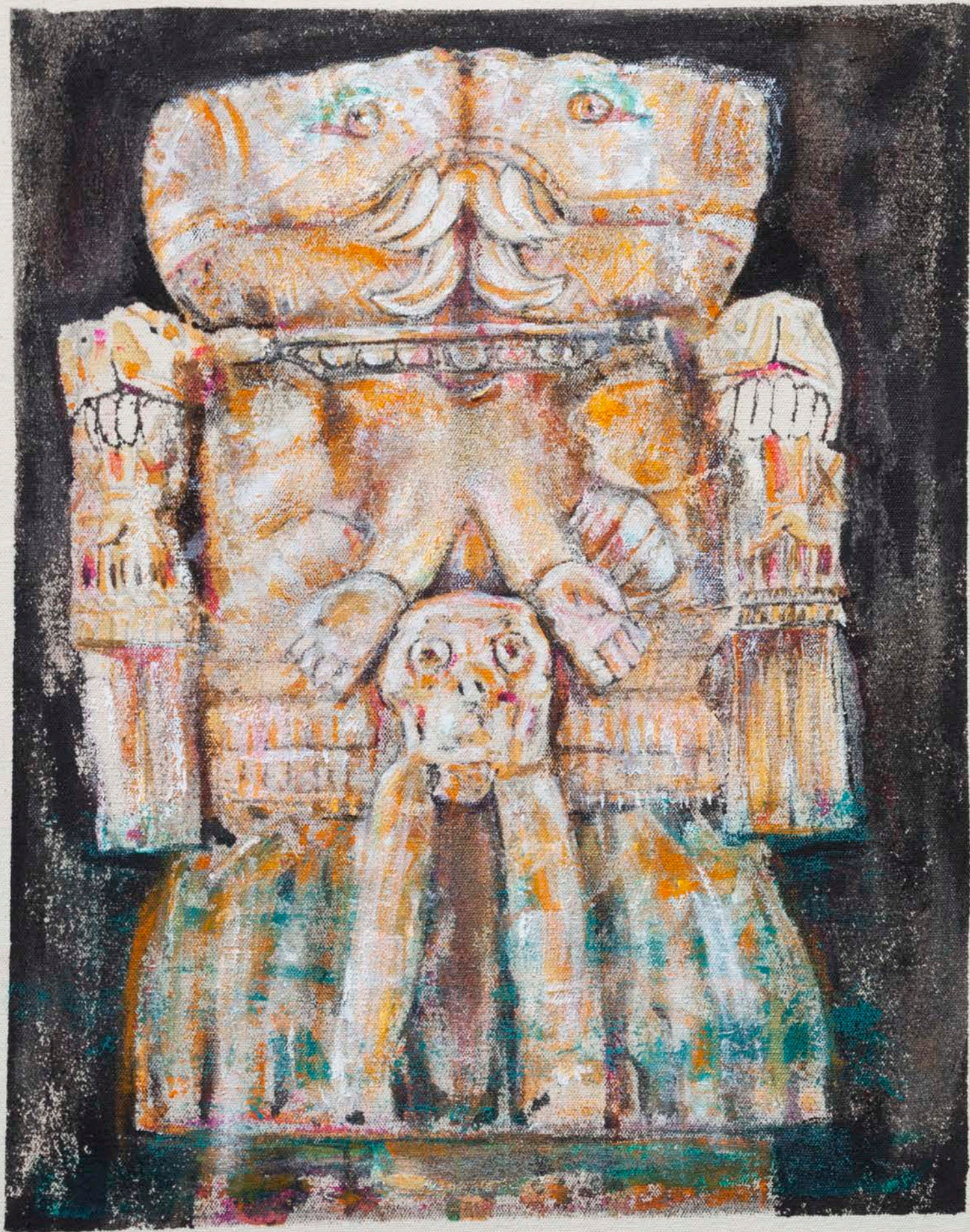


La Frontera - The Border: Art Exhibitions



Guggenheim Gallery &
Escalette Permanent Collection of Art
Chapman University



Pienso que estoy cruzando
a una ciudad que complementa
a la mía

That I am crossing to
a city that completes mine

Trany

Anni R.

AMBOS

ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

**¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO
CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?**

**WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS
WHEN YOU CROSS THIS
BORDER?**

Pienso que estoy cruzando
a una ciudad que complementa
a la mía

That I am crossing to
a city that completes mine

Trany

Anni R.

Gracias por su participación.

Thank you for your participation.

www.tanyaaapuniga.com
www.ambosproject.com

AGUA PRIETA, SO | DOUGLAS, AZ
2017

La Frontera - The Border: Art Exhibitions

May 2nd-November 17th, 2019

The Escalette Collection is deeply invested in acquiring and displaying art that engages with issues central to the lives of people living in southern California. As debate about the U.S./Mexico border has become ever more salient and polarizing, we recognize a responsibility to foreground work that takes part in this conversation. The artworks featured in the exhibition La Frontera-The Border: Selections from the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art form the nucleus of this effort. This exhibition, which developed into a campus-wide exploration of the subject, introduced us to many other artists whose work is dedicated to the subject of borders. We were privileged to meet some of the photographers from the "BorderClick: Tijuana/San Diego" initiative, and are delighted to be adding six of their works to the Escalette Permanent Collection. We are grateful to Phyllis and Ross Escalette for their endowment that allows us to grow the permanent collection each year in ways that respond to current events, ideas and concerns.

The Guggenheim Gallery shows local and international contemporary artists and is committed to generating exhibitions that bring work situated within current artistic and intellectual dialogs to our students and curriculum. La Frontera-The Border: Art Across the Border presents a selection of works examining the subject of the U.S./Mexico border from personal, satirical, and political perspectives, as well as the cultural and psychological implications of the physical wall. From activist aesthetics (a term coined by Dr. Guisela Latorre in Border Consciousness and Activist Aesthetics: Richard Lou's Performance and Multimedia Artwork) to personal histories, these works explore the border's effect on the lives of the communities on both sides, as well as the political significance of this delineating landmark.

For project support we thank Chapman University's Provost Office, Wilkinson College of Arts, Humanities, and Social Sciences, The Guggenheim Gallery, Leatherby Libraries, The Department of Peace Studies, LatinX & Latin-American Studies, Center for Undergraduate Excellence, the Delp-Wilkinson Endowment & Speaker Series in Peace Studies, the Fish Interfaith Center, the Office of Church Relations, and The Rodgers Center for Holocaust Education. We also appreciate our partnerships with the following areas of campus, who made more events possible: the Benussen Lecture Series in the Art Department, Civic Engagement Initiatives, the Cross-Cultural Center and Tabula Poetica.

We owe a debt of thanks to Lisa Leitz, Delp Wilkinson Professor of Peace Studies, and Essraa Nawar, Library Development Coordinator and Assistant Librarian, for their roles in envisioning a project that would engage the entire campus community and welcome student research contribution, Dean Jennifer Keene for her commitment to the initiative, and Claire Treu and David Krausman for their support and attention to detail. We also acknowledge additional committee members Amy Buono, Assistant Professor of Art History; Jessica Bocinski, Registrar of Art Collections; Rafael Luévano, Associate Professor of Religious Studies; Laura Silva, Wilkinson College Web, Media, & Publicity Coordinator; Ruben Espinoza, Assistant Professor of Sociology; Sandra Alvarez, Assistant Professor of Political Science; Georgiana Bostean, Assistant Professor of Environmental Science, Health and Policy.

We say thank you to the Escalette Student Assistant Haley Teves and the Gallery Assistants LakeLyn Bagge, Olivia Collins, Alondra Costilla, Nicole Daskas, Tram Dang and Hannah Scott. Their help was vital in installing and supervising the exhibition in the Guggenheim Gallery and familiarizing the visiting campus community with the art on display.

Lindsay Shen,
Director of the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art

Marcus Herse
Guggenheim Gallery Coordinator

Table of Contents

La Frontera - The Border: Art Across the Border	6
Artist Biographies	7-10
Tanya Aguiñiga	12-19
Natalia Anciso	20-27
Raul Baltazar	30-35
Los Anthropolocos	36-39
Nikki Darling	42-47
<i>W_h_e_r_e_ I'm_ F_r_o_m_</i> by Nikki Darling.....	44-53
Luis G. Hernandez	54-57
Ingrid Leyva.....	58-63
Roy Ténoc Martinez.....	64-69
Omar Pimienta.....	70-77
La Frontera - The Border: Selections from the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art	78-87
BorderClicks	90-103
Mission Statements	104

Front and back cover

Richard Lou
The Border Door, 1988
Performance
Documentary photograph by James Elliot

Front and back inside cover

Raul Baltazar
Botanica Casa Venado Conejo Coyote, 2019 (Detail)
Site specific installation, various media, found objects
Dimensions variable

Pages 1 and 106

Tanya Aguiñiga
Excerpts from
Messages From The Border / Mensajes Desde La Frontera
2019, and corresponding AMBOS postcards

Art Across The Border

August 26 - November 16, 2019

Tanya Aguiñiga
Natalia Anciso
Raul Baltazar
Los Anthropococcos:
Richard A. Lou & Robert J. Sanchez
Nikki Darling
Luis G. Hernandez
Ingrid Leyva
Roy Martinez
Omar Pimienta

Co-curated by LakeLyn Bagge, Alondra Costilla, Tram Dang, Marcus Herse, Grace Jones, Kayla Quinlan, Hannah Scott.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Tanya Aguiñiga

Tanya Aguiñiga (b. 1978) is a Los Angeles based artist/designer/craftsperson who was raised in Tijuana, Mexico. She holds an MFA in furniture design from Rhode Island School of Design and a BA from San Diego State University. In her formative years she created various collaborative installations with the Border Arts Workshop, an artists' group that engages the languages of activism and community-based public art. Her current work uses craft as a performative medium to generate dialogues about identity, culture and gender while creating community. This approach has helped Museums and non-profits in the United States and Mexico diversify their audiences by connecting marginalized communities through collaboration.

Recent solo exhibitions include *Disrupting Craft: Renwick Invitational 2018* at the Smithsonian American

Art Museum, Washington D.C. (currently on view) and *Craft and Care* at the Museum of Arts and Design, New York. Aguiñiga is a United States Artists Target Fellow in the field of Crafts and Traditional Arts, a NALAC and Creative Capital Grant Awardee. She has been the subject of a cover article for *American Craft Magazine* and has been featured in PBS's *Craft in America Series*. Aguiñiga is the founder and director of *AMBOS (Art Made Between Opposite Sides)*, an ongoing series of artist interventions and commuter collaborations that address bi-national transition and identity in the US/Mexico border regions. *AMBOS* seeks to create a greater sense of interconnectedness while simultaneously documenting the border. Aguiñiga is the inaugural fellow for Americans for the Arts Johnson Fellowship for Artists Transforming Communities. The award supported her creative work in communities over 2018.

Natalia Anciso

Natalia Anciso (1985, Weslaco, TX) is a Chicana-Tejana visual artist and educator. Her work has been exhibited at various venues including the San Jose Museum of Art, *Movimiento de Arte y Culture Latino Americana* of San Jose, the Oakland Museum of California, the Vincent Price Art Museum of Los Angeles, the *Mexic-Arte Museum of Austin*, the National Museum of Mexican Art and the Center for Book and Paper Art in Chicago, *Centro Cultural de la Raza* of San Diego, *Mission Cultural Center for Latino Arts* and *Galeria de la Raza* of San Francisco, *The Maloof Foundation for Arts and Crafts*, a Smithsonian Affiliate in Alta Loma, CA, in conjunction with Los Angeles-based *Craft in America Center*, the National Hispanic Cultural Center Art Museum in Albuquerque, *Blue Rain Gallery* in Santa Fe, the University Galleries at the Ben Shahn Center for Visual Arts at William Paterson University in New Jersey, the O'Kane Gallery at the University of Houston-Downtown, the Joseph Gross Gallery at the University of Arizona, *Mexicali Rose Centro de Arte y Medios* in Mexicali, Baja California, Mexico and *Recyclart* at Station Brussel-Kapellekerk in Brussels, Belgium.

Anciso has taught art to a diverse array of youth through non-profit organizations and has facilitated various art workshops as a guest lecturer and speaker to undergraduates, Master's and Doctoral students. Her contributions as an artist have been acknowledged by *The Huffington Post*, who identified her as one of "13

Latina Artists Under 35 You Should Know," as well as *Latina Magazine*, which named her as an Innovator in their *Latina 30 Under 30* list of Celebrities, Style Stars, Innovators, and Influencers. She was featured in *ELLE Magazine's 30th Anniversary Portfolio*, titled, "This is 30." The portfolio highlights 35 women who are recognized as "outstanding musicians, comedians, politicians, artists, activists, novelists, athletes, and actors" who turned 30 in 2015. *TVyNovelas (USA)* named her to their "Lideres de la Hispanidad/Los 50 hispanos más importantes de hoy" (Hispanic Leaders/Top 50 Latinos) list of accomplished Latinos from all over the world. Recently, she was featured on the cover of *Caliber Magazine (University of California, Berkeley)*, which ran a story on her life as an artist, educator, and mother. She has also been covered by the likes of *Travel+Leisure*, *Daily Kos*, and *Fortune*.

Her work has also appeared in several publications including *The A-Z of Leadership (Iniva Creative Learning, 2015)*, *Bringing Human Rights Education to US Classrooms: Exemplary Models from Elementary Grades to University* by Susan Katz and Andrea McEvoy Spero (Palgrave Macmillan, 2015), *New Art, New Markets* by Iain Robertson (Lund Humphries, 2018), and the forthcoming book, *Meditación Fronteriza: Poems of Love, Life, and Labor* by Norma Elia Cantú (The University of Arizona Press, 2019).

Los Anthropolocos: Richard A. Lou & Robert J. Sanchez

Richard Alexander Lou was born in San Diego, CA. and raised in San Diego, CA and Tijuana, BCN, MX. Richard grew up in a biracial family which was spiritually, and intellectually guided by both an anti-colonialist Chinese father and a culturally affirming Mexicana mother. Educated at Southwestern College, Chula Vista, CA receiving an A.A. in Fine Art in 1981; California State University at Fullerton, CA receiving a B.A. in Fine Art in 1983; Clemson University, Clemson, SC receiving an M.F.A. in Fine Art in 1986.

As a Chicano Artist the consistent themes he has explored are the subjugation of his community by the Dominant Culture and White Privilege. Lou has exhibited in venues that would include: DePaul Art Museum, Chicago, IL; Wing Luke Museum, Seattle, WA; Landmark Gallery, Texas Tech University, Lubbock, TX; Museo Carrillo Gil, Mexico City DF, Mexico; Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego, CA; Mexic-Arte Museum, Austin, TX; Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, CA; Cornerhouse Art Gallery, Manchester, England; the 3rd International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul Contemporary Art Museum, Istanbul, Turkey; Dong-A University, Busan, South Korea; Miami Museum, Miami, FL; Museum of Photographic Arts, Balboa Park, San Diego, CA; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN; Mexican Fine Arts Museum, Chicago, IL; Otis School of Art and Design, Otis Gallery, Los Angeles, CA; MIT List Visual Arts Center, Boston, MA; Aperto 90' Section, La Biennale Di Venezia, Venice, Italy; Grey Art Gallery, New York University, NY, NY; Dia Foundation, NY, NY; Artist Space, NY, NY.

His art work has been published and/or cited in various newspapers, magazines, catalogs, electronic media, and over 30 scholarly books that would include: The Routledge Companion to Latina/o Popular Culture, edited by Frederick Aldama, Routledge Press 2016; Born of Resistance: Cara a Cara Encounters with Chicana/o Visual Culture, Edited by Scott L. Baugh and Victor A. Sorell, University of Arizona Press 2015; War Baby/ Love Child: Mixed Race Asian American Art, Edited by Laura Kina and Wei Ming Dariotis, Washington Press 2013; ARTE≠VIDA: ACTIONS BY ARTISTS OF THE AMERICAS 1960-2000, El Museo Del Barrio, NY, NY, Edited by Deborah Cullen 2008; "Islas y Puentes", essay by Richard A. Lou, TDR's (The Drama Review) 50th Anniversary Issue, The MIT Press, Cambridge, MA; POSTBORDERCITY: Cultural Spaces of Baja Alta California, edited by Michael Dear and Gustavo Leclerc, 2004. Whiteness: A Wayward Construction,

Laguna Art Museum, Laguna, CA. 2003. Essays by Tyler Stallings, Ken Gonzales-Day, Amelia Jones, David R. Roediger; Contemporary Chicana and Chicano Art, Hispanic Research Center at Arizona State University, Included in two separate entries, one as an individual artist, another with collaborator Robert J. Sanchez as Los Anthropolocos; Hecho en Califas: The last Decade, Plaza de la Raza, Los Angeles, CA., 2000. Curated exhibition and wrote curator's essay "The Secularization of the Chicano Visual Idiom: Diversifying the Iconography"; AMERICAN VISIONS/VISIONES DE LAS AMERICAS: ARTISTIC AND CULTURAL IDENTITY IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, Arts International (NY), Fall 95, co-edited by Mary Jane Jacob, Ivo Mesquita, and Noreen Tomassi; MAPPING THE TERRA IN: NEW GENRE PUBLIC ART, University of California Press, fall 95, edited by Suzanne Lacy; ENGLISH IS BROKEN HERE: NOTES OF CULTURAL FUSION IN THE AMERICAS, The New Press, New York City, COCO FUSCO.

Robert J. Sanchez American, Born Austin, Texas, 1952. Residence, San Diego, California. RECENT SOLO EXHIBITIONS: Robert J. Sanchez:New Interiors for a Restless Border, Porter Troupe Gallery, San Diego, CA 1999; Border (Meta)Morphosis, Terrain, San Francisco, California, 1998; Los Anthropolocos, Cety's Universidad, Tijuana, BCN, Mexico 1998. RECENT GROUP EXHIBITIONS: Photographic Memory and Other Shots in the Dark, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco, California, 2002; Third Istanbul Biennial, Greater Istanbul Municipality Nejat F. Eczacibasi Contemporary Art Museum, Istanbul, Turkey, 1992; Venice Biennale/ XLIV Esposizionale D'Arte, Venice Biennale: Italy, 1990. SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY: Alvarado, Joaquin, "Robert J. Sanchez," Contemporary Chicana and Chicano Art - Volume II, Bilingual Press, Hispanic Research Center, Arizona State University, Tempe, 2002, pp. 254-255; Johnson, Katyie, "Los Anthropolocos," Contemporary Chicana and Chicano Art - Volume I, Bilingual Press, Hispanic Research Center, Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona, 2002, pp. 44-45; Letellier Pascal, "Robert Sanchez/Le Demon De Anges-16 Chicano Artists," Le Demon De Anges, Nantes, France and Barcelona, Spain, 1989, pp. 130-138 and 212-214. SELECTED COLLECTIONS: Quincy Troupe/Margaret Porter Troupe Collection, La Jolla, California; Irwin/Taka Weinberg Collection, Chicago, Illinois; Posti-Tele Museum, Helsinki Finland.

