Questions more than answers. These 18 young artists might have come here four years ago seeking answers, but in the course of studying art, found only more questions. In the pages within, the questions posed to them near the end of their time at Yale, pre-pandemic, may seem flippant: What do you wear all the time? What was your last dream about? Most recent Google search? Far from it, these queries are prompts to share with the reader a slice of life at this most important a time - in the most uncertain of times. Without recording them here, these otherwise mundane details would be lost from memory. The responses, which are both visual and verbal, are student-generated, but so are those questions, voted on in a poll amongst the Class of 2020, narrowed down from a larger, brainstormed list just prior to Spring Break. These are the questions the group wish to pose to themselves at the precipice of graduation - and of entering into real life beyond the towers and halls of academic life. In these uncertain times, they must grasp control over their identities however they can, and express their innermost thoughts, feelings, fears and dreams in word and image, paper and ink. What is always going to be unfinished?

Lisa Kereszi
Director of Undergraduate Studies
What do you wear all the time? What is with you all the time? What is something you are done with? What was your last dream about? What is your favorite texture? What is the last picture you took on your phone? What is your most recent google search? What is your favorite classroom boredom doodle? What have you forgotten? What is always going to be unfinished?

Lisa Kentz
Director of Undergraduate Studies
you still here? what is something you are
gone with? what is more
your last piece about
what is your


your most recent dog-
the speech? what is your
your latest classroom
porcelain coffee? what is
have you forgotten?
what is always going to
be meaningless?
I stumbled through the portal and emerged at the bank of a Serengeti watering hole. A crane cacawed as it swooped by overhead. Ominous floating logs alerted me to the numerous hungry crocodiles. I turned, and suddenly I was face-to-face with a steaming blubberous hippo! Which is so dangerous! It snorted, and I fled back through the portal, kicking up brown pebbles behind me. There was also a dragon, scorching me with its piercing breath. Frantic, I ran back in the portal, only to find myself in a field of flowers.
Woodcocks at Dusk - Francis Barlow. How to view google search history
Wendy's hookup was still in duck-faced position.

How to view Bobby free from historic.

Eyebird, I had a period when I was off to college where it hit me how much of the content of our daily lives we allow to slip away into forgetfulness. It sort of gripped me with chilly dread. And I started to journal a lot, just so as not to lose everything. I've since achieved a zen.

Now I appreciate the beauty of fallibility, and I trust that every moment and person touches their prints into my body, warmly or otherwise, somewhere inside where no wind will wipe them away. And I don't even have to try to make it happen, like breathing. But maybe that's just something I've convinced myself of in order to digest my failure as a diarist.
my snake earings
colonial
mentality i was
trapped in a giant
tub of vaseline
dairy sea glass
a tiny floof
roasted chickpeas

Marianne
Ayala
My snake earings

colonial mentality i was trapped in a giant tub of vaseline
dairy sea glass
a tiny floof
roasted chickpeas
papayas
the chickpeas i left in the oven
my snake ears

colonial mentality I was trapped in a giant trap of vaseline

dairy sea glass
a tiny floof
roasted chickpeas
papayas
the chickpeas I left in the oven
a tiny floof
roasted chickpeas
papayas
the chickpeas i
left in the oven
papayas
the chickpeas i
left in the oven
learning

a tiny loaf
roasted chickpeas

silly seas glass
strapped in a giant
top of asseline

colossal
mentality i was

my snake eyes
The color black
An impulse
to twirl my hair
Singing on a
stage

Monique Baltzer
The color black

Mourning

Bitter

An impulse
Singing on a

stage
to twirl my hair
I was in a factory filled with conveyor belts extending into infinity. I was perched on a beam near the ceiling, hundreds of feet above the ground. I jumped off the beam and slowly descended into space. Anything that isn't velvet isn't even worth the effort while my body is topped by my beloved mother.
I don’t know what this picture is — I accidentally took it while fishing my phone out of my pocket and couldn’t bring myself to delete it. “Color of the sky each hour.” I let my hand dictate what it wants to draw — most often circular patterns, geometric shapes and sometimes mimicked typography. A good joke to tell.
I don't know what this pic -
true is - I accidently took it
while flipping my phone out of
my pocket and confusion. I pined
myself to delete it "color of the
sky each hour."

I let my hand dictate what it wants to draw—
most often circular patterns,
geometric shapes and sometimes mimicked typography. A
good joke to tell
I had just returned from
the library where I
spent my afternoon
while I decided to play
some of the piano.

Each time I let my hand
direct where it wants to
derive most often circular
shapes and some
Timex mimicked photography.

Good joke to tell

Piano lessons
A cross pendant from Tokyo...
A cross pendant from Tokyo.

