



FACULTAD DE ARTES
PONTIFICIA UNIVERSIDAD
CATÓLICA DE CHILE

¿DÓNDE ESTÁ EL HOGAR?

Where is home?

By

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Permanent Art Studio II

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*To my parents, that have always been there for me,
even with the distances.*

Let's start that I(m) go(ing)

I go, go, go. I'm going to that place. I'm going? Did I come back? Or could it be that I never left or came back? Traveling from one place to another I move. Transit between two points as a line that is outlined when I draw and is never the same if I draw it again. Will the line be a circle or will it be straight? What if it was straight and I twisted it? Just like that metal that with the shape of a line I can draw in space and change the direction and build. It can be straight on one side and curved from another perspective. I move, I travel and I'm absent in a place. What will happen to that place that I no longer see or am, but remember? Do I write it so I don't forget it? What if I don't remember how it really is? What if I already forgot, will it be an imaginary place?

Making, at first, works from photographs of the city, its houses together with its layers of history and, later guiding my work to the most three-dimensional area in which space acquires an important role, both conceptually and visually, it went from photography to the construction of works of an installation nature from metal and fabric. With this, I have investigated the transitory, unstable and fragile. The evocation of a trip or migration from one place to another, possibly temporary or permanent, which causes the absence of a defined place. It is the constant coming and going that I relate to my own experience of having two different origins, and that my family is divided into these.

Focusing my gaze on the fragility that is expressed in materials, their natural processes and how they change over time, I have become an artist who preserves what is deteriorated or in the process of being, having a great attraction to maintain the things in the present. I have expressed this interest in the works based on the territory and the memories found in them, in addition to objects and constructions, making visible the tangible and intangible layers of history that are bringing us closer to or away from certain spaces.

This text gives an account of this process, both conceptual and procedural, that my artistic production has been evolved over the last few years and that has guided me to what will be presented in my art degree exam. Some relevant concepts will be dealt with, such as distances, the unstable, writing, movement, the nomad and the home, connecting them with works relevant to these and that suggest the imaginary in which the work has been developed. The artworks have an autobiographical beginning and gradually they show a more contemporary point of view such as migration problems and another matter such as oblivion, and that they open possibilities for new investigations to keep creating.

From winter to winter

They are 8,786 kilometers, two different oceans, 11 hours of flight plus one or two connections. If I wanted to go by car, it would take, non-stop, 87 hours, which is 4 days in a row. 4 days in which I would go through a total of 12 countries that separate my two places, so it would take much longer than 4. Let's say it could take a week if there are no problems with all customs and you do not stop to the bathroom or to eat too long. I think that by boat it would be ridiculous to try it, one would have to either move away to cross to the other ocean, or cross into Panama. Actually, I do not know, there must be a reason it is not done. But, if we took a chance, it would be 4,744.0605 nautical miles, I do not know how long it would take, but more than a week or two. Anyways, that's the distance when you have to go from one pole to another. If in one it is summer, in the other it is winter, if in one they speak Spanish, in the other French or English, if in one it is 3 o'clock, in the other it is 5 o'clock or sometimes it is the same time, it all depends. That is the great separation between Santiago of Chile and Montreal, Canada.

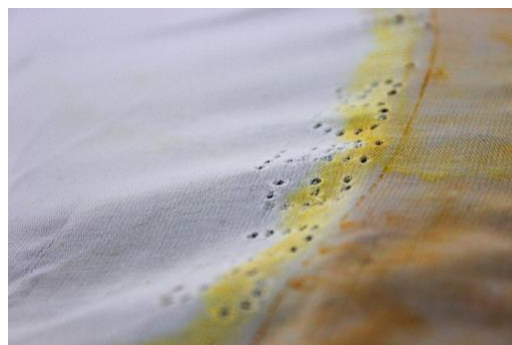
There is something about long trips that gives the feeling that, when you return, the people around you intuit that you have not changed, but when you look closely, everything somehow has. It happens with people as with things. You see they destroyed a house to build a building, the lady of bread is now a man. There is an issue with time and its inevitable advance that creates a notorious temporary or possibly permanent abandonment and that, when returning, the changes come as a shock. There are things that are not expected to change. As Husserl (2002) would say, time is an individual entity, as much as it is uncontrollable and constant, it is in terms of the subject's perception, that is, how he or she lives time.

Objects are a part of the elements of space that are affected by time in different ways and that help us to generate a memory of the un-lived past without the need for verbal transmission (Zerubavel, 2003), as they would be. For example, archaeological objects, which help to reconstruct the past. Each object has its historical load and its way of seeing it differs based on the context, its time and the form it takes.

This reflection on time and the burden that it leaves on things and people was worked in a piece that starts from the question of the memories that are deposited in objects and that endow them with different stories. What is the difference between my bed and yours? Well, the things that have been experienced in each one and that although they are the same object, they are not.