Raul Baltazar

Raul Baltazar (b.1972, Los Angeles) is an artist who works through aesthetic notions given in Mesoamerican and Western culture. Baltazar often mixes performance, video, photography, drawing, painting, murals, and community-based projects, to create new relations for the decolonial art object. His work is often driven by the struggle of Mestizo, Xicanx, POC and Mesoamerican Indigenous communities and their revolutionary vision for change in the context of Los Angeles. In addition, his work postulates responses to trauma and the body, examining the experience and rational abuse of power and authority by means of sanctioned or unsanctioned reiterations of violence in contemporary life. Baltazar challenges this by participating in the creation of contemporary cultural production rooted in an artistic

research of ancient cultures. Where his work opens up a space for healing, communication and reflection; in order to engage publics and communicate the value of a self-reflexive identification with indigeneity.

Raul Baltazar received his MFA in Public Practice from Otis College of Art and Design in 2013, and his BFA in Sculpture and New Genres from Otis College of Art and Design in 2008. He has exhibited extensively in Los Angeles, and internationally in Mexico, Australia, Vienna, Egypt, and Taiwan, and was the 2015 recipient of the California Community Foundation, Fellowship for Visual Arts, LA County Arts Commission Short List, 2015 and recipient of The Armory Teaching Fellowship, 2016

Nikki Darling

Nikki Darling is a writer, artist, and performer based in Los Angeles. She received her MFA from CalArts and is a PhD candidate in USC's literature and creative program. Darling's music criticism and essays appear regularly or have appeared in the Los Angeles Times,

LA Weekly, Art Book Review, Tomorrow Magazine, and Public Books. She is also a columnist at KCET Artbound. Her essay "Appropriate For Destruction" was included in Best Music Writing 2010.

Luis G. Hernandez

Luis G. Hernandez is an artist and curator who lives and works between Southern California and Mexicali, Mexico. Hernandez' aesthetic production consists of sculptures, paintings, drawing, collages, and installations that respond in subtle ways to the space where they are exhibited. The artist makes provocative, humorous, and many times absurd associations between context, materials, and language, working through these elements as if they were sculptural spaces, and incorporating subject matter that points to art history, politics, and international border issues.

In 2006 Luis Hernandez and Ed Gomez founded the MexiCali Biennial, a non-profit that grants exposure to artists and locations often overlooked in the contemporary arts of Southern California and Mexico. The MexiCali Biennial remains to serve not only as a curatorial/art project, but also as a satirical platform upon which to question the abundance of

biennials occurring around the globe and the impact they have on the art community. The last edition of the MexiCali Biennial took place in 2013 and was held at the Vincent Price Art Museum, Los Angeles; Jaus Gallery, Santa Monica; Mexicali Rose: Centro de Artes/Medios, Mexicali; and Facultad de Artes, UABC, Campus Mexicali.

Recent exhibitions include: 4 Projects in Mexico, Kunstverein, Munich, Germany; Acciones Territoriales, Ex Teresa Arte Actual, Mexico City; Secondary Inspection, The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; Radical Localism, Artist Space, New York; III Bienal, Ciudad Juarez-El Paso, Biennial 2013, El Paso Museum of Art and Museo de Arte de Ciudad Juarez; Facing the Sublime in Water, CA, Armory Center for the Arts, Pasadena, CA; and Signos, Sentidos y Deseo: Arte Contemporaneo en Baja California, la coleccion Elias Fontes, IIC-Museo UABC, Mexicali, Mexico

Ingrid Leyva

Ingrid Leyva, 1987, is a transborder artist who grew up between Cd. Juarez, Chihuahua and El Paso, Texas. She has been developing her ability for portraiture in order to explore her own identity and the one of the world around her.

In the present exhibition, she is showing part of a collective portrait of the Mexican Shoppers in their way back to Mexico after shopping in the United States, an ongoing project that has been working in an independent way since 2017.

Her work has been included at the Transborder Biennial, the Contemporary Art Month in San Antonio, the Barrio Art Space PS 109 in New York City, the

Museum of Human Achievement in Austin and the Alianza Francesa in Mexico City. She was also part of the editorial team at Zone Zero Labs photo magazine from Fundacion Pedro Meyer and her work has been at public conversations such as Fast Forward from @womeninphoto funded by Maria Kapajeva. Also, she has appeared on different magazines such as the Texas Observer, Meli Meló, Remezcla, Vice Mexico, Apocrypha Magazine and in the books Migracion 2.0 edited by Francisco Mata Rosas and Vision del Norte edited by Adél Koleszár and Erin Lee. One of her portraits is part of the permanent collection at the El Paso Museum of Art and she is excited to participate as one of the 5 scholarship recipients at the Northern Exposure program to have a portfolio review at the Medium Festival of Photography next October.

Roy Ténoc Martinez

Roy Ténoc Martinez (b.1984) was born in Chicago and raised in Tejas. They're first generation born Xicanx (Mexican-American), marica and gender non-conforming.

Their art practice consists of disciplines ranging from ceramics, sculpture, screen printing and on-site installations. Generally their focus is on cultural and gender identity sexuality femmeness, domesticity, death, ritual, the nepantla state dystopic futures and technology. Along with

various DIY spaces cultural centers and galleries they have exhibited work at the LGBTQ Center of LA Consulado de México LA, Museum of Latin American Art Long Beach Southwest Workers Union San Antonio and most recently the San Diego Art Institute. They've lead workshops and been on panels at the Women's Center for Creative Works. UCSan Dieg and the College Art Association Conference. They received both their BFA ('16) and MFA ('18) from Cal Arts and currently lives/works between Tejas and Califas.

Omar Pimienta

Omar Pimienta is an artist and writer who lives and works in the San Diego / Tijuana border region. His artistic practice examines questions of identity, trans-nationality, emergency poetics, landscape and memory. His work as a visual artist has been shown at the 3ème Biennale Internationale de l'Art Contemporain de Casablanca Maroc, the museum of Latin American Art Long Beach, the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles; the San

Diego Museum of Contemporary Art; Encuentro Internacoinal de Medellín Colombia, Centro Cultural de España in Buenos Aires, Argentina; among other events and venues. He has published four books of poetry in México the U.S and Spain. He holds a Ph.D in Literature from the University of California San Diego and a MFA in Visual Arts from the same institution.

AMBOS

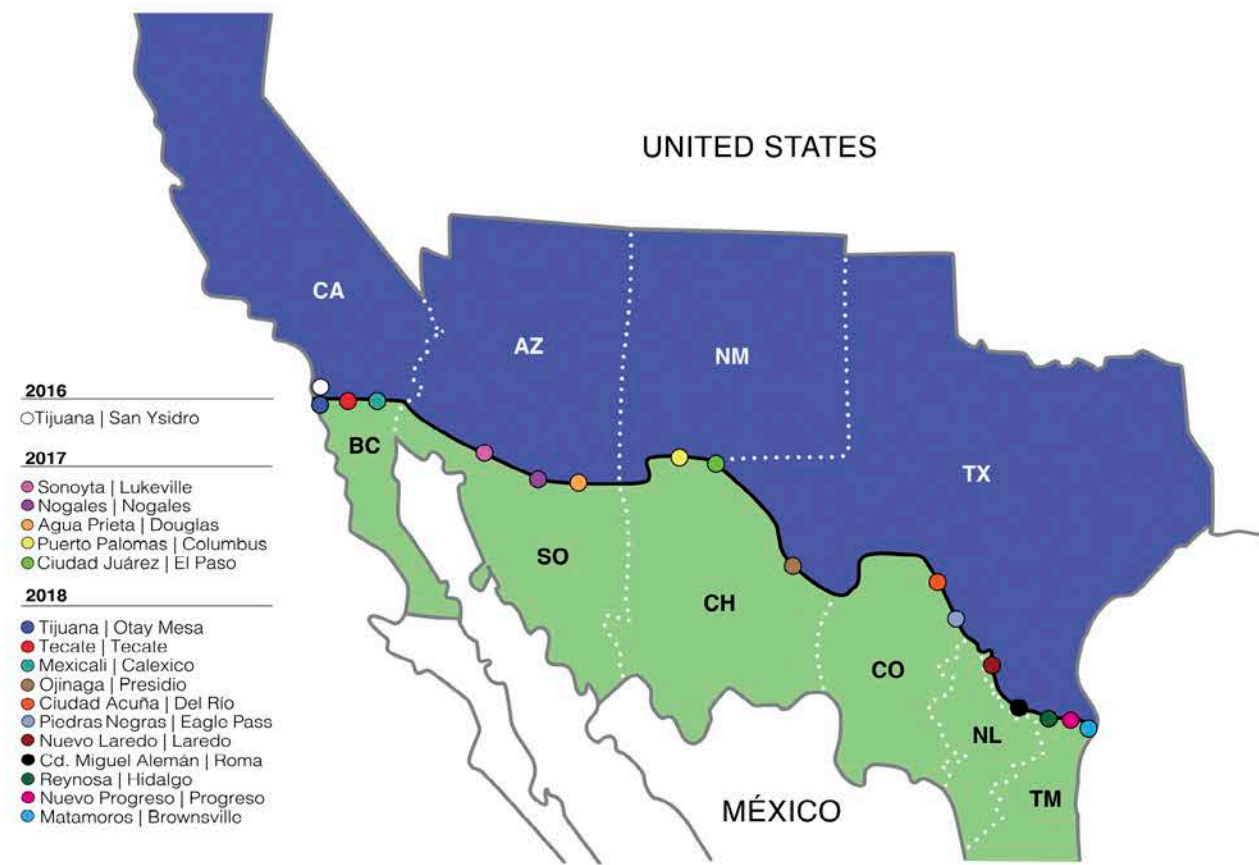
AMBOS (Art Made Between Opposite Sides) is a series of artists' projects created to recontextualize borders and generate a network for international collaboration. Through artist interventions and commuter participation, AMBOS seeks to create a greater sense of interconnectedness in the border region, while simultaneously documenting life and emotion along the border.

Using a quipu, the Andean Pre-Columbian organizational system, as a framework to record the daily migrations to the north, AMBOS founder Tanya Aguiñiga along with team of seven women artists and activists visited each US/Mexico border crossing spanning from Tijuana | San Ysidro to Matamoros | Brownsville to create Quipu Fronterizo/Border Quipu (2016-2018). People who crossed the border going north were asked to fill out a postcard about their experience. Each postcard came with two strands of thread that they were asked to make into a knot to represent the relationship between the US and Mexico, the two selves that exist at either side of the border, and people's mental state at the time of crossing. The postcards and knots of each day were collected and the latter were tied together to make Quipu Fronterizo/Border Quipu.

For La Frontera | The Border, Aguiñiga has paired a photograph from each border crossing visited by the AMBOS team with writing from a select Quipu Fronterizo/Border Quipu postcard. These images and sentiments capture one of many emotions expressed at each location where Quipu Fronterizo/Border Quipu was activated.

In 2018 Quipu Fronterizo/Border Quipu was acquired by Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA) for their permanent collection.





Page 14

AMBOS Map, 2019

Page 15

Tanya Aguiñiga
List of Works Messages From The Border / Mensajes Desde La Frontera, 2019

17 Laser prints, wall drawing
Overall dimensions 201" x 192"

Pages 16-19

Excerpt from Messages From The Border / Mensajes Desde La Frontera, 2019 and corresponding AMBOS postcards

1. *Este es mi Hogar | This is My Home (Tijuana | San Deigo)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
2. *Collective Consciousness | Consciencia Colectiva (Tijuana | Otay Mesa)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
3. *Los Raices de Norteamerica | The Roots of North America (Tecate | Tecate)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
4. *¡Abajo el Muro! | Down With the Wall! (Mexicali | Calexico)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
5. *Cuando veo el Desierto | When I See the Desert (Sonoyta | Lukeville)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
6. *Nervousness | Nervios (Nogales | Nogales)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
7. *A Una Ciudad Que Completa la Mía | A City That Completes Mine (Agua Prieta | Douglas)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
8. *Yo Me Levanto A Las 4am Todos Los Dias | I Get up at 4am Every Day (Puerto Palomas | Columbus)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
9. *Nuestro Hogar De 3 Estados, 2 Paises y 1 Corazon | Our Home of 3 States, 2 Countries and 1 Heart (Ciudad Juarez | El Paso)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
10. *Sentimos el Rechazo, Sentimos mas Seguros | Feel Rejection, Feel Safe (Ojinaga | Presidio)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
11. *Dos Fronteras Hermanas | Two Sister Borders (Cuidad Acuña | Del Rio)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
12. *Una Amenaza al Mundo | A Threat to the World (Piedras Negras | Eagle Pass)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
13. *No he Cruzado el Puente en un Rato. | I Have Not Crossed the Bridge in a While. (Nuevo Laredo | Laredo)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
14. *Protesida. Segura. | Protected. Safe. (Ciudad Miguel Aleman | Roma)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
15. *Sin Ningun Temor | Without Any Fear (Reynosa | Hidalgo)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
16. *Memorias | Memories (Nuevo Progreso | Progreso)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project
17. *Plasma (Sangre) | Plasma (Blood) (Matamoros | Brownsville)*, 2019
Laser print
12 x 18 inches
Photograph by Gina Clyne for AMBOS Project



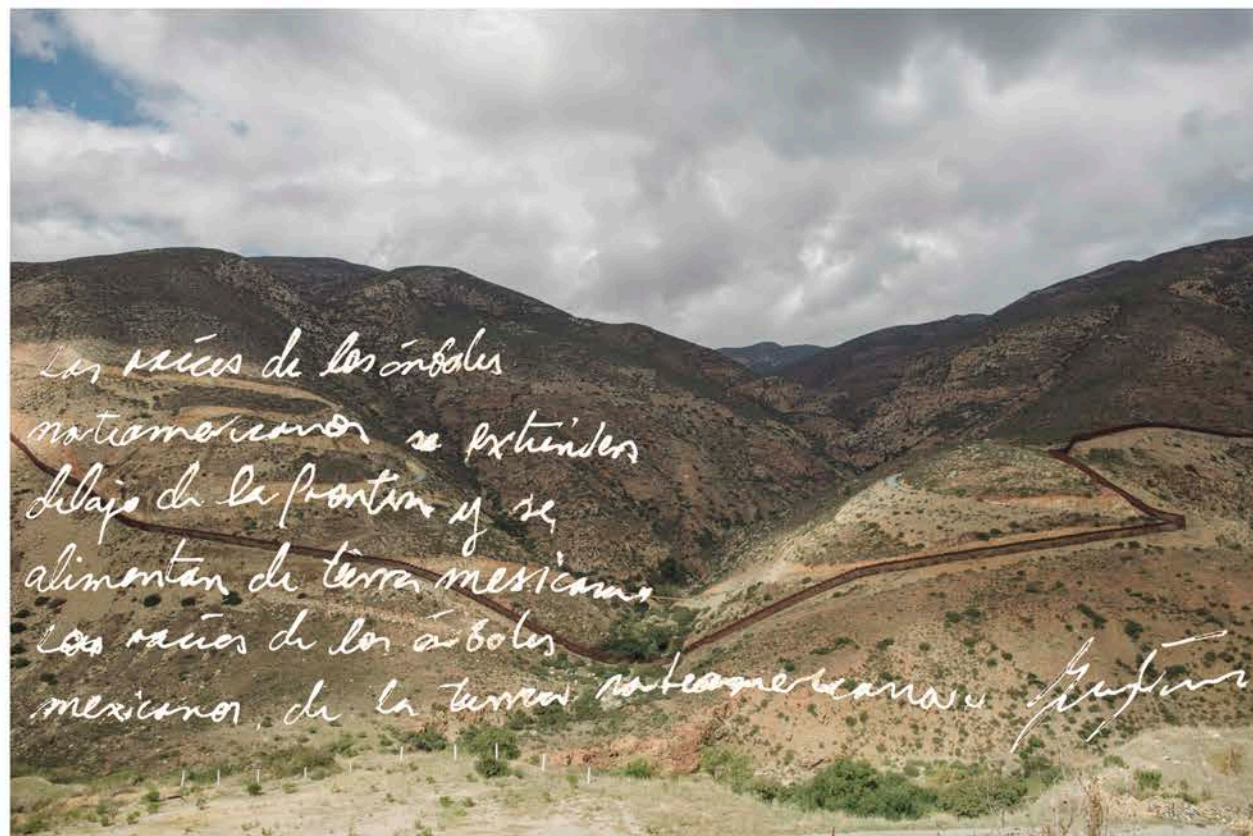
AMBOS
ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

<p>¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em;">this is my home</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">Gracias por su participación.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.7em;">www.ambosproject.com</p>	<p>WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU CROSS THIS BORDER?</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.2em;">this is my home</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">Thank you for your participation.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.7em;">www.ambosproject.com</p>
--	---

TRANSLATION | TRADUCCIÓN

"Este es mi hogar"

TIJUANA, BC | SAN DIEGO, CA
2016



AMBOS
ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

<p>¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?</p> <p style="font-size: 0.9em;">Las raíces de los árboles norteamericanos se extienden debajo de la frontera y se alimentan de tierra mexicana.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">Gracias por su participación.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.7em;">www.ambosproject.com</p>	<p>WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU CROSS THIS BORDER?</p> <p style="font-size: 0.9em;">The roots of the North American trees extend below the border and they feed on the Mexican soil. The roots of the Mexican trees feed on the North American lands.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.8em;">Thank you for your participation.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 0.7em;">www.ambosproject.com</p>
--	---

TRANSLATION | TRADUCCIÓN

"The roots of the North American trees extend below the border and they feed on the Mexican soil. The roots of the Mexican trees feed on the North American lands"

TECATE, BC | TECATE, CA
2018



AMBOS
ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

<p>¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Gracias por su participación.</p> <p style="font-size: x-small; text-align: right;">www.tinytagproject.com www.ambosproject.com</p>	<p>WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU CROSS THIS BORDER?</p> <p><i>I have not crossed the bridge in a while. In my youth it was always an adventure. I've been there once in the last 2 years</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Thank you for your participation.</p>
--	--

