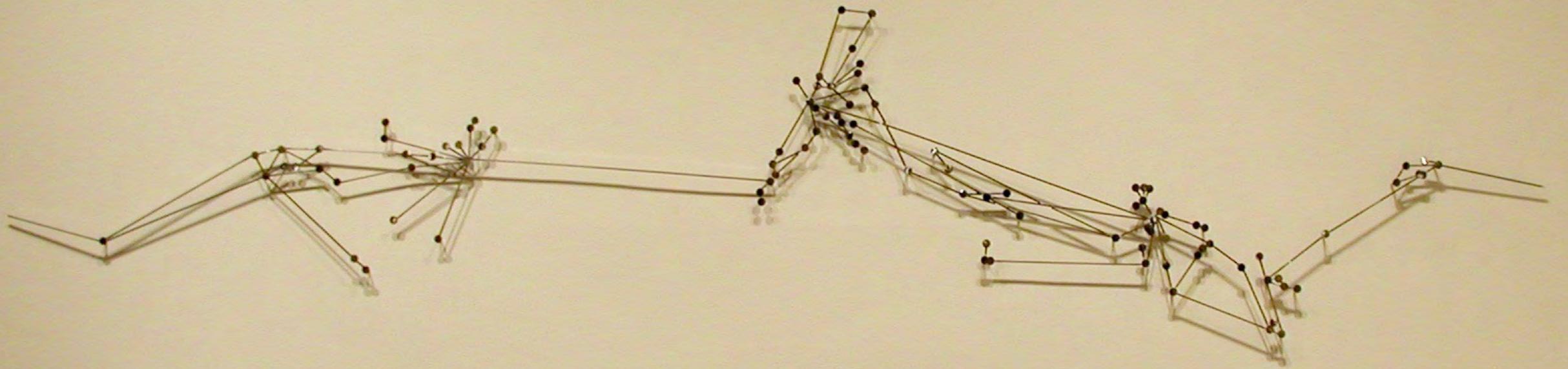


ZARINA
MAPPING THE DISLOCATIONS



MARY-ANN MILFORD-LUTZKER
OCTOBER 2019

October 12, 2019

2nd Biennial Barry Lawrence Ruderman Conference on Cartography
David Rumsey Map Center, Stanford University Library

Acknowledgments

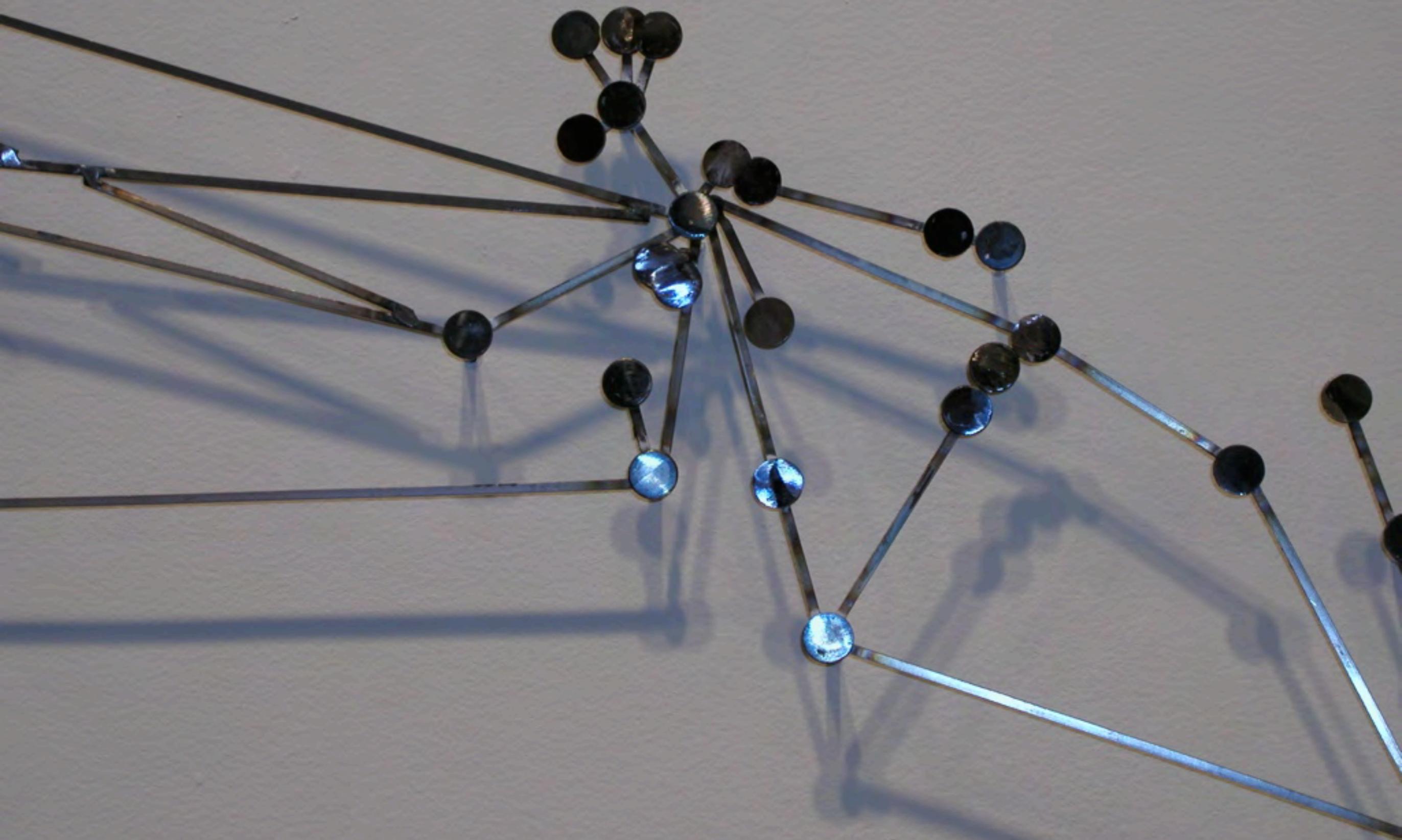
Padma Maitland Kathrine Parker

Salim Mohammed, TJ, Deardra, and Rueiyun (the conference team)

Mapping the Dislocations

SLIDE 1: Title over *Mapping the Dislocations*

Zarina's art is about memory and the tracing of memory through a sophisticated web of charts and maps that embody the remembered, the experienced and the imagined. Her monochromatic prints, her mural installations and her sculptural works, follow her journey through life—and around the world; from India where she was born to New York, and from the inquiring mind of youthfulness to the reflective mind of maturity. ***Mapping the Dislocations***, 2005, is a long horizontal wall installation, that provides an entryway into Zarina's thinking and philosophy. It also provides the thread that connects the different places she has travelled throughout her life, to places where she has lived, and places that she has briefly visited. The title suggests order through charting. It also looks like an airline map that locates but does not describe. It becomes a metaphor for contemporary life. We fly over cities, countries, whole continents. We drive past hamlets, villages and bypass cities and towns. But we are disassociated and dislocated from any awareness of them, except for imagining.



SLIDE 2: Detail

Dislocation is at the heart of the dialectic of the diasporic experience. Zarina's expression of her journeys through both physical and metaphysical space and time, are reflections upon the reality for much of the world's population who seek 'Home' with all of its associations. 'Home' is an imaginary concept with which the human soul longs to reconnect.

SLIDE 3: Zarina

Maps and mapping have been an integral part of Zarina's life and art since she was a child. Maps reflect her life as a global citizen. She was born in Aligarh, in Northern India. When she grew up, she followed her husband to live in Bangkok, New Delhi, Paris, London, Bonn, Tokyo, Los Angeles, Santa Cruz, California, and finally New York. Her peripatetic life led her to study with master printmakers in Japan, Thailand, and Paris, and also to explore the visual potential of hand-made paper and ink--she has also made sculptures and done installations.

SLIDE 4: *Home is a Foreign Place*

The focus of my paper today is on her prints which she usually does in series, an example of which is ***Home is a Foreign Place***, a set of 36 woodcuts she made c. 1999. (It is the title of an exhibition that is currently showing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York). In this series she is searching for the meaning of *Home*, in which she recalls memories of her childhood. Each print has a word written on it in Urdu, her mother tongue; such as 'threshold', 'country', 'border', 'morning', etc.

