RAISED ON REPLICAS

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I. PROLOGUE

My room was perched above an alley that centuries ago housed a row of butcher's stalls. The sloping cobblestone gutters that once ran with blood aren't the only reminder, but the idyllic bronze animals outside the tourist shop hardly convey the same tone. The gap between commemoration and conservation was abundantly clear as I listened to waves of school children on field trips clamoring to get their chance for a pig mounted selfie. I spent several days keeping watch over delivery updates and peeking in the mailbox, hoping that my international drivers' license would arrive in time for me to make my trip by rental car. The process reeked of bureaucratic obstruction, a feeling that was only solidified when I eventually returned south to Wrocław to find the "document" that was causing me so much grief for the days I sat in limbo. Eventually, I had to give up waiting and boarded a northbound train headed toward the Masurian Lakes. A friend warned me that train seats would be hard to come by this summer. Between governments subsidizing fares to help lessen the shock of inflation and a constant stream of Ukrainian refugees heading through Poland by rail, demand was high.

I kept to the hallways and corners of the passenger cars and tried to make myself as small as possible while attempting to write notes home. The words for the postcards came easily, even if the train's jerky movements left them marred with scribbles. For the more involved letters I was planning to send, I was having trouble finding the words, let alone write them down. For one long overdue letter, there was nothing I could string together that felt potent enough to fill in the time we've spent apart growing into different people. This is an absence years in the making, and to this day I am still wondering if words are enough. As I was tuning in and out of strangers' speech patterns that I couldn't decipher, trying to pick out words I might recognize, I wondered if my emotionally induced aphasia was simply the result of a kind of internal translation error.

As more people got on the overbooked train, the alcoves I had been hopping between filled up with luggage. Eventually, I got pushed out of the sweaty passenger cabins and into the vestibule between two cars. While the lack of insulation let in a cooling breeze that was all the more welcome because of the proximity to the bathroom, it also let in a rumbling and shrieking din that drowned out the salutations of those passing through and resigned us to cordial glances. All other sound was washed away in the auditory current. The irregular rhythm of the rails that I was previously hyper aware of in the space where my pen met paper now became a noise or static that further disallowed me from processing my perceptions through internal monologue. Echoing this noise was a distorted digital readout on a screen next to the bathroom that displayed a barely recognizable map of Poland. In pausing my reflection on the lush verdant scenery

passing by, I decided to make a brief game of deciding which bluish pixel best represented our present location.

As we approached Giżycko, the spanning fields condensed into a densely wooded isthmus. While the tree line concealed the bodies of water that we passed between, the sudden shift in the humidity and smell of the air flowing into the train betrayed their presence. This land bridge is a natural choke point that has held strategic significance within this historically aqueous borderland between cultures, peoples, and empires. In preparation for this trip, I read a family history which recounted some of the many times my ancestors had to flee in the opposite direction I was moving, when the town was still known by its German name, Lötzen. As the land narrowed, I felt these people's stories, the abundance of potentialities and timelines, compress and resonate within my body.

I got off the train feeling lost and was having trouble asking for help. I had become accustomed to how easy it was to find English speakers in Wrocław and was finding it much more difficult in a region with such strong German and Russian cultural influence. The resonance within me that began percolating on the train was building as it mixed with anxiety and frustration. Holding back tears that began to well up, I reached the main square and found myself in front of the church that dominated a photo in the book I had with me that was reportedly taken from my great grandmother's childhood bedroom. Instinctively, I looked across the square, only to find that the building that once held the store and home of the Pfingst family was clearly long gone. [1]

Lötzen marketplace ca. 1933

[1] Ruth C. Howard. *Long Time Passing: History of a Jewish Family*. 2006 (p. 29)

In the center of Giżycko I sat with the markers of disappearance and displacement alongside the kind of occluded remembrance that exists even on the visible surface of the landscape. I had just visited Auschwitz the week before, and instead of finding a profound significance in the information recounted by our guide, I floated in a distant solemnity, reflecting on what I felt embedded within the ground I walked on. Despite everything I knew that land had witnessed and currently held, I was struck with the seemingly indifferent erasure imposed by the persistence of the elements. While I found the institutionally constructed nature of the guided tour to be something impersonal, it felt like it mirrored the dispassionate bureaucracy and industrial efficiency evoked by the rail line that ended at the crematorium. That distance I maintained was assuredly a strategy for self-preservation but was also perhaps a necessary vantage point in attempting to come to terms with the incomprehensible gravity that is collapsed within the confines of those fences. Now that I was a week and hundreds of miles removed from that emotional singularity, I felt myself buzzing with the limitless potentialities still present in the lives of my ancestors long gone as I walked in their footsteps.

I cruised the lakes, and I wondered if I'd pass the small island I had heard about in family lore: the one where all the children of the extended Pfingst family had gotten stranded in the middle of a thunderstorm, raising the worst fears of all the parents back on dry land. Meditating on vignettes like this were a way for me to reflect on the memory that was embedded in the land and my body and realized through my actions. I felt myself becoming…becoming nostalgic for a place I had never been before. I felt a loosening of the bounds of time and of my own sense of self. It was at the crest of a hill while riding a bike that this feeling became overwhelming, a feeling that I was inhabited by another aspect of myself that was always rooted in this place. I felt as if I had a foot in two different versions of history, like I was simultaneously seeing the world through the veil of memory alongside my immediate experience. While the uncanny feeling was something like déjà vu, it was as if the memory wasn't my own. It was something shared. That night I sat in my room with tears of joy and frustration in my eyes, trying to externalize these feelings in letter form.

II. MIND THE GAP

> CORDELIA:
> Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
> My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
> According to my bond, no more nor less.
>
> William Shakespeare
> *King Lear* (Act 1, Scene I)

Whenever I feel at a loss for words in trying to describe the emotional space that lies underneath the conscious level of my internal monologue, I sometimes think of Cordelia's attempts to reconcile the gap between the profundity of the love for her father and her approach to its externalized expression. Within that space between Cordelia's heart and her mouth lies a mediating linguistic font that is heavily filtered by her honesty and integrity. However, while we learn that her laconic pronouncement is more noble than the eloquent insincerity of her sisters, it is in the distance between Cordelia's mouth and the ears of her father's court that her words become entangled within a web of protocol and expectation. The tragedy of King Lear unfolds within this political sphere of convention, all because the magnitude of Cordelia's feelings could not be brought into alignment with the court rules of linguistic expression. Examining the way that language permeates the intervening spaces that echo with emotional articulation has been an essential part of my recent research (be that the one between the heart and mouth, the one between the sender and recipient of a particular message, or the one of latent potentiality that is embedded within a materialized text). Understanding language in terms of spatial relationships has been a way for me not only to meditate on Cordelia's plight, but also to reckon with my own navigation of labyrinthine structures of significance in hopes of bridging the gap between the distinct parts of myself and approaching communication with others with more intimacy, intention, and compassion.

