





Yale School of Art  
Senior Thesis Exhibition  
2018









# Opening Remarks



These days feel a little bit like those days. Those bright college days of my own before the turn of the last century. Those days it was all about Reagan, and then there was Bush One. It was AIDS. Jenny Holzer and Barbara Kruger and Nan. The Guerilla Girls. Does anyone remember? We learned that Silence = Death.

But these days today, they *are* different. Back then, that was before September 11th. Before Bush Two, and then Bush Two *again*. Before Barack. And Caitlyn Jenner. Trayvon Martin. And Occupy Wall Street. Newtown. RuPaul's Drag Race.

And then came 45. After number 44. How could this happen? These young artists were eleven years old when Obama was elected. They didn't really know much else besides HOPE. They grew up and came of age with CHANGE. But change the times did, and here we are. Stephen Paddock. Marjory Stoneman Douglas. Stormy Daniels. But we are here in his tight spot only for a moment, standing still while reflecting back on these last four years, the last two decades. And we're here on this planet, alive on earth, only for an extended moment, really, some of us for longer than others.

It's enough to get you, and keep you, down, isn't it? That day, that week, those months after the election, students and faculty were all walking around in a daze, in shock, reeling from an unexpected blow. But then, we kept going. We woke up, some steeling themselves for the task at hand, some circling the wagons, some marching, some hunkering down in their studios. Dyeing, knitting, posing, looking, stuffing, combining, rendering, threading, collecting. Remembering, looking back, processing. All making something, all getting by, past and through.

These days are here right now, but they'll be gone tomorrow.

These young artists will make tomorrow great again.

Lisa Kereszi  
Director of Undergraduate Studies

Class of 2018

---

Bobby Berry

---

Rosa Chung

---

Kendra Farrell

---

Chad Hilliard

---

Elinor Hills

---

Annie Jones

---

Caroline Kim

---

Danielle Lotridge

---

Tevin Mickens

---

Aaron Peirano  
Garrison

---

Gabrielle Scarpa

---

Sarah Sukin

---

Caroline Tisdale

---

Athena Wheaton

---

# Bobby Berry

COMPUTING AND THE ARTS

12

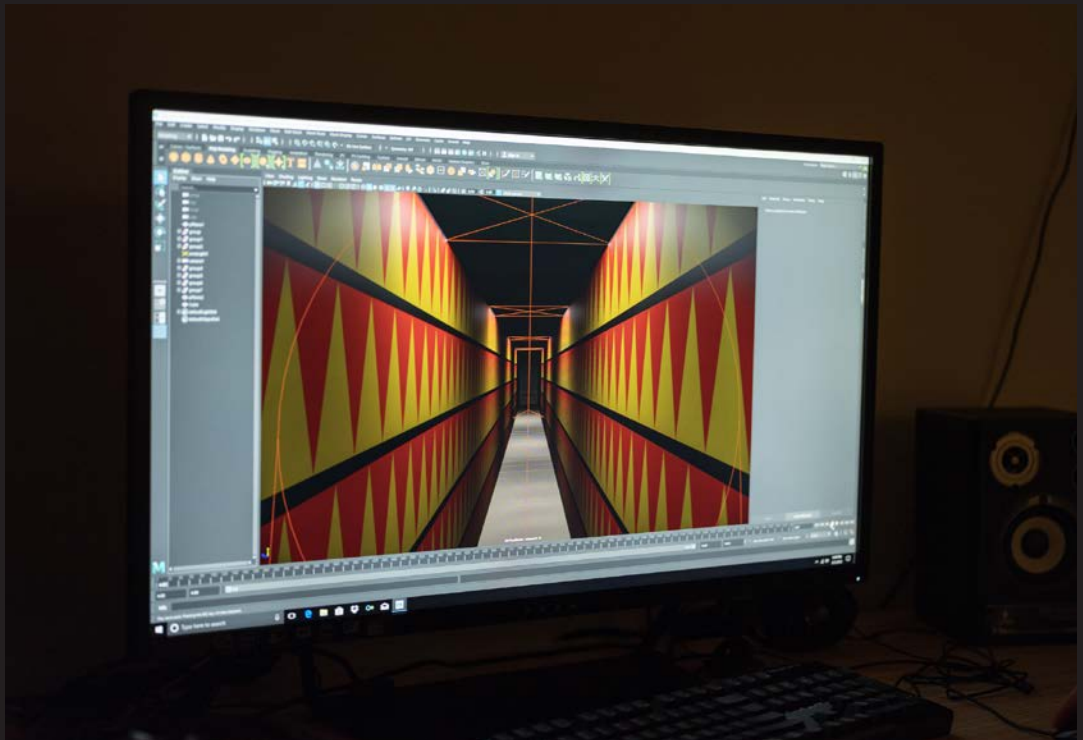
I often feel like I don't know what I'm doing... these days.  
I made some art though.  
I guess it's art.  
Nowadays data is everything, so why not art.

I spend so much time in VR.  
It's lonely.  
I thought I could use friends.  
Or maybe  
Remind myself how much time I'm wasting.