SLIDE 5 and 6: *House with Four Walls* (7 woodcut prints)

Another series made in 1997

SLIDE: Detail, *House with Four Walls*

Discuss Zarina's writing and poetry...

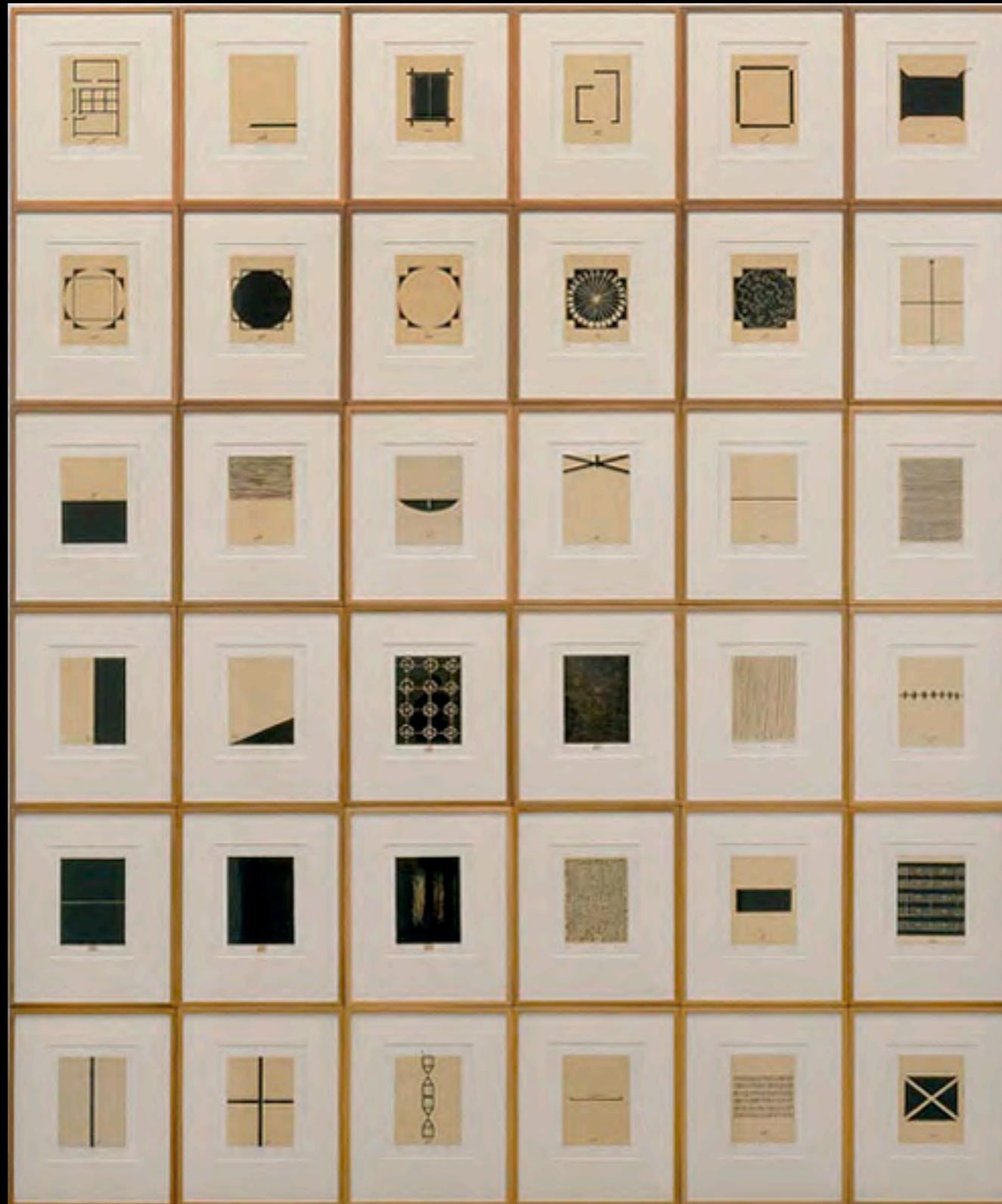
ZARINA

(B. 1937, ALIGARH, INDIA)



HOME IS A FOREIGN PLACE

1999



HOME IS A FOREIGN PLACE

Revisiting the House the old wooden Door painted black. Stepping over the Threshold into the small Entrance, then the vast Courtyard with its terra-cotta floor enclosed within the four Walls.

Within these four walls my world revolved. Here I looked at the Sky, imagined the Earth, closed my eyes to the scorching Sun and counted the stages of the Moon. I looked at the Stars and knew that the earth rotates on its Axis, around the predestined orbit.

Morning rises over the wall. Dawn splinters the light and the leaves hold the Dew for a moment. Afternoons have the hypnotic sound of the ceiling fan in the closed room. A protection from the Stillness and the Hot-Breeze outside.

Evenings cast long Shadows. Clouds promise some respite from heat. Dust-Storm threatens to blow away the Clouds. But the Rain comes and the earth becomes Fragrant.

Color of thread distinguishes Night from the day. Darkness brought anxiety, Despair and memories of the Country, the Dust and the Language.

Journeys begin. Roads are taken to unknown Destinations. Borders are crossed. Time allotted to stay is counted. The Distance is measured from the place that was home.

Zarina
New York, 1999

HOUSE WITH FOUR WALLS

1997



HOUSE WITH FOUR WALLS



Cities I Called Home 2000





DELHI

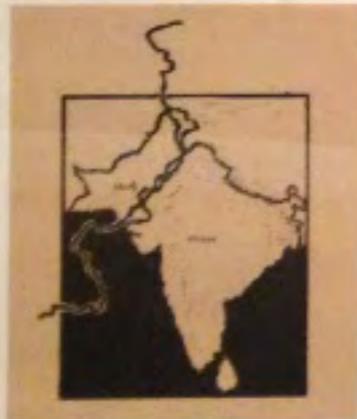
SLIDE 7 and 8: Cities I called Home

SLIDE: Delhi, 2000

As an artist, poet, and mathematician, Zarina's interest in maps and plans has acted as a guide for her life. They have provided a structure for her and have helped her to find meaning in her existence. But—these are not the precisely measured maps of geographers—though based on physical reality, these are the inspiration that provide her with the foundation for a more personal and idealized approach to mapping. In a recent article, Philip Kelleher wrote a paper entitled, “Mapping in No Particular Order”, in which he draws attention to the writings of Michel de Certeau (1980), who differentiated between two types of mapping that marked the divergence between the experience of proximate use, on the one hand, and interpretation pursued through distanced diagramming on the other. The first, in use prior to the fifteenth century, was built from the perspective that the user experienced while moving through space. The second, coming into use with the development of modern scientific discourse, appeared schematic; they have become distanced, seemingly authorless charts that have expunged traces of use (consider surveyors' maps and the forever useful AAA maps).ⁱ Zarina's maps fall into the first category—although grounded in proximate and recognizable areas, they reflect her personal recollections; they are maps of her memories and imagination. She has made them to express her observations and concerns that she sees all around her, and nowhere is this more tellingly represented than in **(SLIDE)** *Hindustan*, from the series *Atlas of My World*, 2001.

ATLAS OF MY WORLD

2001



Small text block on the left side of the display, likely providing information about the maps or the project.

Small text block on the right side of the display, likely providing information about the maps or the project.

Small text block on the far right side of the display, likely providing information about the maps or the project.

SLIDE 9: *Atlas of My World, 2001*

[Zarina: Atlas of Her World](#) - Sep 6, 2019–Feb 2, 2020
Pulitzer Arts Foundation in St Louis, Missouri.

