

## Peaceful Transition of Time

### Reflecting on Homa Delvaray's *Garden of Desolation*

Elaborating on the inspirations and backgrounds of her *Garden of Desolation*, Homa discusses the notion of territory and the act of territorialization, describing how without a drastic change in the core concepts of domain and territory, every bit of context regarding these has gone through deep transformations since the early stages of urbanization and especially during contemporary times.

In the broad landscape of a lost past, there were gardens —buffers of serenity keeping the world at a distance from the inner private realm. It was the forces of time and memory, and the reality of that almost distant 'outside' that changed the perceived identity of the land and geography, and set territories.

She has previously dwelled upon the idea of territory —in fact, quite extensively— structuring every bit of her work on technical instruction sets devised based on distillations of her research, and developing each piece inductively using a system of units. In that sense, resembling a biological network made up of individual cells, her image is created by the amalgamation of functionally-distinct yet visually-similar cells, and the elements in the image are constructed by cell growth in distinctly-territorialized zones of the composition. Those detailed instruction sets that have been meticulously conceived, developed, and planned, codify each cell and its purpose within the broader territory of the piece.

And then her compositions, much like a map depicting terrain, paths, structures, elevation, and boundary lines, create separate regions, both within two-dimensional surfaces and the space within which the pieces are presented as three-dimensional objects or installations. As so, looking at each work as a whole remains an almost impossible task: each locality has to be explored and it is only by a deep familiarity that one would be able to find the routes connecting the sections, discovering mysteries that lie within almost every block.

While the artist does not insist on remaining the sole arbiter, it is difficult to escape her game plan —things appear to have been laid out much in advance, with every detail lined up and prepared ahead. There often remain little visual input left out of what fills the view, and whatever is invited from the viewer's imagination, recalls the outpour of other sensory experiences.

As so, the act of 'seeing' creates an influx of sensory awakening. Once you see the many lines of poetry and the verbalizations of dozens of poets imposed into one time, space, and setting, and forced into making dialog in the *Garden of Desolation*, there is no escaping the polyphony of their frail but clear voices, imprisoned within the artist's compositions as well as the metal frames, scaffolds, and platforms forced unto the garden grounds to make a busy web of territories.

Once closer, the web becomes much denser —cities sleep within each frame, and an urban area is tightly knitted into the terrain. The pandemonium of poets recalling the glorious days of a lost half-forgotten garden, suddenly becomes an orderly game of capping verses, planned by the artist into the micro-structure of her urban design, evoking the paradox of listening to distinct words within the looming suspended clatter of city life.

The *Garden of Desolation* is made out entirely of echoes that have found a suspicious serenity in a buffer, even if forced into a play, confined within frames, or existing in between layers and suspended in an unfamiliar space.

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