

How Do the Visible Hide?

A Report on Marginal Identity



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Acknowledgements

Thank you to *my mother* who taught me everything, *my father* who showed me the world, and *my sisters* who modeled divine feminine strength, in a time when we most needed it.

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“Racial self-hatred is seeing yourself the way the whites see you, which turns you into your own worst enemy.”

– Cathy Park Hong,
Minor Feelings: An Asian American Reckoning

I. Introduction

As a second-generation American, I was left with the residual trauma my mother had immigrating to the United States from Hong Kong. She was well-versed in the social cues needed to survive as a marginalized person. Don't look people in the eye. Draw your shoulders in. Cross the street. Zip up your jacket. Be dismissive. Be quiet. Be as invisible as you can.

Turns out I'm not very good at hiding.

How does one hide from the world when you walk through it observed like an animal in a zoo? Meandering through a childhood sited in a rural, conservative, white community, I was continuously faced with nonconsensual moments that highlighted my body as speculative; otherworldly, exotic, an exhibition. I learned very quickly what it meant to be marginalized. When you are displaced in an environment of whiteness, you feel how visible you are in the world. It becomes quickly apparent that you are an outsider. Nothing is thicker than the otherness that reeks out of your apparently abnormal flesh.

My experience of marginalization isn't all that unique. In Cathy Park Hong's autobiographical collection of essays, *Minor Feelings: An Asian American Reckoning*, Hong describes the American marginalized experience as shame, irritation, melancholy, and paranoia. Her casualness in describing these experiences through stories and personal narrative brings a sense of realness and relatability to her work. I found myself time and time again reeling over how both of our existences had so much overlap. The “broken” English of our mothers that alienates them, the segregation practiced within the Asian American community, the acrobats of maneuvering through conversations sited in stereotypes and assumptions.

Pulling from personal narrative to begin tougher conversations outside of oneself lets Hong's work captivate its reader and become more approachable. Although our

backgrounds differ – Hong being a multi-generation Korean American as I stand as a second-generation Chinese American – I find myself approaching these conversations on social injustice in similar ways. My stories embed a beginning to a larger conversation outside of my own isolated experiences, as oftentimes others with similar backgrounds share similar existences.

I was most captivated by Hong's second essay, *Minor Feelings: The End of White Innocence*. As Hong is raising her child, she experiences flashbacks to her own childhood surrounded by whiteness. She finds herself envious of her white friends' homes and their "normal" lives. It is hard to relate her chaotic, loud upbringing to her friends' calm and peaceful childhoods. She uses this anecdote to explain that marginalization starts at the early stages of life based on generational hardships within immigrant homes.

I think of my immigrant mother depositing her hundredth food can in our basement while she forced me to do pre-SAT workbooks at the kitchen counter. When you are an immigrant in the United States, your default existence is survival. When you are a second-generation American, your survival becomes their hope.

II. Addressing the Elephant in the Room

I have yet to talk about my father. In fact, most people disregard my father when thinking of me or my work. He makes things too complicated. He makes me less marketable.

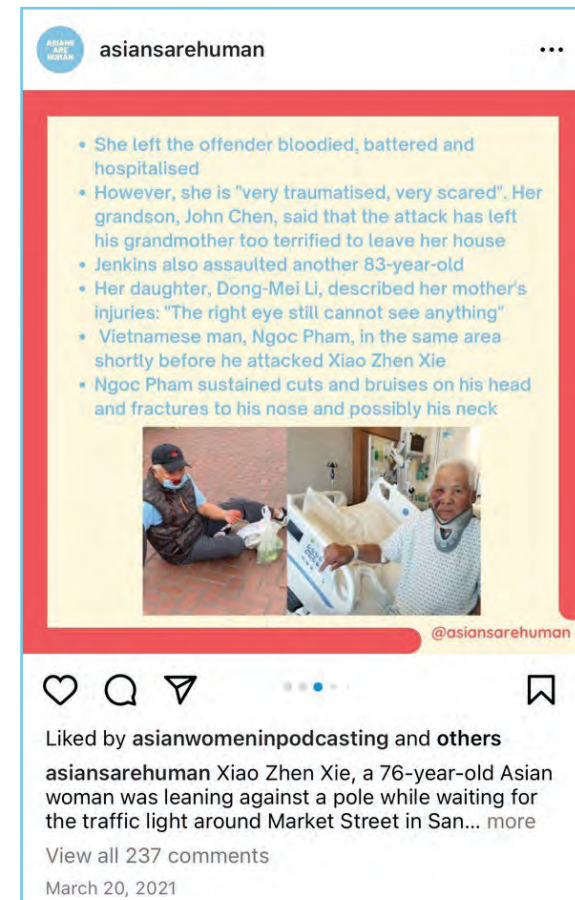
He's white.

