



ome away from home away from home away from **home away from** home away from home away



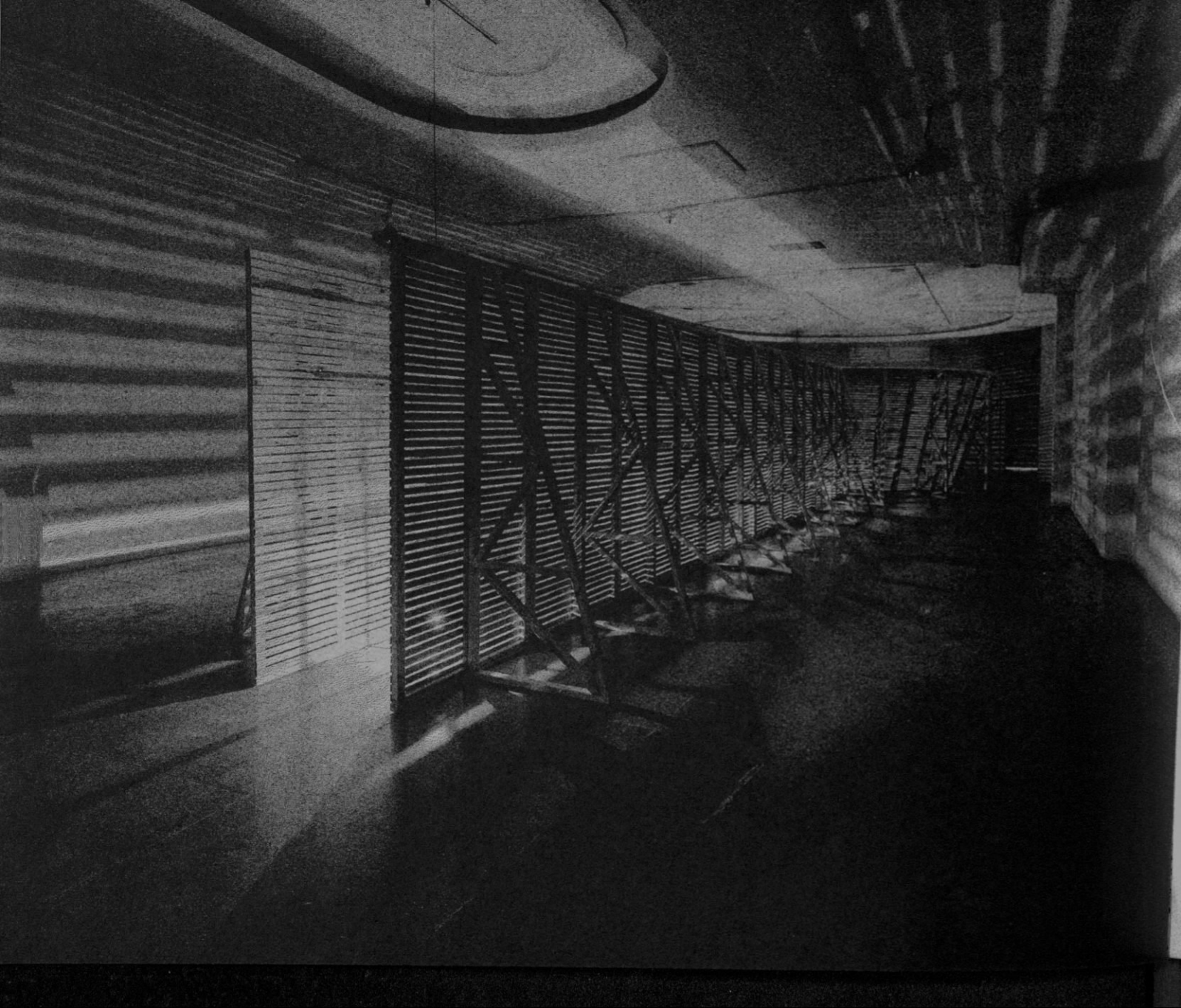
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*home away from* is not a "timely" reaction to the recent immigration policies set forth by the current U.S. government. There is nothing new about migration, a historical reality and a necessity. Migration is often forced by international policy, colonialism, invasions, economic sanctions, and war waged by those in power against the powerless, born in a geopolitically strategic place with specific natural resources.

What is referred to as the "current political moment" is a continuum, echoing many other waves of state violence and violent discourse against immigrants, particularly from the third world. I am reminded of Proposition 187 that allowed for immigrants to get deported for seeking medical care, against the backdrop of post 1992 Riots Los Angeles with its subsequent escalation of police brutality and violent immigration enforcement; I am reminded of the dread of being stopped by the police; I am reminded of the terrifying sound of helicopters and invasive lights in my house traveling through the window blinds.

The work exists without denouncing a moment of exception because there is no exception. In building this work I have been pondering an immigrant resilience, I have been mulling over the ability and necessity of making a home where there is supposed to be no home for the immigrant. As immigrants, we have the need and the ability to continue pushing forward, waking up every day and doing what we can to make a home anywhere. We don't do the work because we are exceptional. We continue to build our home every day, the work never stops and it is never over: we are here and the construction has already started.

*home away from* is a site for contemplation where all the contradictions of building a home away from home materialize and coexist in the same space. Neither is more familiar than the other, neither supersedes the other. How safe do we feel in our bodies every day, at airports, near the border, on the street? Are we free to stay, free to leave, and free to return? How is our "freedom" impacted under the scrutiny of what we choose to say, what we choose to do? Why are we expected to be exceptional, when others can just *be*? And will we ever feel at home?

To consider these questions, I invited collaborators that have been in one way or another, restricted, banned, denied, discriminated against, threatened, and placed in legal oblivion by immigration processes. Rejecting the spectacular aspect of mainstream immigration narratives, we would like to ask: how do we thrive despite being expected to fail? We continue to think about this, perhaps indefinitely without an answer; In the meantime, we take care of each other.

Jimena Sarno  
August 2017, Los Angeles

Jimena Sarno is a multidisciplinary artist and organizer. She works across a range of media including installation, sound, video, text and sculpture. Born in Buenos Aires, Argentina and currently living in Los Angeles, her experience as a South American immigrant informs her practice. She is the organizer of analog dissident, a monthly discussion gathering that features two invited artists and encourages intersectional approaches and critical engagement outside of traditional art institutions. Her work has been exhibited at LACE, PØST, Human Resources, The Mistake Room, UCI Contemporary Art Center, Control Room, Fellows of Contemporary Art and Grand Central Art Center among others. She is the recipient of the 2015 California Community Foundation Fellowship for Visual Artists.

Always stemming from personal experience, her work takes shape as installations where she builds, rearranges and re-contextualizes objects, images, sound and found text into constellations of new relationships. Through the material process of building objects and environments, she retraces the practical and aesthetic considerations of systems of control—from the increasing abstraction of preemptive warfare, mainstream media distortion and every day corporate and government tracking to the idea of the good citizen and the criminalization of dissent.

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*p.7 | Jimena Sarno | home away from, installation view | photo: Jimena Sarno*



A home requires a place where it can be located, built and inhabited. A home is a place that provides an inside, an intimate space. Being away implies distance from a place, it entails absence, and being on the outside. The sequence of the words "home away from home away from home away from" spins around the impossibilities of establishing a new space for living, or even returning to an origin as one is constantly disciplined, banned, and interrupted in the pursuit of their desires.

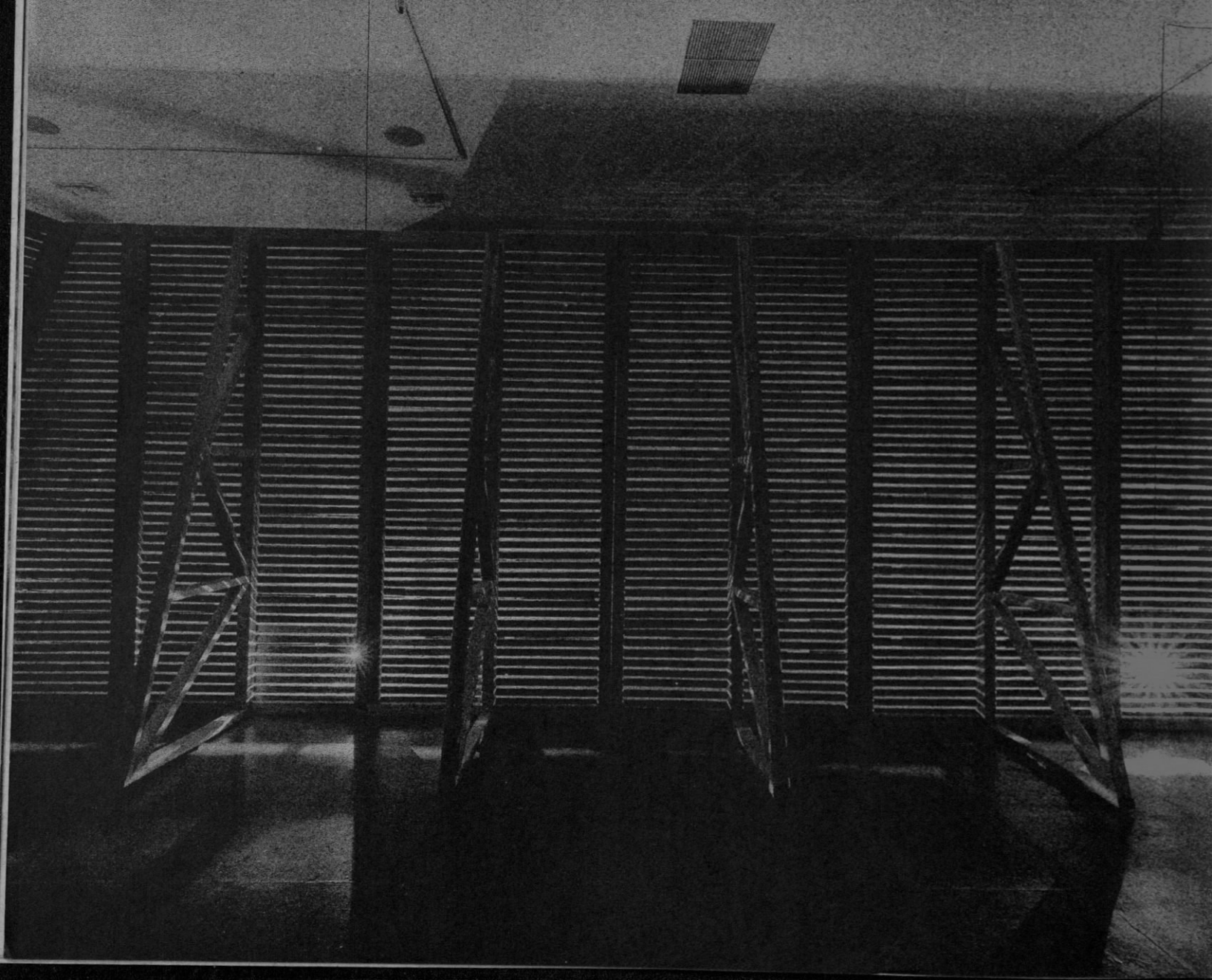
There is a series of particular actions that governments use to impart control over immigrants: holding, scanning, processing, banning—procedures that immigrants are constantly subjected to—obstructing the possibilities to establish a home. It is inevitable to think about the immigration processing facilities that hold adults and children at the borders of this country: waiting to be processed in inhuman, harsh conditions, indefinitely held while waiting for their right to mobility to be determined, at the risk of being in longer reclusion. Is it possible to imagine a home under these circumstances?