TRANSLATION | TRADUCCIÓN

"No he cruzado el puente en un rato. Durante mi juventud siempre era una aventura. He cruzado solo una vez en los últimos dos años"

NUEVO LAREDO, TM | LAREDO, TX
2018



AMBOS
ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

<p>¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?</p> <p><i>Cruzo a otra consciencia colectiva</i></p> <p style="font-size: small;">Gracias por su participación.</p> <p style="font-size: x-small; text-align: right;">www.tinytagproject.com www.ambosproject.com</p>	<p>WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU CROSS THIS BORDER?</p> <p style="font-size: small;">Thank you for your participation.</p>
---	---

TRANSLATION | TRADUCCIÓN

"I cross onto another collective consciousness"

TIJUANA, BC | OTAY MESA, CA
2018





Natalia Anciso
IA's (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief stretched
on embroidery hoop



Natalia Anciso
Mexican Hat (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief stretched
on embroidery hoop



Natalia Anciso
Two Spics and a Dude (Smile Series), 2011
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief stretched
on embroidery hoop
12" diameter



Natalia Anciso
Tios (Smile Series), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief stretched
on embroidery hoop
12" diameter



Pages 20-21 (from left to right)

Natalia Anciso
Mexican Hat (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
12" diameter

Tios (Smile Series), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
12" diameter

Two Guats (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter

Two Spics and a Dude (Smile Series), 2011
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter

Sisters (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter

Primos (Smile Series), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
12" diameter

Anchor Baby (Smile Series), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter

IA's (Smile Series), 2012
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
12" diameter

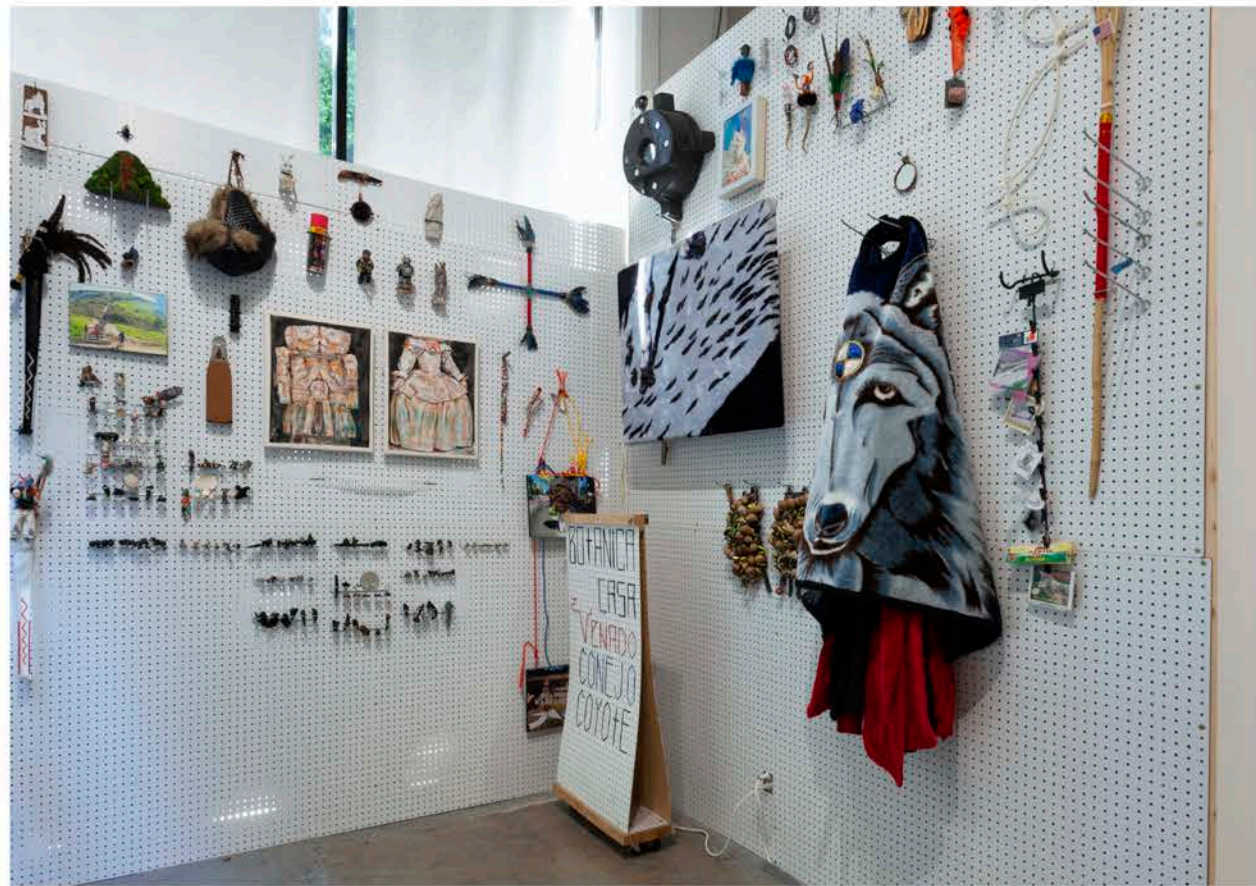
Tresspassers (Smile Series), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter

Pages 26-27

Tresspassers (Smile Series, detail), 2015
Pen, watercolor and embroidery on handkerchief
stretched on embroidery hoop
10" diameter







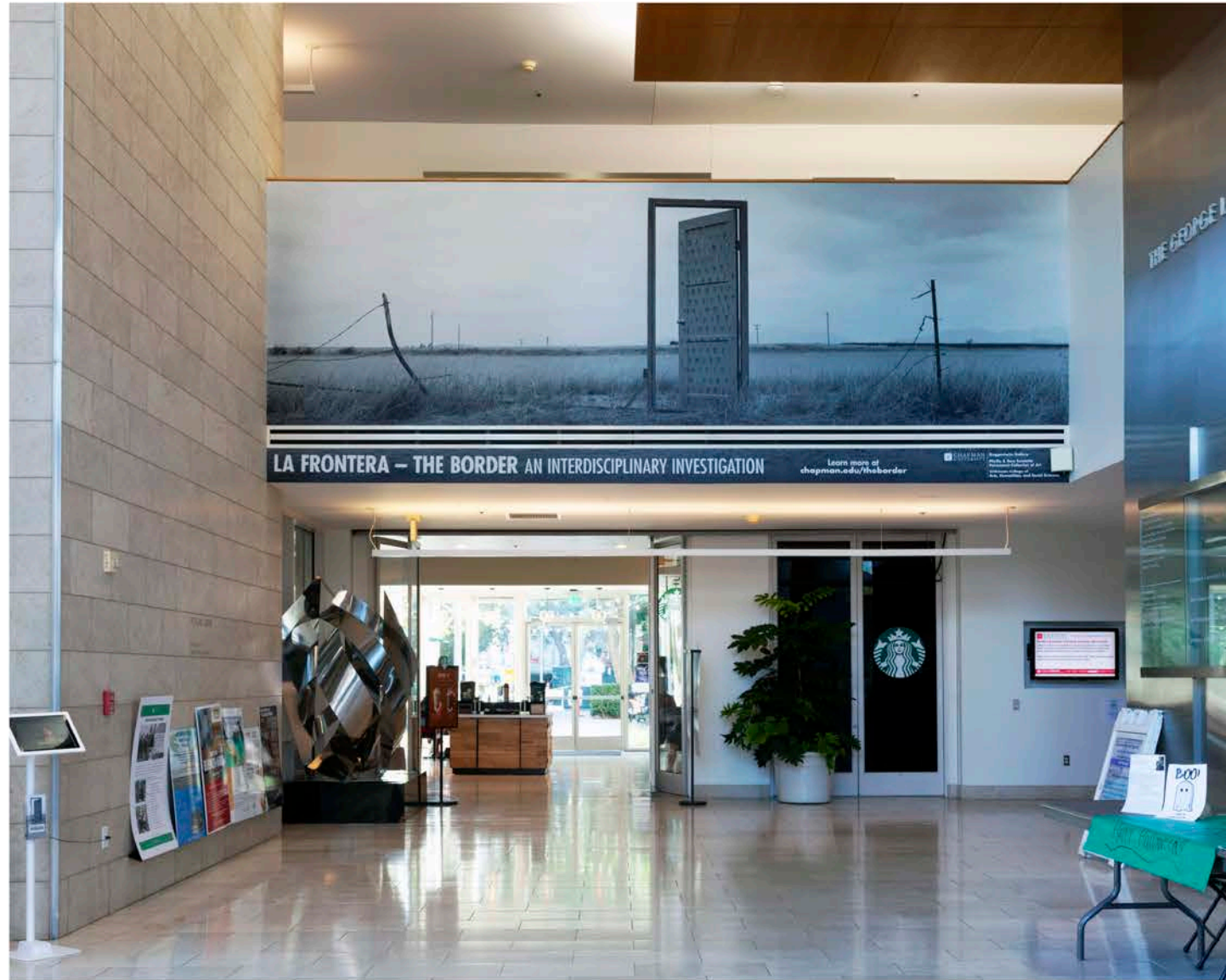




A
LOS
ANTHROPOLOCOS
PROJECT

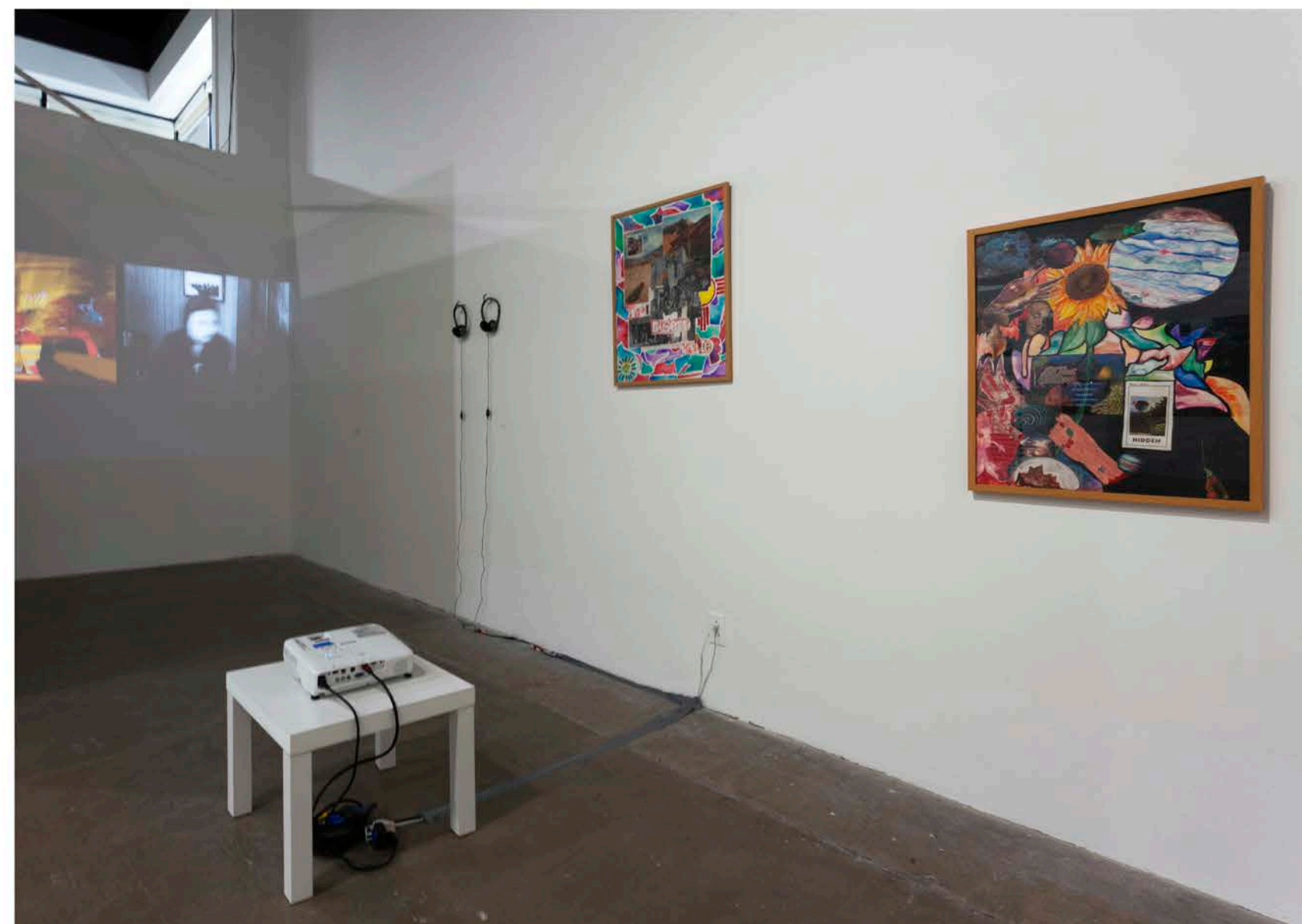
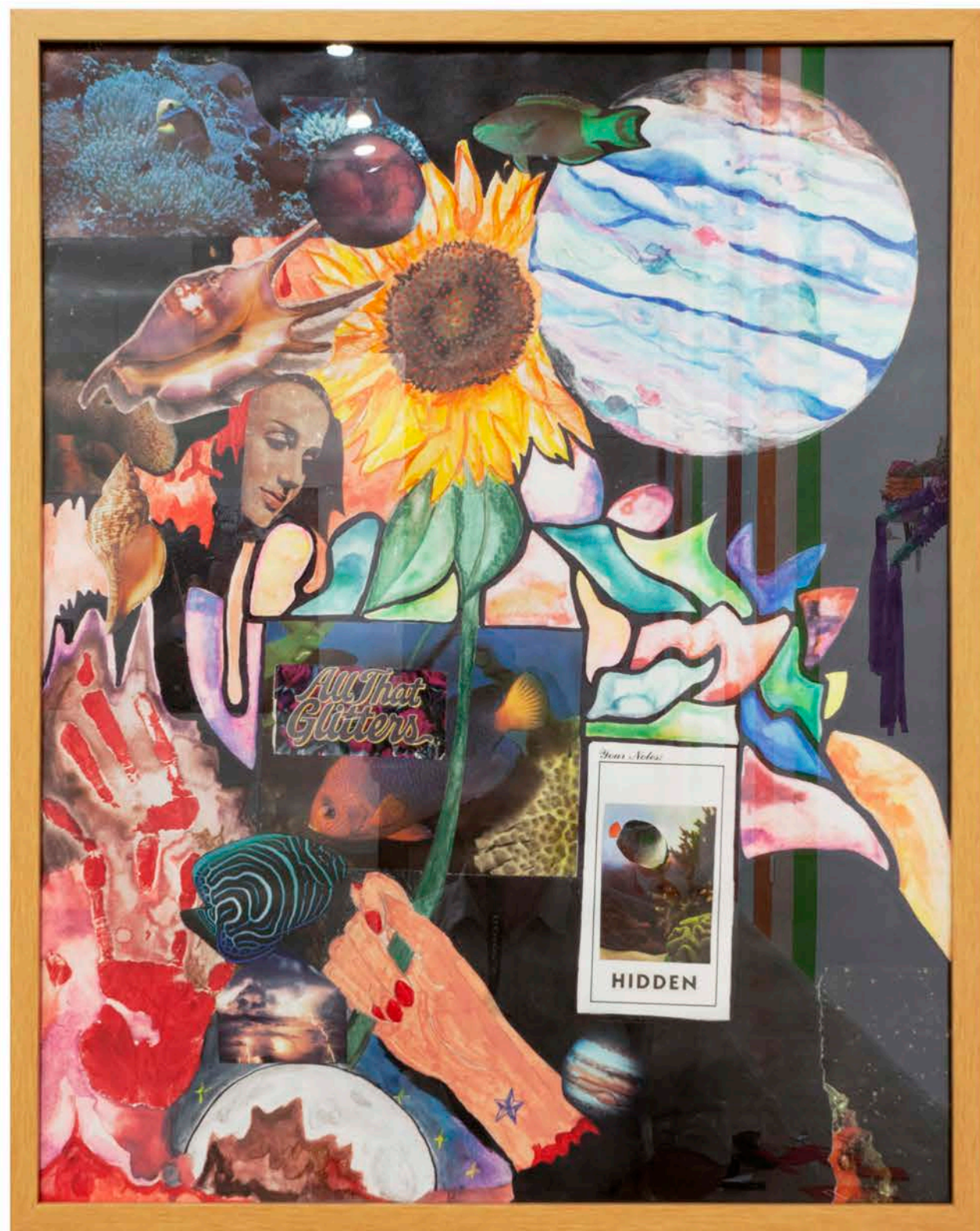
'CAPTIVES
OF
FATE'





Richard A. Lou
The Border Door, 1988
Performance, Documentary photograph by James Elliot
Installation view Beckman Hall, Chapman University, 2019

Richard A. Lou and Robert J. Sanchez
Captives of Fate, 1992
Video loop, 6:00 min; poster, 42" x 58"
Excerpts from multimedia project *Los Anthropococ*, 1992



Nikki Darling

Page 36

Untitled#1 (The Desert Table), 2017
Collage, watercolor, acrylic on paper
23"x29"

Page 37

Installation view

Page 39

Untitled#2 (The Desert Table), 2017
Collage, watercolor, acrylic on paper
23"x29"

Pages 40-41

Background Projection for The Desert Table, 2017
Video loop,
3:11 min

The trauma of racism is, for the racist and the victim, the severe fragmentation of the self and has always seemed to me a cause (not a symptom) of psychosis- strangely of no interest to psychiatry.

-Toni Morrison

Out of this narrative will emerge a chalk outline. It is the body of a woman.

- Kate Zambreno, *Heroines*

W_h_e_r_e__I'_m__ _F_r_o_m__

They say she's crazy, Fedelina, she walks the streets in a small knit cap and blue western bandana wrapped around her once long black hair, now lightning white and tucked beneath. She stops me on my route to the post office, on errand to send postcards to friends in Los Angeles. Mi'jita, she calls, I turn. My mother has told me about Fedelina, that she wanders and walks, that she was raised in Wagon Mound by a Comanche family that found her on the llano. That's the plot of *Dances With Wolves*, I snarl, the heat turning my brain into scrambled eggs. No estupida, she says, smacking the back of my head lightly, that's the story of Fedelina.

