



place where, before, In A In

Kim Zumpfe  
in collaboration with Bacabaya

# place where, before, In A In

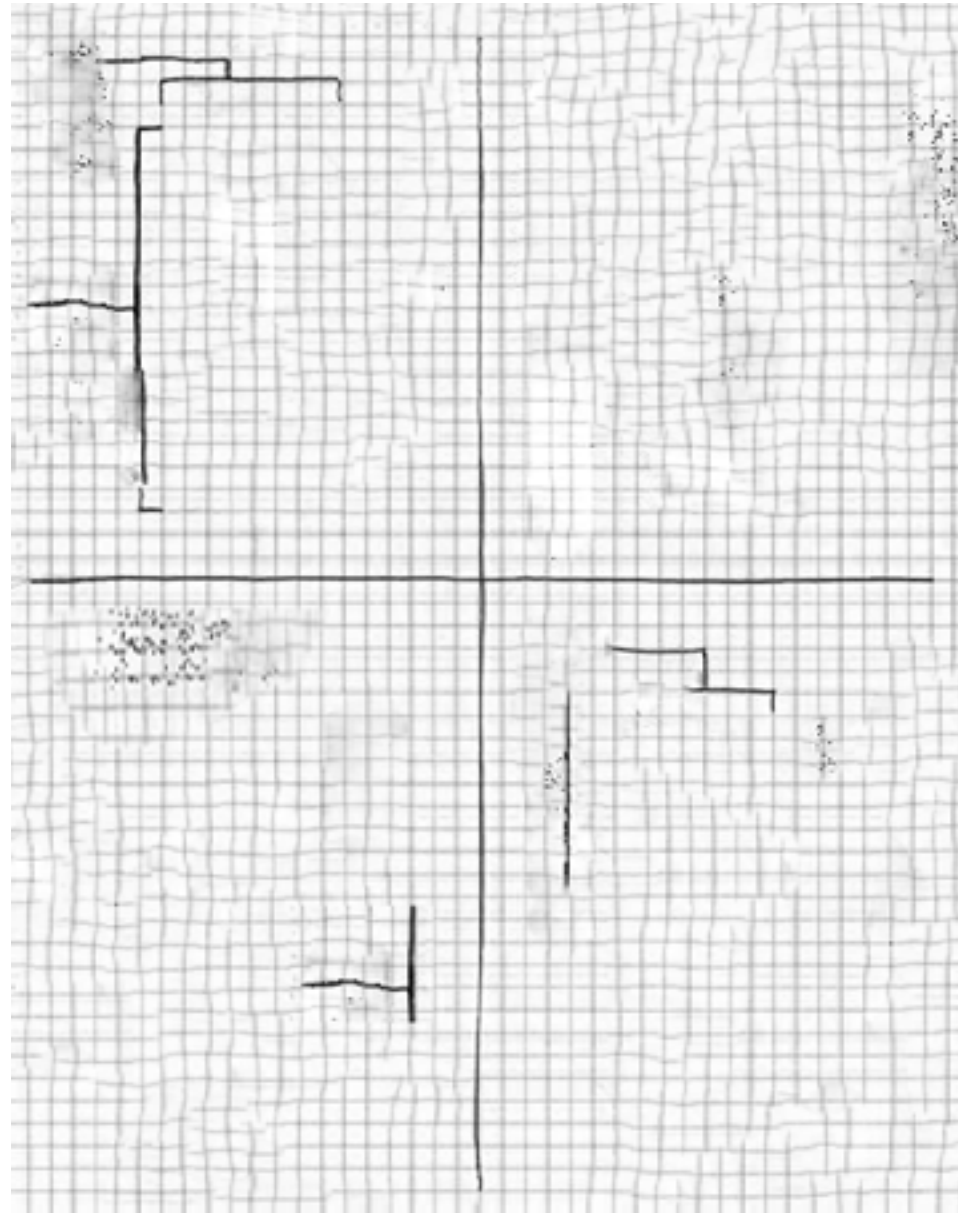
writings and graph/scores by Kim Zumpfe  
drawing/scores by Bacabaya  
essays by Benjamin Tippin

# of proportion and degree

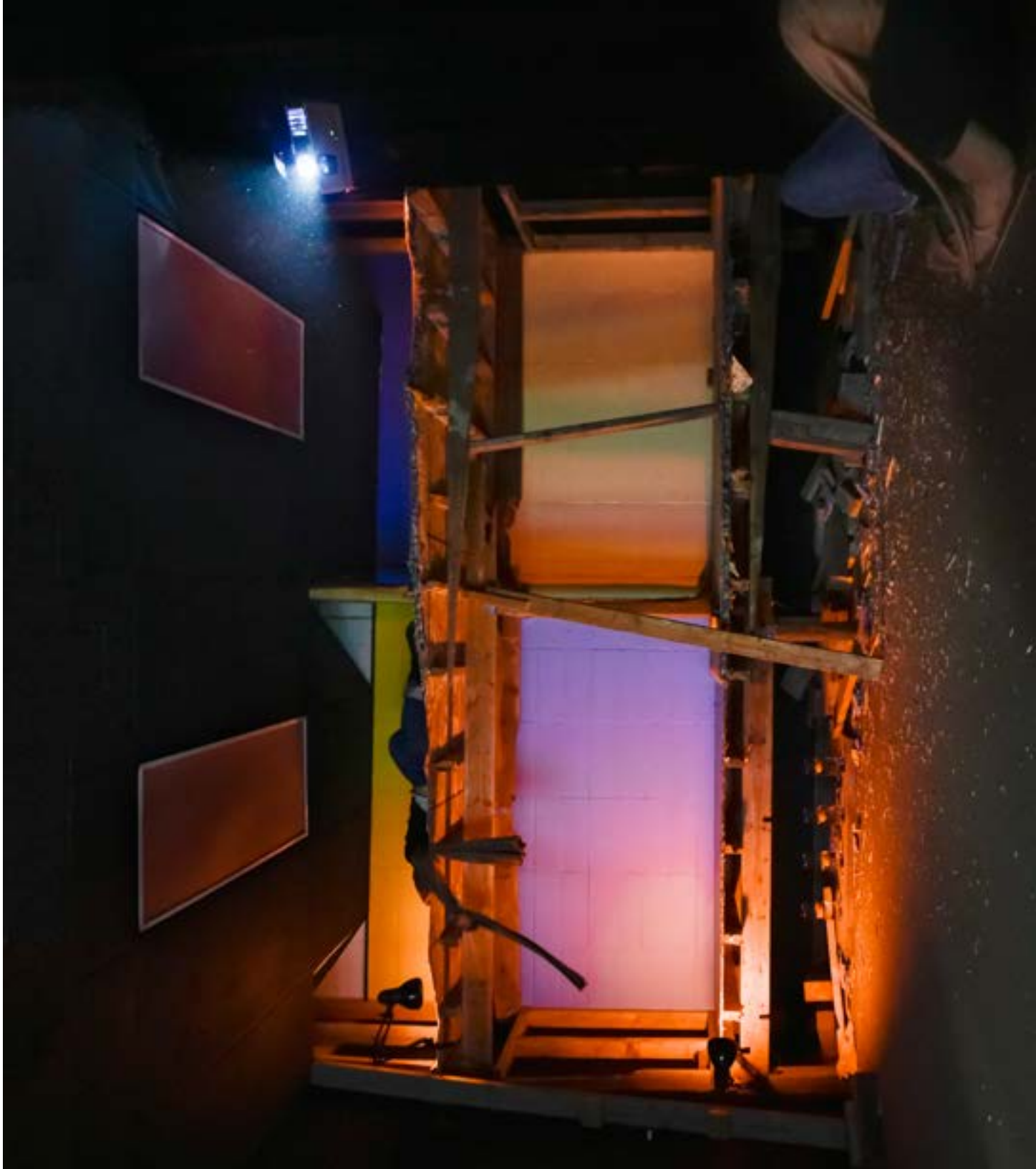
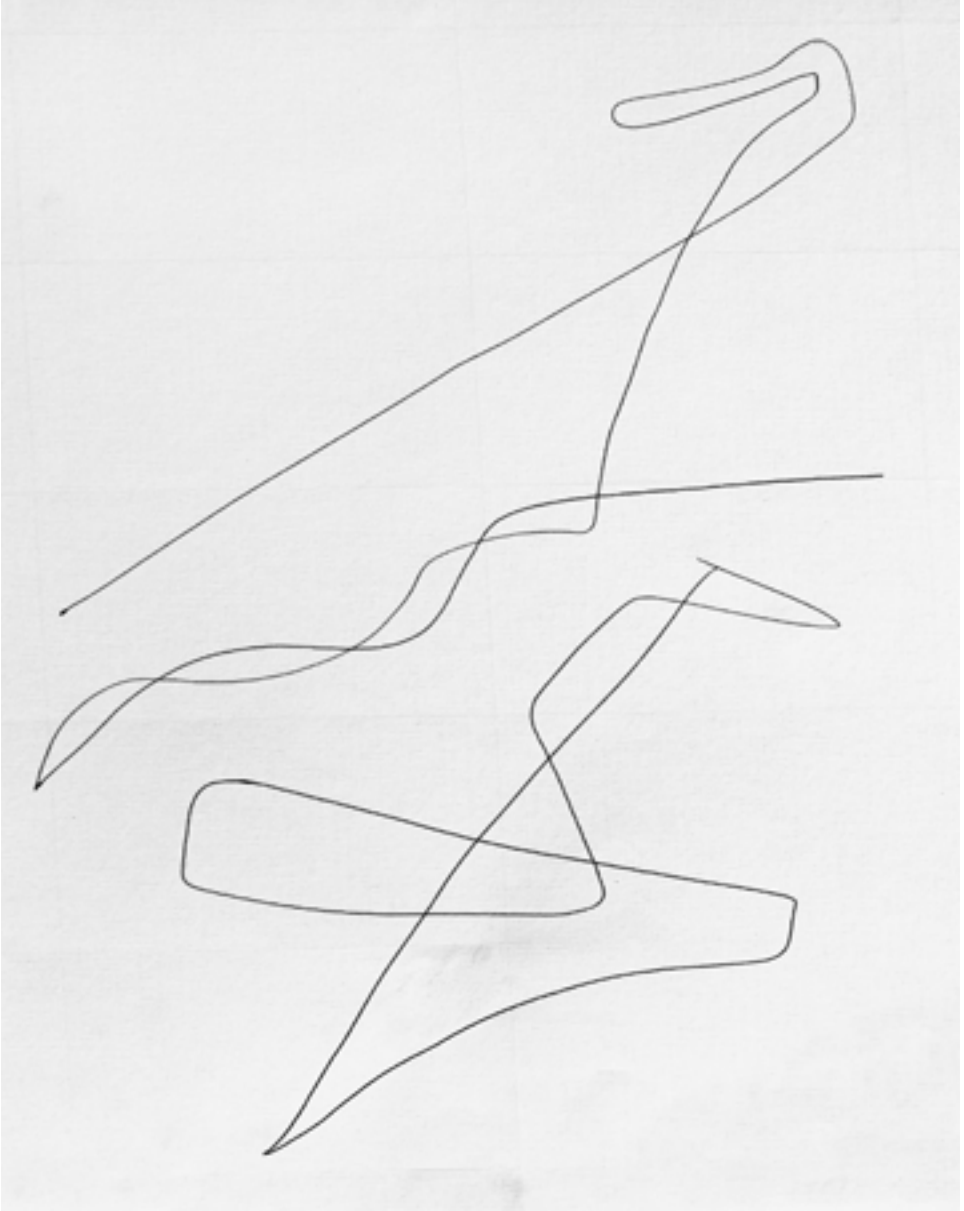
of no when,

