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in the fabric on the table

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in the fabric on the table

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Arts
Of Bard College

By

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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
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I, like many others, only became aware of my body when something went wrong. It took a dissonant moment in my everyday life for me to consider what has been at play underneath my seamless participation in the everyday. These moments bring us to consider that our bodies continue to move and struggle against invisible foes regardless of whether we can help or care.

When my body tried to present itself to me I did not take care to notice. It tried in different ways, through different symptoms, to signal that something was wrong. Yet, I did not recognize its efforts until I had to, when even breathing became painful.

The disconnect I experienced between my body and my consciousness of that body is what I fear most. Not illness itself, but not knowing. I lived with this disconnect and did not know to listen to my body or how to recognize the signals it was sending me.

In this work I attempt to reconcile this miscommunication, and consider the inner workings of my everyday. I wish to challenge our tendency to overlook the reality of everyday life and to question what exists inside the grapefruit, the jar of peppers, and the viewer. This is explored in the moments where cellular forms emerge from the fabric or fruit and move across the table amongst flowers and bowls. This placement of subtle anatomies into the still life strives to create familiarity with them, to remind us of our likeness and shared vulnerability. So we can begin to see plasma cells in paisley or bone tissue cells in the running lines of the fabric. Or, that in this looking we might notice that the inside of cantaloupes and peppers mimic our insides.

It is through this process of visualization and attention to the body that I have once again found beauty and strength in the body that I had once considered weak and disloyal. I have had to struggle to maintain this consideration, for it is easier to forget that we have bodies. This practice of looking, and its repetition, reminds me that this disconnect will always be there. I will never know my body the way I want to, but I have learned that this attention creates a relationship of trust. Trust that it will find a way to signal to me if something is ever to go wrong again. At least now my body knows that I am listening.