My father is Irish-German, a multi-generational American. He met my mother in the eighties. They fell in love, despite their relationship being considered "taboo." I wonder if he knew his future promised alienation in his own home. His children will be assumed adopted because they will not look like him. His wife will be considered as hired help when on family vacations. His children will be confused where they racially reside.

How am I meant to make work about marginal identities when I myself am just as white as I am Asian? Does it discredit me as a practicing POC artist? Is it even fair to identify myself as Asian American? I question my positionality both in life and in practice. Things are confusing when you float between concrete binaries. I am both, but also neither.

It is the spring of 2021. The Stop Asian Hate Campaign is

surfacing on every social media platform. Deformed faces of Asian elders are appearing on my feed, bloody and bruised. They remind me of my mother. They look just like my Po Po. I am left to wonder: If my hair was more straight and my eyes were more slanted, would I too be on some "woke" girl's Instagram story? Canva edits of brutal imagery circulating in square-ratio.



– Instagram post depicting attack on Xiao Zhen Xie. Sourced from @asiansarehuman.

Before the Stop Asian Hate Campaign was on every news outlet, I was comfortable in wavering between binaries, receptive to allowing others to explain to me what my identity was. To white people I was Asian. To Asian people I was white. I think of the time a girl named Emily Chaung transferred to my high school. Everyone assumed we were cousins despite not looking anything alike. I remember her discrediting the rumors, telling the other kids that technically I'm not actually Chinese. She was the real Chinese person. I was a rejected mutt.

This campaign left me conflicted. After years of telling myself that I was not "Asian enough" to align with Asian Americans, I found myself incredibly affected by Stop Asian Hate. I questioned if I was allowed to be as affected as I was. I felt both distant, yet part of the movement.

This is when Yellow Kid was born. Yellow Kid is my racial persona, a nickname I was labeled by my peers in school. (There's an infamous comic that shares the same title.) Yellow Kid was direct and provocative. In ways, "Lily" was already too battered by the American stereotypes and was left to accept and let go. Yellow Kid conjured a voice I didn't have. She was the tool I used to articulate my emotions regarding race.

I am crawling on a ground spread in play sand.

Hands and knees.

Strapped by a yellow onesie and twilled yarn wig to match.

I am staggering.

(Move slow.)

I am sobbing.

(Move slow.)

I am mourning something I never had.

A concrete identity.



Video still from *Yellow Kid (Containment)*, 2021.

Despite multiracial folks' population growth over the past decade, being interracial in an American ecosystem is still challenging and uncommon. I think of Donna Haraway's *Cyborg Manifesto*, as it describes a civilization post-race, post-gender, and ultimately post-human.



Yellow Kid (Devouring Self) #1, 2021. Color print.

"The cyborg is resolutely committed to partiality, irony, intimacy, and perversity. It is oppositional, utopian, and completely without innocence. No longer structured by the polarity of public and private, the cyborg defines a technological polis based partly on a revolution of social relations in the oikos, the household. Nature and culture are reworked; the one can no longer be the resource for appropriation or incorporation by the other."

– *Artificial Life: Critical Contexts, Cyborg Manifesto*,
Donna Haraway, pg. 458.

An interracial existence is similar to that of the cyborg. They are both everything and nothing. They face two perspectives yet cannot relate to either. They know nothing other than themselves. Binaries both benefit and destroy one another. With an option to exist in between, everything can reach an equilibrium. I will return to Haraway as we continue this conversation on an interracial – or ambiguous – identity.

II. Finding Comfort in the Glitch

It is 2012 and I finally gained access to a personal laptop. Raised by electronically protective parents for the first fourteen years of life, I found myself disgustingly engrossed in Internet culture from the moment I opened my hand-me-down Asus-branded computer. Laptop fan whirring over car engine noise, plastic heat burning pasty thighs. I had a lot of years to catch up on.

Reflecting on a time where I'd rush home from school to spend the next six hours glued to a Tumblr dashboard, I realized that the Internet was my first glimpse at experiencing a queer space, albeit virtual. Half-Asian queer folks displaced in predominately white communities need somewhere to escape to that feels less exclusionary. What's a better place to find BIPOC collectives than through Omegle chatrooms, Supernatural fan blogs, or Reddit creepypasta threads?



