

THE OPPOSITE
OF LONELINESS



AN EXPERIMENT
IN INSTITUTIONAL
AMNESIA

Name: _____

No. 1/10

THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS
AN EXPERIMENT IN INSTITUTIONAL AMNESIA

Written and designed by
Gabby Uy, Yale College '25,
with help from friends and
total strangers. 2023.

Gabby Uy '25

RULES

1. Do no harm.
2. Do not ask for permission.
3. Do not ask for permission except for permission from Pierson College, the best college, without whose generous support this project would not have been possible. Please don't take away my CPA grant.

ABOUT THIS PROJECT

The worst thing about going to Yale is that one day you won't anymore. One day in May I'm going to wake up and lose swipe access to the opposite of loneliness itself, and all I will have to show for the happiest years of my life so far will be a sad piece of paper and a sadder piece of plastic with an embarrassing photo from high school.

This project is my attempt to cope with my premature grief at leaving this place. From picnic blankets out on Cross Campus to the walk of shame back home from Bass, I created posters that seek to memorialize shared experiences deeply specific to Yale College — the good, the bad, the infuriating, the spiritually awakening, the heart-wrenchingly, acutely cringeworthy and above all the opposite of lonely. Yale has monuments to soldiers and slaveowners and Benjamin Franklin but no monuments to the opposite of loneliness; to the best thing about life at this (deeply flawed) institution, and what I hope to take with me when Yale eventually kicks me out.

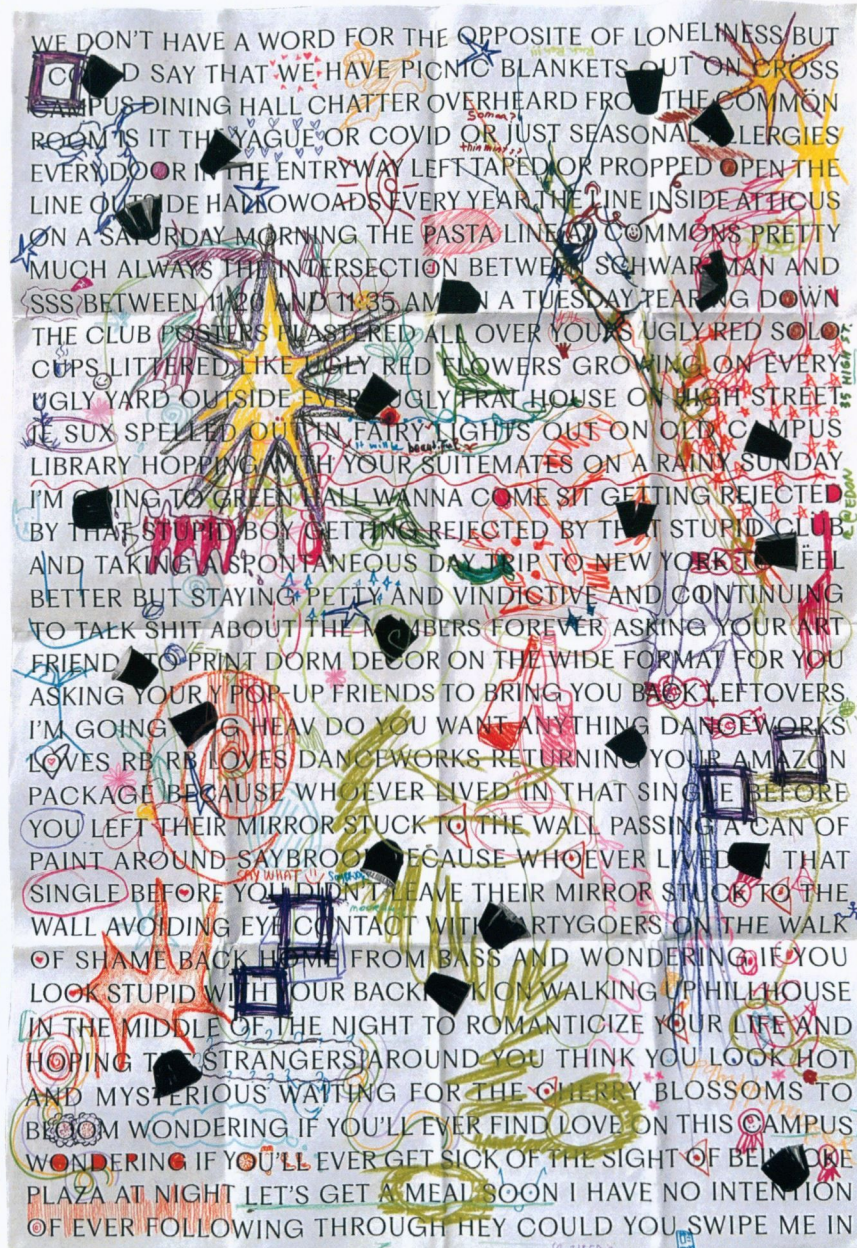
I also created these posters for class, and more importantly for my classmates. It was important to me to take my posters beyond crit and actually share them with other Yale students, who inspired this project and the essay it was based on. My posters invite you to come and draw anything (yes, anything) on the walls of this campus, without anyone's permission. To leave your mark, if only for a

little while, on an institution physically and systemically designed to forget you.

This experiment didn't last very long. Despite my best efforts to track them down and keep them up, many of my posters didn't last more than a day. Some were simply thrown in the trash. To no one's surprise, Yale is very, very protective of its walls — even when what one puts on the wall is something of a love letter to Yale itself, when freshmen write *we'll be okay* and seniors write *I love you* and when distant acquaintances reach out on Instagram to tell me that they read one of my posters in its entirety and felt a sense of connection or comfort somehow. But maybe that's exactly the point: our college years are ours and only ours, and they are so cruelly and beautifully short. Maybe that's what makes them so special.

This experience was, among other things: a semi-public art project, a social experiment, an act of civil disobedience, an act of self-care, an expression of grief, an exercise in futility and the materialization of my childish and irrational urge to scribble my name all over the walls of this campus in crayon. All I have left of it is the handful of posters that I managed to salvage, this imperfect and intensely redacted record of my (failed) battle with the Yale bureaucracy, and half a pack of red solo cups.

We don't have a word for the opposite of loneliness. At least we have this book.



WE DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS BUT
COULD SAY THAT WE HAVE PICNIC BLANKETS OUT ON CROSS
CAMPUS DINING HALL CHATTER OVERHEARD FROM THE COMMON
ROOMS IT THE YAGUE OR COVID OR JUST SEASONAL ALLERGIES
EVERY DOOR IN THE ENTRYWAY LEFT TAPED OR PROPPED OPEN THE
LINE OUTSIDE HAWKWOODS EVERY YEAR THE LINE INSIDE ATTICUS
ON A SATURDAY MORNING THE PASTA LINE AT COMMONS PRETTY
MUCH ALWAYS THE INTERSECTION BETWEEN SCHWARZMAN AND
SSS BETWEEN 11:20 AND 11:35 AM ON A TUESDAY TEARING DOWN
THE CLUB POSTERS MASTERED ALL OVER YOURS UGLY RED SOLO
CUPS LITTERED LIKE UGLY RED FLOWERS GROWING ON EVERY
UGLY YARD OUTSIDE EVERY UGLY FRAT HOUSE ON HIGH STREET
THE SUX SPELLED OUT IN FAIRY LIGHTS OUT ON OLD CAMPUS
LIBRARY HOPPING WITH YOUR SUITEMATES ON A RAINY SUNDAY
I'M GOING TO GREEN HALL WANNA COME SIT GETTING REJECTED
BY THAT STUPID BOY GETTING REJECTED BY THAT STUPID CLUB
AND TAKING A SPONTANEOUS DAY TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY FEEL
BETTER BUT STAYING PETTY AND VINDICTIVE AND CONTINUING
TO TALK SHIT ABOUT THE MEMBERS FOREVER ASKING YOUR ART
FRIEND TO PRINT DORM DECOR ON THE WIDE FORMAT FOR YOU
ASKING YOUR POP-UP FRIENDS TO BRING YOU BACK LEFTOVERS
I'M GOING TO GO HEAVY DO YOU WANT ANYTHING DANCEWORKS
LOVES RE RE LOVES DANCEWORKS RETURNING YOUR AMAZON
PACKAGE BECAUSE WHOEVER LIVED IN THAT SINGLE BEFORE
YOU LEFT THEIR MIRROR STUCK TO THE WALL PASSING A CAN OF
PAINT AROUND SAYBROOK BECAUSE WHOEVER LIVED IN THAT
SINGLE BEFORE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE THEIR MIRROR STUCK TO THE
WALL AVOIDING EYE CONTACT WITH PARTYGOERS ON THE WALK
OF SHAME BACK HOME FROM BASS AND WONDERING IF YOU
LOOK STUPID WITH YOUR BACK TO K ON WALKING UP HILLHOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO ROMANTICIZE YOUR LIFE AND
HOPING TO BE STRANGERS AROUND YOU THINK YOU LOOK HOT
AND MYSTERIOUS WAITING FOR THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS TO
BLOOM WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER FIND LOVE ON THIS CAMPUS
WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER GET SICK OF THE SIGHT OF BELLORE
PLAZA AT NIGHT LET'S GET A MEAL SOON I HAVE NO INTENTION
OF EVER FOLLOWING THROUGH HEY COULD YOU SWIPE ME IN