*home away from* assembles diverse components that occupy the entire main gallery with a permeable wooden structure, video projections and sound. Through this immersive experience Sarno turns the complex experiences of immigration inside out, showing the in and the out, while reversing both in different directions. The sounds of the scanner in this project resonates with long, bureaucratic immigration procedures: waiting to be processed, on hold for a change of official legal status in one's country of residence. Scanning, the act of looking carefully into the face, digits and eyes of another person, turns into inaccessible personal data that tracks one's every path in their new "home." In addition to such actions, banning has become the preemptive mechanism of control over populations, restricting their mobility from home. All these measures with diverse consequences are intertwined in the everyday life of an immigrant: on a short break from work, before leaving the house, between work and taking a shower, while cooking for the family, going to the park and returning home. The perception of this world and the intricate questions around these notions are examined in *home away from*, as well as ways of resisting, healing and disrupting these systems.

*home away from* is constantly shifting between a home and a place of critical discussion that can be experienced individually and collectively. It opens a space that may create a temporary home for creation and conversation—a visible, tangible space to analyze the structures that attempt to determine our paths as immigrants. It allows the viewer to temporarily inhabit the space and engage in dialog. *home away from* is a call for self-determination and to actively challenge and disrupt those structures.

Daniela Lieja Quintanar (Mexico City, 1984) is a researcher and Curator at Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions (LACE). She works between Los Angeles and Mexico City, emphasizing contemporary art and curatorial practices that explore the politics and social issues of everyday life. She serves as Project Coordinator and Contributing Curatorial Advisor for *Below the Underground: Renegade Art and Action in the 1990s Mexico* at the Armory Center for the Arts in Pasadena. In 2016, she worked with artist Teresa Margolles for her contribution to the Public Art Biennial *CURRENT: LA Water*. She curated LACE Summer artist residency: *Home away from* by Jimena Sarno (2017), *El Teatro Campesino (1975-1965)* at LACE (2017, co-curated with Samantha Gregg), *Between Words and Silence: The Work of Translation and Down and to the Left: Reflections on Mexico in the NAFTA Era* at the Armory Center for the Arts (both 2017, co-curated with Chief Curator Irene Tsatsos), and *Acciones Territoriales (Territorial Acts)* at the Museo Ex Teresa in Mexico City (2014). Lieja holds a BA in Ciencias de la Cultura from the Universidad del Claustro de Sor Juana, Mexico City, and an MA in Art and Curatorial Practices in the Public Sphere from the University of Southern California.





## **Sarah Russin** | A note from LACE

While commercial galleries typically present the classic summer group exhibition, over the last four summers, LACE has chosen to focus and give space to a single artist's vision through the exhibition-based Summer Residency Program. Jimena Sarno was invited in summer 2017, joining Jibade-Khalil Huffman (2016) Rafa Esparza (2015), and the collective Native Strategies (2014) as the featured artists in this signature program.

With an influx of new residents to the neighborhood of Hollywood and the tripling of visitors to the Boulevard in the summer, LACE offers free access to contemporary art to all visitors. Resident artists are invited to develop a major installation in the LACE gallery, as well as a series of performance-based events, presenting original artwork and dialogue to the community. The aim of the Summer Residency program is to offer a site for newly-commissioned works and make visible the artist's process in a public setting, while offering the public rare and intimate access to artists' working practices in the gallery.

Like most great works, Jimena Sarno's home away from project contains multiple layers of meaning. At the time of this publication, the LACE staff and interns have lived for weeks with the exhibition space, as this large-scale project was built, launched, and morphed. The addition of performative and sculptural works by collaborators: C3LA Choir, Niloufar Emamifar, Nooshin Rostami, Jenny Qaqundah, Cay Castagnetto, and Arshia Haq, and students from Belvedere middle school in East LA, enriched the project through their contributions.

Rooted in a powerful political critique during this challenging moment in our country's history, Jimena's intricately constructed installation also offers a space for contemplation and the experiential pleasures of sound, light, scent, texture, and movement. Visitors of all kinds are responding in deep ways to this powerful project.



Thank you to LACE Curator, Daniela Leija Quinantar for guiding this project with support from Getty intern, Paloma Orozco Scott. Thank you to Exhibitions and Operations Manager, Andrew Freire, and Assistant Director, Fiona Ball, and the team of interns, for their tireless contributions to realize this ambitious project.

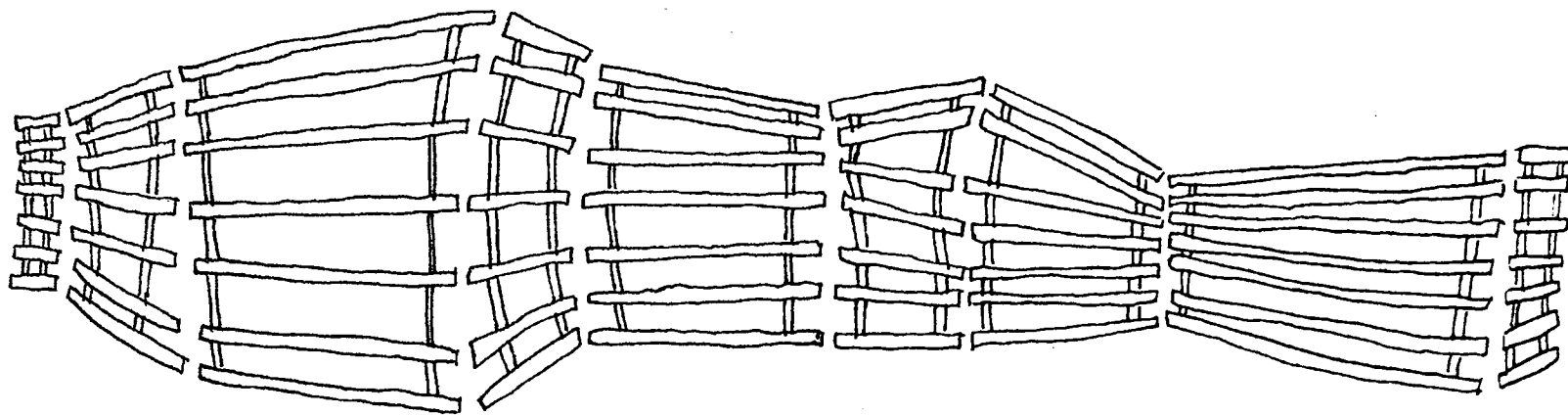
LACE offers deep thanks to Jimena Sarno for her generosity of spirit, collaboration, and optimism.

Sarah Russin is the Executive Director of LACE.

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*p. 13 | Jimena Sarno | home away from, installation view | photo: Jimena Sarno*





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*Jimena Sarno | home away from first sketch, technical pen on paper*

## **Manuel Schwartzberg Carrió** | home away from: On the Political Performativity of Walls

Every age is an age of walls, and every wall is a performance. Every wall performs the problematic distinction between "home" and "away from home," in its many different manifestations: domestic and foreign, friend and enemy, self and other. Of course, these distinctions are not just manifested by walls alone, but the quality of walls often elevates their raw violence to a higher level—that of the symbolic. A wall not only separates physically, but also constructs violent oppositions in peoples' minds. This particular kind of disjunctive unity between the real and the symbolic creates twisted social configurations; for example, often the most infrastructural walls in appearance are the least functional in reality. Thus, the most properly architectural walls—those that play at the political threshold of reality and appearance—operate a double violence: not only do they arbitrarily partition spaces and bodies, but they do so in a cruelly theatrical manner; in their hyperbolic "wallness," they announce their absolute determination to wall off and wall in, no matter the cost, forcefully stabilizing naturally unstable categories and therefore leaving trails of broken communities, families, and individuals in their wake. Usually, these kinds of walls are built by those in fear of losing their own waning power, even as they are purportedly sold as demonstrations of strength. The bigger the wall, we might say, the more naked the emperor.

In Jimena Sarno's recent installation at LACE, "home away from", an ominous wall performs an architectural operation walls usually don't do: the loop. Designed in the manner of Hollywood flats (used to create sets in film and theater) but left eerily unfinished with a backing structure of lath sans plaster (the first colonial technique for shipping walls around the world), the installation creates an opening—rather, a rupture—for the viewer in the gallery, leading through a narrow corridor back into and out of itself. Entering the space, we are both inside and outside at once, as if caught within an endless Möbius strip: home away from—home away from—home away from... A Sisyphus of being, belonging, and longing that constantly threatens its own return while forever delaying a resolution. Pondering the political metaphysics of this type of structure, the Italian philosopher Giorgio Agamben famously suggested that such ambiguous spaces—akin to the horrendous being-in-waiting at an immigration detention center, for example—are the essential spatial correlates of modernity: at once upholding a strict rule (i.e., national citizenship) and arbitrarily demarcating its exceptionality (i.e., "illegal aliens" on sovereign territory). Following the German legal scholar (and prominent Nazi) Carl Schmitt, Agamben theorized that these spaces are where

sovereignty is effectively produced and guaranteed; the cruel irony being, of course, that these "spaces of exception" therefore underwrite the whole system of laws and concomitant spaces of normalization (i.e., homes, schools, shopping centers, etc.) that we call "modernity."