With some thirty prints, sculptures, and collages dating from the 1960s to the present, the exhibition will be the first to present Zarina's work alongside other artworks and objects—spanning cultures and centuries—that have served as touchstones for the artist throughout her career. These will include an etching by Albrecht Dürer, a drawing by Kazimir Malevich, and an architectural fragment from Mughal-era India, among others, which Zarina has synthesized into her own unique practice. (Courtesy: [Pulitzer Arts Foundation](#))

In her portfolio *Atlas of My World, 2001*, Zarina has mapped six regions that have significance for her. They are countries in which she has lived: the United States; the United Kingdom and Europe; Saudi Arabia, Iran and Iraq; India and Pakistan; Southeast Asia; and Japan. It is a personal portfolio of maps that describes the passages of her life. Each country or region is identified by its name written in Urdu. For many of us in looking at these maps we have to play our own game of recognition. Do we know all the countries of Southeast Asia, of the Near East, of Europe? Since the early 1990s Zarina has traced through her prints and conceptual installations, her journeys, and at the same time the unravelling of her world. (Her point of reference has been her own home in Aligarh, some eighty miles from Delhi where she grew up.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



THE UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

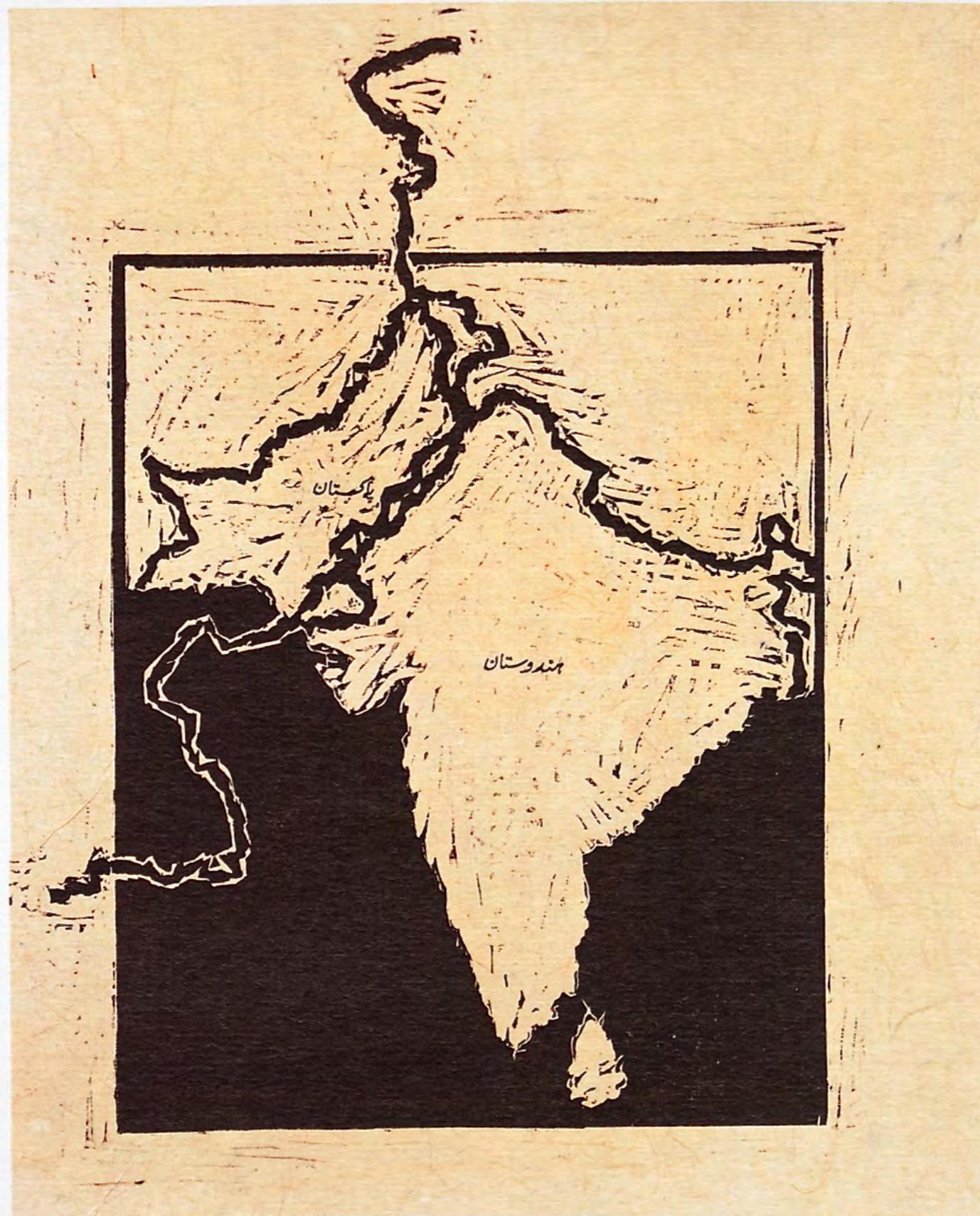


SAUDI ARABIA, IRAN, IRAQ, TURKEY



HINDUSTAN

(IN PORTFOLIO ATLAS OF MY WORLD, 2001)



SLIDE 13: *Hindustan*, from the series *Atlas of My World*, 2001.

Hindustan is a map of India and Pakistan. In the center of India, where Delhi lies, Zarina has written in Urdu the word *Hindustan*, the ancient name of India. Floating as if suspended above the land below, is a line that resembles an umbilical cord extending beyond the borders of the print. It is the line that marks the arbitrary border between the two nations that was cast by the British in 1947 at the time of Independence. It is the line that has divided *Mahabharata*, or Greater India. It is the arbitrary line that has separated families that now live on both sides of it, and has exacerbated religious fanaticism between Hindus and Muslims of the South Asian continent (witness the current and ongoing Kashmiri situation). The cord that once nourished drifts away as the two nations politically and culturally drift apart. In *Conversation with Myself*, Zarina talks of her concern about borders:

“Studying maps, I became aware of borders. The first border I drew was the border between India and Pakistan, the dividing line that split families and houses. I have often been questioned about the line. People walk up to me and ask, ‘Where did you get this line?’ questioning which map I used to draw the border. Perhaps I distributed territory incorrectly, but I always say, ‘it is drawn on my heart, I didn’t have to look at a map.’ I have crossed many borders and I know there is nothing on the land that delineates the difference. It affects people who have lived the separation. I continued to work with geographical maps and not just maps that had personal significance, but also maps of regions plagued by ethnic conflicts.”