KEEGAN: The Opposite of Loneliness

MARINA KEEGAN '12
NEWS EDITOR



The piece below was written by Marina Keegan '12 for a special edition of the News distributed at the class of 2012's commencement exercises last week. Keegan died in a car accident on Saturday. She was 22.

We don't have a word for the opposite of loneliness, but if we did, I could say that's what I want in life. What I'm grateful and thankful to have

found at Yale, and what I'm scared of losing when we wake up tomorrow and leave this place.

It's not quite love and it's not quite community; it's just this feeling that there are people, an abundance of people, who are in this together. Who are on your team. When the check is paid and you stay at the table. When it's four a.m. and no one goes to bed. That night with the guitar. That night we can't remember. That time we did, we went, we saw, we laughed, we felt. The hats.

Yale is full of tiny circles we pull around ourselves. A cappella groups, sports teams, houses, societies, clubs. These tiny groups that make us feel loved and safe and part of something even on our loneliest nights when we stumble home to our computers — partner-less, tired, awake. We won't have those next year. We won't live on the same block as all our friends. We won't have a bunch of group-texts.

This scares me. More than finding the right job or city or spouse — I'm scared of losing this web we're in. This elusive, indefinable, opposite of loneliness. This feeling I feel right now.

But let us get one thing straight: the best years of our lives are not behind us. They're part of us and they are set for repetition as we grow up and move to New York and away from New York and wish we did or didn't live in New York. I plan on having parties when I'm 30. I plan on having fun when I'm old. Any notion of THE BEST years comes from clichéd "should haves..." "if I'd..." "wish I'd..."

Of course, there are things we wished we did: our readings, that boy across the hall. We're our own hardest critics and it's easy to let ourselves down. Sleeping too late. Procrastinating. Cutting corners. More than once I've looked back on my High School self and thought: how did I do that? How did I work so hard? Our private insecurities follow us and will always follow us.

But the thing is, we're all like that. Nobody wakes up when they want to. Nobody did all of their reading (except maybe the crazy people who win the prizes...) We have these impossibly high standards and we'll probably

never live up to our perfect fantasies of our future selves. But I feel like that's okay.

We're so young. We're so young. We're twenty-two years old. We have so much time. There's this sentiment I sometimes sense, creeping in our collective conscious as we lay alone after a party, or pack up our books when we give in and go out — that it is somehow too late. That others are somehow ahead. More accomplished, more specialized. More on the path to somehow saving the world, somehow creating or inventing or improving. That it's too late now to BEGIN a beginning and we must settle for continuance, for commencement.

When we came to Yale, there was this sense of possibility. This immense and indefinable potential energy — and it's easy to feel like that's slipped away. We never had to choose and suddenly we've had to. Some of us have focused ourselves. Some of us know exactly what we want and are on the path to get it; already going to med school, working at the perfect NGO, doing research. To you I say both congratulations and you suck.

For most of us, however, we're somewhat lost in this sea of liberal arts. Not quite sure what road we're on and whether we should have taken it. If only I had majored in biology...if only I'd gotten involved in journalism as a freshman...if only I'd thought to apply for this or for that...

What we have to remember is that we can still do anything. We can change our minds. We can start over. Get a post-bac or try writing for the first time. The notion that it's too late to do anything is comical. It's hilarious. We're graduating college. We're so young. We can't, we MUST not lose this sense of possibility because in the end, it's all we have.

In the heart of a winter Friday night my freshman year, I was dazed and confused when I got a call from my friends to meet them at EST EST EST. Dazedly and confusedly, I began trudging to SSS, probably the point on campus farthest away. Remarkably, it wasn't until I arrived at the door that I questioned how and why exactly my friends were partying in Yale's administrative building. Of course, they weren't. But it was cold and my ID somehow worked so I went inside SSS to pull out my phone. It was quiet, the old wood creaking and the snow barely visible outside the

stained glass. And I sat down. And I looked up. At this giant room I was in. At this place where thousands of people had sat before me. And alone, at night, in the middle of a New Haven storm, I felt so remarkably, unbelievably safe.

We don't have a word for the opposite of loneliness, but if we did, I'd say that's how I feel at Yale. How I feel right now. Here. With all of you. In love, impressed, humbled, scared. And we don't have to lose that.

We're in this together, 2012. Let's make something happen to this world.

MARINA KEEGAN

MONDAY

HERE IS LITERALLY EVERY
CONVERSATION I HAD TODAY.
I'VE CONDENSED SOME OF THIS
FOR CLARITY AND REDACTED
SOME SENSITIVE INFORMATION,
BUT YOU GET THE PICTURE.

09:47 I call my parents.

10:39 I text Lynn.

Hey Lynn what's the opposite of loneliness

everyone congregating on cross campus on a sunny day unplanned



And just sitting there for hours

no picnic blanket, no speaker, just us on the grass

the beauty of silence amongst the overthinkers at

spontaneity! joy! back to nature.

10:39 I text Po.

Hey Po what's the opposite of loneliness

this is crazy question at 10 am

can I send u a long response after my interview LOLLL

10:41 I text Lucy.

Hey Lucy what's the opposite of loneliness

10:45 I ask the student worker at the Pierson College Office where I can find Tamelia's office. She points me in the right direction.

10:48 I talk to Tamelia about my CPA project and apologize for being a few minutes late. I tell Tamelia about the opposite of loneliness. I don't ask but Tamelia says, fullness. The opposite of loneliness is fullness. She helps me put up one of my posters.

11:37 One of the facilities workers walks by as I'm drawing on my poster and asks me if I'm playing bingo. I say no. She laughs and says, I'm kidding.

11:41 I text Karen back about cheese for something. (For DAY)



11:45 I text the DAY group chat.

EVERYONE BLOW UP KAREN'S INSANE FIGMA GRAPHIC

Gabby's home (she has a studio now)

12:12 I go to Green Hall to print more posters, and I run into literally all of Alice's class, including Evan and Leo and Karela. I talk to Evan about DAY stuff and say hi to Karela and tell Leo to wake up but Leo seems pretty happy to be taking his nap. Samuel asks me about my poster and I tell him the typeface is PP Fragment and I'm printing a bunch of these and they're going up around campus. I say to Alice,

from the J.E. Press.

stop bothering my naps... just kidding :)

I said it was cool, too!!

?? ? ?

Alice you're in my poster point to where and she laughs.

