

Spring 2022

Decision

Atlas Hutchinson
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2022



Part of the [Art Practice Commons](#)



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

Recommended Citation

Hutchinson, Atlas, "Decision" (2022). *Senior Projects Spring 2022*. 345.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2022/345

This Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Senior Projects Spring 2022 by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Decision

Senior Project Submitted Jointly to
The Division of the Arts and Human Rights of Bard College

by
Atlas Hutchinson

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2022

Dedication: I dedicate this project to everyone who has ever loved.

Acknowledgements: This project would not be possible without the help of incredible professors I've learned from throughout my time at Bard: Kenji Fujita, Tom Keenan, Lisa Sanditz, Robert Weston, Julianne Schwartz, Judy Pfaff, Dave Mckenzie and many more.

Thank you to my family for being consistent supporters of my work and my life.

Thank you to you too.

Table of Contents

Artist's Statement

Decision

Portal=the illusion of another place

Heaven=the illusion of perfection

Hell=the reality of the unknown

1=0

0=1

It is hard to pull everything together when it feels like I'm falling apart.

This project is a map.

I depict the point where I decide what to do next, taking every option into consideration. Holding onto all that I can, letting go of control.

How to move in a direction without falling into everything I can't know.

How to bridge the gap between 1 and 0. How to destroy the binary.

This installation involves a collection of objects, knickknacks, dust collectors, that have found their way into my life and I've held onto as blessings.

As portals back to the place and time that I found them, as reminders of what happens when you decide to hold something instead of leaving it.

So objects, then, represent holding on and paintings represent letting go, the unknown.

The portals around the space are each their own choice, a door to a place that is somehow different from where you are now, a ladder to heaven, a spiral to hell. And in the center of it all, a mirror. Only when you can get close enough to see the reflection. Because every decision I make is a reflection of how I already believe the world to be. I do things because I have always done them or I have never done them at all. The unforeseeable future is the portal to hell and that is why if I stare into the void for long enough, it stares back at us.

With my gingham inner child (courtesy of a self portrait project in 2018) up to bat, I start the game, the dance, the circle and always end up facing myself.

What feels so scary about running away, away from where we are now, away from more of the same. It's the idea that you can find happiness by going somewhere outside of yourself.

When $1=0$, you are never outside of yourself because you contain everything you know and in all the spaces between you contain everything else.

And when we look back on our decisions we see the pattern where we repeat and where we diverge and yet always returning to the center

My work examines the idea of binaries as ways to interact and appreciate rather than exclude. In transcending the binary, $1=0$.

Forms of exclusion, I and you, Inside and outside (of access), the idea of a place on earth as an other, the idea of a person as an other. as opposed to another

Additional vs oppositional

Interaction used to uplift rather than stratify

destroying the binary transgressing the borders

Respecting the boundaries

moving through from one to another

Human rights work to me has everything to do with amending the idea of 'the other'. working to heal and make decisions for the best interest of community (the we)

My work is metaphysical and philosophical in some ways but there is a tangibility to borders and binaries and the way they operate in the world. The objects are used to represent a grounding, a materiality, and a specificity to my experience. As someone who has specificity of experience being used as information to guide future action. The way in which we relate to others recognizing specificity and sameness. There is a tangibility of inequality how do we work to amend that

nonduality

there vs here

this vs that

i vs you

Stigmatization of mental health struggles

Those who society deems unproductive

Queering

Homosocial

gender binary

Redshift blueshift

Moving towards or away from something

Making yourself bigger or smaller

domestic sphere finding more space within to expand

femininity domesticity subservience

Things that appear to have been displaced or disregarded (there is always an intention)

Mastery of space/ alienation Where we are and aren't welcome

Laying out order

Mapping as form of violence/ borders as violence

Vs, growth unfolding expansion coexistence

decorative vs useful items/objects

roles that we are expected to play

connection communication community/ introspection “individuality” vs individuation

