PARALLAX Shahzia Sikander

Tufts

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Tufts University Art Gallery The Shirley and Alex Aidekman Arts Center 40 Talbot Avenue Tufts University, Medford, MA 02155

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Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota October 5—November 3, 2017 Honolulu Museum of Art, Honolulu, Hawaii March 16-July 30, 2017 MAXXI I Museo nazionale delle arti del XXI secolo, Rome, Italy June 22, 2016—January 15, 2017 The Shanghai 21st Century Minsheng Art Museum, Shanghai, China April 4—July 31, 2016 Asia Society Hong Kong Center, Hong Kong March 16—July 9, 2016 Hong Kong Maritime Museum, Hong Kong March 16—June 5, 2016 Times Square Midnight Moment, New York, New York October 1–31, 2015 6th Moscow Biennale, Moscow, Russia September 16-October 4, 2015 Tufts University Art Gallery, Medford, Massachusetts September 10—December 6, 2015 Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao, Spain July 16-November 22, 2015 SPACE Gallery, Linda Pace Foundation, San Antonio, Texas October 8, 2014—March 7, 2015 Bildmuseet, Umeå, Sweden March 30-May 18, 2014 Nikolaj Kunsthal, Copenhagen, Denmark June 14—July 31, 2014 National Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art, Seoul, South Korea April 29-July 13, 2014 Dhaka Art Summit, Dhaka, Bangladesh February 7–9, 2014 5th Auckland Triennial, Auckland, New Zealand May 10—August 11, 2013 Sharjah Biennial 11, Sharjah, UAE March 13—May 13, 2013 Pilar Corrias, London, United Kingdom February 22—March 28, 2013

The Cypress despite its Freedom Is Held Captive to the Garden, 2012–13

Endpapers:

Video still from Parallax, 2013

Frontispiece:

Installation view, MAXXI | Museo nazionale delle arti del XXI secolo, Rome, Italy, 2016–17

Unless otherwise indicated, all images are copyright and courtesy of the artist, Pilar Corrias, London, and Sean Kelly, New York. Video stills are from Parallax, 2013, three-channel, single-image HD video animation with 5.1 surround sound, 15:26 minutes. Music by Du Yun. Animation by Patrick O'Rourke and David Adams

Edited by Lucy Flint. Designed by Jeanne V. Koles. Printed by Grossman Marketing, Somerville, MA

PARTICLES AND INTERACTIONS

Tasneem Zehra Husain

ara and Leo are characters from the popular science novel *Only the Longest Threads*. Sara, a theoretical physics graduate student, was both a muse and a sounding board for writer Leo while he worked on a fictional reimagining of the history of physics a couple of years ago.

From: Sara Byrne breaking.symmetries@gmail.com

Sent: Thursday, October 15, 2015 8:41 PM $\,$

To: Leonardo.Santorini@gmail.com

Subject: Parallax

Dear Leo,

Ideas are tumbling over themselves in my head in a rush to be expressed, and the only way I can keep from calling and waking you up in the middle of the night is to write this e-mail instead. I just got back from Tufts, and I have to say, even though I had been looking forward to this exhibition, I was taken completely unaware by my own reaction to it. From what I have seen and heard about Shahzia Sikander, I expected *Parallax* to be a beautiful and intriguing piece of art, but since the outward themes—desert, oil, migration—don't really strike a chord with me, I did not anticipate feeling such a strong personal connection with the work.



Yet; I found that it spoke to me in ways I am struggling to articulate. There was something familiar about the way Shahzia approached her work, something in her attitude that resonated with me. Now and again during the animation, moving brushstrokes evoked vague memories of equations; I let these hover, and made no effort to pin them down. But when, during her talk, Shahzia uttered phrases that could have carried over, verbatim, to a physics seminar, I could no longer ignore the echoes. How else does one explain them, except to conclude that two apparently separate spaces are, in fact, connected?

To be fair, even when we use the same words, we approach them differently. For one of us, they are terms of art, endowed with subject specific connotations, deliberately employed; for the other, they may simply be convenient vessels to hold a particular—even a passing—thought; but the fact that these same words are chosen by us both, independently, and in apparently unrelated contexts, felt more like a clue than a coincidence.

Take the title of this exhibition, for instance. I first heard the term "parallax" in my high school physics lab while being cautioned to look at equipment head-on when taking experimental readings. Changing our line of sight would result in an erroneous measurement, we were told, for an object's position appears to shift when it

Orbit, 2012
Color direct gravure
36 1/8 x 29 1/2 inches (91.8 x 74.9 centimeters)
Courtesy of the artist and Crown Point Press

is observed from different angles—a phenomenon known as parallax. Not having set foot in a lab for decades, I had almost forgotten the word until I saw the banner outside the Aidekman Arts Center tonight, when the memory came flooding back.

My first conscious thought was that in order for parallax to even be possible, a work should have the potential of being viewed from multiple angles. I tried to shake off the expectation, preparing myself for the fact that an artist would probably interpret the word differently. But when the panoramic animation unfolded in that darkened room, I released a breath I was hardly aware of holding; even in the physics textbook sense, the usage was justified.

The multisensory nature of the installation could in itself excuse the title: layers of sound waft through the gallery while lush images drift across the screen. But, much to my delight, the title is not merely excused—it is earned. Quite early on, you hear a rumbling in the depths, you sense motion bubbling behind the closest, most vivid forms. Slowly the awareness dawns that what you witness is unfolding on multiple planes of variable transparency, and that occasionally you catch glimpses of worlds beyond the immediate.

Mirror Plane, 2012
Color direct gravure
36 1/8 x 29 1/2 inches (91.8 x 74.9 centimeters)
Courtesy of the artist and Crown Point Press



Even as the deep sunset scatters into jewel-toned petals that fill your field of vision, you are aware of the desert floating just behind it, with arid sands that render flowers impossible. A veritable forest of trees made from pumps and valves wafts in, only to be obscured by rivulets of oil, dripping down a plane nearer to us. The pattern and precision of the rigidly structured steel trees recedes behind an organically growing thick liquid curtain, until only a faint imprint remains. For a fleeting instant, the image reminded me of gauge theories and how even a broken symmetry can leave traces, but I dismissed the thought.

For the most part, it appears that the layers in the animation are independent of each other, parallel in the true sense of the word, but then something that happens on one of the strata triggers a reaction on the next; they are autonomous, but not oblivious of each other. I couldn't quite identify the cause, but suddenly the visual veneer fractures into shards, like broken glass. As if by a sharp desert wind, splinters are whipped clean across the screen, and the penultimate plane is revealed.

Cartographic images, tiled and tessellated, fade into human figures that seem to float on an inky sea. Dark waters pulsate and move apart, revealing pinpricks of light, and for a moment you wonder if the sea is really a sky, resplendent with twinkling stars. By this stage, I was fascinated by the interplay between the various layers, and how they interact without intersecting. Immediately, that phrase triggered the image that—for me—will always be entangled with it: a stack of parallel D-branes, with open strings stretching between them. Fond as I am of exploring that system, I found the association slightly arbitrary in this context, so I brushed it off and focused more closely on the installation.