Queering Object #1, 2023. Plaster, yarn, mirror,
and chain on a rotating motor.

"To exist within a binary system one must assume that our selves are unchangeable, that how we are read in the world must be chosen for us, rather than for us to define—and choose—for ourselves. To be at the intersection of female-identifying, queer, and Black is to find oneself at an integral apex. Each of these components is a key technology in and of itself. Alone and together, "female," "queer," "Black" as a survival strategy demand the creation of their individual machinery, that innovates, builds, resists. With physical movement often restricted, female-identifying people, queer people, Black people invent ways to create space through rupture. Here, in that disruption, with our collective congregation at that trippy and trip-wired crossroad of gender, race, and sexuality, one finds the power of the glitch."

– *Glitch Feminism*

Legacy Russell, pg. 14-15.

In Legacy Russell's manifesto, *Glitch Feminism*, Russell articulates the utilities of the Internet for marginalized bodies. The distinguished concept of "glitch" is an error to perform. In turn, by not subjecting our bodies to perform as their stereotyped behavior, we are left to be viewed as a glitch in our physical space. In Russell's words, "A body that

pushes back at the application of pronouns, or remains indecipherable within binary assignment, is a body that refuses to perform the score. This nonperformance is a glitch. This glitch is a form of refusal," (Russell, pg. 15).

My existence is a glitch. A queer person displayed in a racially ambiguous body; I am to feel as though an outsider. I question what my assigned performance would be. I am not sure one exists yet.

The concept of the glitch ties back to Donna Haraway's *Cyborg Manifesto*, as both the glitch and the cyborg are metaphors for bodies that exist between binaries, and ultimately articulate their function in society as ambiguous identities. Russell claims the glitch as a rejection or resistance, while the cyborg is believed by Haraway as posthuman. Both consist of overlap in the way they critique otherness in conjunction to homogenous identities.

To circle back to 2012 tween Lily in her bedroom scrolling on Tumblr, it is understood that this ambiguous identity is resisting a homogenous environment purely by existing. Her identity's lack of context and history leaves her with no mold to squish her flesh into. Whether that's out of desire or force, the details get blurry.

My exposure to mixed-race identity grew more and more the longer I stayed glued to this virtual space. It was the

first place I discovered spectral queerness, gender fluidity, and other interracial folk. I recall an infamous multi-page PDF floating across Tumblr that listed endless terms for sexual identity. (One I remember as "swapsexual"). It was easy to be honest about the discomfort of your flesh with strangers on the Internet when you had a PFP ("Profile Picture") to hide behind.

"Despite the loss of innocence that has come with the shift in understanding of how our digital traces might be manipulated, capitalized on, and deployed, the increased presence of intersectional bodies that transcend the bureaucratic violence of a single-box tick remains a key component of why the Internet still matters. Though far from its initial promise of utopia, the Internet still provides opportunity for queer propositions for new modalities of being and newly proposed worlds."

– *Glitch Feminism*
Legacy Russell, pg. 92.



Forms and Frauds of Partnerships (Detail), 2020.

Velour fabric, pipe, healing stone for rebirth,
spray paint, fiber fill.