III: RETURN TO SENDER

> Hail, my lady Leucippe. I am miserable in the midst of joy because I see you present and at the same time absent in your letter.
>
> Achilles Tatius
> *Clitophon and Leucippe* (Book 5, Chapter 20)[2]

In contemplating language and translation as a process of mediation by which something moves from one space to another, my research has been concentrated on the nature and placement of the membranes and borders that differentiate those spaces. These lines of delineation serve to separate, define and contain, and define meaning and subsequently become embedded and adapted in accordance with perpetually shifting social schemata. This investigation of containers began with the codex; specifically, books like dictionaries, encyclopedias, religious texts, and other compendia that are seen as authoritative manifestations of a completionist project, imbued with a cultural eminence that extends well beyond their pages.[3] Letter forms and words became the smallest unit of inquiry within a recursive organizational structure that was eventually reflected at the level of architecture and paradigms. By building an understanding of the micro level elements in terms of their relationship to the macro level structures, each repetition of the act of containment and definition embodied a new space to explore.[4] However, while book forms and hanging folders, with their structural design, spatial arrangement, sense of enclosure and atmosphere, and their capacity for multi-sensory engagement represented fruitful ways to explore the social, historical, and symbolic conventions surrounding the institutions of the library and the archive, I turned to the form of the envelope as a physical metaphorical device to explore the intimate space described so well by Cordelia in the previous section. These packets of insight

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[2] Achilles Tatius' *Clitophon and Leucippe* is one of five ancient Greek novels of antiquity that has survived in its complete form. Analysis of the papyrus and linguistic evidence suggest that it was written early in the 2nd Century CE. Present translation derived from Anne Carson's *Eros the Bittersweet* (see no. 5)

[3] In *From the Tree to the Labyrinth*, Umberto Eco delves into the cultural impact of dictionaries and encyclopedias by examining their historical development, the role they play in shaping collective knowledge, and how they mediate our interaction with language and information. He provides insights into how these reference works influence our understanding of the world and the formation of cultural and intellectual frameworks.

[4] I have long been fascinated by structures like fractals, snowflakes, and the branches of trees or river deltas; instances in which smaller parts or components of the whole resemble the larger-scale pattern. After reading Johanna Drucker's *Alphabetic Labyrinth*, in which she illustrates how the cultural histories embedded within the evolution of even a single letter form reflect entire societal narratives, I began thinking more about the ways that language systems exemplify this iterative quality. While I was initially focused on the physical manifestations of language (e.g., written words, books, libraries, etc.), linguist and fellow at the British Academy, David Adger, has used the model of the "structure of self-similarity" to explain how a language with a finite number of words can capture the numberless possibilities of things and happenings in the world through the syntactic arrangements of embedded phrases.

have long stood as an essential delivery pathway in communicating our thoughts, feelings, and desires.

Ann Carson indicates in *Eros the Bittersweet*, her exploration of love through the lens of ancient Hellenic poetry, that the word “letters” (*grammata*) “can mean ‘letters of the alphabet’ and also ‘epistles’ in Greek as in English.”[5] The two-fold meaning of the word refers to its dual nature as both a written symbol and a missive or message. A “letter” can be understood as a character or symbol used in writing to represent a specific sound or concept. In this sense, letters are the building blocks of written language and enable communication through the written word. But “letter” can also signify a personal message or communication between individuals. It represents the act of writing and sending a written message, often with emotional or personal content. This aspect of the word "letter" carries a sense of intimacy and connection, as it involves a direct exchange of thoughts, feelings, or information between people. Carson explores the significance of this two-fold meaning in relation to *eros* by delving into the paradoxical nature of love. As illustrated in the introductory excerpt above, *Eros* involves a dynamic interplay of desire, absence, and presence, as it contains both the longing for connection and the inherent distance between individuals.[6] Just as a letter signifies both a symbol and a personal message, *eros* encompasses both the abstract concept of desire and the concrete experience of longing and connection. Furthermore, the letter’s capacity to convey the unadulterated divulgence of one’s inner most affections through the silent medium of writing enshrouds the space of epistolic vulnerability within an

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[5] Ann Carson. *Eros the Bittersweet*. 1986 (p. 91)

[6] Jacques Derrida’s work thoroughly investigated the ways in which writing operates based on temporal and spatial absence. While this function of distance has been met with skepticism for millennia by those privileging the presence intrinsic to the spoken word, Derrida sought to complicate the relationship between these seemingly dichotomous poles of linguistic expression.

In his essay *Plato’s Pharmacy*, Derrida contends with an instance of linguistic indeterminacy (like that of Ann Carson’s investigation of “letter”) by introducing the concept of the *pharmakon*. This Greek term that can be translated as both "remedy" and "poison," is used to analyze the dual nature of writing and its implications for memory or remembrance. On one hand, writing is seen as a remedy, a means to preserve and transmit knowledge, enabling communication across time and space. Writing serves as an externalized kind of memory, a medium through which thoughts and information can be recorded, archived, and accessed. On the other hand, writing is also portrayed as a poison, a potentially harmful element that can corrupt the living nature of speech. Plato, in the *Phaedrus*, raises concerns about the limitations of writing, arguing that it lacks the interactive and dynamic qualities of spoken language. Writing is fixed and static, devoid of the immediate presence and responsiveness that characterize oral communication.

