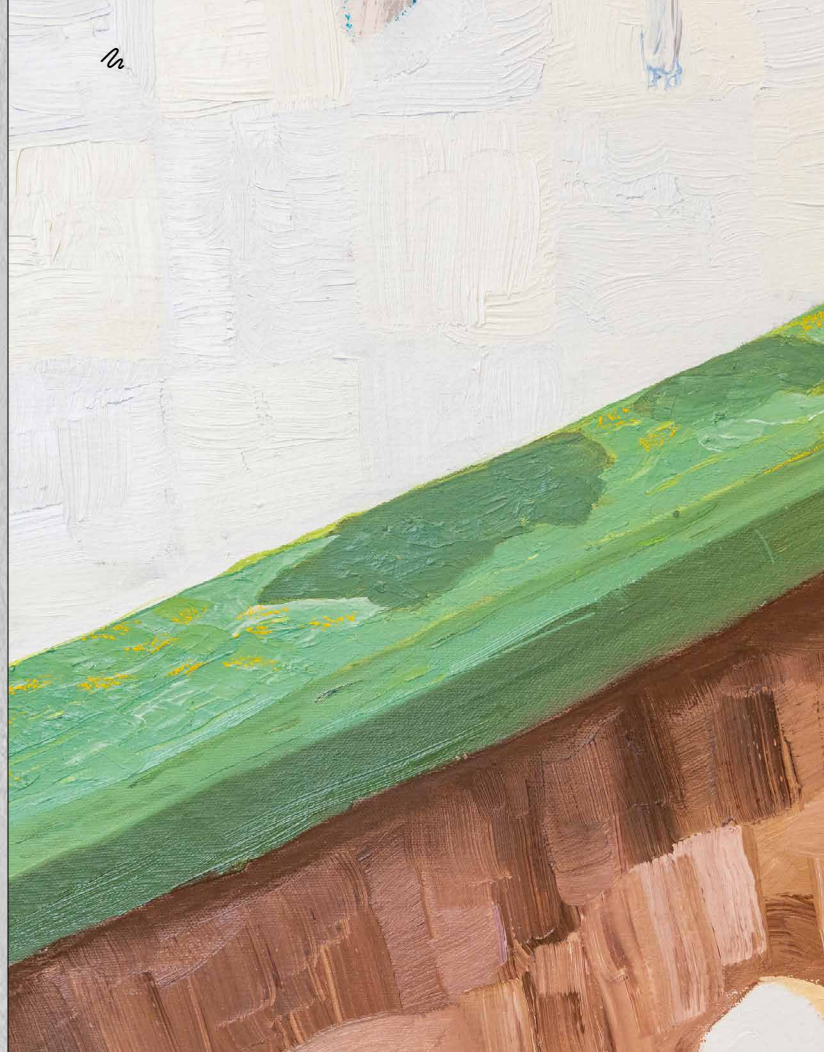
They are interested in the moments when the images elapse



but their senses linger, like those Chinese poems they were



forced to memorize from a young age. For this project, they

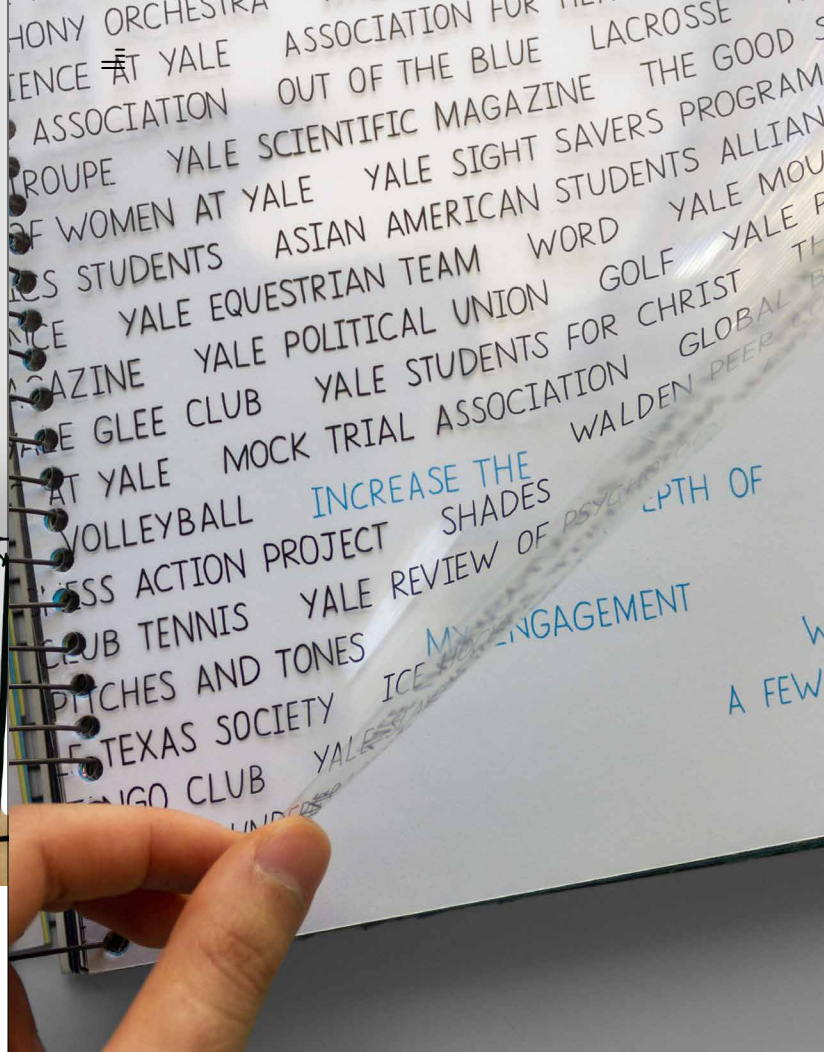


are trying to learn more about the ontology of an image from

our shared memory with the silent others: the way the wind



depicts bodies in suspension, the way water imitates the cur-



vature of the landscape, the way we walk alongside each oth-



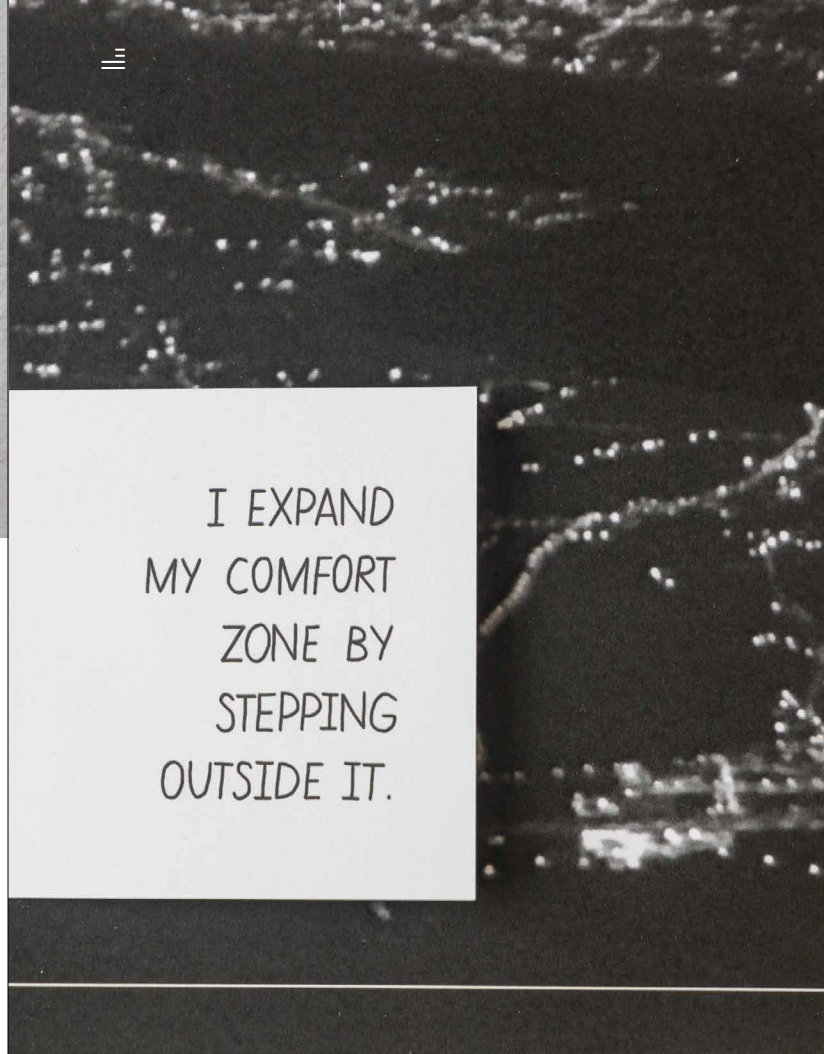
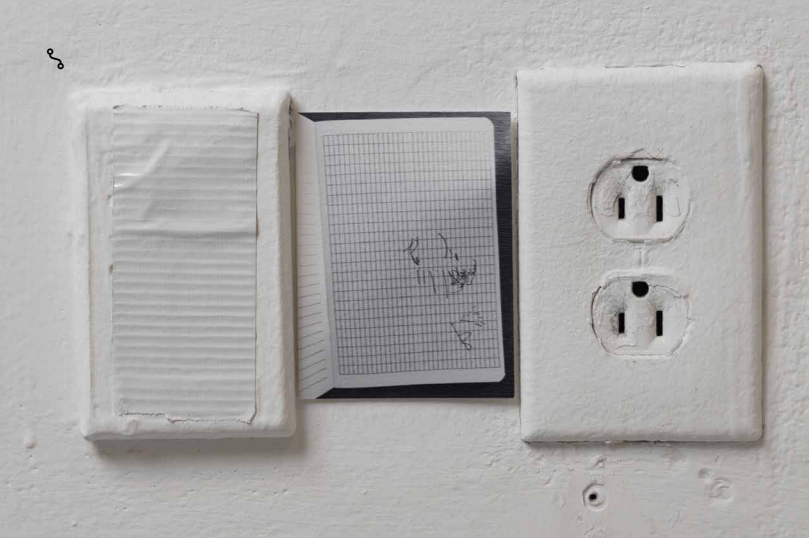
ONLY
DEFINITIONS

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH
OR REMOVE THESE



er, our shoulders barely aligned. They admire wind and wa-

ter's image-making practice and aspire to portray and



I EXPAND
MY COMFORT
ZONE BY
STEPPING
OUTSIDE IT.

generate similar gestures of phase-shift. They derive their art

practice from poetry, children's books, and the imagination.



They draw from the wonder of childhood to write and illus-

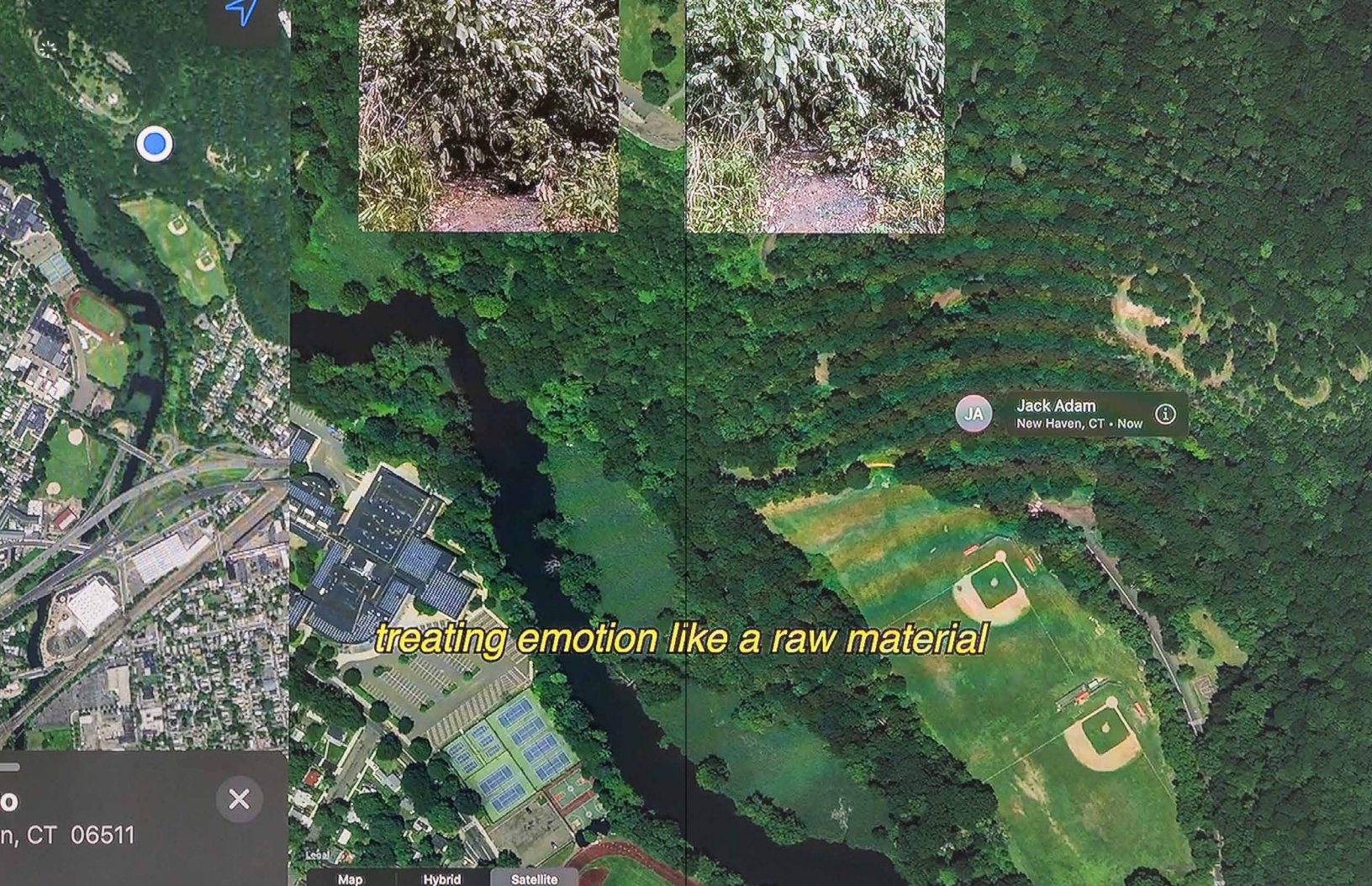


trate their stories. A while ago, they were very influenced by a



lecture on philosophy about using emotions as tools to better

understand the world around us. While this was only a small



treating emotion like a raw material

JA Jack Adam
New Haven, CT • Now

moment in time, this idea has stuck with them ever since and

they have sought to get in tune with their emotions, be they



big or small, to navigate their life. Inspired by the sense of

wonder from books like The Little Prince and What Do You

"So often we think that the truth is a static entity that exists only in a singular place—a place that we have to find. But I have come to realize that the answers I have been looking for, the truth of my own body, was ever-changing."

