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# Ouroboros

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Haley Biere







# Ouroboros

# Haley Biere

Springfield Art Museum, Springfield, Missouri

May 6, 2022



## Acknowledgments

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## **OUROBOROS**

Art and Design Department

Missouri State University, May 2022

Master of Fine Arts

Haley Biere

### **ABSTRACT**

My work uses both painterly and sculptural elements to convey my personal transgender experience. My work is for the little girl who I was, who was incapable of speaking out or expressing themselves. I create work for others that face similar situations, as well as for those who face feelings of gender dysphoria, as I did and still do by not conforming to the gender I was assigned. Working the way that I do is a way for me to rediscover myself after years of shoving my identity to the side for the sake of others. Growing up in rural Missouri, I never had the language to express my trans identity. Most things deemed queer were rejected or persecuted. I was unaccepting of myself and built walls around myself for protection. Now I am finally chipping away at that hardened exterior and letting myself out. I'm finally allowing myself to actualize my feelings and rediscover who I am. Texture and imperfection are important to my work; nicks, scratches, and bumps are a physical representation of trauma and history. I am inspired by the rocky cliff faces of my home state, by the shattered hills on the roadside as the rain pulls out sediments and oxides creating marks down the surface. By using materials that have a history—paint chips, sawdust, jute, wire, and much more—I create my pieces from imperfection. Crafting my work is not unlike how I have changed my own body, something I used to look upon with disdain. I have now taken matters into my own hands to change myself in the way I deem appropriate and what I feel is right. I am constantly in tune with and in opposition to my work. Each new piece requires a new method of evaluation. With this work, I am honoring my moments in transition rather than pushing them away.

**KEYWORDS:** transgender, non-binary, queer, lgbt, sculpture, installation, collage, mixed-media, contemporary art

# **OUROBOROS**

By

Haley Biere

A Master's Thesis  
Submitted to the Graduate College  
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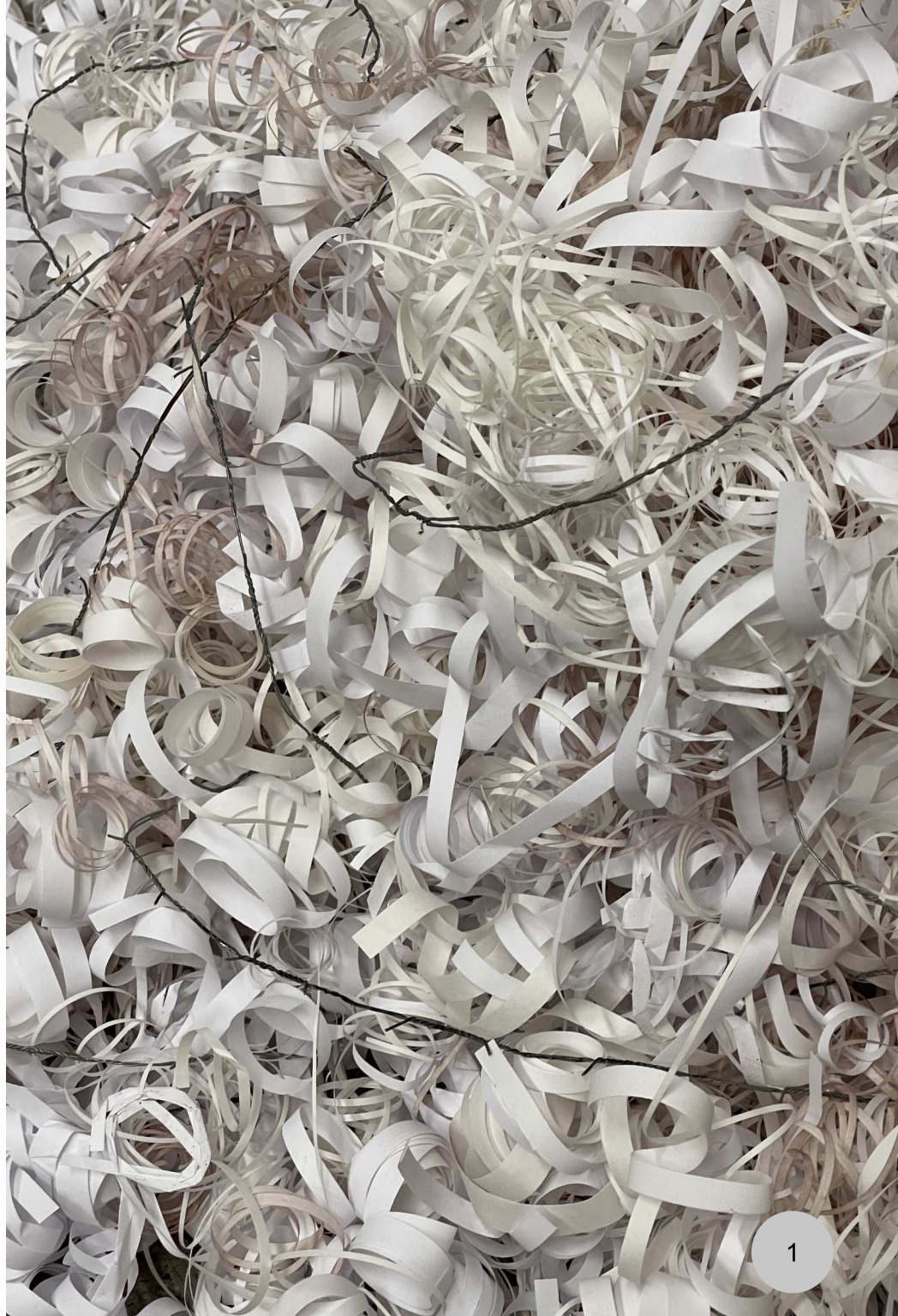






Ouroboros is an installation that wraps around itself. Directional lines made by rope, wire, or from the flow of the piece itself, reach out like vines tangling into fences and lattices. Each part of this complicated road map is connected to another that spans across different sections. There is no beginning to view this work nor is there a definitive end to it either. Whether spread across the floor or hanging on walls,

*Figure 1. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*



many elements of this installation are reminiscent of the rural landscapes and farmsteads that I grew up around. This work shows a narrative of my experience of being transgender in rural Missouri. My childhood, my present, and my future have all been impacted by my experiences here. Not all of them are bad, but not all of them are good, either. I am sorting through these thoughts and experiences to help give clarity to myself and to help others as well. While my experience is my own, I have found there to be many people that can relate to me, whether they are queer or not.

