

Spring 2021

## CLU

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CLU

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

by  
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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York  
May 2021

There's someone within me surfacing, a person who's really me and not really, someone who I could be or could've been, a fragment that was once familiar but now distanced.

I am a window to look through, and he is within, guiding me towards an essence. I hug, he stings, I bite, he mocks, his demand for celebration, admiration, and awe for what's hidden is frightening, but he is with me.

Protons erratically arranging, quarks and neutrinos forming into images. It feels violent, sporadic, crawling beneath surfaces, flashing little lights, little windows into other worlds. I want to step around it, jump over it, grab it by its shoulders and scream, but I have to be careful, because Clu is watching.

I walk a big road, it's the hair, the legs, without it, I am me, after so many times, this is it, the thing, me, in the looking glass looking at myself, never seeing this of myself, it's who I am, what I've known, even without it, the pain, the change, he isn't a body yet he touches me, he isn't a mind yet he speaks to me, in the air is a found thing, on the doorstep of everyone, a baby waiting to be picked up.

He's under the bed, over the river, beside me in the deep water, as close to me as my skin, the spit in my mouth, the marrow in my bones, he knows what he wants and doesn't want, I fear what he fears, but he knows to go towards it.

Clu is what my parents were going to name me before they chose Pierce. I imagine he is with me as a spirit, guiding me towards an intensity, a meanness, the viscera of confrontation.



# CLU

*a senior project in photography by  
pierce sapper*

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