Abby Norman
from *Ask Me About My Uterus*



Do with an Idea?, they try to make work that offers up mem-

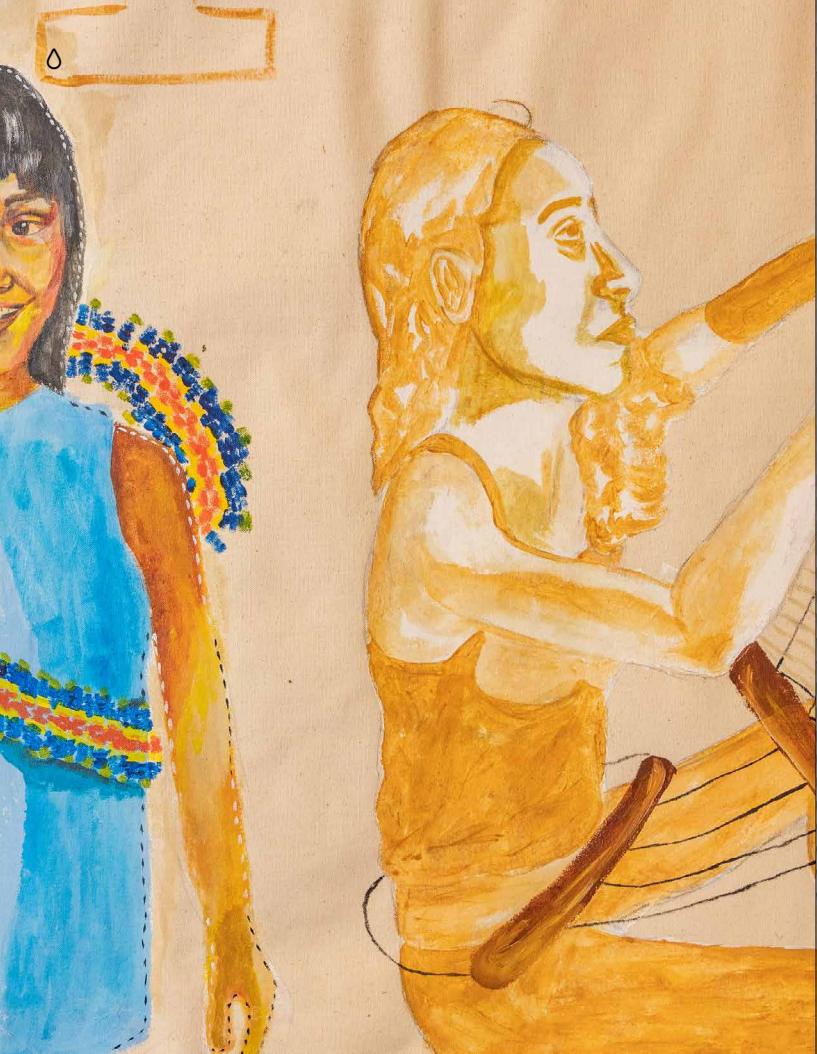
ories, nostalgia, and gentle entertainment for the people who



experience it. Their artistic practice combines research, illus-



tration, design, and storytelling, with storytelling driving



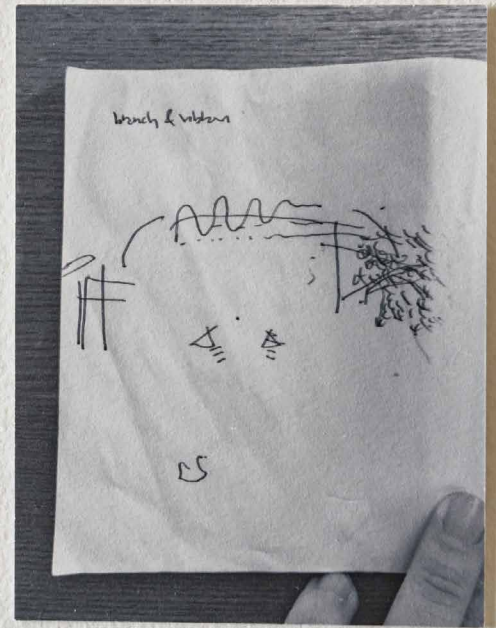
their methods and workflow. At the center of their work is a



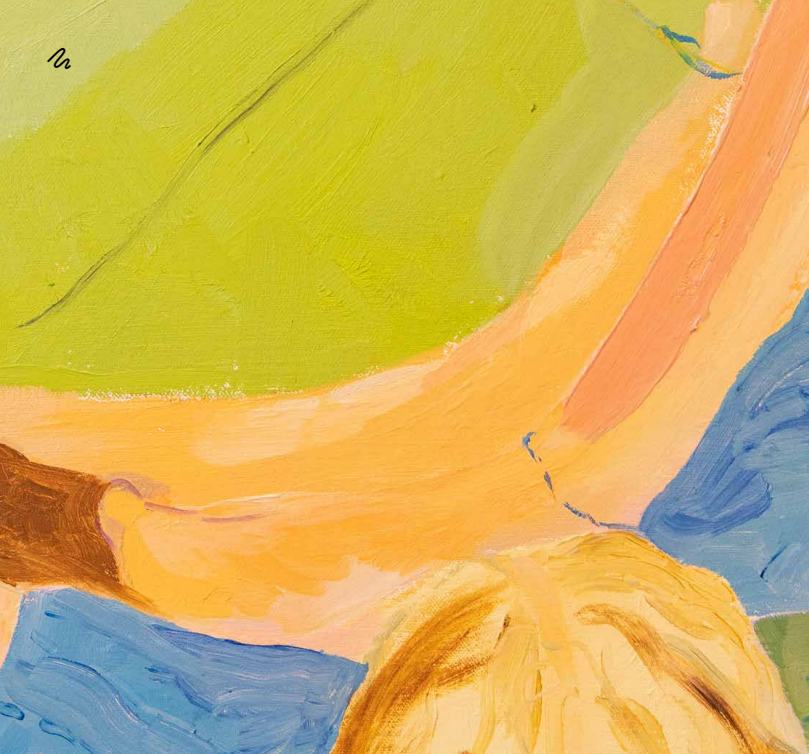
will to get people to connect with their vision of the world.



From an ideation standpoint, they work by visualizing the



story they want to tell, which doesn't always come easy, but



then trying to piece it together in a physical format. Much of



the process of storytelling is informed by the format itself,

⊕

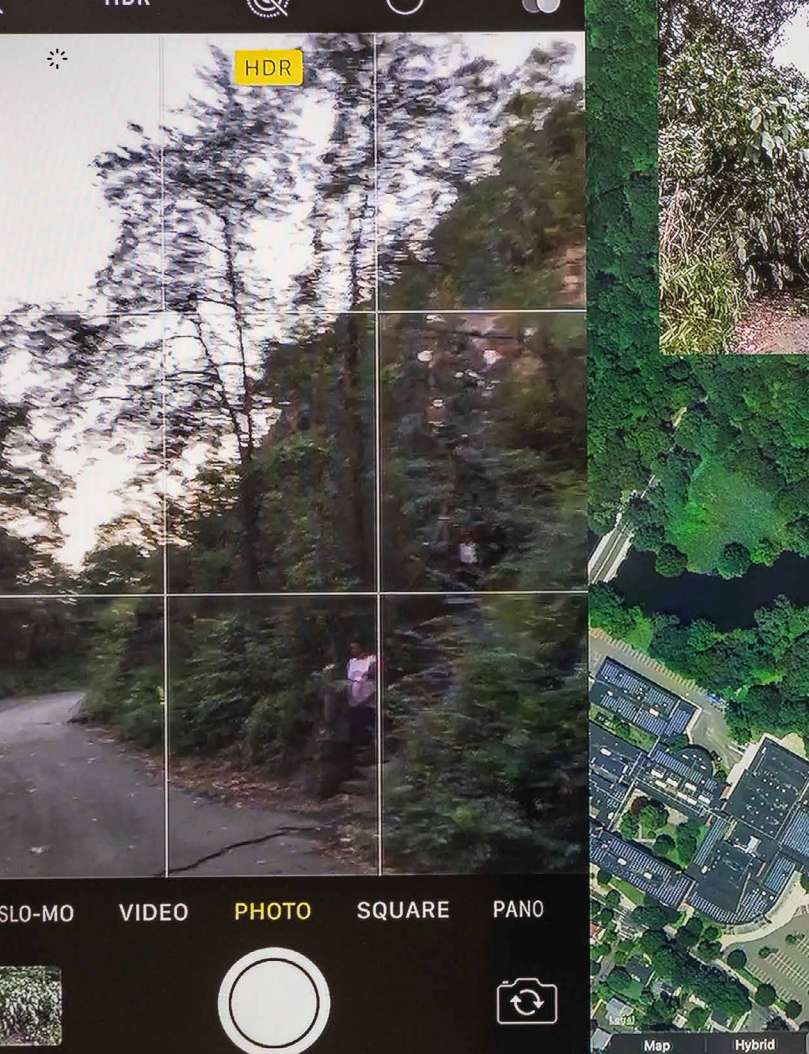


and considering both at the same time helps to develop work

⊖



that feels resolved in all dimensions. Thematically, they like



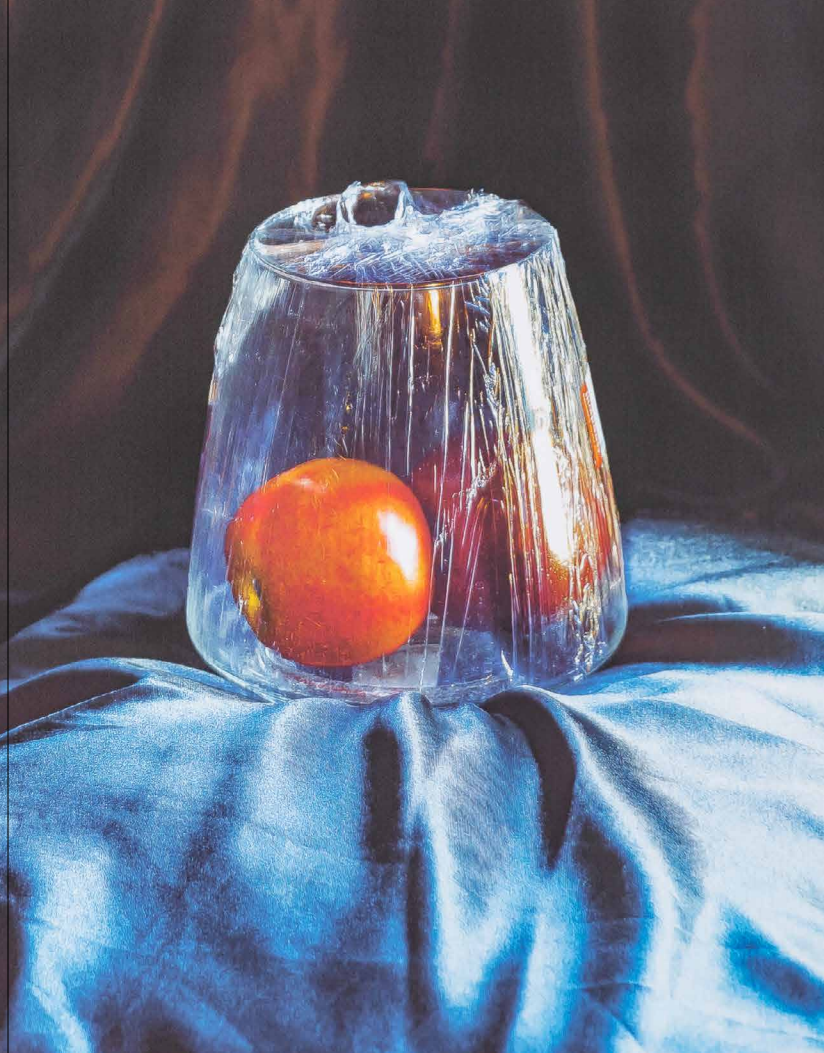
to work with topics like growing up, journeying through the



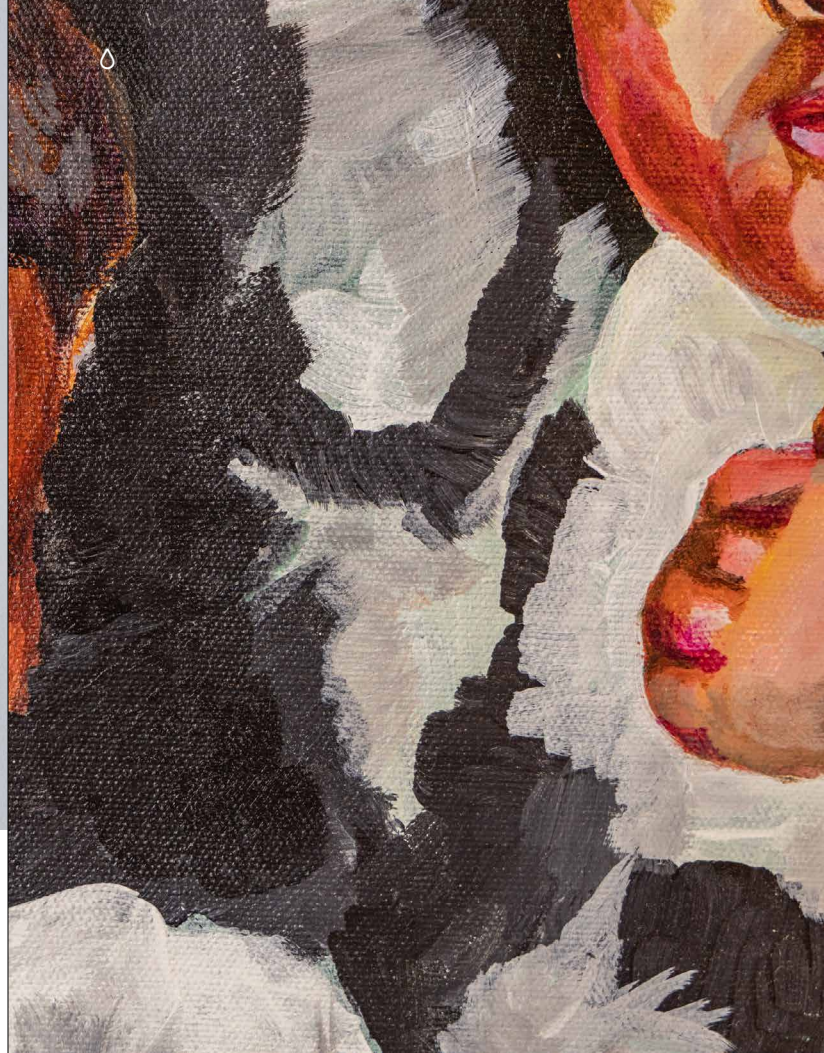
world, and what it means to call a place home. When creat-



ing, they turn to first drawing by hand in a notebook, then

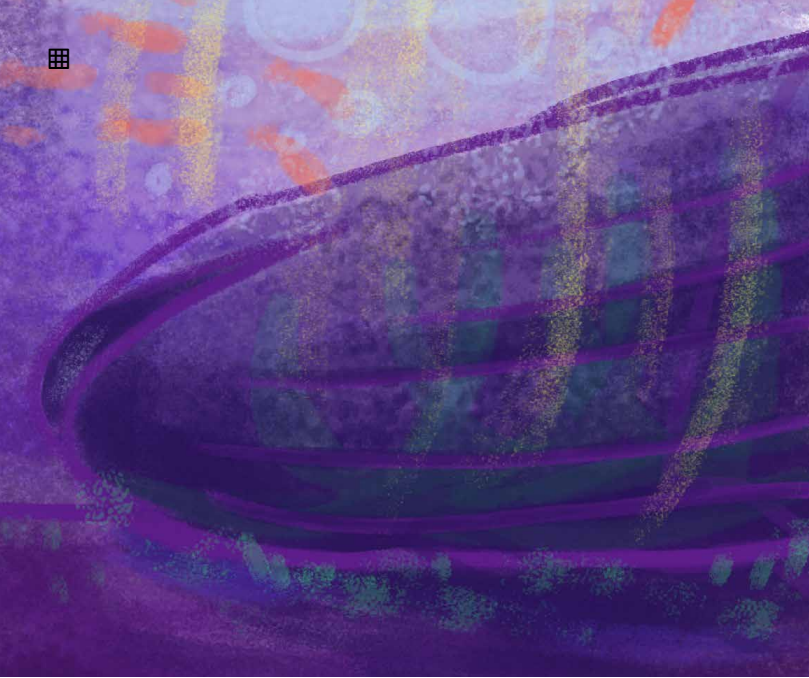


transferring those illustrations to the computer and moving



to digital painting. Although they enjoy drawing, it's some-

thing they wish they were better at and by taking on illustra-



tion projects, they attempt each time to bridge the gap be-

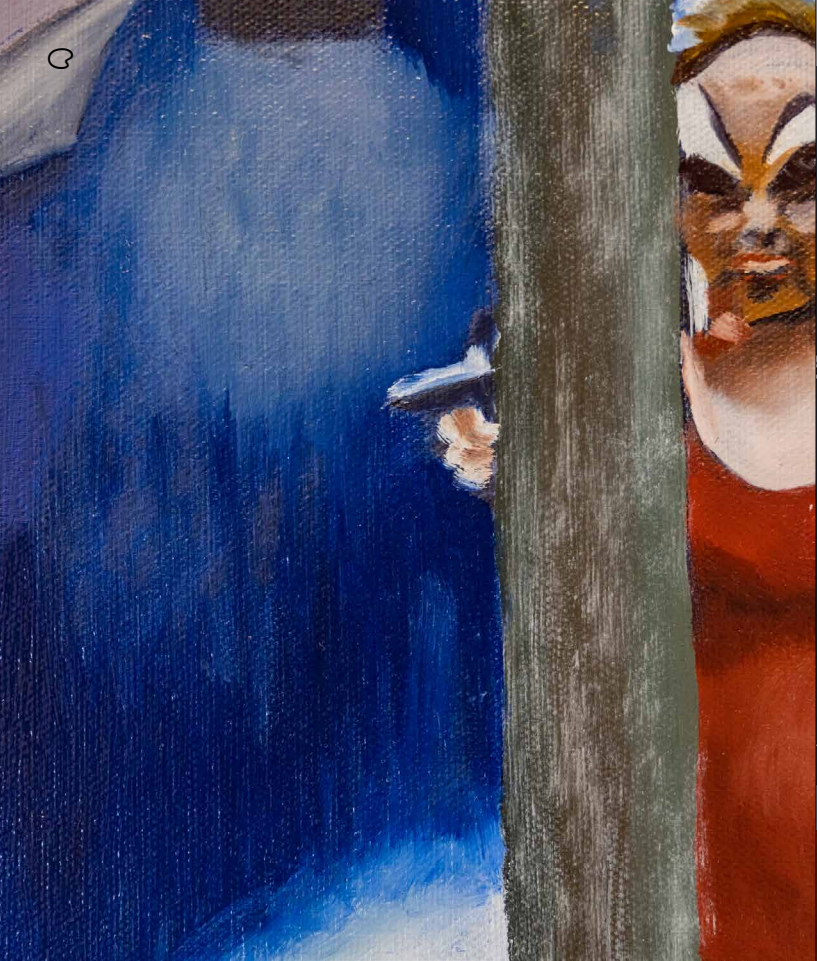
tween what they see in their head and what shows up on the