- ... 30 wound up (catalogued)
- 35 let them get the better of me
- 37 do we dream in the same light?
- 40 auto-adjust
- 41 desire covers the opposite wall
- 42 anonymity of a window screen  
(labor not included)
- 44 distant narrow perspectives
- 45 wound up again (anatomy)
- 47 equally washed out
- 48 equally washed up
- 49 managed divisions
- 50 talking to bird friends
- 51 stealing notepads; job dissatisfaction
- 54 unraveling
- 54
- 55 that calm induced floating
- 57 people live here?
- 60 return to wound up (dissection)
- 59 i am the opposite of you
- 60 painstakingly slow
- 60 a cluster of shallow facades
- 60 don't assume this can hold you
- 60 outside these walls
- 11° bits of silence
- 17 begin

content

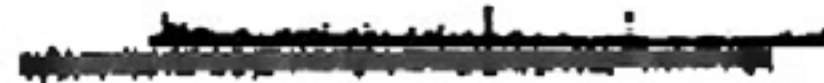
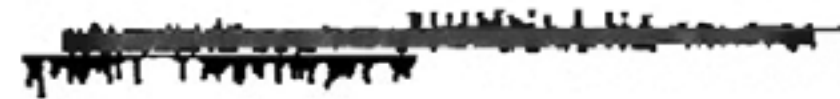
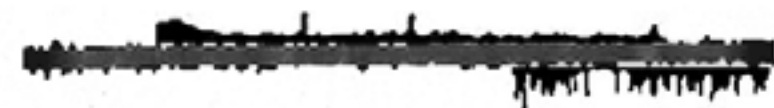














# Introduction

by Ben Tippin

The last year or so of working with Kim Zumpfe to realize her project *place where, before, In A In*, provided the opportunity to re-pose social questions that have in recent years become obscure. The core conversations surrounding *place where* developed around the question and crisis of appropriation. Ultimately, this dually posed question and crisis is found deeply embedded in the installation, performance and experience, though the audience must encounter them through abstract, ambiguous and ambivalent forms. In *place where*, Zumpfe's fascination with the ambiguous expression of social relations creates parallel open-ended journeys.

*Place where's* invocation of appropriation, or at least its relation to capital acquisition, occasioned for me a return to social discontents raised through Occupy and its related outgrowths nearly a decade ago. These outbursts, whose felt immediacy is but now a faded memory, seemed to partially recognize a deep crisis of daily life. The then vaguely articulated recognition, seeing the problem as the depredations of "bad" bankers, has since been expressed through the various crises in fixtures of the neoliberal global order: the European Union, post-Cold War global detente, Global free trade and the role of America as global policeman are all forms undergoing a deep and profound reorientation. All appear now in high relief as they grapple with an emerging characteristic of collapse.

Collapse.

What is meant by this? Kim Zumpfe's *place where, before, In A In*, mines collapse as a relation of domestic spaces and the potentials of still life. It poses aesthetic forms of collapse — economic collapse along with the collapse of social responsibility, collapse of living spaces and of the boundaries of distinction — to get at their relations to appropriation. This exhibition takes up these relations through the language of still-life and decaying architectural spaces and through the form of visual and material signifiers of property and boundaries. Fences, walls and buildings dig out deep divides that pervade our experience.

A case-study in collapse and the aesthetic forms it conjures.

The banking boom of the late 1980s produced a flurry of urban construction across the globe that turned the collapsing of Cold War antagonisms into a dream market for urban speculation. The race to capitalize on



the profligate surfeit of international development loans churned out a dozen or more “New Wall Streets” against the backdrop of the falling Berlin Wall. Most of them never materialized. Several, including the Centro Financiero Confinanzas complex in Caracas, Venezuela, just stopped. The centerpiece of this complex, now known as the Torre de David (Tower of David) was set to be one of the tallest in South America, but the tower’s construction ground to a halt following the implosion of Venezuelan banking in the early ‘90s.

After sitting empty for more than a decade, families began breaking into the complex and claiming their own living space. Over the next eight years, more than five thousand Caracans took up residence in the Torre, filling it with a small town’s worth of squatters — a twenty-eight-story vertical slum. Images from this now evicted community haunt the capitalized world, evidence of the frayed margins of society, flailing and meaningless property lines underscoring the interstitial nature of the place and its inhabitants. *Place where* is also haunted by these forms, though it welcomes and exploits them.

Zumpfe appropriates the visual history of still life to draw out spatial and social relations implicated in architectural relation. She takes up the notion of appropriation again in the form and composition of the central structure of the installation. Found wood and home building techniques partition visual space, as well as the space of performance, in accordance with traditions of home building. These apportionments simulate the traditional parceling of public land into private ownership. Satellite installations in the lobby build out this form of social relation through materials used to enclose and mark the boundaries of property.

The architectural, sculptural and video elements comprising *place where, before, In A In* are staged across three locations spanning the museum’s lobby and Dark Room gallery. Zumpfe’s installation transforms the Dark Room, a black-box video gallery, into a debris-strewn space occupied on one side by a low platform, and on the other, a two-story built structure that acts both as a stage and architectural exploration of marginal domesticity.

Video and sound are projected across the space. The projected video, a handheld recording of the moon taken from a doorway, through a screen door, glides back and forth between a representation of a domestic experience, space of performance, and a more sinister experience that is all too familiar to people from troubled neighborhoods. As the white disk of the moon dances across the far wall, it slips between projection and spotlight. Those in its field are highlighted or transfixed as it slides across the far wall and momentarily shines out through the entryway. Indistinct voices, at once clear and muffled, form the exhibition’s auditory background. These voices seem to engage a muffled and distorted conversation. The voices coming through are like those of an upstairs neighbor on a hot summer evening.

In the lobby, a stack of used and weathered pickets lies partially obscuring a video monitor. Across the walkway, another stack of boards support an orange lamp that illuminates a photograph of a wooden fence taken at night — the noise distorts the image, flattening it out and seems to turn it into a drawing. Fence posts were pulled down and are now presented disconnected from their ‘purpose’. These materials lie there stripped of their context and reference. Materials in *place where* lived their lives.

Other forms haunt the exhibition. Ambivalent forms. Oranges suspended in glass cylinders.

These simple forms appropriate the history of gender, evoke a distanced and objectified representation of bodies. Fruit are unavoidably tied in reference to queer bodies; these ones suspended and heavily gendered, but also denuded of sexual and social agency. They are mere presentations. “Ideal” forms presented with perfect detachment. They are Victorian relics inhabiting a world falling around it.

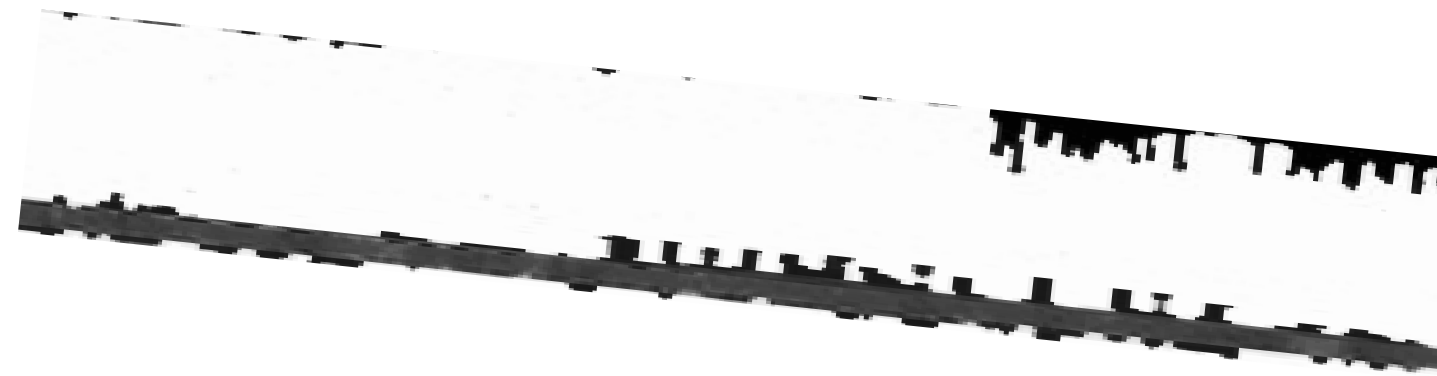
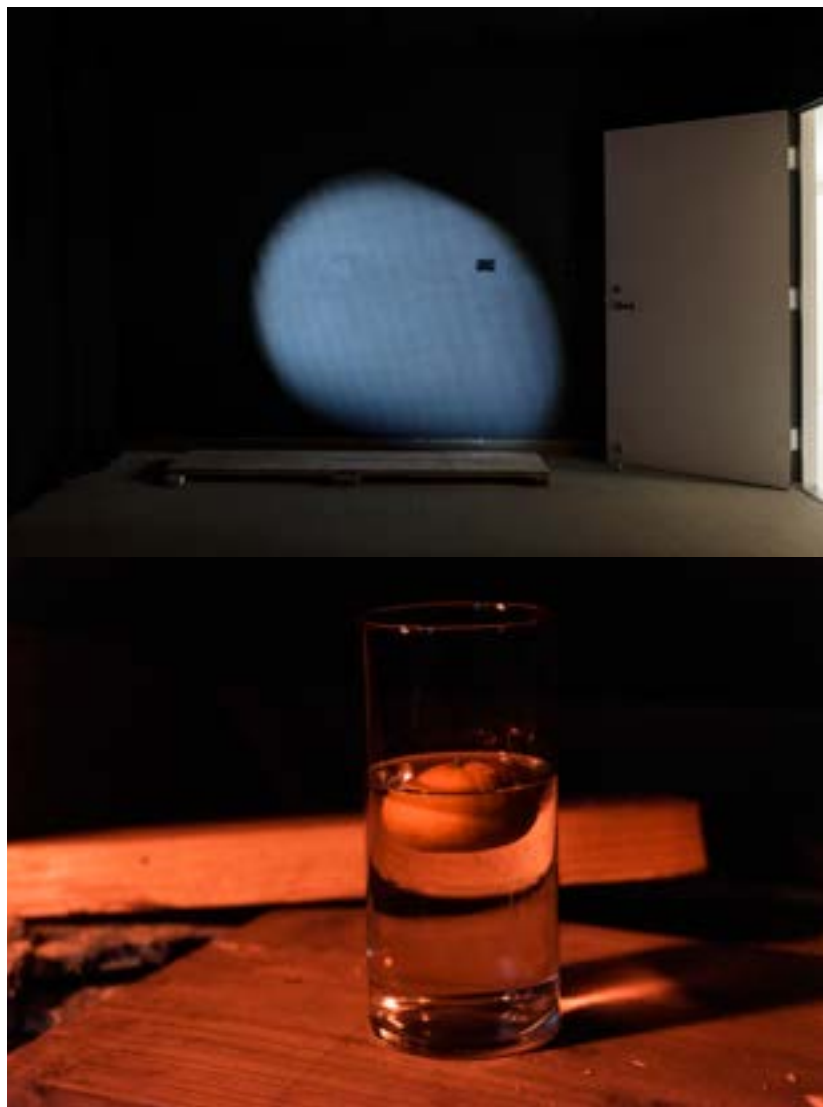
Simultaneously, the gestures also conjure linguistic histories of socially impermissible eroticism. Fruit. The concrete excoriation of taboo eroticism. These orange bodies perfect a replication of social exclusion, floating perfect in isolation. They are at once distanced and protected. But they are also captured.

Are these the inhabitants of this marginal space where the edges of social acceptability are allowed to crumble? Do these forms exist only at the interstices and remind the viewer of the way homelessness is a queer condition in a capitalist and bourgeois society?

