it cannot be called travelling

An Exhibition Statement
Submitted to the College of Graduate and Postdoctoral Studies
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Master of Fine Arts
in the Department of Art and Art History
University of Saskatchewan
Saskatoon

By
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it cannot be called travelling

Neither we enjoyed it there

nor here.

They called displacement, travel;

with a suitcase

heavy with dreams.

We are getting old in this deracination.

Wandering from one place
to another, is not traveling,
is an inevitable act of wind,
from one city to another.

Rasoul Yunan
(trans. Negar Tajgardan)

Introduction:

I moved from Tehran to Saskatoon in 2016 to attend graduate school at the University of Saskatchewan. Over the course of the past two years of the MFA program, I have developed my works through exploring my experience of displacement. As my ideas began to be reflected in my art making practices, I started to include other media such as photography, video, and performance into my preferred medium of sculpture-installation. Expanding the forms and presentation strategies of my work led me to delve deeper into my own memories as well as the broader concepts of immigration and displacement. The artwork in my MFA exhibition includes several bodies of work in a variety of media that address this topic.

Change is an inevitable fact in everyone’s lives. Moving and immigration are examples of significant change; my intention in my artworks is to explore my own feelings of displacement.
My current concern probes into the memories of places where people have been living, places that they left for different reasons. I became obsessed about working with the memories of absent objects, whether they were missed as a result of growing up, moving or even death.

Displacement and immigration are universal subjects that I am looking at it through the lens of my personal observations. While my experience is unique and particular, it also has commonalities with others who have immigrated. I find this personal voice effective to connect my work to my viewers. I have chosen to also include my personal voice in this support paper by using indented, italicized sections to give more details about my inner thoughts and background. This personal, reflective voice is interspersed in my essay with more discursive writing about my art, its development over the past two years, and the contemporary art context within which I am working.

Living in the developing country teaches people how to be able to leave their roots willingly but reluctantly. Since the Islamic revolution in the 1970s in Iran, each year more people decide to leave their country. Sometimes it seems like everybody is leaving, like the movement of wind.

You know you should go too but there is also a string holding you back. Sometimes a spark of hope makes you give up the attempt to leave and sometimes you see your dreams might come true only by leaving.

I say “leave” because I do not mean moving to a specific country. It does not matter what your destination is. When people ask me why I chose Saskatchewan, they have no idea of the situation. Feelings of not belonging to your own country make you move anywhere else, even somewhere that you also do not belong.

I do not want to state that I did not choose anywhere.

I chose to leave. So, it cannot be called travelling as there is no home anywhere.

The memories of places we lived before make it hard to settle down elsewhere. Through my artwork, I am attempting to indicate the ideas of vulnerability and instability as a result of displacement and how they affect the quality of our lives. To point to the vulnerability in life, I
chose paper, a fragile material, to represent this idea. I consider light in my works as a symbolic way to make memories alive again (Figure 1). Although my works started with my personal life, my hope is that my artworks can spark viewers’ own memories and can help them imagine my life and that of others who have immigrated across cultures and boundaries.

Figure 1. Negar Tajgardan, *packaged memories*, 2016, paper and light, installation view
The story of being a foreigner in your hometown, putting all your dreams in a suitcase and looking for a place to unpack them, does not always end well. Sometimes missing all the things you were used to growing up keeps you from spreading your roots elsewhere. You might get old wandering between places hoping to settle down.