The work "Aquí" (Here) made at the beginning of 2019 is the first that I did with the technique of welding iron. It was a first approach to this material and technique. With iron, the structure of a one-and-a-half bed was built at 1:1 scale, and with fabric, was created what would be the sheet, giving the appearance of a bed with a lack of body or filling. You can't lie on it, but the hint that someone ever did is latent.

Around the gauze, a text was pierced, leaving the outlined void of the letter made up of several points. The text written accounts for that relationship or history that the object hides. For this reason, the text is only noticeable if the person gets close enough. The text runs around the edge of the bed, so it involves a journey of the person to get to know everything that happened. It is like a secret that is out there but it is only shown to the one who digs and investigates. This relates to what archaeologists do, a job of un-hiding, digging deep and finding what was there but no longer, at least to the simple eye. Go to the vestiges of the past. See the invisible, as mentioned by Simonetti (2013) in his text *In the presence of the absent*. Tracking moving materials. The same idea that Heidegger had with these concepts of Earth and World, the visible and what is hidden and un-hidden, an endless struggle, a search.



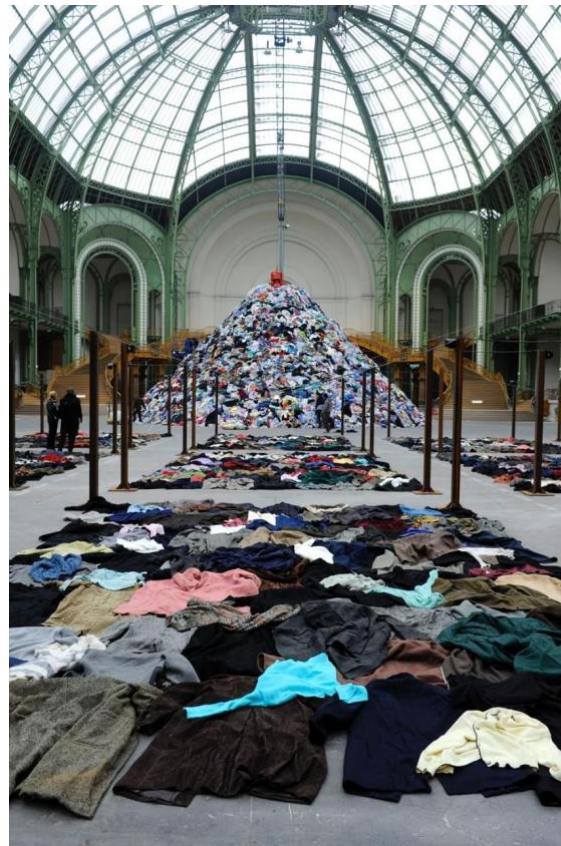
Aquí (Here), 2019.
Angled iron profile and oxidized gauze.
190 x 100 x 60 cm.

Text: aquí dormí, aquí descansé, aquí mis papás me daban un beso antes de dormir, aquí lloré, aquí me escondí, aquí jugué con mis amigas, aquí me sentí mal, aquí tuve grandes sueños, aquí tuve miedo, aquí reí, aquí me encontraron, aquí grité, aquí fui, aquí.

Translate: here I slept, here I rested, here my parents gave me a kiss before going to sleep, here I cried, here I hid, here I played with my friends, here I felt bad, here I had big dreams, here I was afraid, here I laughed, here they found me. here I screamed, here I went, here.

The story that the everyday object leaves when its owner is no longer present, an object in the process of being forgotten but that contains memories within it. Rust is part of this idea of remoteness; leaving. Why do things rust? The answer can be linked to the carelessness or departure of who cared for what should not rust. It denotes an absence and in turn a passage of time. Where did the owner of the bed go? What happened here?

This relationship with objects and the absence of people was worked out by the artist Christian Boltansky (1944-). He works with the objects that are created to be used, such as clothes or those that without people seeing them or having any interactions, there is no connection or sense. If there is no one, these objects would need that latency that makes them "be alive". A work in which we can see this is "Personnes" from 2010 in which, through a gigantic accumulation of clothing, he realizes the absent body, the artist referring in particular to the deaths of people during the Holocaust. "All clothing suffers the life of the person who wears it, the wear and the passage of time. And, despite all this, the moment the body is absent that process stops" (Beltran, 2016, p. 9).



Christian Boltansky
Personnes, 2010
Installation
Grand Palais, Paris.

The unstable

The feeling of instability or abandonment caused by traveling, movement and distances is something that, as a visual and conceptual element, has been gaining strength in my work. This, first of all, caused by oxidation that denotes something from the past and fragile, but later, with the inclusion of the sculptural in my works, which in its form and construction the unstable is seen and intensified. Based on this element, I present the work “En tránsito” (In transit), of 2019 and which aims to generate those feelings.

