VULNERABILITY

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VULNERABILITY

An Honors Senior Capstone Project

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Abstract and Statement

It is about trying to compile everything I have learned out of class the last four years by dissecting and categorizing and recategorizing everything into a new form: zines. Focusing on one digital-physical medium for six months and with the mindset of archival art, I quickly realized that it is about the process and the thought behind the selection and reapplication of the old into the new.

It is about growth and progress. In this way, the medium reflects the theme, the form reflects the meaning. Leaving this chapter of my life with much more than just postmodernist theory and organic chemistry, I have a new appreciation for the process and connection. This project is dedicated to my friends and our conversations. In other words, slowing down and thinking about where I am and how far I have come is immeasurably important.

The reclamation and renewal of the traditional college experience is reflected throughout each zine. My biggest feelings through each broken up chapter bled through the layering of print. The stars of the show are screenshots of my note's app, full of unfinished songs, poems, thoughts, and mistakes. In the background, you will see scans of my personal sketchbooks. Interwoven are pieces of my drawings and ones left behind by my closest friends. This art is ours. These are pieces of our history, immortalized.

This is VULNERABILITY.
The Zines

Volume 1: Motionless

Figuring out where you fit into your unfamiliar environment is a goal that I assume most new college students prioritize. The first spread you will encounter my first weird uber driver experience, and in the second, a piece of critique from my English 101 professor that I have always read whenever I felt self-conscious about my work. This is followed by a couple of songs I had forgotten the tune of immediately after writing them down. Some of the art in the background may be recognizable to a few. My first year was filled with many firsts, and many emotions that I coped with by writing them down in various convoluted ways. My first year I learned how to write.

Volume 2: To be an Artist

This is a small piece of a larger first year honors project, it was to accompany a video on my relationship with graffiti that I made for the class and continues to the next page of the zine. These themes are still relevant to my beliefs. The second page through the rest of this volume are moments where I was exploring this newfound freedom through poems and songwriting, accompanied by little doodles at the park. My second year I learned what it means to be an artist.
**Volume 3: Untitled**

Filling my biggest completed sketchbook with stickers on the front and back covers in 2020, this is when COVID hit, and things began to get messy. I was losing my sense of self at the same time as losing some connections I so fervently fought for. I remember creating a drinking game with some friends from high school for a religious studies Zoom lecture. I remember writing something down in Chinese I cannot read anymore and writing notes on top of older notes. I was desperately trying to figure out where I fit in all over again, and I was successful at the end, coming back to the unfinished songs and song ideas in the notes app. My third year I learned my identity.

**Volume 4: Wash my Clothes**

A brief note, “wash my clothes in acid” was a dream that I had and one I absolutely cannot elaborate on, only because I totally forgot why I wrote this and what it was supposed to be about. I was focused on writing everything down by the end of 2021 and finishing pieces once the thought started. I had just the right number of commitments, and a good routine. This zine is full of complete thoughts and memories. My fourth year I learned about spherical harmonics, and how to be comfortable being uncomfortable.

**Volume 5: Grocery**

This one is just full of grocery lists. This is an allegory for remembering. Remembering to get certain things at Fred Meyer is the same thing in my brain as remembering to write down my dreams or do my homework. At the same time grocery lists specifically help me to remember my culture. Cooking ethnic foods that remind me of home is a big part of my day to day now, and I enjoy sharing these with my friends. Organizing this last zine nonlinearly allows room for growth, and you can see all the ways I tried to spell grocery.

Now, there is no more room for self-consciousness. Today, I learned VULNERABILITY.
I feel like pretend
I feel like i'm lost
In google
In looking up
In beaten down
It's why I can't believe I have friends like these
I'm afraid they'll leave me once they have each other
I wan: to be integral
I wan: to be important

To be an artist is to take the risk. It is to take the risk of going unnoticed, or gaining attention, becoming political. It means to wander out so far from home that one has to fight to learn your own identity again. The Moral Responsibility of the Artist is to create pieces that are not only for yourself but for the act of creating in and of itself—for it to manifest its own objectives—whether the artist intends for it to happen or not. What I am exploring is not the legality of such art, of graffiti, but instead the use of graffiti as a form of protesting institutions and in turn oppression. Sometimes not even the writer themselves know the politics of aerosol art, tags, or scribes. It is just what graffiti and graffiti culture cultivates, art that is inherently political. Art is inherently political.
i know if you're there right beside me trying to fall asleep i try not to think as loud so not to wake you, it's easier then for me to fall asleep too. loud thoughts keep me up.

i've been stabbed and lived up and down the west coast
favorite meal of the day
flowers nature anticapitalism farming mucrmons
walking into an empty field full of green long grass and trees and sunlight and fluffy clouds
books writing orchids fog
the word has kinda watered down for me, but has it for you?

the probability of an electron found in any location around a nucleus follows the same model as the cosmic background radiation anisotropy, the probability for any point in the universe being above or below 3 K.

spherical harmonics
I want to cover my body with tattoos.

I'll show them all to my mom when I turn twenty one.

Groceries

- bread
- meat for curry (beef?)
- carrot
- sandwich materials

Things to do
- photoshoot sister
- honey green tea from miller market
- pay tuition lab fee
- bring lab safety to lab
- work on tickets
- pretend
- call xfinity
- listen to mae miller's come back to earth because it reminds you of being super high in higginson, neither

I hope that I will be supported. I hope that I will be happy. I think that I will do drugs. I think that I will do drugs. I think that I will do drugs.