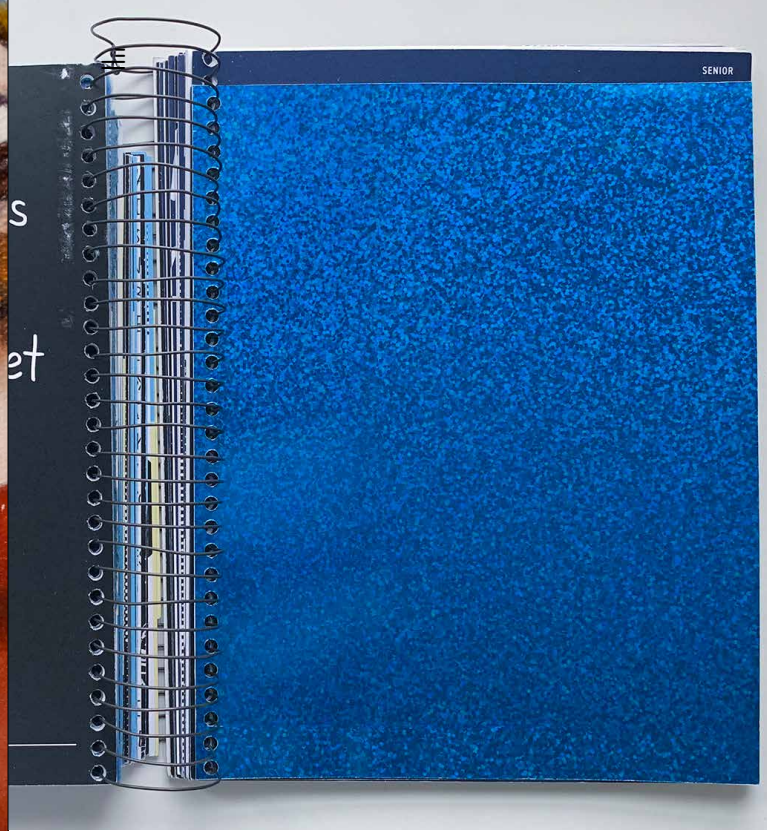
paper or screen. Their background in design as well gives an



organized quality to their work as well, working in conjunc-



tion with type and image to create harmonious compositions.



In short, they are interested in questions of identity, belong-



ing, and finding oneself, but much less interested in the an-



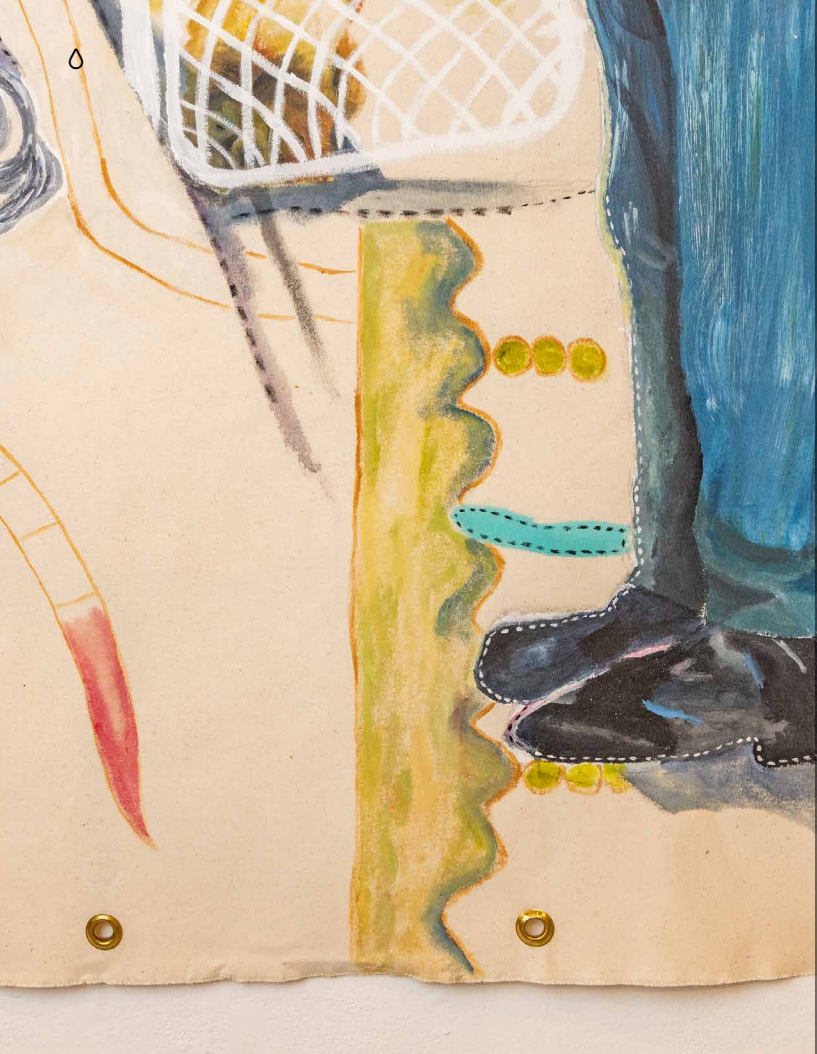
swers. They generate ideas by collecting stories and informa-



tion, and listening to that tug in their gut that tells them what



to explore next. They do extensive research to gain a deep



understanding of topics so that their creative output comes

from a place of care and meaning. They draw inspiration

from personal experience and the societal structures around

them. Often, inspiration is found in disciplines that are far



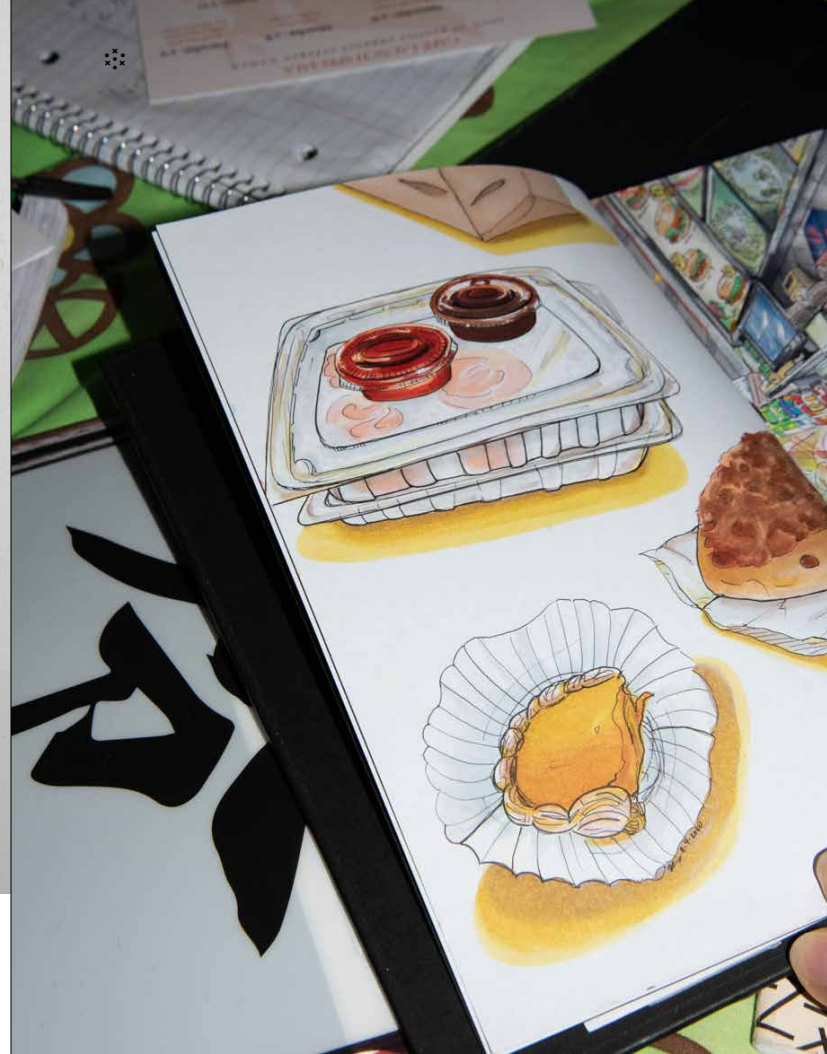


from the arts. They use history and archives as tools to locate

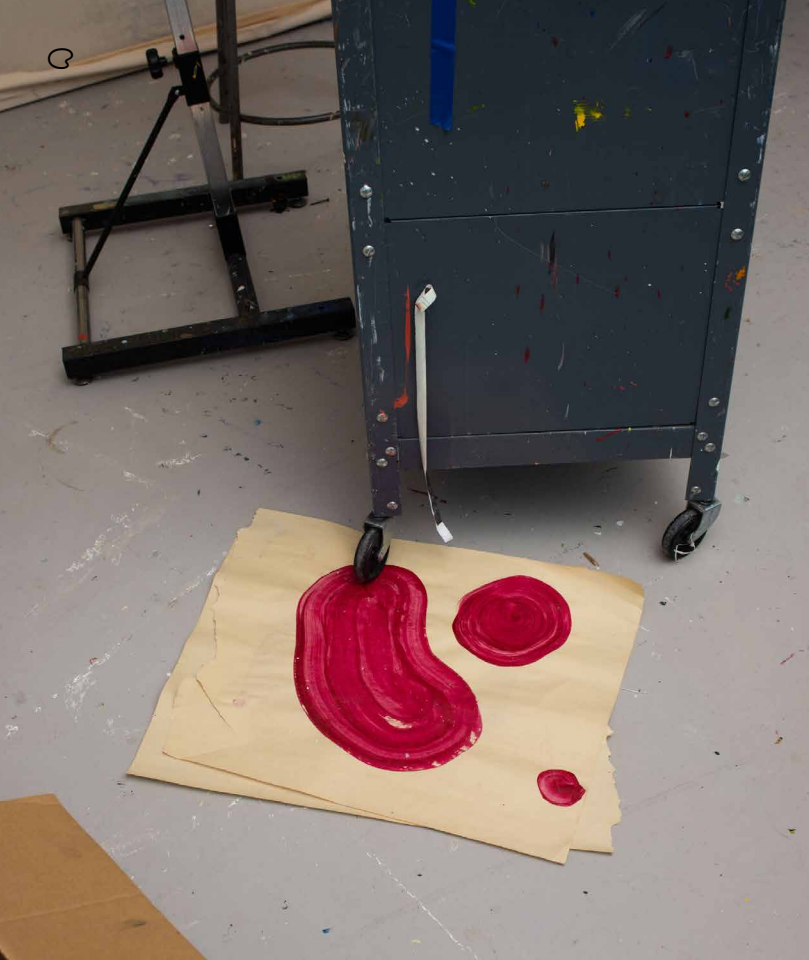
themselves and their work within broader contexts. They ex-



plore the visual languages that have previously existed within



these topics, and rewrite them to mean something new. Their



studio practice exists mostly on the computer, inside folders



and sub-folders and InDesign spreads and chaotic brain-



dump documents that eventually find an organizational



rhythm. But it also exists in the physical world: in the physi-



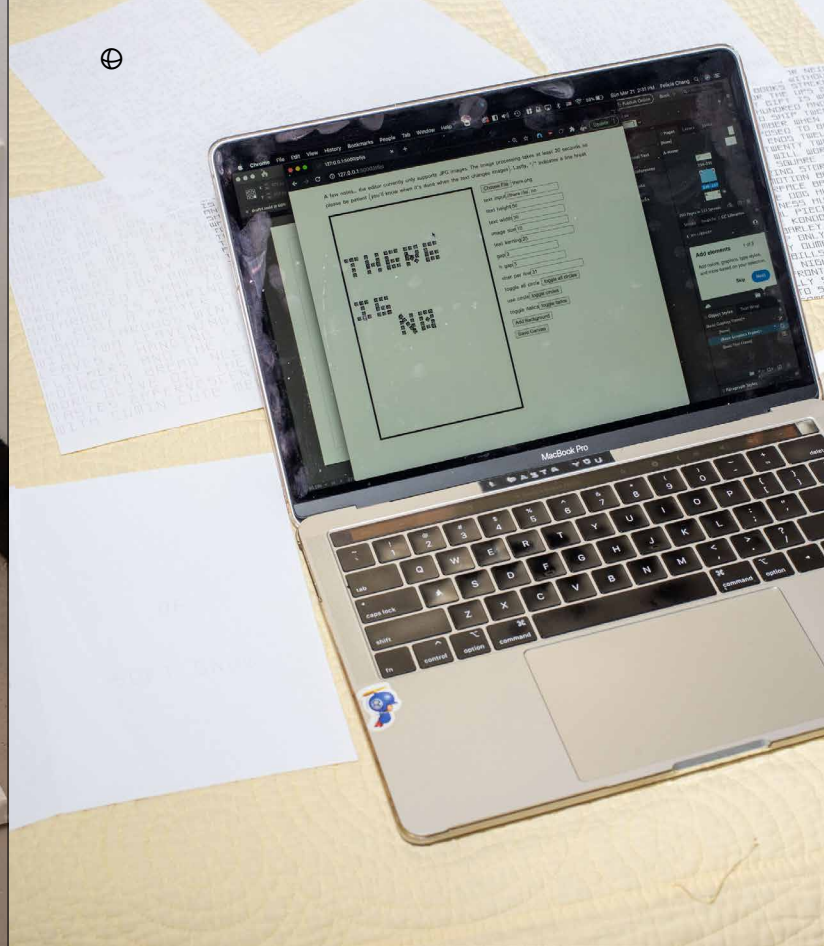
cality of everyday personal experience, of flipping through



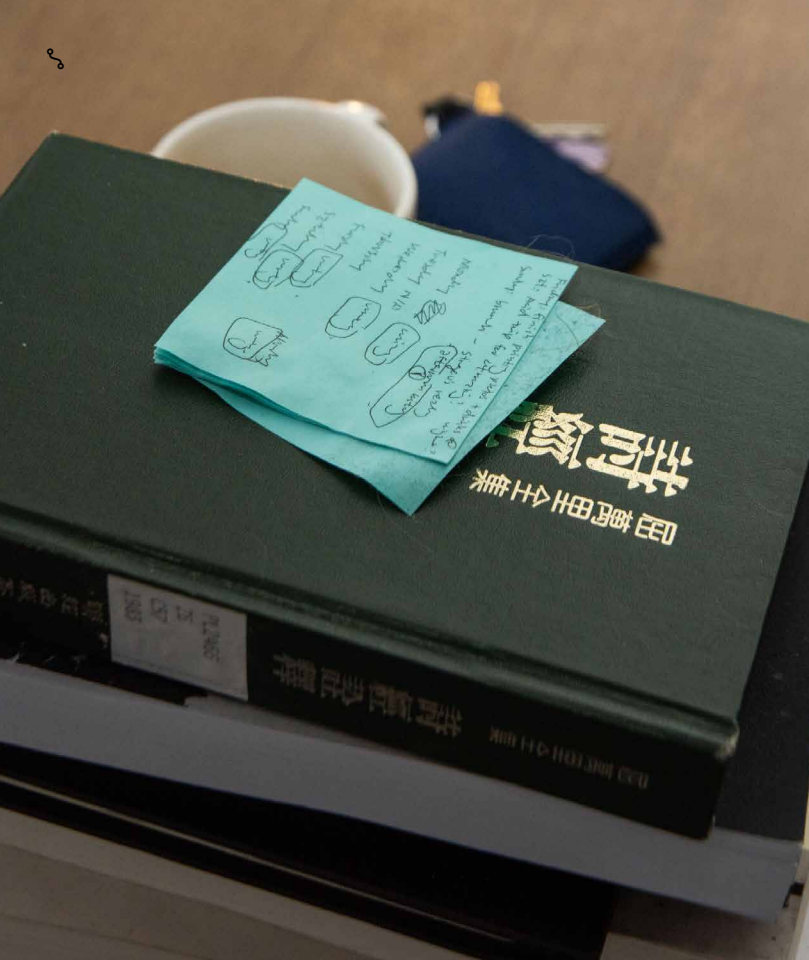
old books, of conversations. They look to words, tales, and



stories for ideas, and from these stories, images arise. They



are not necessarily someone who is concerned with meaning



or significance, but with moments and situations. They like



the fleeting image – the kind you can't really see in your head.