A pin from my fraternity, Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity Inc. Self-doubt My last dream was about me as a character in an anime. A brushed metal creature.
My last dream was about me as a character in an anime. A brushed metal texture. A three-dimensional map. Anime production notes. Box Office earnings.
My last dream was about me as a character in an anime. A brushed metal texture.

A three-dimensional terrain map. Sonic the Hedgehog Box Office
Sonic, the CGI and live-action hybrid popular Sega game, zoomed past a milestone at the domestic box office. Sonic The Hedgehog Box Office

My favorite classroom boredom doodles are the border pieces of my notebook pages. I have forgotten about my goal to become more proficient at rollerblading.
A hair tie. You never know when you will need one.
phone, whether it be so that I can take photographs of something interesting I see or communicate with friends, I am always looking for new inspiration for my artwork from the outside world. Going into this year, I have tried to become as truthful as I can possibly be because I think that even tiny, meaningless lies can have a negative impact. Especially in our current political climate, with a president who cannot separate fact from fiction, dishonesty from other people is also extremely frustrating.
Lies

I can't fully remember it, but I do remember standing on a rock looking out over the sea. I really enjoyed the texture of crumbling plaster in general, but I especially enjoy the appearance of old, cracked walls. Old walls or ruins of any kind are so beautiful and I am fascinated by their weathered appearance as they have so much history, as well as being robust enough to stand the test of time. A sense of time can be evoked by something unfinished, which is unfinished and raw, or permanent.
Texture of an old crumbling plaster.

A picture I took of my own artwork, which is unfinished and a work in progress.
always doodle fires and abstract shapes, because I enjoy imagining new shapes. These shapes have also made it into my paintings, as I am fascinated by how fire appears and how it can transform objects. For me, fire also symbolizes chaos, transition and destruction, which are themes I have tried to explore during my senior thesis. It is difficult to know exactly what you have forgotten, but I know that I have forgotten some childhood memories. In particular, I remember when I was a child we would always make daisy chains with friends in parks and outdoors. But of course, I cannot fully grasp those memories or what that was like or what me and my friends would talk about. So, the specifics of the memories are lost.
Although our senior thesis show is labeled as finished work, I will continue growing and working on these themes and the pieces from this show for the rest of my life.
My tiger sweatshirt The stuff in the main pouch of my backpack (and my water bottle) is still a mystery. I cannot imagine who it belongs to. I took it from the village market.
My tiger sweatshirt

The stuff in the front pouch of my backpack (and my water bottle) My science and quantitative reasoning requirements
at the aquarium

? but they have a sephora and
i'm trying to find that new booty
scrub. Alexi is with me but he's
really sick and gets a fever on
our safari so i have to fly home
alone. I try texting jonah be-
cause he has a fever too but he
doesn't respond. Then I meet up
with my mom and kathryn at a
dunkin donuts and we go back
to my house. velvet
Recently I’ve been adding swords into my doodle rotation but I usually do lots of little cups and bottles and oranges cut in half. How to do math.
suicides, painting, dante’s inferno

I’ve been adding things into my google location

bottle and glasses cut in half

How to go walker

Nightmares Season 4 Episode 2
Boots
Boots

My camera, keys, wrappers, sick
a dream during a fever that
my lips were made of
candy and I kept scraping
them off moss is nice I
guess

I can't because my sister
sent me a picture of her

How long does

MAD Magazine
A picture of me in light because my sister sent me a picture of her in light. How long does the flu last?
A picture of me in the last light because my sister sent me a picture of her in light. How long does it take?

I don't really doodle. I just play with my camera or eat paper. Pretty much all of 3rd grade.
My tattoos. My skin.
Studio visits.

Ryan Lewis
My tattoos.

Studio visits. It was a nightmare about a studio visit I had. The soapy, yielding texture of Chenille. Fluffy Microfiber. Wash Mitts.
My lattoes. My skin.
Studio visit.

It was a nightmare about a studio visit I had. The soft, yielding texture of Chenille Fluffy Microfiber Wash Mitts. You know how it goes. Rinse. Repeat. It may.

Rinse. Repeat.
Riverdale / Number of seasons
How to interact with tepid acquaintances:
This is a self-portrait.

People also search
Archie's Weird Mysteries
How to interact with the big automobiles "Self portrait.

The fourth season of Riverdale.

Sebastian Galvan
Honey Placing too much sentimental value on things.

Setting: A modern world but recordings do not exist. I am barga
wing on a sailboat. When on
land I would walk in one direc-
tion playing my mandolin (cre-
ting a folk rap genre.) I would
eventually meet families that
would welcome me into their
home and create a song based off
their stories. In return I pro-
vided entertainment. Leave. This
repeats by issue. Jackets
Setting: A modern world but recordings do not exist. I am bard living on a sailboat. When on land I would walk in one direction playing my mandolin (creating a folk rap genre.) I would eventually meet families that would welcome me into their lives. I create a song based off living with them. In return I provide entertainment. I leave. This repeats. My Mom's jackets Fish Market sign read ear bad.
Setting: A modern woman puts her coat on a stool. When on land, I would walk in one grove—planning my manuscript (not just a folk rap genre) I would eventually meet families that would welcome me into their lives. I create a sound passed off. Living with films, in return, I pro-vide entertainment. I leave. This repeats: My Mom's jackets.