Another correlate of this political-philosophical structure is that the production of normality—the orchestration of normality as appearance—is therefore a huge spatial performance. In "home away from," much like with Trump's feigned project for a southern border wall, we know this to be a farce. We are in a gallery. We are in the US. We are surrounded, and nurtured by, a deeply immigrant culture that is at the very core of what California, and the US more broadly, are in historical and contemporary terms. And yet, like Trump's wall, "home away from" shamelessly flaunts its theatricality. This is a farce doubling down upon itself—proud to be great again as a pure posture, an empty shell; pride shrouded over a proud nothingness, sheltering this nothingness as if it actually was something. The key here, however, is not to call out the "exceptionality" of Trump, but rather, his utter normality. In other words, Trump's hypothetical southern wall is fully contiguous with all the long-standing actual foreign policy actions and positions of the US with its southern neighbours (think not only Mexico, but Cuba, Chile, Argentina, Honduras, Nicaragua, Venezuela, and a very long and violent etcetera). Trump is simply the doubling down of these utterly normal systems—institutional structures of hard and soft power with a deep and well-established history, as the great British Marxist historian and UCLA professor, Perry Anderson, described in his 2016 book, *American Foreign Policy and its Thinkers*. Trump—like his wall—is a farcical reality that pretends to be a farce, but is scarily real in its deep historical ties to America's deadly self-image as an "exceptional" nation.

Like the concept of "home", the "away" concept that is recursively and intrinsically always-already connected to it, is also a farce. In Trump's wall, like all other infamous walls in modern history, this farce is that of the exceptional nation under assault from "illegal aliens" (or in the even cruder terms of Trumpist neo-fascism, "criminals," "rapists," etc.). But if these walls are so eager to produce such extreme forms of othering, this is only because an overly fragile and anxious sense of the homely (and even more fundamentally, the self) feels perilously under threat. In turning the wall back into itself and creating an unhomely space where this ambiguous othering mirrors itself, creating a nightmarish, centripetal self-absorption, Sarno offers us a sense of the violent, dialectical impasses of the

self-other/sovereign-exception, relation. Are we at home protected from them; or, are we the ones away—in transit perhaps—being watched over by them? In either case, paranoia structures the relation, taking concrete form to become the very architecture that contains us.

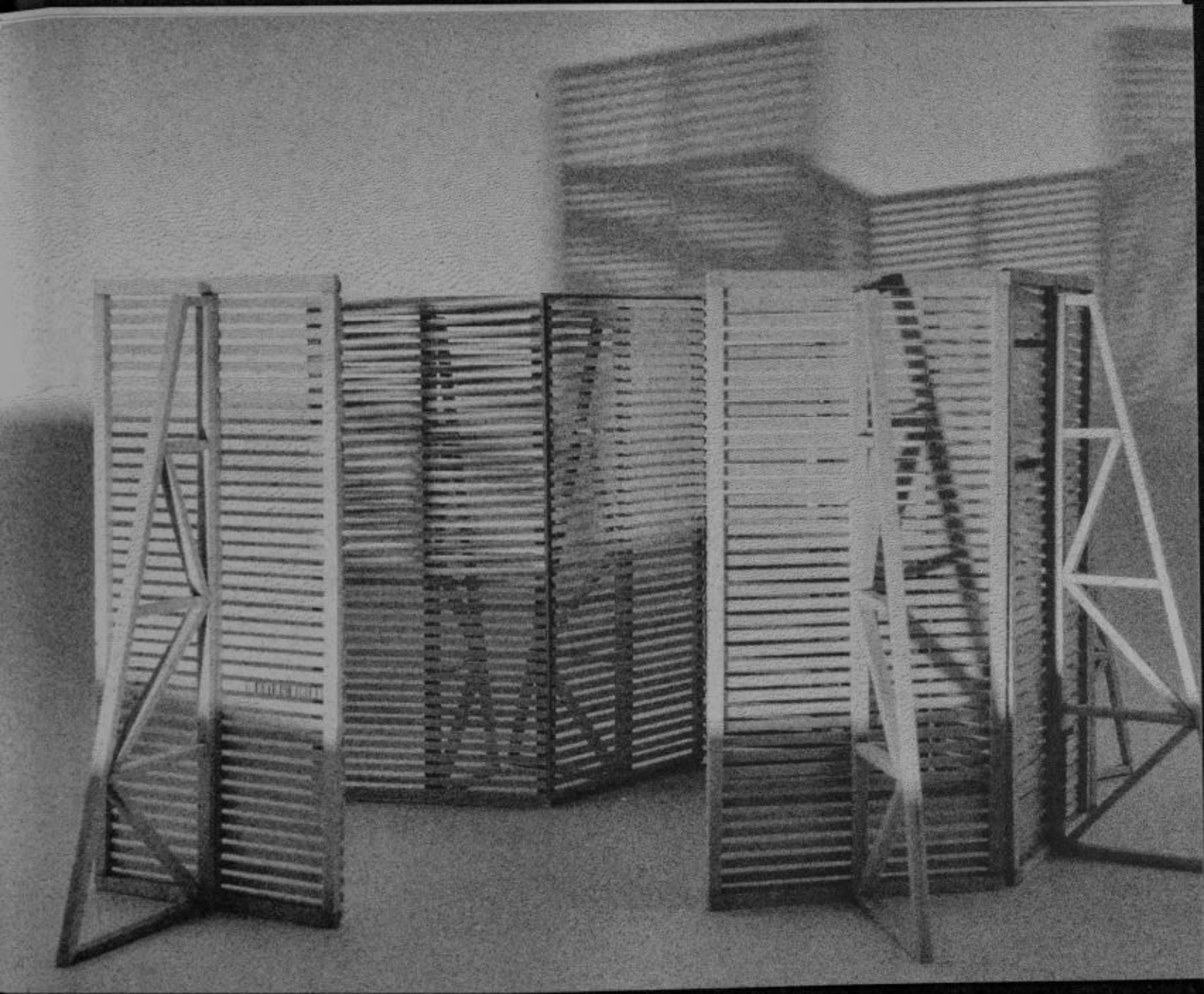
If the installation operates as a formal, psycho-spatial hinge of never-ending turmoil by turning the vertical punishment of Sisyphus into the horizontal terror of checkpoints, detention centers, and other labyrinthine spaces of exception, "home away from" also suggests that the terror-effects of sovereignty are reproduced through their very materiality. Here again the theatrical banality of the wall's materials—its brutally simple structural A-frames; its indifferent white light bulbs—is calculated and deliberate. These materials play out their historical role as de facto normalizers of exceptionally cruel conditions of human habitation. In their very mundane, physical reality, those narratives of the exception that seek to draw an absolute line between us and them, become utterly normalized. This realization should work both ways: to notice that the spaces that are routinely portrayed as "dangerously other" are in fact made of the same stuff as the "safe homes" that are so anxiously policed to remain what they are. But also, and perhaps more importantly, we should notice that there is often an aestheticization of exceptionality so that it cannot be seen in its habitual normality. The key here is that the apparently "exceptional" conditions that are created by walls, detention centers, and other obscene spaces of political violence are intrinsic parts of the system that produces the home—and not an unrelated quirk of our otherwise "lawful" societies, or an unfortunate and temporary accident of history. These exceptions create the normality that frame our lives; and vice-versa, the normality some live by creates the exceptions others must habitually navigate.

These demarcations of exceptionality are not mythological abstractions, but are very tangible—both spatially and historically. We might consider, for example, that already in 1648 the Peace of Westphalia settled a geo-political contract by which European nation-states would govern their affairs as diplomatic gentlemen writ-large; playing geopolitical chess with their borders and populations, and so constructing an ever-fragile framework of international law and liberal economics. This gigantic gamble consequently re-inscribed two very big and problematic inside-outside relations: that of nations themselves (and thus, national pride and other monsters) with the concomitant rise of the deadly citizen-alien duality, as well as those people in the world who had not been invited into the club—namely, the colonized—over which international law effectively formalized and enabled brutal military conquest, colonial plunder, and sheer

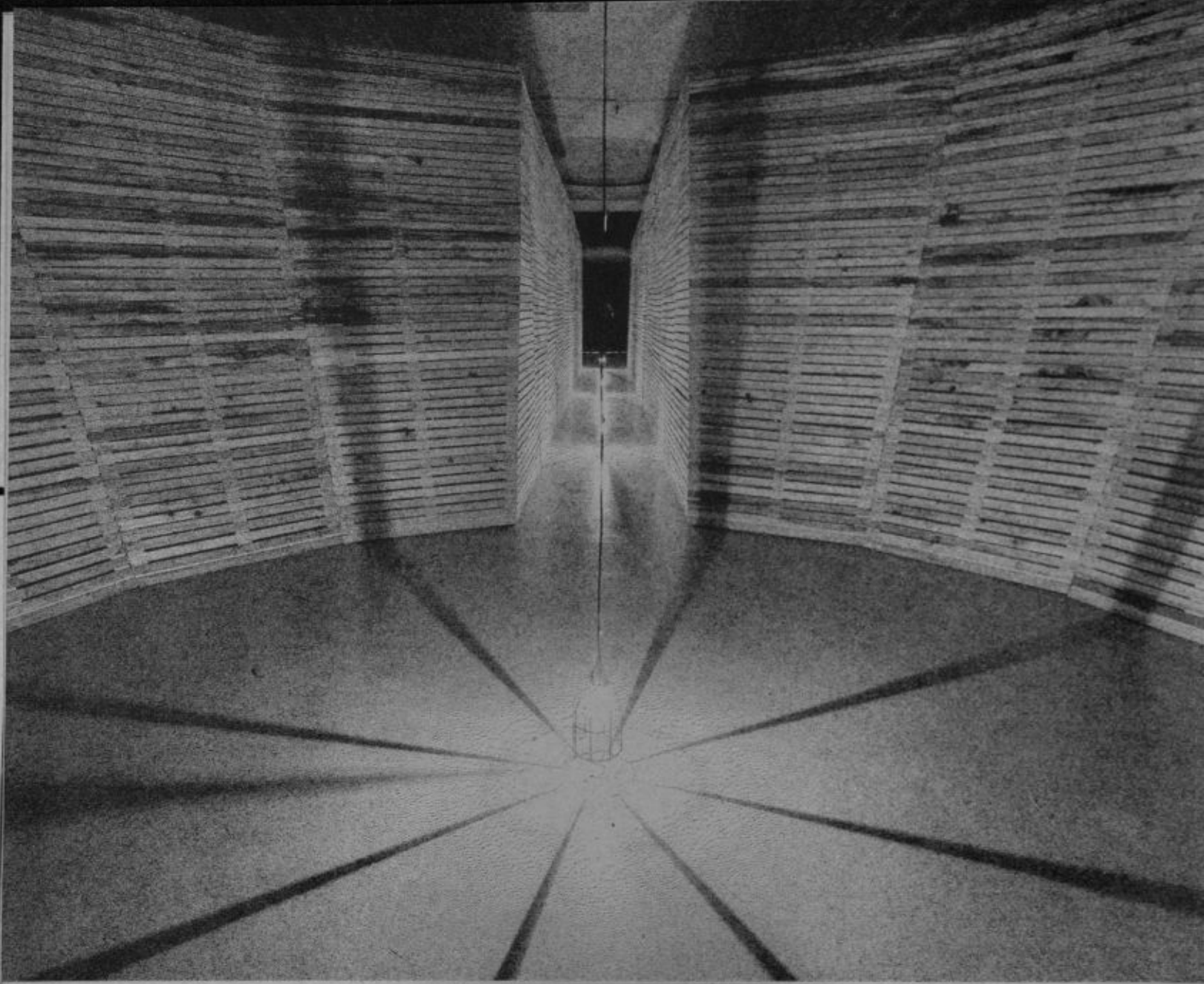
human enslavement. This is the world order and "sense"—in its meaning as both subjective apprehension and objective direction—that the Eurocentric nomos of modernity enshrined. The checkpoints, borders, and detention centers of today are the technological remnants of cutting up of the world—objectively and subjectively—in this way. Thus, normalized exceptionality—brutal violence in all its forms—is coded in the very nature of our geopolitics and ways of thinking about space and subjectivity.