12:30

The TA for Alice's class is trying to print from InDesign but for some reason it isn't working, so I say I've never been able to print from that computer so it might just be the computer. She says I wish you were here sooner, now all my credibility as a TA is gone. I say aw no it's okay. I spread my poster out on the floor to dry. The TA says your tote bag is cool where's it from and I say thanks I got it this summer, and I find out we have a mutual acquaintance. She tells me I should try to do the Norfolk residency and I ask her how she knows our mutual acquaintance and how she ended up doing an MFA at Yale and do you know what comes after this? She says remind me your name again? I say I'm Gabby, and you are? Claire. Claire the TA also says something super interesting about how the graphic design atrium used to be very social and there used to be screenings, and I start thinking about my posters again. I tell her about DAY and she offers to help us out. Kai suddenly joins the conversation and tells me that his club is interested in working with our club and he asks for my number. I give him my number. I ask Claire for her number. She gives me her number. #

Emily

☀

≡≡≡

True

I forgot to text you back

I forgot to text you back

THIS POSTER IS LONELY PLEASE COME DRAW
WE DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS BUT I COULD SAY THAT WE HAVE HOLDING THE FIRST GATE ON YORK STREET OPEN FOR A STRANGER AND THEN AWKWARDLY WAITING TO THE SECOND TOGETHER THAT ONE KID WITH BLEACHED HAIR WHO ALWAYS EATS AT THE SAME TIME AS YOU DOING YOUR READINGS IN THE DINING HALL BETWEEN BREAKFAST AND LUNCH HAVE A NICE DAY SWEETIE I'LL SEE YOU AT DINNER MOTION TO RENAME PIERSON LIBRARY TO P I L I LIKE RUSH P I YOU GUYS THE FREE SUSHI LINE AT THE BUTTERY THE LORE ABOUT THE WEIRD SMELL IN THE COMMON ROOM WHY DOES EVERY COUPLE BREAK UP ON OUR BENCHES SITTING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW ABOVE ENTRYWAY D LIKE A MANIC PIXIE DREAM GIRL SQUINTING INTO THE WINDOW ABOVE ENTRYWAY K TO CHECK IF YOUR PERSON IS HOME YET BEING ABLE TO HEAR THE GATE OPEN AND SHUT AT NIGHT AND PASS NOTES TO THE LEITNER HOUSE FROM YOUR GROUND FLOOR SINCE IS IT RUDE TO SHOW UP JUST FOR FREE? CAN BRINGING SUICIDERS BACK TO THE SUITE DOING YOUR READINGS ON ONE OF THE LAWN CHAIRS SO YOUR CUTE OUTFIT CAN BE PERCEIVED AS THE ONE ASSHOLE WHO TAKES YOUR LAUNDRY OUT OF THE DRYER THE ONE ASSHOLE WHO TAKES YOUR LAUNDRY OUT OF THE DRYER BUT LEAVES IT IN ONE OF THE LITTLE BINS WITH A HANDWRITTEN NOTE AND IS PROBABLY REALLY VERY NICE ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW THEM LOVING YOUR FRESHMAN YEAR SUITE BECAUSE OF THE SHARED TRAUMA OF L DUB HATING YOUR FRESHMAN YEAR SUITE BECAUSE OF THE SHARED TRAUMA OF L DUB BRAGGING ABOUT HOW YOUR FRESHMAN YEAR SUITE WAS IN DURFEE NOT L DUB MISS UNCLE FRANK I MISS BREAKFAST FOR DINNER TAKING PICS OF PIERSON TOWER AT SUNSET WONDERING IF ANY OF THIS WILL EVER GET OLD RUNNING THROUGH THE SPRINKLERS AT ONE IN THE MORNING WHILE COMPLETELY STONE COLD SOBER FORCING YOUR FRIEND TO COME HERE FOR BRUNCH BECAUSE THE LIGHT IN THE DINING HALL IS THE BEST HANGOVER CURE AND ANYWAY YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO EAT ANYWHERE ELSE SLEEPING SOUNDLY BECAUSE SOME OF YOUR WORST PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE ARE JUST A WALL OR A CEILING OR COURTYARD AWAY P IS FOR THE P IN PIERSON COLLEGE MOST OF MY FRIENDS ARE IN BERKELEY BUT HEY AT LEAST NONE OF US WILL EVER GET ANNEXED HEY COULD YOU SWIPE ME IN

12:40 Lucy responds to my text.

Belonging?

Connectedness

12:41 Evan texts me back.

YA I WANNA MEET THE MFAS

and like who doesn't want to
show what they're working on



why do i keep on seeing this guy
in the art building who from
behind has the exact same hair
as kevin



ok well I just got your TA's
number

it makes me feel like 2022 🐼🐼

she says she would be down to
hang out with us and

claire ? she cool she makes
books

yes!!

no she's so cool

oh damn u r on your game

1 Reply

she also knows wtf

she does omg

I just wanna be friends w them

but yeah she was saying

it's super quiet

rily why

the glass prison that is the atrium

gilded cage that is the atrium

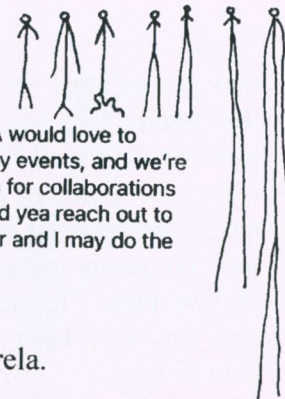
frrrr

12:42 Aditya texts me about a club meeting.

omg hi - Aditya

12:58 Kai texts me.

This is Kai



And yea YVA would love to advertise Day events, and we're always down for collaborations and stuff, and yea reach out to me whenever and I may do the same to u

13:16 I text Karela.

Your TA Claire is so cool I just wanna be friends w her 🥰

13:34 I run into Alice (again) at Hull's. She doesn't ask but I explain why I'm buying such a random assortment of art materials. I say Claire is so cool I just want to be friends with her. She laughs. We talk about DAY and why the undergrads don't have swipe access to the atrium anymore.

13:45 Karen texts me back about the cheese.

13:45 The cashier at Hull's checks me out. He says do you have a Hull's card and I say yes it's under Gabby or Gabrielle last name is spelled U-Y. He doesn't ask but I explain why I'm buying such a random assortment of art materials. He says oh I see I was trying to work it out. I say, what did you think? And he says this must be some crazy mixed media piece or maybe she just ran out of everything. There's a

13:47 I text Steph.



INSTALLATION DAY



yummy!
😊

AAAAAAAAAAAA

i'm ur biggest fan

14:03 Hasabie walks in and says hi to me as I'm putting my posters up around the art school. It takes me a second to recognize her.

14:22 Two MFA students smile and wave at me as I'm walking away from my poster. They seem nice so I say please draw on my poster!

14:25 Luciano waves hello at me while I'm walking into the suite to grab my backpack.