*Place where, before, In A In* asks deep questions of social life. Not content to dwell on the palimpsest of a divided landscape bereft of its boundaries, or the boundaries bereft of their land, Zumpfe’s work digs deeper. Repeated throughout the exhibition, oranges, orange light, and an orange quavering line vibrating to the layered sound of construction all tie together the remnants of many-worlds to this one — to the possibility that this present is not the future the past dreamed. The visual relation of orange light — the sublime creeping in at the edges — to orange fruits references in one breath the history of painting and questions of gendered bodies. Linking these disparate gestures, orange ties the architecture of marginal living to a reminder of the sublime and of the finite boundary of life.

*Place where, before, In A In* brings these seemingly disparate elements together to construct a space of consideration. It draws together material and social relations, embedded with history and traces of function, to map the geography of the gallery and of our domesticity. It is a space of performance, but absent that, also a place of reflection — a mirror that at once grants its audience the necessary critical distance of contemplation while also forcing intimate confrontation with its products.





globe transposition. a fragile  
glow hovers. we give testimony  
to volume, witness reports. value  
databases record outsides and  
conductive front yards, security  
cameras and incidents. i often  
look up at the moon from inside  
my apartment. record its light  
with my ancient camera, imagine  
a walk on a plantless surface.  
leave footsteps behind for.  
standard generations of calm  
clusters and hot ash. that's when  
i see they look. for someone  
fallen a sphere. remains, floats  
in surrounding. air where light is  
never. direct it veers when rescue  
crews arrive to inspect. others  
we comment, on everything.  
exceptional and remote. in the  
way midair, for long seasons

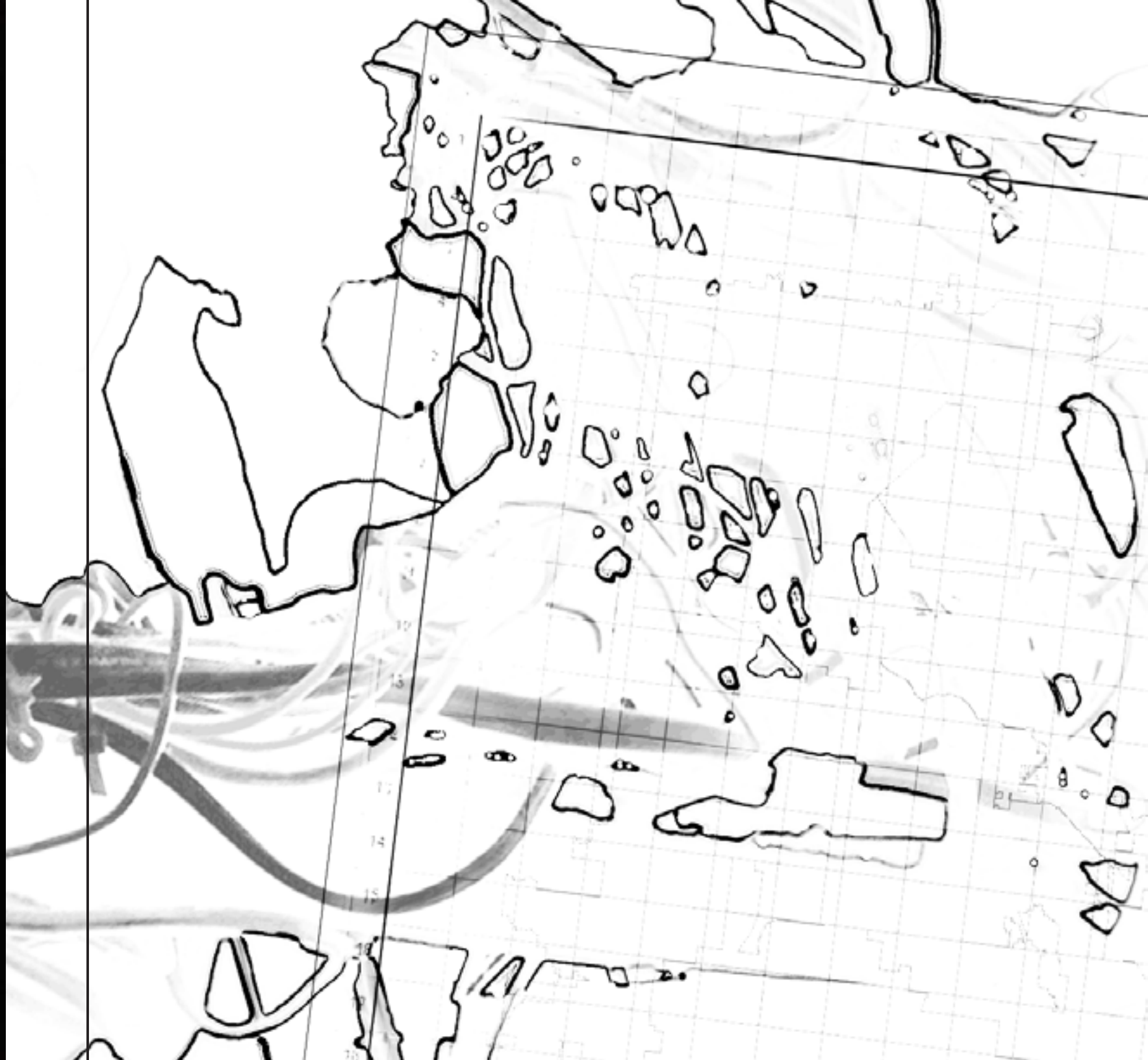
orientation along a long  
axis, several distances  
away, winter is stretched  
to persistent. loneliness  
arrives with an odor,  
after the collapse

a perfect day for day samples



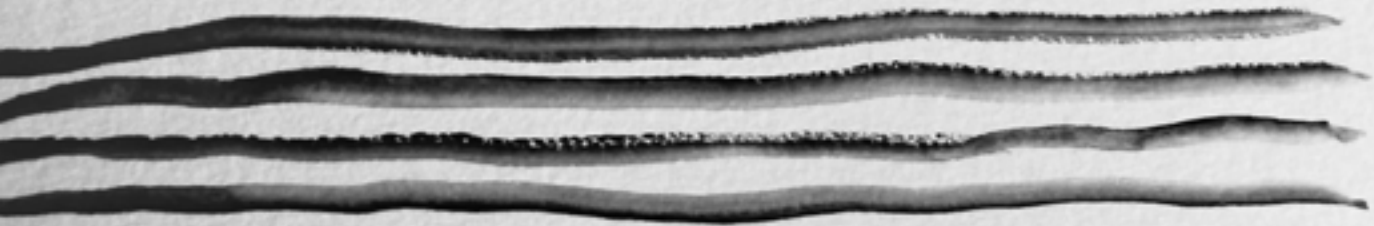
radiation WAS left  
ground. down city  
measured. still by  
temperature, humidity.  
expectorants, emissions.  
continuity, concentration.  
permeability before  
and after. or it isn't.  
soil settles still. sits  
in conversion factors.  
correlations, collected.  
infested with minor shock.  
on strips of artificial  
cement, between  
plastic center streets,  
at delicate road edges.  
with synthetics to keep  
solids stable. painted  
lines keep everybody  
from falling out. i never  
heard the results. tests  
border. our dangerous  
behavior is filed away as  
instrumental procedures

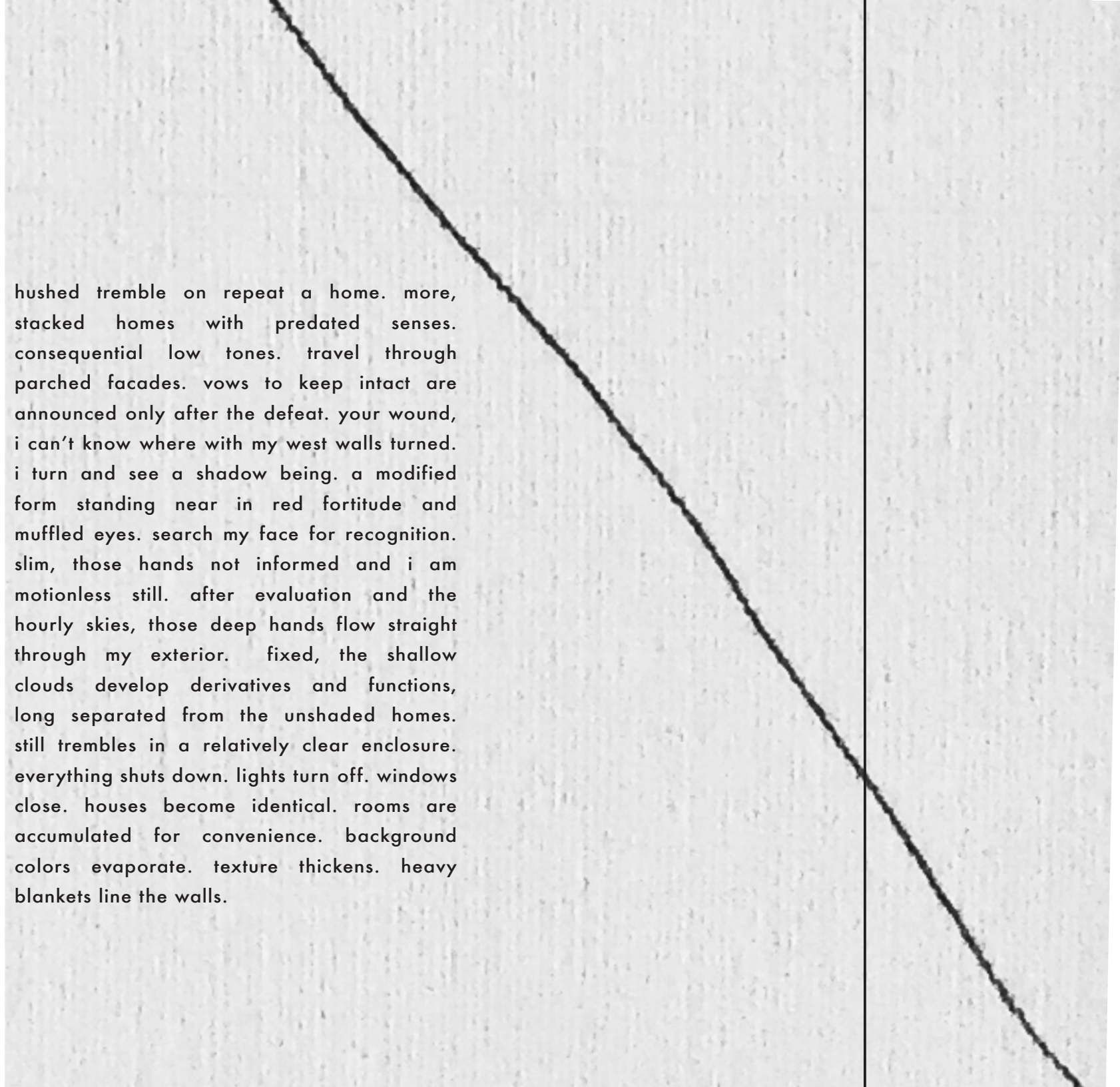






sampled. silence made the blue soiled again, with portable grass and under, wind prevention to protect neighboring regions. it turns sour around the course gravel pits. emptied soil, a homogenous density. mass, grain size, permeability, water content, weathered. with little or no deviation. no suitable approach. no measure. they were measured by depth and values. located on a deep flat surface. and the flow, over coastal. under investigation.