There were always alternatives—whether in Kant's notion of "perpetual peace," theorized around a world without national borders; an early echo of John Lennon's imagination—or in the myriad great cosmopolitan cities of history; thriving melting pots of different cultures as crucibles of intersection (though often these were also underwritten by territories of plunder and dispossession). However, no matter the way out of the violence of the border and its architectural avatar—the wall—it is imperative to come to terms with the systemic nature of this condition. Holding the "home" and the "away" together in a necessarily unresolved relation, but clearly structured around each other—as "home away from" attempts to do—is the only way to effectively think an alternative to the perennial havoc of this double-bind. Perhaps, then, we might learn to live with estrangement rather than certainty; with uncertain socio-spatial orders (like loops) and their concomitant modes of subjectivity, rather than the stark inside-or-out logics of deadly walls across the landscape.

Manuel Shvartzberg Carrió is an architect and writer, currently based at Columbia University in New York City where he runs the Architecture Thesis for the Masters of Science in Critical, Curatorial, and Conceptual Practices in Architecture. At Columbia, he is also a candidate in the PhD in Architecture program, a researcher at The Temple Hoyne Buell Center for the Study of American Architecture, and a Graduate Fellow of the Institute for Comparative Literature and Society.







**Eunsong Kim** | Foreigners Welcome: Jimena Sarno's *home away from*\*

My introduction to artist Jimena Sarno's practice begins two years ago. On July 15th, 2015, I saw a collaborative show hosted by the ACLU that featured Patrisse Cullors and Jimena Sarno. The Grand Central Art Center in Santa Ana was set up so that visitors could view Sarno's *homeland* (2015 & 2014), a sculptural and sound installation throughout the night, and held a separate space for the performative work of Cullors and Sarno.

The evening began with performances. Sarno played *we are all not in this together*, a sound piece made of police scanner recordings from the night of November 24th 2014, when Michael Brown's murderer was not indicted. In particular she highlighted a conversation between a police officer and a female dispatch officer, in which the officer asks about the "suspect-in-question."

Regarding the sound piece Sarno notes that it sits, "Against the backdrop of a sonic mapping of Ferguson described by dispatches from different parts of the city." The answer the dispatcher offers the police officer is broken. First, *negative* is heard and is repeated, then *negative, no gun* followed with the maddening repetition of, *negative, no gun, no weapon*. The finale of the archive reveals the entirety of the response provided to the officer: *Negative, no gun, no weapon, just black male*.

In the piece Sarno labors towards the response heard/recorded/archived: *Negative, No gun, No weapon, just black male*—highlighting the absurdity and yet their remaining interrogations.

Sarno's display of police recordings preceded Cullors, who draped herself in a US flag given to her by the US government and discussed the memory of her veteran father. Cullors spoke of the ways in which state violence is not an abstract distance, an abstracted object, but stitched into the fabric of so our lives (as benefactors, to our detriment). In collaboration with artist Damon Turner, she then slowly and carefully began to repeat *Black Lives Matter*, until the statement crescendoed and metamorphized into what felt like a song, a prayer, the opaque material metaphysicizing the room, world.

Sarno's installation at the Grand Central Art Center, *homeland* (2015 ,2014) was a rendition of her final thesis show at UCI the year before. *homeland* (2015) held a blue space. I did not know this when I was there, but the blue filling the space was the colors of the nearby Laguna Beach. The space was filled by this deepest lapis blue: there is no color like this and there was no other color in the room but this. The space was also full by what at first felt like an array of clacking sounds. The more one stayed in the space the more the sounds began to individualize: they are taps, they are tap shoes. There are speakers on the floor and each speaker echoes the performance of one set of tap shoes. At times the sounds collide together like music and dance, at other times they splinter like scatters. All of this has meaning of course, all of this is set.

The sculptural piece, the beacon, was a tower. Gleaming and lifesize Sarno explains to me after the fact that she wanted a tower but wanted to build it herself. She was surprised and then not surprised to learn that a standard lifeguard's tower (the one we have become accustomed to recognizing as such) is one of the easiest to remake as the construction was imagined for incarcerated, "non-skilled" laborers. The lifeguard tower is *supposed* to be easy to put together: it was designed for the "non-expert." An emblem of surveillance: how the architect anticipates its construction and participation.

In *homeland* (2015 ,2014) the tap sounds harken to the historical linkage between chattel slavery and surveillance. In *Dark Matters: On the Surveillance of Blackness* Simone Browne argues compellingly that surveillance studies does not begin with Foucault or Edward Snowden, but with the transatlantic slave trade. Looking to the records created for slave persons to all the ways in which the TSA have performed "hair searches" on black women, Browne works not only to peer at the representation of, but examines the roots and politics of surveillance. In similar vein Sarno's *homeland* (2015 ,2014) and *home away from* (2017) examine the historical fissures of surveillance. Sarno tells me that during her research on tower building and theories of surveillance, she learned that the invention of ID cards, or the notion of identification papers comes from documents created to record chattel slave persons—which spans chattel slavery in ancient Greek and Roman times to chattel slavery in the United States. She became interested in the absence of this discourse from popular forms of discussion concerning surveillance. In constructing the divergent ambiances that construct the boundless surveillance reached in the name of Our Home Land, Sarno does so by filling the room with taps. She tells me that as one of the earliest

African American cultural forms, tap contradicts and moves with (and against) the histories of everything else in the room: the exclusive ocean site, the replicable lifeguard tower and all that this means, the omnipresence we can and cannot name.

Sarno's current show at LACE, *home away from* develops on the political constructions of surveillance, protest and materiality explored in *homeland* (2015 ,2014). The main sculpture in *home away from* is constructed of 33 panels lined with 49 pieces of wood, which Sarno, like the lifeguard tower, learned to construct herself. The sculpture is inspired by the interconnections between the image of Hollywood flats, and the holding blocks constructed at the site of the border.

*home away from* at LACE works through all of our sensory systems: sounds, touch, sight and smell. The main sculpture guiding the pathway is a wooden structure that depicts the architectural tensions between what has become visually normalized in the US as the Hollywood flat, but also suspension points. That is, borders, airports, imposed checkpoints where the body is said to be nowhere, waiting to be processed and waiting for approval.

The wooden sculpture is an opening and closed walkway; those who venture may walk narrowly to arrive at the end's oval opening. While more spacious than its initial entry point, the end exists without exit. Sarno describes how the wooden sculpture was constructed while researching checkpoints imposed by Israel to Palestinian workers, the ways in which the checkpoints confine the bodies in question, and are constructed to be violently circular and irregular. The body may pass through but the passing through is not a mobility.

Sarno tells me that, "The mobility of [these] black holes," and their construction (who imagines and then who constructs the sites to who is imagined as passing through) conditions *home away from*. The Hollywood flat is of a particular and pivotal note here. Sarno describes that the Hollywood flat symbolizes, "The construction of an ideal through the use of a conventional holding structure and an affixed, interchangeable surface." The Hollywood flat is a well worn western symbol of coziness, of warmth: of a welcoming and interior we should aspire towards. The taking of this form—the familiar and welcoming *flat*—and by collocating it to a suspension point, *home away from* quietly presses: what is imagined for

the *mobile black holes*, what has been stripped, and what remains? Sarno states that the wooden structure is, "Without plaster, failing as both a home and a hollywood flat. The surface is permeable and the structure is inside out." The sculpture stands as a changing signifier of the could-be but *failing* home.

This sculpture is lit from within. There are four light bulbs that light the space and they are inside the sculpture. The light bulbs are suspended and low to the ground, hung by what seems like indestructible wire. Those moving through the sculpture can move the lights. And depending on the time of day, the shadows made by their movement may be altered. Linked to the metaphors stitched into *home away from*, the shadows of the lattices and the bodies may inside grow.

The shadows move with two video projections on opposing sides of the gallery walls. The collaborative videos depict the scanning process of "Self Portraits," a project that comes out of Sarno's work as a teaching artist. The self-portraits come from Belvedere Middle School in East LA, particularly the classrooms of Ms. Escalante (US History 8th), Ms. Adewale (English 7), Ms. Macias (English 7), Mr. Acosta (8th grade special day), Mr. Conde (World history 6th) and Ms. Flores (ESL 8-6)). These young artists used carbon paper to trace/draw their ideal photographic portraits; as a practice test the carbon side was set aside to be discarded but instead in the form of video, has been memorialized. The video projects selections of their fully drawn faces. They are the faces, the bodies that are perpetually present in the room.

Sounds of the scanning process from the video can be faintly heard throughout but particularly at the entrance. The sound that fills the room is a 2 channel piece. The speaker at the entrance holds the scanning process, the back speaker is at 174Hz and 639 Hz. Sarno describes that 174Hz is the "natural anaesthetic" pitch, said to "Reduce pain physically and energetically." 639 Hz is said to enhance communication, understanding and tolerance. The two sounds work together to fill the wooden sculpture in the middle. The room is filled with a subtle scent that makes it easy and desirable to stay in the space. Sarno states that the Palestinian herbalist Jenny Qaqundah developed a grounding and healing scent for "those who entered the space away from home." Everything that fills the space Sarno has constructed, imagines the prolonged extension of home sickness.