Part One: Packing up the Suitcase

Adopting an unfamiliar place to live brings a lot of changes even while the background and the memories of the hometown remain intact. I consider memories to be an attaching line to the past; whether they are pleasant to remember or not, we are carrying them around. Bags and backpacks are literally what we use to immigrate. I have used them in my artwork symbolically as containers for memories adding architectural features of my home city, Tehran (Figure 2). These unfamiliar elements, which might seem peculiar to people in Canada, convey something of my own disorientation in a new culture where I daily confront cultural references I may not get. I connected with what African-American artist, Fred Wilson, said about his use of museum objects in his installations: “Each element is carrying a history, whether the element is a photo, a found object, or a handmade item made by the artist.” ¹ In his interview with Mark A. Graham, Wilson pointed out that each object gets numerous layers of meaning over time or by moving between places as new circumstances lead to old memories being replaced by new ones. Viewers might add new meaning to objects as well according to their unique interpretations, cultural backgrounds, and how they respond imaginatively to an object. ² I wondered what might happen if the objects taken from one place and displayed in another do not have many cultural references for the new audience. Might this interpretive confusion reveal to the audience the challenges and experiences people from different backgrounds face? Coping with new cultures, adjusting to differences, along with a desire to hold onto one’s background and memories, could be a burden that someone is carrying. Light, which I use in my paper backpacks, is a way to illuminate a new path (Figure 3).

² Ibid.
Figure 2. Negar Tajgardan, *packed-up memories*, 2017, paper and light, approx. 25" x 12" x 6"

Figure 3. Negar Tajgardan, *packed-up memories*, 2017, paper and light, approx. 16" x 11" x 4"

The portable, paper backpacks I made in the first term of the MFA program contain architectural elements from Tehran rooftops: antennae, air conditioners, exhaust pipes, and chimneys. These are functional elements which keep the building alive and make it a living place (Figure 4); on my backpacks, these appendages convey a sense of identity. In Tehran when I was an art student, I liked to draw the odd, sometimes old and rusty objects on the rooftops, like the chimneys which
were exposed to sun and rain. They were my favourite still life subjects. Each backpack I made in Canada also included paper models of these rooftop objects; they connected me to my memories of home. Installed all together, the backpacks become like a city while in scale they relate to my body (Figure 5). The antennae, air conditioners, ducting and satellite dishes with their pipes and wires are like the kidneys, lungs, heart and blood vessels of a body. They are the functional organs of a building and play a crucial role in keeping it regulated, just like my memories are crucial to my comfort in a new place.

Figure 4. Negar Tajgardan, rooftops of Tehran, 2016, digital photographs, sizes variable

Figure 5. Negar Tajgardan, work in progress, studio view, 2016, paper
In Tehran, the rooftops of high-rise buildings provided me with a place of freedom and peace. They also allowed me to observe the city from a distance without getting attacked by its chaos. The rooftops were, for me, a place of comfort, life and peace, away from the distress below. It is a semi-private place in a very populated and compact city where there is little quiet. It is an outside place, far above the hustle and bustle of a big city. The flat rooftops and air conditioners reveal the hot climate of Tehran while the proliferation of satellite dishes discloses the political censorship by the government and the way people are acting against it by choosing to bring prohibited televised programs into their private homes. The satellite dishes on the rooftops are a symbol of a tolerated space of resistance. They connect me to my memories of the rooftops themselves as spaces where I could experience some degree of freedom as a young woman growing up in Iran.

For forty years, women in Iran have been carrying the title of Islam for the government with the obligatory hijab. Nothing else is really Islamic. So the government tries to be very serious about women’s dress code. They make a lot of effort to enforce their rules for women. Sometimes there is no exact rule; any new fashion that becomes popular might be considered a violation of the hijab rule. In the broader context, the government is afraid of anything that attracts too many people whether it’s a fashion style, a website, a social media app or a 17-year-old girl whose dance video clips are popular on the Instagram.

Adapting to unreasonable expectations in your own country is hard to accept, especially when people, particularly educated women, know their rights around the world. In Iran, women’s rights are ignored by the government and a judgmental attitude towards women keeps them from being themselves.