Derrida explores the notion that Plato's skepticism about writing stems from its ability to disrupt the process of remembrance or memory. In oral traditions, memory plays a vital role as information is passed down through generations by word of mouth. Writing, by externalizing memory and making it independent of human recall, introduces a rupture in this process. It disrupts the reliance on memory and the living voice. However, Derrida also suggests that writing is not a mere supplement to speech but an integral part of communication and knowledge production. He argues against the privileging of speech over writing and challenges the notion that writing is a degraded or secondary form of expression. Instead, Derrida asserts that writing and speech are entangled in a complex interplay where each relies on the other for meaning and existence.

atmosphere of privacy or secrecy that's given physical form in the concealing folds of an envelope.[7]

Security envelopes are specialized envelopes designed to enhance the confidentiality and security of their contents. They are typically used for mailing sensitive or confidential documents, such as financial statements, legal papers, or personal information. Basically, these are the envelopes used for the kind mail that people are rarely excited to receive. Some security envelopes have intricate patterns printed on the envelope, making it difficult to see the sensitive information through the otherwise cheap paper stock. Collecting new envelope patterns has long been the highlight of my bill paying career, but it was in the context of my broader investigation of container forms that I began to build a new relationship with their internal patterns vis-à-vis the mosaics of ancient Pompeii. The envelopes I have been making are decorated with distorted images of the tiled interiors of antiquity, visually connecting them to the kinds of architectural structures that I previously explored in the construction of books and folders. In studying the patterning and ornamentation that decorate these functional spaces, I have been reflecting on how embellishment can act at once as an extra layer of adornment and as a layer of obfuscation.[8] Further cementing this connection between the mundane and metaphysical realms is the resemblance to alter pieces evoked by the folds of the envelope that also appear like alcoves of a house of worship when splayed open. Within this consecrated sphere, I drew connections between the patterns on the envelopes and the ornate carvings on the outside surfaces of ancient Roman cinerary urns.[9] Consequently, I have drawn representations of urns selected from the work of Giovanni Battista Piranesi on the prints to which the splayed envelopes have been adhered.[10]

Another common feature of the security envelope is the acetate covered cut-out that allows for addresses printed on a leaf inside to be visible to mail carriers. Seen through

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[7] Ann Carson. *Eros the Bittersweet.* 1986 (pp. 92-101)

[8] Often, heavy ornamentation adorns spaces that are delineated to maintain secrecy, mystery, and rites.

[9] A foundational element of this body of work was an investigation into language as an approximating descriptive layer that cloaks, and often supersedes, the thoughts and feelings that language is purportedly serving to communicate. In his essay *On Truth and Lies in a Nonmoral Sense*, Friedrich Nietzsche argues that language is a human invention, a symbolic system of metaphors detached from objective reality. To illustrate this, he uses a metaphor himself: a columbarium is a structure where niches are used to house the cremated remains of the deceased. It can be seen as a repository or collection of individual compartments, each containing a part of the whole. Likewise, Nietzsche views language as a system of compartments or niches, with each word or concept serving as a container for a specific meaning or representation. Each word or concept can only capture a certain aspect of reality, and the multiplicity of meanings and interpretations within language reflects the fragmented and subjective nature of human understanding. Nietzsche contends that by filtering our experiences through categorized thinking, we are really fixing our gaze on the containers that hold the ashes of those experiences.

[10] 18th Century Italian classical archaeologist, architect, and artist famous for his etchings of buildings and artifacts from Rome and Pompeii, as well as his depictions of invented "prisons" of impossible geometry.

an architectural lens, these can be read as windows – structures that allow us to project ourselves beyond the space in which our body presently exists. The way that this moment of transparency relates to the opacity of the interference patten printed on the paper reminds me of the ways in which I often consider the intentionality behind allowing another person to see a part of myself I don't readily divulge. The window effectively allows us to be in two places at once. To this end, I have been using prints on translucent papers (made more transparent and substantially stronger by impregnating the fibers with beeswax) to construct envelopes as a way of pondering the semi-permeable membranes that delineate the facets of my personality and the compartments of my memory.[11] While this permeable aperture has been a tool for me to contemplate the contours of my internal psychosphere, I know it is merely feature of a technology approaching the slow death of obsolescence within an impersonal capitalist bureaucracy. Despite this, I have approached these envelopes with the same romantic gesture I often extend toward other analog media (e.g., books, folders, vinyl records, cassette tapes, etc.), since they offer a rare opportunity, within an increasingly digitized media sphere, to engage with information in a form that is inherently tied to the same physical world that my own body exists within. I am especially reminded of this every time I taste the cheap glue of an envelope on my tongue.

My sculptural and installation-based investigations have become increasingly concerned with relationships to the body. I have been building head-sized forms out of bubble wrap and casting them in plaster. By placing them on stone plinths, I am situating them in conversation with both the traditional marble bust of the classical world, and the funerary urns mentioned above. The oblong, sumptuously textured surfaces hold the attention of the viewer in a similar way to the heavily patterned envelopes. And like with the envelopes, these replications of provisional containers serve to both protect and occlude the objects ostensibly held within. I have often thought about the bubbles as holding a kind of breath. By filling in the puffs of air with solid material, these sculptures have become another iteration of my exploration of the way in which writing is the physical instantiation of the spoken word that remains legible long after the last breath is expended. It is with this in mind that I have chosen to use plaster, ash, and soot as an homage to those who perished in Pompeii. The iconic plaster casts of the vacant spaces their bodies left in the ash and pumice have been

[11] Beeswax has long been in use as a preservative, and I have been interested in using it to reflect on our understanding of what it means for an artwork to be called "archival." However, the theoretical use of beeswax as a substrate for the imprint of memory, modeled after the wax coated writing tablets used in the ancient world, has become a more prevalent theme in my work. Dierdre Brollo begins her paper *Untying the knot: memory and forgetting in contemporary print work*, by rooting her investigation of the ways in which the print media embody the plasticity of memory in the waxen metaphor of remembrance. Much like Derrida's investigations of writing mentioned above, Brollo presents a complication of the ways in which we externalize our memories into physical objects which, in their presence, evoke the absence of the hand or matrix that was once impressed them. By embodying the trace of their own history, prints communicate through the dynamic reproduction of a singular moment of touch.

meditative focal points through which I have been able to consider my own body and its fragility, as well as my place within the landscape and the stories embedded within it.

IV. BEES IN THE TRAP

> The methodical task of writing distracts me from the present state of men. The certitude that everything has been written negates us or turns us into phantoms.

Jorge Luis Borges
The Library of Babel

The infinite monkey theorem is a concept that proposes that given an infinite amount of time, a monkey randomly hitting keys on a typewriter would eventually produce any given text, such as the complete works of William Shakespeare. The theorem is often used as a thought experiment to illustrate the concept of probability and the idea that even seemingly impossible events can happen given enough time. In Jorge Luis Borges' 1939 essay entitled *The Total Library,* he traces manifestations of this line of inquiry (with the metaphorical device shifting with the times) in the work of various thinkers, including Aristotle, Cicero, Blaise Pascal, and Jonathan Swift. However, it is in his short story, *The Library of Babel*, that Borges constructs his own framework for this exercise, in the form of a labyrinthine space that simultaneously reckons with the finitude of language and infinitude of possibility. He opens the story with the following:

> "The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. From any of the hexagons one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors. The distribution of the galleries is invariable. Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One of the free sides leads to a narrow hallway which opens onto another gallery, identical to the first and to all the rest."