I want to end by commenting on the labor of Sarno's *home away from*. While viewing the exhibit a few people described the installation as formally-like the work of Richard Serra. This was said, probably, as a commentary on the complexities found in Sarno's installation, as a "formal" complement to her sculptural work. However, I could not think of an artist's practice Sarno's body of work could more implicitly or explicitly oppose. Each lattice, the opened and closed parts of the sculpture, every frame of the wood work in *home away from* works towards splintering their political familiarities in our current US lives. It is true that like pre-constructed boundaries and perimeters, the wooden sculpture in *home away from* is mechanically seamless. Its construction is so well taken that akin to official documents and procedures, a sense of sterility is at play. When something is so perfect, when the rules seem finite and unknowable it's because its veneer is opaque, vacant: this is the aesthetics of its power. The wooden sculpture in *home away from* purposefully enacts this perfection but does so by maintaining its irregular form. And by reaching into all of our sensory systems: sight, sound, smell, touch—it renders the affects permuting the sterility, as not beyond or beneath, but part of the processes of *away* and *from*.

\* This essay was originally published on July 31 2017 on Temporary Art Review  
[temporaryartreview.com](http://temporaryartreview.com)

Eunsong Kim is the co-founder and co-editor of the arts forum *contemporary*. She is the author of *gospel of regicide* and *Copy Paper: Ream 1*. She will be joining the Department of English at Northeastern University as an Assistant Professor in the fall of 2017.

## Nooshin Rostami | As Far As There Was Water Was All It Was\*

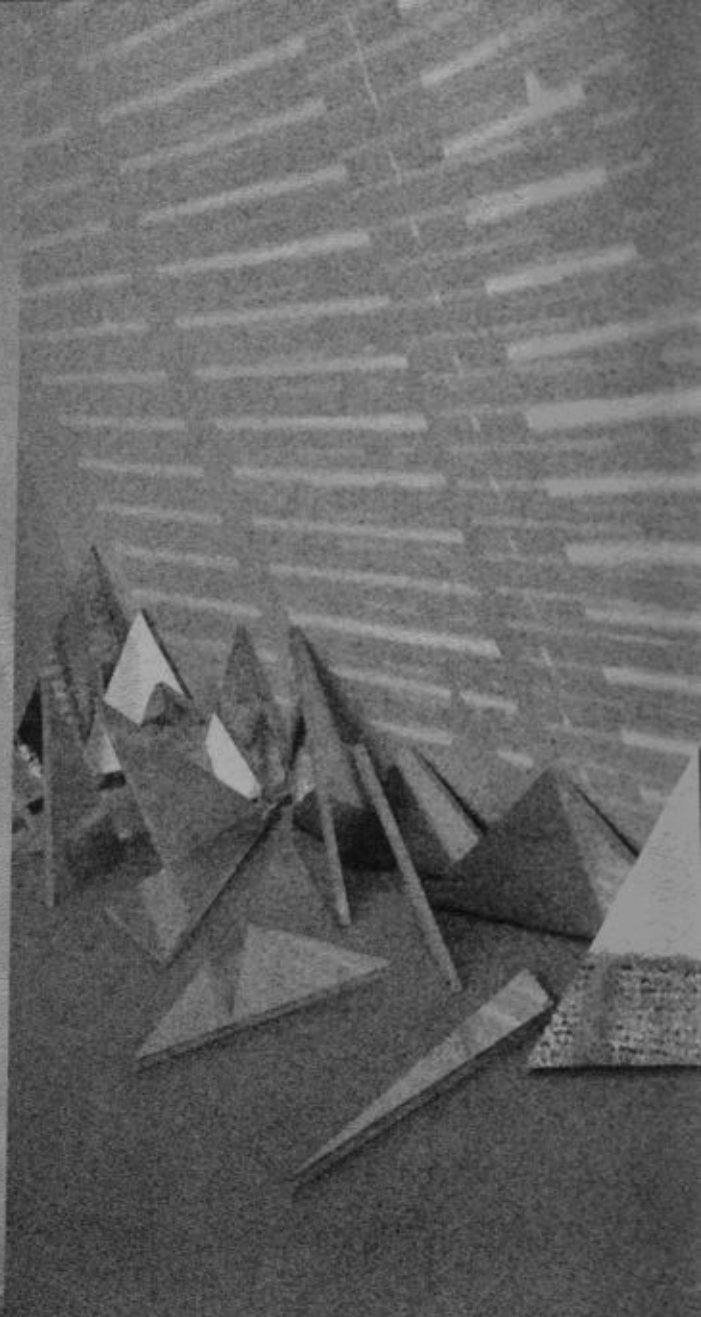
As Far As There Was Water Was All It Was is an embodiment of the artist's journey as an immigrant experiencing exile. Throughout the performance, a border is fragmented into its composing triangles and gradually moved by the artist and the participating audience to the other side of the gallery. The shapes of the triangles reflect the negative spaces in the support structures of Jimena Sarno's main installation at the gallery and are initially arranged as a straight borderline in front of the main entrance to the installation. The participants are only allowed to move the triangles by rolling them on their sides, and without stacking them up, creating a constantly changing puzzle of voids and shadows. This ever-shifting landscape of negative spaces is made more elusive as each piece is composed of a reflective side exploring an unsettling and spontaneous journey through the gallery space. When the triangles reach the destination they may be placed against the back wall of the gallery in any position the participant decides. The performance is over when all the triangles have been displaced and put together at the end of the gallery. This performance-installation is part of Nooshin Rostami's Geometry of Exile performance series.

\*The title has been translated and selected from the following poem by Maria Tabrizipoor:

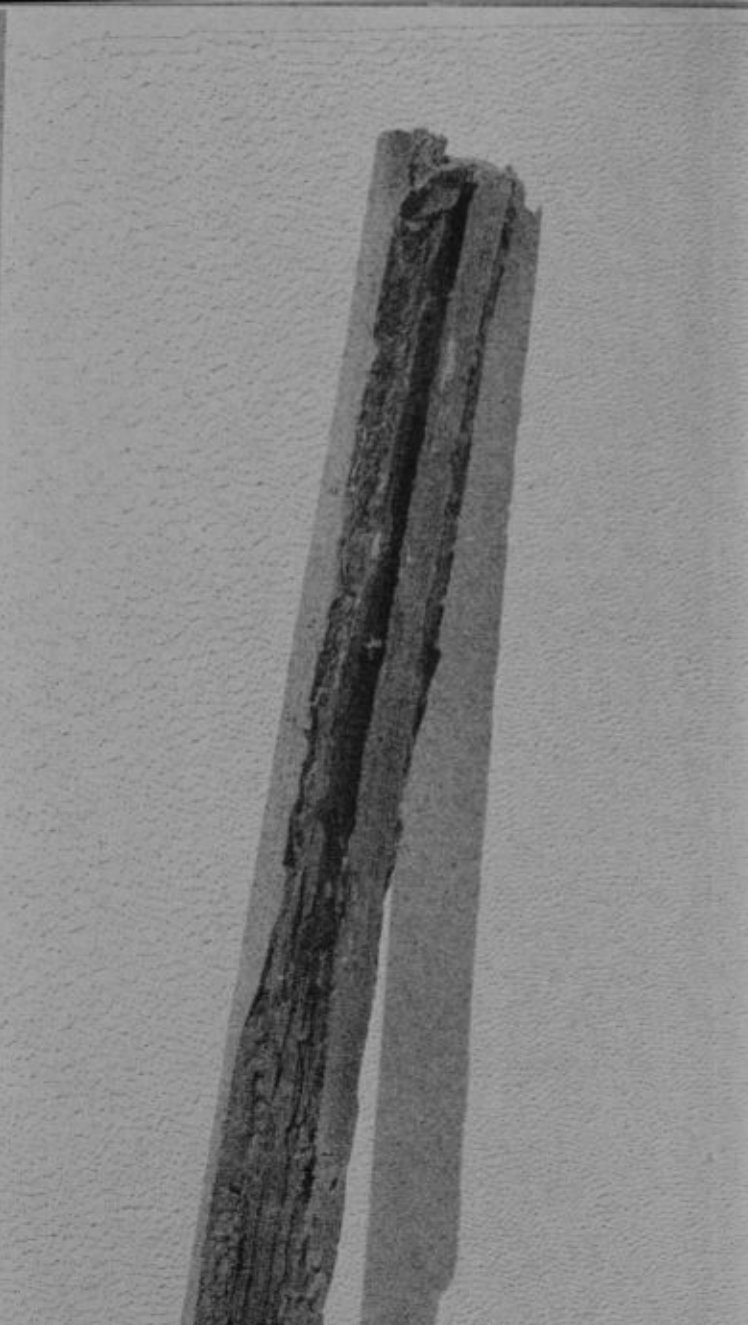
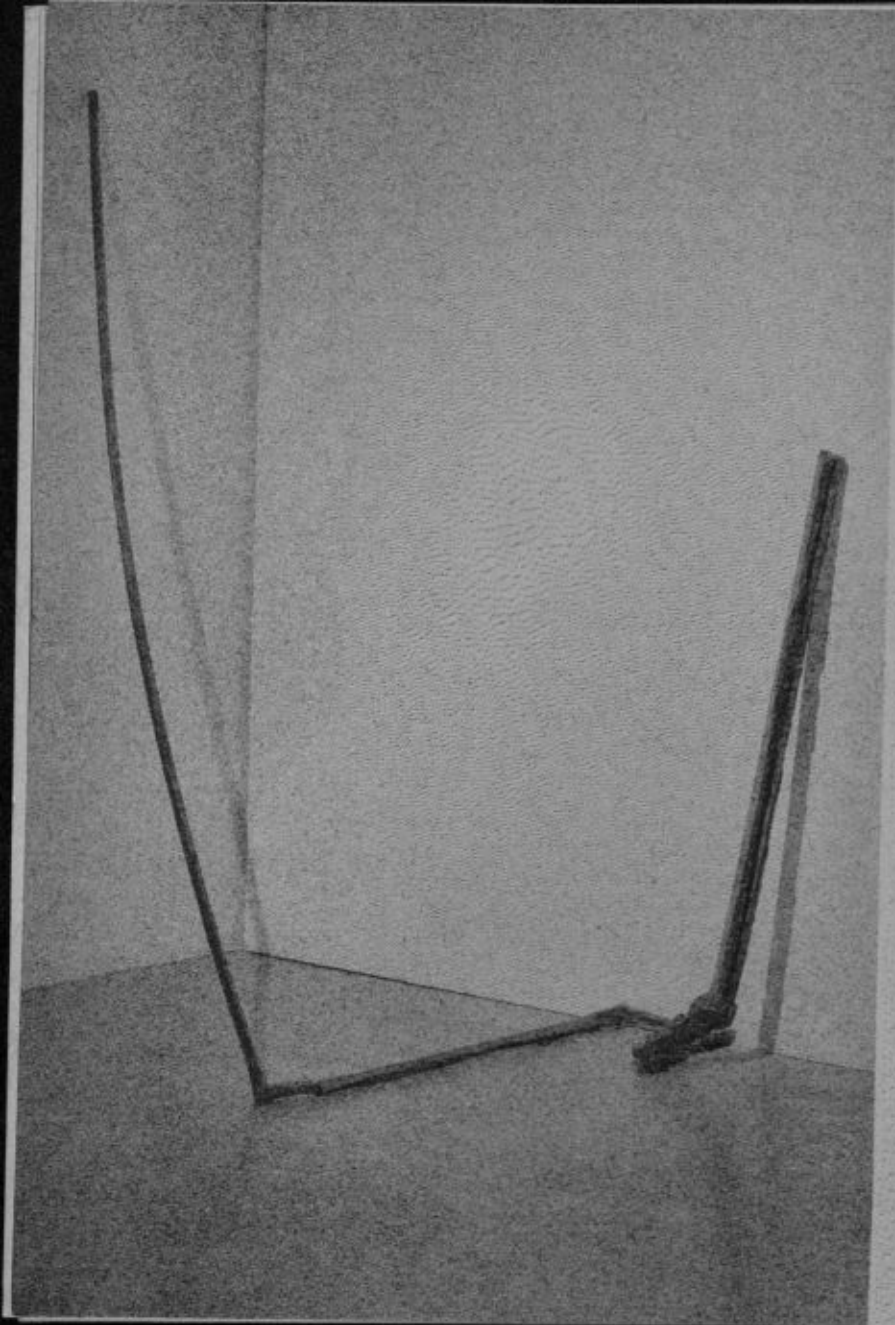
As far as there was water was all it was  
It was blue and whirling it was  
All a game playing water it was