The kind that is ever so slightly blurry, or perhaps, in other



words, they like the memory of an image. Memory. They are



constantly thinking about and revisiting memories, remem-



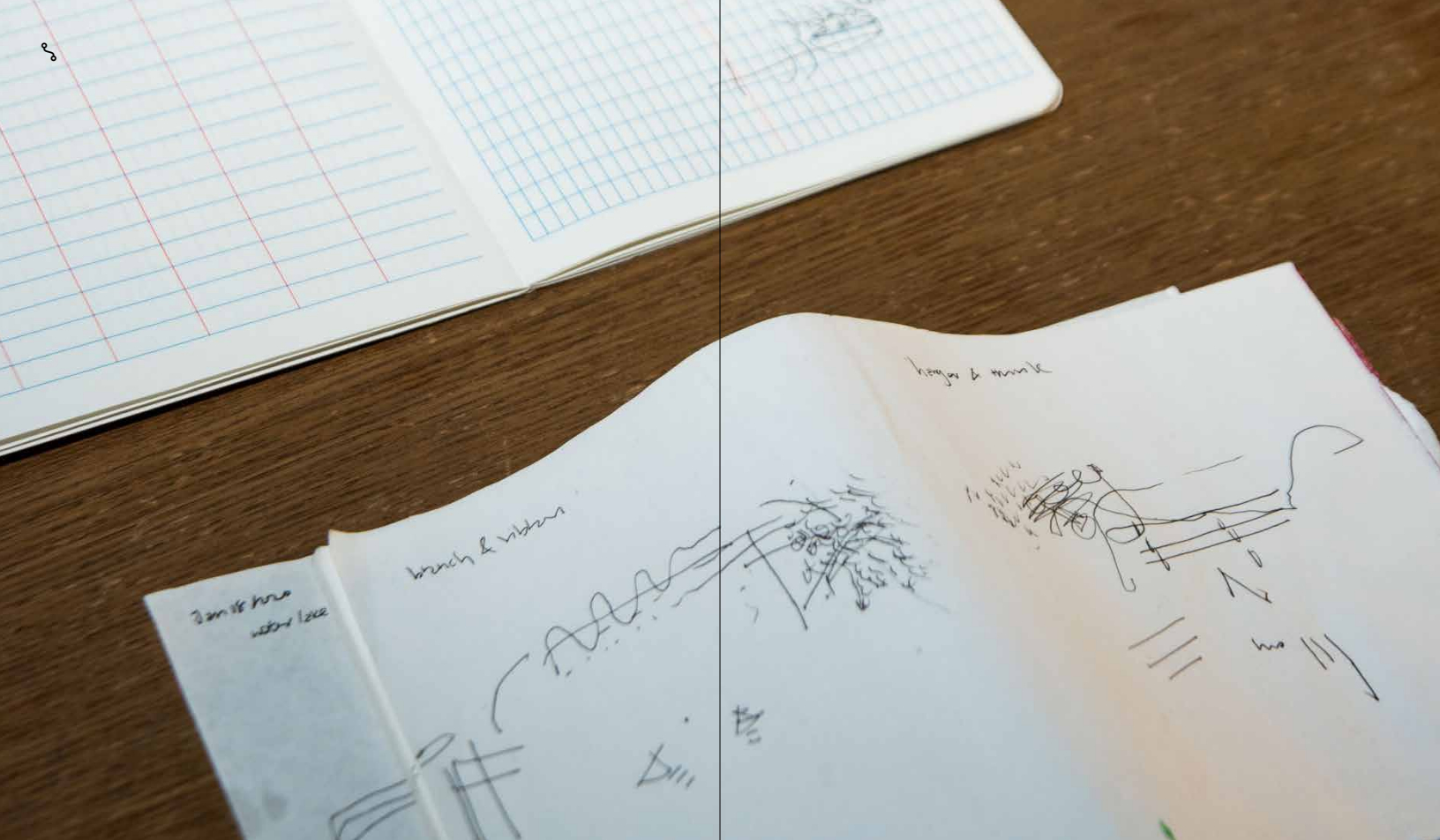
bering, and re-remembering. They like the feeling, the dis-



tance, the faintness, and the blurriness of memories. They are



especially interested in familial memories and memories that



many people share – whether the others can actually remem-

ber it or not. For both memories and stories, it is not the nar-



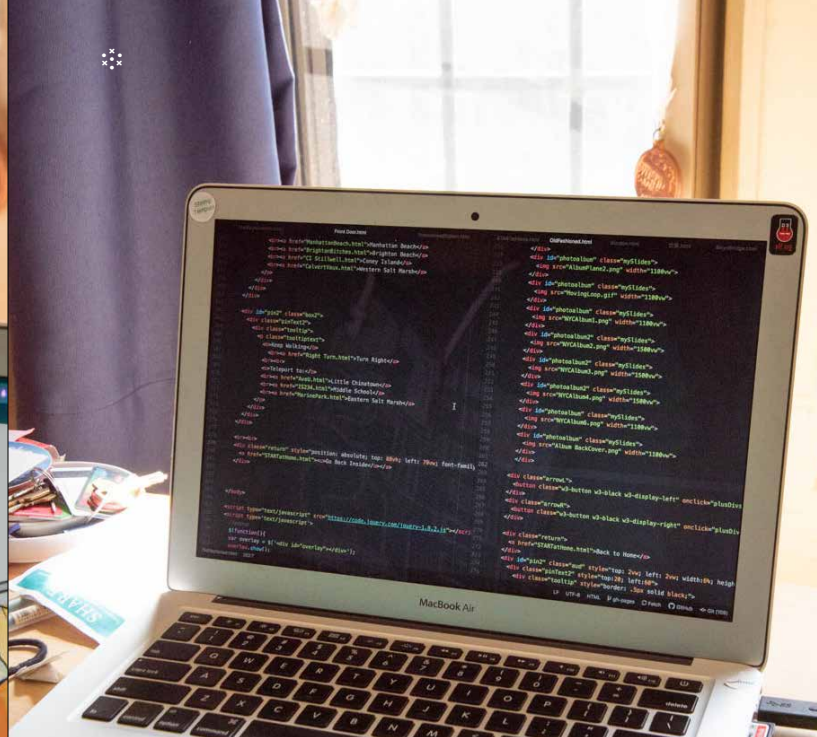
rative that sticks with them, however. No, they become at-



tached to an image or feeling, and from that, they begin to



paint. This image or feeling, however, is not necessarily a



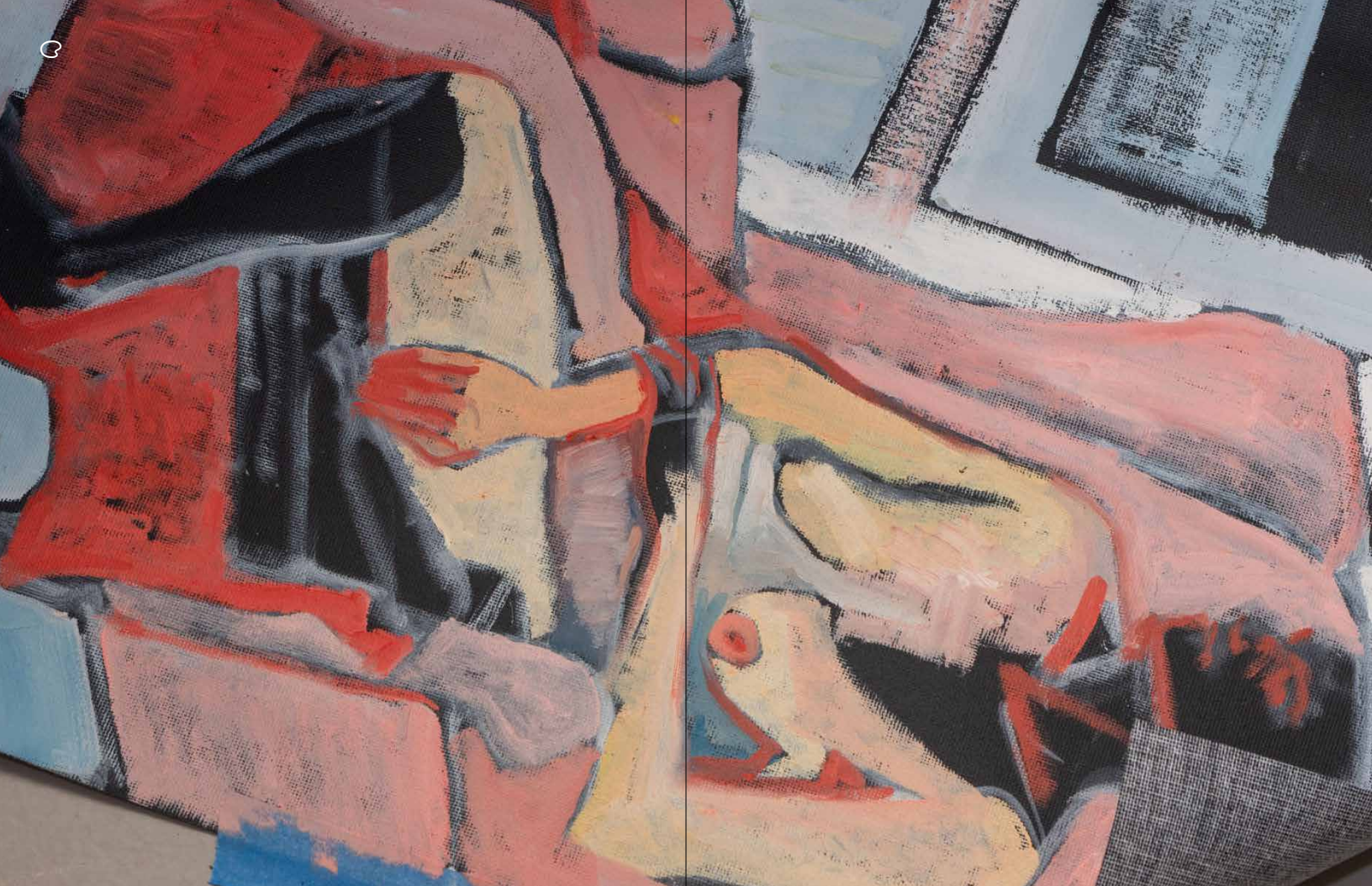
scene. It could be something as benign as kitchen linoleum



and the woodwork of a porch or as big as holding hands and



three cousins. Through painting, they imagine that they are

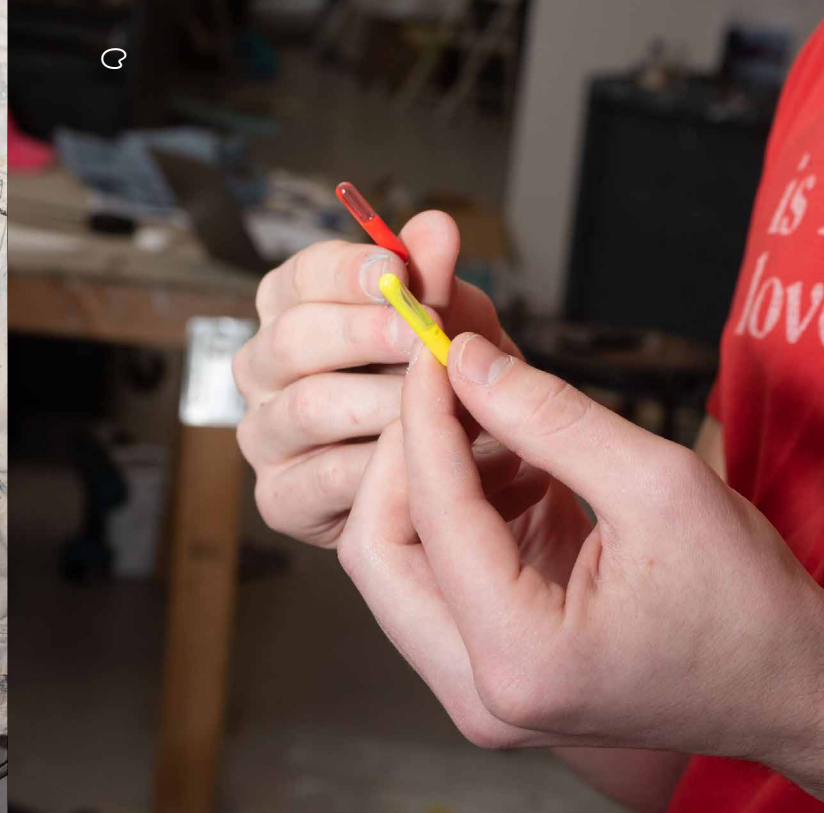


turning memories into objects. It becomes a cycle. The mem-

ory leads to a faint image or feeling, the faint image or feeling



leads to an object or painting, and through painting, they are



re-remembering the memory. But that is all very thoughtful



and perhaps gives them way too much credit. Most days, they



just paint. Because, in the end, ideas will only ever get them



so far, and truthfully, they really just love the act of painting.