There's nowhere to go  
The system evolves once more  
Still nowhere to go













# Rosa Chung

PAINTING

18

My visual narrative unfolds through the figural and symbolic imagery I have adapted from East Asian painting. I manipulated, twisted, and transformed them in order to think about my own fluid identity as an immigrant in this country. I rooted myself in this type of artmaking in order to explore the different ways in which this history continues to affect my life today. Thus, the story inherently contains hybrids of these different cultures, something that speaks directly to my everyday experience.

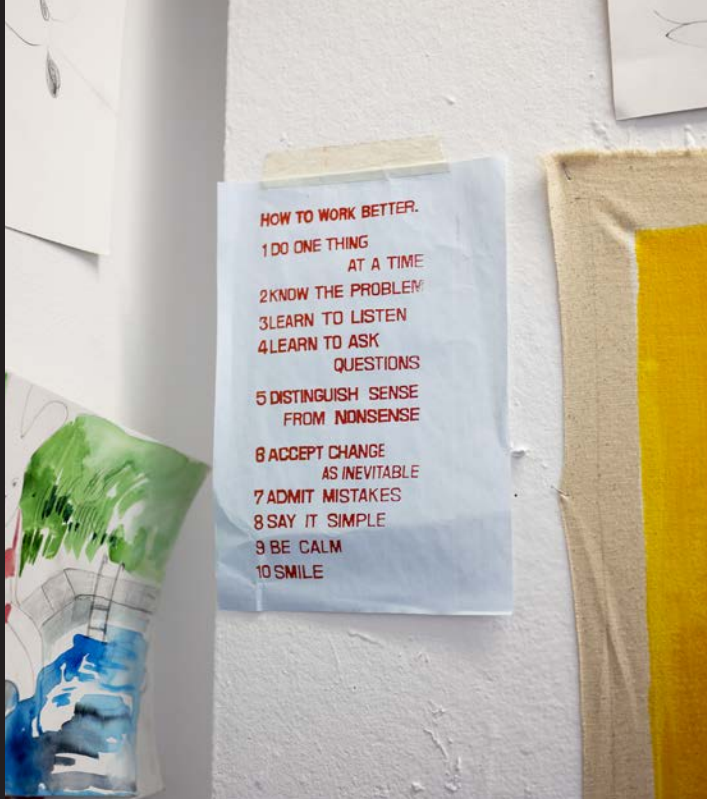
I also hold onto themes of femininity, trauma, and healing. But I wanted to concentrate on optimism more than anything else. I worked while reflecting on that sense of hope—a hope that seems pertinent to the

social and political climate right now. In this reflection, a sense of play and fantasy became a large source of inspiration for me. I wanted to visually convey that spirit so that when one looks at these pieces, we can share that feeling together. Color relationships helped me create different realms for my figures to live in. Each one inherently contains a different mood and emotion; they pushed me to experiment with the landscapes I started to create.

Through this body of work, I thought about the past five years and in particular, where I am right now. I can't really think of a proper answer, which actually feels OK. Painting will continue to push me in a good direction.







I rooted myself  
in this type of  
artmaking in  
order to explore  
the different ways  
in which this  
history continues  
to affect my life  
today. Thus, the  
story inherently





contains hybrids  
of these different  
cultures,  
something that  
speaks directly  
to my everyday  
experience.

ROSA CHUNG









# Kendra Farrell

GRAPHIC DESIGN

27

These days, art has become everything and nothing. Everything I do is and is not art, all at the same time. Art is like Schrödinger's cat.

And so in order to create something that would have meaning to me, and establish itself in this "art world," I would have to create something personal, and yet not so personal that no one can relate to. Personal and yet impersonal. Loud and yet quiet. Seen and yet invisible.

How can I take up so much space and yet have virtually no visibility? It becomes quite easy, quite natural, quite expected for a black woman to do so. And so then, how is this translated into art, into medium, into life?

I wanted to make something that would still resonate with me years from now, when my life is completely different. I wanted to make a piece that would capture all these inconsistencies in my life, all the contradictions that I was feeling and yet didn't know how to explain. And I wanted to do so in a way that I was most familiar with, in a way that I can still be proud of.

It's interesting, because in these days, I become tired of having to be a contradiction. Assertive and apologetic. Experienced and yet a novice. Present, and yet missing. How

is it that I can see myself, and the things that are important to me, everywhere and yet nowhere? Are they hiding, or is it that they were never there in the first place? Do they fall into existence, into their natural place, just as I have, over time? And what if this is not the place I was meant to be in, meant to exist in? What then?

These days, I am expected to know my place, and exist perfectly within it. Any step out of order, out of line, that does not continue in the path I am expected to follow, is a misstep, a refusal, a rebellion. Any steps I take to forge my own path is resistance against who I should be, the person that my mother and my ancestors before her forged in pain and endless struggle. And yet I cannot help but fall on and off the path, an example, both positive and negative, a success and a disappointment.

These days, I want to be proud of who I have become, to know that the trials I have endured these last 4 years have meant something. I want to know that I still have a place in this world, and that I as a black woman, am able to influence other black women who are still unsure of when and where it is ok to exist, and that our existence can, and already has made a mark that will last forever.