the binaries created by one thing interacting with another

we are all part of the same chaotic system

The ecosystem

The social system

The political system

still there is polarity

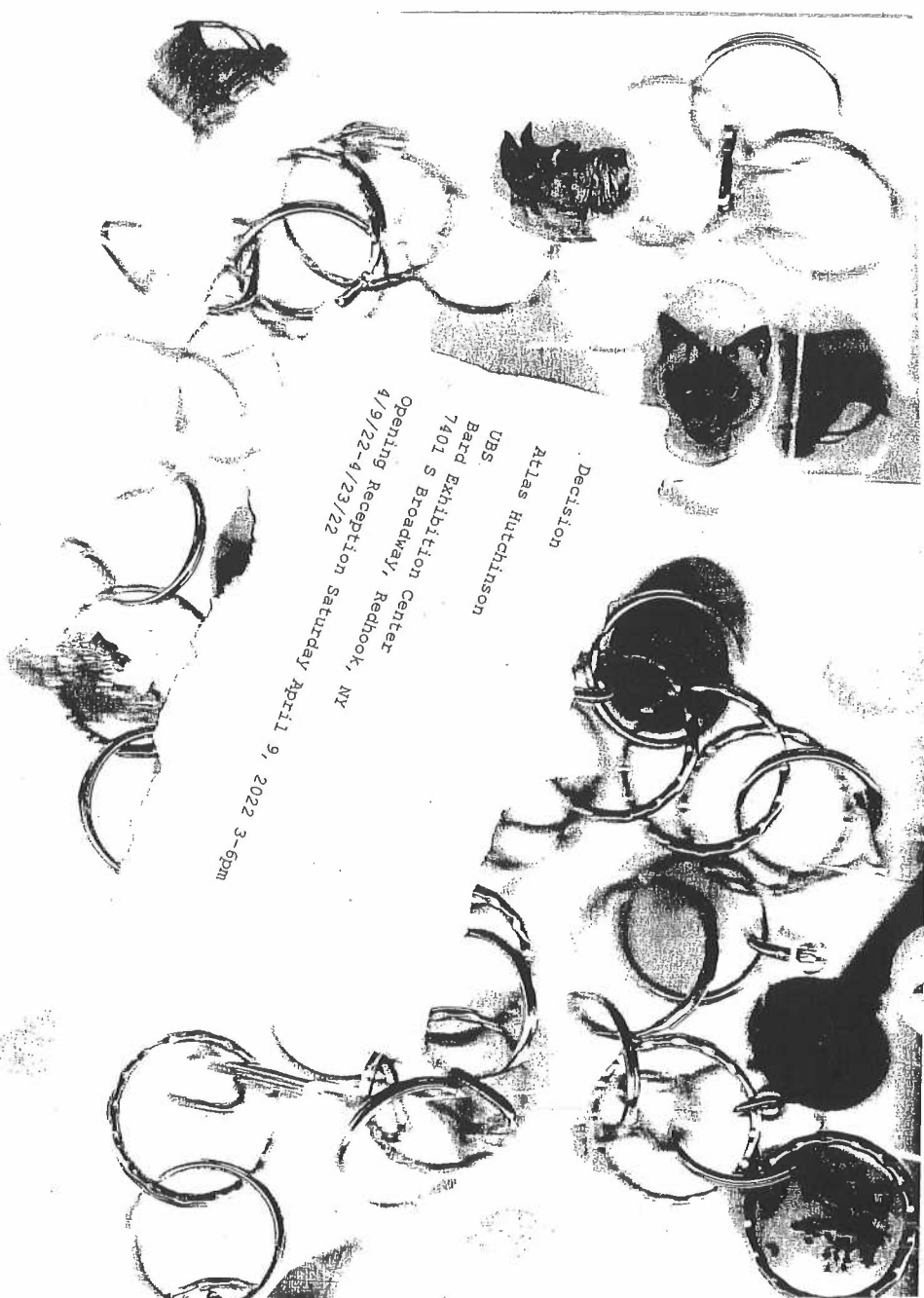
things are pulled into orbit

the pull things have on one another

The power things have over one another. The weight/ gravity

How to acknowledge where the power is being held

How to redistribute equally



Read things, pick things up, examine them, please do so with care.
everything here has a story and a home. everyone here has a story and
a home. Things are placed with care, a map, a graph, a church, a
place of worship. worship the decisions there is no use in regret
there is no use in regret. looking forward or looking back. The mirror
shows you both.

Decision

It is hard to pull everything together when it feels like I am falling apart

Definitions:

Portal=the illusion of another place

Heaven=the illusion of perfection

Hell= the reality of the unknown

1=0

0=1

This project is a map. I depict the point where I decide what to do next, taking every option into consideration. Holding on to all that I can letting go of control. How to move in a direction without falling into everything we do not know, we cannot know. How to bridge the gap between 1 and 0. How to destroy the binary.