WE DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS BUT I COULD SAY THAT WE HAVE PROPPING THE DOOR OPEN WITH A TRASH CAN HAND WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS TAPED TO THE PRINTER THE PILE OF FREE STUFF ON THE TABLE BY THE STAIRWELL THE PILE OF SCRAP PAPER IN THE PRINT ANNEX THE PILE OF SCRAP PAPER IN THE PRINT SHOP PRINTING L'ERM DECOR ON THE WIDE FORMAT WHO THE FUCK BROKE THE FUCKING WIDE FORMAT AGAIN WHY IS THERE NEVER ANY SPACE ON ANY OF THE DRYING RACKS STALKING YOUR TA ON INSTAGRAM WISHING YOU LOOKED THAT COOL AND EDGY SHOWING YOUR PAINTING AND PRINTMAKING FRIENDS HOW TO USE INDESIGN PRAYING NO ONE WILL STEAL THE TOTE BAG OF FABRIC MARKERS YOU KEEP STASHED BEHIND A DRAWER POLITELY IGNORING THE TOTE BAG OF FABRIC MARKERS YOU FIND STASHED BEHIND A DRAWER YOU'RE DOING GREAT SWEETIE SCREEN PRINTED ON A PIECE OF SCRAP PLASTIC PREMARITAL ON A SIGN ON A WALL IN THE PRINT SHOP PREMARITAL WHAT IS PREMARITAL THAT ONE RANDOM ARCHITECTURE MAJOR IN ALL YOUR DESIGN CLASSES DO EITHER OF YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND WOOD SPECIFICALLY TWO LONG PIECES OR TWO LONG POLES I NEED AN EXTRA SET OF HANDS FOR A PROJECT INVOLVING A SCANNER IS THAT THE HELVETICA ASSIGNMENT I SEE IT'S 4AM DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BACKUP IS THE NICE MFA STUDENTS WHO LET YOU INTO THE ATRIUM THE NICE MFA STUDENTS WHO LET YOU INTO THE GREEN HALL ELEVATOR AFTERPARTY DOES ANYBODY ACTUALLY KNOW WHY THE BUTTONS ARE SO BIG ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO MEET UP FOR COFFEE ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO SOLVE YOUR LIFE PROBLEMS ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO SINGLE-HANDEDLY FIX THE GAP BETWEEN DESIGN EDUCATION AND PRACTICE AND ALSO FINALLY BRING A WORLD PEACE AND ALSO GIVE YOU FEEDBACK ON YOUR PROJECT WHILE THEY'RE AT IT WE CAN CHAT AGAIN ANYTIME WHENEVER YOU'D LIKE WONDERING IF THE OTHER KIDS ON THIS CAMPUS THINK YOU'RE EDGY AND COOL WONDERING WHEN THEY'LL FIGURE OUT THAT YOU'RE NOT AND THAT YOU'VE NEVER HAD AN ORIGINAL IDEA IN YOUR LIFE WONDERING IF YOU'LL REGRET SPENDING MOST YOUR TWENTIES SITTING ALONE AT A COMPUTER IN A WINDOWLESS ROOM AND IF YOU SHOULD JUST GIVE UP AND GO HOME AND GO OUT HEY COULD YOU SWIPE ME IN

14:32

I spot Alexandra's green pants while she's in line at the Asian station at Commons. I say hi and she asks how my day's been going, I say pretty good I've just been putting up these posters what about you? She says she's just studying. I say we should get a meal or nice coffee this weekend.

two defining aspects of my identity
wait SNAP that's def Alexandra

♡

♡

♡

we did it fact (Hh...!)

14:32

I find a seat in Commons across from Catherine. She waves hello at me and I wave hello back, but she has her headphones in and is clearly busy on her laptop so I know not to bother her. I eat across from her in silence.

14:53

I text Karen back about the cheese.

15:00

I run into Felice downstairs as I'm putting up my poster. I say does it look weird in this corner here and she says yeah I know what you mean. Lynn and Alexandra are studying downstairs and Alexandra is busy studying but Lynn comes over and says hi and we talk about does my poster look weird in this corner here and she says my friend took a picture of one of your posters and wow I didn't know the words are all different! I say yeah they're all site specific. She says how did the DAY faculty pitch go I just met these two Sig Chi brothers and it would be great to have some CCEs in Sig Chi. Lynn says omg

omg sorry! I love you though



♡+A Friends since 2014
Lynn & Lynn Extra

EVERY SATURDAY 9 AM 2 COFFEES 1 PASTRY
INFINITE GREAT VIBES ☺

this is what happens when we miss an Atticus brunch there are so many updates I miss out on so much. I say to Lynn and Alexandra never mind I'm gonna go put this poster up in Beinecke Plaza and Alexandra says send pics! Or I guess we'll see them around? I say yeah you'll see them around!

15:07 Sage texts me.

GABBY i am the worst but i have to reschedule our coffee — i just found out about a huge writing assignment that's due and i have to start it or else i'm done for ☹☹

can we do wednesday?

15:32 A tourist walks up to me and asks me what I'm doing as I put up my poster. I explain that this is a public art project and she says are you an artist and I say no I'm an undergrad but I have money from Yale to be doing this. She asks if these are my words and I say yes they are except this here is the first line of the essay and the rest of it is just me riffing off that. She says this is great she was just in a lonely relationship lately but a better word for lonely is bored. For some reason that sticks with me. I ask her to draw on my poster. She says thank you for the experience. !! AWW

15:49 I run into Edwin at Koffee! We talk about [REDACTED]

15:51 I text Sage back.

ahhhh no worries at all sage!!
Wednesday is crazy for me but
some other day? 🌸 maybe this
weekend?

Friday?

16:20 Andres comes over and says hey Gabby as I'm putting up my poster and I say hey Andres please draw on my poster. He asks if I run DAY, and I say yes I do please draw on my poster. We complain about [REDACTED] and he offers to help me out with DAY and I say thank you so much that's so nice of you. Andres sees some kid staring and says to the kid you should draw on her poster.

16:45 Another student at Hull's says would you like to go ahead of me? I saw you were waiting in line on the other side. I say yeah thanks, I wasn't sure if the line was on this side or the other side.

16:46 The cashier at Hull's checks me out — this time it's the new guy. He says do you

have a Hull's card and I say yes it's under Gabby or Gabrielle last name is spelled U-Y. He swipes my crayons one by one and to fill the awkward silence I say I'm back for more random art supplies believe it or not I'm all out and he says oh now it's all coming back. He says I'm still trying to learn about the store, what's the deal with these crayons? I tell him they're great and explain that they're water soluble and really smooth. He says good luck as I leave.



1144 Chapel Street
New Haven Connecticut, 06511-4805
United States
2038654665

Sales Receipt
10/09/2023 4:46 pm

Receipt: 22000188165
Customer: GABRIELLE UY
Address:
Email: GABBYUY@YALE.EDU (Primary)

Item	SKU	MSRP	#	Price	
CRAYOLA CRAYONS 24-PACK	24917	\$3.05	1	\$2.44	
COLOR PEN SET/12	8763	\$12.60	1	\$10.08	
NEOCOLOR II SCARLET	18902	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II TURQUOISE BLUE	18922	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II GRASS GREEN	18931	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II MAUIVE	18911	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II ULTRAMARINE	18918	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II PURPLE	18908	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II GOLDEN YELLOW	18881	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
NEOCOLOR II JADE	18930	\$2.25	1	\$1.80	
				Subtotal	\$33.65
				Discounts	-\$6.73
				Tax (526.92 @ 6.35%)	\$1.71
				Total Tax	\$1.71
				Total	\$28.63

PAYMENTS

Debit Card \$28.63

Return Policy: NO RETURNS on Paper, Wood, Board, Portfolios or Easels. All other merchandise must be UNUSED and in ORIGINAL CONDITION at time of return. If no receipt present, or over 30 days from date of purchase, store credit will be issued. Must bring in original credit card used to receive credit refund.

Thank You GABRIELLE UY!



TRANSACTION DETAILS

Sale \$28.63
VISA
Debit/Credit *****3294
(Classic)
Date: 10/09/2023 4:46 pm
Method: contactless_gmv
Auth Code: 104867
AID: A0000000031010
APN: VISA Debit/Credit
Cryptogram: /CB45F28CFCB4095D

17:09 I'm putting up my poster and someone behind me yells, "THERE'S ANOTHER ONE?" I turn around and it's a freshman with her backpack on. I say hi yeah I'm putting them up all over! Would you like to draw on my poster? She says I wanna write something!!! And walks over to my poster. I tell her to tell her friends to draw on my poster.



17:10 A group of freshmen walk out of L dub and look at the girl as she looks at my poster. A boy in the group says hi, they're probably friends. I yell at them from across the courtyard, please draw on my poster and tell all your friends to draw on my poster! One boy says but I don't have a pencil and I say there's a solo cup full of stuff on the floor. He hesitates and then says I have to be somewhere right now but I'll add something later.

17:14 I walk the long way around Cross Campus to check on my poster. Two girls stop in their tracks to stare at my poster, and I yell across the courtyard please draw on my poster! They laugh and one of them says, we will.

17:14 I run into Alika on the way to Schwarzman and she smiles and says, hi Gabby! I say hi Alika please draw on my poster. She says omg those are yours?