تا بود، آب بود و آب، آبی بود و دوار بود. تمامش بازی بود، آب بازی بود.

Nooshin Rostami (b. Shahroud, Iran) is a Brooklyn, New York-based interdisciplinary artist and educator. Rostami received her MFA from Brooklyn College (CUNY) in 2011. She has widely exhibited and presented her work in solo and group settings in the United States, Iran, India, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, and Canada. Rostami's work has been featured in a number of publications such as Baumtest quarterly, Jadaliyya and Ajam Media Collective. Her research interests pertain to system development, and politics of geography, identity, and gender. In her work, she embodies themes often inspired by personal narratives through mediums of performance, installation, sculpture, drawing, and painting.







## **Niloufar Emamifar | Penumbra**

Penumbra is a series of sculptures made from "seams"—a gap between two buildings that legally, conceptually and formally exists as a liminal space. As an almost invisible vertical line, separating two properties or territories, the seam is a space and a non-space. Working as the "positive" shape of an existing gap in an urban landscape, Penumbra is a displaced void. The sculptures are made in one-one scale, however when brought in the exhibition space they manifest as drawings that delineate the space in three dimensions.

The title "Penumbra" refers to an in-between phenomenon in physics, when an eclipse forms a "partially shaded outer region of the shadow cast by an opaque object." Similar to the "seam" itself, penumbra is fuzzy, grey and liquid. The use of different gradients of grey for each sculpture in this series is for reasons beyond the neutrality often attributed to the color grey; it rather implies an autonomous space where things are neither becoming or perishing—a "semi shadow" marking a territory that some light reaches and some does not.

Niloufar Emamifar (b. Tehran, Iran) is a multi-media artist currently living and working in Los Angeles. She uses the poetics and experiential qualities of built environment, both inwards and outwards, establishing discussion of inside and outside in theory of space. This is an attempt to ask question about property, ownership, the in-between spaces and theatricality of daily life.

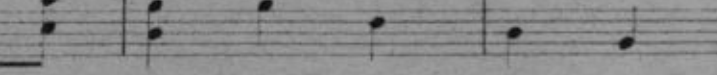
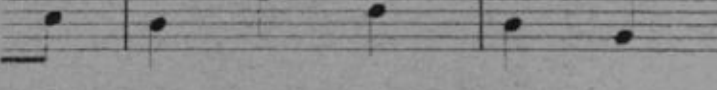
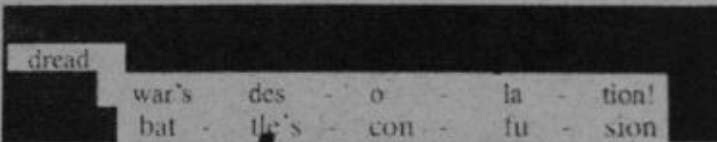
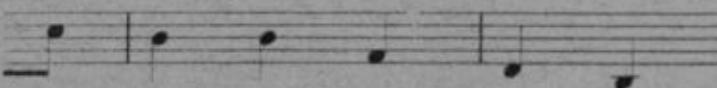
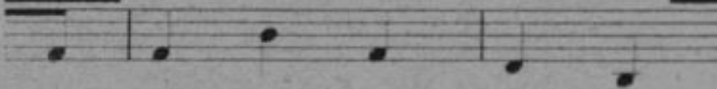
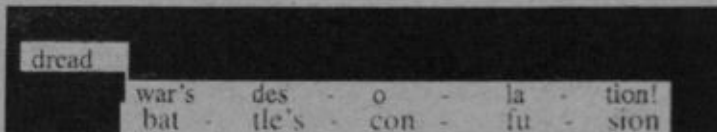
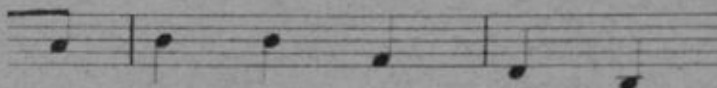
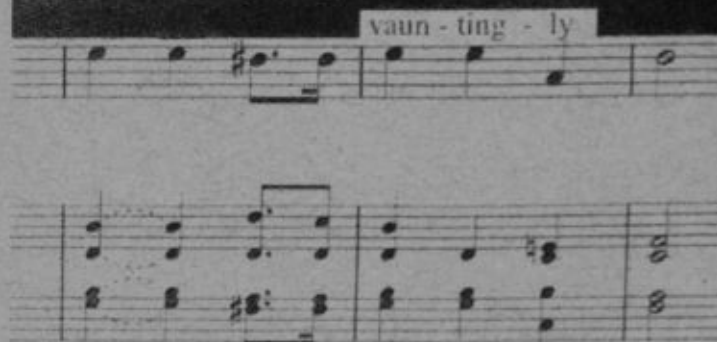
Her recent works go towards figuring out how social subjects act within certain signs of power and privacy within predetermined and indeterminate urban tropes. Her mode of working covers diverse media such as video, sculpture, field recording, digital drawing and print-making. She's a MFA candidate at University of California, Irvine and holds her BFA from Soore Faculty of Architecture in Tehran.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
 What so hope-dimly gleams through the night,  
 Whence broad daylight is breaking to light,  
 O say, that from the battle's fearful fight,  
 Ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly  
 Rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 O say, that the night that was so still,  
 O say, that the stars spangled banner was so  
 Land of the free and the home of the brave

dimly seen, two hemispheres  
 Of the world's wide waters, and the  
 What is the word, the name, the  
 half conceals, half discloses?  
 No, it catches, the gleam of the morning's first  
 In all glory to the dawn, now shines on the  
 The stars spangled banner, O say, may we  
 O the land, the land, the land

vauntingly  
 havoc of war, battle's confusion  
 Their blood has stain'd the  
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
 terror brought on the gloom of the grave  
 triumph  
 and the horns of the brave.

When shall we  
 war's desolation;  
 vict'ry and peace, may the  
 Pow'r that has made and preserved our nation!  
 conquer, when our cause is just,  
 God is with us,  
 triumph shall be  
 land of the free and the home of the brave



Oh, say, [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] perilous fight,  
[redacted] ramparts [redacted]  
[redacted] rockets' red glare, [redacted] bombs bursting in air,  
O say, [redacted]  
[redacted] land [redacted]

[redacted] dimly [redacted]  
[redacted] foe [redacted] dread [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] half conceals, half discloses?  
[redacted]  
[redacted] glory [redacted]  
[redacted] [redacted]  
[redacted] land [redacted]

[redacted] vauntingly [redacted]  
[redacted] havoc of war [redacted] battle's confusion  
[redacted]  
Their blood [redacted] foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge, [redacted] slave  
[redacted] terror [redacted] gloom of [redacted]  
[redacted] triumph [redacted]  
[redacted] [redacted]

[redacted]  
[redacted] war's desolation;  
[redacted] vict'ry [redacted]  
[redacted] Pow'r [redacted] nation!  
[redacted] conquer [redacted] cause is just,  
[redacted] God [redacted]  
[redacted] triumph [redacted]  
[redacted] land [redacted]

[redacted] vaun - ting - ly

[redacted]

[redacted]

dread  
war's des - o la - tion!  
bat - tle's con - fu - sion

[redacted]

[redacted]

dread  
war's des - o la - tion!  
bat - tle's con - fu - sion

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

### C3LA Choir | Opening night performance

To "compose" the choral piece for the opening night of *home away from*, the process was very simple. I printed the Star Spangled Banner—its lyrics a mystery to me until that moment. I took a black marker and redacted it, leaving only words of war, violence and power. After redacting the lyrics on the sheet music, I invited the C3LA Choir to experiment with it within the installation space, sharing with them what I had in mind: to sing only those words, beginning to end, and then end to beginning. One of the choir members interpreted that I wanted them to hum the melody backwards, which they did, and on their first try, beautifully. We then decided to do the performance in three movements, starting in a circle within the installation: backwards hum, redacted singing and a final improvisation in which the 8 singers scattered, walking throughout the gallery, firing those words in loops and repetition across the space.

C3LA is an LA-based choral collective performing works written exclusively within the last 25 years. C3LA has no artistic or executive director—rather, it is collectively run by its members: highly-trained new-music singers who also perform with L.A. Master Chorale, L.A. Opera Chorus, De angelis Vocal Ensemble, and other professional ensembles. Many of the singers are also conductors and/or composers. %50-40 of each concert is written by members of the ensemble and each piece is conducted by a different ensemble member. C3LA is a unique ensemble dedicated to performing outstanding new choral music; providing a venue for multi-talented singer-composers and singer-conductors to collaborate; and challenging the traditional hierarchical model of our choruses and orchestras.



## **M.Cay Castagnetto | Performance**

Surpassing entrepreneurial visions of crystal balls, M. Cay Castagnetto drives a 15min textual collision into parked utterance. "I live here", a voice in hiding -but not completely- reads over the microphone. All money has been taken care of, action time is sold to soup robots through mediums of performance, installation, sculpture, drawing, and painting.