Every day it's a getting closer, going faster than a roller coaster, love like yours will surely come my way, eh eh eh. Every day it's a getting faster everyone says go on and ask her, love like yours will surely come my way.

I have come here to this place to write. It smells like Christmas and rain and I sit in the large backyard garden cross legged on an old wooden chair, or "Indian Style" or "criss-cross-apple-sauce" as the small politically correct pre-schoolers that my blonde godson, who I co-parent, know it. But I'm here in the Land of Enchantment, not the land of Los Angeles, PC Montessori. Giant red and black ants the color of licorice and twizzlers, cover my flip-flops like a swarm in a horror film. Scurrying below my Indian styled feet, there is a mob, waiting to devour me.

Historically this is accurate and I laugh out loud at my own clever word play, which is all I do really, in this strange endeavor of constantly trying to be alone to "write." There is no explain-

ing to those who don't write, the mysterious alchemy that must take place in order to turn these riddles into puzzles that can be solved, stretched into the ribbon called 'sentence.' The bow we call language. I cannot "schedule" this ennui- and that's what it is, a passive sadness pushing words onto a page like a fast moving train- no matter how many books I read on procrastination or time management, or how often I promise a friend I will be done by 5. If the ennui strikes at 4:50, I must follow it to the end, until it unravels into meaning. I've been at this since the day I learned to tell stories and I know myself the writer, quite well. It can be a selfish life.

I am surrounded on all sides by the light green mossy color of cacti, the deep rich purple of wild flowers and fuchsia from the Holly Hocks that grow like weeds from every plot of orange earth. In the close distance are the Firs, stoic and patient, hawks and whippoorwills, nose-diving in silence.

I am also surrounded by books, most of them ransacked from my Tia's bookshelves. The *Best of Walden*, and *Civil Disobedience*, Kate Zambreno's electric *Heroines*, which I purchased a week earlier in an art bookstore in Chelsea, when I took an impromptu trip to visit friends, with the money I was given by USC, to finish this project. There is an old beat copy of something called *Forgotten People, A Study of New Mexicans* by a man named George I. Sanchez, who was born and raised in the North Valley, where my people come from, and *Voice's, An Anthology of Nuevo Mexicano Writers* edited by Rudolfo A. Anaya, whose own stories of New Mexican life were all I had at one time to connect me to a past I'd never known.

Last October while knee deep into my novel, *Fade Into You*, and was given this grant to finish, I suffered a Bi-Polar relapse, throwing off my equilibrium. It became a struggle just to communicate in a sane and rationale manner, no less continue the book in any sense-making way. During this period I experienced an upswing in work. Suddenly, a decade worth of submitting, applying, grant writing, reading, hosting, came to roost. I had projects commissioned for me, I found myself courted by editors I'd previously stalked. It was, in all, a radical turn or events, most definitely in need of celebration. However I could not have been less prepared mentally to accept these fine rewards of labor.

I turned down much of the work, unable to commit to the rigors of deadlines. Instead I dove headfirst into my experimental non fiction,





which I'd been toying with for close to two years, yet had never gathered the courage to attack. Es-say's patched together like Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. I discovered the work of Lynd Ward, specifically his beautiful 1929 wood cut novel *God's Man* and it's simple, elegant profound way of communicating the artist's struggle, without a single word. I had taken up issue with Language and the very nature of its definition, if it was in fact, even a *consistent thing*. I looked suspiciously at my copies of *Strunk and White*. Bibles commissioned for an imagined established entity; Language, another concept to be learned, lest one do it the "wrong" way.

Ward's book itself is comprised entirely of images, and I felt them reverberate inside me in a way I hadn't experienced in many years.

My mother's name is Fedencia, I was born on the llano in 1935, I don't know how old I am, but that's what my bracelet says, this one here, the plastic one that's brown and tattered, it's from when your mamma was a wee mi'jita. They took me away, on a yellow stretcher. They told me my son had stuck a gun inside his mouth and pulled the trigger but this I don't believe because my mi'jito eats dinner with me every night.

I had a husband once and then he was lost to the war, the one in Europe with the little man with the black moostach and blonde men like fantas-ma's, white skin and blue eyes, ice of night. Oh, see that Pepsi can mija, grab it for me, I take them to compadre Alfredo, he gives me a nickel each. I knew your grandma Mary, she used to pull my hair in class, but she was playful, she went away too, to be with your abuelo in La Junta, that's in Calaratho. I knew a boy he was my son, he was my mijo and he died. He was in the other war, the green war, he was buried on the llano near the fort where he was born. He put a gun inside his mouth and pulled the trigger.

I am also surrounded by women, my mother, my 43 year-old sister, and my Tia Lia, who was my mother's childhood best friend. My mother and sister have also planned a visit to my aunt's large New Mexican adobe, where our family has lived for hundreds of years- literally. It must always be kept and maintained by a family member and it must always be open to each member of the family. After my tia retired from thirty years of working in The ABQ as a social worker she inherited it from her mother, my great tia, and it is hers now until she chooses someone in her will, to pass the torch. Of all our family I come the most often, spend the most time. Lately she asks me things like, 'you like it here, mija?

No?' I want to say yes but my fear of not being able to keep it as warm and meticulous and blooming as she has, leaves me shrugging most often. My mother and sister have descended on the home with their bickering, late night sangria and beer drinking, my aunt clucks her tongue and asks them to get fire wood, pull weeds in the lush and flowering garden, which also grows our families marijuana, which my great great tia sold to men passing through town during the depression, along with homemade choke cherry wine and ham sandwiches served with warm pinto beans. My tia says as a child her mother told her that during the night the bottles would often explode under the bed where they were kept and she'd step down to use the outhouse and land on shattered glass. As a result she diligently made her children put on slippers each time they stepped out of bed. Even now she places a pair at my bedside whenever I visit, even though choke cherry wine hasn't exploded in the house for nearly eighty-six years.

In the morning my mother and sister rush the chicken coop to kill a bull snake that's been stealing eggs. My sister points her handgun at the snake, and my Tia a shotgun. That is the way of this land, still and it seems always. A week before I arrive, a young man, hardly twenty, walked into a Big R, a local chain that carries rifles, hunting equipment, farming material and other such items, asked to see a gun from the counter, loaded it with his own bullet, held it to his head and pulled the trigger. It made the local news and not much else.

My Tia grows her own marijuana in the garden, separate from our family cache and late at night her friends gather from the nearby homes. All three hundred of the town's residents are interloped with one another's histories. My sister, who is ten years my senior, and I have quiet passive aggressive battles, my mother who sweats profusely while cooking decadent traditional meals; fry bread, red chili potatoes, calabacitas, bitches and moans about the heat, that only breaks when the sky cracks open in late afternoon, sending down a handful of Zeus rockets and thunder filled with rain.

They have come it seems, unconsciously to this place, as it pulls it's descendants near, a continuous babbling matter of ghosts, holding tight with spindly wrists, not ever fully letting go. I am here trying to hermit away, as I have always been known to do. It is my life's ambition to be invited to the busiest party, only to spend the evening on a pile of coats staring at my phone. The people

in my life seem to know this, that my deepest desire is to disappear from their prying eyes, I cannot read a book inside my grandmother's house unless I want it hidden the next morning. Like so many of the stories that I am trying to write, huddled away beneath a tree, searching for a secret corner, I can't seem to untangle from this past. For once, perhaps, that's the story to be told.

I think sometimes of all the Christmas cards I never saved. This was a real bustling town, I used to have some pretty teeth. The Wig Wam was my most favorite bar. Sometimes I go inside and have a drink.

I come from Springer not far off, my padre was from the Boys Reform School, he saw mi mama at a dance in Roy. Do you know about Kenny McHoon? Oh Springer is full of gringos, they chased my padre out, the cowboys, and we came to Wagon Mound because it was friendly to the Ranchero. Kenny and some boys from town rode up the mesa in a truck with different wheels, they were wild boys, oh they could dance. Kenny, see he liked me, he passed a note in class and then your Mary passed it back to me, she smiled real silly cos I think she knew Kenny had written something sweet, he was like that, always doing little things. I opened it and inside was a seed. I laughed I did, I looked at him, sitting up front, and raised my shoulders and he blushed. Holy Hock, he whispered. And I remembered. His mother had the most beautiful red, blood red Holy Hocks and I always said, Kenny, when are you going to give me one of those? So he brought the seed.

Each photo album yields more treasures than the last. My tio's in Raiders and Ozzy shirts, hamming it up in late seventies Polaroid's, small cousins playing air guitar in Nuevo Mexico alley's covered in gravel, long dark curly hair falling over deeply tanned shoulders. The men in my family like heavy metal, they are vain and beautiful. Chiseled clichés of what's envisioned when one envisions a handsome Injun, even though we are Mestizo, or "home grown American's" as my tia Lily likes to say. Arms crossed, pillowy lips and steely black eyes. But they are also goofballs, and drunks, artists and deep currents of spirit, the kind that come from never having lived away from the land. From having to grow food and pull a plow, whack a chicken and steal its eggs, or leave an animal fur in the barn, for a new litter of kittens, that arrive each winter and spring with alarming regularity.

We're stuffed into my sister's rental car driving out to the city of Roy, which is somehow even

smaller than Wagon Mound, we are irritable and unused to one another's eccentricities. We are going to see the canyon between the two small towns, which opens its mouth like a green and purple tortoise, mossy teeth gumming the edges of the river that cuts through the valley below. Turquoise silt veins run along the orange and red walls of the Mesa on either side. The road has been carved into the stone, bright wildflowers of every shape and color dot the highway where the asphalt meets the dirt. We stop and take pictures, posing before the behemoth of nature, trying to blend in, like we belong here, and we do.

My mind started to unravel at an early age, or I guess you could say I became aware of its unique way of processing information and emotion. I've always felt a bit like a kite with a too long tail, whipping circles in the wind.

Pictures of the men in my family cover the walls, dating back until the birth of photography, the women too, but they possess a more pulled together look of dignity. In our family women die from old age, men die of tragedy. My cousin Cristobal, who was killed by a drunk driver in 2009, along with a car of three other teenagers, coming home from a dance, is the latest boy to fall. The driver got off with probation. An uncle who went mad, according to the stories, and drove his truck into a bed of water, the lungs filling into darkness. The stillness of the after rain. A puddle to make its way back to heaven, until it rains down again. On one of our nightly walks toward the rainbow colored mesa, my tia informs that almost everyone in the town, "Gets a check" for bi-polar. Drunks or loonies. I nod my head, having been to rehab in 2006 at the behest of my undergrad university, I too am an alcoholic crazy.

My sister eats from a bag of bbq pork rinds and sips a Pepsi, she laments in the gossipy tradition of our familia, that everyone we are related to is either a product of inbreeding, or crazy. Oh yeah, she smirks, we're all nuts. At first I roll my eyes at what I presume is her resident of Phoenix, Arizona, casual classism, which coats her ever so slightly. Although now amongst closer research I find that there is more truth there than I'm willing to admit. She has also come searching for answers to her own project, a massive Ancestry.com effort encompassing 500 years of our existence in North America, until there is nothing left but survival and adobes, held only to the tradition of story telling, where no records can be found.

She is also two years deep into her endeav-



ors, and although we are both engaged in our family history it is interesting to note that both our research results although the same, bear different meanings to us, showcasing in real time how archival projects are often biased. As a somewhat seasoned journalist weaned on the bible of Didion, I'm familiar with having a story before you have the facts. It's the Jeopardy way of doing things.

I was born on the llano, I don't know how old I am but my bracelet, this one here, it says 1937, do you know how old that would make me, mi'jita? No, don't tell me, I don't want to know. See that weed there? That's celicta, wild spinach. It grows for free. Mi mama used to make it with garlic and onion but you blanch it first, then chop it real fine, then toss it with manteca and mustard seed. During the depression our people we were like the cattle, grazing the llano for food. We also ate these things called bird legs. The little kids used to call them that because they look little like bird legs, see? Verdolagas. They have leaves like feet. We ate them too, we'd have to fight the goats. You prepare them with manteca and mustard seed, but first you blanche them and cut them fine. We ate so many beans mi'jita, because we had not anything else to eat, you see? The llano provides.

I'm also surrounded by anger and the llano, both of which are petulant and can wail, breaking eerie silence like an emergency horn blaring through the streets. There's anger here to be sure, it's sizzling under the roof around noon, when the dust and wind kick themselves into turbulent storms the size of small houses, that dance in gravel lots until they lose power, turning back into easy breezy. The clouds have two colors, white and black. The sky has more colors than words. There are other things to think about.

My tia takes me to a town meeting. There is no police presence in town, Wagon Mound gets an occasional Mora County officer who wanders down when one of the local women calls the policia on a drunk husband or boyfriend, tearing things off the wall and delegating purple eyes and busted lips with unyielding impunity. This is discussed, the lack of care the county gives to these people, the lack of recognition even for their existence, a nuisance even to still exist. The town is populated mostly with the ancestors of those who held their fists tight and would not relinquish their land. It was all later taken of course, but most of it has been repurchased through legal channels. These people, my people, they won't let go. They are a spot on a white map, refusing to unsmudge. The latest assault is a

company from Philadelphia, angling to bring in fracking and declare the mountains territory of preservation. A fancy way of removing ownership from the shamans and rancheros who have used the land for centuries, for sacred reasons. There is a lawyer here, a white one, he looks bored, and then he sees me and does a double take. I smile, give a hand up fingers wiggle wave, almost blow a kiss then stop myself. I can be a real snotty bitch; myself livened and emboldened by my father's white Angeleno blood. Entitlement sits on my white shoulders as it sits on his bored ones. The lawyer looks startled. I'm a new face, an unfamiliar white face. I'm sitting with my ancestors. An old man stands, he's wearing a John Deer hat and flannel work shirt, his jeans are worn in. He recounts in a clear unwavering voice why the mountains belong to us. To his familia. We all break into applause. Fuck us once, our mistake, fuck us twice, America's a bitch, try to fuck us three times and well, fuck you. The town is drunk, the town is violent, but the town is scared, the town is liberal, the town is filled with artists and thinkers. Libraries on the edge of town have regular attendance. These are rural clever intelligent people who will not be cast aside. The man in the suit leaves. A small victory for today, but if the town has learned anything, there will be another white man coming soon. Always, the white man is waiting to take, armed with legal documents and degrees bought with blood.

So the house stays cool but the heat seeps in, the old adobe mud has been patched and re-patched more times than one can count, and the heat knows all its secret crevices and enters like a cat. It rests above our heads when we nap in the afternoon, shades and curtains drawn, dogs inside. Lily starts to tell us about some cousins, there are so many I can't keep track. It seems my mother raised me on another planet, one where family ties were balloon strings you either could or didn't have to hold onto, out here on the llano, your story is your map.

They came around the mountain, laughing and drinking like wild boys do, hanging off the truck like those Donkey's in Pimotchio, I saw that at the Zia in Springer with Jean and Norma, we were so scared we were! No! No! We cried, don't turn us into burros! I was just a little bug. A woman from the tribe who was my mother took me as a baby from the other side of the mesa and they put the cow brand to my cheek and I am branded now on this spot that no one can see.

My sister is at her end though, the heat has

rankled her beyond comfort, we are city girls born and raised. She can no longer listen with open ears. As sweat clings to my upper lip and temple, I too, share her desire for silence. I can feel her twisting tighter, teeth clenched. She is a headache without aspirin. We can't escape though, the outside is rugged and alive, we must it seems, acquiesce.

The boys they came flying down the mountain mija, around the mesa, past the canyon, through the valley and there was a pop. The white cross remembers and so do I. Grab that can mi'jita, compadre Alfredo gives me a nickel each. You see I was flying too that night and when I heard about Kenny I planted that seed. He planted that seed in me. Let's go to the Wig Wam and dance. Love like yours will surely come my way. I say, it's an ass not glass, so baby, shake it but don't break it! Look at the smoke from your cigarette, it looks like white clouds covering the black clouds, covering the moon. And behind it, that flash? That's God, he's taking a picture. Walk with me awhile mi'jita, there's so much more to say.