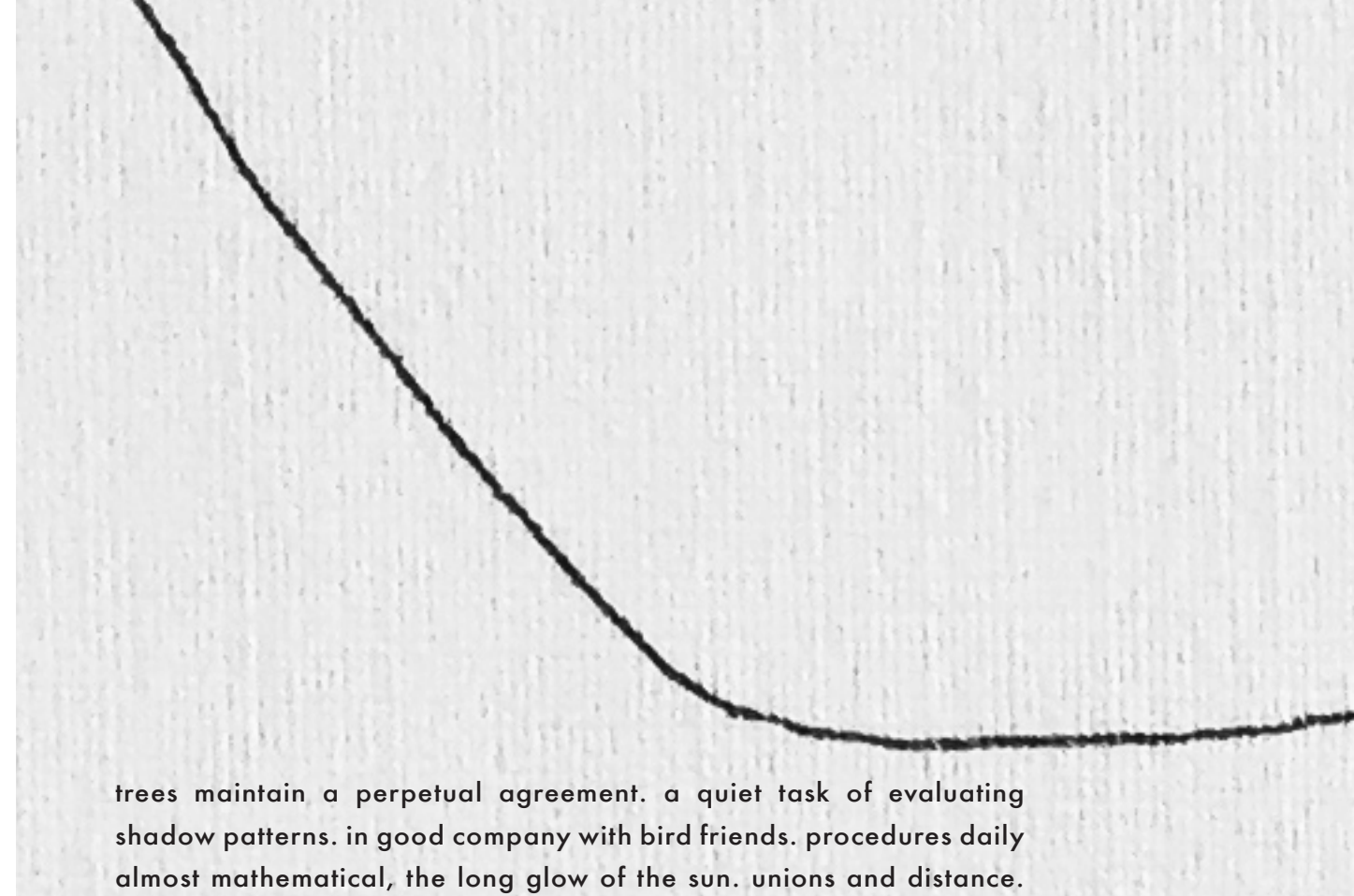
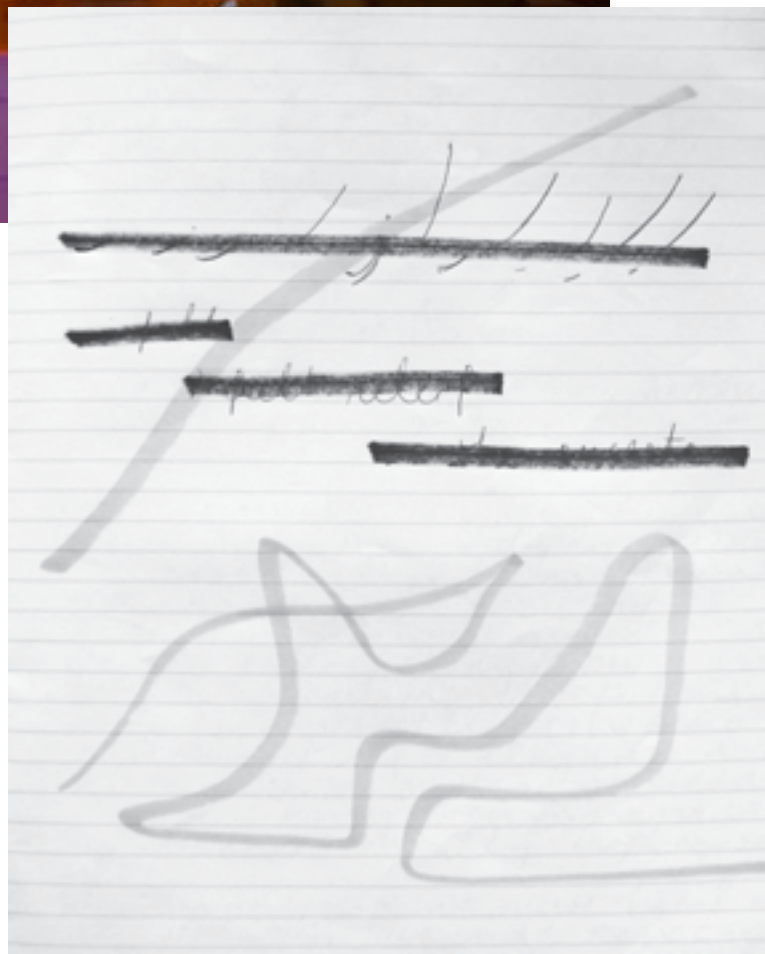


hushed tremble on repeat a home. more,  
stacked homes with predated senses.  
consequential low tones. travel through  
parched facades. vows to keep intact are  
announced only after the defeat. your wound,  
i can't know where with my west walls turned.  
i turn and see a shadow being. a modified  
form standing near in red fortitude and  
muffled eyes. search my face for recognition.  
slim, those hands not informed and i am  
motionless still. after evaluation and the  
hourly skies, those deep hands flow straight  
through my exterior. fixed, the shallow  
clouds develop derivatives and functions,  
long separated from the unshaded homes.  
still trembles in a relatively clear enclosure.  
everything shuts down. lights turn off. windows  
close. houses become identical. rooms are  
accumulated for convenience. background  
colors evaporate. texture thickens. heavy  
blankets line the walls.

a single pillow

remains in the center of a room





trees maintain a perpetual agreement. a quiet task of evaluating shadow patterns. in good company with bird friends. procedures daily almost mathematical, the long glow of the sun. unions and distance. separated time frames. between ratios. never mind the unfavorable conditions fixed to the ground, in isolated turns. shrubs and other crawling plants hold different methods. these for the insects, a cataclysmic job where success is mild. and conditions are muddy. for birds, and insects have different variables for under and over. the trees know too, but decide differently about down. these optimal uses, measurable, a reduction in dispersal of particles on the outlines. tree calculations, bird secrets a relief from the still and opaque exteriors. samples are taken from them too, and the insects. not so still and stable as. a grid of fine lines with thousands of intersections. breached, they still model the shadow patterns. classify shade. with accurate distance. leafless factors. delicate conversions. rogue plants contain. boundless territories of the conquered.

# tree shadow responsibilities

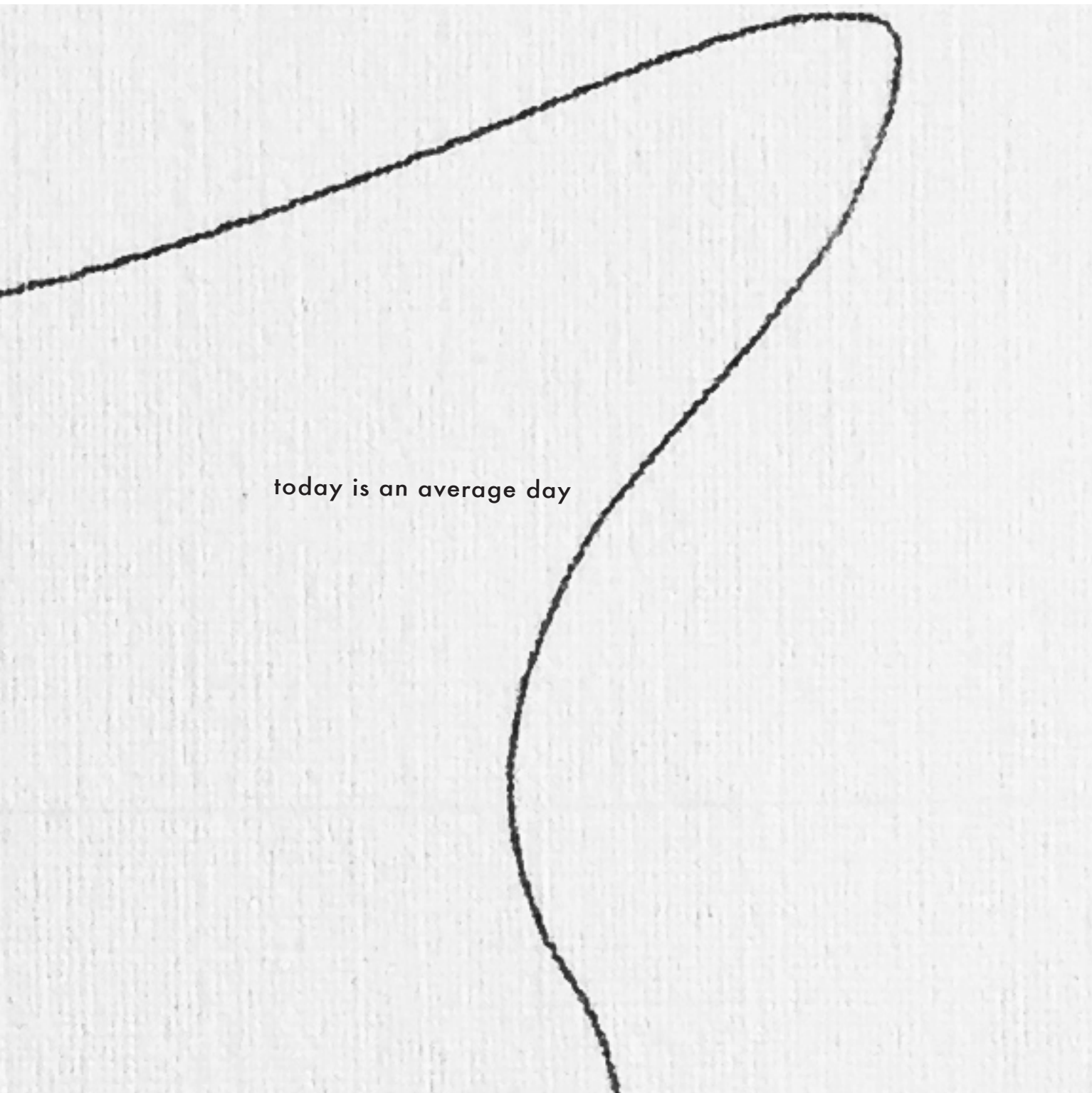
Sampled information follows:

diffuse material on surfaces  
opaque resistance  
daytime variations  
unpredicted inversions  
vacuous responsiveness  
distortions  
apparent magnitudes  
proportional projections  
theatrical light speed  
multicolored scatterings  
blue atmosphere molecules  
overlooked three-dimensional shadow volumes  
distortion from theoretical fogs  
gradual blurs  
dynamic pattern formations  
unattended areas  
neutral tints  
horizon effects  
dark masses  
escapee shadows  
human hallucinations  
washed-out photographs

content







today is an average day

# bird mathematics

a concern about force

the weight.heavy down  
gravity,down

slow forward  
for up,balance

force.opposite  
distance front.to back

to bottom

over,pass over  
faster than under.bottom

longer.distance top a tier

air on  
difference,about

air is lower pressure  
down.need

need down time

force equal,exceeds  
slow under.pressure

weight.flow  
pulls,take

turns.opposite a difference  
flow,flow fast over

enables under  
around must be

top.a critical angle  
straight

same

concern

faster than under and over.a few factors  
respect for angles.verticals mark

cruising  
large

need.double

distances for under and over

spans

diagonals are references,as much as under  
before

over.angles

of attack and less

straight.forward  
for around is bigger than time

proportional to airflow and less than airspeed.when

mass is twice as fast

as

under,the sea drains into the center and salt lifts into air

it all depends

on the under

flow

lift is easy with long

thin tubes

against floors.next to walls.decrease  
lifts.floored

under becomes above

above with angle

of attack.wind

direction,around

front.end up

is a must

amount.higher

stop smooth

flow a loss of under to over.angles

only up until critical

turbulence.a flow

up moved under.air

stops a smooth

flow.if the up is under

maximum.and the top

peels,wake is turbulent.support

must be force,with

weight

surface of air.a calculated risk

flight with

average

value,arranged by density

sea level

divisions.weight support

divided,surface areas

load

faster up and up

these common knowledges

between weight

load.on

or very close to standard

form,ordinary

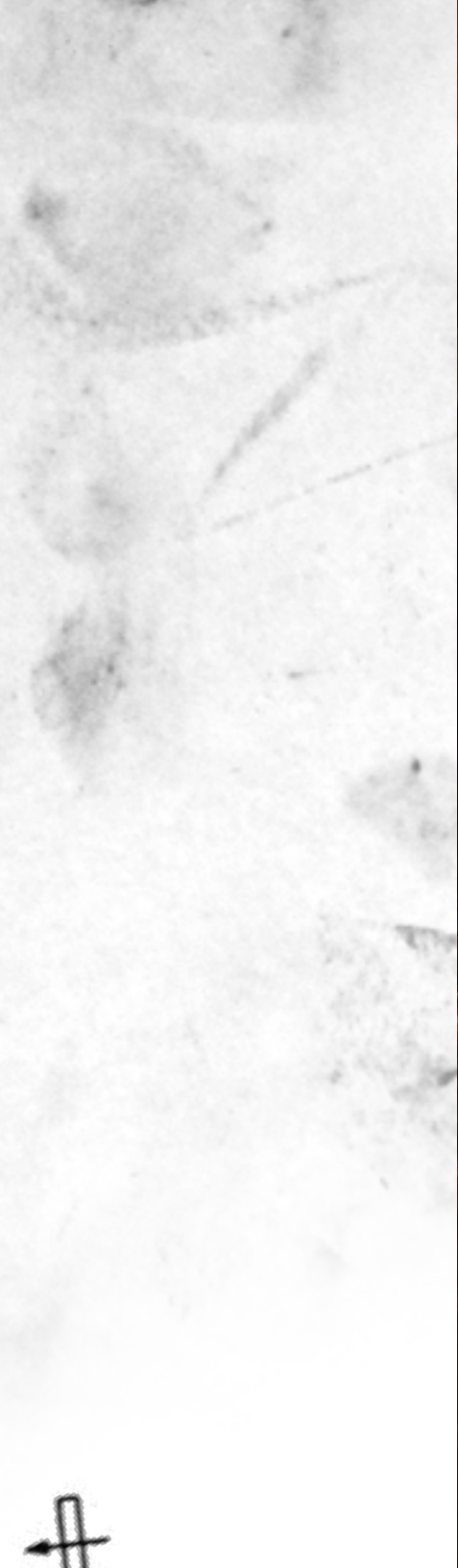
levels,off the off-line





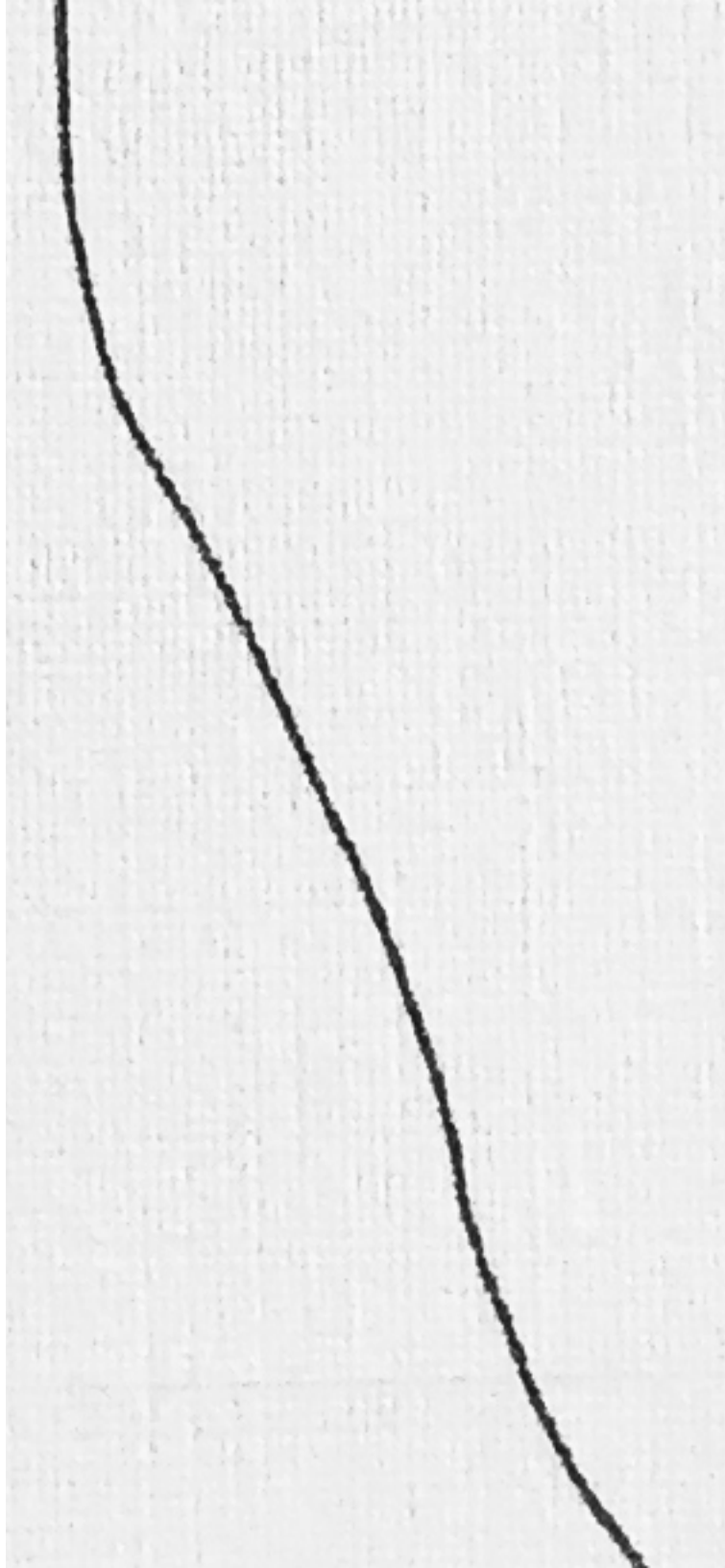
just bird talk, in such low tones  
i can barely hear but i believe  
the trees when they tell me about  
dry wood and flying things







desperate moments see most clearly





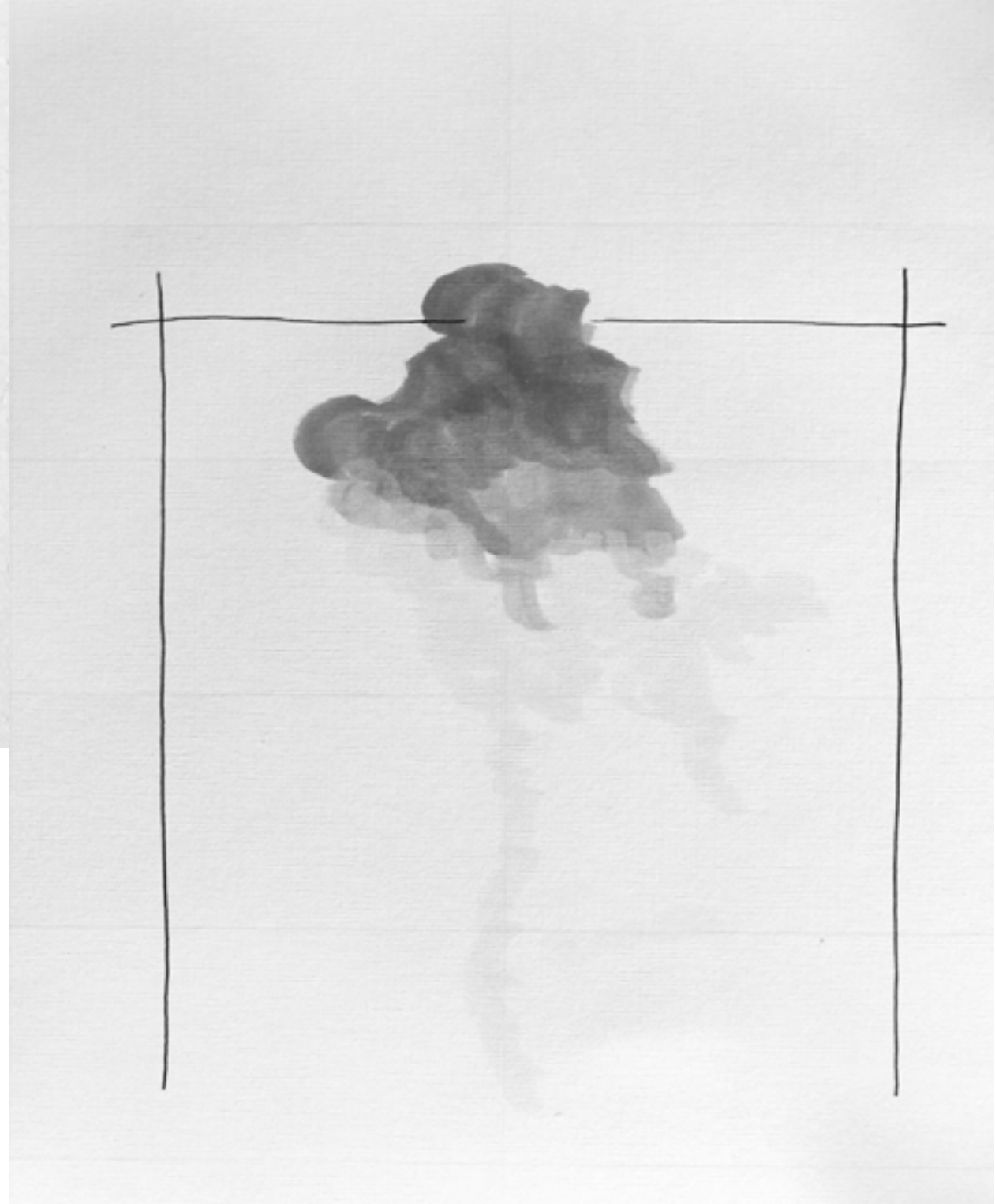
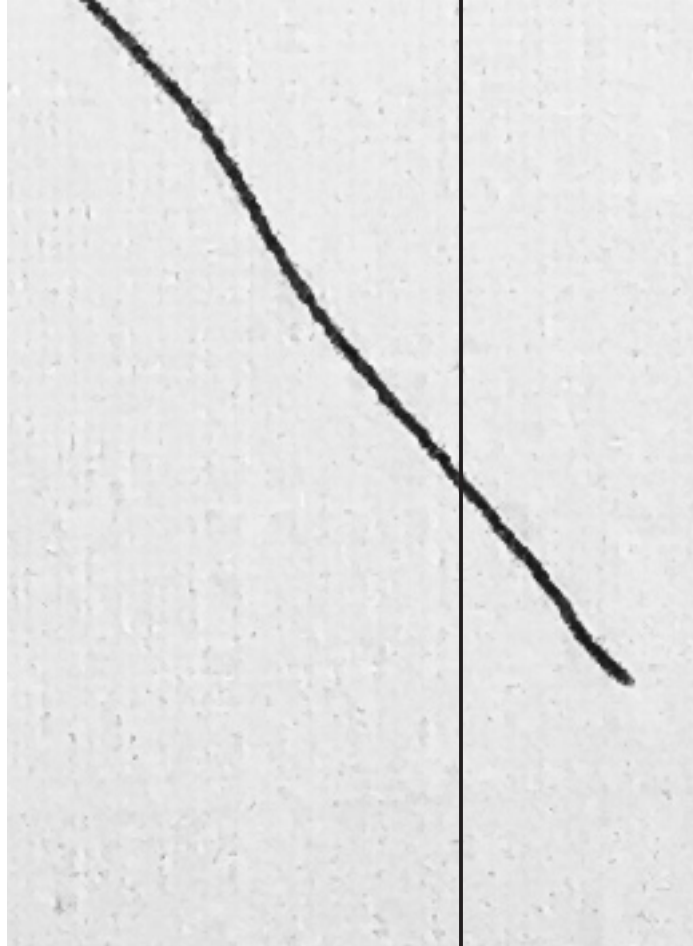
# solar and landform masses