I want to know  
that I still have a  
place in this world,  
and that I as a  
black woman, am  
able to influence  
other black women  
who are still  
unsure of when  
and where it is ok



to exist, and that  
our existence can,  
and already has  
made a mark that  
will last forever.

KENDRA FARRELL









# Chad Hilliard

PHOTOGRAPHY

34

These days I find myself dreaming more often. I dream about a life outside of school; a life outside of my friends. I dream most of all about my family. I want to know who is my family and where are the boundaries of the familial. For me my time creating art with my photography has been a way for me to create my own lucid dreams. In my photography I often try to construct the images that wrestle with the compounding stereotypes that I see in many of the ways African-Americans have been imaged historically and currently. I use my studio, my camera, and my subjects as spaces to explore what blackness photographed could look like.

To me all black people have been forged into a grand family united by a shared

collective memory of diaspora. I wish to photograph black people in my art to show the interconnected web of black life that I have felt and dreamt of as a child. I desire to create a body of work that connects black faces and blackness throughout time via the framework of one living breathing family.

I work mostly with my family and community in Brooklyn, New York to create images. I'm interested in themes of masculinity, queerness and the fashioning of identity through clothing and gesture. In particular I'm interested in the ways they intersect with blackness. At the heart of my work is the desire to recreate and reimagine the ways black people and blackness have been photographed.







I desire to create  
a body of work  
that connects  
black faces  
and blackness  
throughout time  
via the framework  
of one living  
breathing family.



CHAD HILLIARD





Shine 'Em Up





Recto



# Elinor Hills

PHOTOGRAPHY

43

These days I have been thinking about the spaces we grow out of and the spaces we grow into. I've been thinking about how I've grown to take up space differently and to see spaces I knew so well shrinking in significance or in scale. As a kid you relate to space based on your size, moving in and out and around, and it's always changing as you grow.

I am interested in how we interact with space and how a photograph can allow us to enter the same spaces again and again in different ways. At different stages in our lives our bodies bend and squeeze into rooms or fight against containment in ways that make us feel safe and in ways that cause us pain. As a kid you wait, not knowing when you would finally reach the peak, when your vantage point would settle and you could start figuring out what was actually going on around you.

I remember the fears for me that came from what filled all the extra space around me. I remember lying in bed staring into nothingness and trying to will myself to fall asleep. I would blink to figure out if my eyes were open or closed. I feared the shapes my mind would pull out of the empty corners of the dark room. The blackness would shimmer and slowly curdle and out of it forms would appear. Fireflies, monsters, faceless bodies I thought I recognized from

somewhere. I spent many nights wide awake terrified of the molting shadowed figures that erupted from the emptiness.

As a kid it's so easy to trick yourself into believing that what you see must be the truth. But as we grow to better fit these spaces there is less space to fill.

On long car rides, I'd spend hours with my forehead pressed against the glass. The blur of trees along the highway became like a flip book giving me a frame-by-frame glimpse into the forests we sped past. Somehow out of the corner of my eye a splotch of tangled branches would become a lion swinging down from a tree. I would crane my neck trying to catch another glimpse. As a kid you fear the lion you believe to be in the trees but you grow to fear the fact that you can imagine the lion in the first place.

I'm not growing any taller or smaller and yet I keep looking for, or stumbling upon, ways to fill the spaces I know with something I do not recognize. I see it in faces I know so well and look to again and again. In different light features transform and amass new personalities entirely. I can stare until I am exhausted enough for an expression I've never seen before to appear on a face I know so well.









# Annie Jones

SCULPTURE

48

These days I find myself asking the same questions I've always asked, but with better words.

Children are an inherent good, even as we seem to overlook them. My art explores questions of childhood, through exploration of days, or years, past.

This work explores the concept of the nursery at its simplest form, as a place of nursing. The installation meditates on spaces and materials that we use to nurse our children, the tiny toolboxes we equip them with for burdens far beyond their abilities. Children carry the biological, emotional, and material burdens of their parents, burdens that are placed on tiny shoulders from the very first moments of life, and burdens that become inherent to the way children carry themselves throughout the world.

I am interested in the child as a holding place, a sort of empty container to be filled.

The child at its youngest functions as a kind of trophy—the empty container signaling only the fact of its own creation. It is small enough to be held but big enough to understand power. Small enough to be forgotten but big enough to remember the feeling. Small enough to crumple under violence but big enough to bear scars.

Those of us who have grown up and out find it easy to forget the sensation of existing within a small, uncontrollable body. Children measure with numbers of colossal scale that really only translate to “bigger than me” or “smaller than me.” To be small is to feel the ceiling farther away, to feel the floor closer.

Children are closer to the place where we put our feet, and farther away from the place where we prize our heads to be.

To lean into tomorrow blindly is the essence of childhood.

These days are the days of children's dreams.











These days I find  
myself asking the  
same questions  
I've always asked,  
but with better  
words.

ANNIE JONES





# Caroline Kim

GRAPHIC DESIGN

56

These days...

Jim and I talk for 3 hours surrounded by sour kimchi smell.

Vicky, Eggrin, and I come home to nap together in my bed.

XV congregates in the women's bathroom at Toad's Place.

Cameron plays Fortnite. I sip on a Strawberrita and pretend to understand the game.