“En tránsito” is a work that, from smooth tubular iron, cloth and cloves, the contour of 4 territories was drawn with the iron, exploring different possibilities of this material as a constructive element. Here is used as a line, an extension of the drawing that I curved and I joined to make the territories, so the silhouette would become a kind of frame for the fabric that would be attached to it through the needlework while continuing the constructive exploration of iron and welding.

Two of the structures form what would become Santiago and the others in Montreal. After an exploration and questioning concerning where memories are deposited, in addition to a question about territorial identity and belonging, I started with those general places where things happen, taking as a starting point two cities and two districts. Inside these, the memories that make one have ties with those places in a very sincere and almost wandering way were written with cloves on gauze, the first memory. That first thing that comes to mind, thus operating that interior space, like a blank sheet of a diary not written before and that does not expect to be read by another, but is present showing itself for whoever wants to read it.

The four pieces that compose the work have different heights and sizes to create a game of perceptions, readings and increase movement around it. Each piece has three legs that support and elevate the outlined and drawn territories in space, causing instability and movement caused both by the people who walk around it, as well as by air. This generates a tension in the viewer by not knowing if these tectonic plates or elevated territories will fall or crash producing a collapse.

The union of the form of a territory with text gives a closeness to the place and, being more than one territory, it accounts for a multiplicity of voices and stories even without reading it. There is a connection with the archaeological, with this history of the places to be deciphered. Trying to read the work entirety, searching for the beginning and the movement it implies, is an excavation of the memories that exist in a place. These moving pieces can be seen as tectonic plates that rise and show what was underground, as when separating two pieces of wood, the cloves that joined them can be seen. How old or new they are, how the union was made. The history and its weight being that, the role of the hundreds of cloves included. An element of union that doesn't unite something, or that something was detached

from its origin seeing what could be the roots of the matter. Memories and history are the root of what makes us, where we stand.

These unsteady territories can be related visually and, in turn, in a more personal way with the work of Louise Bourgeois (1911-2010), specifically with her work “Maison Fragile” from 1972. In this piece, with steel she creates a tall structure with table shape, apparently fragile due to its flexible but rigid legs. This is related to the life of the unstable artist and to this duality of territories. What they have symbolized in her life, family, trauma and love.

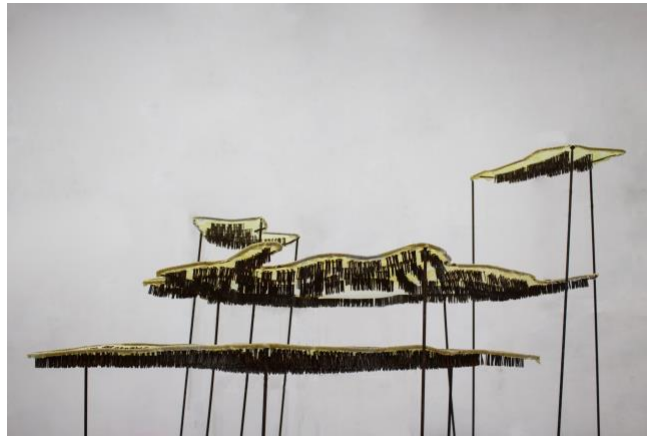


Louise Bourgeois

Maison Fragile, 1972

Metal

213,4 x 68,6 x 35,6 y 182 x 68,6 x 35,6



Photogram of video record of the piece.



Photogram of video record of the piece.



En tránsito (In transit), 2019.
Metal, gauze and cloves.
Installation of variable dimensions.
Work and video registration.

Unsteady

Movement is an element in my artistic practice that has taken on more and more power, that is to say, the sculptural installation. Seeing the viewer move and walk, that the works are spatial and that they should be looked from more than one angle, is something that activates them in space. A sculpture that is not transited would take a flat or bi-dimensional role.

In addition to this activating movement, in my work, when dealing with transits, walking and different places, it becomes more powerful that they are elements in the space that should or intend for the viewer to walk. In some way, it situates the work in its own conceptual and shareholder characteristics, complementing each other in meanings.

This element was an impulse for my work to have a transfer from the wall to the space and, with text, it cause an even greater circulation, like what happens in “En tránsito” that if you want to read you must go through. We are trained to read what is put in front of us, it is something automatic. There is something intrinsic in people who always want to know more, unhide information.

A work that marked that transfer from the wall to space and the movement was “Apartados” (Apart), from 2017, in which it reflected on the distances and social contrasts that exist in different parts of the city of Santiago of Chile. A trip was made, traveling from one side of the city to the other, photographically recording some houses. From that record, 9 photographs were selected that gave an account of the trip. Given the observation that in a large part of the city there are bars that separate or separate people. It is that in between each photograph in black was written 'A P A R T A D O S' (APART), in addition to opening different more political and social reflections around inequality that are lived in Chile and, very notoriously, in the capital. The support for the photographs and writing was in OSB wood, a material used by many within the city to reinforce or build parts of their houses.

