

Build what we hate. Destroy what we love.

Curated by Fabiola R. Delgado

January 12 - March 9, 2024

(Following Left Wall)

Ronald Pizzoferrato, *El tiempo que ha pasado*, 2023, Single-channel video, 4 min



The video follows the trail of foot migration from Venezuela to the US highlighting the basic reason why Venezuelans leave in the first place: violence. A violence perpetrated by and against Venezuelans in order to survive the precarious state of the nation. The violence is juxtaposed with perseverance, fortitude and ingenuity to make it all the way.

Ronald Pizzoferrato, *Las Morochas*, 2019, Digital photography, 71 x 48 in.



Two figures under a metallic green fabric. One figure has a soccer ball under their foot.

Ronald Pizzoferrato, *Familia*, 2021, Digital photography, 71 x 48 in.



Two people centered in frame, one is a child being who is being held by an adult. Both have their faces concealed by a jacket in the colors of the Venezuelan flags. A backpack rests on the ground in front of the people.

Ronald Pizzoferrato, *El Colchón*, 2019, Digital photography, 71 x 48 in.



Person in a yellow shirt, green shorts, and green sandals standing in-front of a soccer net. Their face is obscured by a blanket covered with a tiger print.

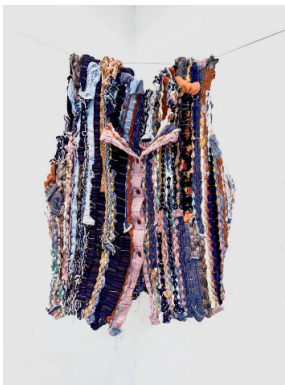
(Middle of Room)

Cassandra Mayela, *Balanced Contrast*, 2023, Collected and woven clothing, 48 x 45 in.



Woven textile piece created from collected clothing that forms two tasseled pillars connected at the top and bottom

Cassandra Mayela, *Chaleco*, 2023, Collected and woven clothing, 27 x 22 in.



Woven textile piece created from collected clothing that forms a vest.

Cassandra Mayela, *Healing Color*, 2023, Collected and woven clothing, 48 x 45 in.



Blue woven textile piece created from collected clothing. The work is woven into 4 pillars connected at the top and bottom.

(Following Left Wall)

Juan Diego Pérez la Cruz, *"Composición Abierta Estrofa I-V"*, 2019, Lyrical collage
Word-based installation

I

Como el limpio cristal de su nieve
sobre el río, el desierto y la duna
harás fértiles los arenales
de la extensa llanura
que oyó en sus montañas la tierra del sol

Como el limpio cristal de su nieve sobre el río, el desierto y la duna harás fértiles los arenales de la extensa llanura que oyó en sus montañas la tierra del sol

Like the clean crystal of its snow on the river, the desert and the dune, you will make fertile the sands of the extensive plain that heard in its mountains the land of the sun.

II

Como el águila cruza el espacio
de las iras del pueblo el volcán
altas cumbres y bosques umbríos
Amazona, paraíso y destino
tus hermosas, palmeras y ríos

Como el águila cruza el espacio de las iras del pueblo el volcán altas cumbres y bosques umbríos Amazona paraíso y destino tus hermosas palmeras y ríos

Like the eagle crosses the space of the people's anger, the volcano, high peaks and shady forests, Amazon paradise and destiny, your beautiful palm trees and rivers.

III

Sobre palmas y lauros de oro
coronados de fúlgido hielo
donde duermen clavadas las águilas
de los índicos mitos del suelo
patrimonio y selva sin igual

Sobre palmas y lauros de oro coronados de fúlgido hielo
donde duermen clavadas las águilas se los índicos mitos del
suelo patrimonio y selva sin igual

On palms and golden laurels crowned with brilliant ice where
the eagles sleep nailed to the Indic myths of the soil,
heritage and jungle without equal.

IV

Del preciado laurel se corona
que oyó en sus montañas la tierra del sol
que a tus selvas corona
con la savia vital de mi flora

Del preciado laurel se corona que oyó en sus montañas la
tierra del sol que a tus selvas corona con la savia vital de mi
flora

The land of the sun that crowns your jungles with the vital
sap of my flora is crowned with the precious laurel that was
heard in its mountains.

V

Gentil naturaleza
absorta, entre relámpagos
patrimonio y selva sin igual
que propere la tierra nativa
son hermanos del llano tropical

Gentil naturaleza absorta, entre relámpagos patrimonio y
selva sin igual que prospere la tierra nativa son hermanos del
llano tropical

Gentle nature absorbed between lightning unparalleled
heritage and jungle may the native land prosper they're
brothers of the tropical plain.

Ronald Pizzoferrato, *Memorabilia Migrante*, 2023, Handmade photo book, 6 x 12 in



Artistic book object. The front cover is mirrored plexi that captures fingerprints, the inside includes a selection of photos of objects the artist has found along the way of main Venezuelan migration routes, pointing at the things once needed and now left behind.

(Back Room)

Juan Diego Pérez la Cruz, *Lagunas Mentales*, 2023, 9-channel video Installation, 3.5 minutes



Torn family photographs pinned to a red background that shift every few minutes. Sound from the piece sounds like shuffling paper.
(Following left wall)

(Dialogues On) BUILD WHAT WE HATE. DESTROY WHAT WE LOVE.