This installation involves a collection of objects, knickknacks dust collectors, that have found their way into my life and I've held onto as blessings. As portals back to the place and time that I found them, as a reminder of what happens when you decide to hold onto something instead of leaving it. So objects, then, represent holding on and paintings represent letting go, the unknown. The portals around the space are each their own choice, a door to a place that is somehow different than where you are now, a ladder to heaven, a spiral to hell. and in the center of it all, a mirror. Only when you can get close enough to see the reflection. Because every decision we make is a reflection of how we already believe the world to be. We do things because we have always done them

When the bell rings
we begin
when the bell rings
i jump

pulling a thread up through the crown of my head
hoping no one will notice
how easy it would be to sever
collapsing with no backbone
Folding inwards on myself
i cannot hide in the mirror
though something is hidden in that world
trying to pass through
the bridge is the gap
trying to pass through
When i paint the portals
i see the age in these walls
look more closely and you will too
a small blue dot
hidden in the details
so much to pick through
what do you choose to keep
how do i get to a better place
so much pain hidden in these walls
so many layers
cracks and fissures
to get from one to infinity
we need to take a step back
always getting half way there

no matter how hard i try
no matter for how long
i cannot escape my body
i cannot escape myself
i try to hide in the folds of the fresh sheets
in someone elses bed
i feel i have not come far enough
i fear i have not gone far enough
far enough from what
far enough from where i started
always running in circles
always spiraling through
time and space and bodies in motion
i try to hide in the smiles i can craft
in what i can give away
its as if to say i pour myself out
left feelin empty
angry at the outcome
the comedown
how to bridge the gap
between where i am
and where i think i should be

do you think if i write until i run out of paper
that i can write myself out of confusion
into understanding
do you think if i write
until i run out of ink
that i can write myself out of the story all together
do i think that if i run until i waste away
i can run myself into an answer
something definite
definite means the same as infinite?
no that cant be right
do i think that if i write
until my fingers bleed
that i will find a solution
a way to solve the problem
complex equations and inequalities
do you think if i do
do you think if i do better
if i do better will i find peace
always grasping at something
just out of reach
do i think enough
i think i think too much
what do you think
do you think about me and you
do you think about us together
what is the difference between you and me
what isnt

what is the difference between 1 and 0

it is not the same

as the distance between 1 and 2

where do we start

the same place as before

we start inside and work our way out

unfolding slowly

allowing ourselves

to grow apart

or together

what is the difference between you and i

it is not the same as

it is not the same as the distance

between where i am

and where i should be

do you think

if i keep writing until i run out of paper

that i will write myself an explanation

to be quick is to be alive

to be quick is to be alive

but movement could just be

a heartbeat

are you afraid to take a closer look
i know i am
when we look between the ridges and into the valleys
when we get our nose right next to it
smell the sweat
taste the tears
i get in closer than that
until youre pressed against
until you can almost breathe it in
then what happens
we cant become one
or can we
what is the distance between you and i
what is the distance between
what i feel and what i think about what i feel
are you afraid to touch
i am afraid to feel
im sure of it
afraid to cry
to be carried away
on the razors edge
do i think
if i dont decide
it will make things easier
what does it mean to break ties
to cut and to be cut
what does it mean
to run away

one page after another

one day at a time

can you write a wrong

can you find a way out

always looking for a way out

a way out or way through

do you think if i keep writing

until i run out of paper

do you think i will understand then

at the end

run into time not out of it

how do you spend your time.

like you spend your money

are you frugal

are you foolish

are you happy

are you enough alone

ask me a question

i will answer you as honestly as i can

ask for a poem

i will write for you

as honestly as i can

all you have to do is ask

all you have to do is ask

all you have to do is ask

and i will answer as honestly as i can

if i am jagged i will catch on more

not stick like a burdock

rub

the long rub that wears you down in the end

in every thing give thanks
in every thing
in every thing
in every thing give thanks
i appreciate you
i appreciate you
does that mean we grow together
do you appreciate me
can we grow together forever
in every thing give thanks
in every moment
if i give thanks
who is taking
if i give up
who is taking
do you think if i keep writing
until i run out of time
until i run
out of time
until i have spent it all
run out
run in
red shift blue shift
moving away from one thing
is moving towards something else
red shift blue shift
i cant afford to get closer than this
there is too much at risk
there is too much at risk

i wonder how long it has been
i wonder how long it will be
i wonder why i am never satisfied
insatiable
always pushing or pulling
always taking or giving
sometimes always never
you only need to ask
you only need to ask
i feel like i am going in circles
inner child up to bat
play ball
is it all a game?
if i keep writing
until i cant anymore
until i am too tired to go on
do you think i will find a way
to make a home within myself
a reason to stop
to stop writing
to stop running
once i have exhausted every option
once i have done enough
what do you think will happen then
do you think i can rest
do you think i can rest assured
what do you think of me now
that you can read my thoughts
what do you think