Throughout the length of the work (7 meters), the use of different heights and the inclusion of the hidden text in black that caused the separation of each photo, the viewer was involved to crouch, look from different angles to notice the letter and could thus give an account of that journey. Being therefore and from this work, writing as a means both to provoke and involve the viewer and, in turn, to give an account of a story, memory or concept.



Apartados (Apart), 2017.
Photographs in OSB Wood.
Variable dimensions.

The writer

Writing, which has its beginnings in wax tablets that had the ability, once something was written and with little effort, to carry out a clean slate to start over from scratch, has been a constant and powerful element in my work. Wax tablets are mentioned by various authors, including Plato, as an example of voluntary forgetting. Later, “with the modernization of writing tools, the metaphors of memory and forgetting also change. Thus, if something that is written on paper can or should be forgotten, it is crossed out or, if it is a blackboard and chalk, erased and removed with a damp sponge”(trad.) (Weinrich, 1999, p. 23). Same happens now with the machine. We give it all our confidence and memory, but once the 'delete' button is pressed, there is no going back and our writings cannot come back to life.

The writing in my work goes a step further in relation to the existing means to maintain the aforementioned memories. The process of writing by piercing a canvas with cloves and making the set compose a letter, involves both material and conceptual weight. Material, due to the accumulation of these, as if they were the pixels of the letter, and conceptually heavy, due to what involves the act of this type of writing that gives a violent and threatening appearance, with a very long and tiring process. By giving that weight to the letter, it also begins to gain more value and meaning. An 'A' that, both in a machine and by hand, can take a few microseconds, and by varying the size, time changes, but when an 'A' is made with this technique, the minutes go by and what would have taken 1 minute to write becomes hours.

It cannot be erased. Once drilled, a tear remains that cannot be covered, undone, or even less erased. It is a type of writing that is impregnated, something like writing on stone. You can remove the cloves, but something has already broken, leaving the mark. This writing is related to the point, the union of this with another that is difficult but not impossible to read, or maybe, because it is a sharp and rusty element, the reader feels a certain threat, 'what will this text say? Should I read it? Or do I better ignore it or forget it? '

Another work in which you can see this relationship of the point generated by the clove and the mark that remains later is “Escribolvido” (Writtingforgetting), from 2018. A work that with wire, gauze and cloves which were removed after rusting and construct the book. In this book, as you go through the pages, the dots that make up the letter disappear until you no longer know what it says. There is a process of "forgetting" what was there; it disappears on the pages and they become points that show that there was something written, but that you no longer know what it was.



Cover page



First page



Last page

Escribolvido (Writingforgetting), 2018.

Wire and gauze rusted.

20 x 16 x 6 cm.

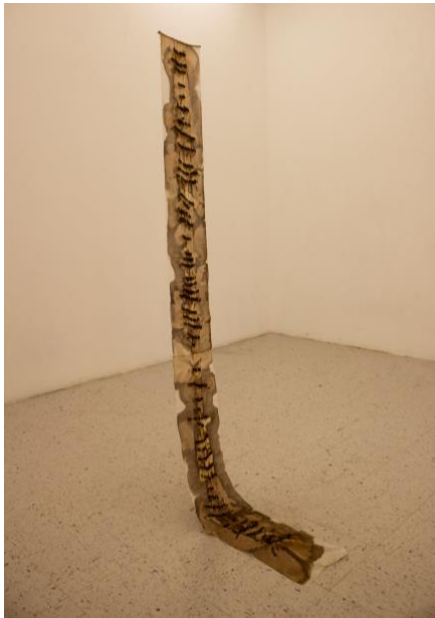
Argentine artist Pablo Lehmann (1974-) has a similar relationship with words. His work is made up of writing on paper through the fretwork, where each letter leaves a void that, due to the space between one and the other, is possible to read. This is impossible to erase and, given the accumulation of the word, reading it makes it an almost impossible task to perform. It uses the text as a means of construction to make objects and pictures of various kinds.

Pablo Lehmann
*Los amores de
Marguerite (The loves of
Marguerite)*, 2015.
Fretwork paper.
27 x 19 x 11 cm.



Writing, for its ability to maintain and protect memories as in books, on which we put all our trust so that things are not forgotten, is the reason why I did another work in which I combine this capacity of the word, being this “Punzada” (Twinge), from 2018. In that work it was written, on a 230 cm gauze canvas, long by 4 cm. wide, the oldest memory of a person. The memory was recorded and later transcribed with nails so that it would not run the risk of being forgotten one day.