- Nikki Darling





Pages 54-57

Luis G. Hernandez
Untitled#36, 2019

House paint from the Home Depot north and south of the border, paint cans
288" x 192"

Richard A. Lou and Robert J. Sanchez
Captives of Fate, 1992

Video loop, 6:00 min
Poster, 42" x 58"

Excerpts from multimedia project *Los Anthropolocos*, 1992

Pages 50-51

Luis G. Hernandez
Untitled#36, 2019 (Detail)

House paint from the Home Depot north and south of the border, paint cans
288" x 192"



Ingrid Leyva

Mexican Shoppers, 2019
25 C-prints, mounted on sintra
Each 8" x 10", overall dimensions 100" x 32"



Ingrid Leyva
Mexican Shoppers, 2019
C-print, mounted on sintra
8" x 10"



Ingrid Leyva
Mexican Shoppers, 2019
C-print, mounted on sintra
8" x 10"

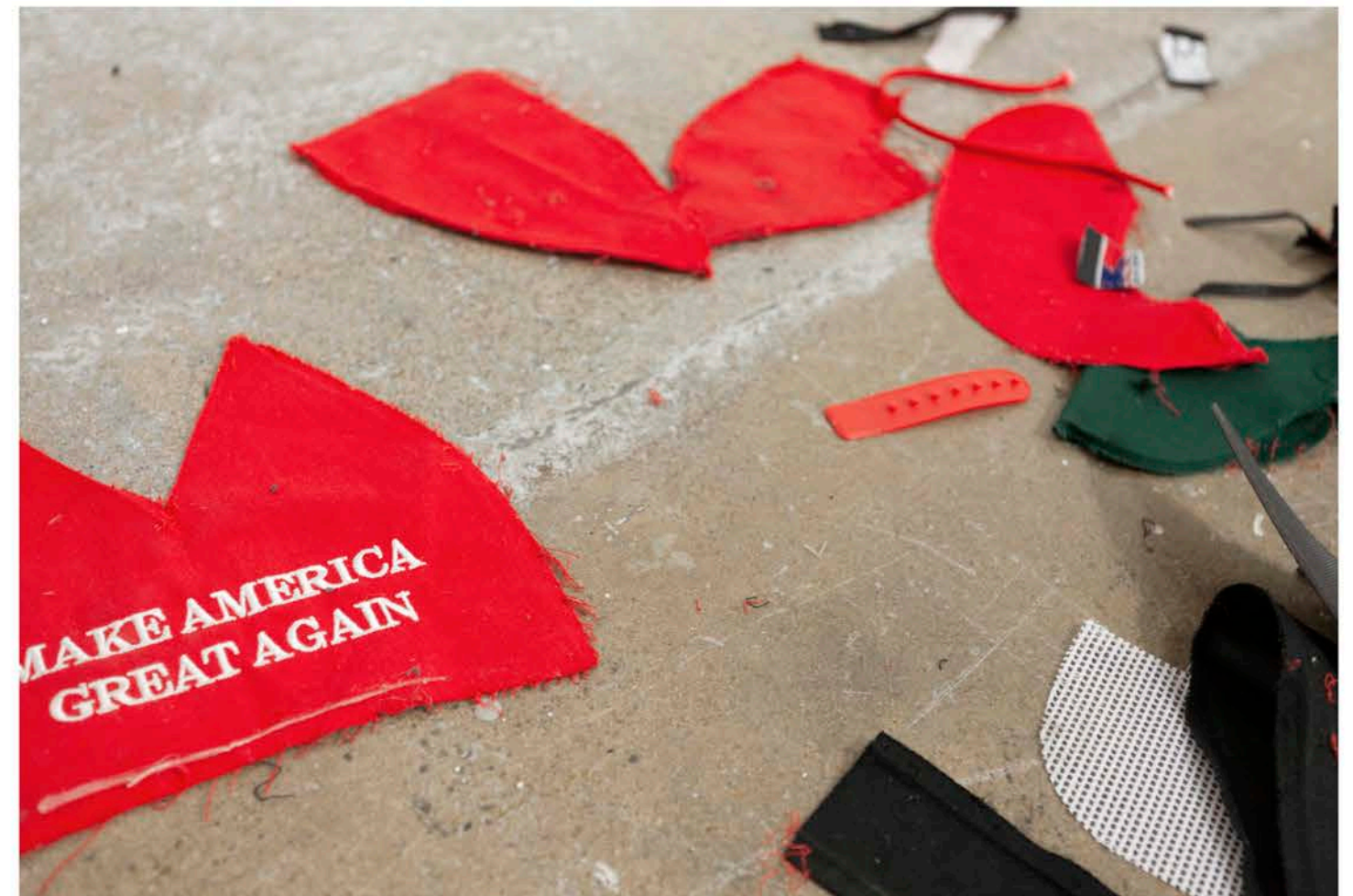


Ingrid Leyva
Mexican Shoppers, 2019
C-print, mounted on sintra
8" x 10"



Ingrid Leyva
Mexican Shoppers, 2019
C-print, mounted on sintra
8" x 10"





Roy Martinez
Trump Hat, 2019
Baseball cap
Dimensions variable

Page 66

Roy Martinez
Mascara with Sobrero/Bota Ornamentation, 2019
Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper,
leather and sterling silver
Approx. 8" x 8"

Pages 64-65 (from left to right)

Roy Martinez

Mascara with Mickey Ornamentation, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper
and sterling silver
Approx. 22" x 10"

Mascara with Braid, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper,
synthetic hair and sterling silver
Approx. 22" x 10"

Mascara with 3 Points, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper
and sterling silver
Approx. 20" x 20"

Mascara with Sobrero/Bota Ornamentation, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper,
leather and sterling silver
Approx. 8" x 8"

Page 69

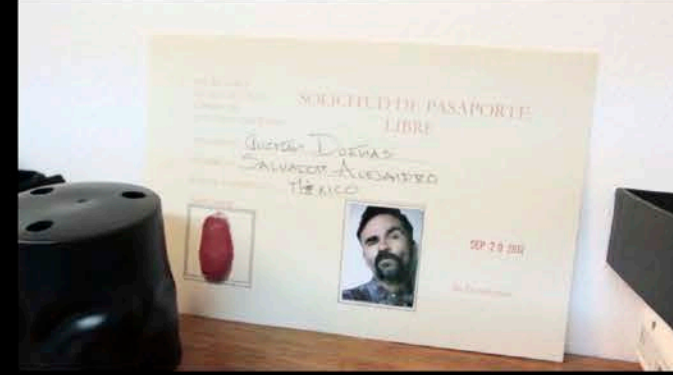
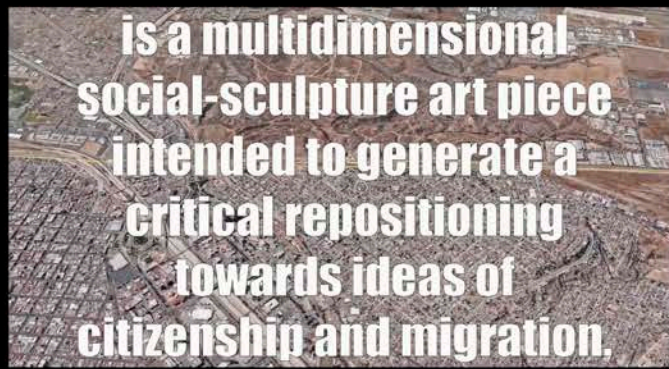
Mascara with Mickey Ornamentation, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper
and sterling silver
Approx. 22" x 10"

Mascara with Braid, 2019

Mixed Media Cartoneria; recycled newsprint, tissue paper,
synthetic hair and sterling silver
Approx. 22" x 10"









La Frontera - The Border: Selections from the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art

May 2nd - November 17th, 2019
Doy and Dee Henley Reading Room
Leatherby Libraries, Second Floor

Pablo López Luz grew up in an artistic family, becoming acquainted with celebrated Mexican photographers such as Graciela Iturbide, whose influence on the young Pablo was considerable. In 2006, after studying communications, he earned a master's degree in art at New York University and the International Center of Photography in New York. Pablo López Luz's work owes a great deal to the Mexican landscape tradition. He is best known for his aerial photographs of Mexico City, a megalopolis in a process of constant mutation, of rapid and chaotic growth. He has also explored the links between history and the contemporary world, especially the question of the Mexican national identity. The Escalette Collection has two works from Luz's Frontera series (2014-2015) which explores the landscape of the Mexico – US border from – literally- a new perspective. These photographs, shot on helicopter flights that spanned 1,295 miles, are intended to disrupt the dominant narrative of the border as a zone of contention, and open up a new visual paradigm to reinterpret our understanding of “the border.” From above, the border wall is seen as only a small, man-made blemish, a scratch on the face of an otherwise whole, pristine landscape. From above, it's nearly impossible to know which side of the border is which, a disorienting effect that points to the contrived meanings and significance that we as humans have attached to this unnatural, constructed object. In his book *Frontera*, Luz was also interested in exploring the naive idea of order and separation that borders falsely provide; in trying to construct order within the landscape, humans have paradoxically created

a source of disorder, chaos, and violence that plagues the people living around it. Luz says he often wonders if there were no human borders, would the conflicts we hear about so often in the news (i.e. illegal immigration, drug and human trafficking, narco-wars, sex tourism, etc.) even exist.

“Throughout the latter part of the twentieth century up until today, international borders have become an area of conflict, plagued by issues ranging from illegal migration, trafficking, drug smuggling, consumption of narcotics, violence, prostitution, gambling, economic disparity etc. The social incongruity brought about by this division has resulted in a single-themed, monologue on the subject, focused primarily on the differences between the two countries and the conflict born from these differences. However, there is no dialogue focused on the original design, and the reasons behind this landmark, that intends to separate two communities.

The Frontera project proposes a different approach, and one that can lead to a new interpretation of the Mexico – US territorial border. Its purpose is to generate an alternative visual discourse that can challenge the dominant narrative of the Mexico-US border, and open up a new visual dialogue that points to a common ground and collective self-understanding. Frontera reinterprets the notion of the border, stripping it to its bare minimum and drawing attention to the physicality of the landscape itself, which acts as the primary imposition that precedes the political and social discourse. Through a series of aerial photographs, the border will appear as a scar in the topography of the region, a barrier inscribed in nature, whose imposing conditions are then determined by man. The project is still in progress but very close to its completion. Two helicopter flights have been carried out so far, and one last flight is pending in order to shoot the last series of photographs concentrating on the three border crossings from Tijuana City to San Diego. The Project Launch award would cover the costs for this final stage of the project.”
Eduardo Antonio Parra, *Pablo López Luz: Frontera-*

Janire Najera is a documentary photographer and filmmaker who uses lens-based

media techniques to explore social themes. Janire was born in Bilbao, Spain, and raised in Nájera (La Rioja). She studied Journalism in Madrid and Documentary Photography at the University of South Wales and has had her work featured in places like CNN News, The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Guardian, Notimex and Vanity Fair. With a background in arts management and curation, Janire has a track record of coordinating large scale artistic projects internationally. Najera's multi-disciplinary project *Moving Forward, Looking Back*, documenting the lives of the descendants of early Spanish settlers on the Old Spanish Trail between New Mexico and California, was featured at Chapman in 2017. The *Traveling Light* triptych was created while Najera was a Scholar-in-Residence funded through a grant from the European Union. The digitally-composed transient light installations serve as a reflection on Donald Trump's promise to build a 1,933-mile-long wall across the U.S./ Mexico border. While *Traveling Light* is more conceptual than her earlier portraiture, the work is still rooted in her concerns with place, heritage, history, and migration. The ephemerality of *Traveling Light* is ultimately a commentary on the fact that we all, ultimately, come from elsewhere.

Tom Kiefer is an American photographer based in Ajo, Arizona. Between 2003 and 2014 he worked as a custodian for the United States Customs and Border Patrol. The two works in the Escalette Collection are part of his series *El Sueño Americano* (The American Dream,) an ongoing body of work that emerged from that experience. *El Sueño Americano* is an extended photographic essay that documents the confiscated personal belongings of migrants apprehended by Border Patrol agents. Kiefer explains that when migrants are apprehended, their personal items are catalogued, stored, and later returned, but many possessions are often left behind or end up being thrown away. “Perfectly good food was being thrown away... so I started to collect it. Then I started seeing other things, like Bibles and toys and rosaries. It was so heartbreaking. I couldn't let those things remain in the trash.” The tightly-photographed, evenly-lit artifacts—make-up, bibles, tooth-paste, baby food, toys, soap, water bottles, soap and shoes—serve as the haunting remnants of people whose fate is unknown. Together, *With Makeup* and *Without Makeup* attest both to

pain and to a sense of possibility.

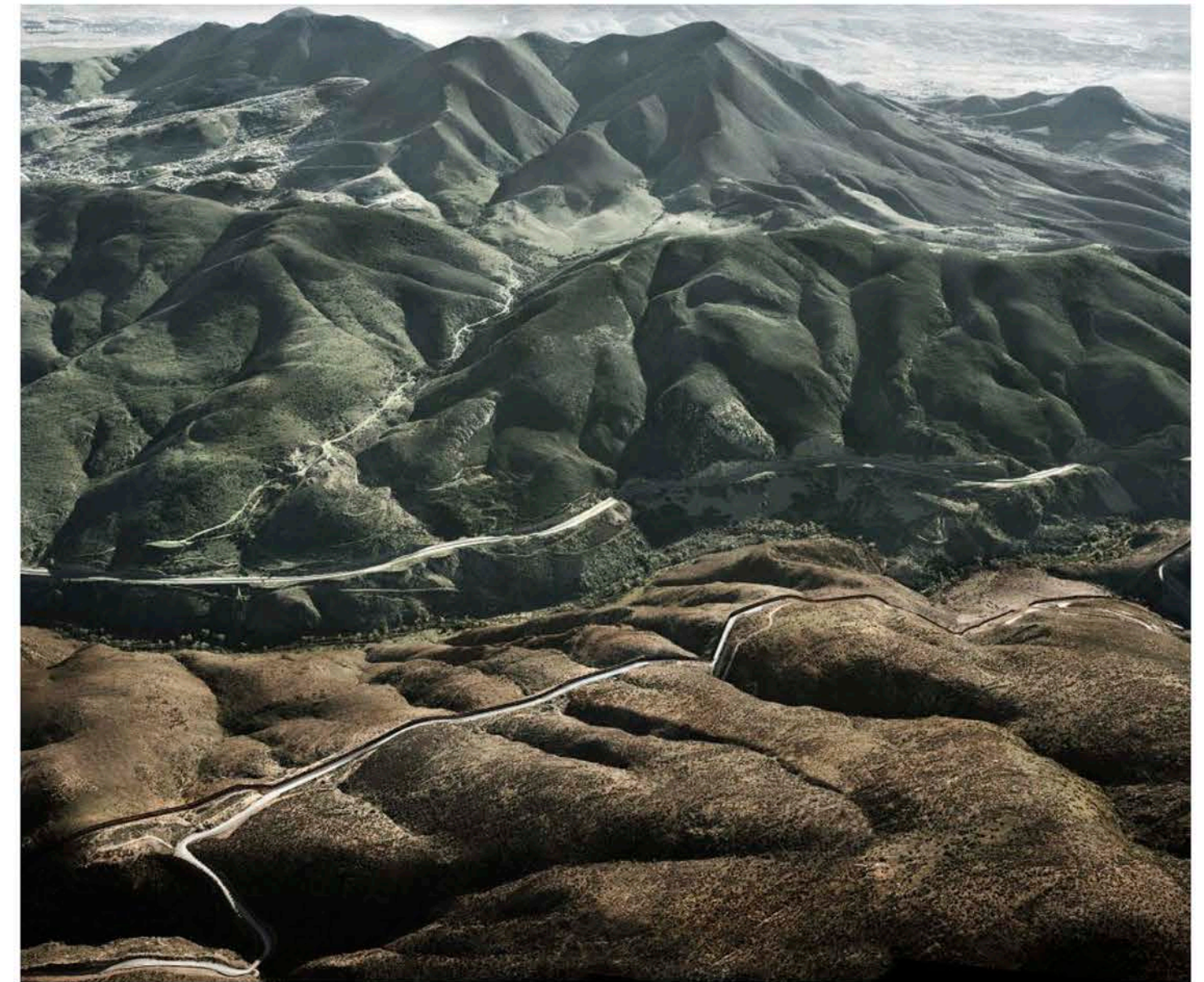
“How we treat others is a reflection of who we are.” - Tom Kiefer

Bovey Lee is a cut paper artist based in Los Angeles, California, USA. Born in Hong Kong, Bovey Lee was inspired by Chinese calligraphy from an early age, and later went on to complete a BA in Fine arts at the Chinese University of Hong Kong. Since then, Lee has earned two MFAs – one from the University of California, Berkeley, and a second in computer graphics and interactive media from Pratt Institute in New York. Lee began experimenting with cut paper in 2005 and has been able to incorporate both of her degrees into the creative process. First, Lee creates a hand sketch of the composition, then she forms a compilation of images on the computer in order to create a more ornate template. After the computer graphic is created she uses it as a loose guide while using an x-acto knife to cut out the negative space in the paper. The paper medium has layers of significance to Lee, who describes it as “a very intimate material and also familiar to everyone - we handle and use paper everyday. The paper that I use, Chinese rice paper, is both personally and culturally significant. Chinese invented paper so it's part of my lineage. it is also the first art material I knew that evokes memories and history.”

We Are All Mountaineers is a series comprised of intricately hand cut Chinese rice paper that follow up Lee's 2017 exhibition, *The Sea Will Come to Kiss Me*, a site-specific installation created in response to the contentious rhetoric of the 2016 presidential election which mirrored Lee's unease as an immigrant, woman, and person of color. The installation confronted viewers with a perforated wall, behind which were hundreds of floating paper boats made from her own immigration documents. Using the wall as a metaphor for exclusion and longing, the viewer is able to see the objects in her work, but not enter into their space.

The piece in the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art, *We Are All Mountaineers – Exit (出)*, is the first Lee made in the series and serves as an “ancestor” for the other works. Using symbols, motifs, and news images, the work reconstructs a brief history of U.S.

immigration with mountains and several U.S. cities populated by immigrants serving as a backdrop. Recurring motifs (including stars, gates, fences, oceans) featured in the other works in the We Are All Mountaineers series all stem from this work. Many of the works from this series depict children either alone or in suspended poses; each child seeks comfort and stability through play or toys, while staying afloat in the transitory ocean with poise and courage.