Growing up in rural Missouri impacted me from a cultural, religious, and identity standpoint. I cannot reject my roots. I remember going to school and looking out the window to see tractors plowing the field right across the road. I remember how proud I was to walk down the same halls my grandparents had, to see some of my own features in the display of alumni's senior photos. Part of my own family history is here and in the surrounding countryside. I loved traveling along the trail between the field and the edge of woods on my grandparents' property, picking up rocks and poking sticks in the mud. I would sneak under the barbed wire into a long-forgotten cemetery full of grave markers from the early and mid-19th centuries. Moss and lichen clung to the stone, eating away at the carved



material. It was as if the stone was trying to return to the earth. It was damp and grey, slowly sinking into the ground. There was such a stark contrast between the chiseled stone and the soft moss that crept over these grave markers. I always wondered whose family was here and where their descendants were. Some of the headstones were broken and cracked in half, their pieces lying nearby. I had such a strong urge

*Figure 2. Moss and Lichen, 2021, Digital Image, 12.1" x 16.1".*







*Figure 3. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

to fix them, these important artifacts that had seen so much were slowly crumbling to nothing. I could see the history of these objects resting under my hands. This was just a slab of rock but someone cared for it dearly. It was a marker of love and grief. Someone's hands were placed upon it just like mine were, but with such different emotions. I wanted to help preserve these artifacts and to continue their story in some sort of way. I have latched onto this feeling with my installation. Many of the materials I use in my work have similar unknown stories attached to them. Rather than letting those objects fade and be forgotten, I have implemented them into my work for hopefully at least one last story to tell.



When you are young, there is so much that you do not know, so much background information that is not available to you. I did not know why, at the time, but I quickly felt like an outsider to my own community. I was not raised with the same southern ideals my peers were. We never went to church as a family, and the few times I did I felt like an outsider for not knowing all of the stories and hymns. My environment was a conservative one. The likes of “Don't ask, Don't tell” was the normal way of thinking. The, at the time, policy of the US military in regards to queer people, in that you had to stay closeted to avoid rejection. This is the line of thinking where if people did not know you were different then you were safe. In school when we picked topics to debate, gay marriage was always a hot topic. Many students debated that same-sex marriage was immoral and sinful, basing their beliefs on their religion and upbringing. It was difficult seeing how my peers felt about me without them even knowing they were referencing me in their arguments. I could feel myself building walls to protect myself. I couldn't feel the shame associated with being queer if I did not acknowledge it. The basis of these beliefs was strictly from the church doctrine and the families that had lived and stayed there for generations. It felt like my community was the whole world since it was difficult to gain any outside

exposure, and it was obvious that I did not belong. Ouroboros references these past experiences of not belonging and shutting down my identity in order to stay safe. These experiences are foundational and are necessary to tell through my work.

“in the car, i tell you  
*i want to go home*  
  
so you take me  
  
to a field on fire.”  
  
by Silas Denver Melvin<sup>1</sup>

This short poem that was sent to me by a non-binary friend really shows what it is like to try to go back home where things were nice and well, only to find that home will never be the same. The candied lenses of my youth are gone and now I see the harsh realities of the present. What I thought of as home only exists as memories. I realize the people that I looked up to are not perfect. Comments said in passing to me might have been forgotten had my younger self not been battling with their queer

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1. Silas Denver Melvin (sweatermuppet) Tumblr, "in the car, i tell you..."

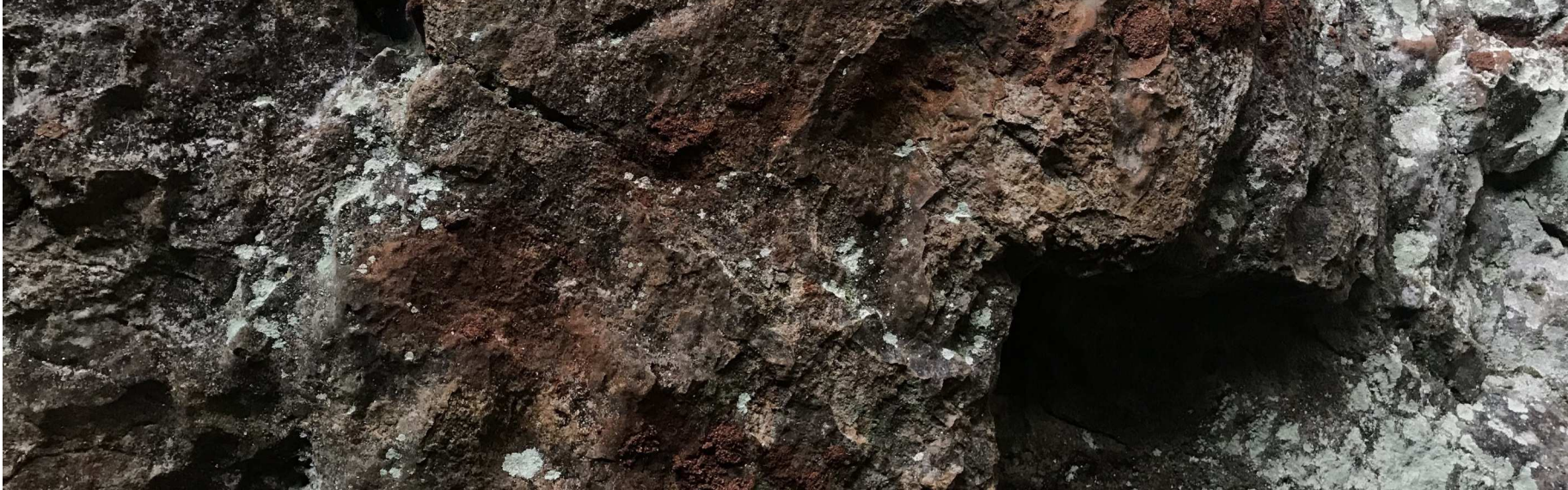
identity and expectation, but I latched onto those comments. Comments damning queer people, comments judging my gender nonconformity. “You should dress nicer, grow your hair out, lose weight, wear brighter colors, you won’t attract boys like that.” Driving the long twisting highways to my hometown, I get more and more anxious. I do not belong in my home anymore; I do not know if I ever did.