Since quarantine, they have been going on a lot of walks;



spending time outdoors, riding their bike, enjoying the



warmth of the sun. This year of tragedy forced them to reflect



in the sky of their hometown. They relish in the fact that it

remains predictable, reliable, but still ever-changing. During



their dumb little walks, they begin to problem-solve art pic-



es. Maybe they had a glimpse of a piece yesterday, but don't



know where to continue from there. So they think, and listen



to music, sounds – they start to listen to themselves. Then,



they come home and start to grab materials. While they used

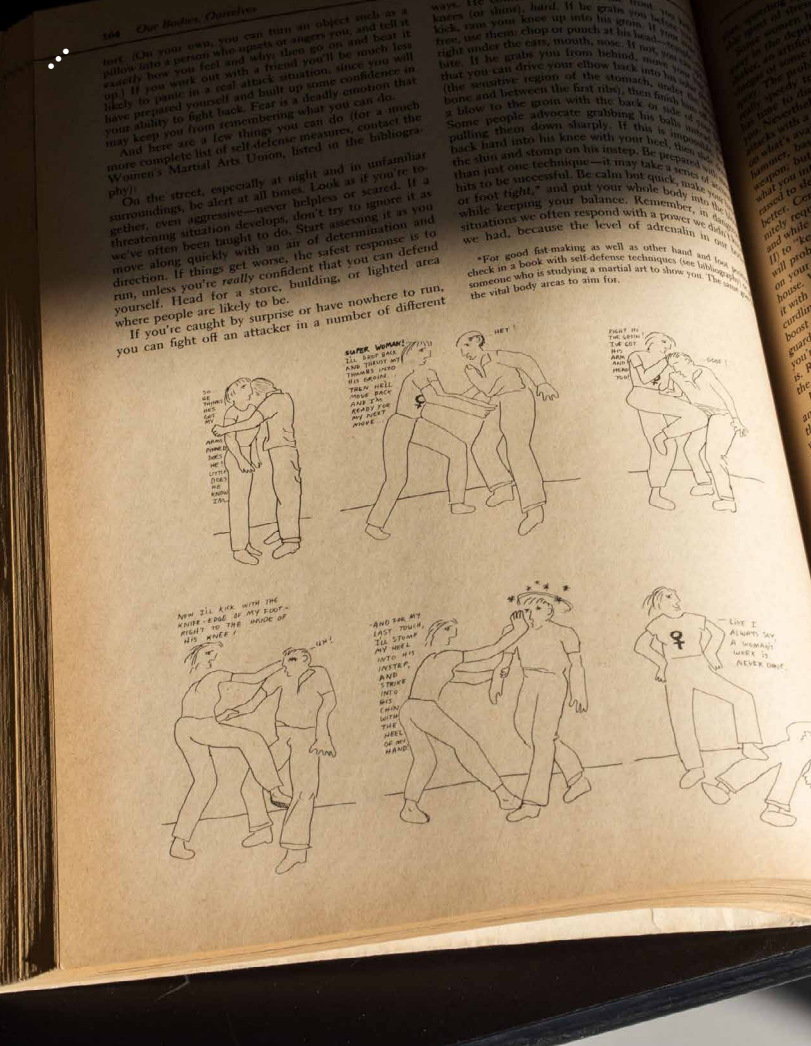


to begin with paint tubes, they now reach for ropes, string,



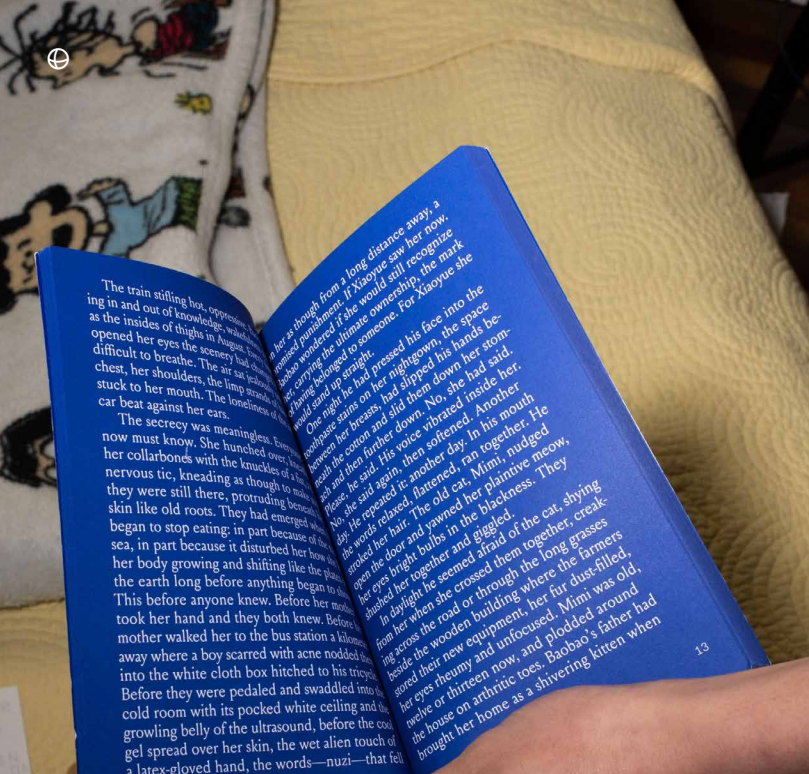
yarn, wood. While textile work was a new addition to their

practice, they appreciate its ability to suspend, densify, tex-



turize. By weaving and braiding, they sculpt ropes of fiber to

a new form – one to tell their own story. And while each



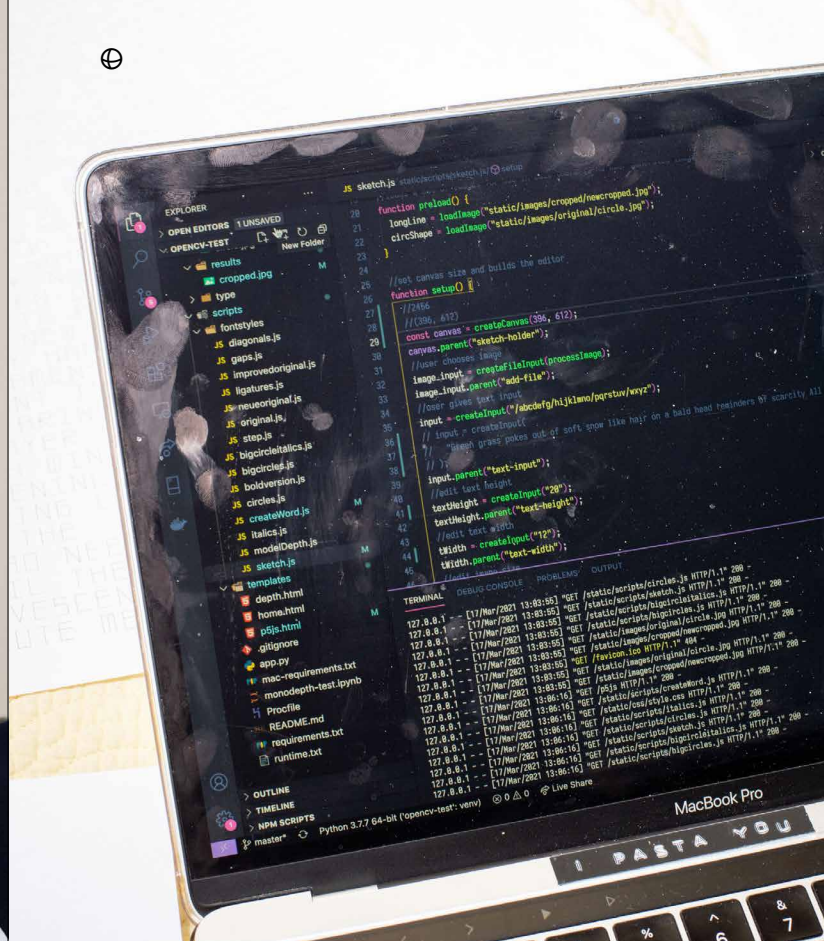
sculpture can speak their own narrative, they often marry tex-



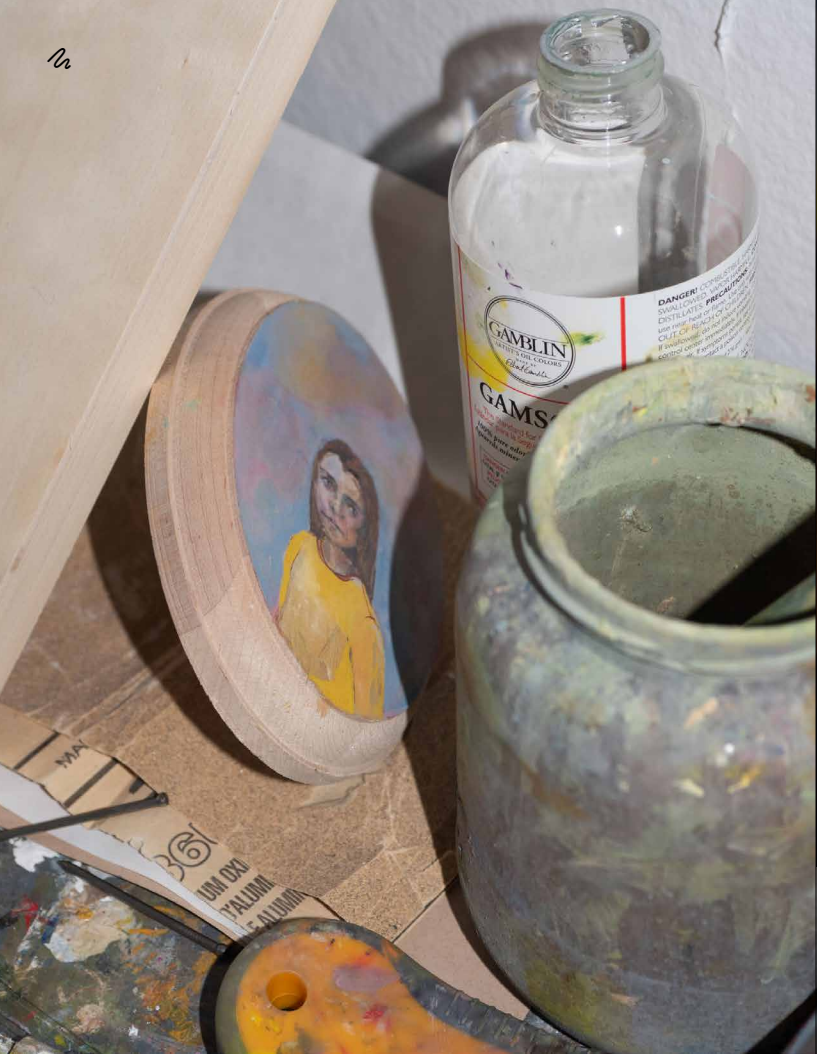
tile to canvas. Maybe this work looks entirely different from



their past creations, but they've noticed patterns in the mo-



tion they visualize in. They used to sew as a child, and the



wave-like motion of a needle captivated their imagination.



Just as the sky, the methodology behind textile work is pre-



dictable, reliable – even rhythmic. But don't be fooled by the



cyclic process, each piece is randomly unraveled start to fin-



ish. Don't also be fooled by domestic affiliations, the tension

in the work can reflect anger and passion. It's a relief: giving



themselves permission to deviate from tradition. Years of cre-

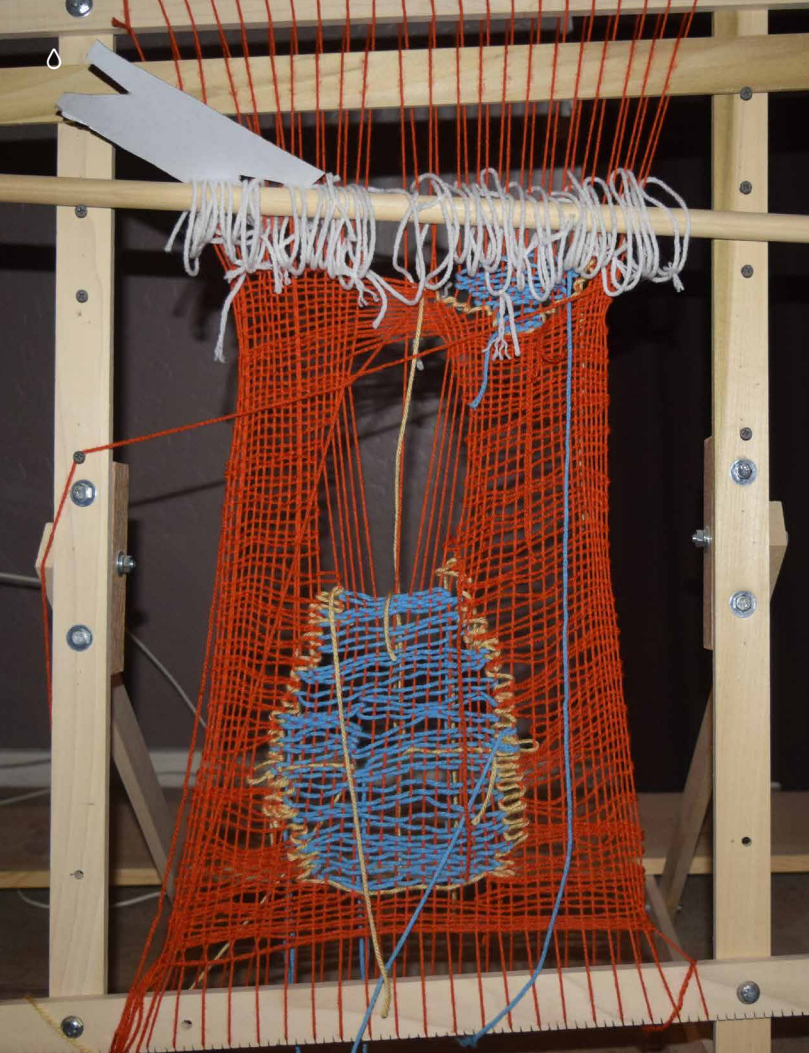
ating, and they always felt boxed within a Western narrative.



Lending homage to family, culture, and migration; has built



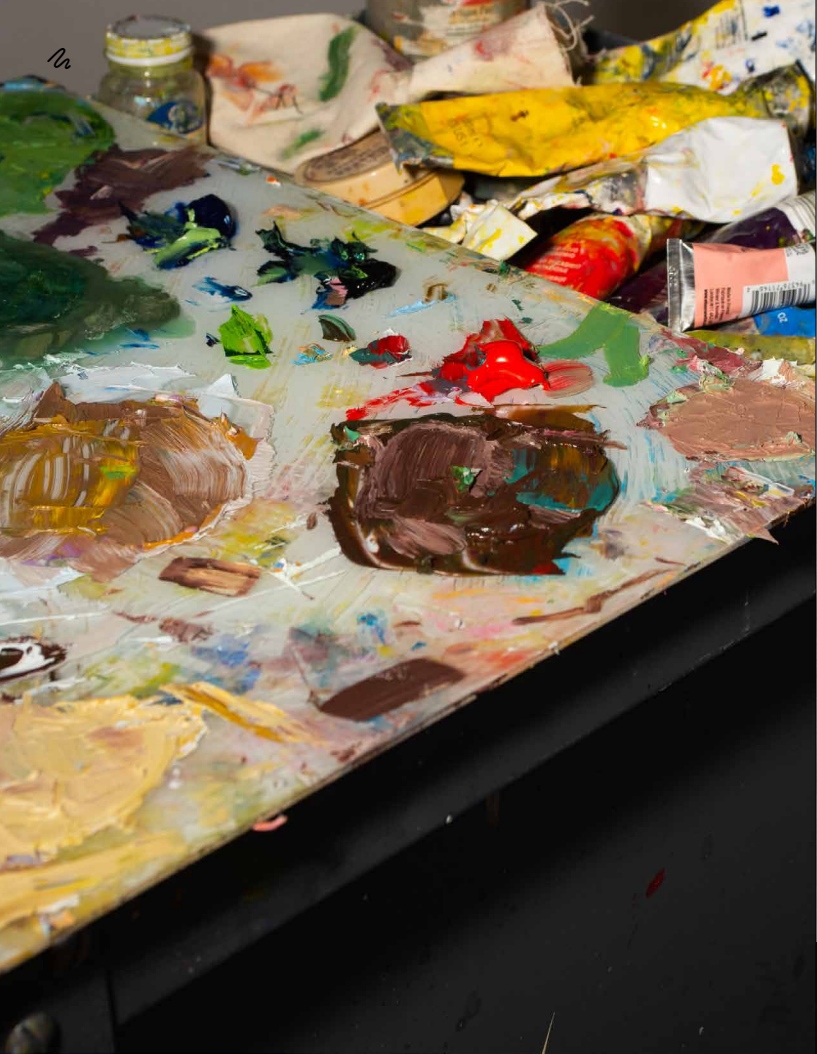
courage to finally create. But they don't care for explicit inter-



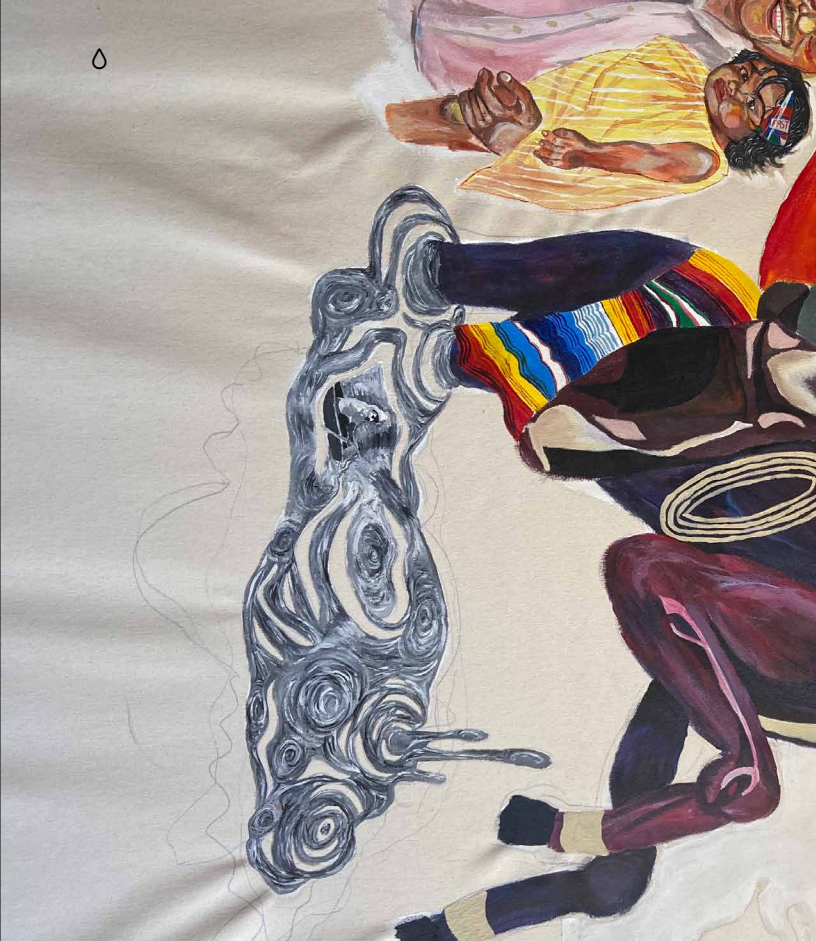
pretation, they're working to render stories without words.