The oxidation in this work is a double-edged element, we could call it through writing it is intended to avoid oblivion, but this was already possibly in some way forgotten or modified to a large extent, so oblivion was already brushing against it death, so that, even after being written, things can be forgotten no matter how much they are read again. Heavy writing, writing that lasts, writing that degrades to disappear and not be.





Punzada (Twinge), 2018
Narrative oxidation with cloves on gauze.
4cm width x 30cm long x 230cm high.

Something that is played with this "indelible" writing is its double quality in the works that leave the cloves. On the one hand, we feel threatened by the sharp point, where we cannot even know what a text is, and, on the other, there is the text made up of thousands of points. This duality, being spatial works, plays with the viewer and the possible way of reading that therefore involves a movement with two different readings. This art always develops, therefore, in a landscape of memory, and in that landscape everything that has to be reliably remembered has a place assigned. Only oblivion has no place` (trad.) (Weinrich, 1997, p. 9).

Where is home?

The question where the home is located arises from the reflections already made in the other works already mentioned, which accounts for two important components: first, the family and, second, living, being the possibilities of the location of the home where the family is or where one lives. This question is the one that has led to the work called “Chez moi” (Home) that was worked during my last semester and that was presented in the graduate exam and that gives rise to new questions and problems related to migration and imaginary places, following the interests related to places and memories.

Reflecting on the fact that the home is where the family, we would already have several places, since it is difficult for the whole family of a person to be in the same place without taking into account the problems and the different types of families that exist. Another thing to consider is the extensions of the family, which makes it more diverse and complex to address in a specific place. This is why, when speaking of the family, a multiplicity of households are involved or, on the contrary, a section is taken into account, such as the nuclear family.

Within the word ‘family’ we generally reduce ourselves to what is related to kinship, to blood ties, but there is also a family that is chosen, such as a partner or friends, which makes this category even more difficult. There is also the family that is built, as the anthropologist Janet Carsten (1995) speaks in her ethnography carried out in Pulau Langkawi, where people become part of the family circle with time and the constancy of sharing, eating and living together. Blood and birth are not related to being part of the family or not, so, rather than talking about the family as such, the location of the home could be related to the people one loves, where it is likely to be have a hierarchical relationship around time and closeness that one establishes with people.

Then, if we think about living or where one lives, understanding 'home' as a synonym for home, an unstable element also comes into being, since one does not always live or will live in the same place. From the idea of home we also return to the concept of family, once again understanding them as responses in some cases interrelated.

Both answers have an unstable, changing, almost nomadic and transitory character, which leads us to propose the following questions: Would it be more appropriate to say that there is no place where home is, or are there so many possibilities of that place that we must accept it with this ability to appear, mutate and disappear? Do we then never stop being nomads?

The word 'place' involves a specific physical space, a geographical position. We could say that the home is in a physical place and imagine that space freely. The word ‘home’ is related to the place that an individual inhabits, so, directing it more to our origins, it is a safe space where to take refuge and have warmth. Marc Augé (1992) introduces the term of

non-places, as those spaces of transit that do not have a significant importance to be places. With that, therefore we can easily deduce that home does have a specific place as it is a space of constant transit, where there are memories, objects and there is a kind of attachment to it. Something like what Carsten (1995) mentioned about the flexibility of kinship, but requiring constancy and closeness; where one lives requires the same thing to go from being a no place to a place called home.

Wondering about home and where it is may seem like a weird and redundant question, but it's something that has been with me for much of my life. When I was little my parents separated, something very common lately, but what happens when the relationship ends and just these two people come from different countries, cultures and languages, and also thousands of miles apart?

Well, trips, distances, absences and presences occur, understand and not, feel at home and then feel like a stranger. Having varied friends, parts, diet and so many different things. Everything changes going from one side to the other. You leave and then return and what you left has changed and you have to readjust to change to get there again and everything is different. There is great uncertainty about the weather, what will change when I leave? Will he still be here? and her? The constant fear of death or absence is something that did terrified me as a child and somehow continues to do so in a more hidden way.

The biographical component has been the striking element for my work and has been configuring fragile and unstable but hard and rigid works; soft but sharp and with an aesthetic, it could be said, old or distant that is caused by rust. I have worked this duality through metal, textile and clothes.

The territory, the memories in the city, the spatiality and the writing have been giving rise to a series of works that account for these already, more cohesive interests and others that have disappeared and appeared along the way. The prefix `di` in Spanish has become aware over time, a duality, something diffuse and what `dis`, a distance, difference and negation of something.

The nomade

How many places does one have in his life? What places have been significant? The human being has this magical ability to move, sometimes stop and then continue. There are frequent places and others that are never seen again, and that is defining our life, friends, what we like and what not to do. This is related to Augé's text (1992) in relation to non-places like those of a transitory nature, making us beings in constant nomadism. Go, return, do not see. We walk and walk many times no matter where we pass.