On the rooftops is where I experienced being free in the city. I could remove the hijab and let my hair blow in the wind. I felt like a ghost up there in the city. I didn’t need to follow the rules, didn’t need to be too attentive to what I was wearing or if I was being looked at by men and women who defend men’s rights. Being on the rooftops kept me away from what’s happening inside the city: the way some men underrate women’s abilities, judge them by their outfits and, just by being male, have more benefits in life. On the rooftops, I could be myself and have my reasonable rights.
Each of my backpacks has a unique, individual character. Grouped together in an installation, they create a city that shines with small lights like Tehran at night. When you are flying in a plane or looking at the city from a high-rise building during the night, the city itself is like a twinkly sky. To evoke this memory, I lit up the backpacks from inside (Figure 6). Light pollution is so prevalent that it’s hard to experience total darkness. Walking into the dark installation offers a unique experience which might eradicate one’s sense of self-awareness: detachment from our bodies and its physical barriers by being in the darkness.³

*Being on the rooftops of Tehran is equivalent to the installation art experience for me: Installation art engages all my senses, I experience everything, all the emotional stories that artists are telling by their art but it also feels safe. I am more fully embodied, but I am also a ghost, invisible from below. I experienced Tehran this way on the rooftops where I felt safe from its chaos.*

Lightness and darkness create a sense of ambiguity in my installation that allows the artwork to be seen from varied points of view and be read by multiple voices. Lit up, my paper sculptures are dissolved into the dark space, which draws viewers’ attention to where the light is: the parts we want to remember. As the darkness covers some details of my work, it creates an ambiguity that allows viewers to find their own memories by means of my work and read it through personal interpretation. Light, in general, might bring the idea of commemoration to mind. In many traditions candles are being lit for remembrance of a dead person. Though I am not focusing on the concept of death in my works, the past moment could be considered dead. Some of the photo installations by French artist, Christian Boltanski, have similar content although they appear to commemorate death (Children of Dijon, Figure 7). The children in the photos are not actually dead, but that particular time has passed and they have changed. The face of that boy or girl in the photo has disappeared now and does not exist anymore (Figure 8). Change is inescapable, happening every second as time passes and more distinctively in different phases of our lives such as growing up, getting married or moving. My interest in art creation is involved with the transitions in life, telling my own story based on my background and experiences. Without specific details, the transition I experience could be true for other people and I hope they might find their own story through my artworks. Like Boltanski, I intend the distance between objects and memories to lead to varied interpretations of the artwork.

Figure 7. Christian Boltanski, *Children of Dijon*, 1985-86


Figure 8. Christian Boltanski, *Monument: The Children of Dijon* (detail), 1986

The idea of a “decentered” viewer relates to the strategy of installation art which doesn’t allow a viewer to have a single point of view. Viewers are forced to consider multiple perspectives, instead of single-point-perspective (a Western European convention in art since the Renaissance).\(^6\) I arranged eighteen backpacks to form a line in the space (Figure 9). As the viewer enters the room, the absence of any people wearing the backpacks is noticeable. Viewers “activate” my artwork by walking through the works and perhaps imagine themselves joining a line of immigrants. “Activating” the viewing subject is one of the ideas that installation art theorist, Claire Bishop, discusses. When the work of installation art is sufficiently large for a viewer to enter, it addresses the audience directly. Our involvement with installation art is notably different from other media of art such as painting and sculpture. We experience texture, space, light and so on directly with the work of installation art rather than as a “representation” of these elements.\(^7\) As viewers are able to be very close to the works, they scrutinize the handmade aspect of the work, its details and materials and observe the fragility of each piece. This accentuates the sensual quality of the material and the physical participation of viewers as they become part of the work by walking into and around it. Since the backpacks are suspended at human height as if being worn, the visitors’ attendance fills in for the absence of people carrying the bags and suitcases.

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\(^7\) Ibid
It’s hard to settle down in a new country, but it’s more unbearable when you can’t settle down in your own country.