I saw one outside the Beinecke! I say yeah there's another on Cross, they're all over! She says is this a project for class or is this just you? I say well this was a project for class but now it's also just me.

17:22 I'm trying to put up my poster but the wind is blowing it away from the wall. A stranger walks up to me all wide-eyed and concerned and says, do you need help? I smile and say oh I'm good, thanks. She leaves. I feel really warm inside.

18:02 I say hi to Miss Mary.

18:05 I text Evan about DAY.

18:06 Andrew walks up to me from across the dining hall and says hi, Alika and I think your outfit is really cool. Like, Gabby's outfits are always cool, but today especially. I smile and I'm embarrassed and I say aww thank you! That's so sweet.

→ LOVE the pink striped especially

18:40 Steph texts me.

coming to studio ✓

YAY

18:41 I text Aditya back about the club meeting.

18:45 Olivia comes in and says hi. We complain about how [REDACTED]

19:14 I ask Steph hey Steph what's the opposite of loneliness and she says well it's kind of like being in this studio. We're suffering but we're suffering together. We talk for ten minutes about the opposite of loneliness, summer, being a senior and graduating, how do grown-ups even make friends? I say tomorrow I'm really seriously going to ask my professor how grown-ups make friends. This is the only conversation I voice record.

A CONVERSATION WITH STEPH ♡ ♡ ♡
341 CROWN, 7:14 PM

Hi Gab! ZLY ♡

GABBY: Steph what's the opposite of loneliness?

STEPH: I told you, it's unlonely!

G: What is that?

S: It's when... it's the same way that there's people in this studio right now. We're all suffering but we're collectively suffering. There's a sense of camaraderie - you're going through it but we're all going through it.

G: I don't know... I guess I just need to figure out what the hell I'm going to do for this project, because I feel like that essay encapsulated the opposite of loneliness so well that adding anything to it feels wrong and weird. What is there to add? And I feel like the deep irony of this is that I'm sitting here alone behind my computer trying to rack my brains for the opposite of loneliness, and it makes more sense just to talk to people.

S: Well I'm talking to you about it now! So we're unlonely!

G: I'm unlonely! ♡

S: I think looking to what you did for the poster is a good way to start - because the poster isn't

just her essay, it's what you wrote or stuff that you've overheard. Which is why I texted you yesterday to say that you should just talk to people and see what they say.

G: That's true. I put up my posters today and I'm planning to collect the responses - maybe I'll write them out and really just for my own sake I want to photograph the posters. I'm currently in the middle of writing down every conversation I had today and obviously I'm trying to be present for these conversations so I'm not writing or recording in the moment - I'm compiling after the fact - and all I've realized is that I've had so many fucking conversations today.

S: Wow!

G: Yeah, I ran into so many people! And I don't think I even perceive that on, like, a daily basis, but now I'm perceiving it.

S: See, that's unlonely.

G: Yeah, that's unlonely. And I feel like we don't even pay attention to it. It's like the air. You breathe it.

S: And I feel like I don't get this in the summer - summer is so peaceful and quiet. And on one hand, [being at Yale] spikes up my social anxiety and I get tired

easily, so I have to be mindful of how I expend my social battery... and yeah, there's a significant amount of like... not even intellectual discourse, we just talk.

G: We just talk. It's the talking, it's the intellectual discourse, it's feeling like people here understand you - but it's also, like, when you walk across the street and see random acquaintances. Not even your friends, just being able to wave to somebody. :D

S: I do an awkward smile. [Steph demonstrates the awkward smile.] I'm a senior, and I feel like I didn't make the most out of my experience here in the past... It's a very recent realization that I need to talk to people.

it's very awkward

G: When did this realization happen?

S: Over the summer. I met somebody who graduated, and it was a combination of, like... I don't know, my shitty mental health, and what happened with Garrett... I kind of realized that you're only going to be here once, so why not make the most of it. While you can, you should foster these connections.

so true

*CARPE
DIEM
BITCHES!*

G: I feel like a lot of people have that switch flip at some point. I was in New York this summer and I had three suitemates who were all my age, and I'd go to work and

QUEENS!

everyone there was a twenty-something or maximum early thirties, and I was always surrounded by people, but it just wasn't quite the same. As here. Here you're constantly surrounded by your friends, everything is constantly competing for your attention... in a stressful way but also in a really good way. And over summer I had so many quiet moments and I had to be okay with being by myself on a Sunday afternoon. But I'm not used to that.

Sitting
w/
yourself
is
so
under-
rated
♡

S: Here, I wish there were two of me.

seeing double?

G: Yeah! And I don't take that for granted anymore. I'm hyper-aware of how rare this is, and it's very scary because I don't want to lose that.

S: It is very scary! September passed so quickly for me. When I'm here during school, I feel like every week here adds to my life in some way in a way that it wouldn't when I'm not at school. Like, I grow significantly in a short span of time. Not even academically, just as a person. *Character development...*

G: There's a sense of progression. And I feel like having semesters helps - because then you get to divide your life into these arbitrary chunks, and you get to pause and reflect in between every year and then you get to level up.

S: Like a video game!

G: There's a way to win! And in life there isn't a way to win, and here you can at least advance four levels.

Markiplier my king...

S: Where's the walkthrough? I watch walkthroughs when I play video games because I get stressed. I need to know the solution... but in life there's no fucking solution! I have no idea what I'm doing!

so
stressed
existential
crisis!!!

G: Ok but my big question is, how do adults make friends?

S: THAT'S WHAT I WORRY ABOUT! Because I feel like after graduation... what do you do? Do you just, like, go to work and talk to your coworkers? I feel like they're just your coworkers, they're not necessarily your friends.

G: You know what? You've given me an idea - after this I'm gonna go find some professors and be like, how do adults make friends?

S: How does Julian make friends?! Like, his wife?!

G: No! That's not the same! I feel like social dynamics shift when you're older and at least at this stage, I feel like it's important to have, like, this big circle or however big you want that to be, but then when I think about the adults in my life... the family is

sort of at the center of everything in a way that it isn't for us, and maybe when I'm thirty or forty or fifty maybe that'll be enough. But now I need to be constantly surrounded by a million people. And I say this as an introvert.

S: You know what stresses me out?

G: What?

S: College is the last time you're going to be almost exclusively surrounded by people your age. Once you get past college, there will be people significantly older than you, or significantly younger... and I guess you're learning from them, but there's no collective, like, we're all in our twenties together and we're all going through it together. There's no, like, we're in our thirties together, or we're in our forties together... I don't know, unless you go to church.

G: Maybe the solution is to ask some adults how adults make friends.

S: Let the existential crisis begin. I have an existential crisis every day, Gabby.

G: Me too, it's bad.

S: Oh well. Less think, more make.

*Applicable to everything
take a leap of faith
♡ ♡ ♡*

19:32 I text Claire.

Hi Claire! This is Gabby — thanks for chatting with me in the atrium today!! You are the coolest :D I'll let you know how Wednesday goes :)

hey gabby! 818?!! are you also from LA? lovely chatting with you!!!

Nope I just have family there! I'm an international student so I'm on my aunt's extra line haha

a very talented hardworking international Filipino student

19:49 I ask Steph hey Steph do you have a kettle and she says no I don't but Flores has a kettle but we don't know where they are. Flores eventually comes around and shows me the janky kettle which isn't theirs and I say, have you cleaned it? And Flores says no and opens it to show me some unidentified black debris and I say never mind I'm good. Flores says it was probably Rosa's.

Flora

19:51 The cashier at JB Deli says that'll be \$4.99. I say thank you.

20:39 I go over to Steph again because I'm bored again and we talk about art. She says she makes art to express how she

*BEST EVER!!
BACON + EGG
CHEESE + AVOC
HOT SAUCE
CHIPOTLE*

feels. I say I make art to change how I feel.

21:02 I get a really nice email from Yeju.

21:09 I get another really nice email from Yeju.