I do not have a specific date as to when I *knew* I was transgender; I had only figured it out later in life. There was never a huge social or physical gender dysphoria that could be pinpointed as being trans, but looking back there were so many instances showing me that I was. There were so many thoughts I had about my gender that cisgender people normally would not have. I needed exposure to other people and other experiences. This installation is not only about growing up in rural Missouri, but it is also about the connections I made as well. I was static in the Midwest, but thanks to the internet and online communities, I was able to start asking the questions I did not even know I had. I started to make connections with others as I traveled outside my hometown and from there even more connections sprouted. Talking with these people, who are now close friends, I discovered that I had a

missing piece to the puzzle of my identity. Before there was a piece that did not quite fit, but it was close enough and that meant that I could bury the issue down deep and forget about it. I thought that if I did not want to be a guy, then that was it, I wasn't transgender. I discovered that there is so much more to my experience with gender, I could choose what was right for me, and that process took a long time to figure out. I wasn't tied to my own upbringing of what masculine and feminine meant. Just because being a man wasn't right for me, did not mean that being a woman was right either.

When I started making art relating to the body and being transgender, I wanted to stay distant from it. While my work came from my own experiences, there was nothing there to say it was uniquely mine. As I worked that apparent disconnect grew stronger; it did not take long before I realized I needed to make work about my own experience, about my own gender dysphoria. I had been keeping myself at a distance so I would not get hurt. At that time, I was going through one of the best and worst parts of my transition. I had started hormones, which caused wonderful and exciting changes to my body, but I also had to deal with seeing family during my changes. Along with the gender euphoria of seeing the changes I wanted, I also felt guilt and shame. In a very female-looking body, I started



