I USED TO BE A HOUSE

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The danger of nostalgia in opposition with the intrinsic importance of memory. The shift of memory in relation to time, space, place, identification, and experience. How one moves through the world, the act of continuously orienting and (re)orienting. Building connections through shape, form, light, color, image, and recollection. Building a house. Being a house. The queering of memory coupled with the craving for a feeling of home. Building oneself and one’s community from the ground up knowing that ultimately, the future can never arrive. Like fighting to stay awake, slowly biting down on the tips of your fingers in order to remain conscious, but passing quietly into sleep regardless…

Within this body of work, I initially set out to investigate the idea of memory, which grew to consume not only that which one would objectively think of as memory, or the act of remembering, but how memory interacts with experience, how it changes and moves in flux with time, space, place, and physicality. Memory as something that can be dynamic. I intended to reflect on solely memory, but I ended up creating objects that mediated and informed spaces between memory, home, time, experience, and the queering of each of them. Text acts as material and object with the same weight as the other physically tangible materials used in creating the pieces. Each of the objects and materials became important as pieces working together as a whole in creating this dialogue and narrative about the aforementioned topics, and additionally allowing for a shift-space where object, material, text, and image all move in and out of each other in conversation. This series of work looks to create narrative, intentional space, and dialogue for the ideas of home, time, queer experience, and memory, and for all of the work to bounce off of and inform each other to perpetuate continuing inquiries, for both myself and those who encounter the works.