Movement is a fundamental factor in this great global phenomenon of the overcrowding of non-places, as places are increasingly considered as transitory. Now everything is expanding and the world seems to be getting smaller, although without being able to reduce how big it really is. The trip generates encounter and from this encounter different things are born, such as babies.

How many children will there be divided between two countries? Which of these could they call home? Already in 2018 in Chile, approximately 29,000 children born here have either two parents or one with a foreign nationality (The Clinic Online, 2019), creating a duality in that individual in relation to their origin, customs, nationality, languages and a series of things that involves having two nationalities. Through information and data from the Ministry of Social Development of Chile, an increase of 1.7% is envisaged from 2015 to 2017 in people born outside of Chile and who come to live in the country. An increase that from the National Institute of Statistics (INE) and the Department of Immigration and Migration (DEM) we can know that, from the period between April 2017 and December 2018, there is a total of "1.251.225 foreign persons habitually resident in Chile, with 51.6% men and 48.4% women. If compared with the Census, a growth of 67.6% is observed"

Faced with these figures, it cannot be doubted that the phenomenon of migration has affected the entire globe in an enormous way in recent years. Since the beginning of history, people have migrated for different reasons such as the most basic and persistent, which is survival; search for new habitats, conquer and colonize new lands, expeditions to new worlds, by matters of war or invasions, and many other causes that have been building the world as we know it today, a giant place, hyper connected but full of frontiers.

When migration exists, distances and differences become more powerful and the concept of the nomad comes to the table. The Real Academia Española defines it as 'going from one place to another without establishing a fixed residence', also as 'lacking a stable place to live, which is in constant travel or displacement.' People do not stay in a certain place forever, so your home is modified for different reasons. We could, therefore, say that every house first belonged to someone else, or that it will be later. Every home is modified and mutated, but this does not mean that the memories and ties created with the places and their surroundings are vanished.

Yi Fu Tuan (1974) in his book *Topophilia: a study of perceptions, attitudes and values about the environment* speaks of the term first introduced by Gaston Bachelard (1961) of 'topophilia'. This term denotes the love one has for a place. It is about those places in which one is happy. Those places determined by human value and their emotions, moving away from geography and approaching the psychological spaces and the affective ties that a person has with a specific place, existing, in its counterpart, topophobia.

In Chapter 8 of the aforementioned book, Tuan has the section entitled *Familiarity and bond*. In this it refers to the attachment of places to an awareness of the past that has a union with people's own history, as it would be in various original peoples, the connection of the earth with their ancestors and their own history, creating between the living and dead that place of union. "Mountains, streams, springs and wells are much more than beautiful or interesting features of the landscape: they are the work of their own ancestors" (1974, p. 139), and this is why it is the same as a person who has lived many years in one place it is difficult for him to leave it.

The minimum unit of the house

This relationship between physical place and mental place that is created in certain places is something treated in the “*Chez Moi*” (Home), a work of 2019, which arises from the question of where the home is and its multiplicity of possible spaces, without being able to specifically and clearly determine which one is and where it is, working like this from all the places I have lived in for long periods of time.

Chez moi arises from the question of the locality of the home and its indefinite multiplicity. This is how I decided to work with all the places I have lived, but through the memories of my parents through drawing in each place. My father with homes in Canada and my mother with those located in Chile. Once having the drawings of both, a transfer was made from the graphite line to a large-scale iron line, reaching all the drawings of notebook size, to a size approximate of 150 x 100 cm each of the houses. What appeared to be indestructible and functional in the drawing, once built, becomes unrealistic to do. It is the exercise of moving from the plane to the volume, from the memories to the real and tangible, from the idea to the thing.

Faced with this exercise of representing a place from memory, one can see the emphasis that each person puts on places. When I asked my parents to do this exercise, I didn't tell them exactly what to draw, just "draw (home address)". Both, my mother and father drew the facades of the houses, my mother playing with the minute details while my father went to the simple concept, its shape and features. None of the drawings, when compared to the real house, look exactly alike. Both changed things that are proper to the image that one has of a place, being almost an imaginary place. The first two houses in which I lived in Santiago, therefore, my mother's task, were drawn as a planimetry of the arrangement of the house, being so due to her lack of memory of how the place looked, but remembering the position of things. Even so, while she drew she was constantly erasing and making new lines, so that things fit as closely as possible.