Andy and I skip class and he tells me about his rebirth from the Chasm of Doom.

White Kevin makes fun of me. Asian Kevin takes some of the sting away.

These days I'm feeling, in Marina Keegan's words, the opposite of loneliness.

Dad lets me take his picture.













# Danielle Lotridge

GRAPHIC DESIGN

62

I pick up and collect a variety of seemingly ordinary objects: bottle caps, paper clips, business cards, post-it notes. My own carefully selected little family, heaped up on my dresser like a pile of candy awaiting the day they will be used in some creative endeavor. “Oh this will be useful.” “Hmm I’m sure to do something with this pinecone.” But what is the outcome of amassing the candy wrappers, Metro-North timetables, aluminum, brass, and delrin shavings, 3-D printed rafts, fake flower petals, real flower petals, autumn leaves, leftover plane tickets, Snapple caps, knick-knacks and whatnots galore?

I grew up (but didn’t really) in a home where creativity and problem-solving flourished. Need an outfit for Spirit Week? We have all the goodies for the perfect nonsensical costume as well as extra accessories for multiple friends. Let’s make a balloon-powered car using circular hubs from this toy set, and if we need anything else we can stop by the hardware store (and pick up a few more paint chip to add to the collection). Art was not created for art’s sake but had an end goal it was trying to achieve, but aesthetics were just as important as functionality.

Pushing. Farther. Better. Faster. More. More. More.

I lost myself for a bit here. No longer was the process as important as the result and no sooner did one result become “complete” than another one began. Contorting and rushing my thought process put an emotional strain upon

my body and my mind. Satisfaction no longer existed because I could have spent more time, I should have spent more time, I don’t have more time. Enough complaining; there’s no time for that either.

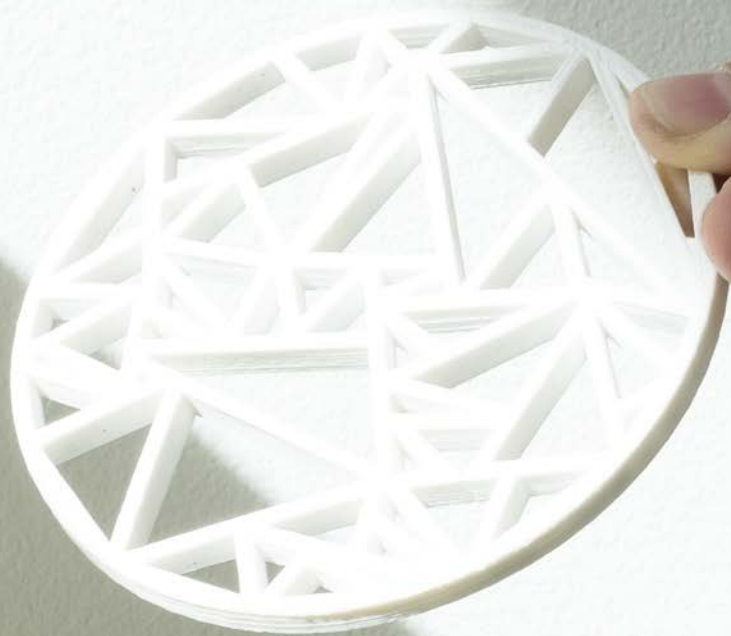
Fortunately old habits die hard.

An innate curiosity persisted over my time here as the collection of thingamabobs grew, arranged on the corner of my desk or in a squat jar. Few objects found a new life as fruit barcode stickers decorated my laptop or colorful newspaper strips rolled up into beads. But for many of them, their potential had not been realized until now.

Perhaps this accumulated potential in the form of objects is a metaphor for my own time here at Yale, gathering knowledge and information but too afraid to make good use of them. Everything — my objects, me — waiting, waiting, waiting, but never taking the leap to become realized or, in my mind, fail and fall hard. Too hesitant to make decisions, too fearful of change, too afraid to release the potential energy let it transform into kinetic energy with some frictional losses (remember, I’m still a nerd here). This piece is that leap of faith for me to be able to trust myself and my instincts. I keep moving forward to gather not only miscellaneous trinkets but also confidence. After all, this is my chance to show myself who I am and what I can do. This is my dream.

*101 bonus points if you guess the 4.5 Disney references.*









9/11 MEMORIAL

2017

SILVER

BFYEKOKCS

be better







# Tevin Mickens

COMPUTING AND THE ARTS

68

These days I find comfort in my impassioned autonomy and that my experience here is not without resolve.





htc









# Aaron Peirano Garrison

FILMMAKING

74

My background in international humanitarian fieldwork informs my interest in connecting with people who have diverse and urgent stories to tell. At age six, I moved with my family to East Texas from the San Francisco Bay area. My positionality as a Southern-raised individual born to two Northern Californians in the late seventies has complicated my world for the better. My aspiration is to invest in hope for progress, inspiring individuals and societies to act generously on behalf of others. If my work motivates others to enter a place of charitable and thoughtful engagement, I feel I am fulfilling my purpose as an artist.