IV. Tender Monsters

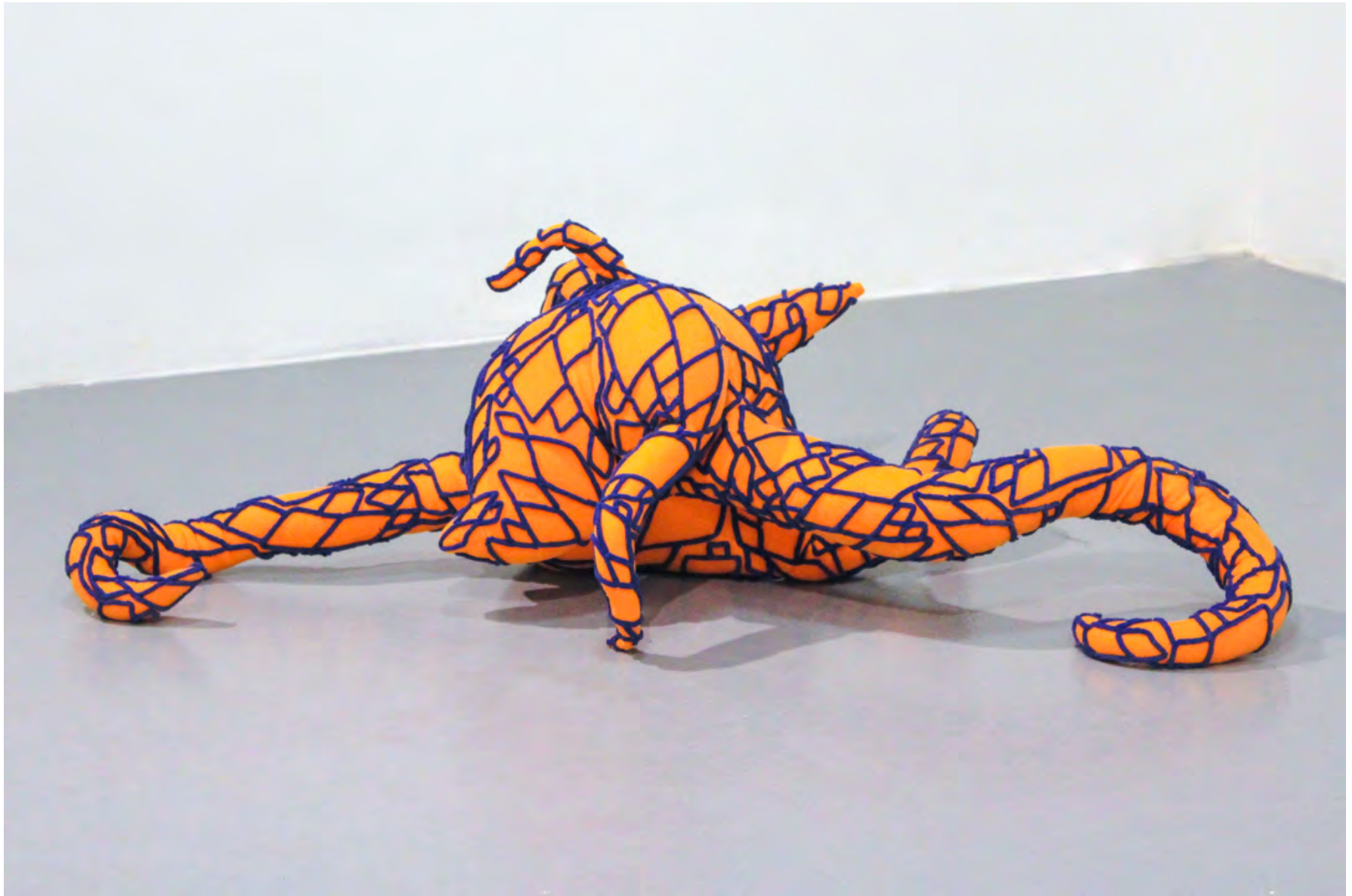
Unsupervised Internet scrolling results in rabbit holes that lead to dark corners on the Web. Diving into the screen for an unperceived breath, my swimming left me at the doors of horror. Enamored by speculative fiction world building sourced by virtual crowds, I found myself revisiting blog-sites riddled in murky gloom – Flesh Pit National Park, the Backrooms, and the SCP Foundation (to name a few). I gravitated to humor a reality both close to and divergent from my own. I felt adrenaline in the thought of a hike inside a massive creature's skin, a glitch out of reality, or an encounter with a fucked-up government experiment.

These projects were organized through crowd sourced material – moving parts that both develop and absorb its DIY entertainment. I desire a similar relationship with my work and audience. Its concept is left open-ended to ingest the concepts that build off the viewer. Their statements are collaborative. Their world-building is community dependent. It is hard to decipher the owner from the intern.



Window From a Death Dream, 2020. Reupholstered molding, house paint, and matte cloth.

When content can develop at the hands of its audience, there's a synergy that welcomes conversation, conspiracy, and curiosity. I am interested in creating forms that allude to a scene, an experience, and overall, a world ready to be mended by its viewer.



Creature From a Death Dream, 2020. Felt, yarn, and fiber fill.

Borrowing from dreams of monsters that act as guides to an afterlife, *Window from a Death Dream* and *Creature from a Death Dream* color the gallery space in a feverish hallucination. Audience members are invited to immerse themselves in a newfound environment; a reality that is similar yet skewed by its logic. I am not controlling an audience member's experience. I am simply modifying a landscape that triggers personal connotations of color, tactility, and form.