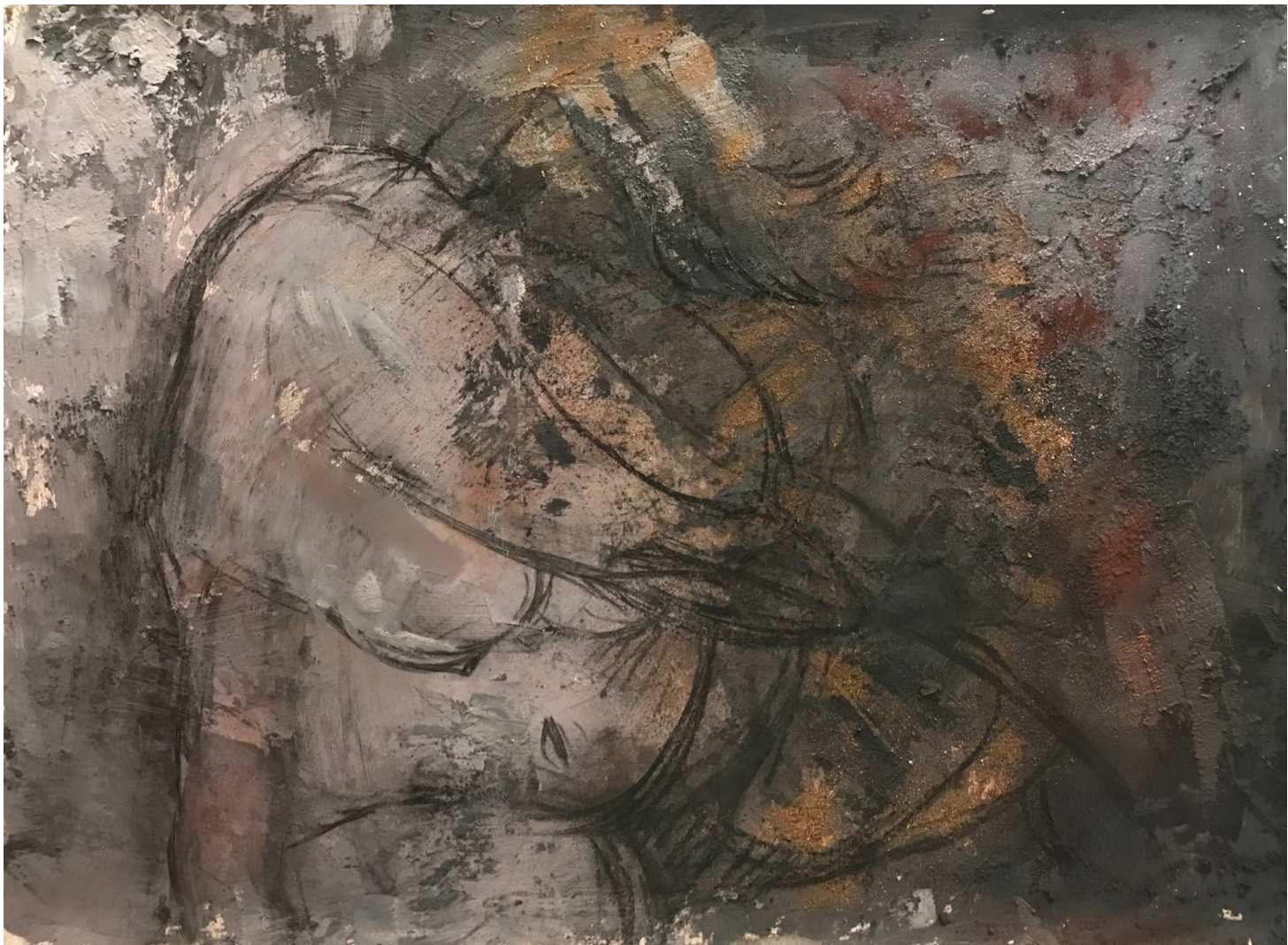


*Figure 4. Cave Wall, 2021, Digital Image. 12.1" x 16.1".*

growing a lot of body hair and my body mass shifted so my clothes started to not fit. With the expectations to look a certain way and to diet when I was younger, I was met with so many conflicting feelings. How I felt I should look according to those around me versus how I felt I should look according to me. It was hard to sort through those feelings to find my own truth. I am taking my work in a direction that is more personal to me.

The Dysphoria series is mainly about the struggle I was going through to meet my transition goals. Gender dysphoria is the feeling of incongruence of one's gender assigned at birth and the gender they are. Gender dysphoria can come in different aspects such as physical dysphoria or social





*Figure 5. Dysphoria Series 1, 2021, charcoal, acrylic, cement, ink, sawdust, red iron oxide. 36" x 60".*

dysphoria, and many overlap. Not all transgender people experience dysphoria in the same way, and some do not at all. Mine was largely social. Once I learned that being a woman wasn't right for me, a lot of anguish over being called a girl or a woman bubbled up. At that point of making these works, I was on hormone replacement therapy but there was still one step missing – top surgery. It is otherwise known as a double mastectomy and masculinizing of the chest. The one thing I hated most was having my breasts. I would use a binder to flatten my chest to the point where it was hard to breathe, but I would have given anything to have a flat chest. My main point of gender dysphoria was my chest, and thanks to genetics I had a very large chest, too. It was the single thing that most marked me as a woman. No matter what I did people were still able to see me as a woman. Even with facial hair, a deeper voice, and my attempts to flatten my chest, I was still perceived as female.

In my Dysphoria series, the first painting I did (Figure 5) is a self-portrait. I am depicted sitting with my arms crossed over my face, hiding, and not wanting to see myself. I remember being in my early teens and being glad that I was short enough for the bathroom mirror at home because all I was able to see were my head and shoulders. I would rub graphite on a piece of paper till it was shiny-grey and use that to do a makeshift contour under my jaw and by my temples. I did not know it at the time





but I was using my own means of makeup to masculinize my face. Pulling my hair back I thought I kind of looked like Brad Pitt from *Interview with the Vampire*. This is one of my earlier memories where my trans identity manifests.

My body is represented in this work in a way I never thought I could do in the real world. While this is not a photo-realistic representation of me, I am still in a vulnerable position.

Figure 6. *Dysphoria Series 1* detail, 2021, charcoal, acrylic, cement, ink, sawdust, red iron oxide. 36" x 60".



By making these paintings I am helping myself get through my struggle with my dysphoria rather than bottling it up. Paint is mixed with cement in this piece. Rough stoney textures covered in rust and ink represent the walls I have built after so many years. Sawdust offers an orange glow, something softer and lighter. The mark-making is turbulent, trying to scratch my skin away until nothing is left visible, until

*Figure 7. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*







*Figure 8. Dysphoria Series 2,*  
2021, charcoal, acrylic, red iron  
oxide. 60" x 36".

there is nothing left to view. In Susan Stryker's *My Words to Victor Frankenstein Above the Village of Chamounix*, she compares being transgender<sup>2</sup> to the experience of Frankenstein's monster. "Like the monster, I could speak of my earliest memories, and how I became aware of my difference from everyone around me. I can describe how I acquired a monstrous identity by taking on the label "transsexual" to name parts of myself that I could not otherwise explain."<sup>3</sup> In Mary Shelley's book, the monster is made by Frankenstein yet shunned for being unnatural. The monster is aware of his difference from society and nature. He is in this bastardized category of other and because of that no one shows him compassion. He sees himself as something wretched and at that time I related with him. Still appearing as a woman but gaining physical qualities that put my appearance farther and farther into that other category, I was stuck in this liminal space. This other-ness shows up in Ouroboros. Places where familiar objects collide together to create something new and foreign. They are bound and stitched together by means other than their own. These objects are recreated to be non-traditional and outside the norm.

The next piece in my Dysphoria series (Figure 8) shows me looking directly at the viewer

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2. Susan Stryker uses the term transexual in her writing throughout to allude to people who have had sex change operations.

3. Stryker, "My Words to Victor Frankenstein," 224.



instead. Fragmented pieces of peeled paint distort the figure, but the face is clear enough to know they are looking at the viewer. Rather than the harsh mark-making and the quickness of the previous piece, this one is much calmer. Chaos still ensues but it is much like a storm they are standing in. Mixed emotions swirl around with pieces of them merging and fading into the background. The bulk of the piece is made up of paint chips,

Figure 9. *Dysphoria Series 2*  
detail, 2021, charcoal, acrylic, red  
iron oxide. 60" x 36".