As aforementioned, they've spent over a year at home, and



have consequently anchored their work to the Southwest.



Many hours have been spent sharing family secrets over hot



coffee. Their mother is the best storyteller they know. Oral



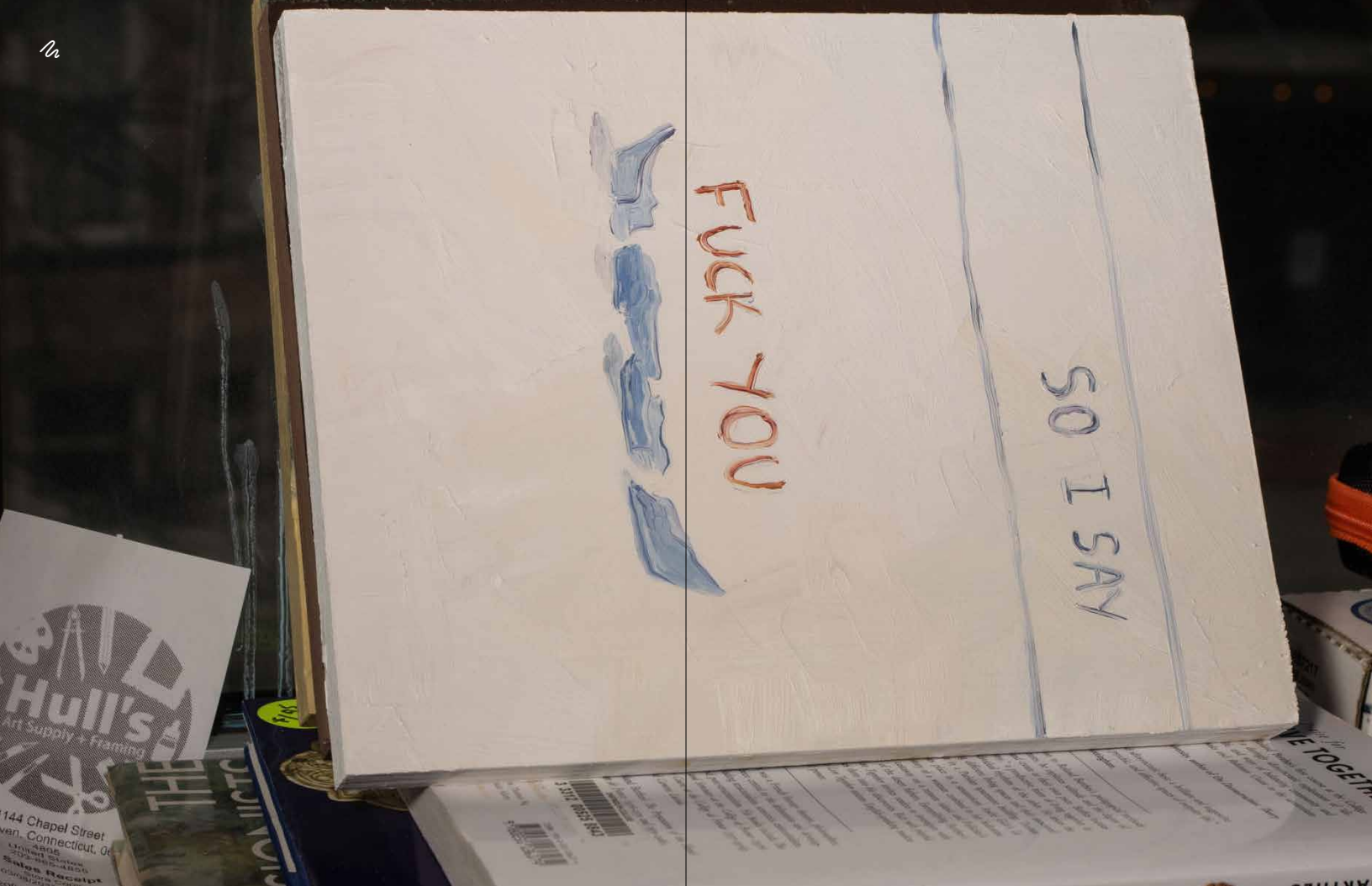
histories interlace with tangible photographs. Each historical



protagonist now has a face, and place in present-day memory.



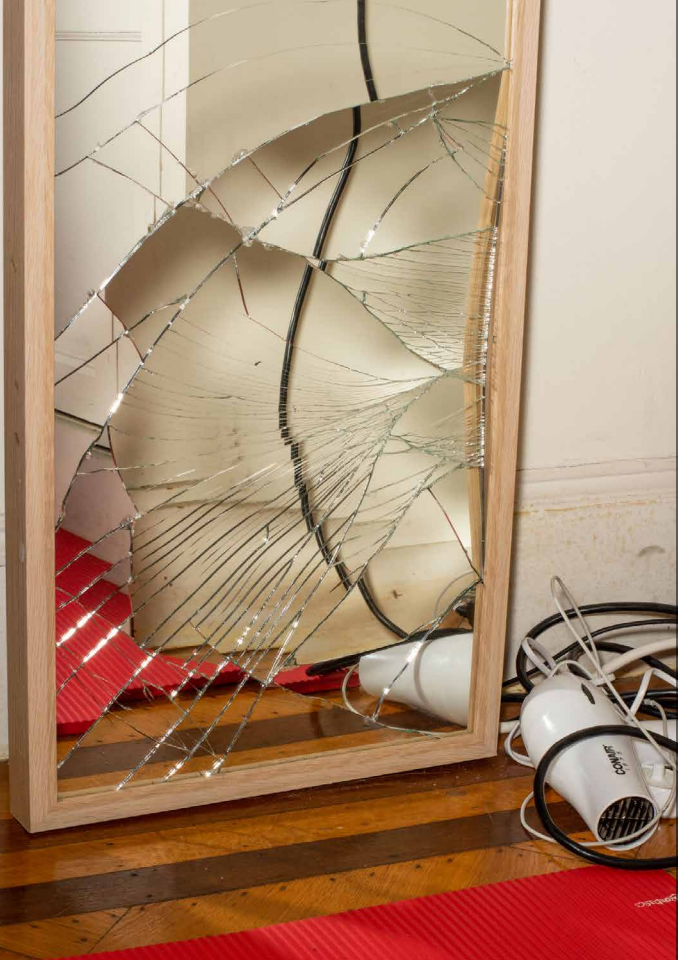
Historical ghosts aren't meant as props for them. Instead,



they're projected in spaces they'd never be, with people they'd

never talk to. In this process, they're highly active, simultane-

⊕



ously both a person and symbol. They still remember when

✱



their early work was regarded as, "feminine." But this is a



loaded word, and they don't know if they would use it to de-



scribe their work now. Because femininity withholds expecta-



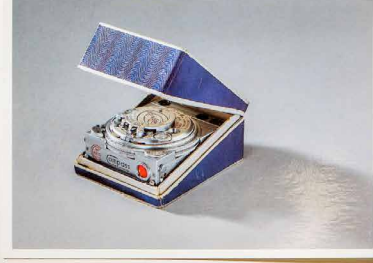
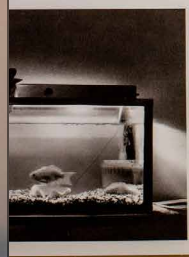
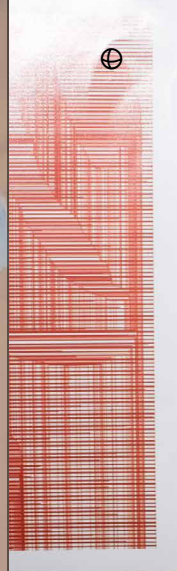
tion, and they don't want their work to conform. They believe



stories have the power to shape our understanding of the



world and our place in it. As a book designer, they see them-



(CLUSTER FUCK) ⁶⁵ = ¹¹¹

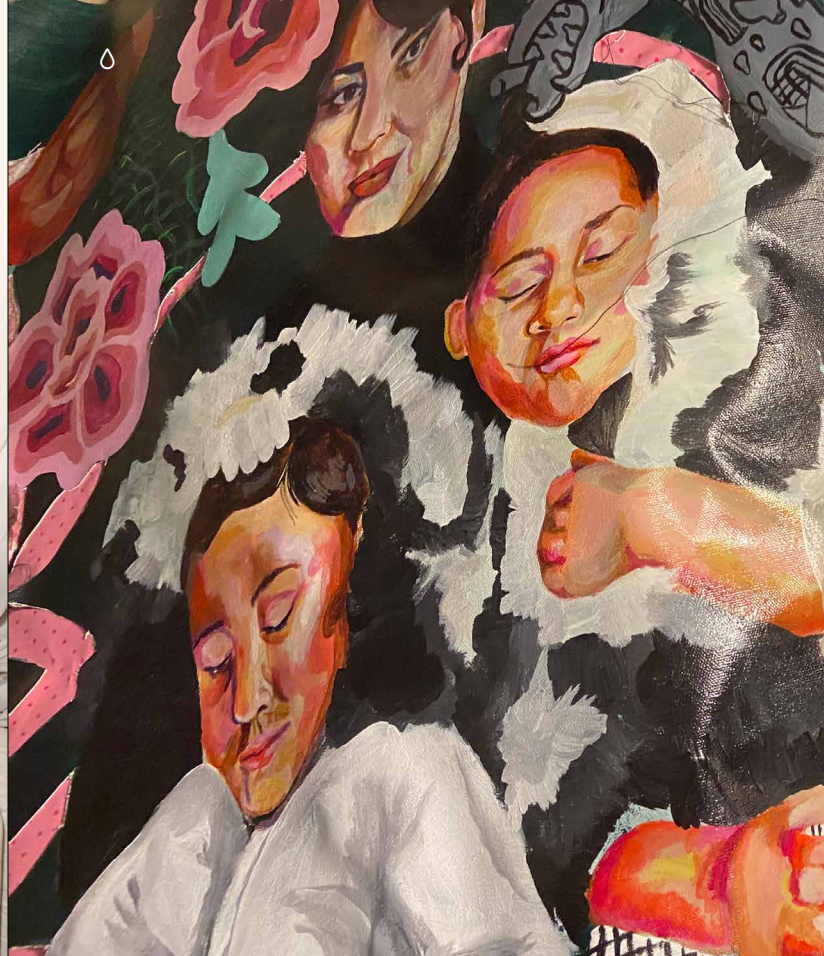
Starting a New Year,
New MASOR IN YALE
will be a grant
CLUSTER FUCK forever I'll
You will obtain, this
art piece means a lot
to me bc it opened
my eyes and showed me
I could do anything I
want to if I put into
my mind for art. When
you read this I wish you
and I will have prosperly
and are closer to our goals
as partners than we were
and LOVE, AARON - FROM AUG 11 2017



selves as an intermediary between author and audience. They



make it possible for the critically important stories of our



time to reach lives and societies. They begin by acquainting



themselves with the vision and voice of an author. Some-

times, they are struck with an idea for a visually engaging



design right away, even before they have finished reading a



text. Sometimes, no ideas come immediately to mind, and



they can only nervously hope that they will stumble across a



design before their time is up. Fortunately, they always do



external research after they have finished reading a manu-



script, a process that often prompts new ideas. They immerse



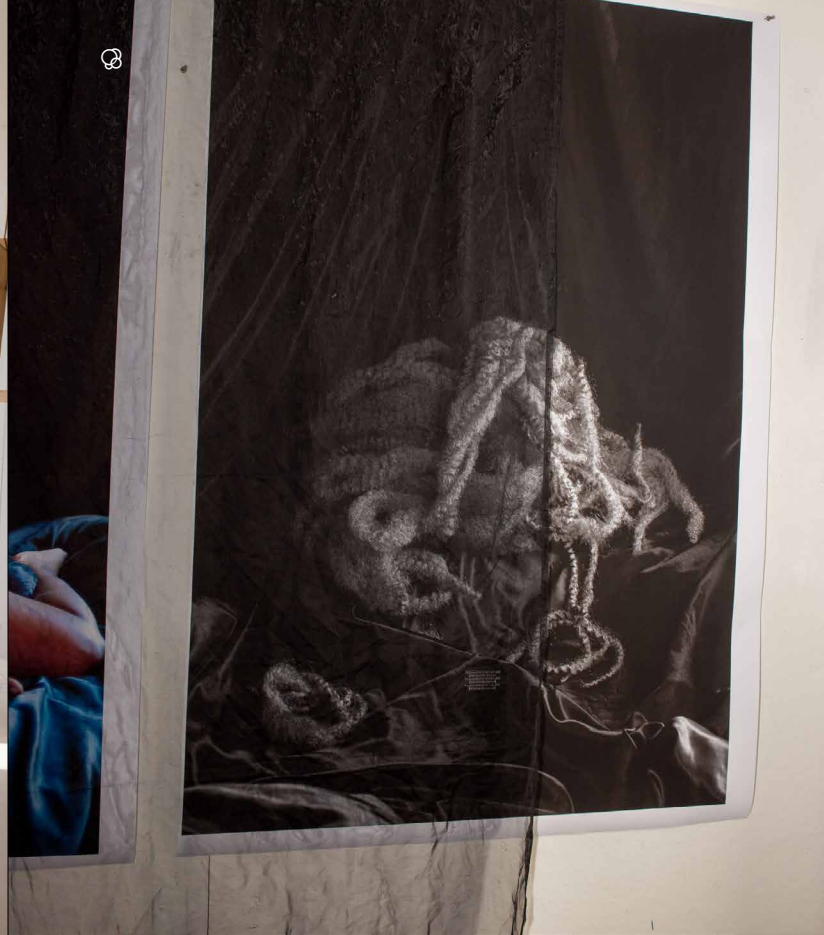
themselves within visual cultures and learn about the history



behind them. They also look to other designers and consider



how they have handled similar themes and concepts. Even



when an initial idea is vague, it often leads to a concrete de-



sign path. Further research provides references that anchor

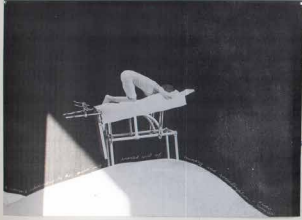
designs in reality and context. They always try to explore at



least two different design directions at outset, using whatever



tools lend themselves best to the process. If a direction is



more typographic in nature, they will usually begin by tack-

ling it in InDesign. If a direction is more image-oriented,



they like to create the image themselves and fine-tune it in



Photoshop. They then solicit feedback from other people and



decide on the best design direction to move forward with.