Monsters have followed me all my life. It was not a random obsession that accrued in my teens. The more I investigated these monsters and the worlds that they lived in, the more I found my mind wandering to the less noticeable and more innocent forms monstrosities can take. I grew up watching shows like Teletubbies and Peewee's Playhouse, stage sets full of logical shifts and altering forms that felt both familiar and divergent from our own world.

Perplexed by the parallel between children's TV shows and speculative fiction horror, I questioned how these similar media are seen so objectively different. Is it the soft palette and inviting textures found within Elmo's kind eyes that transforms him from "threat" to "friend"? What happens when you incorporate craft into the creation of horror?

I think of Trenton Doyle Hancock's exhibition *Mind of the Mound: Critical Mass* at Mass MoCA in 2019. Stepping into

the concrete floored and brick walled space, I was shocked to find myself transported onto a life-sized Candyland board. Following the colorful boardwalk in *Mind of the Mound*, a wrong turn can lead you face to face with a haunting vision. Adolescence is simply a correspondence to the trauma of the inner child.



Trenton Doyle Hancock. *Mound #1, The Color Crop Experience*, 2019. Metal, custom rug, fiberglass.

"The Mound is a site where the accumulation and classification of artworks exist alongside [Hancock's] toy collecting, comic books, superheroes, Garbage Pail Kids, and childhood drawings. Mounds proliferate through culture, functioning as a rhizomatic network — living structures connected via an underground root system — turning them into one being. The Mounds are the Tower of Babel, a beehive, and even the mashed potato tower from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977), but are all interconnected. Hancock seamlessly blends culture and memory, not just for himself, but in order to release his mythology into the world where it gains yet additional layers and complexity.

Leaving no surface untouched, Hancock [invites] visitors to step inside giant Mound sculptures, whose interiors will be kaleidoscopic installations: part toy fair, part museum, and part theme park, all run to wild proliferation."

– *Mind of the Mound: Critical Mass*

Mass MoCA, press release.

My interest in monsters, whether grotesque or friendly, comes from a place of exclusion. Built up trauma of violence towards feminine BIPOC bodies has left me regurgitating its content with adolescent hands. At the end of the day, I'm incredibly nostalgic. I find comfort in wrapping myself in soft fabrics. Warm pastels and primary building blocks calm the interior mind. Reading on othering creatures in fictional space caters a moment of belonging.

I ask again: What happens when you incorporate craft into the creation of horror?

In the summer of 2021, I witnessed a death for the first time. A body propelled by steel splatters on the ground. Nearby screams, vocal cords searing into hot pavement of an intersection. I feel my heart in my throat. All that I can focus on is a bicyclist sitting on the yellow line.

It's true that when you watch someone die it all happens in slow motion. And it's true that your brain will erase what it can from this traumatic scene.

died when I was maybe five. Many of my first memories surround her decaying body; waking up to her fur dripping in her own feces, her back legs supported by a shitty doggy wheelchair. Perhaps it was the screaming that kept ringing in my ears from the accident that left me in a

perpetual loop of remembering my dog. I, too, wailed a painful scream as she sat in the back of our rusty Windstar minivan. Gripping long black fur, swallowing what was left of her, leaving my tears in her skin to guide her to the crematory.

A ***** *Named Trouble* was a monstrous manifestation of themes surrounding death. Directly tied to personal narrative, abstractly this sculpture is a form that provokes decay and defeat. The audience is left to encounter this sickly creature in a precarious posture. A horrific site articulated with the soft gestures of craft. A tender monster that is limping off its last leg.

What happens when you incorporate craft into the creation of horror?

In this case it's a result of empathy.



5.14.21, 2021. Ballpoint pen on notepad paper.



5.17.21, 2021. Ballpoint pen on notepad paper.



A ***** *Named Trouble*, 2022. Astroturf, party hat, medical equipment, cigarette butt, faux fur, fiber fill.

V. Magic and Immersion

As we speak of nostalgia, I think of my visits to Disney-world. Reflecting back now, I am fascinated by this multi-acre theatre set catered for children. Engineering, set design, prop building, and performance collide together to articulate an immersive environment for its audience. I consider this location my first true exposure to immersive installation art. There's a peculiar feeling when walking into a space that transports us out of reality. We lose track of time. We forget our responsibilities. We are fully immersed in the colorful hypnosis.



Alex Da Corte, *Free Roses*, 2016.
Installation view at Mass MoCA.