*Figure 10. Rock Cliffs, 2021, Digital Image. 16.1" x 12.1".*

which I acquired after stripping paint off pedestals. Large layers would peel off after sliding the blade of the scraper under the paint. Some would come off easily, flaking away and scattered on the floor like large petals. I had a strong instinct to gather these pieces of history. Pedestals themselves are supposed to be unobserved, but the layers of paint told a rich history of usage. They were kept in a box for two years before I finally knew their use. I made my visage out of broken layers of paint that were made to hide scuffs and mistakes. Balancing the relationship between covering and revealing, I am slowly starting to show myself. By doing this I am not only confronting the viewer but myself as well. Actualizing that I *am* in pain, that I *can* want this change. I did not want to forget the struggle I

went through before getting top surgery, so I immortalized the struggle I went through rather than forgetting it after the dysphoria had passed. It is not only important for myself to remember but for others to know. There are so many other transgender people that struggle with this weight and feeling, as well as many who do have access to resources to help with their dysphoria.

Scars and weathering are a large inspiration for my work. I remember as a small child pointing to all my dad's scars up and down his arms, asking about how he got each one. Scars tell a story. My elbows and knees hold scars from roughhousing and falling on the pavement. The long scar across my chest from my top surgery, both a blessing and a trial I had to endure, tells my story. Stretch marks show how the body has grown and shifted. There is pressure to hide scars and to have smooth skin to be beautiful. But there is also beauty to scarring, it shows your own history with trauma as well as how you healed. Like marks on the skin, geological scars inspire me as well. Hills cut through to make room for roadways and vehicles. Rocks crumbling and eroding from the weather that was never meant to find them. Rain pulls the sediments and oxides from the earth for it to trail down in dark streaks across the surface of the stone. The land shows unnatural wear and scars mark its surface from



human intervention. Rust shows the inevitable transformation of metal as it ages. A physical remnant from a time of trauma, but nature continues. The dead tree with many rings will eventually decompose and serve new life in the future. These physical markers of experiences are deeply important to me. In *Body Criticism* Strafford writes “It shows that art, like dermatology, is fundamentally about the

*Figure 11. Puddles and Rocks,* 2021, Digital Image. 12.1" x 16.1".





concealment or display of stigmatization.”<sup>4</sup> What we choose to show and what we choose to hide is informative. An end table with scratches and knicks in it will always be more appealing to me than one that’s been refurbished. What is the story behind that object? Between how many hands has it been traded? By concealing those marks, you conceal that information as well.

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4. Stafford, *Body Criticism*, 283.



*Figure 12. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 13. Ouroboros, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

With my main body of work, I am creating an installation that is continuous in nature. Drawing from the Ouroboros symbol of death and rebirth - a snake biting its own tail - my work circles around itself. Rather than having one specific start point and endpoint, there is no beginning and there is no end. Cycling around itself, each aspect relates to another in the work. I am referencing points in my life that have happened or will happen. I am constantly changing, affected by my past and present. Moments of my history still affect me to this day, both the good and the bad. Moments of queer visibility and being able to see myself in someone else, and moments of scorn from people I know. There is a shifting and changing that is continuous, like one wave crashing into the next. Trying to find a new community and family while still overcoming the ideologies of the old ones. The different materials fight with each other and live in harmony. Layer after layer is put on, taken off, readjusted, slowly articulating to find my truth. Like sanding down years of paint to reveal the original wood underneath, I am uncovering myself and my relationship to gender and expectation. Masculine and feminine elements are easily found in my work. They fight and work together and sometimes create something new. The concepts of what is masculine or feminine are inherently man-made. Each culture





*Figure 14. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

has its own definitions and expectations. Much like borders drawn on maps, they tell nothing about the land but rather about the people dividing it. These strict boundaries are constantly being redrawn and reclaimed. This is analogous to how gender is portrayed and expected. Strings tied from one section to another. Pieces of fabric and texture float and morph into something new. Stepping blocks contrast and cut across sections. All these elements add up to create a whole. My relationship with gender and expression was ever-changing in my past, is currently in my present, and will be in my future as well. This is an everlasting journey, all the parts eventually connecting to one another like a complex road map.



*Figure 15. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

Fabric is a large element that is present in the installation. Reclaimed from clothing, sheets, towels, they are cut apart and stitched together into something unrecognizable. Some sections are notably more feminine or more masculine, but there are no clear borders between them. Blue fabrics and denim are reminiscent of a garage and work area, largely dominated by men. There is a specific section of masculine fabric (Figure 15) that has two pieces connected by a series of hooks that are similar to bra hooks. The fabric is pulled tight, nearly ripping at the seams as it struggles to stay together. These hooks commonly used in feminine underwear contrast with the fabrics that allude to a









Figure 16. *Ouroboros*, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.





more machismo style. The tension between these gender boundaries is one felt by many. This was a world I never felt like I could truly be a part of. It was a foreign land that I shied away from, intimidated by the border that I would be crossing.