SOUTHEAST ASIA

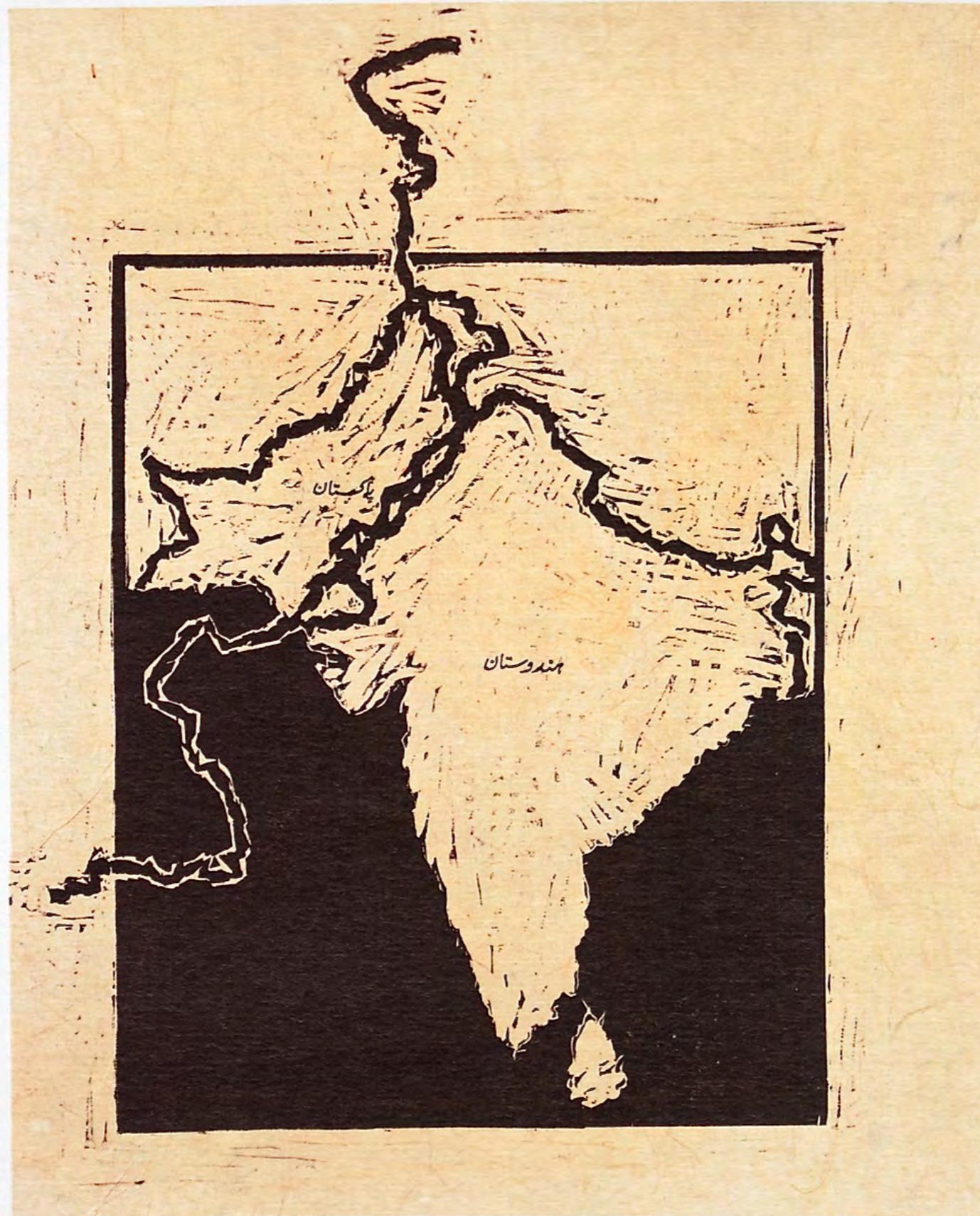


JAPAN



HINDUSTAN

(IN PORTFOLIO ATLAS OF MY WORLD, 2001)



THESE CITIES BLOTTED INTO THE WILDERNESS

2003



SLIDE 17: *These Cities Blotted into the Wilderness*, 2003

In her series, *These Cities Blotted into the Wilderness*, Zarina describes nine cities that have been destroyed, violated, and in some cases have disappeared, literally wiped off the map. Her prints are unpeopled, yet she describes a world that resonates with the most basic of human emotions of needing to know where one belongs. She questions identity the meaning of home, the desire for roots, in an entirely abstract way; she questions the very notion of safety, security and refuge. Each black and white map is a woodcut, a medium that has long been associated with protest art that was used by the German Expressionists, Mexican political artists, and Chinese revolutionary artists in the 1920s and 1930s. The message of the prints is direct and straight forward: to provide grim records of senseless destruction and violence.



GROZNY

SLIDE 18: GROZNY

Grozny is the capital of Chechnya. Its Chechen name was Djohar, which means gem. A jewel that summons up visions of a beautiful, fertile place full of fruit trees, flowers, and a rich culture. It is a crazed map that has the appearance of shards of glass that have been dropped and scattered.

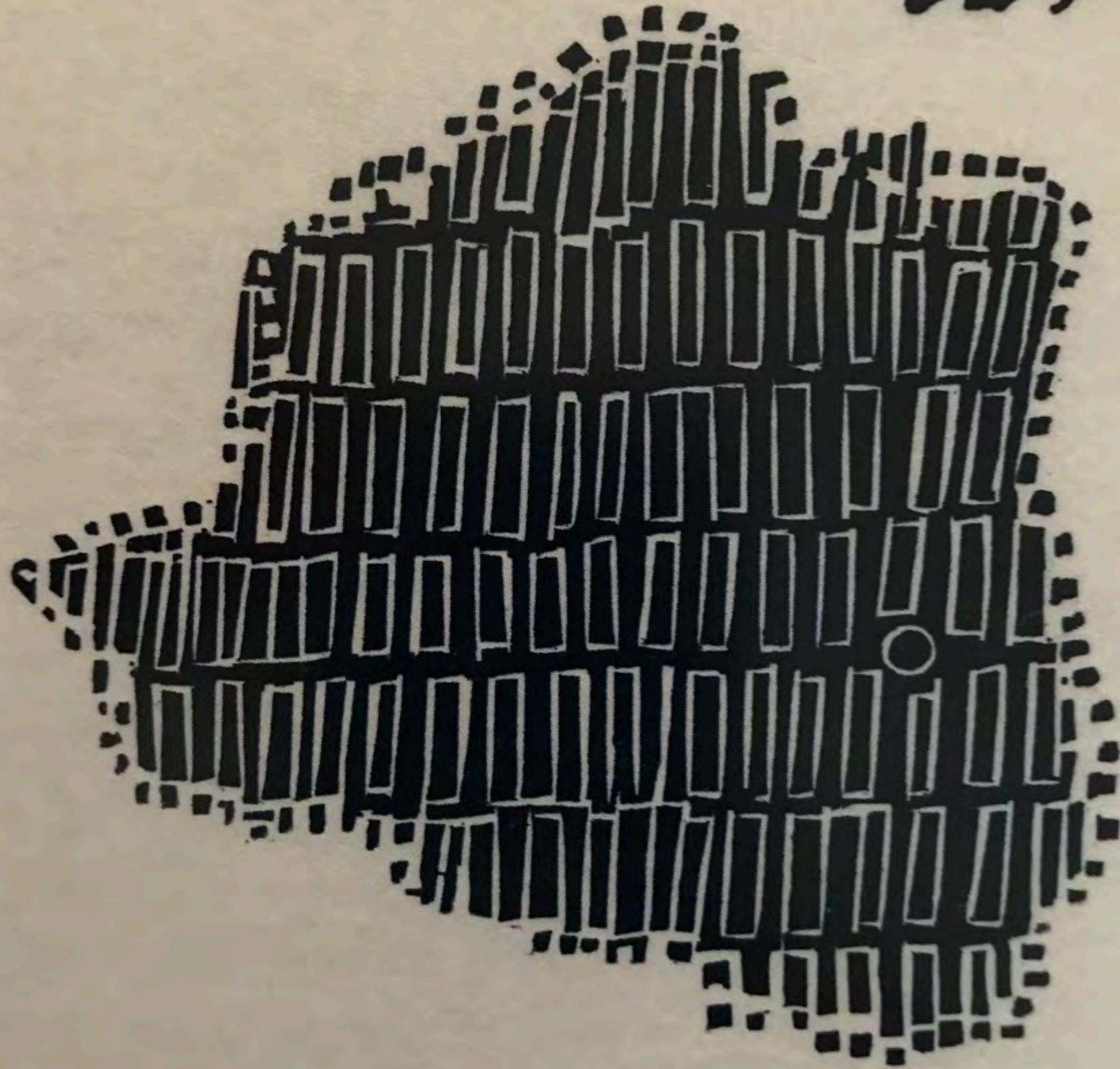


SLIDE 19: SARAJEVO

The city is in a valley surrounded by hills. The shooting was from the hills down into the valley. Irregular white lines that become black as they leave the urban environs dissect the city. Black and white lines, lines are roads that led to destruction and define the violence that the people of Sarajevo endured.

سربرنیتسا

SREBRENICA



SLIDE 20: SREBRENICA

Maps are sometimes all that remain of ancient cities. They can describe arbitrary borders that are continually changing according to political exigencies. When maps are non-existent there are often no records of habitation (I'm reminded of the great cities along the Silk Road). It is as if whole communities never existed. Who remembers, or has ever heard of Srebrenica? The fate of Srebrenica could be the fate of any city, a place blotted into wilderness by the deliberate massacre of those who sought refuge there.

Zarina could not find a map of Srebrenica (also called Serbenitza). Eight thousand people died in this so-called 'safe haven', so declared by the United Nations. She spent hours searching websites on Bosnia trying to trace the tiny hamlet of Srebrenica. Eventually she contacted the Human Rights Watch; she searched the records of the Library of Congress in Washington D.C, and the New York Public Library. Finally, a friend put her in touch with a United Nations worker in Sarajevo, who faxed her a map of the UN's 'safe haven', which is the reason that so many people took refuge there. She said, *"I thought it was inappropriate to use the demarcation of a 'safe haven', so I made it abstractly, not a specific town or city. I called it 'Unsafe Haven' and filled it with rows of coffins."* A small irregular shape defined by a broken contour is filled with seven rows of rectangular shapes. They are coffins that lie together with the seeming discipline of a military cemetery.