In 2016, that familiar feeling came back to me as I visited Alex Da Corte's exhibition *Free Roses* at Mass MoCA. Moving around the space I felt transported into a surreal environment, encountering scenes where the domestic meets pop culture. My eyes adjust to the neon lights. Lemon fumes paint the gallery in a tangy scent. The fur of a kinetic husky pulls my hand in for a tactile touch. It barks as it loops in a continuous tracked circle. All my senses are being activated as the space pulls me in to fully let go of reality.

For me, domestic and pop culture exist on the same plane. The domestic reflects a space of the home; somewhere familiar, feminine, and desired. Pop culture enacts the same modes, but rather in a space of the political, social,



Stubborn Comfort, 2020. Silk, upholstery fabric, bishops chess piece, wood, fiber fill.

and entertainment of a larger collective. Both reflect what we do and what we appreciate in times of rest. They are defined by what we view as important in moments of isolated joy and pleasure. Alex Da Corte mends these two themes flawlessly, appreciative of the invisible labor of both worlds, conscious of the dialogue both share in conjunction with our social lives. It is no wonder at *Free Roses* I felt like I was walking through a surreal suburban landscape, only to be cornered by a Looney Tunes outro circle at the end of the block.

When we encounter an immersive environment, we are left to question what role we play in the scene. The question and the journey though are maybe the best parts of the experience. Getting to this level of inquiry leads us to want to sit and absorb what surrounds us. Immersion serves as a tool to heighten viewer experience by transforming their surrounding environment. Instead of viewing a sculpture, the sculpture becomes a prop in a setting. Following along, the audience is then transformed into the cast and crew.

I find my work most powerful when it creates a relationship to its audience outside of viewership. Works transcend past physical truth when in reference to functionality. An object that functions as a chair becomes furniture. A wall work that is reflective doubles as a mirror. A sculpture with anatomical references transforms into a living being.

Offering depicts two white gloves emerging from a white wall, silently peeling grapes for its viewer. Abstracting its whiteness to relay it back to that of a gallery wall, I build the narrative that the physical wall in the space becomes the laborer. An unacknowledged creature presenting this minor, yet undoubtedly laborious task as an offering serves as a reflection of invisible affection through food – an act practiced by my own mother and many other immigrant mothers who are embedded in a non-American culture. The projection is more than just a tool presenting a video work. The projection connects the video to that of the surrounding environment.



Offering, 2021. Video projection. Installation view at Laverne Kraus Gallery, Eugene, OR.



Tentacle Mirror, 2022. Mirror, infant blanket, fiber fill. Reflection capturing *A ***** Named Trouble*, 2022.

Immersion allows us to articulate moments of magic for the viewer. Projection onto sculptures in physical planes brings movement to an inanimate form. Illusion and holograms become relevant in format.



Video stills from *Offering*, 2021.

VI. How Do the Visible Hide?

It is October 2023, and my car gets broken into. Living out of suitcases during unpredictable events has left all my favorite belongings exposed and promptly ripped away from me. Along with the stolen collection was a package meant for a friend – return address and polaroid photo in tow. Ironically, I will get all these belongings returned to my doorstep over the course of two weeks. Do thieves have remorse? Unsurprisingly not. I never got back my dirty underwear or polaroid picture.

How Do the Visible Hide? explores the experience of being watched and followed as a person who cannot blend into

a homogenous environment due to their physical body - their marginalized body. This watching is slow as paranoia builds. Although timid, it's violent. Your threat is anonymous as you walk around with a target on your back.

This thesis is a culmination of all the aforementioned themes in this report; marginalized bodies displaced in predominantly white spaces, adolescence as a trauma response, monsters and world building, the camp and queer in reference to internet culture. Within this, the work executes all formal inquiries as sculpture and video projection collide to enact an immersive experience for its audience.



How Do the Visible Hide?, 2023. Audio and video projection, repurposed molding, door, reupholstered bench, house paint.

Upon arrival, *How Do the Visible Hide?* showcases domestic sculptures in reference to a window, door, table, and upholstered bench. The function of a door and window, when abstracted, are seen as pathways or portals between spaces. They are physical objects that are always in two places at once. It is the same here, as the door and window act as portals between the viewer's reality and the reality happening within the video projection. The table and bench are then solely part of our physical plane, never making an appearance in the video work. They sit furthest from the projected wall, allowing the door and window to be a transitional space from the museum space to the invented world before us. The sculptures overall create an interior, domestic environment. This interior space acts as a mirror for the architecture of the interior mind.