Sampled information follows:

angle at the top hour  
irradiance reduction  
diffuse desires  
radial scanned input signals  
aeroelastic rays; the incidental angles  
direct beam ground strikes  
horizontal surfaces of the half-eaten  
routines for heat perfection  
habits of vertical surfaces in the open  
quiet fortitudes  
drooping tilt of slopes  
solar enfeeblement plus or minus  
duties of instantaneous glare  
outer trees in latitude  
grassy subscripts for insect flight patterns  
parameters outside of the invented shadows  
emotional cloud conditions  
interpretations of predictive visions  
reflection of fluid volumes in imaginary walls  
calculations after the sorrow  
numerical branches without leaves  
particles trapped on stressed electrodes  
molecular photons - where did they go?

curve of an opening horizon (one reliable sample, on repeat)

content



(theorems as unreliable emotions)

stacked

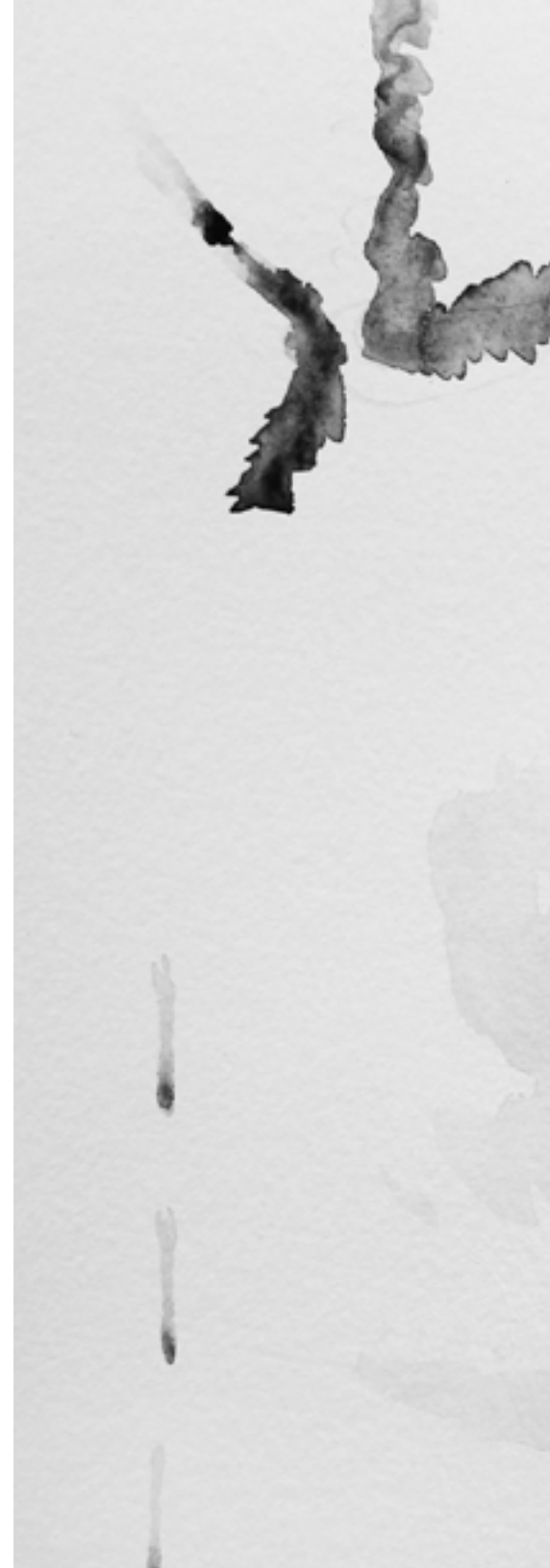
it's the weight, as well as capacity.  
harvested and collected. terms this  
load that volume this cord that  
bearing this container that throw  
this habit that size this shape that  
individual this parcel that force  
this essence. how stacked and  
influence splits density. practical  
is length. width is negotiable. air  
flow undeniable. difficulty ignites.  
air draws. drafts from exhausted  
devices: fans, kitchen ranges,  
furnaces, hair dryers, water heaters,  
cylinders, catalytic converters,  
mufflers, clothes dryers, stoves,  
chimneys, blowers, microwaves.  
listed labeled and depleted. these  
wind processions decompose.  
power is easily shut off. down, the  
blast furnace cycle starts again



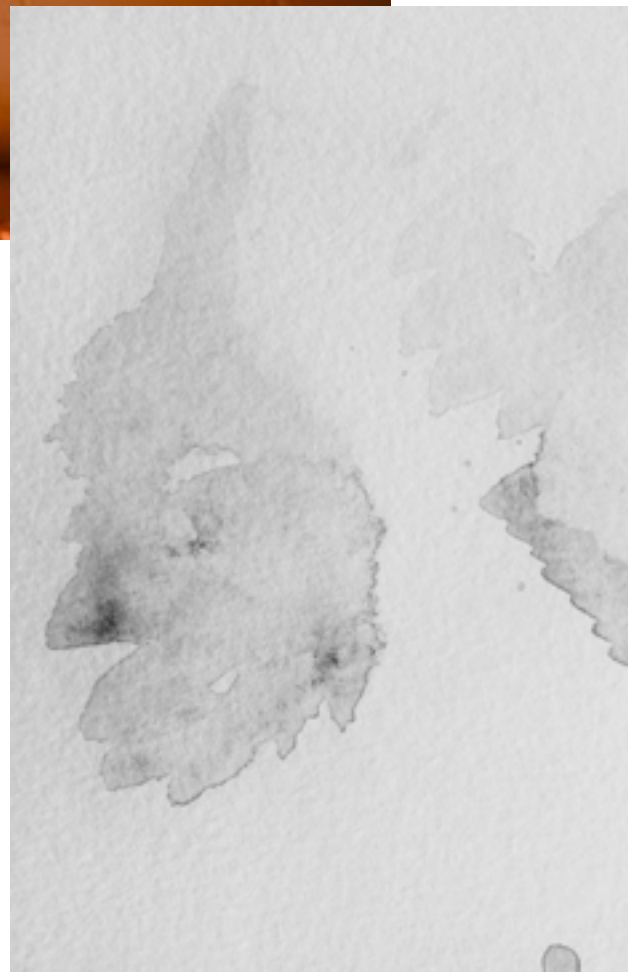
measurements. freshly cut  
holds, half weight in water.  
one foot splits into 3 halves.  
4 feet fits in 3-inch circles.  
22% moisture contains less  
water. 2 feet is a caterpillar.  
ratios are efficient, at  
best. full mass predicts an  
exceptionally cold winter.  
left is a direction exposed in  
similar sizes. large amounts  
require a tender stroke. light-  
years are quantity out of  
context. familiar objects are  
given colloquial amounts.  
the earth's circumference  
can only be compared to  
precision. distance exists in a  
vacuum. time is an allowance.  
from pole to pole

magnetic animals. make a  
home. there, elevated off  
ground. owls insects and  
rodents up. under relieves  
concern. all species have  
similar energy content per  
unit of weight. tree mortality  
is unspectacular. clouds  
can break. air is fictional.  
them, they fly and crawl into  
consequence

delivered and stacked again.  
final destinations require  
moving from one place to  
another. 6 but only 3. 27  
but only 19. 32 but really  
37. set amounts make effort,  
escape optimal points.  
certified, specific areas  
might integrate. preparation  
plots. rotate a field process.  
tools and methods disperse  
in successions. byproducts  
reduce speed and intensity.  
patterns determine the  
size. of lack, or damage.  
the air stained my clothes  
last night. as I stood at the  
corner waiting for you again.  
watching stacks grow







we've all heard it, thud. that terrible fluttering sound, after the down sun sets. in softness, of a full spectrum. of spatial details tangled. chimes and socks and decals never become ever, when flight is toward open space. a flat coffee cup. crash, and a flash of memory, swollen. when the shock wears off the pain sets in. conversions, accidental self - demonstration. rules without limit. deception of reflections and refractions. i've lost control over, one of my eyes. these remote days, walled. off it sleeps and looks, a compass. a companion. one eye open. predators on trial. this time we all hope for the devotion of chemical mechanisms, and correct calculations. we hope to sleep together under a single feathered cloud, with a sheer drop, measured. these optical hypotheses only come in droplets.



# small apartment

by Ben Tippin

This is the first part of a story.

A small apartment building, maybe seven stories, in a not particularly well-heeled neighborhood of Hong Kong. The year could be 1993, though this sort of thing is often hard to pin down.

A young girl disappears from Hong Kong streets.

She's taken as she walked home from school.

What happens to this young girl is unknown, cruelly unimportant. Her story ends here—brutal and unsatisfying.

Her, shall we say, mere importance here is constituted solely by disappearance and not by the events surrounding it and her. The void of her absence sends ripples throughout the city.

This disappearance traps a different little girl in with a tiny world, safe and small.

This girl's world is constructed of anxiety—of urban life; of near-poverty; the anxiety of a former colonial possession, grown great and global, verging on its re-integration to an alien and hostile homeland.

These anxieties flow from her family and their fear solidifying, buttressing the boundaries of a world that contains at its center an apartment building.

This little girl leans over the railing of a rundown fifth-floor Hong Kong apartment. Hands tightly grip a balustrade, partially out of fear

of falling, partially out of the anxiety of the open world before her.

Her entire allowed world lays in front of her eyes—the floor of her family's apartment where she, her two sisters and parent, mother and father live; the primary school where she spends her days, a few hours of them, with the only people she sees outside her family. The street—well, the few hundred yards of it allowed into her universe—sits there... an interstice she doesn't quite have the language to understand. It links the two institutions of her world, her family and her school, the outer bounds of her life, her universe.