BEIRUT

بيروت

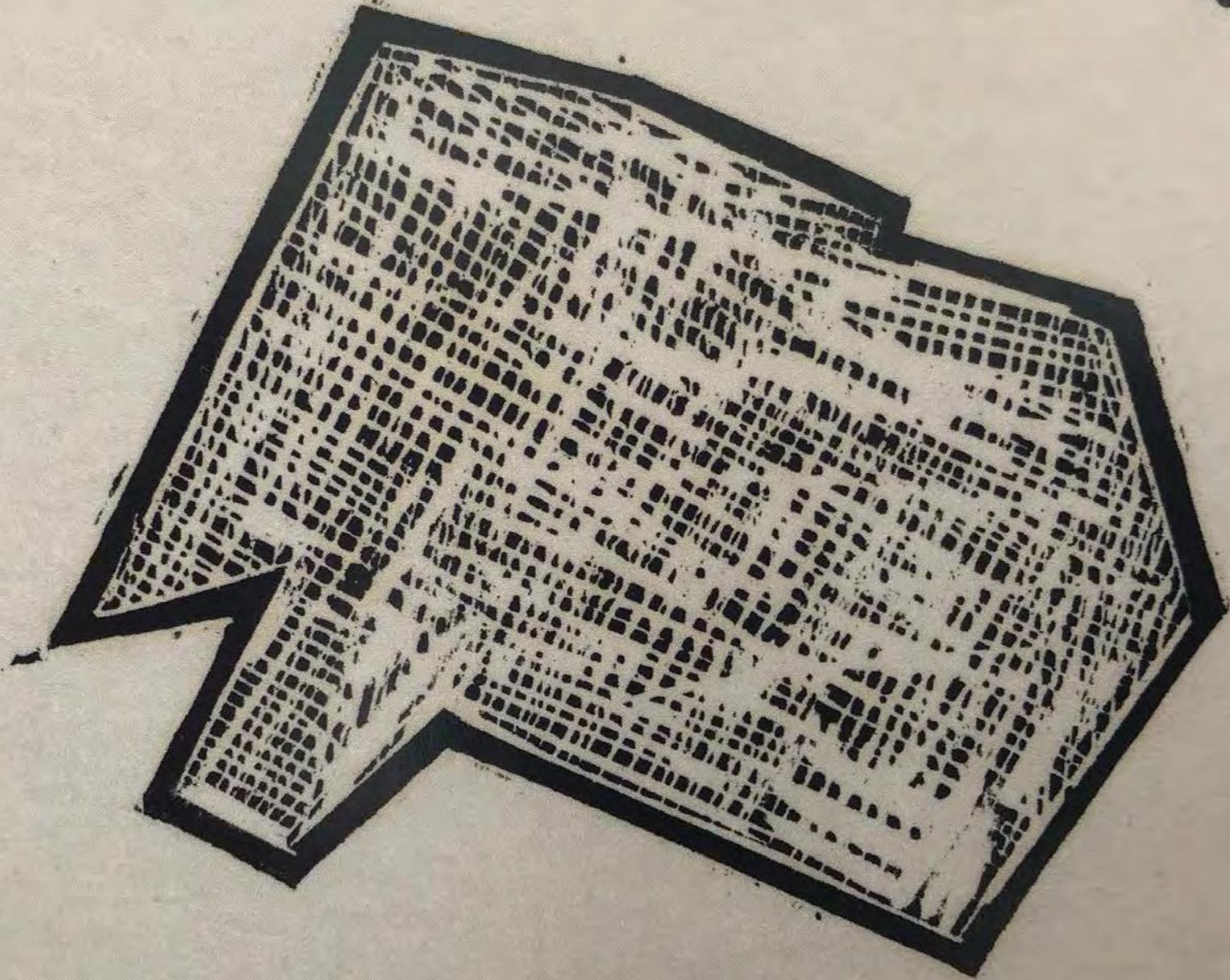


SLIDE 21: BEIRUT

"I have been to Beirut three times, between Europe and India. It's the best of East and the West. On my second visit we drove over Sufi Mountain to Syria to visit Damascus. We stopped under the Cedar trees and had a picnic of wine and wonderful Lebanese food. The last time I was in Beirut was in 1975. During that visit I went to Baghdad. I couldn't return to Beirut because the civil war had started; the airport was closed, and I had to go back to Paris via Kuwait and then on to New York." In the print of Beirut, Zarina has produced a map that seems to show the city dissolving. In the upper part the city is dissected by slashing lines that define dark blocks which fade into white crosshatches, as if it is literally draining away.

JENIN

جنین



SLIDE 22: JENIN

“I haven’t drawn a map; it is the border of the refugee camp filled with rubble. The story which really touched me was of the Israeli forces that retaliated after attacks in Israel by going to the Jenin refugee camp to find the suspected bomb-maker, who was a Palestinian confined to a wheelchair having lost his legs in a previous accident. A twelve-year-old boy, who was used as a decoy was sent up to the suspected bomber’s house. When the door was opened the man was shot and the house was bulldozed with the occupants still inside.” For Zarina bulldozers have become symbols of destruction. A wide, black line defines the contours of Jenin, creating an angular asymmetric diagram. The line confines and encloses the town. It resembles a piece of shrapnel that is vaguely suggestive of a bomb.

BAGHDAD



SLIDE 23: BAGHDAD

Baghdad was once a beautiful city that Zarina visited following the Muslim tradition of *ziyarat*, in which one visits places of religious and spiritual significance. When there Zarina visited the tombs of Imams, Sufis and religious scholars in the district of Kazmain. As a child in India she went to tombs of Sufi saints in Delhi, Ajmer and Fatehpur Sikri, with her mother. Two historical events inspired her map of Baghdad. The first was her visit to Kerbala, where she was reminded of the massacre of Hussain, the Prophet Mohammed's grandson, and his family in 680 CE. The second terrible event occurred in 1258 CE when Mongol armies destroyed the city. It was during this time that the great library was burned. According to myth, so many books were thrown into the Tigris River that the water turned black from the ink, as the history of Baghdad was washed away.

Before Zarina started to make maps of cities she discovered the book, *the City Shaped*, by Spiro Kostof. He describes the round city Baghdad founded by Caliph Al-Mansur (745-775 CE) that was subject to annual flooding. No trace of this earlier city remains, except in memory. Today, Baghdad, the beleaguered capital of Iraq, where every conceivable atrocity has been committed, is a city of scattered parts. The Tigris still runs through it and is still filled with the blood and memories of its victims and histories.