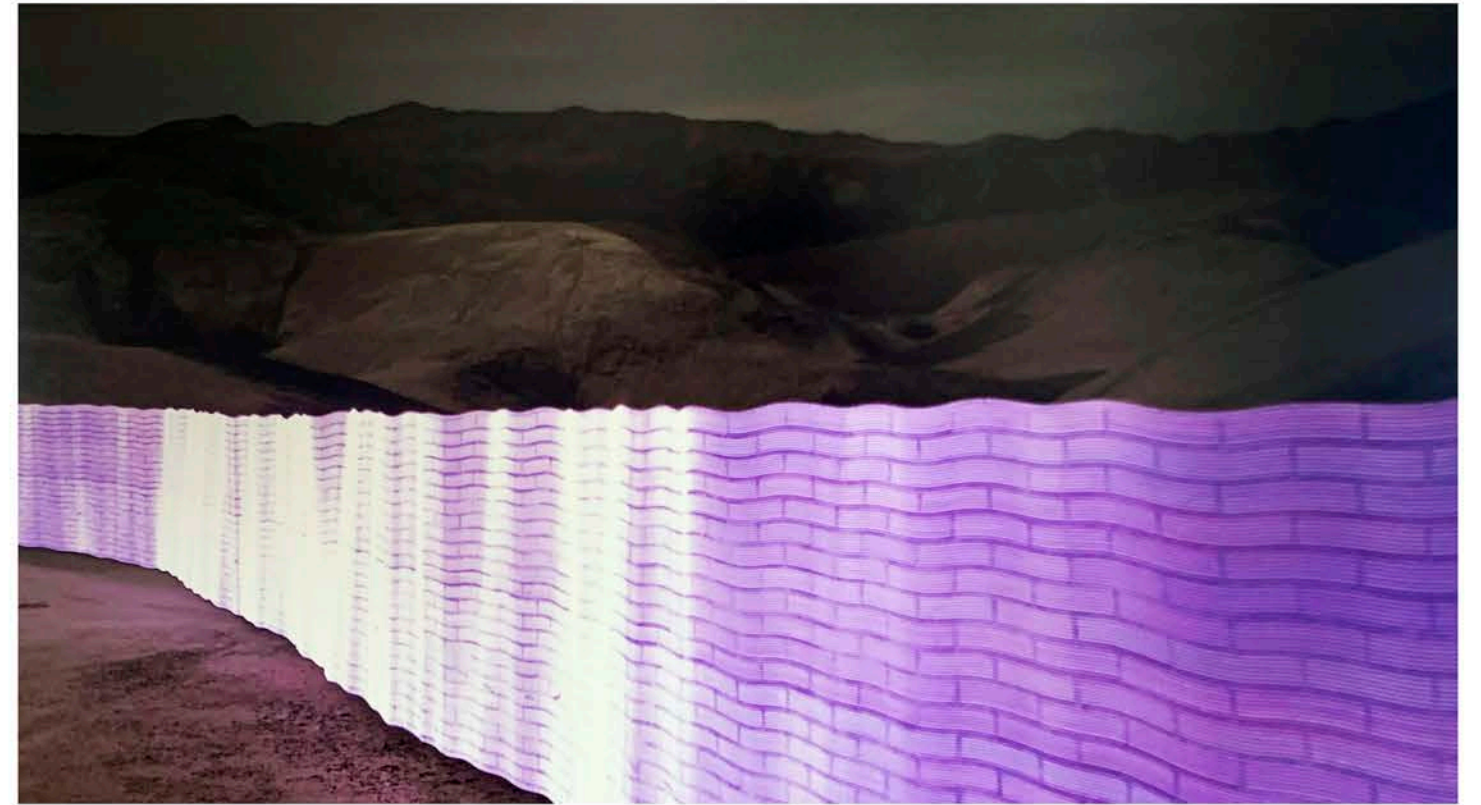
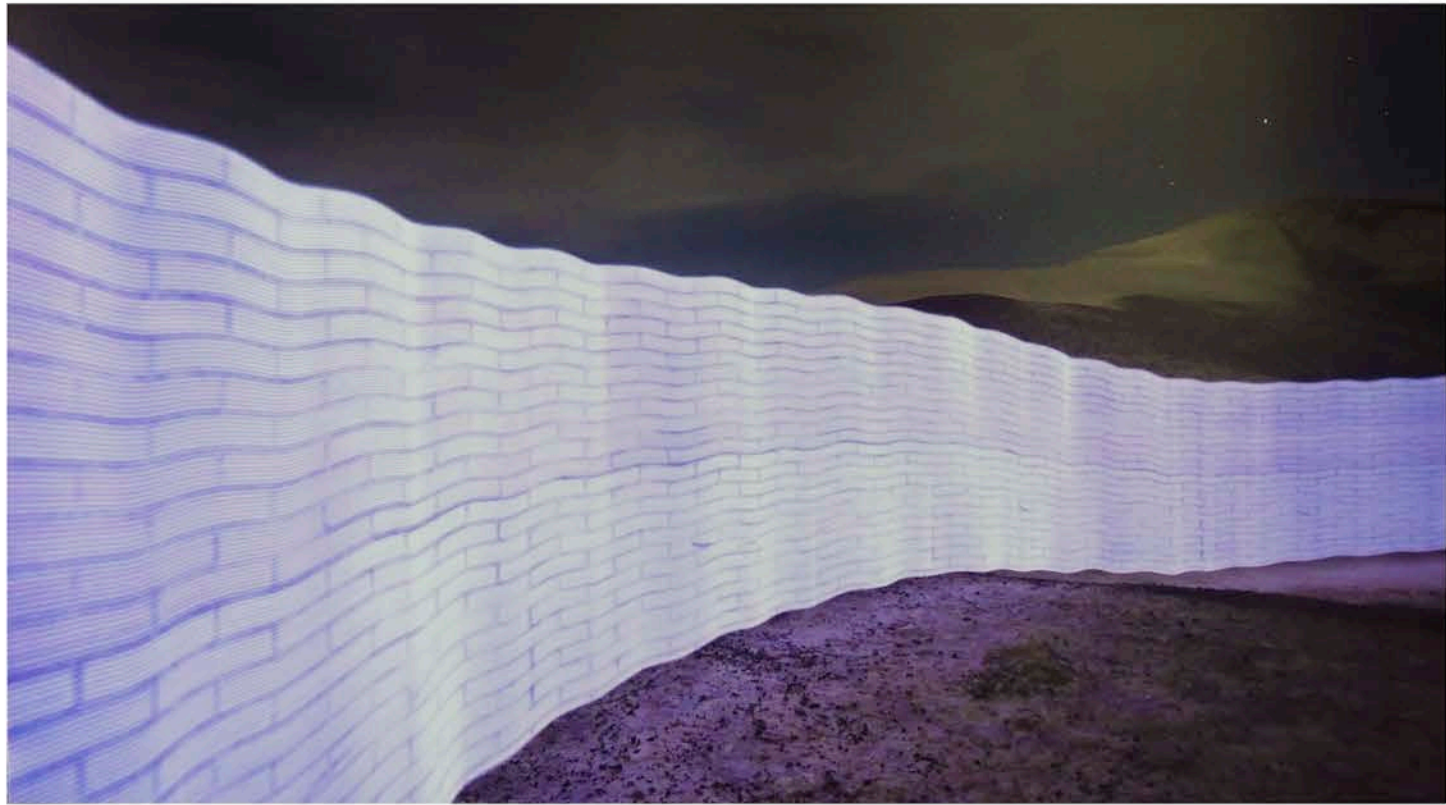


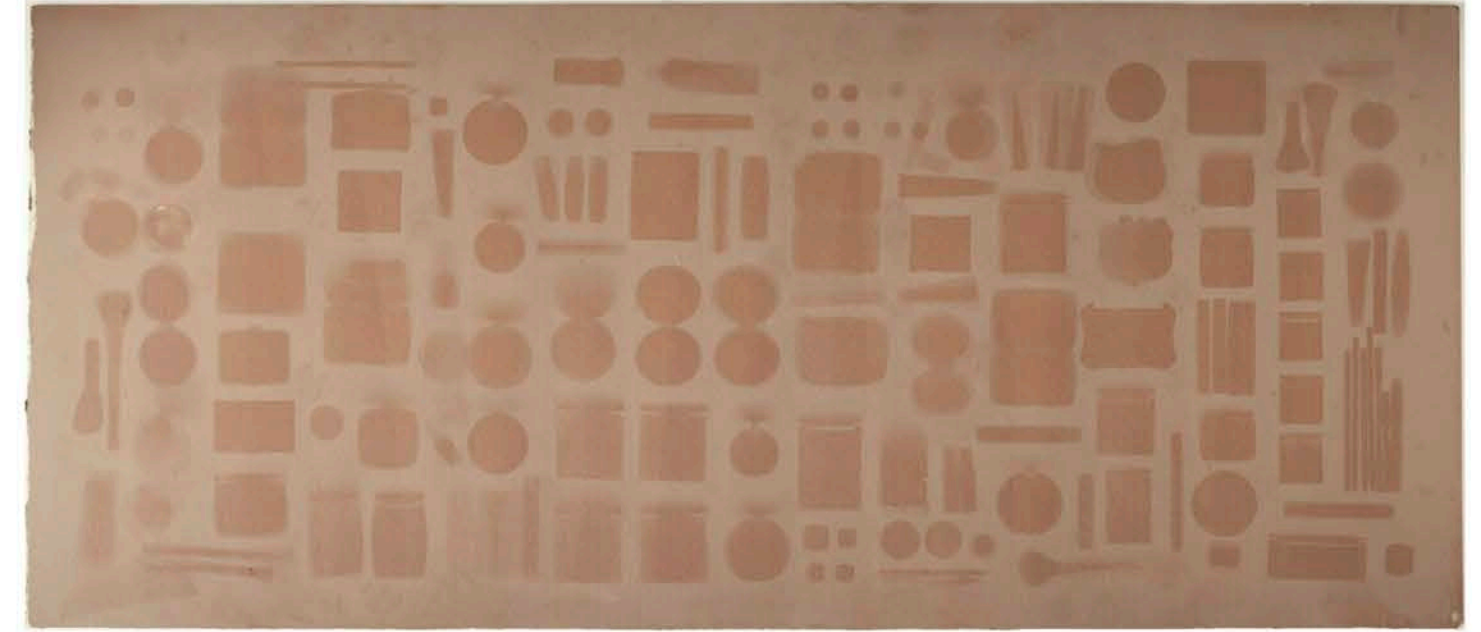
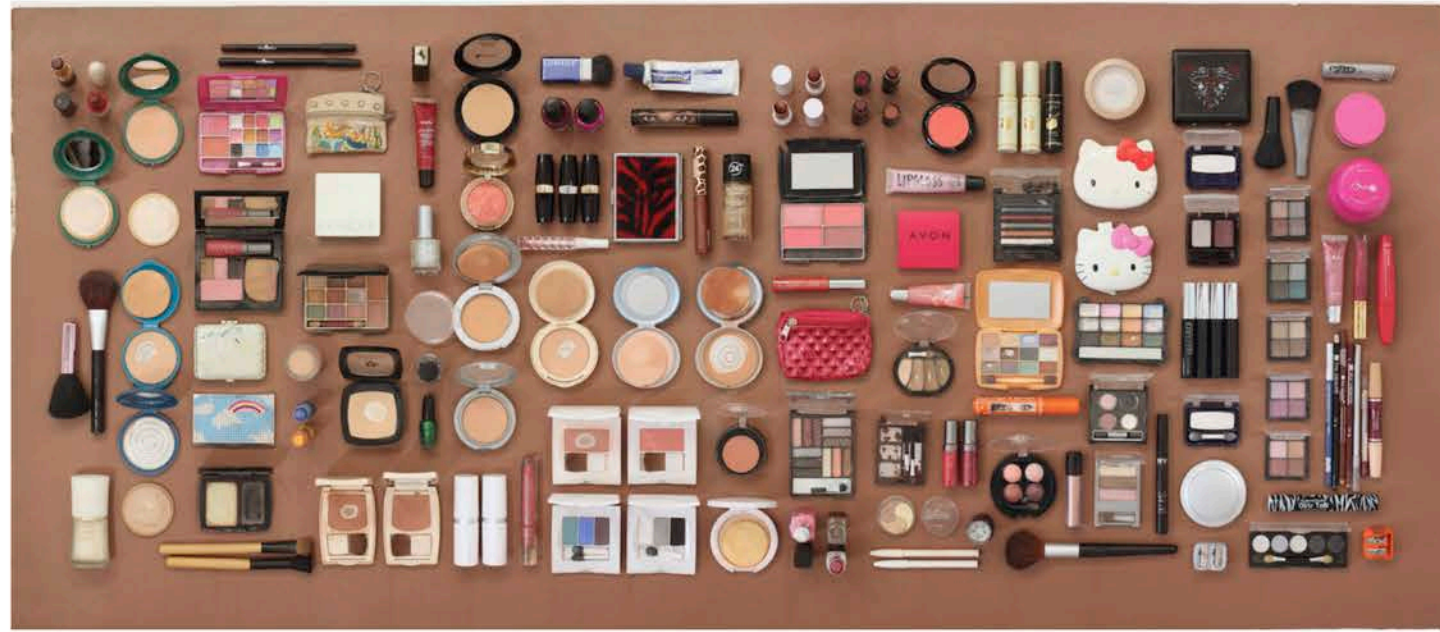
Page 80

Installation view *La Frontera - The Border: Selections from the Escalette Permanent Collection of Art*
Doy and Dee Henley Reading Room
Leatherby Libraries

Page 81

Pablo López Luz
San Diego - Tijuana XI, Frontera USA - Mexico, pigment print, 2015. Purchased with funds from the Escalette Endowment. 2018.3.2





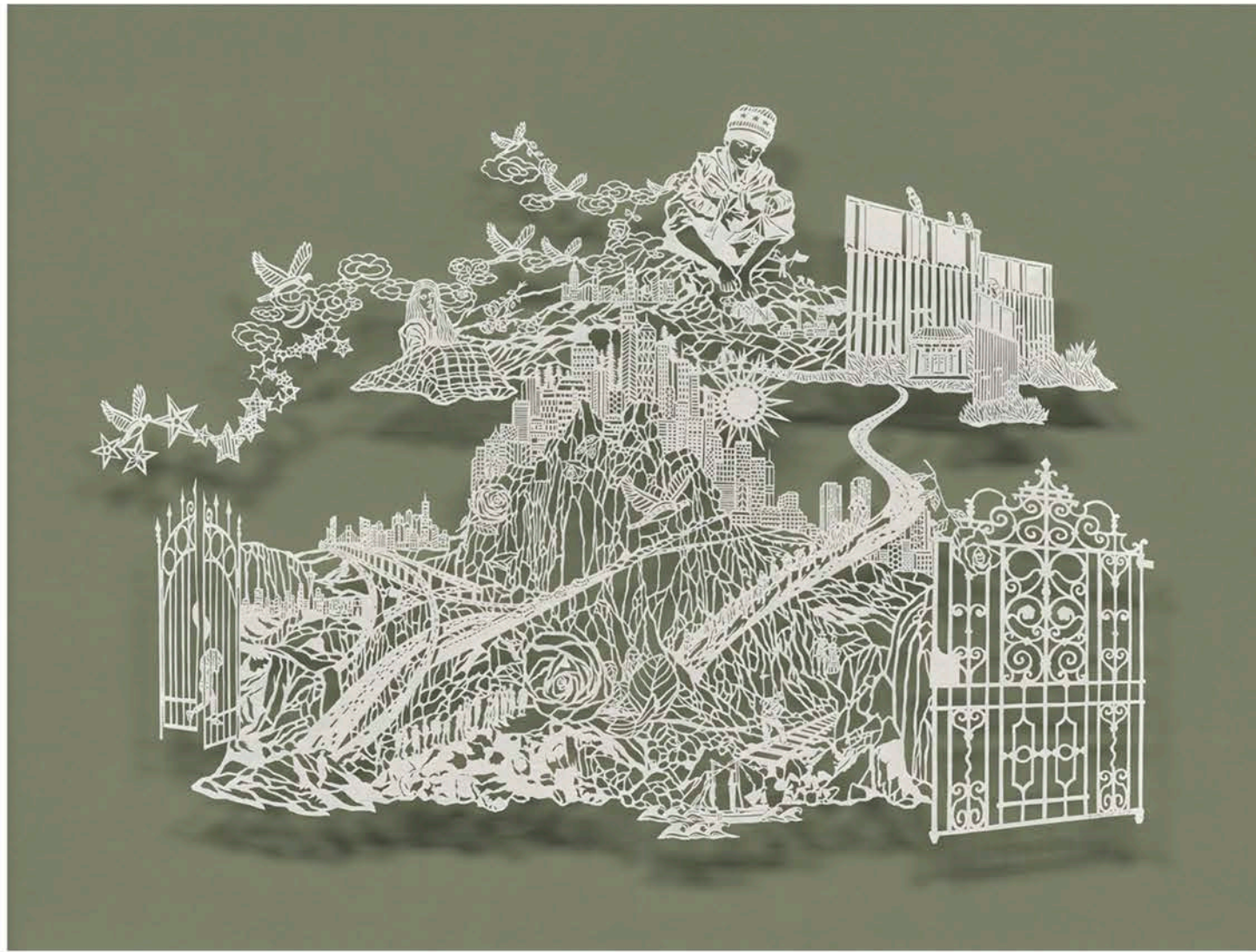
Pages 82-83

Janire Najera
Traveling Light, 3 C-print on aluminum, 2017. Purchased
with funds from the Escalette Endowment. 2018.4.1-3.

Pages 84-85

Tom Kiefer
With Makeup, Archival pigmented inkjet print, 2016. Pur-
chased with funds from the Escalette Endowment. 2018.2.1

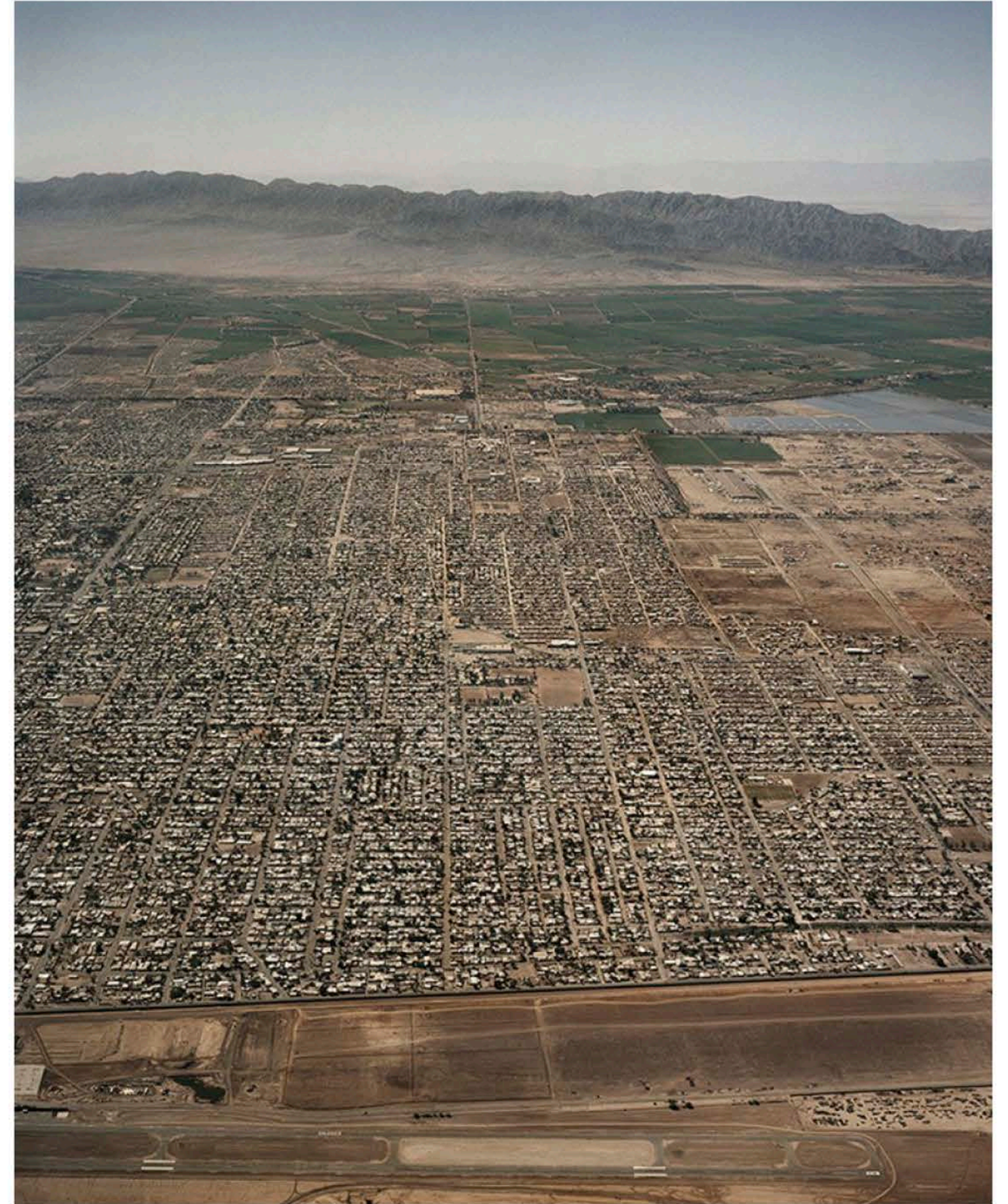
Without Makeup, Archival pigmented inkjet print, 2016.
Purchased with funds from the Escalette Endowment.
2018.2.2