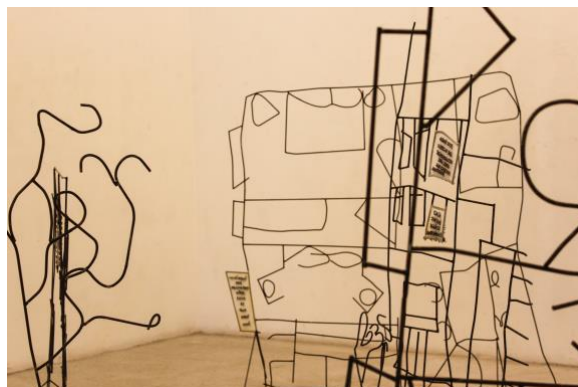
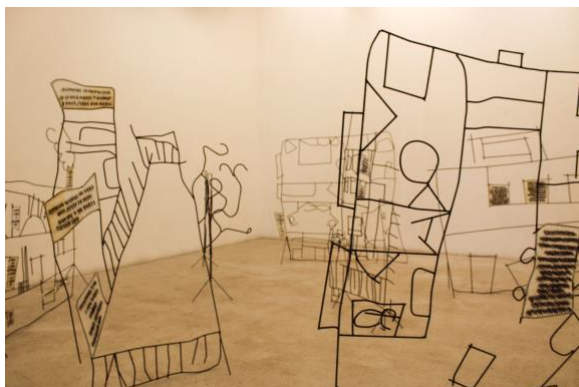
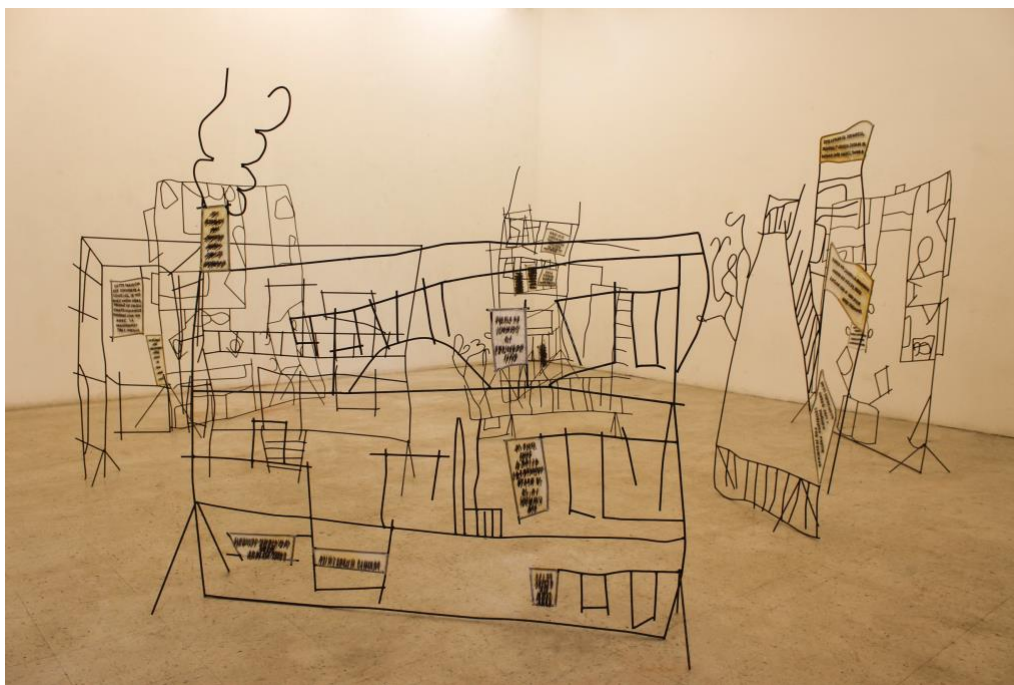
Through this, one realizes how versatile memories and their possible representation are. It's how Jeanette Winterson refers to maps: “A map can tell me how to find a place that I haven't seen but often imagined. When I get there, carefully following the map, the place is not the place I had imagined. The maps, which are more and more real, are much less true”¹.

