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Rome

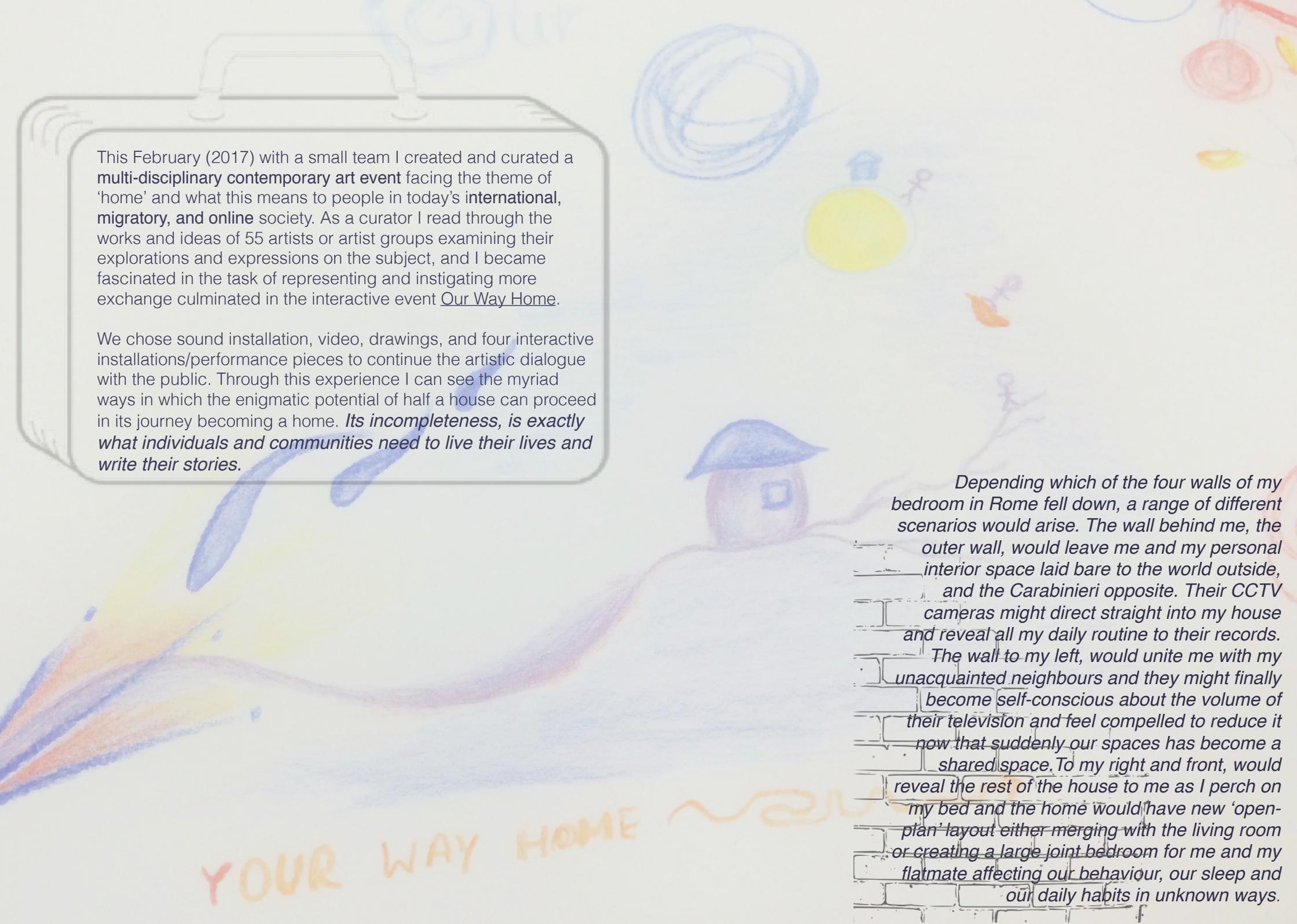
*Some things, if broken in half, are not broken at all
but take each half, and you have two -with potential to transform- where before you had only one*



I struggle sometimes to let creativity and expression flow, concerned and bounded by the fear of incompleteness and imperfection. Countless times, I begin a composition, a painting, a piece of writing, it remains half-done...because while that inspiration lasted it created that much, and then is replaced by a new influence and a new direction. Transformation, therefore, has come to influence my work; seeking not for a static final outcome, but continuity, evolution and an acceptance that there is no single truth, no single result, no one answer to anything. The world and our experiences are multifaceted.

A house is a creation, each person's home is their work of art, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously. Recently, the house I had called home all my life was emptied as my family separated and moved out. I remained an extra night, without any of the contents except the piano and the cats. Of course, the house no longer felt complete, although all its walls were still there, I knew that another family would come and recreate the house again.

And it would be transformed, a new identity.
Half a house gives people a choice, a choice to own then space they inhabit, and to inhabit the space they own.



This February (2017) with a small team I created and curated a **multi-disciplinary contemporary art event** facing the theme of 'home' and what this means to people in today's **international, migratory, and online** society. As a curator I read through the works and ideas of 55 artists or artist groups examining their explorations and expressions on the subject, and I became fascinated in the task of representing and instigating more exchange culminated in the interactive event Our Way Home.

We chose sound installation, video, drawings, and four interactive installations/performance pieces to continue the artistic dialogue with the public. Through this experience I can see the myriad ways in which the enigmatic potential of half a house can proceed in its journey becoming a home. *Its incompleteness, is exactly what individuals and communities need to live their lives and write their stories.*

Depending which of the four walls of my bedroom in Rome fell down, a range of different scenarios would arise. The wall behind me, the outer wall, would leave me and my personal interior space laid bare to the world outside, and the Carabinieri opposite. Their CCTV cameras might direct straight into my house and reveal all my daily routine to their records. The wall to my left, would unite me with my unacquainted neighbours and they might finally become self-conscious about the volume of their television and feel compelled to reduce it now that suddenly our spaces has become a shared space. To my right and front, would reveal the rest of the house to me as I perch on my bed and the home would have new 'open-plan' layout either merging with the living room or creating a large joint bedroom for me and my flatmate affecting our behaviour, our sleep and our daily habits in unknown ways.

YOUR WAY HOME