Yellow Kid returns as the protagonist of this performance video piece. Returning as a racial avatar to interact with an ambiguous living being who looms outside her window, Yellow Kid functions as a symbol for BIPOC bodies in homogenous spaces, her appearance and performance of adolescence counteracting the trauma that ensues. This time she is multiplied and interactive with herself. As the sculptures nod to an interior space that mirrors the inner psyche, two Yellow Kids in conversation double as an inward conversation with oneself. In moments of distraught we often find most comfort within ourselves.



How Do the Visible Hide?, 2023. Audio and video projection, repurposed molding, door, reupholstered bench, house paint.
Installed at Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, Eugene, OR.

Our antagonist is then the distorted red creature outside the windowpanes, appearing only in brief moments throughout the seventeen-and-a-half-minute duration. The monster is left ambiguous to embody the anonymity of the



How Do the Visible Hide?, 2023. Audio and video projection, repurposed molding, door, reupholstered bench, house paint.

threat, as they are much more able to blend into a space where a marginalized person cannot. It only emerges into the interior space through the window with small punches, allowing a moment for the Yellow Kid to fight back in self-defense.

The work overall is coded in primary colors; the Yellow Kids are a bright yellow, the monster is a red, and all inanimate objects, both sculpted and projected, are a neutral blue. The primary color nods back to the inner child. As the work portrays the architecture of the interior mind, specifically within a traumatic scenario, the inner child is actively being used as a tool to cope with such events.

The colors themselves have dual meaning. Yellow Kid, as mentioned before, carries a strong yellow in her costume and skin as a method of reclaiming stereotyped hatred, finding empowerment within the color. The monster is a furry red specific to childhood television show characters such as Elmo, while adopting red's common association with antagonists. The blue then acts as a neutral space between red and yellow; as it is darker in tone from the other two colors, it acts as a stage for the two main characters to shine. Carrying the same blue across all inanimate objects acts as an additional visual connection between the physical world and the projected world.

Audio envelops the work, ranging from meditative ambient

music to sampled internet memes. The juxtaposition of the audio allows us to reflect on the serious themes in a light-hearted tone. Humor and poking fun at oneself are common ways to cope with difficult times. The audio is a portrayal of ways we attempt to make serious conversations more inviting and accessible.

The audio is ultimately carried by a swelling meditative melody used for breathwork. It accompanies any of the Yellow Kids' actions that are incorporated with routine. Routine is a form of repetition, in which repetition corresponds to meditative practices. This audio acts as a tool to connect these associations together.

An introduction of a threat is a disruption of routine. Every occurrence of the red monster is accompanied by static distortion. When hit by the defending Yellow Kid, it lets out a boisterous "Oof!" sampled from the original 2009 Minecraft soundboard, a sound often found in contemporary internet memes. Adapting the sound to this character adds humor while tying this creature back to internet culture's speculative fiction monsters.

The Yellow Kids mumble small hums or gasps, auditive reactions to their surroundings, inspired by the noise nonverbal characters make in children's shows, such as Blue's Clues or Teletubbies. They also emit strong diegetic sounds, whether through footsteps, turning pages, creak-

ing chairs, or bouncing balls. This enhancement in the audio adds an unexpected notion for the viewer, ultimately bringing their attention to the bodies of the Yellow Kids and their choreography in the performance.



How Do the Visible Hide?, 2023. Audio and video projection, repurposed molding, door, reupholstered bench, house paint.

How Do the Visible Hide? ties together all practices explored in the past three years by connecting my two main media, sculpture and video, into the same immersive experience. Even making direct callbacks to works such as *Window from a Death Dream (2020)* and *Yellow Kid (Containment) (2021)*, my thesis responds to prior work and expands on it by deepening core concepts.

My research development focused heavily on trauma responses, specifically bodily responses, which had me turn to psychology texts, such as *The Body Keeps the Score* by Bessel van der Kolk M.D.. Thinking of how our bodies hold trauma, whether stored, highlighted, or incinerated, gave me a path to connect traumatic experiences to bodily experiences, whether these experiences manifest in physical or psychological formats.