M.Cay Castagnetto (b. Lima, Peru) moved to London in 1998. There she worked with film and video in collectives such as the maryKelly and bands such as Antifamily, ON FORM, and Sonora. Radio productions include collaborations with Beatrice Dillon and Kaffe Mathews on Resonance FM and BBC Radio. She has exhibited and performed in venues such as the Oberhausen International Filmtage, Kunstverein Munchen (DE), Vivienne Westwood's The Art of Elysium, the TBA festival in Portland, the Getty Museum (US), The Stedlik Museum (NL), Die Kagurazaka Theatre (JP), La Casa Encendida (SP), Cafe OTO, Whitechapel Art Gallery, The Showroom, and Matt's Gallery (UK). She relocated to Twentynine Palms, CA in 2013 where she collaborates with the artist MPA on live performances as the group MAL PAIS. Most recently Cay's original composition was presented at the Whitney Museum of Art as part of the project 'Red in View', and currently she is working on her solo album to be released in 2018. She continues to be part of the Cinenova Collective, a feminist film and video distributor based in London.



GOLDEN

Record

# آهنگهای فیلم «دنیای پر امید»

گردش آسمان - پریشان مکن





## Arshia Haq | Sound assemblage

Whenever I envisioned the scene, the character stood in the seam of a doorway between two rooms emanating different but equally engulfing soundscapes. A scene is envisioned with the eyes but a scene is incomplete without its sound, and the character stands at the border of two rooms, powerful in their choice of not choosing and instead standing witness to two disparate soundtracks unified at the point of listening, exactly where our character stands, at the border of two rooms.

As the body is increasingly litigated, bound, directed, and misdirected by more and more subtle blinders and cues, I find myself thinking about the ability of sound to transgress and subvert, as a medium that can not be easily regulated or contained by the confines of a border. Sound is the medium through which alternative, radical, oral histories are transmitted. It is contained in the body as a secret and a revelation.

When a soundtrack is created, meaning, association, and emotional currency is invoked through sequencing and arrangement, and then other meanings accrue in the space of listening. This assemblage is a bittersweet homage to the soundtracks of banned nations, fractured, interrupted and distanced, while trying to create a semblance of the homeland that was left behind through aural impressions of joy, trauma and rapture.

Arshia Haq is an audiovisual and performance artist, filmmaker, writer and DJ based in Los Angeles. She is the founder of Discostan, which presents musical narratives from North Africa, the Middle East, South and Southeast Asia. Narrative threads include migration, nostalgia, homeland, borders, often within realms of Islamic influence, through lenses of traditional forms and kaleidoscopic reinventions of pop culture. Her work has shown at MOMA New York, Hammer Museum, Centres George Pompidou, Toronto International Film Festival, and LAX Art, amongst others. She has also recently released an album of her field recordings from Pakistan on the Sublime Frequencies label.

## **Belvedere Middle School Students | Video collaborators**

Aaron Arenas, Jorge Barrales-Castillo, Samantha Jimenez, Anayeli Martinez, Lizbeth Perez, Precious Perez, Michel Quezada, Victor Hugo Quinteros, Alexis Rafael, Daniela Reyes, Katherine Reyes, Danny Rodriguez, Patricia Sanchez, Jesus Torres, Elie Alvarado, Shaley Alvarado, Vanessa Alvarado, Oliver Arellano, Neri Becerril, Leonel Carrasco, Luis Cortez, Precious Cruz, Sophia Delgado, Melanie Elizalde, Lucy Flores, Abraham Gaucin, Roberto Guillen, Yesenia Jáuregui, Sandra Martinez, Robert Montelongo, Robert Ramirez, Shelley Robledo, Melissa Rubio, Leonardo Saldana, Nely Sanchez, Maria de la Luz Sifuentes, Katelyn Vargas

Kevin Avalos, Diego Camposano, Monica Cardoso, Hellen Carlos, Abraham Castillo, Ariatna Danis, Melissa De La Cruz, Jasmin Duran, Amy Flores, Diego Foster, Breanna Gonzalez, Melanie Jimenez, David Lazaro, Julissa Lazaro, Jacorey Leverette, Emmanuel Leyva, Kaitlyn Mayca, America Meza, Nelly Neris, Karen Nieves, Santino Oliveros, Nicole Ortega, Karen Perez, Stephanie Perez, Christian Trujillo, Guadalupe Velasco, Jacqueline Vidal, Miguel Angel Villa

Jose Aguilar, Anthony Alejo, Luz Arozqueta, Abraham Azcona, Jesus Bonilla, Nicholas Castillo, Damien Cruz, Ali Hassan Dmingo, Jennifer Contreras, Oscar Fonseca, Christopher Garcia, Hoctor Garcia, Noe Garcia, Ivan Hernandez, Mario Huerta, Cristian Rojas, Estrella Martinez, Isidro Mier, José Muñoz, Adrian Perez, Oglá Puga, Clara Rojas, Alexander Ruiz, Juan Manuel Serrano, Jasmine Torres, Alexa Vargas, Garman Zhen

Ashly Ajanel, Keiry Alvarenga, Nereyda Beltran, Victor Ochoa, Esmin Balan, Juan Gómez Galeano, Josué Lara, Juan Lopez, Brandon Maravilla, Luz Martinez, Danae Mendoza, Fabrizio Monterroso, Ana Motino, David Rivera, Carolina Valadez, Mariangela Valenzuela, Mario Vazquez, Yeimi Zelaya, Celeste Estrada Campos, Mynor Martinez Morales, Tatiana Morales

Miguel Andrade, Cristal Armenta, Jocelyn Armilla, Jair Cervantes, Felix Huerta, Samantha Jimenez, Michael Lara, Kimberly Medina, Lizbeth Pérez, Jasmine Plascencia, Michel Quezada, Victor Hugo Quintero, Alexis Rafael, Ashly Ramirez, Brian Ramirez, Katherine Reyes, Danny Rodriguez, Alexander Ruiz, Patricia Sanchez, Alexander Walker

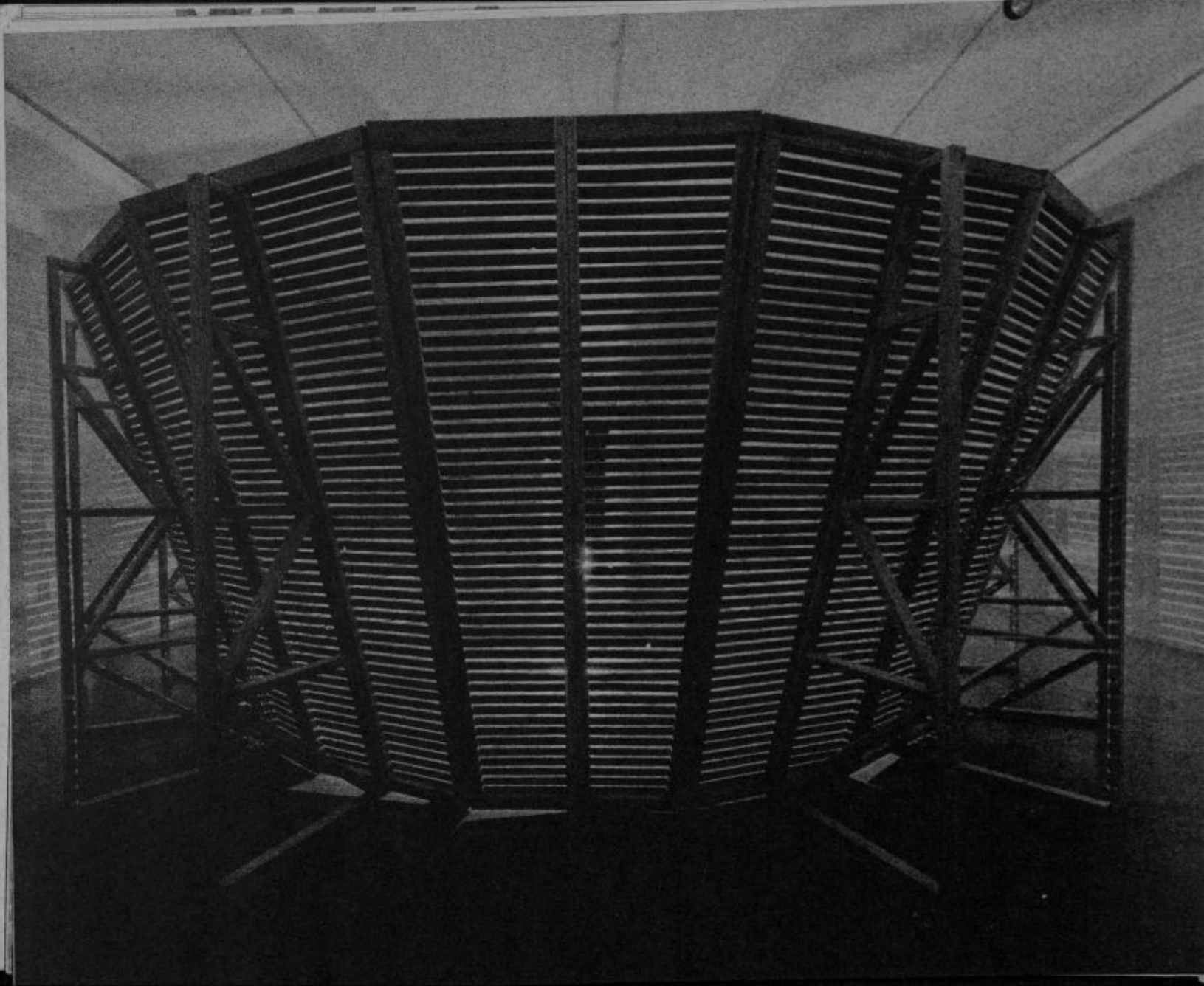
Jesse Chavelas, Gresia Diaz, Daniel Gutierrez, Stephanie Gutierrez, Marcelino Honorato, Juana López Ojeda, Salvador Machorro, Charlie Martinez, Roberto Mendiola, Guadalupe Salgado, Esther Orozco, Kenia Ortega, Genevieve Rosales, Emmanuel Paredes, Miguel Angel Velazquez, Edwin Velis

### **Jenny Qaqundah | H.O.M.E. scent**

Jenny Qaqundah has prepared a grounding scent with hints of citrus to uplift the spirit, a healing scent that would give a sense of security and safety to anyone who is away or has been displaced from their home. The plants that she gathered for this therapeutic formula are vetiver, dalmatian, sage, dark patchouli, rosemary, cedar, nutmeg, bergamot and lemon. The blend has hints of her Arab home.