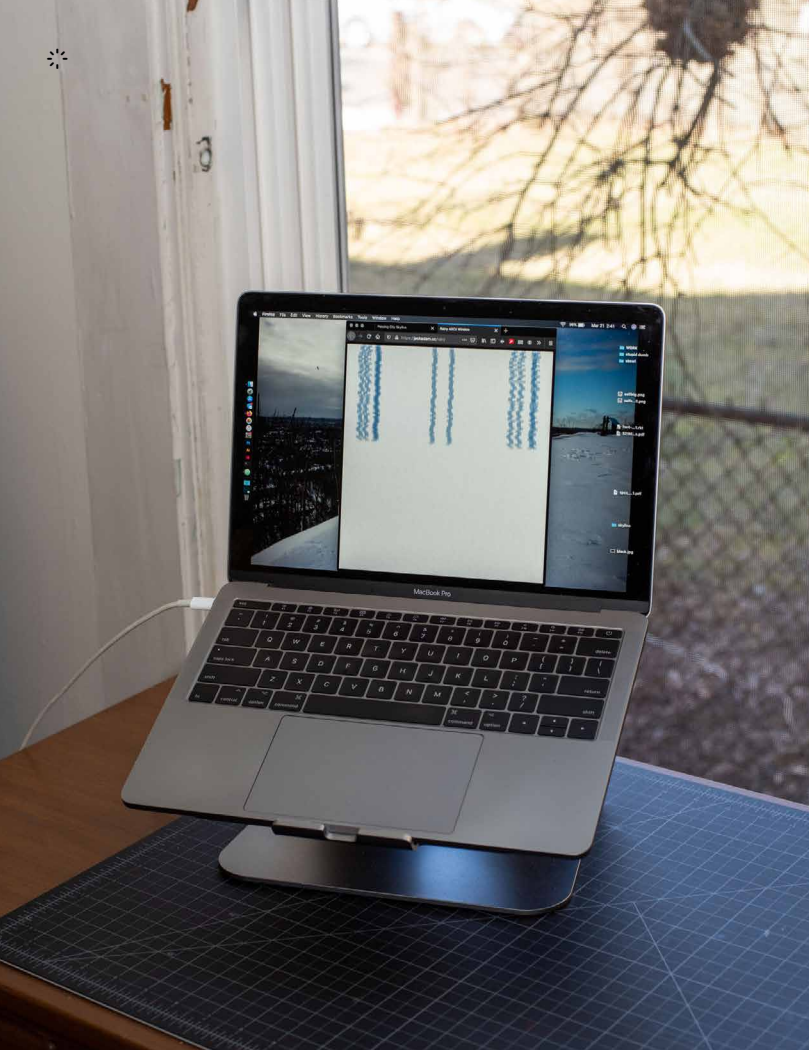
Then starts an iterative cycle of refining a design, getting out-



side feedback, and evaluating their next course of action.



Eventually, the design gets to a point where it can't be pushed



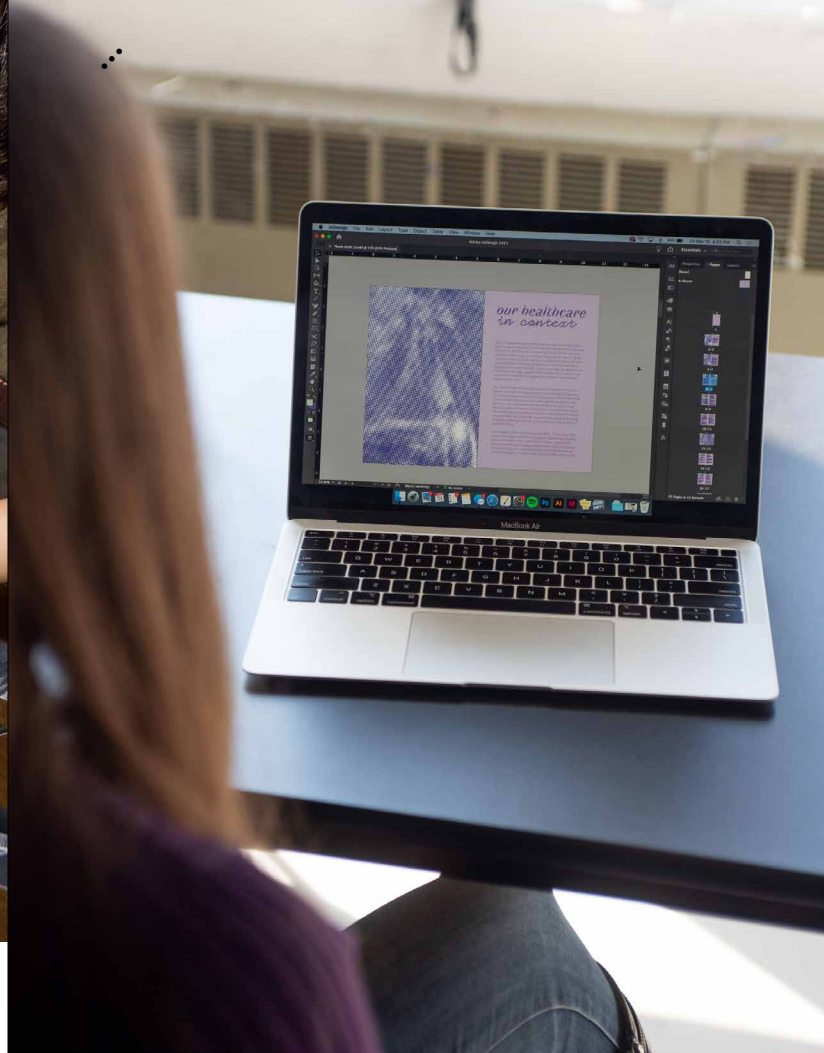
any further. They send it off to production (or produce it



themselves) and declare their work to be done. Although de-



signing a book can sometimes be stressful and frustrating,



they see it as a labor of love, a way to use their skills in service



to the author, audience, and craft. They see it as a deeply em-

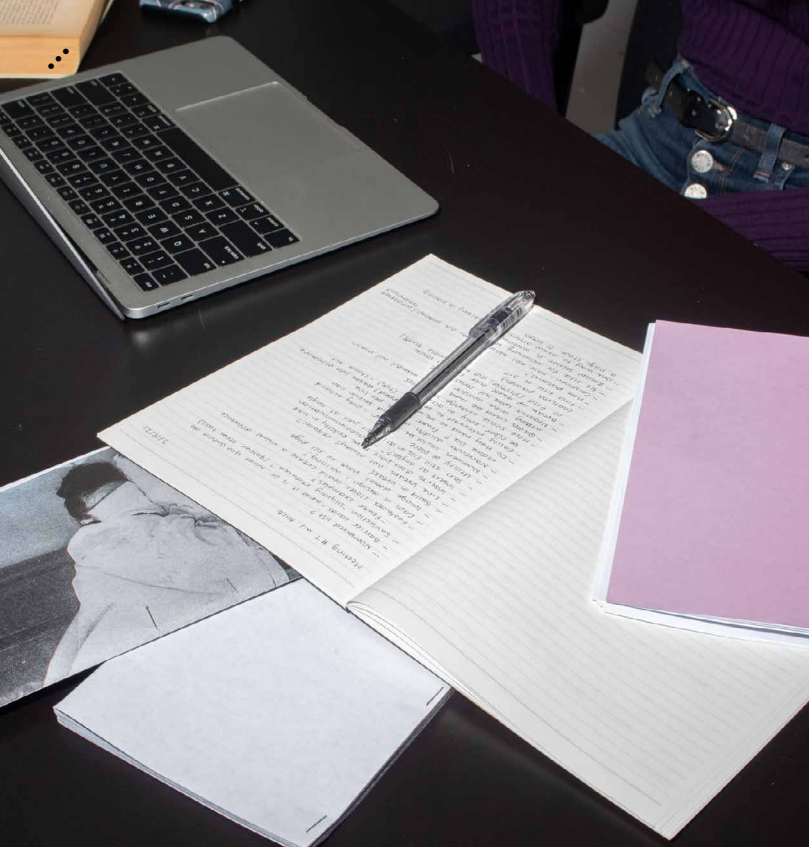


pathetic endeavor that considers how function and beauty

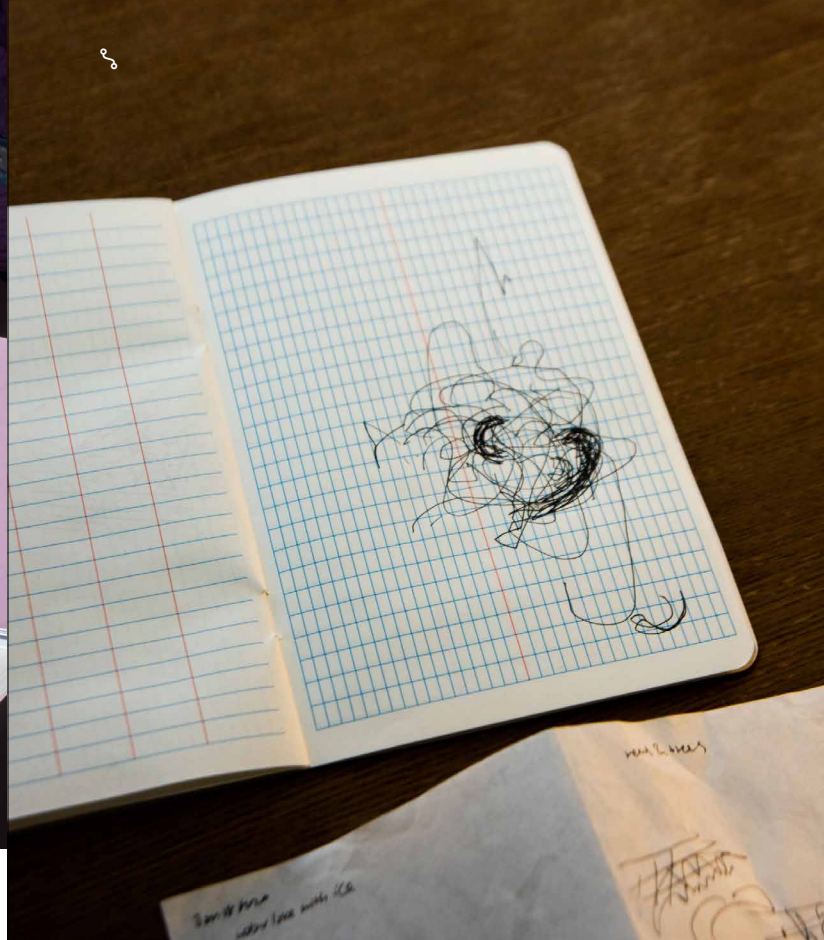


can come together to share stories and create connections.

They were an extremely anxious child, who grew up with a



prolific documentarian-photographer for a father (who pos-



sesses records of who and how they were, from birth). They



YALE

2021

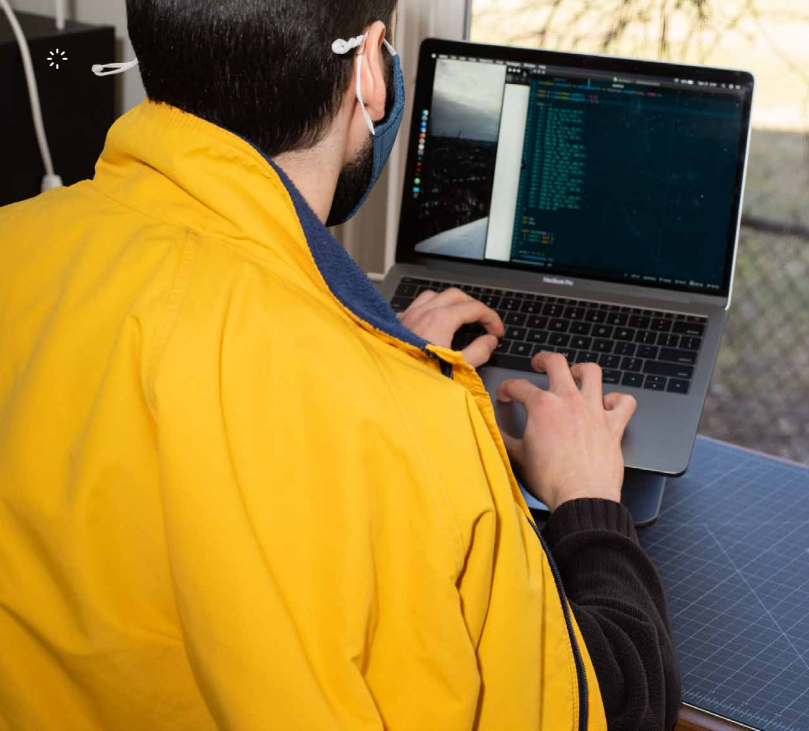
like to think that the combination of these two things has

made them exceptionally apt at (over)thinking about percep-



tion and its conditions. Very early on, they felt that other peo-

ple constructed them through various projections, stereo-



types, and expectations. Their body has always known this as



fact, and because of this, their conception of self-hood was



fraught with tension and frustration, as they tended to feel



that they couldn't simply be, because they were always and



already seen as, always seeing themselves against the back-



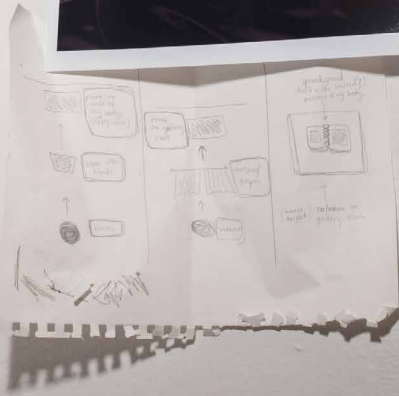
drop of the perspective of others. When they eventually de-