While Borges begins his story by illustrating the architectural structure that houses the endless pages of characters, what is most fascinating to me is his commentary on the cultures and methodologies of the scholars that develop within the Library. The librarians toil like bees in the hexagonal chambers, searching for meaning and order in the seemingly endless sea of books with a combination of endless curiosity, precision, obsession, and despair. They believe that somewhere in the Library's infinite expanse, there must be a book that contains the ultimate truth, or the key to unlocking the mysteries of the universe. Despite their best efforts, however, the scholars are always doomed to failure. The Library is so vast and the books so numerous and random that they can never hope to find what they are looking for. Some scholars go mad with frustration, while others resign themselves to the futility of their search and simply wander the labyrinthine corridors of the Library, hoping against hope that they will stumble upon some hidden treasure.

The Library of Babel seems to exist within an entirely historical framework, in the way that the vastness of this collected information is a kind of physical record of a deep past. Yet, Borges does not account for how this place came into being. This fact, coupled with the presumption that somewhere within the infinite volumes (by virtue of the reasoning set forth in the infinite monkey theorem) there must also be an account of the present and all possible futures, leaves the Library squarely outside of time as conceived through the lens of a linear continuum. The language of the Library, divorced as it is from any semblance of intention, is also divorced from the linear and sequentially bound structures and conventions of language. With the arbitrary regimentation of the characters on each page echoing the architectural schema in which they are housed, the librarians are forced to truly inhabit the immeasurable infinitude that encompasses both the micro and macrocosmic scales. They must contend with the books as something beyond their presumed human provenance, and instead as natural phenomena that constitute a physical stratum of accumulation with an immensity that echoes that of the geological.[12] Within the context of this all-encompassing immensity, Borges never mentions a passage that would allow for those within the Library to leave. And while the librarians are trapped within their hive for all eternity, it is precisely the kind of stable and secluded contemplative space that Virgil prescribed to produce the honey of wisdom.[13]

The library stacks have long felt like a place I can go to commune with the voices of people from another place and time. It is this feeling that characterizes the way that I have approached my research, with the goal of building an intellectual network that connects the wide-ranging voices of the library with those of my peers and mentors. Francis Bacon once referred to libraries as “shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed [alongside] new editions of authors, with more correct impressions, more

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[12] The “archival sublime” is a term coined by Professor Phil Ford and writer J.F. Martel and commonly referenced on their podcast, *Weird Studies*, that describes the overwhelming and awe-inspiring experience that can arise when encountering vast archives or stores of information, knowledge, or artifacts. It captures the sense of wonder and fascination that can be evoked by these collections coupled with the kind of terror that stems from the sheer magnitude of an accumulation that assumes a quality that is distinctly non-human. The term has been used to describe spaces like Jorge Luis Borges’ titular *Library of Babel*, the warehouse in the final scene of Steven Spielberg’s *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and the House in Suzanna Clark’s *Piranesi*.

Suzanna Clark’s novel was a major influence on the development of this work. Her depiction of the House, a neoclassically styled labyrinth comprised of chambers that are reliquaries for things forgotten in our world, was an imagined space within which I could consider the aesthetics and imaginative potentials of my own built space (especially regarding my intertextual quotations of the work of Giovanni Battista Piranesi). The main character’s struggle to remember who they are within the context of being essentially imprisoned within all-encompassing project space was another way for me to reflect on my own mutable sense of self.

[13] “Seek a stable home for your bees first, that is sheltered from the wind.”

Virgil. *Georgics* (4.8-9). 38 BCE

profitable glosses, [and] more diligent annotations….” By conceiving of the library as akin to a living mausoleum, the silence of study evokes a kind of venerative meditation on deep time. However, Bacon’s description of the library’s capacity to intertwine preservation with production is encapsulated within the double meaning of his chosen word “repose”. As Jeffery T. Schnapp and Matthew Battles point out in *The Library Beyond the Book*, Bacon’s use of the word at once “designates the unperturbed sleep of the well-buried dead” as well as the “bee-like buzz of continuous posing: the process, forever carried out in the present, of stripping away delusions, impostures and errors so as to arrive at ‘true virtue.’”[14] I lean heavily on this kind of process within my artistic practice, cyclically exhuming, digesting, recontextualizing words, ideas, and images derived from wide-ranging cultural and historical sources with the aim of better understanding my own relationship with the world around me.

Foundational to my recent approach to research and my artistic practice has been the influence of Aby Warburg, a cultural historian who identified by the oft-cited descriptor: “Jewish by blood, Hamburger at heart, of Florentine soul.”[15] In his work, Warburg sought to trace the development of symbols and images across cultures and throughout history. He believed that these images were not merely decorative or aesthetic but were instead a reflection of deep-seated psychological and cultural impulses. His methods involved a rigorous analysis of visual motifs and their historical and cultural contexts and reached

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[14] Jeffery T. Schnapp & Matthew Battles. *The Library Beyond the Book*. 2014 (pp. 55-56)

[15] I was immediately taken by Warburg’s seemingly benign insight into the way in which he triangulated his place in the world. While I have often felt like I have multiple lineages of ancestors (e.g., genetic, cultural, intellectual, etc.), this has a more complicated implications within the context of charges of assimilationism that are often weaponized against secular Jewish people by more observant Jews and gentiles, alike (though for different reasons). While many Jews fear that assimilation constitutes the slow march of cultural death, the antisemite merely fears Jews themselves and sees assimilationism as a tool of deception used to exert control over the societies nationalistic minded individuals feel they should be able to dominate. Allegations of dual loyalty span the centuries, and has often been accompanied by direct violence, forcing many Jews into a defensive posture of non-disclosure that ironically becomes the self-affirming evidence for further allegations of malignant secrecy.