Somewhere off in the distance across the water, somewhere off in the distance, the last few inhabitants of a quasi-mythical fortress-turned-slum are forceably removed.

Our little girl has never seen this place. She has heard people talk about it. But like most things outside her world, she has never even cared to think much about it.

In twenty years, she designs the interiors of luxury hotels to replace it.

This slum—an interpenetrated concatenation of dwellings, businesses, factories and shops layered, stacked and slammed so close together that the “avenues” and “streets” between them closely resemble passageways and tunnels rarely wider than one's outstretched fingers; a warren of churning renewal that in the last hundred emerged as a uniquely mystifying place dense with the cast-offs of industrial society and living at the margins of colonial treaties—this slum,



**Kowloon Walled City, is a non-place, an interstice of colonial tensions and legal ambiguities, untouchable by the British and ungovernable by the Chinese.**

**She will never see it. Her cosmos doesn't contain factories or opium, unlicensed dentists or strange restaurants peddling taboo dishes. A world bright and sunny and empty.**

**Just nine years earlier, the Sino-British Joint Agreement formalized Hong Kong's colonial deaccession, and its government began, in the search for its identity, the full-scale erasure of proofs of the colonial period. They sought to obliterate remnants of Britishness, things that for many in Hong Kong lent the city its unique identity. The city sought to make authentic a "borrowed place" through erasing its memories. The Walled City, a symbol both of impotence and resilience, was swept into this great cleansing. It had never been a part of the Hong Kong, despite cradling the city's human debris.**

**Forty thousand souls churn through this lawless hive. Rooms grow skyward up fourteen stories, never planned or engineered, except by expedience.**

**Forty thousand. In a labyrinthine snarl scarcely a few hundred feet on a side.**

**Forty thousand living, working, their whole lives fulfilled in the Walled City. Tenants move in and out. Broken walls and fixtures repaired and replenished. A new family inhabiting the traces of the old. Layers of**

**paint and paper.**

**One girl. Across the bay. A small apartment the highest peak of her small world.**

**A world apart, sometimes filled with other children who she likes but who only inhabit the world during the day. This world defined by the short walk down and across the street in front of her building and the walk in reverse after school lets out.**

**She doesn't really know much about Hong Kong. The painted walls of her home, the windows looking out, and the railing inscribe much of her physical reality. They are what makes up her Hong Kong.**

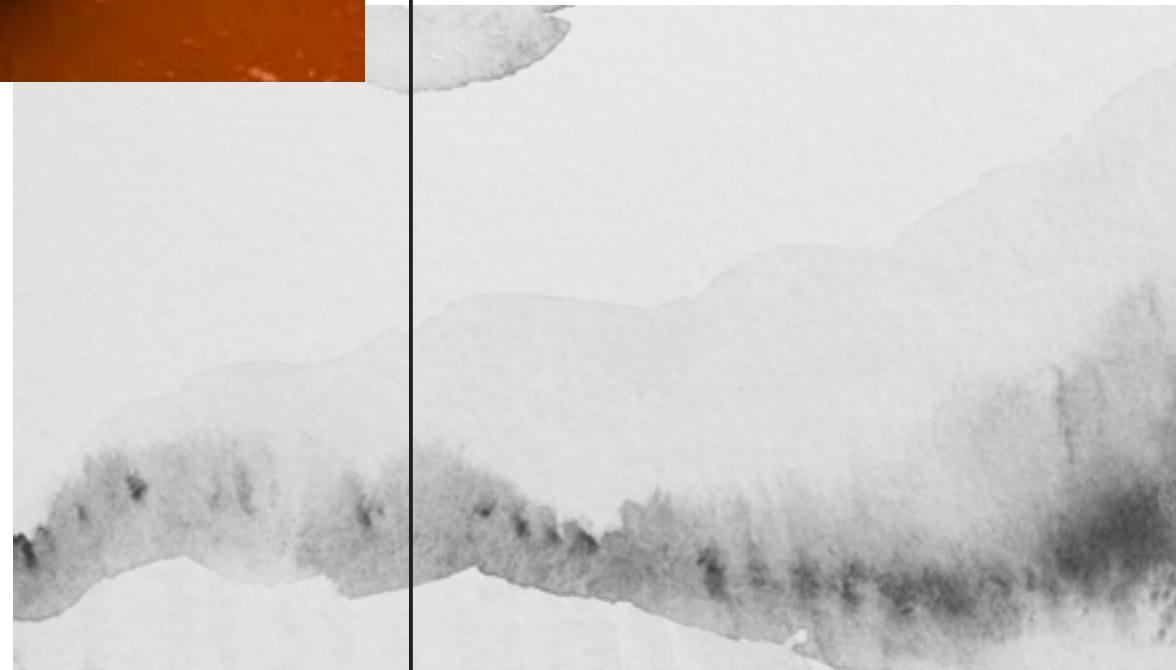
**"Ku-mi-te, ku-mi-te, ku-mi-te," the engines of bulldozers and wrecking balls chug and tear at the walls and bones of the Walled City. Where Bloodsport preserves the City and glimpses of its hidden, dark, lived-in world marked and scored by the countless lives born out in its confines. The rhythmic chant of bulldozers and construction crews comes as they break its bones and revelling in its defeat; its rubble laying prone in submission before them.**

**The girl will never see Bloodsport. She will be an overworked, underpaid designer awash in the tides of a post-colonial Hong Kong. Where Hong Kong dismantled the Walled City for its uniqueness, China will dismantle Hong Kong for its otherness and 'regenerate' its connections. It will disintegrate, through bulldozers, zoning and juridical manipulation what it finds intolerable.**





finely constructed instruments catalogue  
material, vibrations. voice with no  
units. not waves, no. just inadequate  
answers. formulaic responses. an urge  
to listen is unruly. maybe clogged. and  
there is the renewal. begin. disappate.  
always begin beyond a sun stroked  
stiff. crude and perverse. sound can  
recover, if. close enough, alone. time  
except for that intrude. an ambush,  
particles all around. notational systems.  
patterns like wallpaper. from lines, to  
destination. latitude requires points, to  
help carry the burden. fabricate is still  
a function. units amplified by sidelight.  
the trees have been replaced by  
fabrications and fictional machines.





there is almost no sound



## One for Two for One

VOICE: LISTEN. REPEAT AND RESPOND  
TO SOUND. LISTEN TO ARCHITECTURE. REPEAT  
REPEATED SOUNDS. BECOME ARCHITECTURE.  
BECOME SOUND. AGAIN ALWAYS IN  
NO PARTICULAR ORDER.

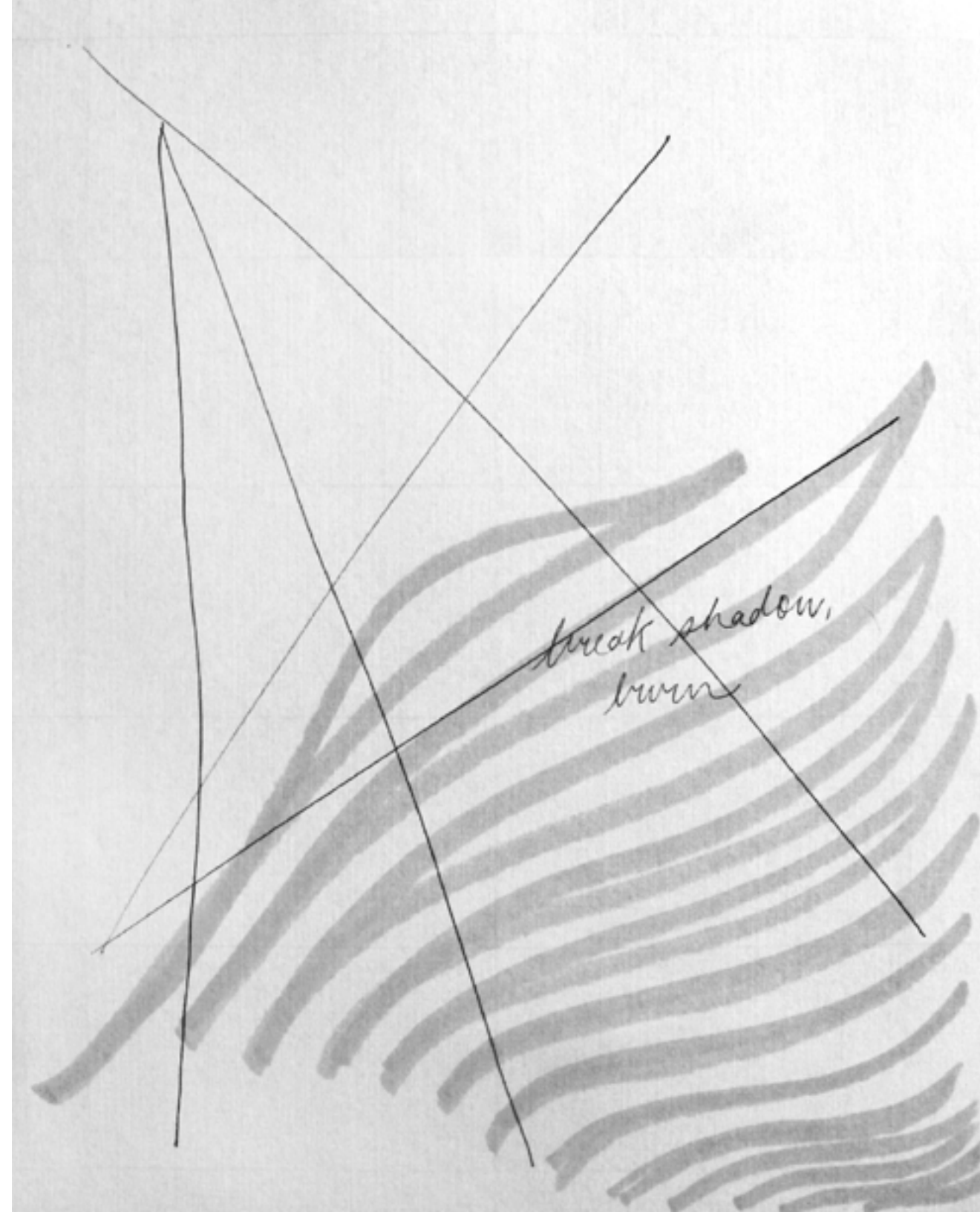
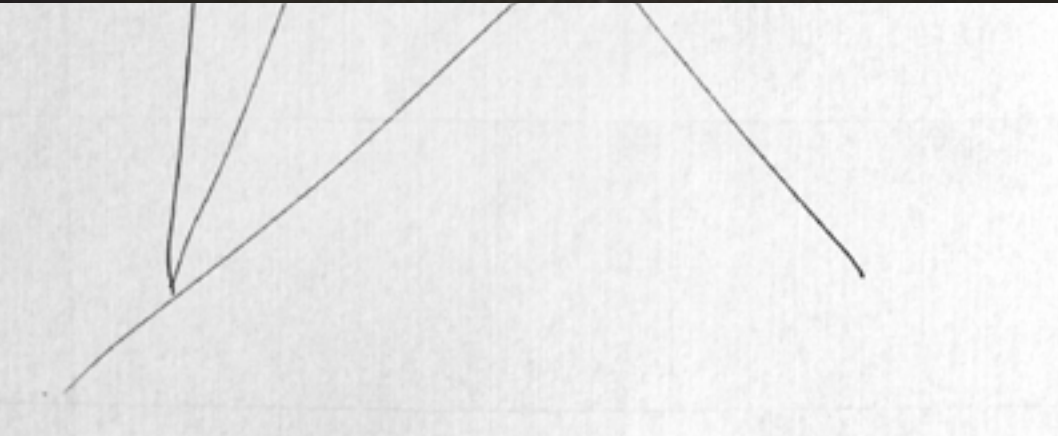






nobody noticed that i stopped  
walking side-by-side. i see the  
shape of your back an outline  
now. hidden behind the glow.