cided to take up the camera to mediate their anxieties about



who they were or weren't, they came to know self-portraiture



as a site of being and becoming, but through their own lov-

ingly constructing eyes and hands. They weren't sure what



they were doing or why, but they desperately clung to this

activity as a ritualistic means of reconnecting with themselves



for years. They would lock the door, turn up the music, turn



on their camera, and build, without a plan, but with their



own bodily authority. In their new work, they return to these



moments of making with a new language and force, now un-

管他
熙熙攘攘
陽關道



derstanding the broader societal structures and strictures that

fuel their work and that fuel(ed) their anxiety as a young



black person from the American South. In their studies, they

came across the concept of the body as both image and image



maker, which finally put into words and anchored something



they'd been trying to work through for what feels like their



entire life. They now wonder about embodied vision, a bodi-

ly eye, and how both the seer and the seen engage in a chaot-



ic construction of self and other. They think back to their

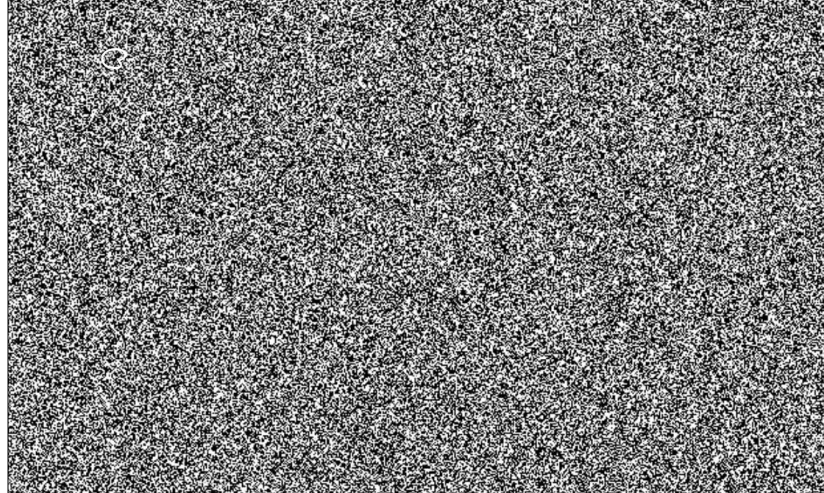


high school science class where they learned that when you



observe something you change it. They chose to dig deeper

than that and look to the traditions of feminist performance



artists, who pushed them to try to reflect the gaze of the au-

dience. They desire to use their camera as the tool to subvert



the seemingly one directional act of looking at/upon, to focus



on the ways that they can make images that look back at the



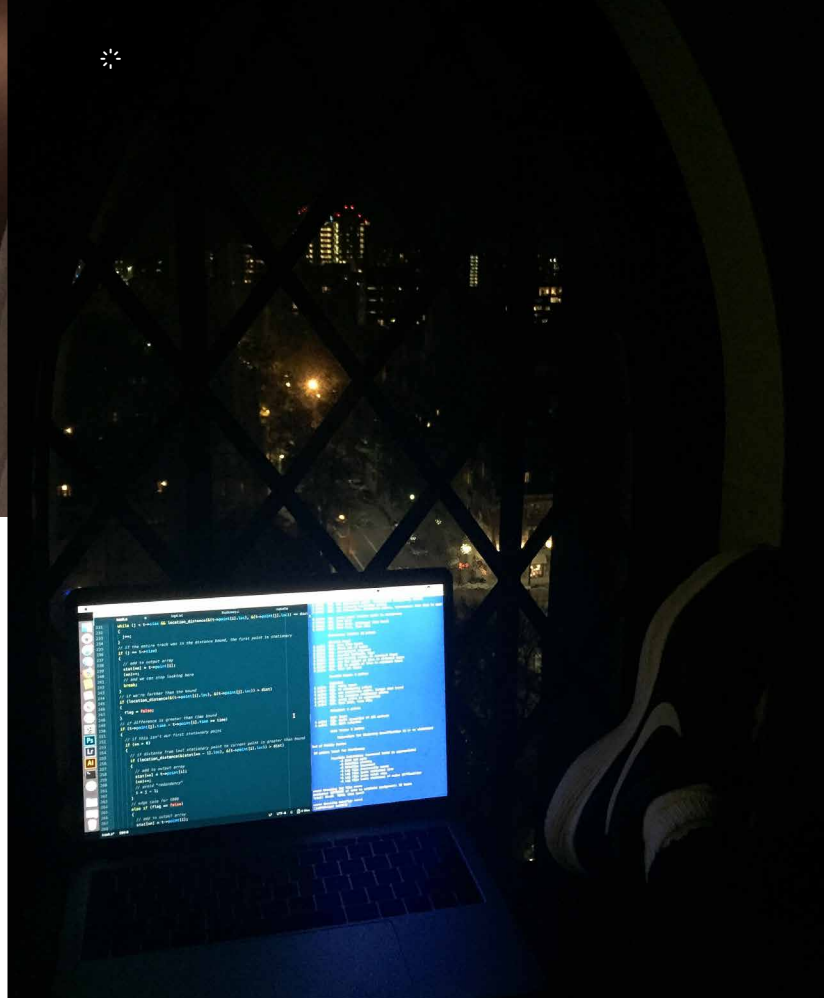
observer, to disrupt their usual means of visual perception by



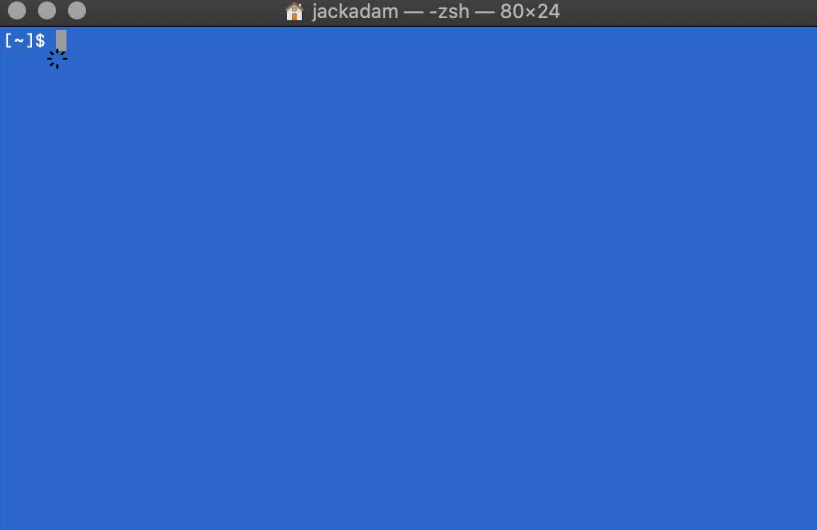
calling spectators to participate in the world of the work.



They use objects that can be used to look, frame, conceal, and



reflect to make their work meta-photographic and self-refer-



ential, and to call into interrogation the act of the look. They

like to work with different mediums of art from time to time



to spice things up a little. Because of this, they have a sort of



arsenal of various art supplies on hand, ranging from digital

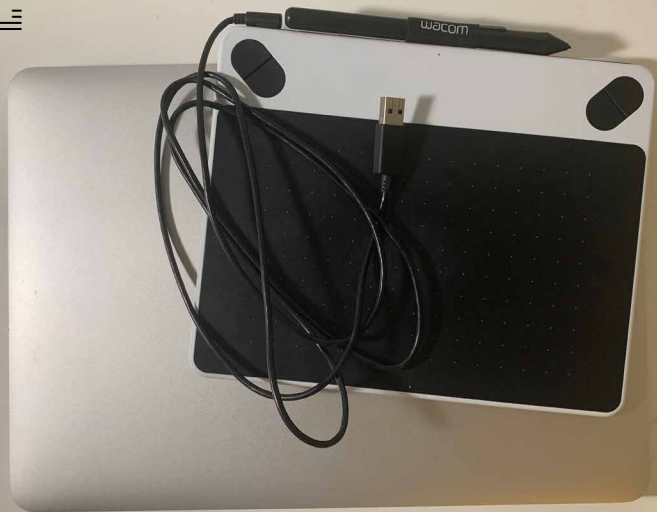


and film cameras to paints, markers, pens and pencils to their



drawing tablet for making digital art. Not to mention the var-

|||



ious random pieces of paper and magazine clippings for po-

tential future collaging. They are always excited to try new



mediums and experiment with different tools when making



artwork, especially for more hands-on projects. To them,



there's just something so empowering and rewarding about



creating something from scratch and being able to physically



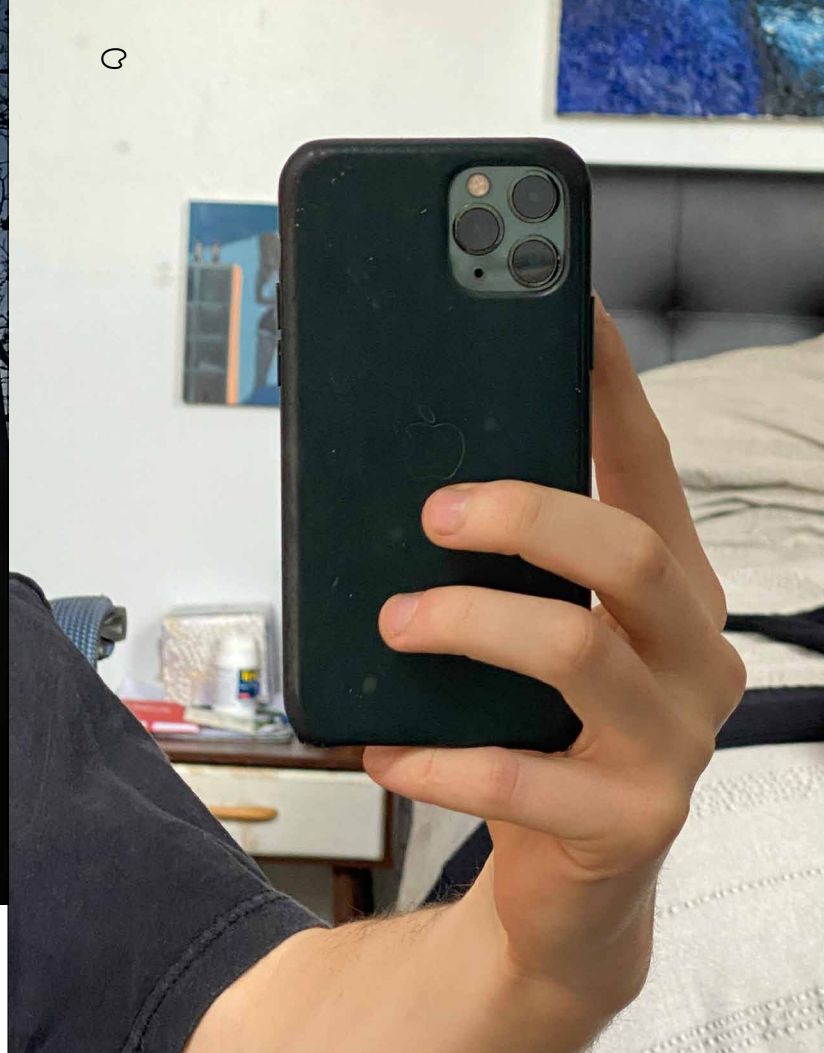
see ideas come to life. When given the chance, they also try to



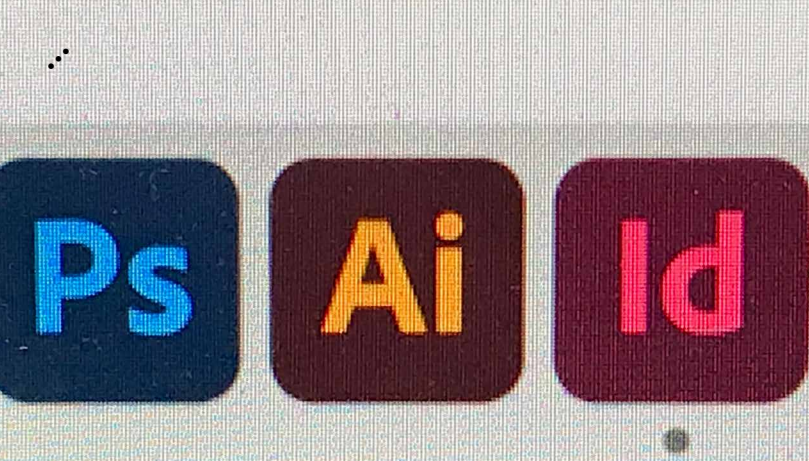
combine various mediums when making artwork. For exam-



ple, they incorporated a series of their own photographs



overlaid with digital illustrations to create an animation for



one of their classes. And for their thesis project, they have

built a digital, interactive map that uses photography paired



with illustrations, animations, and web design (though with



very basic coding because their coding skills are limited and



computer science is hard! so props to people who do CS!!) to

tell a story about the neighborhoods they live in and frequent

in Brooklyn, NYC. Though this was originally just a photog-



raphy project, they wanted to do more than just put a series



of still photographs on a wall. They wanted to create a more



immersive experience that would allow viewers to engage



with their piece. And so, for this project, they decided to ex-



periment with and incorporate other mediums, such as au-



dio, gifs, and videos, in hopes of appealing to other non-visu-



al senses that would let the audience to experience a little



more of Brooklyn than just seeing it. Unfortunately there is



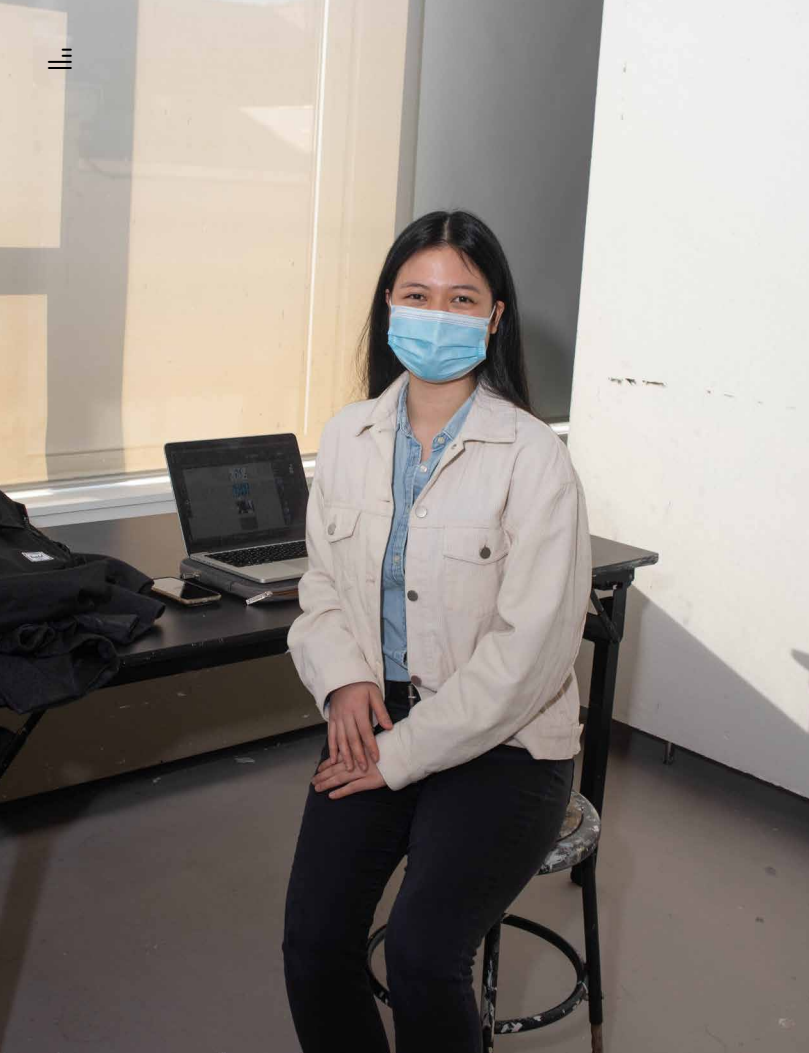
no available technology yet, at least to their knowledge, that



can record and digitally share certain sensory experiences like



the subtle salty smell of the ocean or the feeling of a summer



breeze on a hot and humid day. However, they hope that by

incorporating and combining different mediums in this piece

Published on the occasion of OK Together
The Senior Thesis Exhibition for the Yale College
Art Major Class of 2021

Held at Yale School of Art, Green Hall Gallery
1156 Chapel Street, New Haven, CT

The Class of 2021	and their Faculty Advisors
Asher Liftin	A.L. Steiner
Felicia Chang	Alice Chung
Greg Dellis	Danna Singer
Jack Adam	Henk Van Assen
Jane Zhang	John Pilson
Kitty Kan	Julian Bittiner
Lauren Gatta	Justin Berry
Melissa Leone	Matt Keegan
Paige Davis	Meleko Mokgosi
Sydney Holmes	Molly Zuckerman-Hartung
Valerie Navarrete	Pamela Hovland
Vera Villanueva	Richard Rose

Dean
Marta Kuzma

Director of Undergraduate Studies
Lisa Kereszi

will let viewers digitally explore and experience living in

Exhibition Photography	Studio Photography
Meghan Olson	Dylan Beckman

Book Design	Website Design
Hannah Tjaden	Han Gao
Miguel Gaydosh	

Typeface
Yale OK is a custom typeface by Han Gao, Hannah Tjaden, and Miguel Gaydosh. It is a combination of Yale New, by Matthew Carter, with punctuation, numerals and symbols from SF Pro, by Apple Inc.

Printing	Paper
GHP	GPA DigiFly
West Haven, CT	Rolland Enviro Print

Thank you
To all the faculty advisors, to studio critic Corey McCorkle, and guest critics Genevieve Gaignard, Kati Gegenheimer, Mark Thomas Gibson, Pao Her, Eric Hoffman, and Michelle Dunn Marsh, and our teaching assistant Hyeree Ro. Thank you to Alex Adams and the install crew for expert installation and coordination. And thanks to Zoom for making this remotely possible.

Brooklyn in their shoes.

Produced on occupied ancestral Paugussett,
Quinnipiac, and Wappinger lands in late Spring 2021

Prompted and edited by the designers, the text running
throughout this book is an exquisite corpse written by the
class. It stitches together musings on their practice to form a
collective reflection on this fractured year.

Asher Liftin[☾] Felicia Chang[⊕]
Gregory Dellis[☿] Jack Adam[✱]
Jane Zhang[♁] Kitty Kan[✱] Lauren
Gatta[♁] Melissa Leone[♁] Paige
Davis[♁] Sydney Holmes[♁] Valerie
Navarrete[♁] Vera Villanueva[≡]