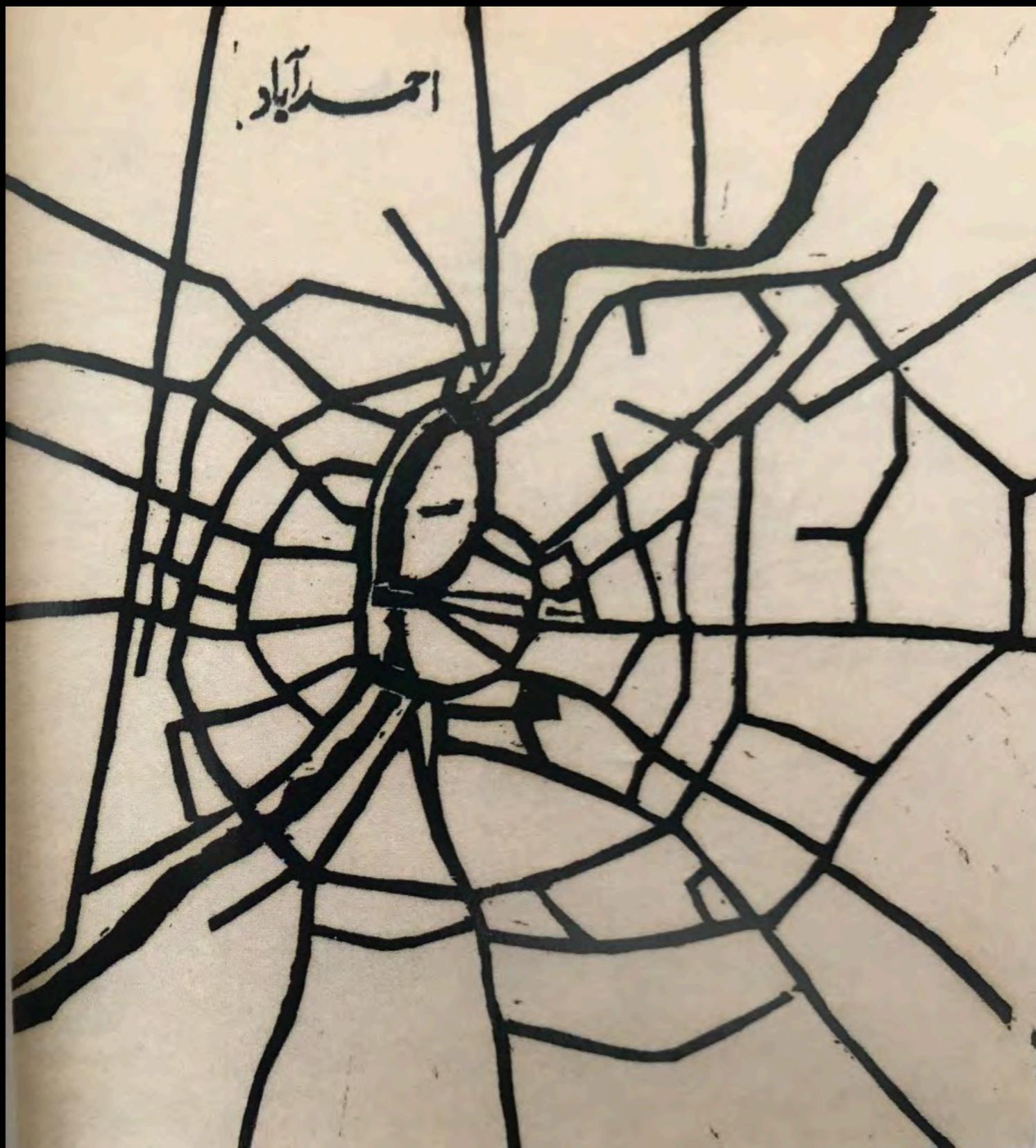
KABUL



SLIDE 24: KABUL

"I have never been to Kabul. I feel close to Afghanistan, because it bordered pre-partitioned India. Pathans/Pashtuns would come down to the plains in the winter to escape the cold and to sell their spices and nuts. The Pashtuns have never recognized the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan. When the bombings started in 2001 names like Kandahar and Chaman brought back childhood memories of big, red, juicy Kandahari pomegranates, and delicious Chaman grapes. I never associated them with bombs, Kalashnikovs, and violence." The steep and hilly Khyber Pass was the closest that Zarina got to Kabul, a city which has remained a dream for her, a dream which is now broken by the warfare of the last few years. Her map shows a city without a centre; a spidery treatment of the upper part extends tentacles towards its prey below.

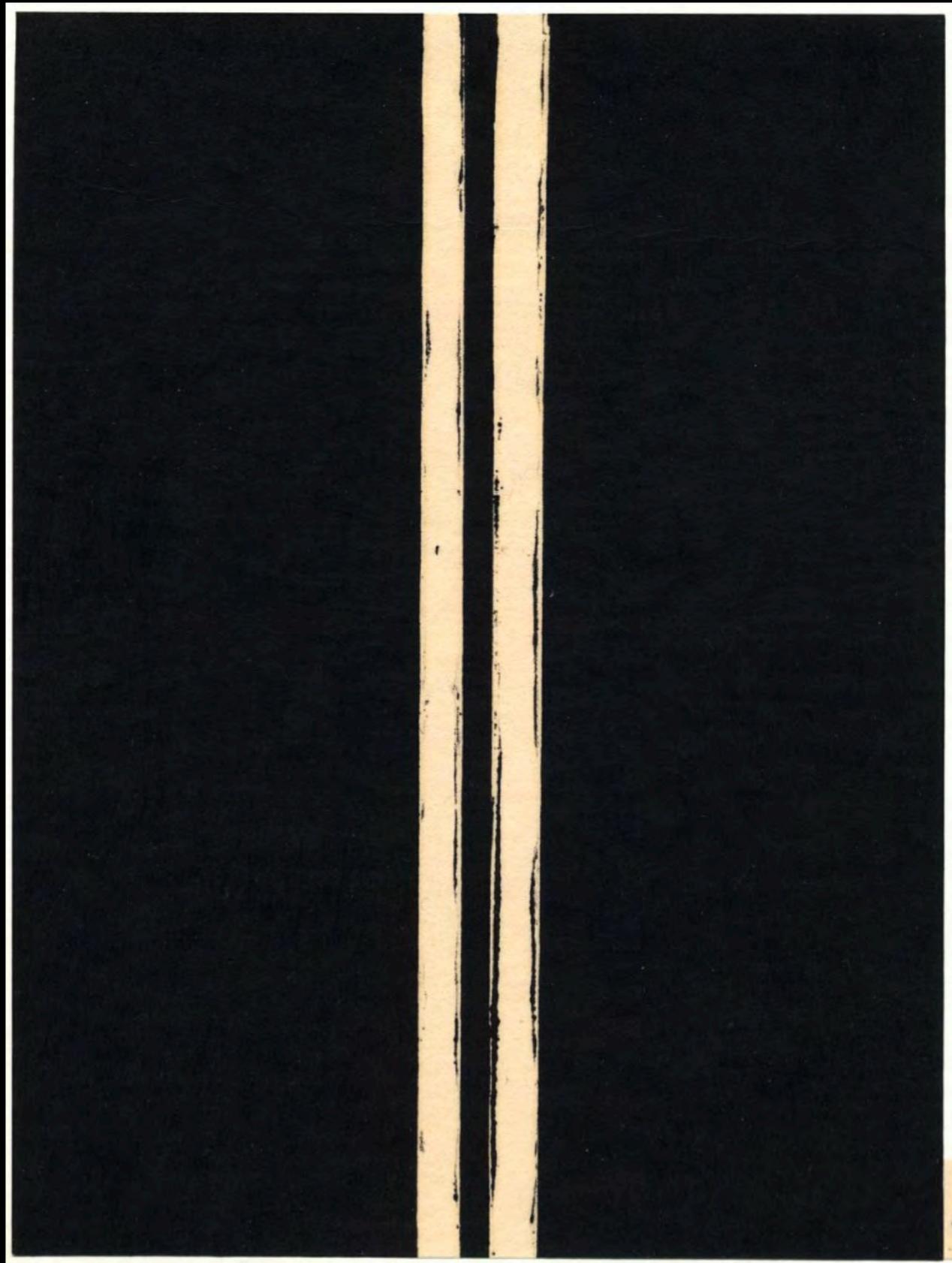
AHMEDABAD



SLIDE 25: AHMEDABAD

“Were it not for the Gujarat riots, I would not have added Ahmedabad. I have visited there twice. I kept thinking about what happened there as I carved the wooden block. It seems unthinkable that the Sabarmati Ashram would reject Muslim refugees, when they came to seek sanctuary at Gandhiji’s ashram in 2002. The doors were closed on them.” It is an overwhelming circumstance that Zarina has responded to in the only way she feels able, which is through her art. In this map Ahmedabad is drawn like a spider’s web with roughly concentric circles through which the Sabarmati River flows. (Baroda/Vadehra)

NEW YORK



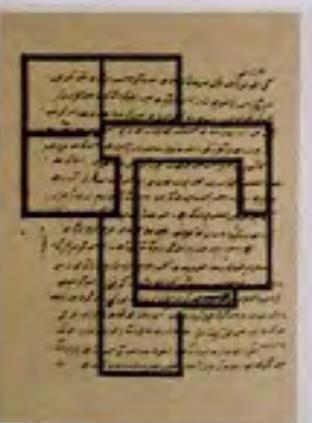
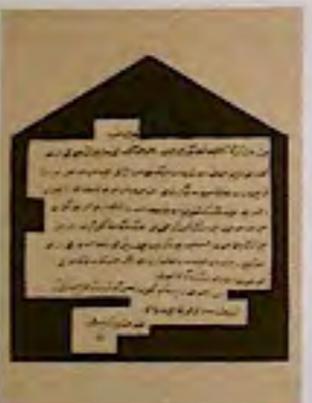
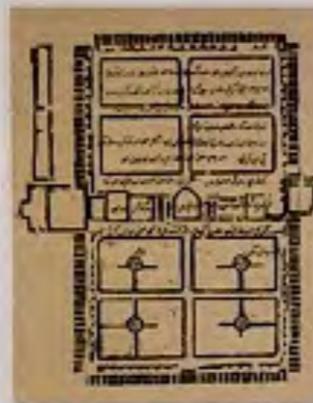
SLIDE 26: NEW YORK

In this print Zarina has depicted the twin towers as two parallel lines that divide the highway of existence from that of non-existence. The lines stretch like two beams of light; they could be search lights from earth to the heavens; or, the light of heaven pouring down on Earth. New York has been Zarina's home since 1973. She knows its strengths and weaknesses, its riches and its destitute poverty. It is a city where the whole world's cultures, ethnicities, and races come together. Like the full stop, or period, the *danda* in *Devanagari* script, these two lines finish the series. They are like an upheld hand saying enough, stop, and reflect.