Bath towels, placemats, and table cloths allude to domesticity. Safety pinned together, none of these pieces belong with each other(Figure 17). Black ink is smudged in

*Figure 17. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*



*Figure 18. Ouroboros, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

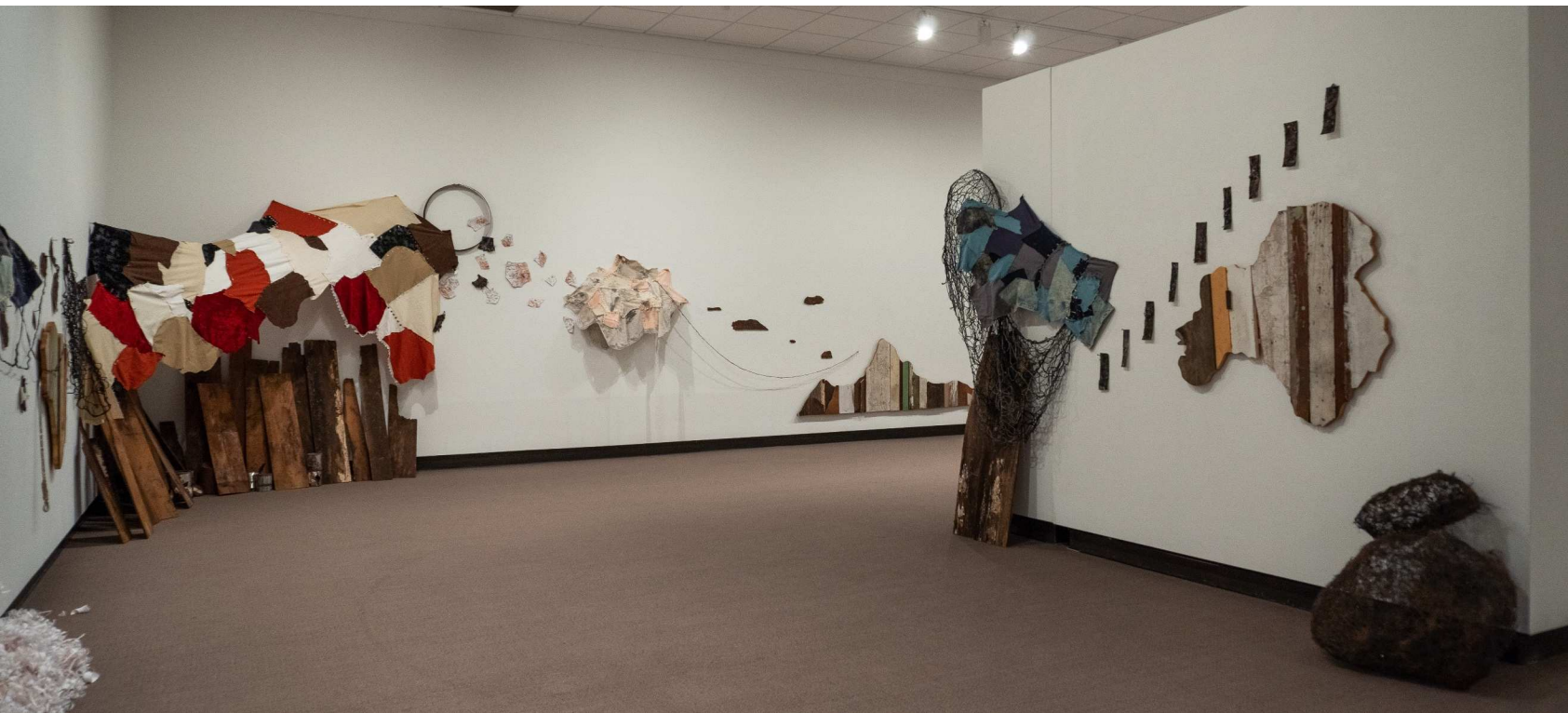
places, ruining the fabrics and revealing the chicken wire pattern underneath. There is lace running along the edge here, it is a token of elegance that stands out from the torn and dirtied pieces. These specific symbols of femininity are underlined with rural and domestic work. Calloused hands and painted nails are the types of femininity I was raised with. There was a need to fit within this ideal while also balancing other ideas of femininity and womanhood. As someone who no longer identifies as female, being feminine is something I struggled to appreciate for a time. Where did it fit into my life now that I have changed? Other fabrics full of bright color or polka dot patterns play with these





*Figure 19. Ouroboros, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 20. Ouroboros, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*



*(Above) Figure 21. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

*(Right) Figure 22. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

feminine style. There is no one right way to express femininity, and there are wonderful moments that can happen, as with masculinity. These fabric materials are balancing both aspects as an ebb and flow. Some moments have tension while others peacefully coexist and even merge to create something amazing.



The large wooden pieces are reminiscent of landmasses on maps. The outlines are rough and organic, looking like countries or islands. These borders are drawn all the time. Powers shift and change, land is claimed or lost, borders are adjusted, and new maps are made. However, these borders do not say anything about the land itself, only the people that own them. Like these maps, gender is constantly divided by

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5. Butler, *Gender Trouble*, 3.





who owns what. What's for men? What's for women? There are no standard rules that span across each culture. In the end, all these rules are made up. Gender roles and expectations are defined by the powers in charge,<sup>5</sup> but these roles can be subverted. The lines drawn on maps are imaginary; you will not find them in real life. The wood for these pieces are reclaimed barn wood. Many of these pieces are scraps that have a very apparent history. Some of these pieces still have hinges or can be picked out as being trim or otherwise. The borders that I grew up with came from this rustic and rural area where these pieces of wood were found. I want to honor these objects' past usage while also using them as a vessel to highlight the strict expectations for gender that I experienced.

The textural fragmented pieces are either rock-like or hairy. The rocky texture is similar to mud and rocks on the forest floor, painted white to highlight just the variety of shapes and textures there are. These textures help emphasize that not everything is perfect or pristine. Broken rocks and muddied paths mark a long history, whether it be by weathering or newly added layers. Hairy textures reference my personal experience with hair. Growing up female there was a strong pressure to get rid of any body or facial hair I had. It was considered unsanitary to leave the hair on my legs while men

were able to keep theirs. Going on testosterone, I quickly started to see the change of hair growth on my body. My leg hair grew thicker, and I was starting to get chest hair. It was amazing to witness but there were many complicated emotions to unpack with it. The hairy pieces are muddled, much like the hair you would find in a shower drain. Shedding worries and growing new ones, complicated emotions run down the drain only to be

*Figure 23. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*







replaced with more. It is a regular occurrence that needs maintenance.