Coming from a developing country where the airports are full of people leaving and moving to a new country of immigrants from all over the world, I became attuned to other people’s experiences of displacement. In the second term of my graduate degree, I began to add other people’s stories to my own by interviewing them about their memories of their safe places and making a backpack to represent each person and their story. I was intrigued by the unique and intimate aspects of their safe places. I began to think about the individuality of all the people in a crowd who are being displaced all the time. Each backpack I made in response to a story of displacement and change had unique details revealing individual experiences within an anonymous group by adding individual faces and stories. As someone inside this crowd of people, I like to see all of us as individuals who have unique memories. They are like a family; like my uncle, my sister and my cousin. Hearing other people’s stories helped me to observe my
own situation from a different perspective. Their stories expanded my own and also echoed with my own memories:

Lucas: *I wish I could pack up a place called “Bottle Cove” in Newfoundland in my suitcase. It’s on the west coast so it’s the last part of the island to say goodnight to the sun* (Figure 10).

Rachel: *When I was at school being in the oak alley which was in front of the school made me feel safe as those trees were the strongest trees ever, withstanding so many hurricanes in Louisiana.*

Yang: *I grew up in a village [China] and my room’s balcony was straight forward to the fields of different vegetables; I spent lots of time on the balcony and had adventures around the fields. I would like to put that place in my backpack and bring it over* (Figure 11).

Najeeb: *Right now, I want to be with my friends at the café, “Angel in Us,” just in front of the university campus at Ulsan [South Korea]. The café is open till 2 a.m. almost every day. I used to work till around 12 at night, then go to this café with my friends.*

Valentyna: *Some people might feel more comfortable at home but I feel more comfortable here. Moving from Kiev [Ukraine] to Saskatoon was difficult at first for me but I pushed myself out of my comfort zone and a lot of positive things are happening.*

Masi: *I miss being in my bedroom: the familiar furniture, the bed, the mirror and my bookshelf with all poetry books that made me feel at home and safe in Mashhad [Iran].*

Amanpreet: *For me the place that I felt safe and comfortable was my home and my small bedroom in Moga [Punjab]; I had lots of posters in it. The support and care provided by my friends and family made me feel safe there.*
Figure 10. Negar Tajgardan, *packed up memories (Lucas’s story)*, 2017, digital photographs, sizes variable

Figure 11. Negar Tajgardan, *packed-up memories (Yang’s story)*, 2017, paper and light, approx. 18” x 12” x 6”
Part Two: The Place to Unpack the Suitcase

My early work in the MFA program consisted of sculptural objects: backpacks, suitcases and paper rocks. With the suggestion of my faculty members, I began to integrate photography with my sculpture. I started by taking photos of my paper backpacks being worn by people around the city of Saskatoon. By showing the traces of my hometown rooftops on portable bags in the new surroundings, I tried to symbolically connect my past background to the new place. I attempted to record the intangibility of my memories of my hometown in the form of lit up paper objects. The medium of photography provided the ability to document my works in different locations. Since I found transitional places more relevant to the content of my works, I made a series of photos at the airport: paper rocks and suitcases abandoned on the airport cart and conveyor belt (Figure 12-13). Sometimes a person accompanies the lit up objects and sometimes the objects seem to be left unattended, pointing to the memories of places in the minds of people who left them. As these pieces are on conveyor belts, it also suggests that they might be endlessly circulating, with no one to claim them, left luggage that has missed a connection with a person or a place. Although these memories exist, they will fade away and be replaced by other ones.

