
Senior Projects Spring 2022

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

Spring 2022

I Went Back to Sit in the Sun

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Bard College

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Recommended Citation

Fall, Alice Flannery, "I Went Back to Sit in the Sun" (2022). *Senior Projects Spring 2022*. 316.
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I Went Back to Sit in the Sun

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

by
Alice Fall

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2022

Dedication

To my mom and sister. It's all for you, always. I love you.

Acknowledgements

My most loving thank you to my mom. Thank you for your unwavering wisdom and friendship. Thank you Meg for your humor, patience, and willingness to be such an integral part of my photography. You're my favorite person to photograph, but you're also just my favorite person. This project could not have come together without the love of my whole family: my dad, Jackson, Rob, Kate, Peyton, Riley, and my grandparents.

Thank you to everyone who participated in this work, spoke with me about it, and guided me through this process. Thank you to all the people who pushed me and those who were patient with me over the past four years: Farah Al Qasimi, Bryson Rand, Tanya Marcuse, Daphne Fitzpatrick, and An-My Le. Thank you Jenny Offill for your advice on writing and life. Thank you to Jordon Soper, Karl Mattson, and Sara Winston for making Woods such a safe, inviting, and supportive environment this year.

This work, and my life, benefited every day from the support, guidance, and kindness of my advisor, Laura Steele. This year would've been an incredibly different experience if it wasn't for you. You've been such an important mentor and friend to me. Thank you for always pushing me to return to my own voice and allowing me to indulge all my curiosities.

Thank you to all of the Bard Photo alumni who have been such strong influences. Thank you Liv for your passionate feedback on this work. Thank you to everyone in Senior Seminar for your care and friendship. Huge love to Rainer and Eli for the joy and experience of putting this show up together.

Thank you to everyone at Bard and in the Hudson Valley who has welcomed me into their homes and become my family when I felt so far from Oklahoma: Dominique and Sage, Venessa and Fiona, Laura and Lyra, and Lynn and Patty. I had a really hard time at first, but it's because of you that I found my footing.

Thank you to Anna, Sarah S., Sarah K., and all of my friends who have shown me love and extended support. Thank you for being a part of my life and allowing me to be a part of yours. Your friendship has changed my life forever, and I love you so deeply.

To everyone mentioned and everyone else, you've taught and supported me more than I could've ever imagined. Thank you for everything.

Table of Contents

Artist's
Statement.....1
Postcard.....4

The camera perceives things before I can. An image arises from a fleeting encounter of past and present. It performs a deceptive dance with the intangible. I trace the same images over and over to remember their shape.

On a cold day in February, the sun sweeps across the dead garden and heats the inside air like a greenhouse. The temperature is sweltering; it laps at my skin like warm water. My shoulders begin to burn but I still choose to sit in the sunlight. I open a window. The room begins to feel familiar; I close my eyes and hum a little. The space between me and the world echoes. Winter air leaks in through cracks around the windows, and I begin to notice pockets of one state inside another: invisibility within visibility, nonacceptance within acceptance, repulsion within attraction, separation within connectedness. Constriction pulses through the space, and these states begin to leak. The core of them, the delicate beauty of them, begins to rot. The interior expands outward, meeting edges and merging. My palms open fully and a momentary formlessness emerges, breaking through the confines and rigidity of order. Renewed and forever renewing; shapeless but in search of new shape.

The sun sets early. Emptiness moves in and saturates the space slowly. The remaining heat lingers and burns out. A low hum radiates from the yellow bulb hanging from the ceiling. It's the only light on in the house. I move quietly from this room to the next, following voices that become more familiar as I approach. The space around me remains alive and my response changes every moment.

When I look through the lens and see my family, all of our identities are filtered and reflected back to me in an endless feedback loop. I can't look into my own eyes without using a mirror, without someone opposite me looking back. The layers are illusive; they overlap and compound in a transformation that embodies multiple realities before they become something else entirely.

Postcard



I WENT BACK
TO
SIT
IN THE SUN

A SENIOR PROJECT IN PHOTOGRAPHY
BY ALICE FALL

OPENING MAY 15, 6-9 PM
ON VIEW MAY 15-18, 2022

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