Much like the fragments, the chicken wire is textured and caked with this hair-like texture. With cattle and other farm animals, they shed their hair and feathers which stick to their containment. Muddied and caked with hair and other refuse, the cages build up these layers after years of use. it is both a sign of appreciation and neglect.

*Figure 24. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*



Appreciation because it has been used for its purpose so often, but neglected from the lack of care and cleaning. I have mixed emotions about the area I was raised in. Melancholy is a strong one. There is a sweet sadness in remembering parts of my childhood. The good and the bad are so strongly woven together it is impossible to separate the two. it is only now that I am truly able to sift through everything and find

*Figure 25. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 26. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*

what is valuable to keep and what to set aside.

Piles of paper curls litter the floor, some colored with rust creating a grimy pink color. When I was younger, I had long curly red hair. I was always praised for how beautiful it was and was told to never cut it. I longed to cut it short more and more as I grew older, but no one would let me. Even hairdressers at the salon would not dare, saying that I would regret having it cut so short. My hair was a big part of my outward expression, yet it did not belong to me. Having curly red hair meant I had to have it long and feminine for others to view. All of the comments and praises were laced with hurt. Barbed wire curls through the paper like backhanded compliments. When I finally did cut my hair short,

others felt like it was an affront to them. Trying to decide how I looked was somehow an insult to others. I did not stay within those borders placed around me.

Together, all these textures and materials create a story. Connecting one point to another, my past references the future, and my future references the past. All these thoughts and actions light up like a complex roadmap as I maneuver through my gender journey. Not all the moments are good, but not all are bad either. I am creating spaces of tension where conflicting feelings and emotions are apparent. There are spaces to hide and spaces to be free. I am creating space for joyous moments where emotions are calm and there is harmony. With this work, I am not only talking about my transgender experience but the experience of many. It is not only transgender people who experience these constricting gender expectations. As Susan Stryker so poetically puts it,

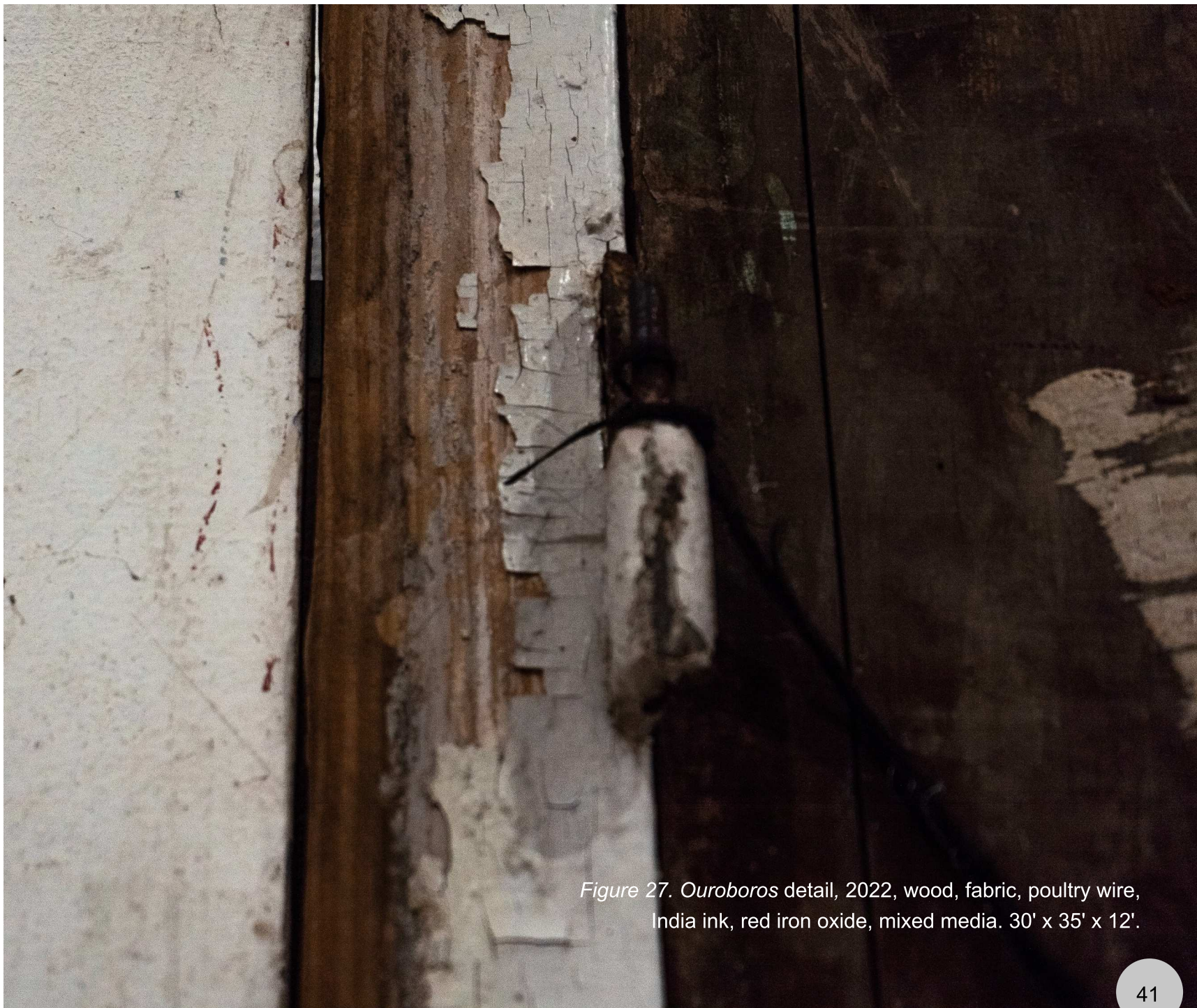
I offer you this warning: the Nature you bedevil me with is a lie. Do not trust it to protect you from what I represent, for it is a fabrication that cloaks the groundlessness of the privilege you seek to maintain for yourself at my expense. You are as constructed as me; the same anarchic womb has birthed us both. I call upon you to investigate your nature as I have been compelled to confront mine. I challenge you to risk abjection and flourish as well as have I. Heed my words, and you may well discover the seams and sutures in yourself.<sup>6</sup>