All these cities (Grozny, Sarajevo, Srebrenica, Beirut, Jenin, Baghdad, Kabul, Ahmedabad, New York) are remembered for their histories and rich cultural traditions. Iconic places send symbolic messages whether they have been visited, read about, or imagined. For example: the Statue of Liberty, the Eiffel Tower, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Taj Mahal are semiotic markers that define a people and its culture. This series of prints raises the troubling questions of how we recognize cities, towns or even small hamlets. It is even more troubling if we can't remember them at all. Are two parallel lines to be our recollection of the destruction of the Twin Towers on September 11, 2001, in New York? Are rows of coffins contained by a broken contour to be our remembrance of Srebrenica? Is a ragged line of wire to be the once elegant city of Ahmedabad? Are fragmented blocks enchained by black serpentine lines the old city of Grozny whose ancient name was 'Gem' (jewel)? Or, is the ancient city of Sarajevo to be likened to a flattened trampled insect?

In October 2003, Zarina talked with me about these prints. The events in Iraq were ominous. But now the once beautiful and ancient city of Baghdad was gasping for survival. And now these haunting maps become even more poignant and relevant. In each print the tragedies of war and terrorism depicts trails of devastation that are accented by the stark juxtapositions of saturated black ink lines drawn upon textured handmade Okazawa paper. Yet the formal qualities of these prints allow for an intellectual and aesthetic construction which makes them a collective monument to the memory of what had preceded war and its aftermath.

LETTERS
FROM HOME
2004
(PORTFOLIO OF 8
WOODCUTS WITH
URDU TEXT)



SLIDE 27 and 28: *Letters from Home*, 2004

Letters from Home, is a portfolio of eight letters written to Zarina by Rani, her older sister.

On a visit to Rani in Pakistan, some time ago; Rani gave Zarina a box telling her not to open it until she reached New York. Inside were letters she had written but never posted. They were letters about deaths in the family, of selling her beloved house, and how much she had missed Zarina at those times. Zarina mused to me that maybe Rani wrote these letters to herself, putting her emotions on scraps of paper might have helped her to cope with her loss. Zarina left home in her early twenties, and her sister's letters were a connection to the family, culture and the language she grew up with. For Zarina these letters are about saying goodbye to memories. The letters are written in Urdu, which Zarina points out, that today few people read Urdu or for that matter write letters in this dying language.

RANI AND ZARINA



SLIDE 29: First Letter

The first page is a relief print of the metal cut made from her sister's letter. The plate is printed twice; it is not meant to be read; it is like a *mashq* (practice exercise) page. For Zarina it was the recognition of the familiar handwriting that set the tone for this very personal series of prints.

اباجان چھوڑو... جو ہمت تو ہے جس پر تو چھوڑو کہ... (وہ چھوڑو چھوڑو چھوڑو...)

پولنی یاد ہے۔ جب بول کر گئے۔ اب بچا اچھا ہوا۔ ساری یادیں تلخ تھیں۔ (اپنی)

بچہ دفن ہے اب جس جگہ ان کے درویش صاحب شریف...

آج کل کے حالات کا حشر ہے۔ ان کے آری اور عدلی ان کے جامل صاحب

میں بے سہم ہر دین میں کھیل رہا ہے۔

میں لگتا ہے کہ... ہمارے ہاں... (میں لگتا ہے کہ... ہمارے ہاں...)

نہایت پیری دھندلے... (نہایت پیری دھندلے...)

میں نے ابھی چاروں... (میں نے ابھی چاروں...)

جاتا ہے کہ... (جاتا ہے کہ...)

بھاری ہے ابھی... (بھاری ہے ابھی...)

اب یہ دیکھو... (اب یہ دیکھو...)

میرا دل... (میرا دل...)

میرے دل... (میرے دل...)

اباجان... (اباجان...)

علی گڑھ

Second Letter

“Abba Jan is gone...after his children he only loved books. This is his last journey; one chapter of my life is also over, it was beautiful and sad.”

Over the text of the letter is printed a 19th century map of Aligarh.

SLIDE 30 and 31: Second Letter

“Abba Jan (father) is gone, he left us on the evening of January 9th, although he had left much earlier when he began to lose his memory. In a way it was a blessing he could forget the bitterness of old age. I am giving his books to libraries and institutions. Sometimes I feel that he is asking me what am I doing with his books? He did not care for money or material possessions—after his children he only loved books. This is his last journey; one chapter of my life is also over; it was beautiful and sad.”

Zarina has printed over the text of the letter a 19th century map of Aligarh.

House at Aligarh, 1955



SLIDE 32: Third Letter

The remainder of the letter about Zarina's father underlies the floor plan of Sir Syed Hall. He was the provost of this hall for many years and the department he taught in was also located within the compound.

چهارکی صفو۔

میت سبت کرتے آج، بچوں خلا کھو رہی ہوں۔ اسی بچہ کہیں۔ مجھے سب یاد آتا ہے ان سے

محبت تھی شربت ضیہ تھی۔ وہ تیار رہا اور باقی کچھ میں آئی تھی۔ چینی میں جب میں بہا ہوا

تھی میری ابا سا ملک لڑتے میری سا کھڑے تھے۔ اب میری ہاں سوچنے کا وقت ہے۔ تو چینی کی

بائیں اپنے اطراف لوگوں کے تھوپریں۔ اپنا منہ بند۔ اس یاد آتا ہے اور علم سے چنے لگتی ہے

میں حساس ہوں اپنی ماں کے دکھوں کو سمجھتی تھی۔ لہذا کہ زندگی سب کچھ تھی۔ اس میں

میرا کوئی پاتھ نہیں تھا۔ میں میں اپنے (باکو) زیادہ اچھے دہی تھی۔ شاید اس نے مجھے ان سے

بعد کر لیا۔ میری ماں جیشہ سہم تلاش کرتی رہی۔ لیکن ببول کے ساتھ کہ سوا کچھ

مجھے نہیں ملتا۔ اور یہی ان کی زندگی کا المیہ تھا۔

اب اس سے زیادہ کہہ لکھوں۔ میں نے تو دل کے بھر اس لفظ کی

اور سب سارا لہجہ پکنا ہو جائے گا۔

بچوں سب پیار ترنگ والی

رائی

Fourth Letter

“I am mustering all my courage to write to you today. Ami is gone...”

The text is enclosed within an image of a house, Zarina's mother's final resting place.

SLIDE 33: Fourth Letter

“I am mustering all my courage to write to you today. Ami (Mother) is gone. I miss her a lot. I loved her very much but was not close to her. Nevertheless, I was sensitive to her grief and difficulties of settling in Pakistan. She took it to heart that she did not spend the remaining years of her life in her own home.”

The text is enclosed within an image of a house, her mother’s final resting place.

Seventh Letter

“...Ami, Abba and Baji are gone. Saad has been gone twenty years... Who knows whose turn it is next to go... You have spent your life quietly, I never had the courage to ask you about this phase of your life...”

This letter is printed within the map of downtown Manhattan, where Zarina has lived since 1976.



SLIDE 34: Seventh Letter

“This year the summer just went by. When you visit, summer becomes spring. Ami, Abba and Baji are gone, sometimes I used to talk to Baji. Aslam Bhai is not doing well. I am thinking of visiting him in October. “Who knows whose turn it is next to go?” Talking to you warms my heart and then I miss you very much. Saad has been gone twenty years. You have spent your life quietly, I never had the courage to ask you about this phase of your life, but I have kept count of each and every moment which you went through. There is so much to talk over and a long wait until we meet.”

This letter is printed over the map of downtown Manhattan, where Zarina has lived since 1976.