Artist book featuring texts from Fabiola R. Delgado, Juan Diego Pérez la Cruz, María Fernanda Vandersteen, Ronald Pizzoferrato, Pauline Pérez, Cassandra Mayela, Sam Arnow, Francisco Llinás Casas, and Erick Moreno Superlano

Cassandra Mayela, *Maps of Displacement (selected testimonies)*, 2023, 8.5 x 14 in

(See back pages)*

Cassandra Mayela, *La Carga*, 2023, Deconstructed Backpack, 18 x 20 in



Red, blue, yellow and black backpack deconstructed and re sewn, framed in a black shadow frame.

Cassandra Mayela, *Maps of Displacement (selected testimonies)*, 2023, 8.5 x 14 in

La camisa dice "Venezuela me verás volver". Una de mis mejores amigas de la infancia es diseñadora. Ella migró a Argentina, y su mamá quedó en Venezuela con la mayoría de las prendas. En 2017, yo estando aquí, las quise ayudar y les compré 75 camisas. Las vendí casi todas, algunas las regalé, y me quedé con esa porque estaba segura de que Venezuela me vería volver algún día. Quiero soltar ese sentimiento. Me genera nostalgia cada vez que la uso. Significa mucho para mí porque me recuerda a mis mejores amigos de toda la vida.

The shirt says "Venezuela, you will see me return." One of my best childhood friends is a designer. She migrated to Argentina, and her mom stayed in Venezuela with most of the clothes. In 2017, when I was already here, I wanted to help them so I bought 75 shirts. I sold almost all of them, gave away some, and kept this one because I was sure that Venezuela would see me return someday. I want to let go of that feeling. It brings me nostalgia every time I wear it. It means a lot to me because it reminds me of my lifelong best friends.

Andrea Martínez

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Andrea Martínez

La pieza tiene un dibujo de donde vivíamos en
Caracas; de mi hijo pensando en su casa.

The piece has a drawing of where we used to live
in Caracas; of my son thinking about his home.

Anonymous

Es una franela naranja de *Voluntad Popular*. Escapé de Venezuela como recién graduado, activista por los derechos humanos, miembro de la comunidad LGBTQ y del equipo de juventudes de Voluntad Popular. Esta prenda fue parte de una recaudación de nuestro equipo para identificarnos.

En una visita de mis padres, ellos me la trajeron con el miedo de ser detenidos por cargarla. Mi mamá la escondió entre capas de otras prendas y logró entregármela.

It's an orange *Voluntad Popular* T-shirt. I escaped from Venezuela as a recent graduate, human rights activist, member of the LGBTQ community, and part of the youth team of Voluntad Popular. This garment was part of a fundraiser by our team to identify ourselves.

During a visit from my parents, they brought it to me with the fear of being arrested for carrying it. My mom hid it among layers of other clothes and managed to give it to me.

Carlos Vásquez Cataño

Cuando uso la franela, regreso a ser el Daniel que jugaba fútbol en Las Mercedes, que tenía una banda de indie alternativo y estaba estudiando medicina en una Caracas paradisíaca pero al borde del colapso. Fue un regalo de cumpleaños de una persona que le dio sentido a mi vida adulta joven; veo la franela y recuerdo nuestras tardes ensayando, estudiando, etc.

When I wear the T-shirt, I go back to being the Daniel who played soccer in Las Mercedes, who had an alternative indie band and was studying medicine in a paradisiacal Caracas yet on the verge of collapse. It was a birthday gift from someone who gave meaning to my young adult life; I see the T-shirt and remember our afternoons rehearsing, studying, etc.

Daniel Gunz

Fueron los jeans con los que salí de Venezuela, llena de miedos y esperanza. Al llegar aquí solo tenía 300\$ y un poco de ropa que traía en la maleta. Cuando conseguí mi primer trabajo -que fue en construcción- era lo único que tenía para usar y estuvieron conmigo hasta que se me rompieron. Aun así los tengo; no los he querido botar porque siempre sentí que podía hacer algo con ellos. Me recuerdan un poco a quien yo era en Venezuela y las cosas que tuve que hacer el primer año aquí. Trabajé durísimo en el mundo de la construcción y ese par de jeans estuvieron conmigo siempre.

They were the jeans I wore when I left Venezuela, full of fears and hope. I only had \$300 and a little clothing in my suitcase upon my arrival. When I got my first job -which was in construction- they were the only thing I had to wear, and they stayed with me until they ripped. Even so, I still have them; I haven't wanted to throw them away because I always felt I could do something with them. They remind me a bit of who I was in Venezuela and the things I had to do in my first year here. I worked extremely hard in the world of construction, and that pair of jeans was always with me.

Daniela Hernández

En un intercambio de regalos en 1997, una
compañera me lo regaló y ha viajado conmigo a
Miami y a Washington. Cada día pesa más y más.

In a gift exchange in 1997, a colleague gave it
to me, and it has traveled with me to Miami and
Washington. Each gets heavier and heavier each
day.

Pijama favorita de mi papá. Recuerdo que cuando la usaba, significaba que se quedaría en casa. Mi papá era una persona muy dura y esta pijama lo hacía más suave. Me traje la camisa al mudarme; el pantalón se rompió y se botó.

My dad's favorite pajamas. I remember that when he wore them, it meant he would stay at home. My dad was a very tough person, and these pajamas made him softer. I brought the shirt with me when I moved; the pants ripped and were thrown away.

Es una prenda que heredé de mi hermana mayor,
quien también se fue de Venezuela. Fue una de
las prendas que me traje al emigrar. Ya no me
queda, pero siento que es una parte de mí.

It's a garment I inherited from my older sister,
who also left Venezuela. It was one of the items
I brought with me when I emigrated. It no longer
fits me, but I feel like it's a part of me.