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6. Stryker, "My Words to Victor Frankenstein," 240-241.



The need for expectation runs in the same veins for you as it does for me. Why should you shave your legs? Why should you cut your hair short? Is this a decision you made or have others made it for you based on your sex? In discovering my transness I have also discovered great joy in my gender and expression. The pain in my journey was inevitable, as it is for everyone, but it is through the love I was shown that I began to see my truth. I am truly able to appreciate what I have made of myself and found a true home in my body. I know myself and love myself thanks to the journey I am on, and I hope to continue to grow and learn more.



*Figure 27. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*









*Figure 28 Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*









*Figure 29. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*









*Figure 30. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*



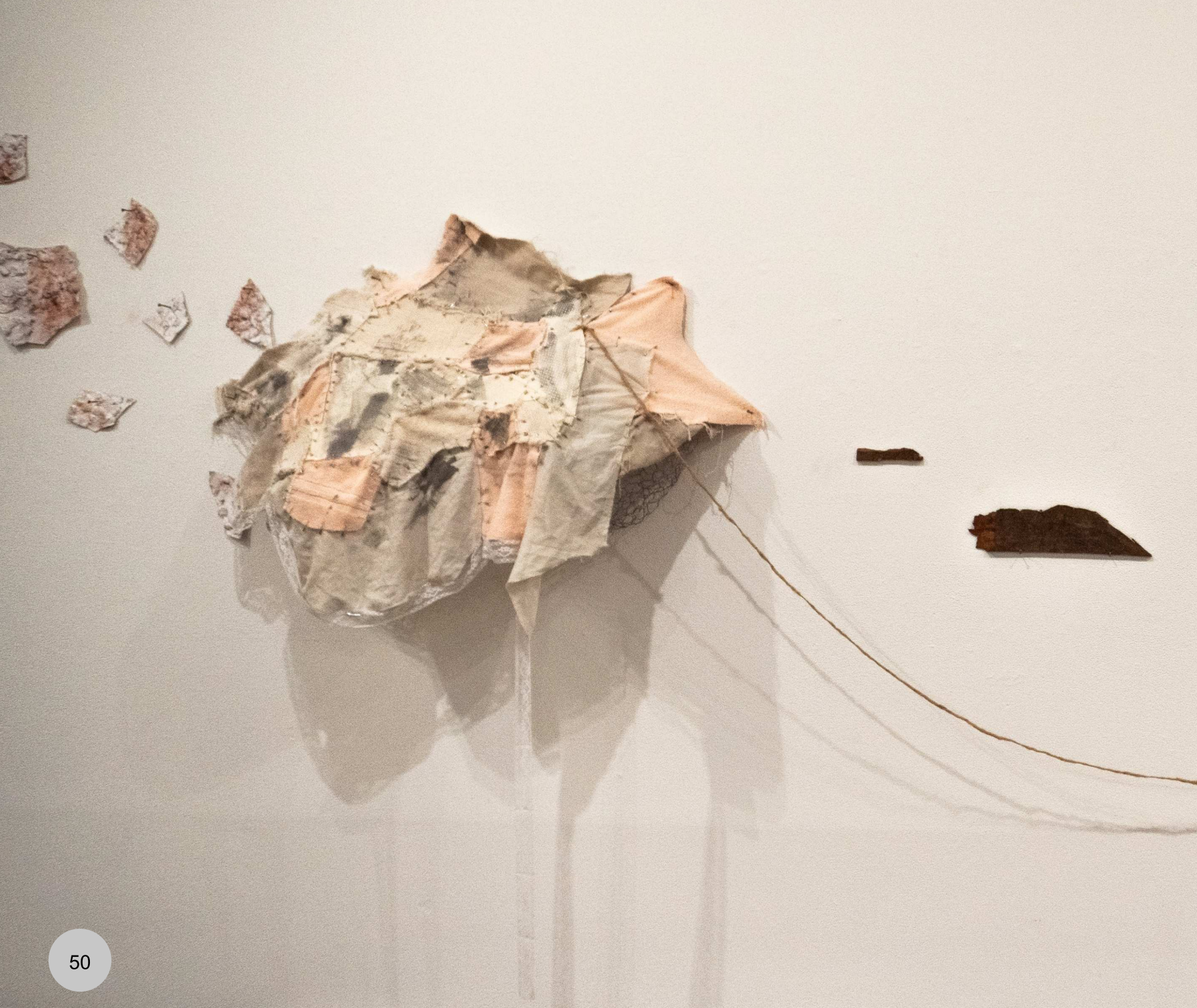






Figure 31. *Ouroboros* detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.









*Figure 32. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 33. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 34. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 35. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 36. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 37. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





*Figure 38. Ouroboros detail, 2022, wood, fabric, poultry wire, India ink, red iron oxide, mixed media. 30' x 35' x 12'.*





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