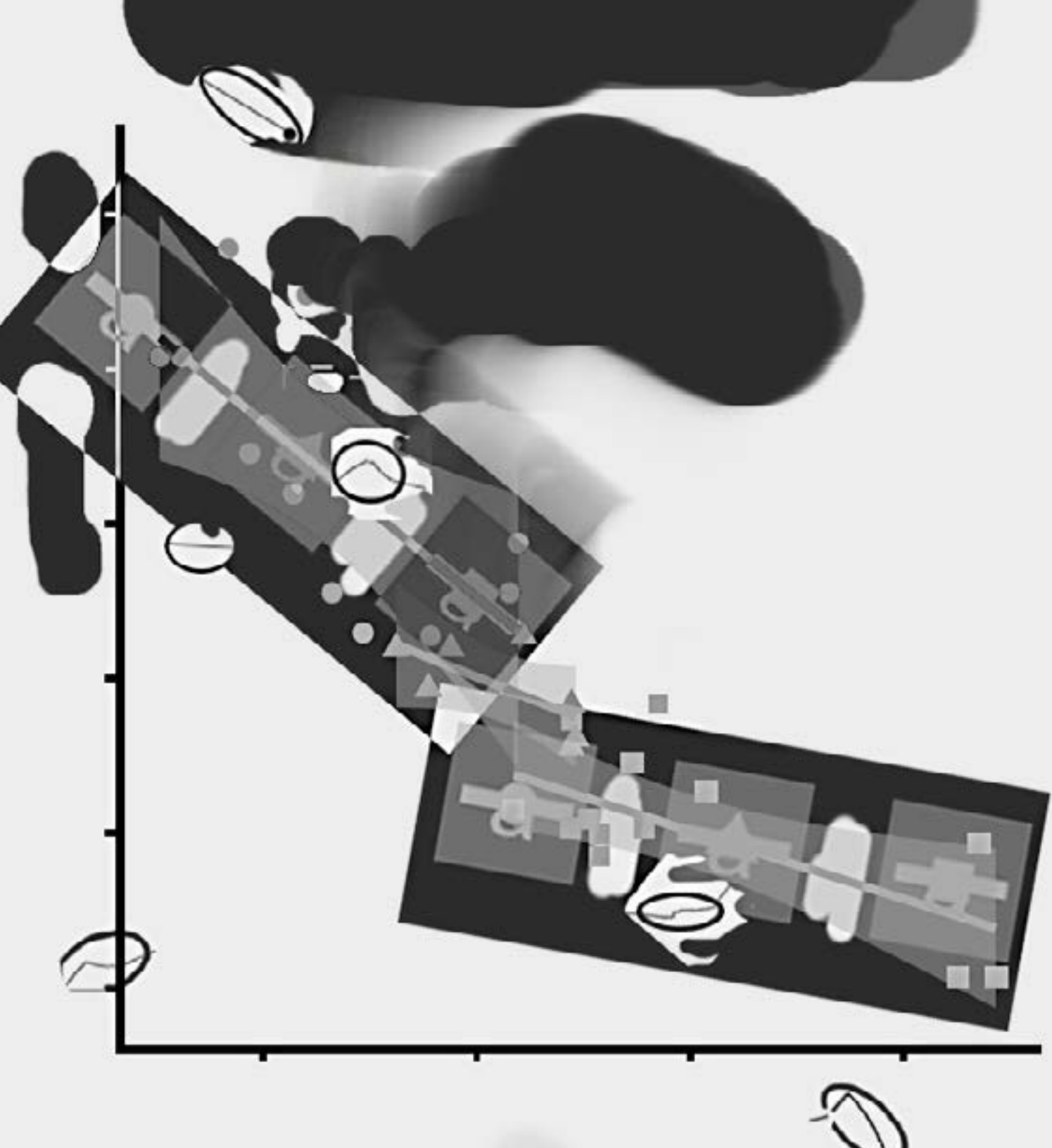




there is almost no left, over. cast, as if i  
said it was a complete portrait i would  
always be. do you ever, ever in and allow  
the shutters to cross over. cross over to  
other. windows delicately placed above  
city streets and empty sidewalks. shadows  
precarious. glass touches a soft sheet and  
weakens. sound washed. cleaned, there  
are no chosen. away i choose yesterday  
and today there can only be a natural  
feeling left, over. in the sweet. never or  
a place with round delicacy. a ground  
pathway of reckless green globes. calm is  
nothing if in active. calm is calamity. after,  
taste for ever, find. a message, came too  
late. or too little. or lost along the horizon  
sometimes a blight. a reminder of active.  
of end. these wars, there is no pattern in  
past primed. questions of wheels and laws  
peaked with no beginnings or ends. just  
preparations and rehearsals and recovery.  
primal numbers recorded and catalogued.







ls of  
d in  
ences

orms

tion,

ver

to an

This

still

an be

ugh

s of

Deleted: the

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:23 AM ✓✕

Formatted

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:08 AM ✓✕

Deleted: s

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 3:53 PM ✕

Comment [1]: Is there a more

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 3:55 PM ✓✕

Deleted: -

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 7:00 AM ✓✕

Deleted: for the taking and consuming—

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 3:56 PM ✓✕

Deleted: -

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 7:02 AM ✓✕

Deleted: in limited ways ...hrough

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:23 AM ✓✕

Formatted

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:55 AM ✓✕

Deleted: capitalism

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 3:56 PM ✕

Comment [2]: Intentional? I don't

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:10 AM ✓✕

Deleted: do

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:07 AM ✓✕

Deleted: a ...he moon viewed

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 4:02 PM ✓✕

Deleted: the

Kimberly Z..., 12/28/2018 6:29 AM ✓✕

Deleted: n interior ...omestic space.

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 4:02 PM ✕

Comment [3]: Is there a clearer an

Tippin, Ben 12/27/2018 4:07 PM ✕

Comment [4]: What has "a sense c

formance.JH

m

Performance

video.psd

174

Gravity

gif

Gravity

gif

...vKs.gif

pfe\_shipwr

love 2.JPG

pfe\_sh

love.

e\_shipwre

ve 3.JPG

*place where, before, In A In* is an installation, performance, and publication rooted in potentials of the still life: fruit, products and waste, leftovers, queer shapes and sounds situated in relationship to the ownership of materials and land. Visual boundaries, such as fences and buildings, create divides in experience that often impact people's sense of belonging, commonality, place, and behavior within shared geographies. These forms of still life that overlap between the American exotic and mundane, provide an alternate experience with materials that are understood in limited ways through use and consumption.

Do we dream in the same light?

A video of the moon viewed behind a window screen captures the anonymity of a viewer and traces of a domestic space. The sense of a missing individual behind the camera points to an interior life determined by constraints from the architectures of a home. A still life. This is a distancing of the personal — not drained of meaning but infused with a relative isolation by the effects of physical, social, and psychological spatial divisions. A still life provides an experience of place where the coherence of social hierarchies can be clarified and expanded, a challenge to the cultural desire of freedom and individuation, and a look into disempowering forces of isolation.





Kim Zumpfe is an artist, writer, and educator. Zumpfe's work has been exhibited at Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions (LACE), CSUF Grand Central Art Center Santa Ana, Diverseworks Houston, Audain Gallery Vancouver, Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego, Hammer Museum, Human Resources Los Angeles, Los Angeles Contemporary Archive (LACA), UCR Culver Center for the Arts Riverside, and several public and online sites.

[kimzumpfe.com](http://kimzumpfe.com)

Bacabaya is an artist and musician reflecting on the Persian diaspora, spiritual oppression, intergenerational experience, and vulnerability. Their work has been exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Art Los Angeles, the Edinburgh International Film Festival, TIFF Lightbox, Media City Film Festival, the Echo Park Film Center, and etc.

[soundcloud.com/bacabaya](https://soundcloud.com/bacabaya)

Benjamin Tippin is a theorist and curator. Tippin has collaborated to produce work, scholarship and exhibitions in Los Angeles, Berlin and London. He works on the intersection of technology, art and political production, focusing primarily on digital image platforms and the aesthetics of networks. Tippin is currently an assistant curator at Torrance Art Museum and in his spare time engages in Marxist pedagogy and independent scholarship.





This catalogue was published in conjunction with the exhibition *Kim Zumpfe: place where, before, In A In*, curated by Benjamin Tippin and presented by Torrance Art Museum, January 19 - March 9, 2019, with an opening performance with Kim Zumpfe and Bacabaya. This exhibition and publication was made possible by the Torrance Art Museum and an Individual Artist Award from the Santo Foundation.

Catalogue Design & Graphs: Kim Zumpfe  
Drawings & Watercolors: Bacabaya  
Exhibition Photography: Christopher Wormald  
Printing: Torrance Art Museum and the City of Torrance

This catalogue was printed in an edition of 150

Copyright ©2019 Kimberly Zumpfe, Benjamin Tippin, Jennifer Saparzadeh, Christopher Wormald, and Torrance Art Museum

My sincerest gratitude to curator Benjamin Tippin, who generously believed in this project and supported the development of the work over the last three years through conversations and curiosities. I am indebted to Bacabaya, who contributed noise, voicings, drawings, and conversations that were essential in laying the groundwork for the performance and this catalogue. Thank you to Torrance Art Museum's head curator, Max Presneill, its registrar Stephanie Sherwood, and all other TAM and Torrance Cultural Services staff for their assistance in hosting this exhibition and producing this catalogue. Christopher Wormald, you always amaze, and without your eyes I would not see the same. Many thanks to all the people who travel along with me and support my work from close and far, you keep me going when going has knots. And to all the incredible artists, musicians, writers, and thinkers who feed my mind and soul when this world often feels like a free fall. And to my beloved collaborators and comrades and our infinite conversations, without you this project would not exist. I am grateful to be in this with all of you.



TORRANCE ART MUSEUM  
3320 Civic Center Drive  
Torrance, CA 90503  
Hours: Tuesday-Saturday 11am-5pm  
  
310- 618 - 6340  
torranceartmuseum@torranceca.gov  
www.torranceartmuseum.com

Museum Director / Head Curator Max Presneill	Registrar Stephanie Sherwood
Assistant Curator Benjamin Tippin	Outreach Specialist Jason Jenn

TORRANCE CITY COUNCIL  
  
Patrick J. Furey, Mayor  
George K. Chen  
Tim Goodrich  
Mike Griffiths  
Milton S. Herring, I  
Aurelio Mattucci  
Geoff Rizzo  
  
Rebecca Poirier, City Clerk  
Dana Cortez, City Treasurer  
LeRoy J. Jackson, City Manager  
Aram Chaparyan, Assistant City Manager  
John Jones, Community Services Director

CULTURAL ARTS COMMISSION  
  
Lynda Kraemer, Chair  
Steven Hsiao  
Anil S. Muhammed  
Toni Sargent  
Gregory Taylor

CULTURAL SERVICES DIVISION  
  
Eve Rappoport, Manager  
Michael Field, Senior Supervisor  
Debbie Collins, Administrative Assistant

Torrance Art Museum (TAM) is the premier visual art space to view contemporary art in the South Bay. It is a program of the City of Torrance Cultural Services Division of the Community Services Department. Creating and Enriching Community Through People, Programs and Partnerships. TAM Events are FREE to the public, and donations are accepted.

For more information about the City of Torrance and other programming at the Torrance Cultural Arts Center, go to [www.TorranceCA.gov](http://www.TorranceCA.gov) or call 310.328.5310.