21:19 I text the DAY group chat.

... Yeju has to give me a warning before she ccs the whole faculty so I don't put a 🌸 in the subject line 🌸

it's pink

22:24 Ciara comes in lugging a massive sewing machine and says hi. I ask her about her sewing machine and she tells me about her dolls and we talk about sewing and how we wish we had access to a loom here.

22:45 Ciara comes over and asks me what are you working on? I tell her about Julian's class and my posters and the opposite of loneliness and I'm currently writing down literally every conversation I had today. We talk about movies and Junior Seminar.

22:50 Ciara runs out and says, bye Gabby! Good luck with your... script! Your graphic design script! I say, thank you! Ughhhh.

I HAVE A NUMBER OF CONVERSATIONS AFTER THIS BUT DECIDE TO STOP WRITING THEM DOWN BECAUSE IT'S GETTING PRETTY LATE. BUT THEN I GET A TEXT FROM PO.

ADD
E
WAYO

00:39

Po replies to my text from this morning.

"I used to think loneliness implied the absence of people. My experience of loneliness changed in the past year, when it came to me in the busiest of places and times. I don't remember when it started, but I remember standing in a crowded party once in sophomore fall and a wave of loneliness suddenly breezed past me. I felt myself abandoned by everything around me - the dancing crowd, the red solo cups, even the disco lights bouncing off the walls. For some reason, loneliness felt calming in that moment. I felt insignificant, but in a space where everyone wants to be seen, the desire to be alone was a relief. So I've let myself feeling lonely sometimes, because in the mad rush of college, it can be liberating to not want others to think of you, even for a second"

I relate so much.



OMG

wait let me read this

yasss

Okay lemme get back to linear algebra LOL

wait this is so beautiful

Mariah just said your mom I was so not expecting

thank you I love you 🌸🌸🌸

???

No im like committed to gabby art projects

If gabby has 100 fans I am one of them

There can be 99 haters in a room and all it takes is one me

☹☹☹☹
you are the bestest

IN A WAY, I GUESS THAT'S WHAT THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS IS ABOUT:

HAVING FRIENDS WHO WILL MANUFACTURE AN UNREALISTICALLY BEAUTIFUL AND POETIC RESPONSE TO AN IMPOSSIBLE QUESTION AT 12:39 AM BECAUSE YOU NEED IT FOR YOUR CLASS PROJECT.

you aren't alone!!
WE DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS BUT I COULD SAY THAT WE HAVE PICNIC BLANKETS OUT ON CROSS CAMPUS DINING HALL CHATTER OVERHEARD FROM THE COMMON ROOM IS IT THE YAGI ZR COVID OR 1ST SEASONAL ALLERGIES EVERY DOOR IN THE ENTIRE WAY LEFT TARD OF PROBABLY OPEN THE LINE OUTSIDE HALLWAYS EVERY YEAR THE LINE INSIDE ATTICUS ON A SATURDAY MORNING THE LINE AT A LINE OF COMMONS PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS THE INTERSECTION BETWEEN SCHWARZMAN AND SSS BETWEEN 11:20 AND 11:35 AM ON A TUESDAY TEARING DOWN THE AM POSTERS PLASTERED ALL OVER YOURS UGLY RED SOLO CUPS LITTERED LIKE UGLY RED FLOWERS GROWING ON EVERY UGLY USED OUTSIDE EVERY UGLY FRAT HOUSE ON HIGH STREET JE SUK SPELLED IN FAIRY LIGHTS OUT ON OEDIPUS CAMPUS LIBRARY HOPPING WITH YOUR SUITEMATES ON A RAINY SUNDAY I'M GOING TO GREEN HALL WANNA COME SIT GETTING REJECTED BY THAT STUPID BOY GETTING REJECTED BY THAT STUPID CLUB AND TAKING AN UNPLANNED DAY TRIP TO NEW YORK TO FEEL BETTER BUT STAYING PETTY AND VINDICTIVE AND CONTINUING TO TALK ABOUT THE MEMBERS FOREVER ASKING YOUR ART FRIEND TO PRINT DORM DECOR ON THE WIDE FORMAT FOR YOU ASKING YOUR POP UP FRIENDS TO BRING YOU BACK LEFTOVERS EVERYTHING HEAVY DO YOU WANT ANYTHING DANCEWORKS LOVES RB RB LOVES DANCEWORKS RETURNING YOUR AMAZON PACKAGE BECAUSE WHOEVER LIVED IN THAT SINGLE BEFORE YOU LEFT THEIR MIRROR STUCK TO THE WALL PASSING A CAN OF PAINT AROUND SAYBROO BECAUSE WHOEVER LIVED IN THAT SINGLE BEFORE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE THEIR MIRROR STUCK TO THE WALL AVOIDING EYE CONTACT WITH PARTYGOERS ON THE WALK OF SHAME BACK HOME FROM BASS AND WONDERING IF YOU LOOK STUPID WITH YOUR BACK ON WALKING UP HILLHOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO ROMANTICIZE YOUR LIFE AND HOPING TO STRANGERS AROUND YOU THINK YOU LOOK HOT AND MYSTERIOUS WAITING FOR THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS TO BLOOM WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER FIND LOVE ON THIS CAMPUS AND WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER GET SICK OF THE SIGHT OF BEING KE PLAZA AT NIGHT LET'S GET A MEAL SOON I HAVE NO INTENTION OF EVER FOLLOWING THROUGH HEY COULD YOU SWIPE ME IN

THIS MORNING I WAKE UP
AND DECIDE I AM SIMPLY
TOO TIRED TO DOCUMENT
EVERY CONVERSATION I HAVE.

TUESDAY.

TODAY, I DECIDE TO
DOCUMENT CONVERSATIONS
PERTAINING DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY
TO MY POSTERS.

09:15 I wake up to some very sweet DMs from friends and near-strangers.

Replied to your story



I really loved this

Like I read it in its entirety

Replied to your story



Omg I was reading her book yesterday!! Song for the special and the one about consulting etc. was so good 🥰🥰

Replied to your story



i saw this poster in green hall!!! it's SO GOOD i loved it !!! genuinely made my evening

10:20 I pass by one of my posters on Cross Campus while walking to class alone, and I see that some students have drawn on it. I audibly giggle. The stranger in front of me turns around and gives me a look.

10:22 My poster is gone from the Beinecke! I send the following email to someone in hopes of recovering it.

Poster missing from Beinecke Plaza

1 message

Gabby Uy <gabby.uy@yale.edu>

To: [REDACTED]

Gabby Uy <gabby.uy@yale.edu>

Tue Oct 10, 2023 at 11:44 AM

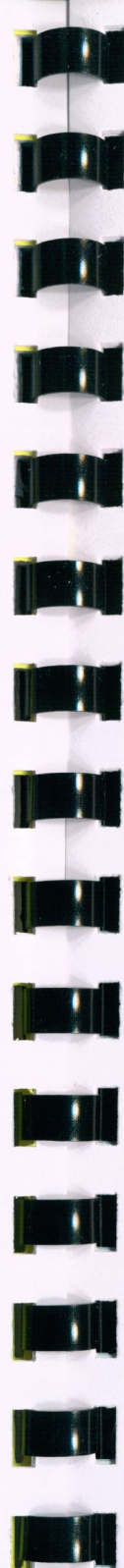
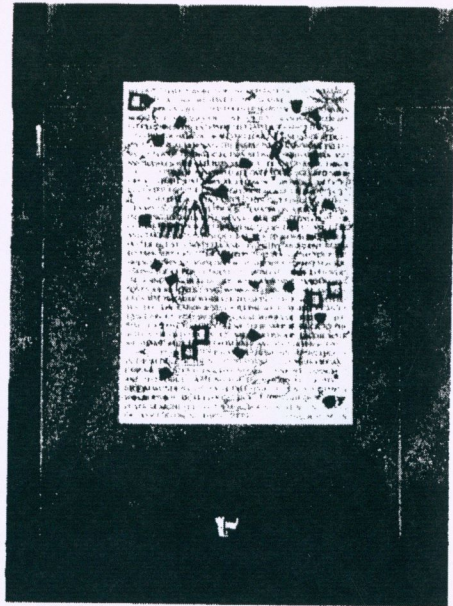
Hi Joseph,

I hope this email finds you well! My name is Gabby and I'm getting in touch because I lost a poster and solo cup of art materials outside the Beinecke and I was wondering if you might know what happened to it — I've attached a picture of it below.