Figure 12. Negar Tajgardan, for security reasons, baggage left unattended will be removed, 2017, digital photograph, size variable
The surroundings that the photos have been taken in play a crucial role along with the objects since the photos suggest adaption to the new environment. Memory is the link connecting the new place to a person’s background. Because my objects are made of paper and lit from inside, they point to the transparent quality of memory and how it can be recalled easily or fade away (Figure 14).
The first objects in my photo documentations were my paper suitcases and backpacks: the objects to carry the memories. The earlier backpacks contain signs of places I have lived before, with the person wearing them around the city. As I began to remove specific details in some of my pieces, my works became more obscure opening up more possibilities for the imagination. The ambiguous paper forms in the shape of rocks of various sizes, each slightly different, seem to be growing all over the ground. They might connote very different concepts: when they are lit up in the dark they might suggest a gleaming city at night or even stars in a night sky, while in regular lighting they could be reminders of discarded bags in the environment or evoke rocks and stones (Figure 15-16). As my artwork became more ambiguous, it was as if it was being absorbed by nature or by the new environment, much as I was being gradually acclimatized to the new culture of Canada and absorbed into it.

Figure 15. Negar Tajgardan, paper rocks (as we remember) Nuit Blanche YXE installation view, 2017
Part Three: Packing up the Suitcase again

During the 70s revolution in Iran, a lot of people’s lives turned upside down. A lot of artists couldn’t do what they had been doing. Things that had been considered good were now bad and bad things were now good. This was reinforced again during the Iran-Iraq war in the 80s when I was born. Although it was hard to feel settled under the rockets and bombs, sometimes a little bit of hope could make things easier. Despite difficult situations, we would find ways to adapt. The spark of light that I have in my backpacks suggests this way of lighting up new possibilities even in the darkness.

After my first year in Canada, I was beginning to get used to the new environment and I found my studio to be the new safe place for me. In the process of adapting to a new environment people might find new places where they spend a lot of time and feel comfortable. Although the new safe place might not be permanent, the memories of these places can stay in mind for a long time. I began to make some new bodies of work based on the idea of vulnerability that I was feeling as a result of displacement and the memories of where I had moved from. These works consisted of small replicas of my studio furniture made out of dissolvable fabric with a wire armature inside. The dissolvable material represents how the situation of displacement might be subject to change. Sometimes, I sprayed the small furniture sculptures with water so all that was left was the armature and bits of the fabric still clinging to it as if that was all that was left of my
memories (Figure 17). Although this suspended situation affects many aspects of our lives, the memories remain in the mind, even if fading and diminished.

Figure 17. Negar Tajgardan, Dad, look into the camera!, 2018, wire, paper Solvy, interfacing, approx. 6” x 8” x 2”

I grew up playing around catalogues and booklets of different factories my Dad brought home after visiting them. As a kid, I wished he had founded an ice cream factory! When he finally started a factory, more sanctions against Iran stopped everything halfway through.

The sanctions that were supposed to be against the government and not the people, directly affected my family. This was a version of displacement for many of us in Iran – economic displacement that impacted our daily lives without ever leaving our city.

Due to the changes after the revolution and the Iran-Iraq war, due to the sanctions against Iran and their consequences for people’s lives and human rights – many people are still choosing to leave.
As my studio became the new temporary safe place for me, I decided to simulate family pictures and memories of my immediate family using the furniture replicas as stand-ins for people (Figures 18). Growing up in a close family and having family gatherings so often, family pictures have always been a part of recording the moment. Sometimes there was only a small family group and sometimes everyone was together, as if they are posing to take a photo, with each piece showing a unique character which could refer to the individuals I know (Figure 19-20). To further point out the instability in my life and how it might lead to more changes, I made short videos using photos of the furniture replicas. The videos show the absence of people or places due to the displacement and suggest ongoing change as the images dissolve, emerge and adapt. With this work, I intended to point to the absence of the family and the vulnerable situation for those who face a new culture and a new language in a new place (Figure 21).
Figure 19. Negar Tajgardan, *family gathering*, 2018, digital photograph, size variable

Figure 20. Negar Tajgardan, *family gathering*, 2018, digital photograph, size variable
Part Four: What the Suitcase is Made Of