My documentary — *Spectacular Body: the Surface Changing* — follows female body builders as they compete, reflect on their experiences and move through the mundane encounters of everyday life. In *Pumping Iron II* (1985), a female focused sequel to Arnold Schwarzenegger's legendary *Pumping Iron* (1977), we encountered Bev Francis, a charismatic Aussie with a physique criticized as being "too manly". Now, thirty years later, I visit with Francis at the gym she owns. *Spectacular Body* taps into this subculture behind the scenes and on the stage at two Women's Physique body builder competitions in an exploration and journey of discovery with competitor Delane Hart, her trainees and family. I meet with Sgt. Kendall, a Figure Girl competitor who used bodybuilding as a form of empowerment and healing after tragedy struck her life.

These women's extraordinarily muscular bodies break boundaries and shape new ideas about the fierce female figure and the leading role of women in the changing landscape of contemporary society. The film explores to what extent visual narratives and social norms have evolved both on and off the stage for female bodybuilders. The female competitors perform their bodies in a personal quest to follow their dream and challenge those around them to find their value. Is this public performance just another form of "spectacle" of the female form? Or do these performed bodies have the capacity to disrupt the terms of the debate about gender roles?

*Spectacular Body: the Surface Changing* originated as a text and image based choose your own adventure Twine game informed in part by Lianne McTavish' work in *Feminist Figure Girl: Look Hot While You Fight the Patriarchy*, an autobiographical account of her own experiences as both a scholar and a competitive figure girl. The medium of video emulates the competitor's publicizing of her stage competitions, in some ways re-producing the broadcasting of the body through social media. Yet through the medium of documentary film, I investigate new aspects by experimenting with the docu-tradition of capturing the discursive visual experiences of "real life".





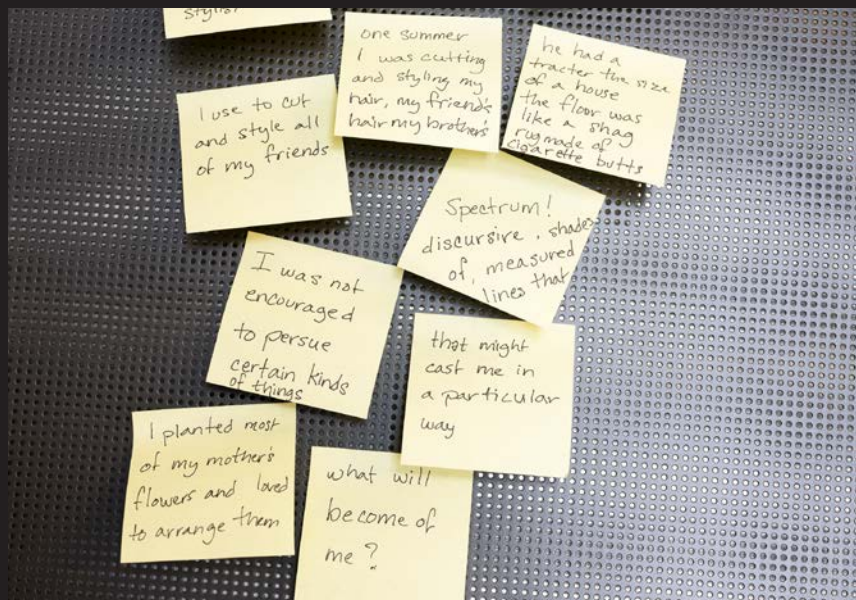
Example of Love:  
Build  
Protect  
Provide  
Always be sure to  
have care of yourself  
strong never depend on  
a man! - Beth





convicted  
Love  
Singing  
factor in my heart





stylist

I use to cut  
and style all  
of my friends

one summer  
I was cutting  
and styling my  
hair, my friends  
hair my brother's

he had a  
tractor the size  
of a house  
the floor was  
like a shag  
rug made of  
cigarette butts

Spectrum!  
discursive, shades  
of, measured  
lines that

I was not  
encouraged  
to pursue  
certain kinds  
of things

that might  
cast me in  
a particular  
way

I planted most  
of my mother's  
flowers and loved  
to arrange them

what will  
become of  
me?



# Gabrielle Scarpa

PHOTOGRAPHY

80

These days, I'm looking back more than I usually do.

As a result, my most recent work deals with transition: in particular, changing notions of home, the migration of people from place to place, and the impact these pilgrimages inevitably leave in their wake. Time and time again, we find ourselves turning our backs on the old in the hope of creating something better. Success rates vary.

Through photography, I explore my own relationship with the small, Iowa town my family migrated to over 19 years ago. Barely a speck on the map, High Amana has a population of 115 people and is one of seven nearby hamlets that together form the Amana Colonies. Established by religious zealots in the mid-1800s, the Amanas first began as utopian communes,

formed with the idea of creating a completely self-sufficient society that that would be completely closed off to outsiders. Successful at first, the Colonies opened to the public in the 1930s, but now its former prosperity is now only a memory and the Amanas have been reduced to a largely abandoned tourist attraction in various stages of decay.

I use this township and its history as a lens to explore my own changing perception of the place I used to call home. What was once a childhood paradise has now been reduced to a place only to be unwillingly visited on holidays. My photographs amplify with this newfound feeling, presenting the Amanas in a decidedly more bleak light than I once knew.









my most recent  
work deals with  
transition:

in particular,  
changing notions  
of home, the  
migration of  
people from place  
to place,



and the impact  
these pilgrimages  
inevitably leave in  
their wake.