In her book *Aby Warburg and Anti-Semitism: Political Perspectives on Images and Culture*, Charlotte Scholl-Glass argues that just as pervasive as any of the other cultural themes more directly referenced by Warburg in his work was the constant presence of European antisemitism that stretches back at least to the beginning of the Diaspora. As a secular Jew myself, I have often felt a kinship with a lineage of secular Jewish intellectuals that reside in a sense of ambivalence toward their historical marginalization. While this has been a source of great persecution, it is also a tool that has been used by Jewish thinkers to fix their lens to the society they inhabit with the critical tool of distance. Notable Jewish thinkers have been integral to the advancement of their respective fields. And while I look at this lineage with pride, this too has become another manifestation of the circular logic that undergirds antisemitism. One of the most ichnographically clear instantiations of this is the memetic use of the (((echo))) by neo-Nazis and white nationalists to designate the names of individuals and institutions as Jewish. They look to the ways that the names of these thought leaders “echo throughout history” and see evidence of conspiracy, in turn using the triple parentheses as a textual crosshair in their rhetorical attacks which serve to “justify” their physical ones.

their most well-known form in his *Mnemosyne Atlas.*[16] This collection of wooden panels covered in black fabric housed a fluid assemblage of thousands of photographs, postcards, and printed reproductions clipped from books and periodicals that only came to a final state of rest when he died in 1929.[17] Warburg's approach to history thus represents a rejection of the traditional emphasis on written texts and the use of language to convey historical truth. The panels of the *Mnemosyne Atlas* were rarely accompanied by labels or didactics. Instead, he believed that visual images alone could reveal more about the historical and cultural contexts in which they were produced. By studying the symbols that appear in art and other forms of visual culture, Warburg sought to gain insight into the underlying structures of human thought and experience through images, which he saw as more direct means of accessing the underlying psychological and cultural forces that shape human experience.[18]

Had Aby Warburg found himself stationed within Borges' Library, I think he would have felt the mandate of that space resonate within. To this end, I put forward as evidence the title of one of his *Mnemosyne Atlas* plates: "Book Browsing as a Reading of the Universe." While I have previously mentioned the ways in which libraries represent the physical manifestation of a collected externalized societal memory, Warburg saw his own library as a space that he could use to mirror the workings of his practice and his mind and share it with other thinkers. In 1926, he moved his collection of volumes into a new library space he had built next to his home in Hamburg. Within the context of his cultural project, he saw the delineation of information into genres as an obstacle he sought to overcome by situating the books into the shape of an ellipse, with their positions in a constant state of flux determined by the course of the research taking place within. He believed in the merits of what he called the "law of the good neighbor," allowing for new relationships to be built between the eternally shifting points of reference by the researchers who bring full form to the information through their actions.[19] In this way, the interplay between accident and intention that is so prevalent

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[16] Warburg employed the names of Mnemosyne (the ancient Greek goddess of memory and mother of the nine younger muses) and Atlas (the Titan condemned to hold up the heavens) to illustrate the foundational role remembrance plays in the continued construction and maintenance of our social world.
[17] In her contribution to the book *Fantasies of the Library*, entitled *Melancholies of the Paginated Mind: The Library as Curatorial Space,* Anna-Sophie Springer argues that Warburg's use of reproductions illustrates his focus on the "iconography of the image which is highlighted by way of its embeddedness within a larger (visual-emotional-intellectual) economy of human consciousness." (p.105) This line of thinking was explored further a few years after Warburg's death by Walter Benjamin in his seminal text *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*. In it, Benjamin contends that the replication of media presents a challenge to its spatial, temporal, and physical uniqueness (what he calls its "aura"). This idea has been crucial to my work in printmaking and media studies, as it has allowed for me to confront the objects and information I both consume and produce in terms the places they hold within a mediated cultural space, and the ways in which this these social relations interact with the meaning that is embedded within its material form.
[18] Christopher D. Johnson. *Memory, Metaphor and Aby Warburg's Atlas of Images*. 2012 (p. 147)
[19] Warburg's "law of the good neighbor" reflects the power inherent to adjacency and categorization within the framework of a library and the knowledge system they embody. While Warburg had the infrastructural

throughout Warburg's approach to cultural history is reflected in the contingent adjacencies present within his library, and within the panels of the *Mnemosyne Atlas*.[20] I have gleaned much from this approach to research, and these strategies been generative avenues of exploration as my thought has been crystalized in a material form. By inspecting and reworking provisional structures of entanglement that interlace my prints and plaster multiples with found objects and architectural elements, I have been able to learn more about my relationship with the cultural histories that I am confronting, wielding, and shaping through my work.

V. LINES OF FLIGHT, LINES OF SIGHT

Your remembrances are like unto ashes, your bodies to eminences of clay.

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capacity to reflect the framing of his thought, this is obviously not the case for most library users. Melissa Adler, in her book *Cruising the Library*, delves into the ways in which the Library of Congress Classification system, one of the most widely used classification systems in American libraries, assigns subject headings and call numbers to various books and materials. She investigates how this system, originally designed to facilitate access to information, often perpetuates heteronormativity and marginalizes or erases the experiences of LGBTQ+ individuals and communities. Through a critical analysis of the Library of Congress Classification system and its historical development, Adler uncovers instances where LGBTQ+ literature, queer studies, and related materials are located in hidden or marginalized sections of libraries, reinforcing stigmatization and making access to this information more difficult. She also explores how cultural assumptions and biases embedded within the system impact other marginalized communities and areas of knowledge. The book delves into the broader implications of these issues, examining the ways in which knowledge production, representation, and access are influenced by systems of categorization and classification. It calls for a reevaluation and transformation of library practices to better reflect diverse perspectives, challenge normative frameworks, and create more inclusive and equitable information environments.

[20] Anna-Sophie Springer. *Melancholies of the Paginated Mind: The Library as Curatorial Space*. *Fantasies of the Library*. 2016 (pp. 43-45)

Job 13:12

I was brought up religiously unaffiliated. Though, perhaps it's more accurate to say that I was hyper-affiliated. My family moved around plenty, and depending on which extended family I was presently with (or the proximity to a given holiday), I found myself passing in and out of three distinct cultural spheres. Each had their own value system and relationship with tradition, and in response I adopted a position of skeptical hybridity. From an early age, I came to reconcile these multiple selves through an examination of the forces and structures that undergird them all.

I have a fascination for probing things often unseen or unnoticed that serve as inconspicuous localities within a wider web of contextual relations. By tracing the lines between these nodes, the obscuring layers which blanket this conceptual landscape begin to dissipate. Gilles Deluze and Félix Guattari employ the concept of stratification to describe the construction of fixed occluding structures that we encounter in our everyday life as akin to how sediments coalesce into stone. Exhuming layers that simultaneously inhabit a singular geographic coordinate reveals the multiplicities that reside within sites once thought fully manifest. In *deterritorializing* these strata, their constituent pieces are destabilized and reconfigured, allowing for new "lines of flight" that allow us to explore unfamiliar possibilities as our understanding of the social terrain we inhabit changes shape.[21] This ongoing process of deterritorialization is significant within the discourse surrounding globalization, migration, and advances in technology, because it is a way of addressing the increasing mobility of cultural practices and identities and the trend for these practices and identities to become more abstract and detached from a specific physical location. While this has led to greater cultural exchange and diversity, it has also resulted in a loss of distinct regional identities and a greater emphasis on abstract cultural forms. Through a reciprocal *reterritorialization* of evolving cultural frameworks, many have turned to reactionary paradigms coalescing around a constructed media sphere as means of regrounding the deterritorialized lines of flight and building a cultural framework out of determinedly encoded forms.

My cultural identity is multifaceted and built upon the integration of multifarious traditional and contemporary institutions, a situation that has the potential to breed a sense of alienation and estrangement from one’s history and home. I don’t have many elders within my family to turn to for help in finding my place. Perhaps my curious nature is rooted in a yearning to fill this void. Research and scholarship have sent me far afield,

[21] Gilles Deluze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. 1987 Chapter 3, *10,000 B.C.: The Geology of Morals* (pp. 39-73)

collecting stories about the lives of others that reverberate close by.[22] And it is in hopes of reconciling the remotest compartments of my own psyche that I have turned my lens to a site that I have never been to but is no less foundational to my art practice and even my sense of self due its encompassing prevalence within Western cultural iconography: Pompeii.

André Corboz coined the metaphor of the “territory as palimpsest” to describe the idea that a given landscape is a layered and complex historical and cultural construct. A palimpsest is a manuscript page or piece of writing that has been partially or completely erased and subsequently overwritten with new text. A place is not a static entity, but rather a dynamic and evolving construct that is shaped by its past and present. Corboz argued that the layers of a place's history are not simply accumulated one on top of the other, but rather are intertwined and interrelated, forming a complex and multi-dimensional web of meaning and significance.[23] And while it is important to recognize that this constant process of relational negotiation is taking place wherever humans exist, it is within the heterotopic space of ruins that the arbitrative forces of interpretation, representation, projection, and appropriation become much more discernible.[24]

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[22] In reflecting again on the structure of the columbarium, it has become an emblem for the convergence of lines of flight that constitute the act of reterritorialization. These niched structures were originally developed and built for the husbandry of pigeons and doves used to carry messages over long distances. However, as Roman funerary practices changed, they were no longer the domain of living birds, but the remains of the dead. I have been meditating on this expulsion of the pigeons in connection with my relationship to my diasporic ancestral roots; a relationship that has become more complicated in reflecting on the pigeon’s instinct to return to a home that has changed meaning in their absence.

Deleuze and Guattari present deterritorialization as a process of creative destruction, where new connections and possibilities emerge from the breakdown of old ones. They suggest that language itself is a deterritorializing force, constantly breaking down fixed meanings and creating new ones. They also explore the ways that Jewish traditions have a unique relationship with language because of their emphasis on the interpretation and reinterpretation of the Torah. Jews have often been referred to as “people of the book,” a characterization that was in many ways solidified in the context of diasporic displacement as Jewish people dispersed throughout the world and created new cultural forms through processes of admixture and reinterpretation no longer based in a shared place, but a shared text.

As I consider my own relationship to my Jewish identify, I think of myself in terms of my place within a scattered flock of pigeons and in terms of the text that I carry within me. This text is one founded on a process of reterritorialization and survival thousands of years in the making, and I am proud of that heritage. However, while I went to Israel years ago looking to learn more about this story, what I was met with was the discourse of “redemption” that surrounds the settler colonial project currently dominating Israeli politics and society. While the Zionist ideology is obviously one founded on the erasure of the Palestinian people and their culture, it is also erasing the heterogenous voices of Jews worldwide in the name of a nationalistic revisionism.

[23] André Corboz, *The Land as Palimpsest*. 1983 (Diogenes; 31, 121; pp. 12-34)

[24] The concept of heterotopia, first introduced by philosopher Michel Foucault in the preface to *The Order of Things*, refers to spaces that are in some way separated from mainstream or dominant cultural sites, and “have the curious property of being in relation with all the other sites…in such a way as to suspect, neutralize, or invert the set of relations that they happen to designate, mirror, or reflect.” Heterotopias are not imaginary or utopian places, but rather real and concrete spaces that are both physical and conceptual in nature. Places like museums, libraries, gardens, cemeteries, brothels, ships, prisons, and

As archaeological digs parse physical strata into legible avenues of interpretation, the act of unearthing allows for new dimensions of inquiry. Each stratum is legible on its own. However, adjacent layers remain imprinted on one another, forcing us to contend with what is both above and below each sheer palimpsestuous leaf. In this sense, ruins are like collages that amalgamate distinct temporal moments and problematize the relationship between accident and intention. While the simultaneously destructive and preservative ashen layer that blanketed Pompeii has been often conceived of as a capturing moment in time, the supposed neutrality of such an understanding becomes more complicated when considering the wide variety of narrative overlays that have been mapped onto this site over the centuries.[25] Inspired by the discourse surrounding the susceptibility of media to be used as tools for enacting or reinforcing ideology, I have adopted a critical lens with respect to how the stories around cultural and political sites are mediated.[26] Through provisional and unstable assemblages of forms and materials

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ruins are intimately connected to the cultural practices of a given society and have the potential to reveal the limitations and contradictions of the social order. These are places where alternative ways of living and thinking are not only possible, but necessary. In challenging and subverting dominant cultural narratives, the ongoing discourse and actions around heterotopic spaces have demarcated them as sites of resistance and liberation.

[25] Retrospective narrativization of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum is said to have begun almost immediately within the diasporic community of Jews living throughout the Roman empire. While there are obvious gaps in the accounts and misalignments between the various time keeping systems used, with a series of favorable calendar readings the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 CE can be placed on the same day as the destruction of the First Temple (Solomon's Temple) at the hands of the Babylonians in 586 BCE and the Second Temple (Herod's Temple) destroyed by the Romans in 70 CE. The destruction of these temples is memorialized on the annual fast day of Tisha B'Av, alongside numerous other calamities that have befallen the Jewish people spanning back thousands of years. Within the context of this day of remembrance, the volcanic event came to be seen as an act of divine retribution for the Roman transgression 9 years before.

The authors of the book *The Jews in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiae, and in the Cities of Campania Felix* parse through the scholarship surrounding these places that have become perpetually active archeological dig sites in order to put together a story of the Jewish community that existed in the region in the mid 1st century CE. As these places were being consumed by the earth, they were getting interred within storied place of myth and legend. One charcoal graffito that was found in what has today been designated as Region 9, Insula 1, on House 26, reads in Latin script "SODOM GOMOR[RAH]." This intertextual inscription is direct evidence of someone mapping a narrative onto this site by engaging in the kind of commentary one might find in the margins of a used book. Intertextual commentary and debate have long been essential to the ways in which Jews have framed their relationship to their faith and to the world at large (i.e., the tradition of textual interpretation and study known as Midrash), so it comes as no surprise that an unknown scribe walking through the empty cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum with the Torah on their mind might be inclined to take part in a bout of guerilla exegesis and connect these two cities to their biblical counterparts.

[26] Naomi Stead's article, *The Value of Ruins: Allegories of Destruction in Benjamin and Speer*, examines the divergent interpretations of ruins as expressed by Walter Benjamin and Albert Speer, an architect and politician associated with the Nazi regime. Stead delves into Benjamin's concept of aura, emphasizing how ruins, as remnants of the past, possess a unique presence that can inspire awe and contemplation. Benjamin viewed ruins as vessels of historical memory, encouraging a deeper engagement with the layers of time and the transitory nature of human existence. By contrast, Speer employed the aesthetics of ruins to create monumental and imposing structures that conveyed a sense of power and permanence. For Speer, ruins were carefully orchestrated symbols meant to propagate Nazi ideology and create a

that make mimetic reference to the language of ruination and conservation, I build precarious relationships that inspect the manufacture of narratives that rest upon contingent circumstances.[27]

Perhaps the most culturally prominent material remains exhumed from the digs at Pompeii are the plaster casts of those who perished in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 CE. Most of these people died from inhaling poisonous volcanic gasses and were eventually covered with feet of ash and pumice. After the eruption, the affected area was largely left unsettled, though those who lost their lives in the eruption were still holding space within the landscape. Excavators in the mid-nineteenth century began filling with plaster the voids in the ashen layer left by long decayed organic matter, giving form once again to the people and animals who lost their lives centuries before. While these particular plaster casts cannot be considered reproductions in the strict sense, they still occupy a similar functional space: their presence makes direct reference to something absent.

Plaster replicas have long served as useful tools within the context of the museum. The creation of multiples provides for opportunities to distribute physical proximity beyond the bounds of the original and allows for more considerate conservation of said original in instances where a replica can be just as useful as an object of study or presentation. In this act of multiplication there is a greater chance that a form will

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mythos of strength and longevity. Stead critically analyzes the contrasting perspectives of Benjamin and Speer, highlighting how their interpretations of ruins reveal broader ideological differences. Benjamin's conception of ruins as repositories of history represents a critique of progress and a recognition of the vulnerability of human endeavors that encourages a critical reflection on the past, while Speer's perspective exemplifies a propagandistic instrumentalization of ruins for political purposes and the glorification of power. The article sheds light on the complex meanings and implications of ruins in architectural discourse and their role in shaping collective memory and identity.

Throughout the making of this body of work, I have been using the symbolic crystallization of Pompeii as an intertextual surrogate in the processing of my visit to Auschwitz II-Birkenau. As I walked the grounds in the rain, I knew that the dirt beneath my feet was mixed with the ashes that floated out of the now fallen crematory chimneys. Looking up at the falling rain reminded me of the scene in *Schindler's List* where the falling ash is initially mistaken for snow, and I knew even my immediate experience was being mediated by the countless portrayals in film, photograph, and text. Pompeii and Auschwitz have each entered the collective consciousness as sites that have born witness to concentrations of human suffering. And while the difference in the scale and cause of that suffering remains immediately recognizable to us today, I wonder how that might change as the temporal distance grows, making the individual details fade and narrative contours flatten in the annals of history. New stories and meanings will inevitably be layered upon the old ones as new elements are discovered and others are lost or forgotten. I just hope those new lenses are calibrated by Benjamin and not Speer.

[27] In constructing arrangements that juxtapose paper (which appears light and fragile, sometimes moving slightly in the air currents produced by those walking by) and stone (which appears heavy and precariously balanced), I aim to make the viewer conscious of their own positions, movements, and complicity in the maintenance of the structure.

survive intact within the historical record.[28] However, in reproducing a form, its cultural significance has the capacity to shift dramatically as the kind of memory embedded within the object by virtue of its provenance becomes increasingly decontextualized.[29] In the way that the museum are primary institutions which are responsible for the maintenance, mediation, and transmission of cultural history, it is important to recognize the ways in which our societal relationship with images and signs can impue these spaces with the characteristic qualities of a simulacrum. While this kind of mediation does not automatically negate the educational value of a museum, it is important to recognize that using reproductions, building simulated environments, and shaping narratives through didactics that are rooted in the expertise and biases of the museum's curators, reflect the complex relationship between representation, authenticity, and our

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[28] In exploring ruination, archives, and the preservation of artifacts within the landscape, I have often contemplated the contemporary markers of human habitation that have become so pervasive and enmeshed within the landscape that geologists have recently felt the need to delineate the present epoch as the Anthropocene. I have been working with plastics and shipping materials that have made possible the globalized system of trade and communication that facilitate the movement of goods and capital around the world. Especially within the context of creating works in multiple, I think about the kind of accumulation that comes from the constant state of ruination that is manifest in the market strategy of planned obsolescence. Accordingly, Antoinette LaFarge, in her keynote address at the 2022 Llhuros Symposium at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, argued that we should consider expanding the definition of "ruins" beyond the architectural and to "include consumer products due to the "sheer pervasiveness of ruination as an activity of late capitalism." She states that "our most iconic contemporary ruin may thus be the global patchwork open giant landfills and waste dumps, not to mention the great pacific garbage patch. No longer an afterthought of war, a process left to time and the physics of wind and rain, capitalist ruination begins before something is even built. It is part of the initial conceptualization." As LaFarge alludes to, the lifetime of these materials, now measured in terms of the geologic time scale, will long outlast their initially intended function.

[29] Again, here I am thinking about the ways Walter Benjamin's *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction* can be used in considering the process of transmediation, a term that can be used to describe both the process of interpolating or adapting a story, idea, or artistic work from one medium to another, or the translation of information across media as technology shifts. Benjamin held an ambivalent position as to the ways in which artistic works could be reimagined and recontextualized, balancing intrigue and excitement with a fear that something may be lost or diminished. In the case of the Roman marble copies of Greek bronze statues, for example, the shift in materiality has undoubtedly played a major role in shaping contemporary views of the cultures of Western antiquity. The transmediation into marble both intrinsically changed the meaning of the form and increased its chance of survival in the historical record (the doubling of the number here is less consequential than the fact that carved marble is not useful for much else, whereas a melted bronze statue could take many other forms).

We now find ourselves on the precipice of another moment of transmediation, as great efforts are being made to digitize our accumulated knowledge which has long been catalogued in analog forms. While the digital sphere presents appealing solutions for many of the issues around the space, attention, and expertise required for the storage of analog media, the finite amount of time and labor available for the shift has raised questions about how to prioritize what gets included in the new media environment. Benjamin Franklin once wrote that "three Removes is as bad as a fire," alluding to the damages and losses associated with the moving of one's possessions. While storing information in a digital form may in many ways protect it from the decay of time, flood, and fire, as we move our possessions into is new space, I can't help but to think about what may get lost in the fire of transmediation it will have to pass through.

engagement with the past.[30] I use this insight as a tool to provide context for my installations by reckoning with the nuanced ways in which objects, when situated together within an institutionally coded space, contribute to new readings of both the objects and the space itself. It is important for me to address the nature of the container that houses the pieces I show, as each new setting provides a new way of approaching the work.

VI. POETICS OF CREATIVE DESTRUCTION

[30] The ruins of Pompeii have come to represent a frozen moment in time, providing a glimpse into the daily life and architecture of that time. However, through the filtration of our modern lenses they create a simulated reality that encapsulates a particular period in history while excluding the complexities and realities of everyday life. As nuance is stripped away by the flattening of time and the physical space becomes more didacticized by preservative initiatives, the ruins have become something of a spectacle visited by tourists who engage with a simulated historical experience and an idealized version of the past (perhaps even more so for those just experiencing it from afar).

In Jean Baudrillard's *Simulacra and Simulation*, he discusses Disneyland as an example of a hyperreal environment, a place that constructs an artificial reality through meticulously crafted illusion, where facades, idealizations, and simulations create a sanitized version of reality. Similarly, the ruins of Pompeii stand as symbols and representations of the past, yet their original context and meaning have been lost or transformed. For example, many of the iconic trompe l'oeil wall paintings decorating the ancient interiors are saturated with iconographic symbolism that experts have yet to decipher. In the preservation and presentation of Pompeii's ruins, like many aestheticized ruins, they have become detached from the lived experiences of the inhabitants, highlighting their constructed nature in in terms of their relationship to contemporary mediation.

Though someone else (probably French) says our speaking
was never ours; our thoughts & selves housed
by history, rooms we did not choose, but must live in.

Think of Paul Celan, living
in the bone-rooms of German. Living, singing.

What does it mean, to sing in the language of those
who have killed your mother,
would kill her again? Does meaning shatter, leaving

behind the barest moan? This English, I bear it, a master's
axe, yet so is every tongue—red with singing & killing.

Chen Chen
Kafka's Axe and Michael's Vest, Excerpt

I have come back to this poem many times when building this body of work. Chen beautifully contemplates wielding the English language from the position of being a part of an immigrant family. And while I am another generation removed from my own family's immigration to the United States, I have often questioned my own sense of innate expressive fluency that feels at once embedded within me and yet estranged. This question is also addressed directly in the poems of Paul Celan, a German Jewish poet and whose parents were both killed in the Holocaust. He went on to write in the German language as a political and personal choice, breaking syntactic rules and inventing words – defining his own idiosyncratic relationship with the language of his oppressors as a manifestation of his process for dealing with the fallout from the atrocity he faced. In an article for the Poetry Foundation called *Of Strangeness That Wakes Us*, Ilya Kaminsky recounts that Theodor Adorno once said that "it is barbaric to write poetry after the Holocaust." However, Adorno eventually reconsidered when he saw how Paul Celan's method of breaking the German language was a way for him to reclaim his agency within a linguistic and cultural space and to awaken the language and reader through the slippage of the strange.[31]

Poet Emily Jungmin Yoon has said, "poetry is a way to escape the language that governs us." Poetry rearranges the boundaries of the categorical containers we call words. They take on new shapes, colors, and textures, and are filled with new feelings

[31] Ilya Kaminsky. *Of Strangeness That Wakes Us*. 2013

and meanings, giving us the capacity to redefine ourselves and our realities.[32] Through unconventional uses of space on a page and unanticipatable stretches and dilations of time in a spoken line, poetry has the capacity to challenge the communicative customs that frame our social lives.[33] Language is not a neutral or static entity, but rather a dynamic space brimming with emanations of ambiguity and ambivalence. By mirroring these kinds of linguistic incongruities through provisional assemblages rooted in materiality, I investigate syntactic relationships between substance, image, word, and place to gain a deeper understanding of my own mutable sense of self. As these assemblages are installed in relation to subsequent venues, they are reorganized, recharacterized, and renamed. In this way these material analogs represent a kind of residue of thought – an ashen remnant of the fire of creative destruction burning within.

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[33] *Glitch Feminism* by Legacy Russell is a book that explores the intersections of feminism, technology, and identity as a way to challenge and disrupt the normative structures and categories that govern our understanding of bodies, gender, and technology. Russell argues that glitches, which are moments of disruption, error, or malfunction within technological systems, can serve as powerful metaphors for understanding and subverting oppressive systems of power. Glitch feminism embraces the idea of the glitch as a tool for resistance and reimagining by challenging the binary and hierarchical structures that seek to confine and control identities and ways of thinking.

This metaphorical use of the glitch, alongside the breakage of language employed by Paul Celan, has been a way for me to visually disrupt notions of fidelity in reproduction as an attempt to confront the normative structures mentioned above. By intentionally embedding my scanned and appropriated images with artifacts (the computer science term used for degradations and alterations visible in an image file) and misaligning the patterns they contain, I am highlighting the constructed nature of their transmediation and invite viewers to embrace the potential of glitches as catalysts for change and to envision new modes of being that transcend and subvert the limitations imposed by existing structures of thought.

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