what makes you tick
the watchmakers universe
what makes it go on longer
than you think it ought to
who wound up the gear
who let it all go
on the other side of the black hole
on the other side of time
we spend time
we waste time
we run out of time
we run out of time eventually
the watchmakers universe
what makes you tick
what makes me run
what makes me wait
what makes me watch
the watchmakers universe
what makes me want to stay
who makes me tick
who grinds my gears
who winds me up
how did we wind up here
how did i wind up here
when will i wind up again
the long stretch
the longest we can
until we run out of time
what makes you tick

do you think we all wind up alone

or do you think we wind up together

how much time does it take

to know for certain

we keep taking steps

in the wrong or right direction

but it isnt so simple

it isnt black and white

it is complicated

we are fighting for survival

who told us we were fighting

now we are and i dont know how to stop

how to stop fighting

i dont know how to stop running away

thats the joke

that is what i realized

not running away

just running a way

i dont want to be just anything

just

only

just

right

how do i know when i have gone far enough

how will i know

once its over and i look back on it all

will i be able to make sense of it then

will i be able to untangle

will i be able to rest

angels and matchbox cars

i keep writing
untili run out of steam
it happens slowly
then all at once
running on fumes
running on empty
i feel like the more i write
the more i make
the more i run
the stronger i will be
but what is strong enough
when will i be able to hold up the world
atlas t
at last at last
want you to pore over it
see the details
eve ry last one
at last
how do we stand on our own
or perhaps we dont
we are always being carried
through time and space
bodies in motion
we are always being carried
do you think
if i write until i run out of time
do you think i will be satisfied
is running out an answer
is running out of time

i will never see myself as others do
i will never see myself at all
only parts
or a reflection
only parts
of a reflection
if i can just make it to the next page
maybe then i will know
if i can just make it one step further
then maybe i will know
get closer
closer still
get right up on top of it
how do you get from 1 to infinity
quickly
or slowly
or is it the same
when have we made it far enough
close enough
how do i show up for myself when i dont want to
release the things i can't control
hold onto what i want to keep close to me
not the other way around
what is the weight of this decision
is it heavier than any other
it certainly feels heavier
what carries enough weight
to puncture my world

who comes back over and over
who leaves again and again
i cant run away from myself
no matter how hard i try
no matter how much i write
it always comes back in the end
the tail in the mouth
swallow me whole
what carries the weight of the world
feedback
who comes back again and again
who leaves over and over
feedback
or starve
grow or waste away
like smoke dissipates into air
or water spills
i think my writing
is getting worse
but does it really matter
who is really looking that close
who is really reading this far
so far from where we started
but im sitting in the same chair
looking at the same mirror
different faces go by
different faces than before
a smile and a wave
another moment
another hour

durational poetry
writing through it all
i wonder if i will run out of words eventually
we all have our limits
have i exhausted every avenue
how do i still have more to say
am i saying anything at this point
how long between the lightning
and the thunder
between when i see it
and when i feel it
deep in my gut
sick to my stomach
the light and then the dark again
but louder now
in comparison
a flash of something different
so much care
i care so much
i carry so much
would i drop it all
in a moment
a step in the wrong direction
buckle then topple
and all at once i am too light
embarrassingly so
i am naked
i am naked

There is no if about it

i will keep writing

until i run out

i will keep writing

until i am empty

or full

what am i pouring myself out of

what am i pouring myself into

when does the fear subside

the feeling that i have to keep running

in order to stay alive

how long until i am done

how long until i am undone

what will be my undoing

it has happened before

unraveled

tangled up on the floor

exhausted at last

exhausted atlas

i dont want to carry on anymore

how do we know when we are done

who will be the one to decide

how will i know when i can rest

how will i rest

it is not as simple

as laying down

even when i laye

i still feel like i am running

chasing

if i keep writing
t day i ill type for you.

that can never last for very long
no one else can do it right
i dont think i can either
more and more

if i keep writing
until i run out of paper
will i runv into an answer
i dont even know the question
that i am trying to ask
what do i want
where do i go from here

home base
but it isnt home
not anymore

i dont know if it eve r was

even the typewriter is starting to lag
this cant go on much longer
even time starts to slow down

moments last longer
moments last longer
but then they are gone
how many mistypes
mistakes

misteps

i dont know how much longer i can go
ill never really know what you think of me
ill never really know how you feel
maybe not

maybe this will be my last page

what do i have left to say

i havent found an answer yet

i dont know if i ever will

i dont think so

maybe thats the point

it isnt yes or no

it isnt black or white

it isnt 1 or 0

it is sometimes always never

it is takingur time

it is a million collors colors

it is a million different things

all inside

all inside

overheard underlistened

it is everything at once

5 more minutes

5 minutees more have i done enough?

have i done enough?

have i done enough?

i do not know

i hope so

one can only hope

only time will tell

one can only hope

i can only hope

release control

release control