I've been working on this public art project about finding community at Yale as part of a CPA grant. The poster series has contributions and drawings from several Yale students and I've received several kind messages from strangers who connected with the project somehow, so I'm doing my best to get my poster back. I'm happy to move it elsewhere if I'm not supposed to have it up by the Beinecke, in which case I apologize for any inconvenience.

Thank you so much for your help! For all we know my poster is gone forever but I figured it was worth a shot.

Best,
Gabby



11:43

My poster is gone from the Becton Center! I am sad.

13:05

I walk back to Cross Campus and decide to add the following note underneath my poster.

CPA PROJECT -
DO NOT REMOVE!

13:09

I walk back to the Beinecke and decide to ask the security guard about my poster. He's really very nice and helpful, and gently explains that my poster was blocking an emergency exit and suggests I maybe put it up by Schwarzman instead, so I take his advice and move the poster to the suggested pillar (which is a few yards away). I also leave a note this time.

CPA PROJECT -
DO NOT MOVE!
OR TEXT 8182817222
(PLEASE COME DRAW ♥)

13:09

I go to the ramen shop by the Becton Center and talk to the lady at the counter who tells me her manager threw the poster away because it was on the floor — it must have fallen off. She fishes my poster out of the trash and says I'm sorry it was in the trash, and I say thank you and it's alright and I really do mean it. I ask if her manager would mind if I put my poster back up on the wall. She says probably not, but she suggests I try Schwarzman because they're an arts and music institution and so they might like that kind of thing.

14:03

I decide to take her up on that and put one of my posters in Elm. At this point I decide that maybe it's best to leave my number on a scrap piece of paper tucked underneath my poster, with a message so that people can find me if need be. A couple of kids are staring at me as I put up my poster. I tell them to please draw on my poster. I say hi to Lynn and her friend, who comes and draws on my poster.

CPA PROJECT - PLEASE

DON'T MOVE OR TEXT

818-281-7222!

PLEASE COME DRAW ♥

14:44

I'm studying in Tsai City when I get a text from an unknown number.

Hi. I just left a voicemail but we need to remove your poster from the underground

We don't allow displays with out prior approval. Happy to walk you thru that process

Okay, thank you so much! When would be a good time to do this?

The poster has been relocated to my office. I am available between 4 and 4:15 today and from 5:30 to 6 if you'd like to come by and pick it up

Okay thanks! I can come by just before 6 if that works for you, I have a class on science hill beforehand

Where can I find your office?

17:30

I ask my professor how grown-ups actually make friends. According to Jill, making friends as a grown up is about being willing to cut the small talk. She says college friendships are a lot about common angst so without common angst I guess it's just resonance? Whatever that means? Jill says that some grown-ups participate in organized socializing, but she doesn't really do that. She also says that some grown-ups have an aura of being approachable (Jill doesn't think

she's one of those people but Jocelyn and I disagree). Jill wants to know how she fits into my research, and I say yesterday I interviewed my friend and promised her I'd ask my professor how grown-ups actually make friends. I say thank you for participating in my research.

17:45

I walk into the office of the person who texted me earlier and find my poster tacked neatly to the wall. She hands me the business card of the person I should talk to if I want to put my posters up in the Schwarzman gallery space, and apparently that person is expecting an email from me. I say thank you and slowly and methodically and noisily fold up my poster. I leave. There is nothing I want less in the world than to put up my posters in the Schwarzman gallery space.

17:56

At this point I do a quick survey of all the posters I've put up outdoors, and many of them are at different stages of falling off because I've been using this tack that isn't built for that kind of thing. I don't want to damage the walls. I bring three of my posters home because frankly I'm tired of chasing them all over campus. I decide to rethink my strategy.

20:13

I go to Bass. I ask the security guard if I can put up my posters at the end of the

WE DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS BUT I COULD SAY THAT WE HAVE PROPPING THE DOOR OPEN WITH A TRASH CAN HAN WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS TAPED TO THE PRINTER THE PILE OF FREE STUFF ON THE TABLE BY THE STAIRWELL THE PILE OF SCRAP PAPER IN THE PRINT ANNEX THE PILE OF SCRAP PAPER IN THE PRINT SHOP PRINTING L'ARM DECOR ON THE WIDE FORMAT WHO THE FUCK BROKE THE FUCKING WIDE FORMAT AGAIN WHY IS THERE NEVER ANY SPACE ON ANY OF THE DRYING RACKS STALKING YOUR TA ON INSTAGRAM WISHING YOU LOOKED THAT COOL AND EDGY SHOWING YOUR PAINTING IN THE FRIM MAKING FRIENDS HOW TO USE INDESIGN PRAYIN NO ONE WILL SEE THE TOTE BAG OF FABRIC MARKERS YOU KEEP STASHED BEHIND A DRAWER POLITELY IGNORING THE TOTE BAG OF FABRIC MARKERS YOU FIND STASHED BEHIND A DRAWER YOU'RE DOING GREAT SWEETIE SCREEN PRINTED ON A PIECE OF SCRAP PLASTIC PREMARITAL ON A SIGN ON A WALL IN THE PRINT SHOP PREMARITAL WHAT IS JUST PREMARITAL THAT ONE RANDOM ARCHITECTURE MAJOR IN ALL YOUR DESIGN CLASSES DO EITHER OF YOU KNOW WHERE CAN FIND WOOD SPECIFICALLY TWO LONG PIECES OR TWO LONG POLES NEED AN EXTRA SET OF HANDS FOR A PROJECT INVOLVING A SCANNER IS THAT THE HELVETICA ASSIGNMENT I SEE IT'S 4AM DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BACKUP IS THE NICE MFA STUDENTS WHO LET YOU INTO THE ATRIUM THE NICE MFA STUDENTS WHO LET YOU INTO THE GREEN HALL ELEVATOR AFTER PARTY DOES ANYBODY ACTUALLY KNOW WHY THE BUTTONS ARE SO BIG ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO MEET UP FOR COFFEE ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO SOLVE YOUR LIFE PROBLEMS ASKING YOUR PROFESSOR TO SINGLE-HANDLEDLY FIX THE GAP BETWEEN DESIGN EDUCATION AND PRACTICE AND ALSO FINALLY BRING WORLD PEACE AND ALSO GIVE YOU FEEDBACK ON YOUR PROJECT WHILE THEY'RE AT IT WE CAN CHAT AGAIN ANYTIME WHENEVER YOU'D LIKE WONDERING IF THE OTHER KIDS ON THIS CAMPUS THINK YOU'RE EDGY AND COOL WONDERING WHEN THEY'LL FIGURE OUT THAT YOU'RE NOT AND THAT YOU'VE NEVER HAD AN ORIGINAL IDEA IN YOUR LIFE WONDERING IF YOU'LL REGRET SPENDING MOST YOUR TWENTIES SITTING ALONE AT A COMPUTER IN A WINDOWLESS ROOM AND IF YOU SHOULD JUST GIVE UP AND GO HOME AND GO OUT HEY COULD YOU SWIPE ME IN

tunnel, and he redirects me to someone at the information desk who redirects me to someone else at the information desk who then goes to check with their boss in the back. After a brief phone exchange, the person at the desk says well I can't give you official permission but honestly it's fine I've seen people do it and we don't have a policy so I guess you can put it up. I think to myself, bingo. They ask to see my poster, and so I unfold the whole thing and explain the opposite of loneliness and point out where I mention Bass in my poster. They say that they like the concept behind my poster, and I say thank you.