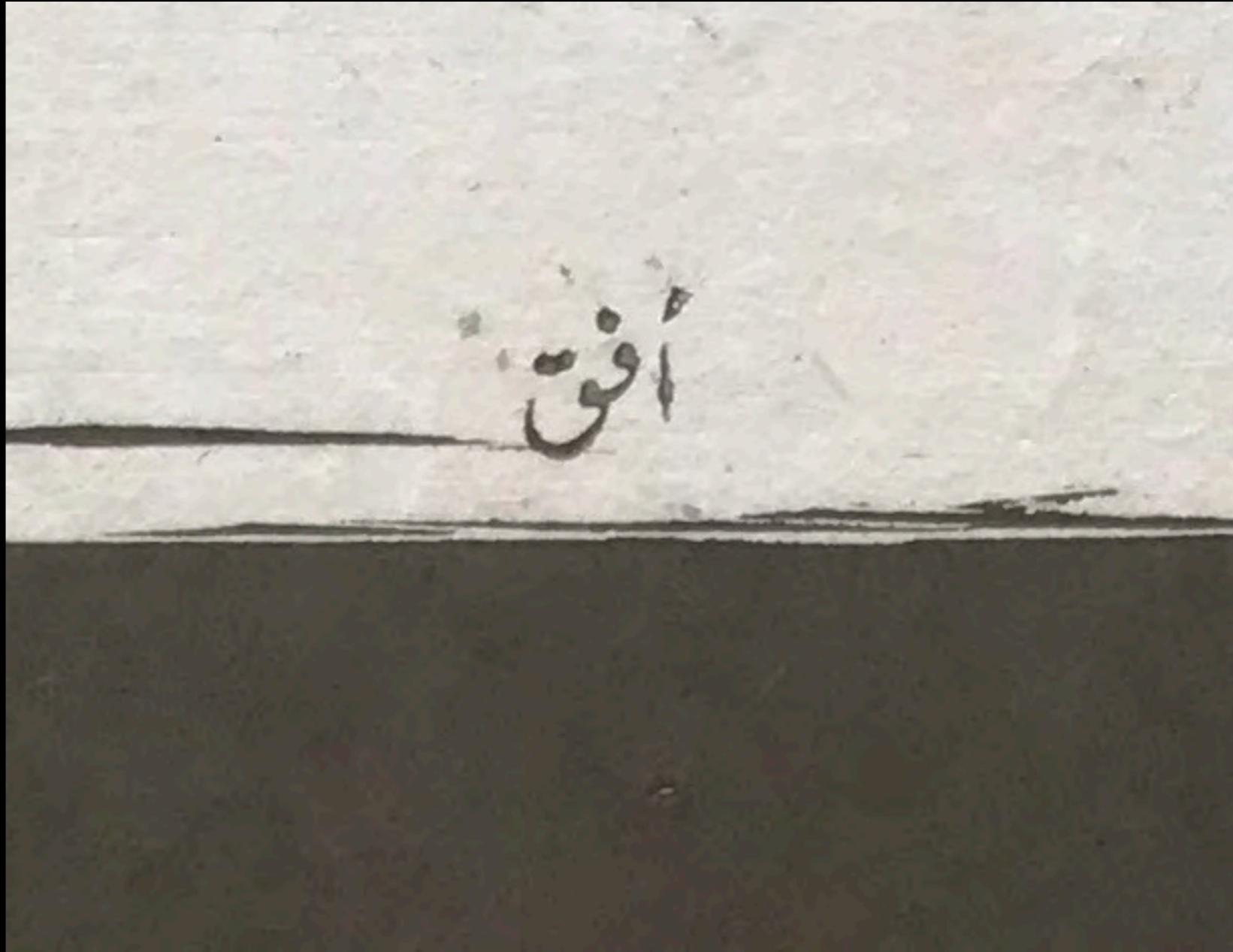
Zarina has said that working with the letters from her sister has helped her to preserve her sense of identity. “...It’s almost like writing your life’s story, and it’s not just my life’s story. It’s the story of all immigrants. And that’s where the home comes in, the idea of home, and maps, and floor plans—I just made my personal life the subject of my art, so I have to write about what I have gone through.”

UFUQ—HORIZON

2001

أفق

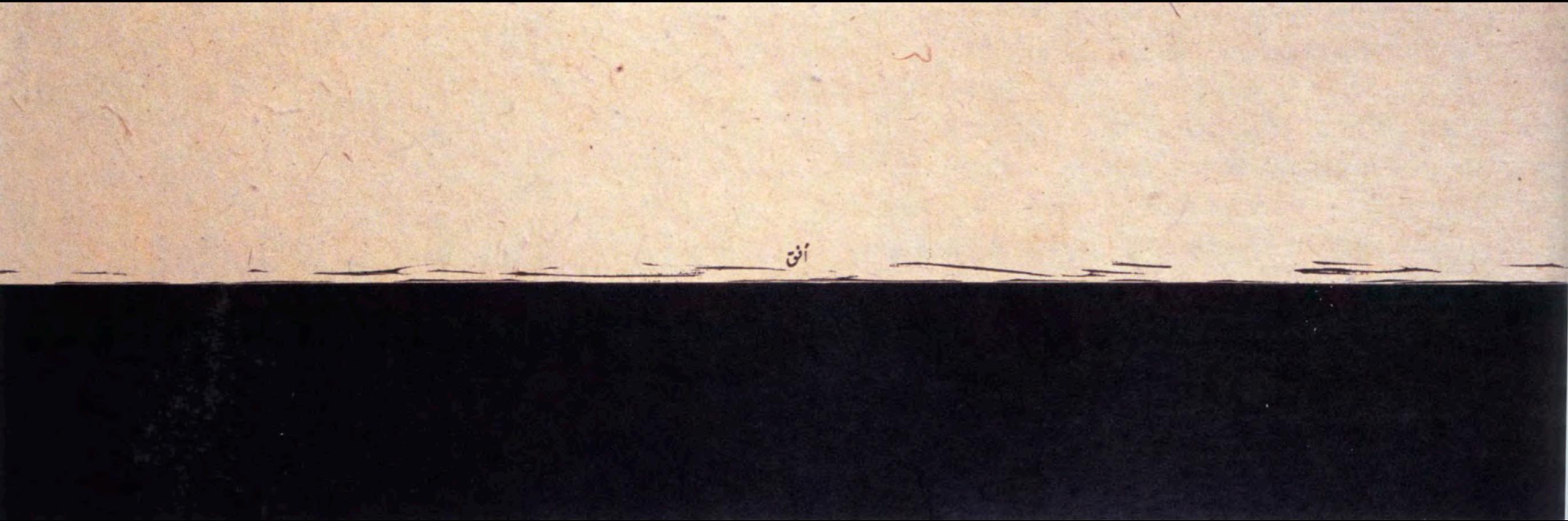
UFUQ



SLIDE 35: *Horizon*, 2001, woodcut.

In this woodcut, *Horizon*, Zarina expresses the ultimate goal of the travelling soul, the horizon that is forever unattainable. A vast horizontal expanse of dense blackness gravitates in space. Is it the Ocean or the Earth? It seems to represent the eternal interplay between co-existing opposites, between dark and light, between matter and the immaterial. It is the eternal restlessness, the pulsing that is the rhythm of the universe, the *yin-yang* complementary opposites, the *Tai-chi* of Taoist philosophy.

UFUQ—HORIZON



*We will show them our signs across the horizons and in their own souls,
until they clearly see that it is the Truth...*

Quran, sura 41:53

SLIDE 36 and 37: Detail of *ufuq*

Floating at the centre like a ship in the distance is a word, *Ufuq*, the Urdu word that translates as ‘horizon,’ it also means ‘foreign lands.’ With its multiple meanings it encompasses Zarina’s world; below the print she has penciled a verse from the *Quran, sura 41:53*:

“We will show them Our signs across the horizons and in their own souls, until they clearly see that it is the Truth. Does it not suffice that your Lord is the witness of all things?”

Returning to where I began, the physical reality of geography provides the foundation for Zarina’s maps that are maps of the mind, of memories. They resonate with lived experiences and political travesties. They represent the human need to belong...

The United States of America is a young immigrant country, and it is in this sense that Zarina’s art has a universal message that acknowledges earlier times, places, cultures and deeply ingrained memories for so many. Her travels throughout the world have contributed to her engagement with maps, which she uses to express ideas relating to home, exile, and migration. Her faith has given her strength throughout her life, and she continues to use Urdu language and calligraphy that ties in with the most fundamental artistic tradition of the Muslim world, where the practice of copying sacred letters and texts has a long history.

ⁱ Philip Kelleher, “Paul Chan’s *RE: The Operation: Empathic Portrait of Revenge Fantasy?*” *art journal*, Summer 2019, 95. Also: Paul Chan, “Fearless Symmetry,” *Artforum*, March 2007, 260.

