Time, variances, and causal relationships

A deep and dark red slowly falling into the horizon while a pale scattering of its former shade escapes and catches some errant light. I find a moment of clarity, as it appears images start to reveal themselves and alternate versions appear as a counter, or maybe as an anchor, a loop is created and color and form become latent images on a sheet of film or 00110000 and 00110001 on a digital sensor. An endless array of possibility is on display and a flattening of space and time become available. Some type of order is imposed, and a frame is placed around the chaos. As each possible moment becomes a fragment with the potential for something new, and each fragment an aggregate of last moments with no grand message, yet everything is present and meaning is found in the otherwise meaningless detritus of the quotidian.
Patti’s Ponies
Archival pigment print
20” x 30”
2016

Still Life #4
Archival pigment print
40” x 30”
2016
kiss, stroke, grip

kiss, stroke, grip is a collection of images depicting actors who died from AIDS related complications. Transformed from porn stars into legends as a result of their deaths, the performers continue to live as hours of footage preserved within a vast and disorganized archive. These ephemeral beings are designed for consumption and only recalled when needed. For a moment, their highly stigmatized bodies are embraced.

I know you’ve done everything you could for me, and I love you for it.

–Just Blonds (1979)
Front with time-lapse sequence, reverse
Ambrotype, acrylic, and thermochromic pigment
7.5” x 6”
2015

Front with time-lapse sequence, reverse
Ambrotype, acrylic, and thermochromic pigment
7.5” x 6”
2015
Driven by the desire to belong to my new home, the country of free speech, I have the urge to remain in silence. People may choose to see me as a war victim or a perpetrator. Whenever I speak, I confirm that I am the “other.” In a space of uncertainty, I might not be either, yet a very small change in my circumstances would have made me one or the other.

The untamed and unwanted war in Syria is changing our history faster than my mind is capable of accepting and has turned Syrian neighbors into enemies. In a globally connected world, conflict in any country is not solely a domestic issue. Decisions that the world’s major powers make regarding military interventions and the resulting refugee crisis transforms them from a national matter into an international matter. Such decisions impact millions of individual lives, and the only way to resist the war is to leave everything behind and flee. For many refugees, the first thing they receive in humanitarian aid is a blanket. In my work, I invite the viewer into my transitional space to share my lingering doubts, questions, and uncertainty.

Lara Haddad

A Question of History

In 2012, I visited the United States and never went back. After five years of intense conflict, the Syrian homeland that I knew and loved no longer exists. I now hover in a transitional space, somewhere between Syria and the US. Caught in between, I am an outsider to my home country, my new country- and even my self.

My work is a visual translation of what I experience and learn from living in this middle space. The images are set within an anonymous physical space, and I use my body as a platform to speak from. As a displaced resident, I watch with anger and fear as groups of criminals grow and spread in my old country like tumors - unstoppable. I want to fight them, but I can’t, so I mock them.

Through my work, I am unpacking the fragments of my identity, eliminating the ideologies and propagandas of a totalitarian system. It is no small project to uproot the fears, self-censorship and self-discipline that this system planted in me. I am beginning to distill new values and beliefs from the remnants of a social construct that I don’t adhere to anymore.
Execution
Photographic transfer
print on aluminium
24” x 19.2”
2015

A Question of History
Photographic transfer
print on aluminium
19.2” x 24”
2016
Jiasi He

The Light in Darkness

In Buddhism and Eastern philosophy, we believe everything is connected. Every existence is equal. This is a fundamental Buddhist concept. Universal loving-kindness is the main way that Buddhists accept not only other people, but all other existence.

With the rapid development of the Internet and technology, we have to master another language, one of network phrases to communicate with this global community. But we also use language to build a wall to separate the human and the non-human living existence. The development of human intelligence has made us so arrogant and egotistic that we completely ignore animal consciousness. A Buddhist monk once told me rather than thank the God, why not give thanks to the other lives that pay with their own lives to keep us alive and living better. If you listen hard enough you can hear every living thing breathing together. You can feel everything growing. You can touch the souls of other beings.

My thesis exhibition includes two parts. The first part is a projection on wall made of 50 illustrations of non-human spiritual forms. It is approximately 8 ft. large and requires 10 ft. of empty viewing space. The images projecting on viewers themselves is an important component to my work. A physical book of these images was also on display.
The Light in Darkness, Book
Inkject printed book
8” x 8”
2016
The sunset was just as beautiful, but it was more like me than the mid-day sun—it was leaving, changing, saying goodbye to that part of the earth.

Pleasure and pain surface and release at once. This was the second it ended and my new story began.

Aware and vulnerable, they laugh and tell me to smile. These strangers become thoughts as they blow in and out of my consciousness. Time separates the memories as I try to remember the moments that brought us together and those that pushed us apart.

I remember years as the Mississippi moisture runs out of my pores and the Arizona sun cracks my lips. These polar forces within me show where I have been, who I used to be, and where I am now.

*All components fabricated by artist*
Death Didn’t Do Us Part
Like Seven Years Did
Wood, acrylic, steel, stepper motor, electromagnet, gears, electronics
2016

You Should Smile
Neon, steel, wood, paint, neon transformers; electronics
2016
Carolina Maki Kitagawa

PRESENTE EN EL MUSEO | absent in the museum

Included in the South Gallery:
Performance
Sculpture
Museum
Photography
Sound
Writing
Construction
Drawing
Surveillance
Gardening
Curating

This presentation is compiled and produced by intellect found elsewhere away from the disservice of an antiquated and power depleting canonized pedagogy that has no place for application unless one is open to collecting information in the most difficult manner possible for the duration of PRESENTE EN EL MUSEO | absent in the museum.

Enjoy from a distance.
Artefacts (broom, ladder, walls, shadow sign)
Mixed media
2016
Ryan Napier

Flaws

My interest in flesh and visceral matter, both artistically as well as from a scientific and medical standpoint, come from personal health problems with my kidneys, which I have dealt with since childhood. This plays no small role in the reason for the references to organs and flesh in my work. There are also implicit references to tissue, cells, and other small biologic elements. Parts of the visual language hint at healing, predominantly to bandages and pills, as these are some of the most common elements of restoring and maintaining my own health. These elements are presented in a way that aligns physical maladies with my all too common shortcomings.

The selfish characteristic of human nature is a disease of the mind and soul. Instead of focusing on others’ shortcomings, I strive to make my work introspective. I do this by employing a visual language that relates directly to my physical ailments. Only after accepting the fact of having failed innumerable times at leading a flawless life, can we search for the cure.
Organic Undoing [detail]
Acrylic, collage, gouache, charcoal
5' x 6'
2016

Subcutaneous Disruption [detail]
Acrylic, VHS ribbon, collage
5' x 6'
2016
Andrew Shuta

SOMETHING WENT WRONG,
BUT I CAN’T REMEMBER WHY

I woke up to find my arms elongated twice their size and I knew something was wrong. I’d always had problems, lots and lots of problems, but nothing like this.

Outside, the world ran amuck and things weren’t right. People weren’t people—they were something different, something estranged. Relics from the past didn’t explain anything. Things I cared for, I left behind. I was lost.

I wished everyday for things to go back to normal, but that was a long time ago. I wished for things to go back.

That was a long time ago.

SOMETHING WENT WRONG, BUT I CAN’T REMEMBER WHY.
SOMETHING WENT WRONG,
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY
Mixed media installation
2016