Market Sign: Dented can bad

Fish
“are you ever going to finish an actual for a crit?” “Ok Padre”
Hat My beautifully embroidered three-cornered hat
Miles Kim
My beautifully embroidered three-cornered hat
To do Q and
To do Q and A Q and A
To go Q and A
Q and A
A coat that resembles a watermelon or a cartoon alligator, depending on how you look at it.
A coat that resists
ples a watermelon or
a cartoon alligator
depending on how
you look at it.

Jewelry
Excessively apologiz-
ing
I have dreamless
sleeps Glass beads
The rack of lamb I made with a friend mayan funeral rituals I've always adored.
The lack of lamp I made with a friend
Mayan funeral rituals

I have always struggled to doodle All of my passwords, probably Ouroboros
I have always strung my passwords drop by drop.

Ouroboros
a watch that never worked
lighten your...
screenshots from yeralti ekşisözlük
my name in illegible forms to throw away the chicken noodle soup from 2 weeks ago, so yeah the chicken noodle soup in the fridge was anything that was due before the deadline.
my name in illegible forms to throw

say the chicken noodle
soup from 2 weeks ago
so keep the chicken
noodle soup in the fridge


thank you for this note, th

azal, is this for paper 

anything that's due, until just before the deadline
poets a little
milk carton say-
ind hi now it's
'hello',

the moon
faux wood grain
a picture of the
sky


frax wood arm

a picture of the sky matisse icarus
perfect circles I can't remember

a picture of the sky Matisse

icarus

fern wood grain
A red bracelet with gold beads I got from my uncle. The red bracelet.\n
Julia Shi
A red bracelet with gold beads I got from my nun.

The red bracelet.
Narcos season 1: I don’t remember the details but it was something extremely familiar through a vision. I never happened to relate it to anything, but it made me feel very distressed.
I don’t remember the details, but it was something extremely familiar though never happened in real life. It made me feel grounded but distressed. Concrete. A screenshot of an article about the movie Parasite knew to understand the google search results.
concrete

I don't remember the details, but it was something extremely familiar. I was never happy in real life. It made me feel emotionally numb.

A screenshot of an article about the movie *Parasite*. “How to look up last Google search”
My web, our story.
exactly I dream sport.

A 3 Y face. What

My webcomic story.
Socks. My notebook.
My notebook.
Zoos.

Socks.
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N/A Warm sand.
My last dream.
My last dream.

Most things, probably.
The feeling that America is the Las Vegas of the world. My masquerade mask.
Someone (let's call her the curator / museum guide) comes and invites me to visit heaven. I'm very interested in this, almost as if I'd heard about this and was hoping I'd be able to see what it was all about. And to be fair, I'm not disappointed. Heaven is some big sunny estate in my grandparents' region. It's got a giant lawn, surrounded by warm stony buildings. One end of the lawn is the mortal world, and at the other end is a columned palace / museum that is the entrance to heaven itself. To its right, the park becomes taller with trees and shadow, more mysterious but not dangerous, only strange and knowing. To the left, the terrain slopes into country roads by a river. In that area are also Jesus' various houses, copies of the ones he'd had throughout his life. I think ultimately, if the back / front was earth / heaven then the left right was reason and unreason. I remember supposing with an older man who was marveling with me, that Jesus' houses probably went chronologically from back to front, with the manger near the world end of the lawn, and the tomb near the palace.
a clean pair of under-wear. very important.
a watch being un-healthy in all senses
of the term.
a watch being unhealthy in all senses of the term.
Tippinsgirl

Mars Piglet’s Grape

York Street pickle in a pouch
You can’t doodle if you’re asleep, right? I can’t seem to remember.
You can't go to sleep, right? I can't seem to remember.

My homework, and also the answer to this ques
my watch
a coyote
that turned out
to be a massive
baby chicken
with HUGE eyes
back scratchy
a coyote
that turned out
to be a masses
papy crickets
with huge eyes
pack scratch

woodblock career
advice
grindle
canary

Programmer Jobs
too many facts

Grundle

Programmer jobs

1996

What woodwork

that Grammar
On rewording good be
dubbe
too many facts

my readings

he have in his presences—scary, un
settling times—when we know that w
Thank you to all the faculty advisors and critics for their close attention to the seniors’ work.

Yale College Art Major
Class of 2020
Senior Thesis
Yale School of Art
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