GABRIELLE SCARPA











# Sarah Sukin

COMPUTING AND THE ARTS / GRAPHIC DESIGN

89

These days, I derive joy from the fantastic clutter that is Yale. I build endless models in the landscape of dreams. Art envelops me; virtual reality draws thread from the spool in my brain and weaves my thoughts into experiences.

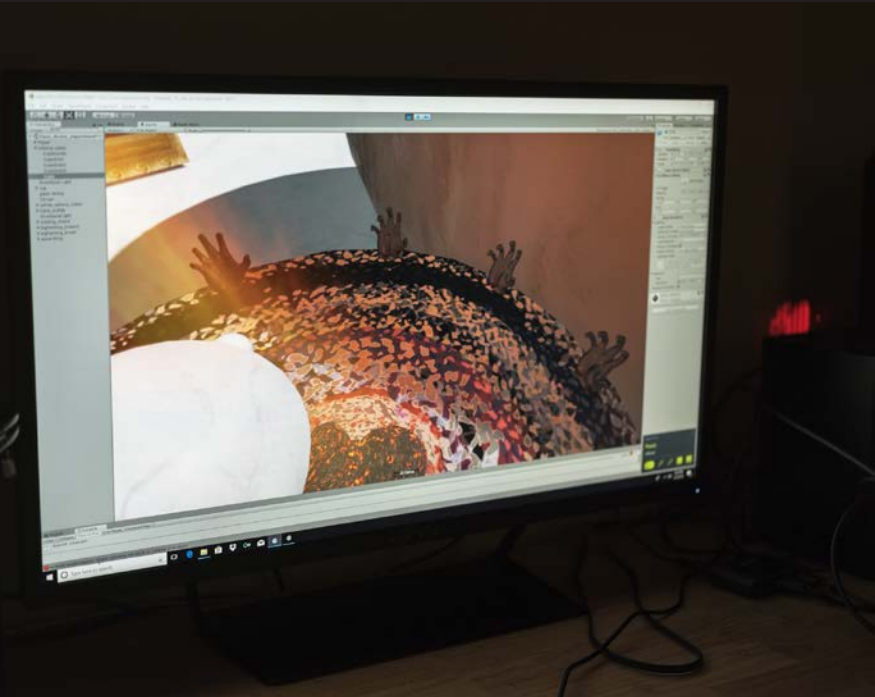
Yale is my software update. My art was two dimensional. I drew, painted, and graphed equations. Once vibrant on paper, I have become reanimated with digital. Graphic, web, and product design, alongside mixed reality allowed me turn paintings into textures, see faces as planes, and create interactions.

My desire for perfection has become a process of iterating. The fine gray lines of pencil have yielded to command x, command z, and the color of C# on dark gray Atom. There's

a trauma to creation; I cut apart and splice together, leaving evidence of the past in knots, seams, and glitches.

This exhibition harnesses that trauma by using color and form to abstract emotion and create a disjointed experience for viewers that can only exist through technology. It explores the boundary between digital and physical, and it draws from my perspective as a passenger in a car accident. The contrast of the virtual and gallery pieces additionally solidifies the disconnect between my internalized experiences and what can be captured and understood by others through descriptive language.

These days, I have created a new reality.





- Assets
- Class: Scene experiment
- Player
- Working cubes
  - CubeCenter
  - CubeOrbit
  - CubeOrbit2
  - CubeOrbit3
- Cube
- Directional light
- Ring
- glass ceiling
- Terrain
- collide\_sphere\_cubes
- hand\_prefab
- Directional light
- working\_zhand
- bigPainting\_brown2
- bigPainting\_brown
- square thing



Project Console  
Clear | Collapse | Clear on Play | Enter Pause | Connected Plays  
OpenVR initialized!

NullReferenceException: Object reference not set to an instance of an object

Type here to search



File Edit View Tools Window Help

Inspector Services Layers Lighting

Static

Tag Untagged Layer Default

Material

Transform

Position X: 0.11 Y: -48.417 Z: 0.447

Rotation X: 0 Y: 0 Z: 0

Scale X: 125.100 Y: 0.294 Z: 285.370

Cube (Mesh Filter)

Box Collider

Is Trigger

Material None (Physic Material)