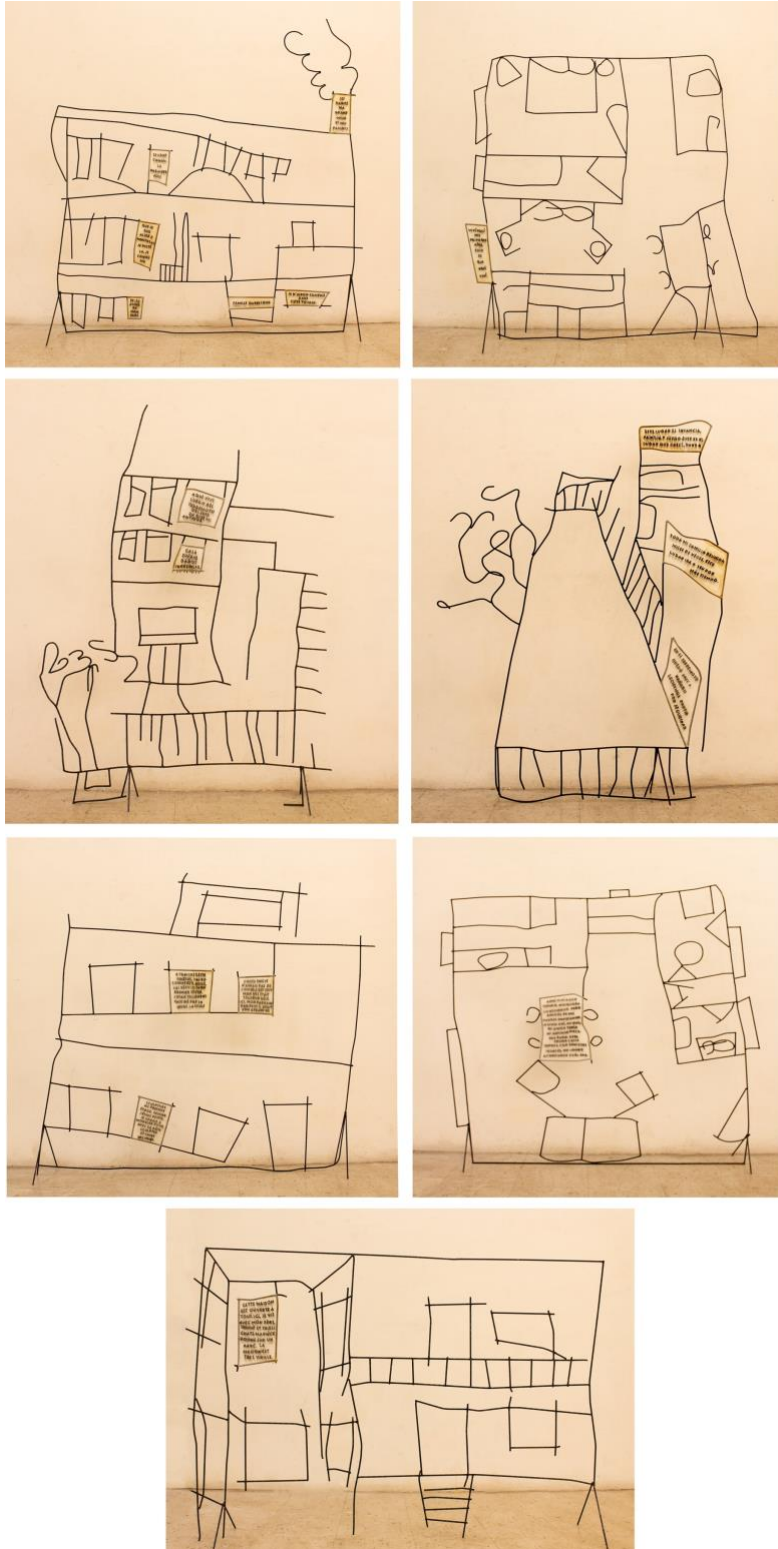
The work is an installation of the 7 houses built and that in some spaces, such as windows or doors, the gauze is placed to write with the cloves a simple memory but that gives the proximity and reality to that place that could be called "invented" or properly from memory. The cloves, that is to say, the memories, would become the minimum units of the house, that which makes them real and that makes us have connections with places. That so-

¹ *Sexing the Cherry*. Londres: Vintage, 1989, p. 81.

called topophilia. That is why also, depending on the country in which the house is located, it is written either in french or spanish, to account for those dualities and distances involved. I consider the clove here as that constructive unit of minimum union for every element, because to build a house, union is needed, and to have union with a space, there must be memories.

The union of the city can only be the result of the connection of fragmentary memories. The city forms a psychic landscape built through holes: there are entire parts forgotten, or deliberately eliminated, in order to build infinite possible cities in the void (trad.) (Careri, 2009, p. 22)





Chez moi (Home), 2019.
Iron, clove and gauze.
Installation of variable dimensions.

Chez moi, and the question about the home opens new doors to material explorations around iron and its ability to draw, with the possibility of creating not only with lines, but with plates or other metals that would give way to new constructive, visual investigations and formats. Something that I have had in mind for a long time is the union of photography or image with metal sculpture.

In addition to the material, different reflections are opened, uniting the imaginary of the memory and its modifications, with the possible places. As Careri mentions about imaginary places, those "infinite possible cities" that are built in the voids of memory and in turn, with the range of non-places that exist, also appearing the end of the border in front of the mobilizations of people. How many houses could have been my home, but were not chosen for something? How many non-places could be places?

*De un lugar a otro
Voy y vivo
Voy y me voy
Voy y encuentro
Y luego desaparezco
Aquí viví
Y aquí
Aquí.*

*D'un endroit à l'autre
Je vais et je vis
J'y vais et je m'en vais
Je vais et je trouve
Et puis je disparaiss
Ici j'ai vécu
Et ici
Ici.*

*From one place to another
I go and I live
I go and I leave
I go and I find
And then I disappear
Here I lived
And here
Here.*

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