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In her work titled *Liminality*, Sepideh Dashti connects the idea of domestic, trivial, visceral and abject, to those of the environmental and global. As an immigrant from Iran, through her art, Dashti narrates her lived experience in diasporas of Canada and the United States, where she has lived, studied, raised her family and worked. She utilizes mundane materials of domestic life, such as lint, thread, date pits, and bits and pieces of trash or recycle, which not surprisingly best represent the traditional feminine roles assigned to women by the patriarchy both in her homeland and in her diasporic lifestyle. She uses this domestic aspect as a platform to venture into her big picture environmental and international aspects. Here is where her art represents the liminal mental space of life in diaspora.

In her *Under Current*, Dashti introduces the globe made of mundane and abject domestic trash including dryer lint and remnant grout from a house project, that feel cozy and familiar on the one hand and coarse and salty on the other. As the audience's eyes travel on the land, the cozy homy lint parts of her installation art, they see the pieces that carry memories, for instance of bits of tissue paper washed in the family member's pockets, dried leaves and twigs in her kids' laundry from hours of playing out in the yard, lint with specific colors that indicate certain pieces having been washed, clothing tags, etc. The continuation of this trip from the linty land towards the edges brings the audience to the oceans that are created in *Under Current* by grout. For those who are familiar with the mismanagement of water reservoirs in Iran and the drying Urumyeh Lake, the white salty feel of Dashti's global oceans awakens the pain about homeland. On different corners of her lint and grout world, Dashti has installed her words, *Nomad* and *Har Kojaii* (meaning, *wherever you are* in Persian) in different forms. She breaks word *Nomad* into *No* and *Mad*, to clarify the in-between-ness of life in immigration. *Har Kojaii*, breaks into *Har*, meaning *every*, *Koja* meaning *where*, *Kojaii?*, meaning *where from?* and *Harjaii*, meaning both *everywhere you are* and *prostitute*. This word game, which materializes in Dashti's *Under Current* as stitched words on beer can pieces, was a pandemic lockdown idea for her. It feels as if while confined within the limits of her house, she has found a way to practice her freedom, the right to drink, which she did not have in her homeland. Another element of *Under Current* is the

motion sensor recorded voice informing the audience how utterances could be heard, specifically voices of women. The recorded voice stops every now and then, for the audience to hear recordings of the shouting and screaming in Persian and Arabic, some from protesting against the atrocities in Ukraine, Yemen, Palestine and the policing of the public space against women's presence with looser headscarves. Her own liminal life of an Iranian woman living the international and at the same time diasporic life gives meaning to all the elements of this work of art, weaving back and forth between domestic and public, Iranian and Canadian/American, homeland and diaspora, confinement and freedom, mundane, nostalgic, abject and desirable.

In her Palm Garden, too, she makes clever use of mundane domestic trash materials and found objects, such as bamboo skewers, the flooring board of her kid's old crib, garden soil and pits from dates. Coming from Kerman, a city at the margin of the Lut Desert in Iran, Dashti expresses her nostalgia, resilience, regret and sorrow for palm trees, which are local to her hometown. The date pits come from her baking local Kermani cookies, throughout the times she misses home. For the locals of Kerman, water mismanagement of the government and dead palm trees are part of the routine. Through this conceptual installation, Dashti acts out her activism and feminism regarding water mismanagement and her nostalgia for the homeland in her kitchen and while peeling onions, which is a routine part of Iranian cuisine. Her experience becomes so visceral when she weeps and lets her tears irrigate the palms. As a part of her Palm Garden, she uses the poetic proverb which translates into, "We are limping and the destination is too far/ Our hands are too short, and dates are on top of the palm" to express regret and inability. Her installation is a motorized combination of date pits that turn around on top of her bamboo sticks, irrigated by Dashti's tears that are conceptually hosed to the garden from the video art of her eyes we see on the wall.

The use of domestic found objects as the main installation materials, her nostalgia for her homeland, her resilience in diaspora, the lint and grout globe that break her words and create new meanings, her visceral experiences with the abject, i.e. the lint and the tears that irrigate the palm trees, her baby's old crib that makes her garden bed, all demonstrate the liminality in which Dashti's lived experience has occurred during her years as an immigrant. She skillfully brings together her nostalgia, feminism and activism and the mundane quotidian through her conceptual installations.