Center X: 0 Y: 0 Z: 0

Size X: 1 Y: 1 Z: 1

Mesh Renderer

Lighting

Light Probes

Reflection Probes

Anchor Override

Cast Shadows

Receive Shadows

Motion Vectors

Lightsmap Static

Materials

Size

Element 0

Dynamic Occlusion

Green, Material

Fraser, Shader

Ready

Link

300 FPS

300 FPS

2D Debug

M E N

# Caroline Tisdale

SCULPTURE

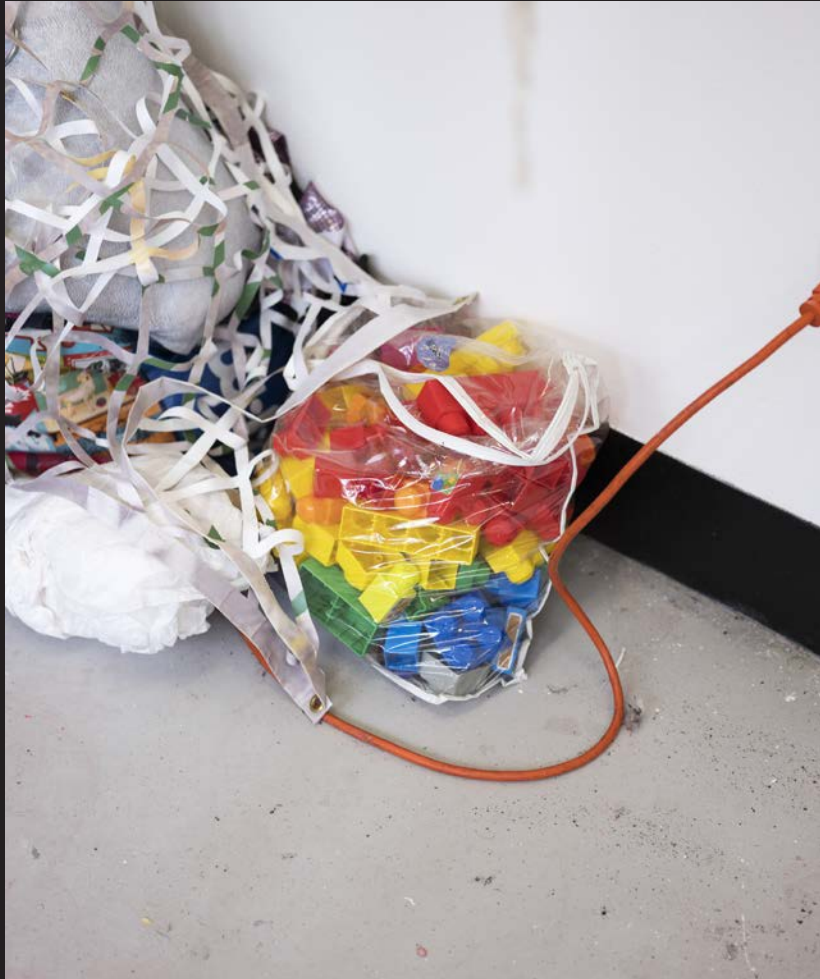
94

I think of my practice as an experimental game of call and response I play with myself, and my surrounding physical and emotional environments. Interests in materials, tactility, fashion, and the function of the site form the basis for how my work is constructed. It is influenced by fluidity, empathy, about things that look soft but feel hard, or look hard but feel soft. I am constantly looking for new ways to frustrate or refuse my viewers by picking on desires, such as: to feel, understand, and own.

I use my agency as an artist to withhold these wants, making them apparent in the process. These desires speak to me because they are urgent, even animal, though reconstructed by Western society, a system structured by capital exchange. Our economic structure often confuses 'want', with 'need'. I want to call attention to the dematerialization of intimacy. My implication in this system is

acknowledged by constructing sculptures from commodities sourced from my life, and by creating physical structures that are shaped by the limitations of my own body. I aim to connect with those who experience my work by using it as an extension of my physical form. I hunt for materials in dollar stores, second-hand shops, city sidewalks, dumpsters, wherever the surplus or byproducts of consumption wash up. My practice is shaped around excess in both senses of the word: the fat that gets trimmed and thrown away, and its reincarnation into a world that celebrates extravagance or overindulgence in loud and quiet ways. In my use of found objects, I bring them together in ways that negate their usual function, or fashion them into body parts, wondering what is a human body that is considered excessive, or deemed unsuitable for use by regulatory and oppressive force.









I am constantly  
looking for new  
ways to frustrate  
or refuse my  
viewers by picking  
on desires...

CAROLINE TISDALE









# Athena Wheaton

FILMMAKING

102

These days I am pulled in many directions at once, and I am trying to find my center in each location. I am growing and blooming as the world around me loses light and strength, and the dissonance between our experiences (mine and the world) makes me feel selfish for being so lucky in contrast.

So I turn to art, to music, to film. To feel the world's pain in myself, and feel my joy in the world. Film is a spectacularly accessible medium that has the ability to make people see themselves in people they don't know and in situations they haven't experienced. That is why

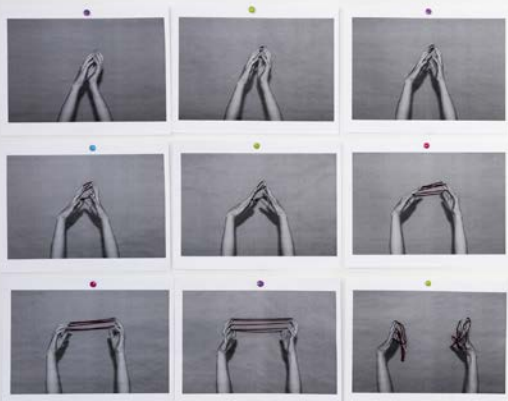
I've chosen it as a medium to express something that I have found otherwise inexpressible — my experience with chronic nerve pain.