Jenny Qaqundah (Palestine) is an herbalist based in Joshua Tree, CA. Jenny finished her first herbal degree with Master Herbalist David Hoffman in 1997, and obtained her RN nursing license in 2011. While she consults for specific health concerns, her goal as an herbalist is to facilitate optimal system strength and balance. She sees clients privately by appointment in the wellness room at Grateful Desert, or by phone if necessary.

[www.gratefuldesert.com](http://www.gratefuldesert.com)



**Jessica Ceballos** | Translating Spaces: writing workshop

exile/refuge/escape/asylum/migration/translation/displacement. Because of and through many of our experiences, where we live can often be defined as temporary, fleeting, or only a momentary stop along our way to a final destination. Translating Spaces was a two-part writing workshop where participants from Youth Policy Institute shared in conversation about things that make home permanent. What does "home" mean, right now – in a changing neighborhood – in a temporary space – and in a home away from. Participants were encouraged to participate in writing exercises, prompts, movements, mindfulness, and conversation that invite us to look from the outside in and inside out, within the context of Jimena Sarno's architectural installation. This allowed us to explore the thoughts, ideas, language and emotions of the permanence that can be contained inside of spaces. The workshop was facilitated by Jessica Ceballos, who draws from her own experiences as an at-one-time Foster child of twice-divorced parents with dislmslplaced foundations, un/documented narratives, and Indigenous-Afro-Euskaldunak-roots. Participants were given composition books to keep notes in, and they were able to choose a final written piece to be published.

Jessica Ceballos is a mestiza poet and interdisciplinary, a community advocate and tenants rights activist. Her work is centered on exploring the intersections of art and personal narrative, and how those are affected by and inform the spaces we occupy and exist in. Her written work has been published in various journals and anthologies such as, *Only Light Can Do That: 100 Post Election Poems, Stories, & Essays* (PEN Center USA, Rattling Wall), *Coiled Serpent: Poets Arising from the Cultural Quakes and Shifts of Los Angeles* (Tia Chucha Press), *Cultural Weekly*, *Brooklyn & Boyle*, and *La Boga*, to name a few. Some of her poems have been at UC San Marcos and UCLA's Department of Chicana/o Studies. She has two chapbooks *Gent Re Place Ing: A Response* (Writ Large Press) and *End of the Road*, and is currently working on a collection centered on the 1984 visit to Disneyland with her mother, while living under foster care.

[www.jessicaeballos.com](http://www.jessicaeballos.com)

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*p.40 | Jimena Sarno | home away from, installation view | photo: Chris Wormald*

**Ricardo M. Simoni Romero** | age 16 | San Salvador, El Salvador

It was a long time  
Abandoned in the outside.  
And when you took me in  
I felt really safe  
Like if you were my family  
All sitting next to the campfire  
With a circle of protection surrounding us.  
This is my home.

**Felix Reyes** | age 15 | Los Angeles, CA

Sometimes I need space in life.  
I would be in a silent room staring into the ceiling  
Thinking about life  
Or daydreaming  
Giving me perfect space  
At home  
In silence  
A prefect space for me and my mind.  
This is an example of who I am  
Shy, but one day I will stop being shy  
and have courage and bravery  
to speak to others:  
slowly but surely.

**Steve Hurtado** | age 18 | Los Angeles, CA

Peace

A comfortable freedom  
to abandon thoughts,  
a space for a different mindset.

A campfire is freedom  
without distracted thoughts.  
A protected place.

Reading a book can be liberating  
but finding home is peace.

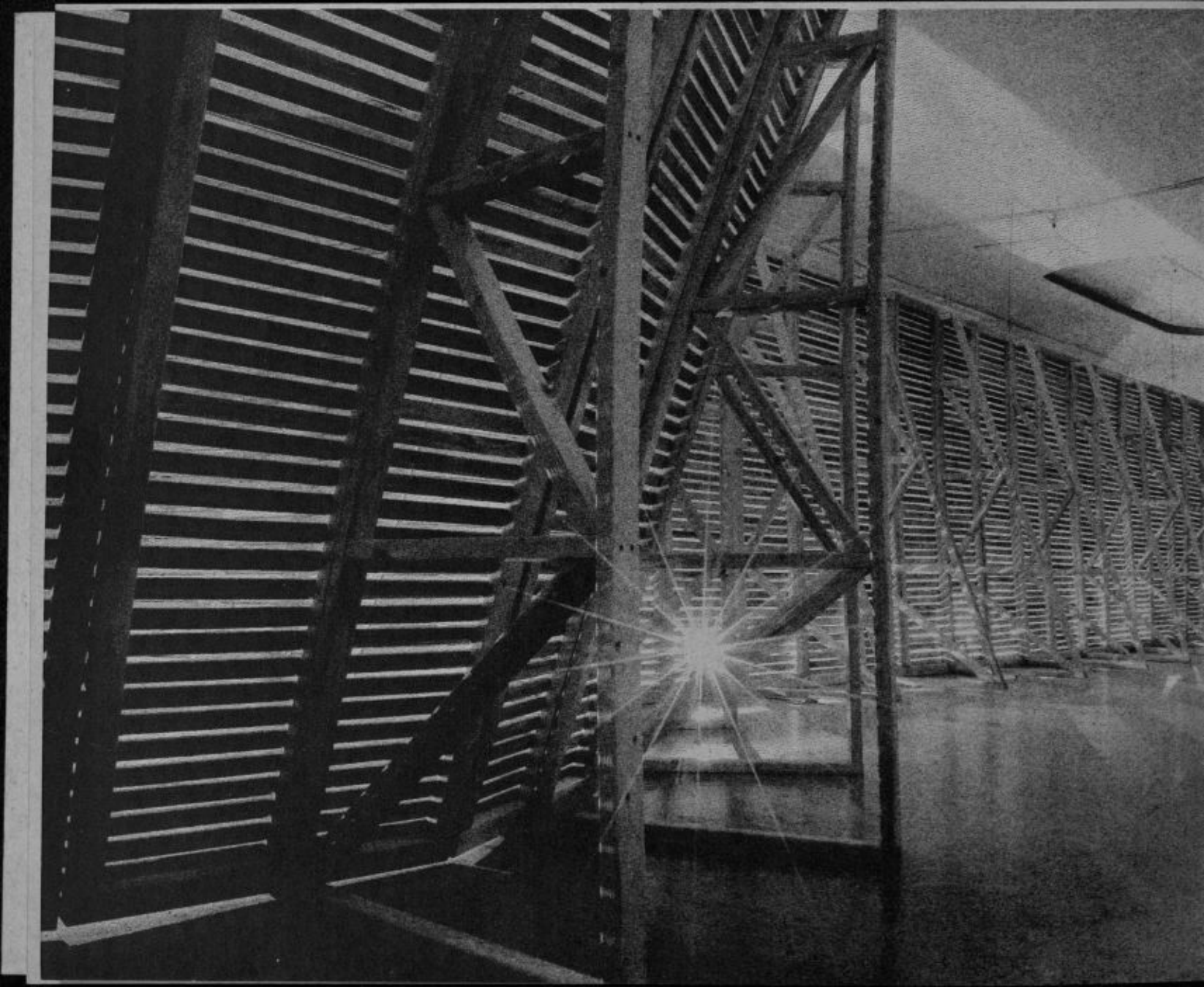


**Devon Arriaga** | age 13 | Toronto, Canada

God is good in the midst of the darkness  
God is good in the midst of evil  
God is in the midst,  
no matter what is happening in the world  
He loves you, and he's here for you  
I'm not going to let go of hope  
I'm not going to let go of love  
I'm not going to let go of God  
He makes me feel like I was already home.

**Eileen Casa** | age 15 | Los Angeles, CA

What it is like to leave your family  
in your country might be the  
most depressing and most  
happy time you go through.  
Because some people see it as a new start  
new beginning so they might even be  
excited and others might have a  
different point of view they might be  
very sad and depressed because they are leaving  
family and other loved ones to go start  
a new life to somewhere they have never been  
to so it is like a whole new life and experience  
for them that might cause them to feel lonely  
or lost  
and the families they left might feel  
abandoned.  
Then they come to the US to try to  
live a better life and all they receive is  
discrimination, less opportunities and racism.



**I did not do this on my own | thank you!**

Thank you Daniela Lieja Quintanar, *home away from* curator, for believing in my vision after just seeing my scale models and for having studio visits in Spanish with me. The best part of this collaboration is that I have a new friend. I am honored and forever grateful to LACE for inviting me to participate in such an invaluable opportunity for an emerging artist. I have never felt so supported, thank you Sarah Russin, Fiona Ball and Andrew Freire -> for keeping a tight crew. Thank you LACE interns: Paloma Orozco-Scott, master lath cutter, David Pérez for measuring and double measuring, Coffee Kang, Sedona Heidinger (the sanding!), Snigdha Suvarna, Joseph Konieczny, Tanner Reckling, Sarin Cemcem, Adolfo Garcia, Lowery Houston. Thank you Robert Medina for jumping in unexpectedly and making everything happen smoothly with your Virgo craftsmanship, telepathy and friendship. Thank you to my collaborators for spending time with the project and making thoughtful, amazing work: Nooshin Rostami, Niloufar Emamifar, Arshia Haq, M.Cay Castagnetto and Jenny Qaundah. Thank you C3LA Choir for agreeing to sing the star spangled banner backwards among other things. Thank you Eunsong Kim for making connections and finding words where I have no more words. Manuel Schwartzberg Carrió, thank you for your sharp, beautiful contextualization of the project.

I am infinitely grateful to my dear students at Belvedere Middle School, who collaborated with me on the video but most importantly who gave me a sense of purpose in this unravelling place.

Jessica Ceballos and writing workshop participants from Youth Policy Institute: thank you for creating a safe space to think beyond what we are expected. Thank you Nick Rodrigues for feeding my ideas to your computer so that I didn't have to eye the math. Thank you friends who studio-visited while working on this project: Nuttaphol Ma, David Bell, Iris Yirei Hu. Thank you Benjamin, Adolfo and René at Home Depot. Thank you Cynthia Navarro at Tiny Spondor for your printing skills. Thank you to my love, Gelare Khoshgozaran for being present every step of the way. You are home.

I dedicate this exhibition to my mom and dad: Marcela Sarno and Eduardo Sarno, supporting me all the way back home.

P. B. | age 14 | Los Angeles, CA

Safe

I feel safe when I am inside  
I don't feel safe when I go outside  
My house  
The doors  
And the bad guys can't come  
if they enter  
then I will call the police  
and I don't like  
When the bad guys hit me  
Cuz my family cares about me.