When I was packing my stuff to leave Iran, it was a challenge to select personal belongings to fit in a limited luggage space. I found that what I packed is what I might miss the most. The idea of packing memories and carrying them with me and not exceeding a specific weight led me to consider a light weight material like paper for my artworks. Paper is delicate, lightweight, and translucent, as intangible as memory and carries a lot of meaning in my work. The effort of stitching and gluing the pieces of paper together is analogous to struggling in the vulnerable situation of being an immigrant.
I find similarities between my work and that of South Korean sculptor and installation artist, Do Ho Suh, who works with memory and transitional spaces like staircases, doors, and bridges. He is interested in the idea of mobility and transportability so he makes his pieces out of fabric to be able to fold and carry them. As someone born in Korea who moved to the United States, Do Ho Suh is also attentive to cultural transition. His works relate to the transitional spaces rather than the destination itself (Figure 22). Do Ho Suh creates exact replicas of intimate spaces that he has lived in but the use of transparent material make them ghost-like: the memory of them is going to fade.¹⁸ I think memory is fragile and can easily be forgotten but at the same time can be recalled by the very slight shadow of an image, a familiar taste or even a smell.

As a kid I found the catalogues that my Dad brought home a treasure; they were ephemeral materials through which I was seeing my dreams. Playing with these paper products was like achieving my wishes halfway – these half-achieved dreams became the memories in my paper backpacks.

Part Five: Closing the Suitcase:

Over the past two years in the MFA program, I have represented in my artwork the idea of displacement and its circumstances while absorbing and adapting to my new environment. I have used a variety of media with a focus on the fragile material of paper to convey this experience. Immigration requires one to leave behind a lot of objects and places and carry only the memories of those to the new place. My interest in tracing the objects I personally missed was the driving force behind my art practice but I think this can also inspire the audience. They might have their own experience of displacement or can see in my work the impact that has on others. My intention is not, however, nostalgia for the past as I am more interested in the transition and linking the past to the present. My more recent works in photography and the small furniture/family gatherings point in this direction of finding places of comfort and safety in my current circumstances. My art practice during my MFA starts like a journey with my fragile paper backpacks as a metaphor of carrying memories and it leads to my recent works which symbolically are connected to my current living place. My intention is to look at the broad concept of displacement within my own experiences, linking my intimate observations to the viewers through my art works.
Appendix: MFA Thesis Exhibition Installation, *it cannot be called travelling*, Gordon Snelgrove Gallery, Department of Art and Art History, University of Saskatchewan, September 3-14, 2018

Figure 23. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view

Figure 24. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view (detail)
Figure 25. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view

Figure 26. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view (detail)
Figure 27. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view (detail)

Figure 28. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view with video projection, *family gathering*
Figure 29. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view

Figure 30. Negar Tajgardan, *as we remember*, 2018, installation view
Figure 31. Negar Tajgardan, *family gathering*, video stills, 2018
Figure 32. Negar Tajgardan, *Dad, look into the camera*, 2018, wire, paper Solvy, interfacing, approx. 6” x 8” x 2”

Figure 33. Negar Tajgardan, *the couch and six cushions*, 2018, wire, paper Solvy, interfacing, approx. 13” x 3” x 7”
Figure 34. Negar Tajgardan, *it cannot be called travelling*, 2018, installation view
Figure 35. Negar Tajgardan, *it cannot be called travelling*, 2018, installation view
Figure 36. Negar Tajgardan, *it cannot be called travelling*, 2018, installation view

Figure 37. Negar Tajgardan, *packed-up memories* (top row) 2017, digital photographs
*for security reasons, baggage left unattended will be removed* (bottom row) 2017, digital photographs, 50” x 11”

Figure 38. Negar Tajgardan, *paper rocks*, 2017, digital photographs, 50” x 6.5”
Figure 39. Negar Tajgardan, *family picture* (top row) 2018

*dissolving chair* (bottom row), 2018, digital photographs, 50" x 11"

Figure 40. Negar Tajgardan, *the foyer*, 2018, digital photographs, each 50" x 11"
Bibliography:


