Kiddush Levana, The Moon Is Your Handheld Mirror

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Kiddush Levana, The Moon Is Your Handheld Mirror

by

Noa Ginzburg

Submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
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Kiddush Levana, The Moon is Your Handheld Mirror

“String figures' are like stories; they propose and enact patterns for participants to inhabit, somehow, on a vulnerable and wounded earth. My multispecies storytelling is about recuperation in complex histories that are as full of dying as living, as full of endings, even genocides, as beginnings”.

Images bloom in an offshore setting. It is a celestial summit of circles. Beautiful holes. I am about to write a thesis paper, and in my head, I can clearly hear my ovaries talking blatantly.

We have been living together for a while, and they might be getting close to giving up on me. Three years ago, I put them to work, right after circumstances changed and I shifted gears and moved continents. I could not sense any voices echoing from their cavities back then when they were injected with hormones and vacated their abnormally generated eggs to an environment hostile to anything but the omnipotent one.

However, now, as I am sitting here at my friends’ Chelsea offices, a computer on my lap and my legs on the window sill and next to me, a one-year-old is sleeping off the

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1 SF: Science Fiction, Speculative Fabulation, String Figures, So Far (Donna Haraway said and wrote about SF as a symbol of her work in multiple talks and essays. Here’s one: https://adanewmedia.org/2013/11/issue3-haraway/- a reproduction of DH speech at the Pilgrim Award ceremony on ADA Media website.
newly injected vaccination, his tiny body producing incredible cells with memory and resilience. I got emotional when I started bleeding thirty minutes after the beautiful boy woke up from his nap. My cycle was a couple of days longer this month. As the moon was waxing, I briefly entertained the thought that I might be pregnant. I sensed a phantom throb in my lower stomach.

Whatever it was, it sent serpents of frivolous dismay down to my womb. However, I realized, the sensation was not an indicator of my body’s submissions to a path of procreation - just plain old cramps.

I will be thirty-nine in September, and I am where I always wanted to be. Moving to New York was the will and school was the way. I am here.

Siri, I ask, why is Baroque like Rococo? (I love the sound of both. Say Barouquoco out loud, now). I actually never activated Siri. It felt awkward to me to

---

3 Why is a raven like a writing desk? I googled that too as H2 suggested. One of the first hits is a guardian page of notes and queries, where (Dr) Selwyn Goodacre, Editor, Journal of the Lewis Carroll Society, Swadlincote, Derbyshire suggests: “LEWIS CARROLL himself proposed an answer in the 1897 final revision of Alice’s Adventures. “Because it can produce a few notes, though they are very flat; and it is never put with the wrong end in front!” The early issues of the revision spell “never” as “nevar”, ie “raven” with the wrong end in front. Martin Gardner, in More Annotated Alice (1990) gave two possible answers, sent in by readers: “both have quills dipped in ink” and “because it slopes with a flap”. In 1991, The Spectator held a competition for new answers, among the prize winners were: “because one has flapping fits and the other fitting flaps”; “because one is good for writing books and the other better for biting rooks”; and “because a writing desk is a rest for pens and a raven is a pest for wrens”. Any possible solutions to the Mad Hatter's conundrum: Why is a raven like a writing-desk? https://www.theguardian.com/notesandqueries/query/0,5753,-2083,00.html
speak to an artificially generated voice and have mine as an audible self stored on a cloud. Some early adopters have their limits.

Google then. I am looking online to find out if the adjacent of two words, Baroque Minimalism, could be found in a relevant art and theory context. Most hits on Google for Baroque Minimalism are interior design references, with photos of townhouses in overpriced cities and a one size fits all makeover. All of the photos show a Victorian sofa painted white near a black shaggy rug. Excuse me! I thought I’d get thousands of hits, like the time I invented object-oriented ontological feminist theories, googled OOF, and found the collection of essays Katherine Behar edited to a book⁴.

Maybe I did come up with this one. A.⁵ told me a while ago during a studio visit that “Baroque Minimalism is not a thing,” to which I replied: oh, you will read about.

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⁴“The essays in Object-Oriented Feminism explore OOF: a feminist intervention into recent philosophical discourses—like speculative realism, object-oriented ontology (OOO), and new materialism—that take objects, things, stuff, and matter as primary. Object-oriented feminism approaches all objects from the inside-out position of being an object too, with all of its accompanying political and ethical potentials.” from the Intro to Katherine Behar (ed.): Object-Oriented Feminism, University of Minnesota Press, 2016

⁵I use initials when referred to words spoken to me in person by friends and colleagues. Sometimes the initials are a culmination of several people. As my friend Hannah Bruckmuller noted, this is common among writers. In her article in Tohu magazine, co-written with Michal Ron, “How Testo Junkie Transforms You” she asks, “what do initials provide? Which secrets are these letters keeping?” http://tohumagazine.com/article/how-testo-junkie-transforms-you#footnoteref22_sonayhj. For me, the use of initials enables enmeshing of several real-life and fictional characters and personas together, an assemblage of voices that can be summed into a single letter.
A poem for H.

She is always so happy when she cries
She gets me sublimated
Condensed
I melt

(Who's your hero, he asked, looking at my screen)

She uses the word soul\(^6\) because that’s the word we have but
She would really prefer not to.
A soul might be the togetherness of things,
and I am a merely temporal collection of microbes and minerals.

You know,
Nothing used to scare me more than
Temporality

In the fall of 2015, I visited Museo El Prado in Madrid, Spain. Facing Hieronymus Bosch’s “Garden of Earthly Delights” for the first time in person, I was speechless. It was this encounter with Bosch which made me apply to grad school, breathing wind and ideas for new work, and I wanted to revisit him as soon as I could.

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\(^6\) I heard Ursula K LeGuin saying that she wouldn’t use the word soul if she didn’t have to. This was a panel where she was in conversation with Donna Haraway and James Clifford at the *Anthropocene: Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet* Conference, held USCS in May 2014. You can listen to their conversation here: [https://vimeo.com/98270808](https://vimeo.com/98270808)
In spring 2018 I applied for the Kossak painters travel grant in order to see Bosch again and then to see more Bosch. Being a non-painter, I did not have much of a chance. However, I had a good case, I thought: I suggested a re-visit to Museo El Prado in Madrid, Spain, to see El Bosco “Garden of Earthly Delights” again, followed by a stop in Austria, Vienna, to see Bosch’s “The Last Judgment” in Gemäldegalerie of the Academy of Fine Arts. I had also been invited by my friend, Ms. Hannah Bruckmueller, who is a Ph.D. candidate at the Academy, to give a talk at the Academy. I was to discuss the bright painted apocalypse in Bosch’s paintings, the influence I thought it had on the brilliant animation show “Adventure Time” and its creator Pendleton Ward, and to relate both to the precarious assemblage-playfulness and pain in my practice.

\footnote{I often refer to “Adventure Time” as the best show ever made. “Adventure Time” is an animated television series created by Pendleton Ward for the American Cartoon Network. The animation series follows the adventures of a boy named Finn The Human and his best friend and adoptive brother Jake The Dog—that can shift its shape and size. Finn and Jake are citizens of the post-apocalyptic Land of Ooo. Other main characters include Princess Bubblegum, the Ice King, Marceline the Vampire Queen), BMO (pronounced Bee-MO), among others. \url{https://www.imdb.com/title/tt1305826/}}
Facing Bosch again, I argued, will transform and forward my installation, and could lead me to decipher how to construct the memory of a decorated box that held my gas mask in nineteen ninety-one, during the first Gulf War. That was a special one, even though where I am from, there is always war\(^8\).

The gas mask I had growing up and that we had to carry with us wherever we went, was packed quite neatly by the army in a cardboard box with a long plastic handle. We decorated the box with printed, colored paper and markers and stickers, and every evening when the siren went off around dinner time we rushed to the safe space which was my parents’ bedroom.

We sealed the room and tucked a cloth soaked in soda powder and water under the door. We stretched sheets of plastic over the window and taped it crisscross. The kids were alright, never nervous, and the adults played it pretty cool too.

Dinner-sirens-masks, we had the radio on and so was the television, and we were waiting for further instructions or for the single tone siren to relieve us from the tight black rubber pressing against our faces and the uncomfortable changes in the alveoles circumference in our lungs.

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\(^8\) A couple of days ago, Joe at the studio building’s front desk told me, “you know we are cousins, but there is no end to this blood our people shed”. Joe and I are on good terms. His family is part Italian, part Syrian, and he picked up some Hebrew listening to the radio during one of those wars. He can read the Bahibak (I love you, ﺑﺤﺒﻚ) written on my dash pin and when he does, he smiles and shakes my hand. Conflicts can bring your family together, we have that in common.
I always wanted to see an Iraqi Scud missile meet with an American Patriot protective shield and blow out like fireworks. Twenty years later, working on an art project in an upper floor of a tower in east Tel Aviv, I heard the siren and ran towards the floor to ceiling glass windows to see if my house was spared. As I was seeking the remnants of the vessel propelled from Gaza, Israel was retaliating with a full air force action sent by a coalition of right-wing ideologues. Later that summer, curling under a table with my cat, looking at the painted floors in my Tel Aviv apartment, I decided to leave. My grandma, a Holocaust orphan and an alumna of multiple immigration quests, still can’t believe I left out of my own will. “No one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark”\(^9\), I think is what she means to say. But I lived by the sea for many years, and I could feel the flood coming in my bones.

I consider installations as time-based work, where the hierarchy of objects and their position can be put in question. Bosch knew what I am talking about. His creatures had a discrete meaning to his viewers\(^{10}\), but the whole thing, large sheets of

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\(^9\)“Home” opening verse, a poem by Warsan Shire, 2015
https://www.facinghistory.org/standing-up-hatred-intolerance/warsan-shire-home

\(^{10}\)Hieronymus Bosch (b. Jheronimus van Aken, 1450-d. 1516) was a painter working and living in the Netherlands. His work depicts natural and religious narratives in the most fantastical way, often regarded by contemporary viewers as surrealist, nightmarish or quasi-psychedelic. However, viewers of his time would have recognized the symbols he used, from animals to gestures to fabrics depicted. Weird, grotesque and enchanted, Bosch’s signifiers might have shifted in their symbolic meaning, but interestingly enough they are still attractive, repulsive, and cast a wide inspirational net over contemporary creators.

“Bosch’s most complex and enigmatic creation...the overall theme of The Garden of Earthly Delights is the fate of humanity... On the outer faces of the triptych Bosch depicted in grisaille the Third Day of the Creation of the World, when the waters were separated from the earth and the earthly Paradise (Eden) created...On the inner face of the triptych, painted in brilliant colours which contrast with the grisaille, Bosch painted three scenes that share the single common denominator of the concept of sin, which starts in Paradise or Eden on the left panel, with Adam and Eve, and is punished in Hell in the right panel.
magnificent horrific drawings were and are still, breathing together. The more you look at Bosch’s work, the more fuckery you discover. Reconsider your point of view, my dear contemporary viewer, he tells me.

His creatures and animated and inanimate objects are in a state of metamorphosis. I wrap my objects together; every knot is a charm and enchantments are bounded with it.

Panel. The centre panel depicts a Paradise that deceives the senses, a false Paradise given over to the sin of lust. The extremely pessimistic message that the centre panel conveys is that of the fragility and ephemeral nature of happiness and delight in these sinful pleasures. Men and women... maintaining amorous relations (some of a forbidden nature) with a powerful erotic charge that refers to the panel’s pre-eminent theme, the sin of lust... The right panel depicts Hell and is Bosch’s most striking representation of this subject, on occasions referred to as the musical Hell owing to the significant presence of instruments used to torture sinners who have devoted their time to secular music”. Pilar Silva: “Bosch. The 5th Centenary Exhibition Catalogue”, Museo Nacional del Prado, 2016, pp. 330-346).

11 In “Metamorphosis”, by Roman poet Ovid, he describes the goddess Fama, a personification of popular rumor as inhabiting a reverberating mountaintop palace of brass. Virgil described her (“Aeneid“, Book IV) as a swift, birdlike monster with as many eyes, lips, tongues, and ears as feathers, traveling on the ground but with her head in the clouds.
The Kossak plan didn’t work at the time, but I’m looking forward to visiting Vienna in the coming year.

In Hebrew, the most commonly used word for moon is in a male form, Yareach (ירח), a word affiliated with time (Yerach, ירח is a month). Kiddush Levana translates to a ritual of sanctifying the moon, where the men in town stand in the open, on the seventh night of the new cycle to bless it so it will keep its growth, its fulfillment. In the ritual of Kiddush Levana, the Levana (לבנה), a white female being is the being blessed, and not the Yareach. Hebrew is a heavily gendered language, and god (who is referred to as male) tells the Levana (the moon in its female appearance) to keep renewing, rejuvenating herself.
The blessing the men say is posted on the exterior walls of every synagogue.

Large, bright Hebrew letters make it easier to read in the pale light of the expansion phase. Her blessing is not her own — it is glorifying God and told by men.

The style of the letters is anything but soft; it is like they just want to claim her as their own.

“ברוך אתה, היי שמים של כל העולמים, אשר בишьם בך, שבחיינו בפי כל עולם. עליך עוד היום, היום, היום עלה השם אדני.

שתים שלמיך ולא ישא להן קוף. פניהם שמים שפילתך אתprix. הלבשה אמם, ישלחנה, השם תפזר להם כבוד, ישים.

ונענעים להזנות כמותה לפרס ולמים של יום יום. בורך אתה, אתה חכם.

Translation: Blessed are you, HASHEM, our God, King of the Universe, Who with His utterance created heavens, and with the breath of His mouth all their legion. A decree and a schedule did He give them that they do not alter their assigned task. They are joyous and glad to perform the will of their Owner — the Worker of truth Whose work is the truth. To the moon He said that it should renew itself as a crown of splendor for those borne [by Him] from the womb, those who are destined to renew themselves like it, and to glorify their Molder for the name of His glorious kingdom. Blessed are you, HASHEM, Who renews the months.12

הלבנה יפה הלילה, Ha’Leveana Yafa Ha’laila, I teach my friends to say.

The moon, she is beautiful tonight.
“In the face of unrelenting historically specific surplus suffering in companion species knottings, I am not interested in reconciliation or restoration, but I am deeply committed to the more modest possibilities of partial recuperation and getting on together.”

I come from a heritage groomed with guilt and trauma, where socio-political discourse is so defeated it is hiding under my un-functional crafty objects, only visible when light reflects. I am interested in the relationship between visual, experiential, physical perceptions of surfaces. I draw, only to find out later that it was the sketch for an assemblage all along.

Image 6,7

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13 Haraway, Staying with the trouble, p. 10
The drawing will later be incorporated into the installation, and the place will cautiously invite beings, and all of them, human or not, will make reflections and cast shadows, activating the space.

A light source from a passing car. A sound previously muttered in the distance might play in a loop. The afterimage\textsuperscript{14} pertains. Elements play together when the spreading mess of masses are gathered, layered and spread out again.

At any given moment, hundreds of open windows and tabs are making my computer slower than it should be at a young age. Parallel universes and non-linear timelines are about to unfold. Am I accumulating sensibly or hoarding? I like the extensiveness, the lush, the lavish of objects placed all over. My elements are crafted from the every-day; stacked, cracked, pigmented in saturated colors, they reference excess and are formed into clusters of rough edges and tensely pressed follies.

I use methods of crocheted and collaged non-Euclidian, hyperbolic figures\textsuperscript{15}, surfaces, and spaces, using discarded reels of acrylic yarn, ropes, film, and paper, among other materials.

\textsuperscript{14} An afterimage is an image that continues to appear in one’s vision after the exposure to the original image has ceased. see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Afterimage

\textsuperscript{15} Christine and Margaret Wertheim of the Institute For Figuring have been utilizing natural forms, craft, and mathematics in creating a strong visual response, “The Crochet Coral Reef”, to the annihilation of reefs by man-made global warming and irresponsible contamination of the oceans. Christine and Margaret Wertheim highlight the way practice of Craft is algorithm-based “through the medium of yarn intricate emulations of living reefs can be brought into being... The Crochet Coral Reef is a woolly celebration of the intersection of higher geometry and feminine handicraft, and a testimony to the disappearing wonders of the marine world”. https://crochetcoralreef.org/about/index.php
Is Baroque Minimalism a thing? It might not be what each word represents alone; Both have art historical references packed like a drawer full of shirts that met Marie Kondo\(^{16}\). It is more about what those two words represent as an unattained coherence. It does not have to make sense but has to bring joy, and by joy, I do not mean navel-gazing pleasure but a notion like Boris Groys’ Romantic Conceptualism\(^{17}\). It

\(^{16}\) Marie Kondo (also known as KonMarie) is an expert of tidying spaces and homes, bestselling author of *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up* (2011) and is currently the star of Netflix’s hit show, “Tidying Up With Marie Kondo”. One of the things that fascinates me about her work is that as people find what sparks joy in their life (in order to keep it) and what doesn’t, they are throwing out an enormous amount of stuff, most of it ends up in a landfill.

\(^{17}\) In his 1979 essay Boris Groys opens with: “However odd the juxtaposition of these two words may sound, I know of no better term than romantic conceptualism to describe the present development in the moscow art field”. In the essay, Groys discusses the work of Lev Rubinstein, Ivan Chuikow, Francisco Infante, and the artist group Collective Actions.

is encompassing the act of defiance of a fundamental characteristic of one movement with a natural expression of the other, or vice versa.

Bosch is often referred to as a kind of a medieval modernist, or as a person with a mindset beyond his century. If dark age modernity exists, why not Baroque Minimalism?

In the medieval Levant, magic mirrors were used to protect its owner from evil, a handheld talisman. It could fool you to think that light goes through an opaque reflective surface as if it was porous. The tiniest concavity of its decorated back makes it peculiarly shed light. The carving of material creates relief, opens up its abilities. You could polish it to view your reflection or read the blessings and praises etched on its edges\(^\text{18}\).

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\(^{18}\) Cast bronze mirrors, polished for the creation of reflection, are known to be called *magic mirrors*. The magic mirrors of China and Japan carry a magicall property- the pattern that is embossed on the back (ornamental or figurative, iconographic or numerical) can become visible with light projected onto a screen from the reflective back, when this projection is made by a small source. The pattern becomes sharper regardless of the distance. In his research paper from 2005, “Oriental magic mirrors and the Laplacian image”, M V Berry writes: “the deviation of rays by weak undulations on the reflecting surface, introduced during the manufacturing process and too weak to see directly, that reproduce the much stronger relief embossed on the back...in the optical regime relevant to magic mirrors, the image intensity is given, in terms of the height function \(h(r)\) of the relief on the reflecting surface, by the Laplacian \(\nabla^2 h(r)\)...Laplacian-image analysis of a magic-mirror image indicates that steps on the reflecting surface are about 400 nm high and laterally smoothed by about 0.5 mm”. M V Berry: Oriental magic mirrors and the Laplacian image, in: Institute of Physics Publishing European Journal of Physics 27 (2006) 109–118. [https://michaelberryphysics.files.wordpress.com/2013/07/berry383.pdf](https://michaelberryphysics.files.wordpress.com/2013/07/berry383.pdf).

In Pliny the Elder. Natural History, Book 33, XLV, published by Harris Rackham, London 1938, p. 97, 99. [https://archive.org/stream/naturalhistory09plinuoft#page/96/mode/2up/search/mirror](https://archive.org/stream/naturalhistory09plinuoft#page/96/mode/2up/search/mirror), Pliny writes: “Still, the property of reflecting images is marvellous; it is generally agreed that it takes place owing to the repercussion of the air which is thrown back into the eyes. [...] the quality of the shape receiving the shadows twists them as they come: for in fact the image in a mirror is merely the shadow arranged by the brilliance of the material receiving it”.

I recently wrote a seminar paper about Magic Mirrors for Professor Cynthia Hahn for the final assignment of her Medieval Art and Thing Theory class. It is titled “Speculative Healing / A mirror from the 12th century asks/ Who is healed, who is reflected, who is silent and who speaks?” It can be read [right here](https://michaelberryphysics.files.wordpress.com/2013/07/berry383.pdf).
The Rose Window of Notre Dame\textsuperscript{19} has been spared more than once, round and fragmented and saturated, light and heavenly rays protect its glory while the patches of material layered by hundreds of hands over decades must crumble and dissolve.

Across from the 205 Hudson gallery, on Canal, there is a room where the light never goes out. It shifts colors nonstop.

Not far down the street, Marian Zazeela’s strategically programmed lights transform the “Dream House” interior to resonate with La Monte Young’s\textsuperscript{20} musical standing waves.

I am interested in how the slight shift of surface generates a noticeable change in perception. Like the pink grow lights I use in my installation, that instead of shedding light from above, both ascend and submerge to fill a space, turning the white to green with an unambiguous visual presentation of positive afterimage.

\textsuperscript{19} The world watched in horror when the Notre Dame church went up in flames in April 2019. The Rose Window, containing ancient glass and the central feature of the facade wasn’t harmed. Similar circular windows can be found in other gothic architectural style. At about the same time, strangely enough, a fire was started in the Al Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem, but no serious damage was made to the sacred building. In both cases it seems to be an accident initiated by human-error.

\textsuperscript{20} “Dream House”, a collaborative Sound and Light Environment by composer La Monte Young and visual artist Marian Zazeela, is presented in an extended exhibition at MELA Foundation, 275 Church Street, 3rd Floor. \url{http://www.melafoundation.org/DHpressFY17.html}
My installation is a polyphonic, opulent mix.

I am obsessed with the way Laure Prouvost uses most surfaces of the room in her installations, how Robert Morris thought of mirrors and geometric blanks, how Marcel Broodthaers and Stéphane Mallarmé shifted words and negative spaces. Hildegard von Bingen and Hilma af Klint and Donna Haraway are prominent female protagonists, awkward and brilliant and analytic beings that can talk to spirits and animals. Richard Tuttle and James Turrell might titer to see their names in this list, but I think it is okay. Kurt Schwitters taught me that fragments of tossed materials could be woven into something whole, assembling a column-atic essence into the spatially charged but disarming shed.

21 Laure Prouvost is a French artist living and working in Antwerp. In 2013 she won the Turner Prize and this year she will represent France at the Venice Biennale (“May You Live in Interesting Times”, 2019) http://laureprouvost.com/menu.html
“String figures can be played by many, on all sorts of limbs, as long as the rhythm of accepting and giving is sustained”22.

In his book “Human Kind”23, Timothy Morton writes that the notion of phenomenological distance is enabled by ontological nearness. When something is too vivid, it is harder for us to grasp, as is ambiguity. Morton argues that solidarity is the background noise of the biosphere, and should not to be confused by sympathy, which might imply a power relation or empathy, that is subjected to be exclusive:

“solidarity is the hum of the grid24.”

Solidarity is the hum of the grid. I wonder if Max Neuhaus would agree.

We were at Times Square at 4 AM, a bunch of drunks and lost souls around us, and the light from the huge screens bewildered my body and mind to think it was midday. And

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22 Haraway, Staying with the trouble, p. 10
23 “What is it that makes humans, human? As science and technology challenge the boundaries between life and non-life, between organic and inorganic, this ancient question is more timely than ever. Acclaimed Object-Oriented philosopher Timothy Morton invites us to consider this philosophical issue as eminently political... A radical call for solidarity between Humans and non humans”.
https://www.versobooks.com/books/2465-humankind
24 In 2018 Morton spoke at Serpentine Gallery conference, titled “Guest+Host = Ghost,” about the notion of the symbiotic real and solidarity. You can listen to the podcast in this link.
This quote starts at minute 12:35
then, that hum, under the grid\textsuperscript{25}. It was the most phenomenological experience I had to date in New York City.

For solidarity, we need to notice. Noticing requires continuous and extensive fieldwork, keeping in mind that we know we do not know. We follow clues. The indeterminacy of shapes does not stupefy us. Or the impermanence of human existence. Temporality is relative, and we often do not see the end of a movement we have generated.

Interaction of objects in an assemblage will not necessarily be predetermined by laying out all of the pieces in front of us. There is symbiosis, synergy, Abundance. The rules of engagement change continuously, in more than one way. By the time we get used to living a certain way, we become numb to the impregnable change only to

\textsuperscript{25}Max Neuhaus's audio installation under the subway grate, "Times Square", can be found on the north end of the triangular (pedestrian) island at Broadway between 45th and 46th Streets in New York City. The sound installation was originally installed in 1977 and lasted till 1992, and was reinstated in May 2002. It can be accessed 24/7. More info on the install on the Dia Art Foundation, who has been maintaining it: https://www.diaart.org/visit/visit/max-neuhaus-times-square
realize it when it is staring us from up close. I mean, recycling does not work anymore\textsuperscript{26}. We are left with reuse, reduce, repurpose. \textsuperscript{27}

Like artists in my ancestry (a very long line of hoarders and visionaries), I too find\textsuperscript{28} and collect objects that are later encompassed into my work. I scavenge-salvage-dumpster-dive at the studio building(s), I ask my colleagues for their broken, unused scraps, and of course, when possible, I visit the wonderland hanger that is Material for the Arts\textsuperscript{29}. Artists have always been resourceful in thrifting their materials and inspirations. With ecological, anti-patriarchal, non-consumption adherence in mind, I repurpose. That does not mean energy, time and discourse aren’t

\textsuperscript{26} Still pitiful behind some European or Asian countries — the US is the biggest energy consumer, and by far, the biggest waste-unrecycled-producer [JP] “After decades of earnest public-information campaigns, Americans are finally recycling. Airports, malls, schools, and office buildings across the country have bins for plastic bottles and aluminum cans and newspapers. In some cities, you can be fined if inspectors discover that you haven’t recycled appropriately. But now much of that carefully sorted recycling is ending up in the trash...For decades, we were sending the bulk of our recycling to China—tons and tons of it, sent over on ships to be made into goods such as shoes and bags and new plastic products. But last year, the country restricted imports of certain recyclables, including mixed paper—magazines, office paper, junk mail—and most plastics. Waste-management companies across the country are telling towns, cities, and counties that there is no longer a market for their recycling. These municipalities have two choices: pay much higher rates to get rid of recycling, or throw it all away. Most are choosing the latter”. Alana Semuels: Is This The End Of Recycling? The Atlantic, 2019 https://www.theatlantic.com/technology/archive/2019/03/china-has-stopped-accepting-our-trash/584131/

\textsuperscript{27} Hyperobject is a term coined by Timothy Morton, referring to things that function as part of us and us as part of them, but that is hard for us to grasp or understand. Global warming is one of these Hyperobjects. In a recent article in I-D magazine, Clementine de Pressigny interviews 16-year-old Greta Thunberg, who is trying to stop the threat with a global youth climate strike movement. “Hyperobjects like climate change defy our understanding of what a ‘thing’ in the world is, they can up-end our comprehension of humanity’s place on the planet. But they are not abstract, vague or distant. They are right here, and we’re living through them” writes de Pressigny in the opening segment. She crowns Greta Thunberg as the voice of the generation. How peculiar is it that we have come to be aware of these two strong Swedish female icons (Greta and Hilma) at this point in time? https://i-d.vice.com/en_us/article/pajdyg/greta-thunberg-by-harley-weir-intereview

\textsuperscript{28} Found object and readymades have been utilized by artists for many decades. Originating from the French objet trouvé, found objects in the arts are made from objects that are not traditionally made for art making and often have a non-art function. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Found_object

\textsuperscript{29} MTFA website
injected to the forms collected. Repurpose might mean to let an object do something it has done before but in a new way.

If this is the last stretch of the Anthropocene, I wonder if we will find a way to evolve or hide or create an equivalent of a safe-room. Like the non-aerobic creatures that are hiding in every cell in aerobic bodies since the Bacteriocene, a mass extinction produced by bacteria, killing countless species of bacteria, evidently made us who we are today, an oxygen-dependent creature. We too shall find a way. Whatever WE will mean at the time.

In the meantime, I would like to play that ambiguity between the presentation of installation and an exhibition; I need humor, to play, to weave together the fulgurating flow between what is meticulously handled and what is barely touched. All function in solidarity, with no mimetic rivalry or scapegoating of forms. My point of view is suggested, hanging at various heights for various viewers, but it is never imposed.
My next project will very unlikely include a perfect icosidodecahedron, but I still would love to draw one and then utilize its internal volume to jump\textsuperscript{30} with a spectral gap while I travel in time (after all, it is bigger on the inside\textsuperscript{31}).