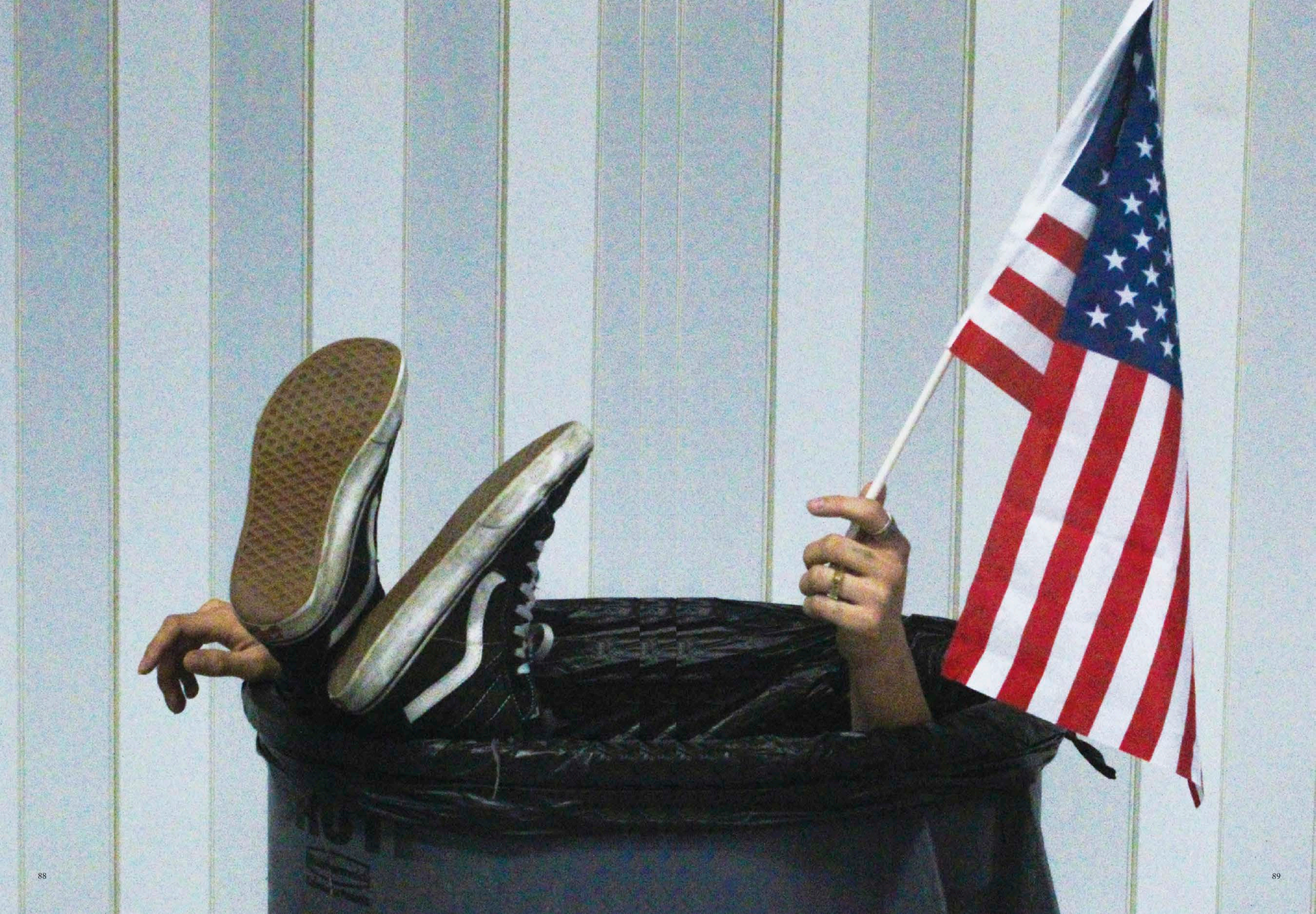


Bovey Lee
We Are All Mountaineers – Exit (出), Chinese xuan paper
on silk, 2018. Purchased with funds from the Escalette
Endowment. 2019.2.1

Page 87

Pablo López Luz
Calexico - Mexicali VII, Frontera USA – Mexico, pigment
print, 2015. Purchased with funds from the Escalette
Endowment. 2018.3.1





BorderClicks

BorderClick is a group of transborder individuals aiming to give lyrical visual representation to transfronterizx life through photography, video, and social media. By capturing our feelings, memories and experiences living between two cultures and nations, Mexico and the United States, we bring an authentic and honest challenge to the common stereotypes of “border-crossers.” Throughout this process of self-exploration, we have discovered that despite the intentionally isolating effects of the physical border wall, the challenge of crossing it on a daily basis, and its extensive violence upon our minds and bodies, we have managed to find and connect with one another and help visualize an otherwise invisible community. We have learned how to collaborate, engage others in dialogue around border issues, and pledge to continue to support each other and advocate for our communities in our pursuit of self-improvement, social justice, and civic engagement.

BorderClick is a digital living archive and curriculum exploring the complexities of the transfronterizx/transborder experience. From 2016-2019, groups of young people who live and study between Tijuana and San Diego have been using photography to deconstruct their daily aesthetic encounters and explore their identities on both sides of the border. This work is the combination of our conversations, documentation, research, and interviews with each other and other transborder people, as well as our dreams for the future. Today more than ever, please follow us @borderclick and use #borderclick to help us continue to document and analyze this experience.

This project was made possible with support from the California Arts Council, California Humanities, The California Endowment, and The Aja Project.

Page 91

Installation view BorderClicks
Henley Galleria, Argyros Forum
Chapman University, 2019

List of Works

Page 92:

Year: 2016
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Benjamin Corrales

Year: 2019
Title: Como Esta La Linea?
Photographer: Marco

Page 93:

Year: 2016
Theme: Bodies and Borders
Title: Doble Identidad
Photographer: Ale Uzarraga

Year: 2016
Theme: Abstract Images
Photographer: Alejandro Martinez

Page 94:

Year: 2019
Title: Transborder Punk Scene
Photographer: Jorge Isordia

Year: 2019
Title: Where Are You Going?
Photographer: Anonymous

Page 95:

Year: 2019
Theme: Bodies and Borders
Photographer: Jorge Isordia

Year: 2019
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Jesus

Page 96:

Year: 2016
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Vanessa Flores

Year: 2016
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Chris Sanchez

Page 97:
Year: 2016
Theme: Cultural Symbols
Photographer: Claudia Ortiz

Year: 2016
Theme: Border Hacks
Photographer: Andrea Morin

Page 98:

Year: 2016
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Alejandro Martinez



Year: 2019
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Susan Torres

Page 99:

Year: 2019
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Susan Torres

Year: 2019
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Jorge Isordia

Page 100:

Year: 2016
Theme: Bodies and Borders
Photographer: Ale Uzarraga

Year: 2016
Theme: Abstraction of the Border
Photographer: Rebecca Goldschmidt

Page 101:

Year: 2016
Theme: Abstraction of the Border
Photographer: Benjamin Corrales

Year: 2018
Title: Border Landscapes
Photographer: Josemar Gonzalez

Page 102:

Year: 2016
Theme: Abstraction of the Border
Photographer: Benjamin Corrales

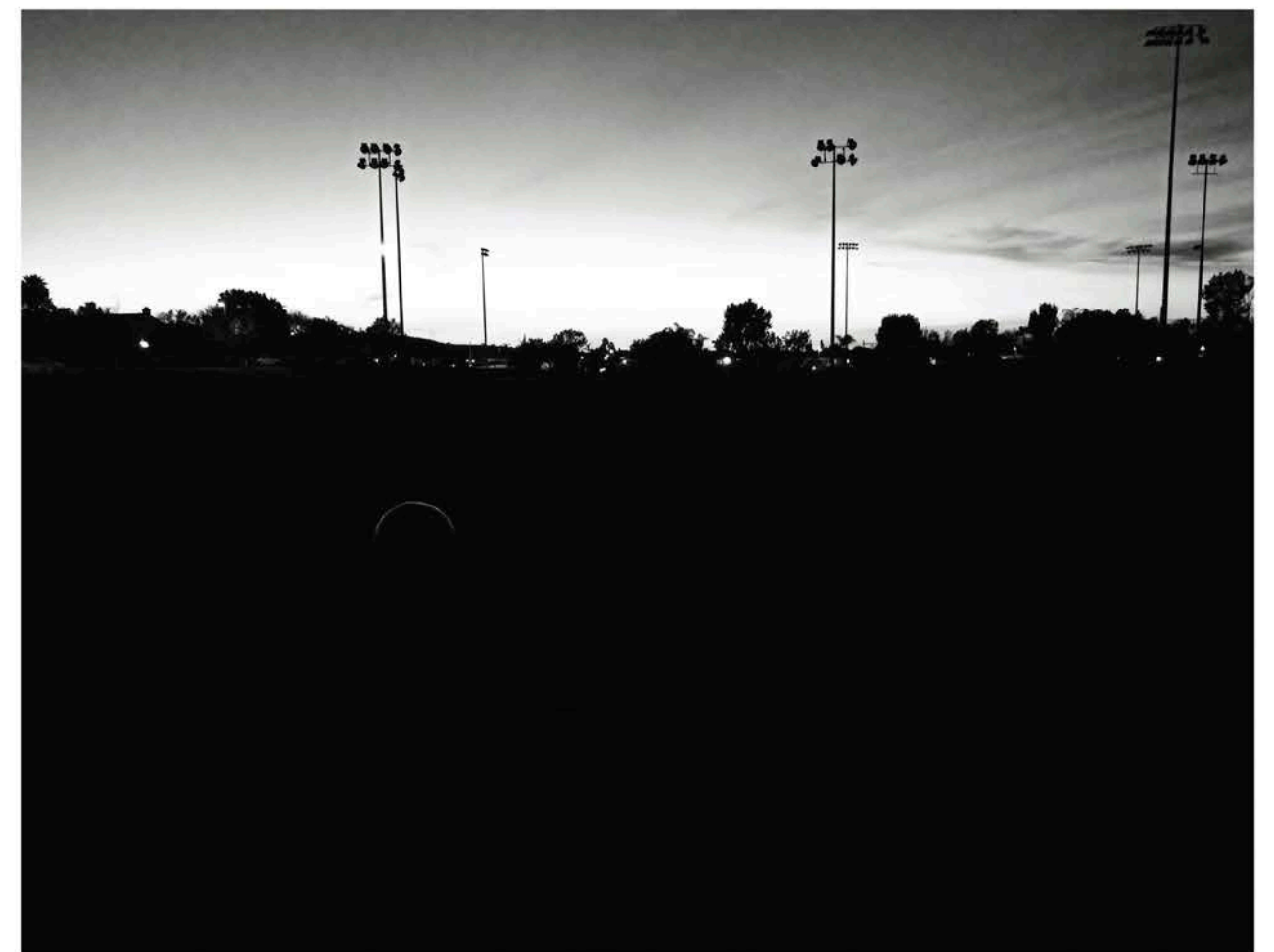
Year: 2019
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Susan Torres

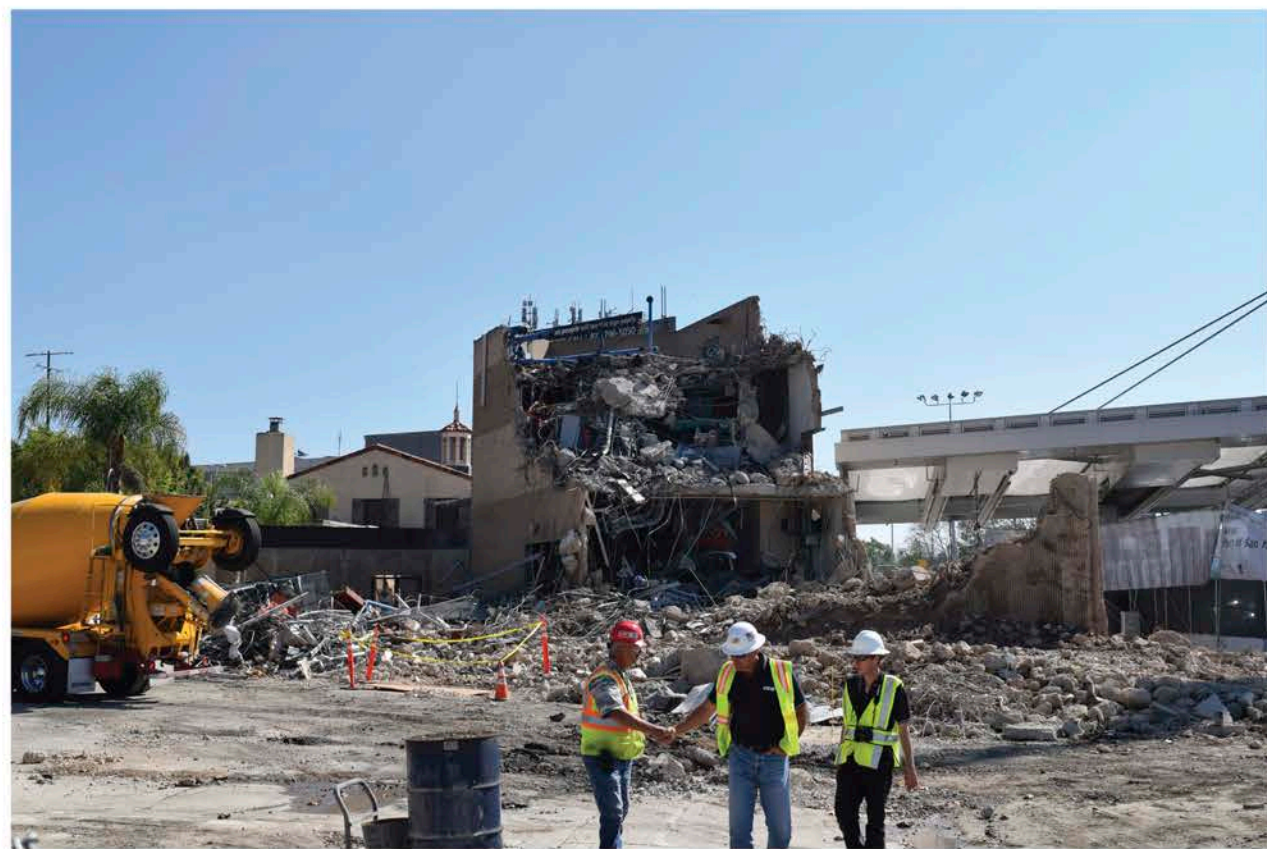
Page 103:

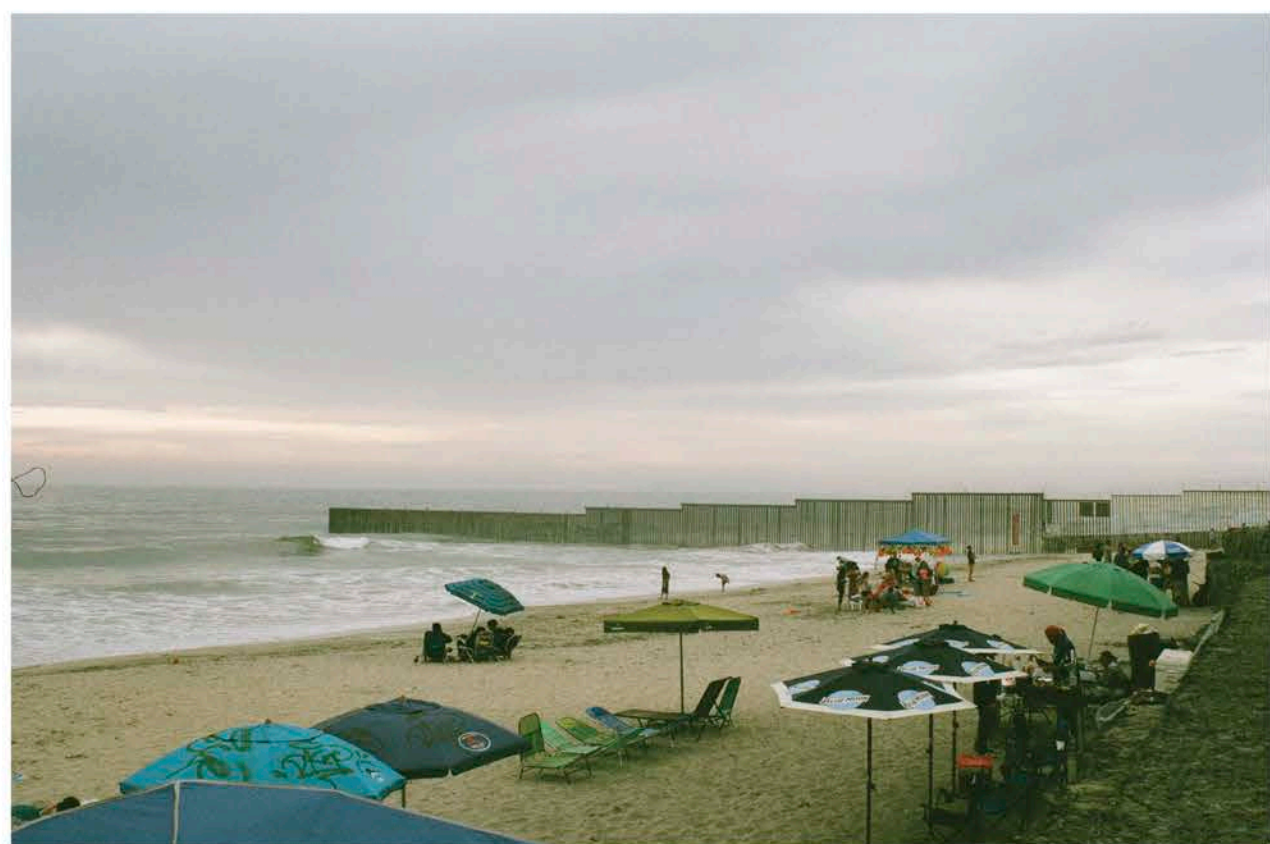
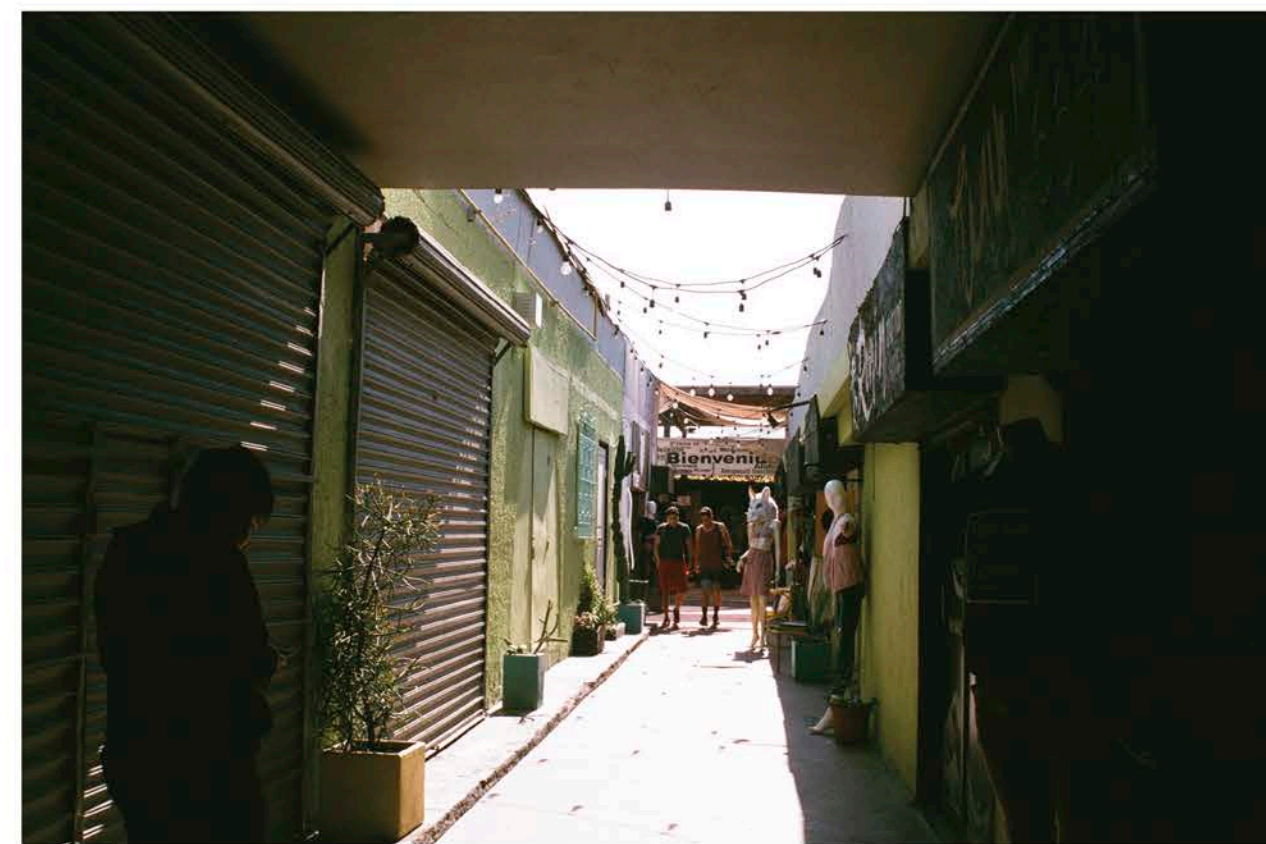
Year: 2016
Theme: Abstraction of the Border
Photographer: Cassandra Drake

Year: 2016
Theme: Landscapes
Photographer: Claudia Ortiz

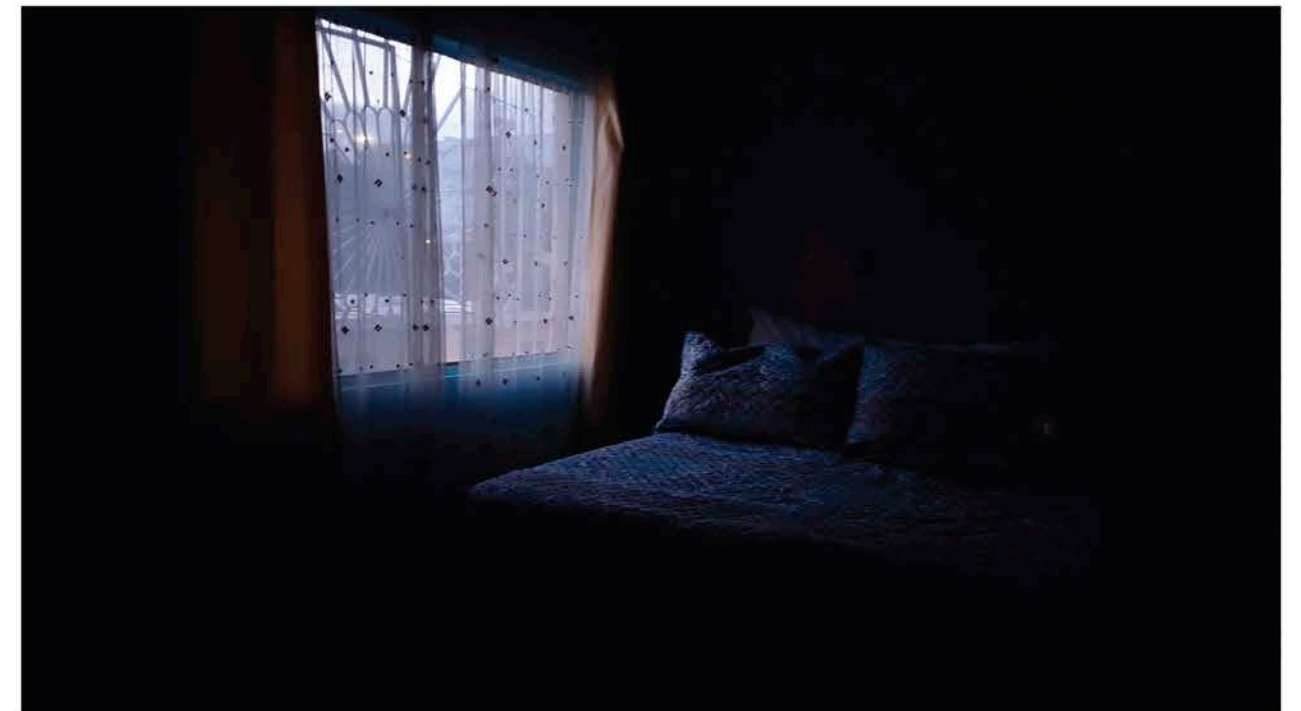
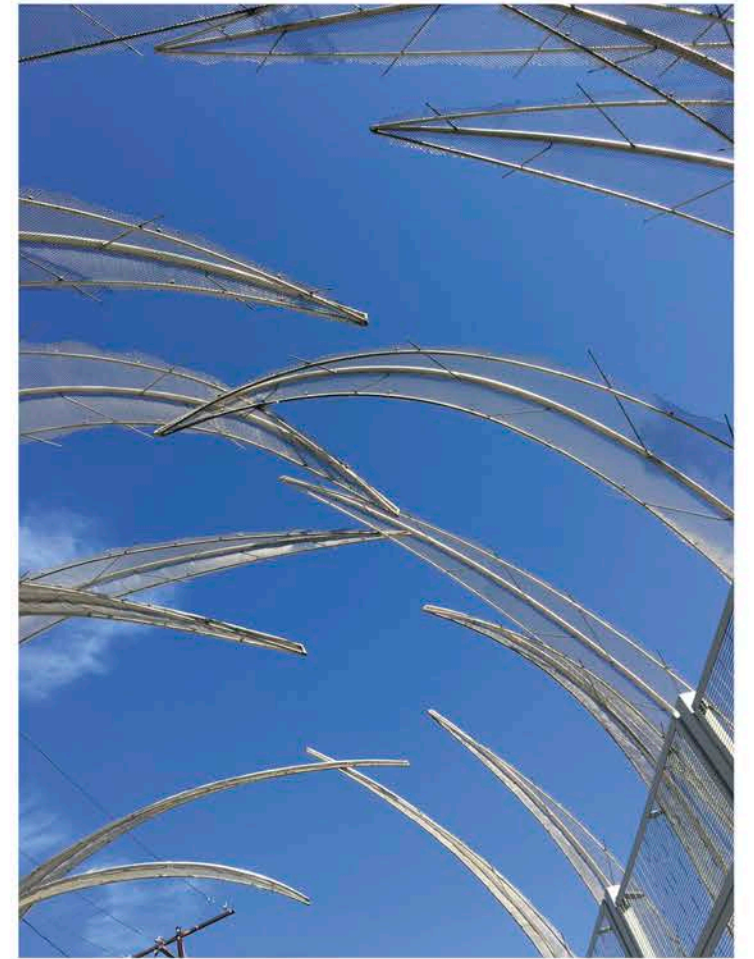












Department of Art

Mission Statement

The Mission of the Department of Art at Chapman University is to offer a comprehensive education that develops the technical, perceptual, theoretical, historical and critical expertise needed for successful careers in visual art, graphic design and art history. The department supports artists, designers, and scholars within a rigorous liberal arts environment that enriches the human mind and spirit. We foster the artistic and academic growth necessary to encourage lifelong study and practice of the arts through a curriculum that contains strong foundation and history components as a basis for continued innovations in contemporary practice and scholarship.

Guggenheim Gallery

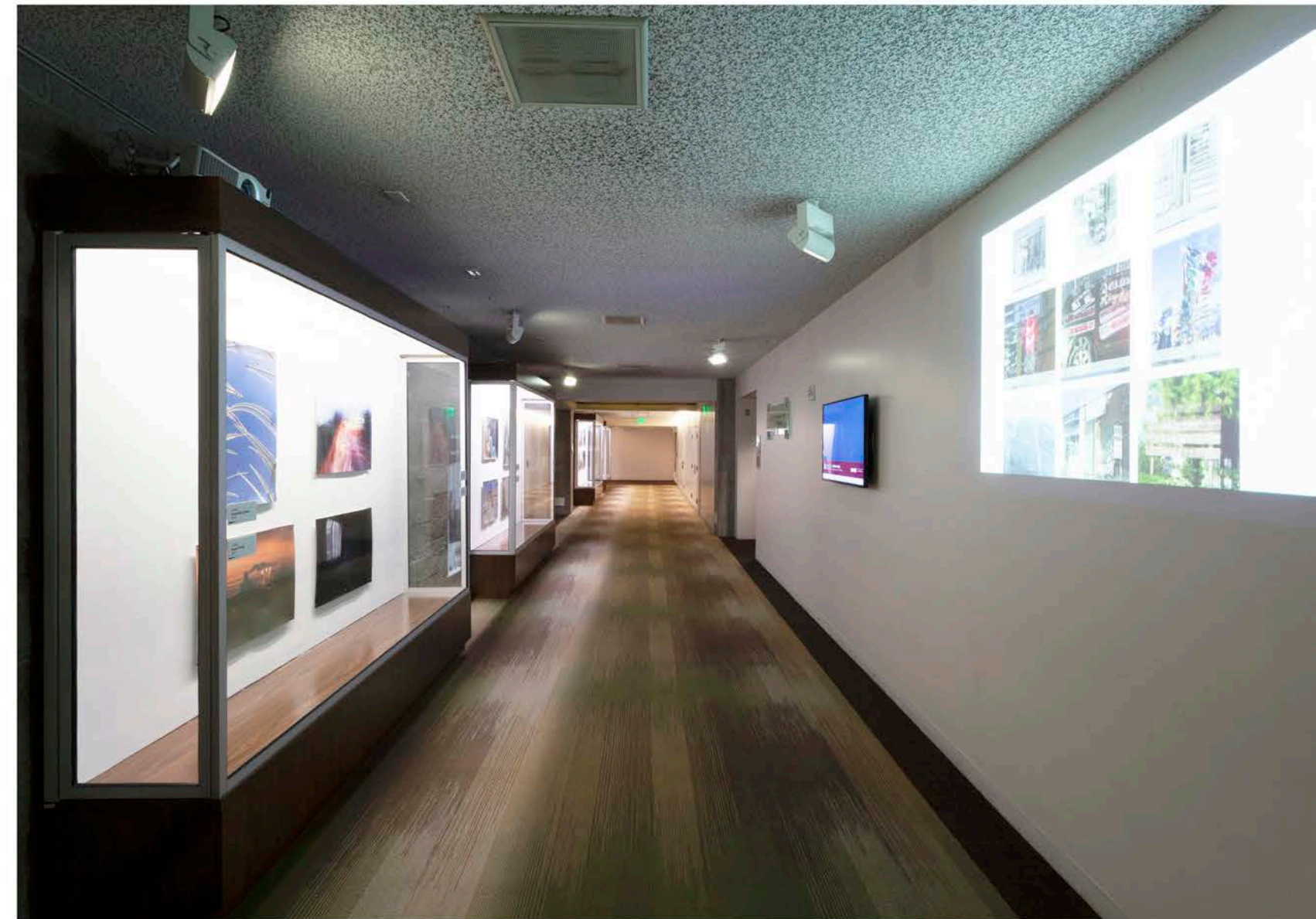
Mission Statement

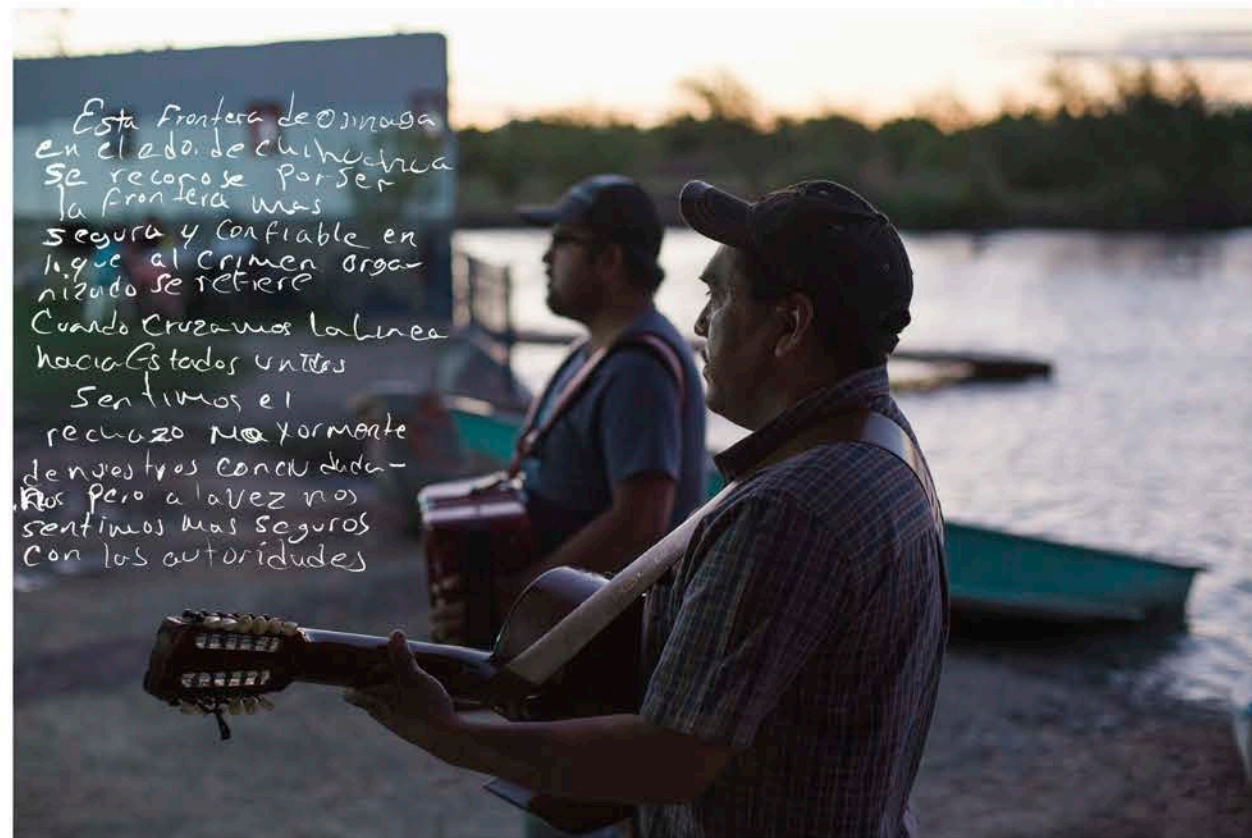
The department of art will provide provocative exhibitions and educational programming that provide a local connection to the national and international dialogue about contemporary art and provide a framework for an interchange between artists, scholars, students and the community at large. While the exhibitions feature contemporary art, they often address other disciplines and societal issues in general. Integrated into the curriculum, these programs contribute significantly to the Chapman education.

Escalette Permanent Collection of Art

Mission Statement

The Phyllis and Ross Escalette Permanent Collection of Art exists to inspire critical thinking, foster interdisciplinary discovery, enhance the University's stature, and strengthen bonds with the community.





AMBOS
ART MADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE SIDES

<p>¿QUE PIENSAS CUANDO CRUZAS ESTA FRONTERA?</p> <p>Esta frontera de Ojinaga en el estado de Chihuahua se reconoce por ser la frontera mas segura y confiable en lo que al crimen organizado se refiere. Cuando cruzamos la linea hacia Es todos Unidos</p> <p><small>Gracias por su participacion.</small></p>	<p>WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU CROSS THIS BORDER?</p> <p>Sentimos el rechazo Maxormente de nuestros conculdadores pero a la vez nos sentimos mas seguros con las autoridades</p> <p>Thank you for your participation.</p>
--	--

www.tanyaaguiniga.com
www.ambosproject.com

"This border of Ojinaga in the state of Chihuahua is recognized for being the safest and most trustworthy in terms of organized crime. When we cross the border into the U.S. we feel rejection, especially from our own people, and at the same time feel safe with North American authorities"

OJINAGA, CH | PRESIDIO, TX
2018





**I A FRONTERA
THE BORDER**



CHAPMAN
UNIVERSITY

GUGGENHEIM
GALLERY

THE PHYLLIS AND ROSS
ESCALETTE
PERMANENT COLLECTION OF ART