Pain and art have gone hand in hand for generations, and they continue their relationship through me. My pain is unique, because it is within my body, in the same way that any of my experiences and thoughts are inherently unique, because only I experience them. With my work, I strive to communicate individual experience in a way that can be understood, or at least felt, by other people, whether or not they have had the same experience.









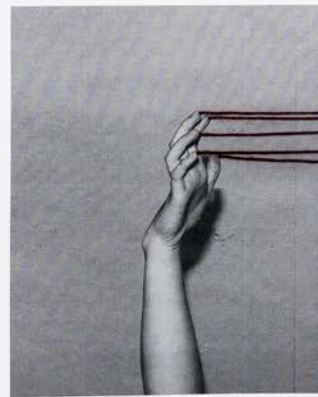
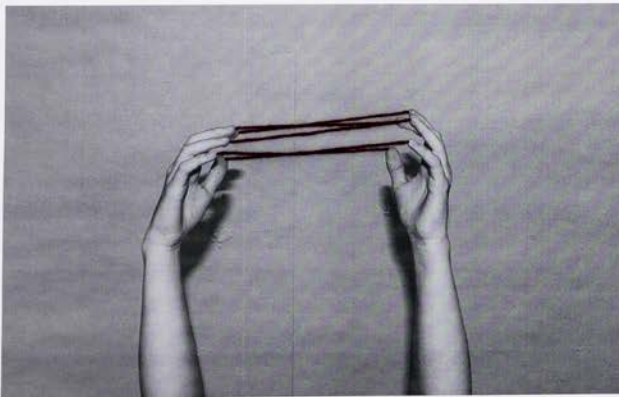
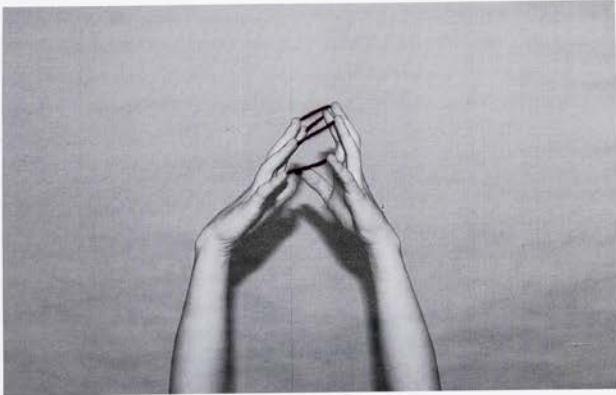
With my work,  
I strive to  
communicate  
individual  
experience in a  
way that can be  
understood, or at  
least felt, by other  
people,

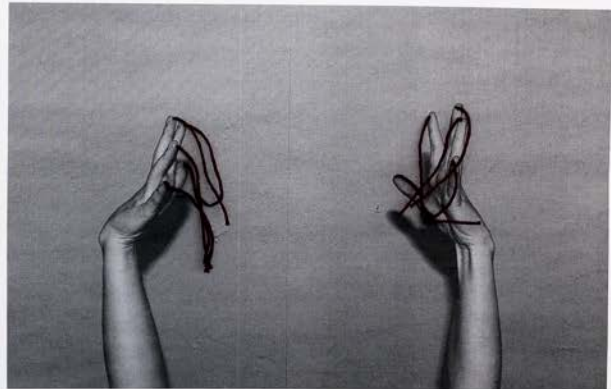
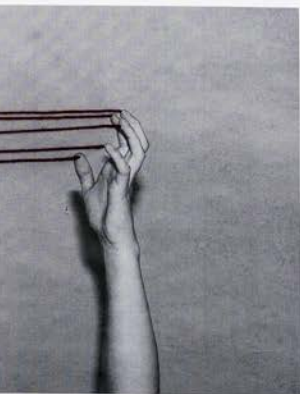
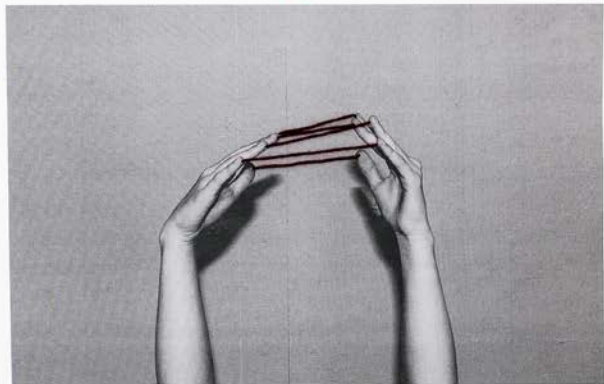


whether or not  
they have had the  
same experience.

ATHENA WHEATON











ADVISORS

Justin Berry

Anna Betbeze

Sandra Burns

Yeju Choi

Alice Chung

Benjamin Donaldson

Kati Gegenheimer

Mark Gibson

Sandra Luckow

Sophy Naess

Ted Partin

Ka-Man Tse

Anahita Vossoughi

Jonathan Weinberg

DEAN

Marta Kuzma

DIRECTOR OF  
UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES

Lisa Kereszi

TEACHING ASSISTANT

Shikeith Cathey

DESIGN

Micah Barrett

PHOTOGRAPHY

Kaitlin Maxwell

PRINTING

Puritan Press