And I will howl loud enough to make the moon go faster, or slower, around herself just for me. After that, we could play cat’s cradle (grandma knits, in Hebrew, and so do I) with people as fingers and velvet ropes, like threads. We move together, spreading out our tentacles in fabulous subversive gestures, reflecting the Levana’s glory in our eyes.

\textsuperscript{30} #noajump is an ongoing series of photographs I have been compiling for a few years now. It includes me, jumping in places, taking place. Here is a link to the archive.
\textsuperscript{31} I am a Whovian, that is, a big Doctor Who fan, and have referred to the show in almost every class and paper I wrote or attended during the course of this MFA program, so why not now?
“Playing games of string figures is about giving and receiving patterns, dropping threads and failing but sometimes finding something that works, something consequential and maybe even beautiful, that wasn’t there before, of relaying connections that matter, of telling stories in hand upon hand, digit upon digit, attachment site upon attachment site, to craft conditions for finite flourishing on terra, on earth.”  

32 Haraway, Staying with the trouble, p. 10
Behar, Katherine (ed.): “Object-Oriented Feminism”, University of Minnesota Press, 2016


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Leguin Ursula Kroeber: “Panel discussion with Donna J.Haraway and James Clifford”, at the Anthropocene: Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet Conference, USCS, 2014


Ovid: “Metamorphoses”, Book 12, pp. 39-63


“The sanctification of the Moon, Psalms, and Blessings for the Sanctification of the New Moon”, *Open Siddur*. Accessed May 12, 2019. shorturl.at/osuG0

Virgil: “Aeneid”, Book 4

# Image List of Thesis Exhibition Works

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<th>Materials</th>
<th>Page</th>
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<td>1. It got good guts</td>
<td>Assembled sculpture: porcelain, glass, sequins, ropes, and threads on a wooden lightbox with grow light and artificial grass</td>
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<td>2. High and Dry (Earthly Delights)</td>
<td>Lashed repurposed wood and rope, metallic acrylic paint, light cord, pink light bulb, threads, wall and plastic threads, repurposed leather, other repurposed materials</td>
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<td>3. Team Folly (she’s got the whole world in her hands)</td>
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<td>10. SFSJ</td>
<td>Assembled object: glass, glazed porcelain, twine, crocheted sequin, hanged from a rafter</td>
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<td>11. Subcutaneous Delivery</td>
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<td>Unmounted paper drawing (acrylic, ink, graphite, color pencil, oil sticks, markers, and pigment), glazed porcelain</td>
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<td>12. I See What You Mean</td>
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<td>Two objects facing each other (hanged on rafters) crocheted sequins, blue light bulb, glazed porcelain.</td>
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<td>Repurposed metal and purple knotted rope, black wood frame with an Assemblage of crocheted ropes and film, fabrics, paper cutout, rocks, cellophane, glazed porcelain, thread, and twine.</td>
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<td>Assembled plastic tubes, mirror, acrylic sheet, glazed porcelain, acrylic yarn.</td>
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<td>16. Bread and Wine</td>
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<td>Unmounted paper drawing (acrylic, ink, graphite, color pencil, oil sticks, markers, and pigment), dia chromatic reflective plexiglass, glazed porcelain, knotted rope, remanents of an incandescent light bulb, gifted green velvet.</td>
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Images of works in the exhibition

1. It got good guts

1.1 It got good guts (detail)
2. High and Dry (Earthly Delights)
3. Team Folly (She’s got the whole world in her hands)

3.1 Team Folly (detail)
4. Left Ovary
5. Extra-Occular Object #1

6. Extra-Occular Object #2 (Inside and Outside view)
7. Extra-Ocular Object #3

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11. Subcutaneous Delivery
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13. What do you mean by Strawberries?
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16.1. Bread and Wine (details)
17. Is she a naked person? (The Severing)
18. To sink, to heal, to sweeten the sea (After UKL)

19. Once more, with feeling (Kiddush Levana)
[Installation photos by Zorawar Sidhu]
Installation Photos (details)
Amra, activating Extra-Occular object #1

Mika, activating the tableaus in the installation space

Installation Photos (detail) by Noa and Dorit Ginzburg
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