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She is Clothed with Strength and Dignity; She can Laugh at the Days to Come!

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She is Clothed with Strength and Dignity; She can Laugh at the Days to Come!

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts
of Bard College

by Immanuel Williams

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2022

Dedication

To Mommy, with love.



Acknowledgements

Thank you to those that helped with the installation of this project. I will carry what I learned during this process for years to come.

I couldn't have done this without the fierce dedication of Myra Young Armstead and Dave McKenzie.

I am honored to receive guidance and mentorship from Tschabalala Self and Samantha Vernon.

The generosity of Andy Robert, and Daniella Dooling has opened up many possibilities for this project.

I am forever grateful to Brenique, Faith, Jesuly, Khoa, Leslie, Morenike, Sage, for keeping me on my toes and carrying me through these years.

Mommy, thank you for trusting me to create a visual archive of your stories.

Motherhood in the words of Aunt Brenda.

See, we look at our parents first as these godlike figures like they're going to figure it out, not realizing that they were children. They were people. They had dreams and aspirations and all that. And when you strip that away, the title of mother—parent—this woman.... Who is that person?

Well, they're a person. They bleed just like you. They had dreams and thoughts and all that, just like you.

You know, I challenge everybody, you know, take your mother or father off of that godlike pedestal because you'll find that they're a person just like you. With thoughts and dreams and all of that. That's why I know her better now. You know. And when you see that your dream is deferred or it's just not going to come to fruition, how... that must feel? How stripped you must feel? How disappointing and depressing that must be. You know...

But my mother went from being on social service to being a dietary aide up at Teresian House and learning how to read. People may think, you know, that's nothing, but that was everything to her, for her to be able to confess that to me—that she didn't know how to read. Even though I've known about it for years.

Who am I without my mother? Who is my mother absent from me?



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