20:19

Rory walks by as I'm putting up my poster and says this poster is so cool. I say thank you and ask her to draw on it. She draws a little red heart.

21:00

I get a call from Andres. Apparently Schwarzman is looking for student artwork to display in their gallery space, and Andres wants to know if this is something DAY might be interested in or I might be interested in. I politely decline because at least for the time being DAY doesn't do exhibition work, and there is still nothing I want less in the world than to put up my posters in the Schwarzman gallery space.

WEDNESDAY

10:26

On my way to class, I see that a few of the art school faculty are standing around my poster and talking. I walk up to them and say, I see you're admiring my poster. One of them tells me that she checks it for new additions every day and that she pinned the solo cup of markers to the wall for me to make it easier for people to draw on my poster. I say thank you. Maria walks by and I say Maria this is my poster, and she says she can tell that whoever made it has some printmaking experience. She was my printmaking professor last year so she's definitely just humoring me, but I feel very happy regardless.

18:45

I walk to Old Campus to check on my poster. It's still there and the freshmen have made some very sweet additions.

22:36

My poster is gone from Bass, and the student worker at the information desk doesn't know what poster I'm talking about. The security guard at the desk doesn't know what poster I'm talking about either — it's as if my poster never even existed. I'm sitting in Bass trying to study for my damn bio anthro exam and everyone around me is so loud and I am exhausted and I am in a terrible mood because my poster is gone and I have to study for my bio anthro exam.

23:52

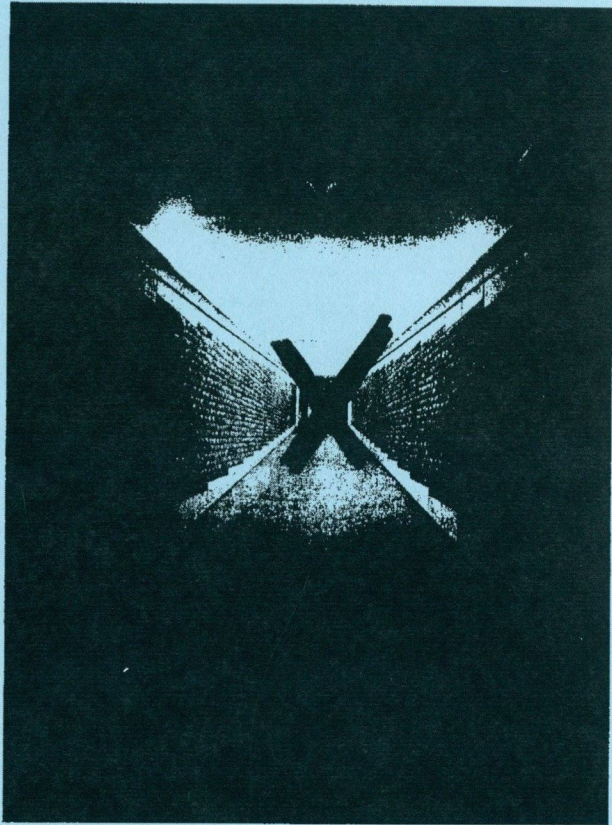
I give up on bio anthro, and attempt to write some semblance of an editorial statement for this project because I need it for class tomorrow.

23:53

I start procrastinating on my editorial statement and so I go to the Yale Daily News website to re-read The Opposite of Loneliness. I come across Song for the Special, which is a different essay by Marina. This one paragraph in particular sticks with me.

The thing is, someday the sun is going to die and everything on Earth will freeze. This will happen. Even if we end global warming and clean up our radiation. The complete works of William Shakespeare, Monet's lilies, all of Hemingway, all of Milton, all of Keats, our music libraries, our library libraries, our galleries, our poetry, our letters, our names etched in desks. I used to think printing things made them permanent, but that seems so silly now. Everything will be destroyed no matter how hard we work to create it. The idea terrifies me. I want tiny permanents. I want gigantic permanents! I want what I think and who I am captured in an anthology of indulgence I can comfortably tuck into a shelf in some labyrinthine library.

RIP BASS POSTER



10/10/23 - 10/11/23

THURSDAY

I TAKE A BREAK
FROM THIS PROJECT.

I'M CURRENTLY TAKING THIS CLASS
CALLED "WRITING CREATIVE ETHNOGRAPHIES."

THIS WEEK'S ASSIGNMENT IS TO
"EXPLORE AN IDEA YOU HAVE -
ONE WHICH YOU MIGHT ORDINARILY
THINK OR WRITE THROUGH -

THROUGH A **FRIDAY**
BODILY MEDITATION, SUCH AS A
MOVEMENT, GESTURE, DANCE, OR
A WALK, AND DOCUMENT THIS
EXERCISE WITH A WRITTEN
REFLECTION.

HERE IS MY WRITTEN
REFLECTION.

WRITTEN REFLECTION

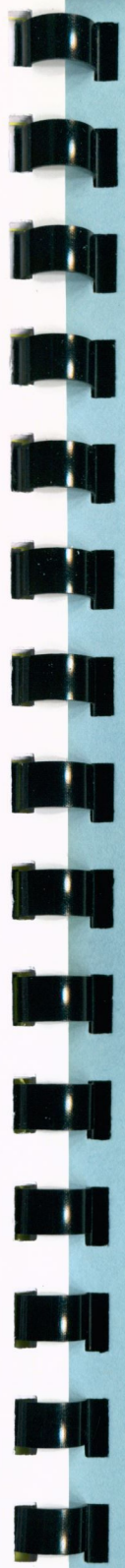
I knew that I wanted my bodily meditation to explore the opposite of loneliness, but I didn't quite know what that would look like at first. I sat in Bass Library cracking my head over this for about an hour — somewhat ironically, I think it takes a great deal of thinking to come up with a bodily meditation as an alternative method to thinking through an idea. I tried a number of things: doodling, going on a walk and collecting club flyers, asking my suitemates, asking ChatGPT. Nothing felt generative or inspiring in any way, and I left the library with nothing.

I was, quite frankly, sick of this assignment, so the next morning I woke up and decided to do something else for a while. After texting my friends to ask for their input, I decided to take a break from the movement exercise and dedicate the day to putting my posters up around campus. It was, in many ways, a deeply unspectacular day — I ate all my meals alone, and bumped into the same number of people I'd normally bump into on any random Monday at Yale.

Mondays are my studio days — I don't have any classes on Mondays and typically go out of my way to spend them alone. Despite my best efforts to be as solitary as possible, I was struck by just how many people I actually speak to on a daily basis at this institution. Maybe it was confirmation bias, or simply the fact that I spent at least eight hours running all over campus pinning up four-foot posters about the opposite of loneliness. I don't know why but I was particularly struck by just how much I was surrounded by, in Marina Keegan's words, "people, an abundance of people." Whether I was speaking to a graduate student about how they used to host screenings in the graphic design atrium or fielding texts from various group chats or having unexpectedly moving conversations with the tourists in Beinecke Plaza, the opposite of loneliness presented itself again and again and again, in the way that it does every day on this campus and it doesn't when I'm at home or in New York for the summer. It was a nice feeling.

It was at that point (around 5pm) that I decided to start documenting every single conversation I had that day. Imperfectly, subjectively, redacted-ly, but still. Call it thick description, weak theory: these interactions are, to me, in and of themselves the opposite of loneliness. The opposite of loneliness isn't a feeling you'll find in an academic journal, or one you'll find by sitting and intellectualizing in Bass in hopes of designing a bodily meditation.

To be honest, this experience was exhausting. I did virtually nothing but put up my posters that Monday, but still managed to have conversations faster than I could record them. I was so drained from this process that I decided only to document interactions pertaining directly or indirectly to my posters on Tuesday and



This document is set in Times
New Roman, Arial, Courier,
and Bradley Hand ITC.

Designed in
Microsoft Word.

Printed at Tyco Printing.

Do you wanna leave soon?
No, I want enough time to be in love
with everything....

And I cry because everything
is so beautiful and so short.