
Senior Projects Spring 2012

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

Spring 2012

I'm Here...

Jocelyn Edwards
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2012

 Part of the [Fine Arts Commons](#)



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 License](#).

Recommended Citation

Edwards, Jocelyn, "I'm Here..." (2012). *Senior Projects Spring 2012*. 272.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/senproj_s2012/272

This Open Access work is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It has been provided to you by Bard College's Stevenson Library with permission from the rights-holder(s). You are free to use this work in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights. For other uses you need to obtain permission from the rights-holder(s) directly, unless additional rights are indicated by a Creative Commons license in the record and/or on the work itself. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Bard

Bard College
Bard Digital Commons

Senior Projects Spring 2012

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

2012

I'm Here...

Jocelyn Edwards

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 2012 by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Bard

Artist Statement
Jocelyn Edwards

This is a collection of things from my life in the past year. Some of them are things that I saw and some one them are things that I felt. Some images, like “Rachel under the bed” were in my head for months before I decided to finally paint them. Other paintings are just historical documents of beautiful things that I have seen.

This past year, I lived in a large old house. This house was the subject of a majority of these paintings. I find its spaces sad and hollow. Houses make me lonely. This house especially makes me anxious.

I think these spaces become mazes and compartments of light and habits. They are partitions between people.

There are some things that I feel embarrassed about; leaning into boys’s cars , or wishing that I could just lie underneath someone’s bed as they slept.