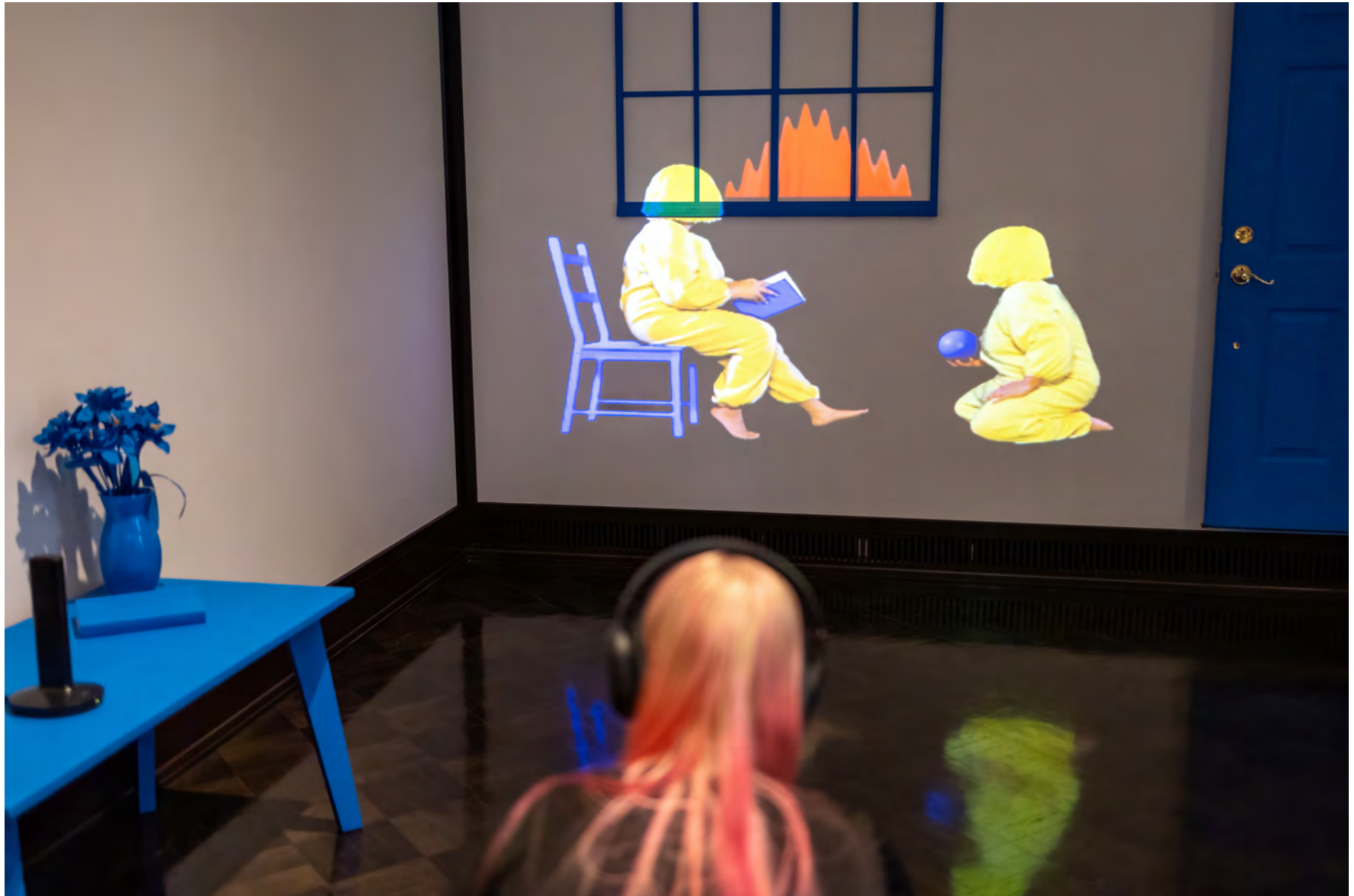
And with this, I return to the ambiguous body. An ambiguous, marginalized body carries trauma differently. My research in how marginalized Americans function, specifically Asian Americans, allowed me to highlight the trauma that is caused by bodies, rather than just how our bodies respond to this trauma. It aids in bringing these conversations to a social space, rather than an independent one. While trauma is seen as independent experiences, trauma's power can be seen multiplied and inherently common.



Yellow Kid (Containment), 2021 in *Yellow Kid* solo exhibition.
Installed at Washburne Gallery, Eugene, OR.



A ***** *Named Trouble*, 2022, and *Tentacle Mirror*, 2022 in *My God, You Are So Ugly!!* group exhibition.
Installed at Lavern Kraus Gallery, Eugene, OR.



How Do the Visible Hide?, 2023 in *MFA Thesis* group exhibition.
Installed at Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, Eugene, OR.

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