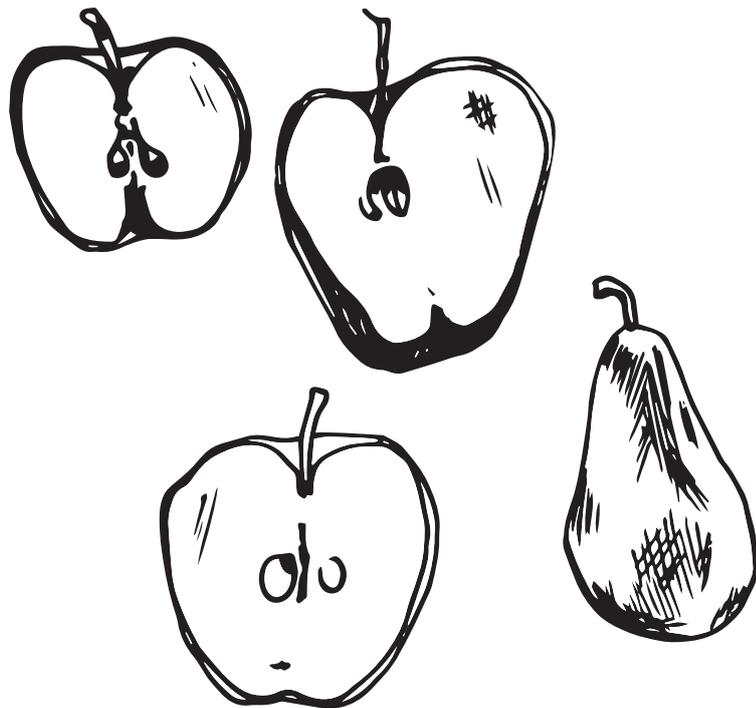


The Mishnah sees “garlic eaters” as an appropriate replacement for Jews and Samaritans in the wording of a vow. In the same token, if someone pronounces a vow prohibiting benefit from those who eat garlic, the one who pronounced the vow may not derive benefit from a Jew.

Over the months prior to the exhibition, Casey will slowly stop eating garlic, sick of the sight, smell, and idea. Despite this, the more she works on the show, sewing together each square of fabric, the more her hands will smell like garlic. It will become inescapable.

Casey will think how lucky she is to be a Jew.



An ode to myths and mothers, as mothers are myths and myths are mothers.

It's all very picturesque and pixelated.



When the artist says mothers are myths, she means there is
no single source.

When the artist says myths are mothers, she means we are
born of ideas.

This is as good an origin story as anything.

This is as good an origin story as nothing.

Rub garlic into scalp to lose less hair. Rub garlic onto acne to make the acne disappear. Drink garlic tea to boost the immune system. Rub garlic onto a rash and it will heal. Eat garlic daily and body weight will be easier to control. Suck on garlic to ease a toothache. Place a slice of garlic under a Band Aid over a splinter to remove the splinter. Soak your feet in a bath of warm water and crushed garlic to cure athlete's foot. Place crushed garlic on a cold sore to reduce pain and swelling. Add fresh garlic cloves to chickens' drinking water to boost their appetite and immune system. Scent fish bait with garlic for a better chance of catching fish. Hang red ribbons and garlic on a crib to ward off evil spirits. Eat large amounts of garlic to ward off evil spirits. Use garlic cloves to repel mosquitoes. Rub garlic juice into glass cracks to glue the crack. Plant garlic around rose bushes to repel pests and enhance flower fragrance.

...dreaming until I felt hunger in my stomach. I had brought a piece of black bread to rub garlic on the crust, a piece of apple, pear, prunes, cucumber.

Run your finger along the space between *memory* and *in loving memory*;
between *fragrant be his memory* and *my memory is playing tricks again*;
between *memorial* and *memorise*.

Flush your eye out with garlic.



Casey's great-grandfather died before she was born and left behind stories of his childhood in Ukraine. Sometimes well-put, sometimes shrouded in airs (it runs in the family), he told of the sensations of a village that could no longer just be a village (as the Good Book says, we thought we were burning the bridges to the shtetl but looked back to see that the shtetl itself had burned down, and Father and Mother in it).

In this impoverished village, garlic was the staple of a diet focused on making a stomach full of nothing just seem full.

Casey will wonder if modern Jews rejected garlic as their emblem when their bellies became full of something rather than nothing.

[This isn't the point you're here for at all but on that note, you should know it's "Ukraine," not "the Ukraine." It hasn't been "the Ukraine" since the country gained independence in 1991. To say "the Ukraine" is to implicate the nation as a region of a larger colonial territory rather than a nation in its own right.]



az men est nisht kayn knobl, shtink men nit.

That is, if you don't eat garlic, you won't stink.

Meaning, if you're honest, you'll have nothing to hide.

Casey will not want to think such phrases indicate a pre-American disdain for garlic, but there's also a story about a deeply respected rabbi asking that a student who smelled of garlic leave his classroom, and Casey will wonder, what is this rabbi hiding?



The Ukrainian flag is simple: an azure-blue band above a golden yellow. It's meant to be a flourishing wheat field beneath a cloudless sky.

With a little imagination the field of wheat could be a field of sunflowers—the Ukrainian national flower. Though many do not realise, sunflowers daven facing the rising sun and shuckle in the wind.





When someone dies, Jews neither grieve nor console with flowers as they, too, will die. Jews pile stones upon the grave instead.

Casey's great-grandfather was a nurseryman, but what is left of him is stones. He says, a nickel will get you on the subway, but garlic will get you a seat.

Is it really me, out there in sleet, in rain, in stinking heat? In the glow of a golden summer day and a purple summer evening, with moths circling the arc lights like petalled flowers?

Casey will soon realise in her embroidery efforts that the idea of garlic is much more akin to garlic than any attempt at realistic representation—garlic as bouquet.

Quilts are not the traditional blankets of the Jews. In the shtetls, geese were a cottage industry and goose feather duvets were the standard. In America, the cotton industry dominated, and with it came a new medium and one of the many new languages (English was another).

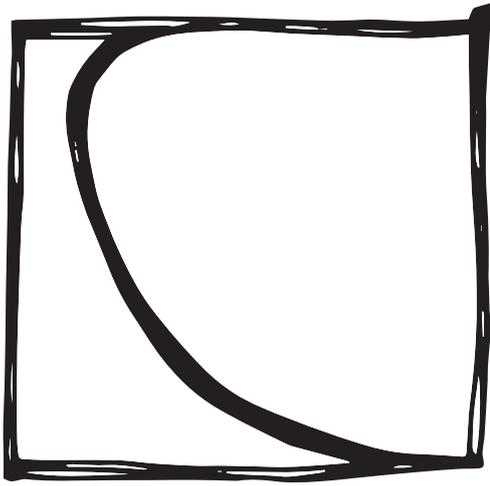
Uno later asks Casey,

what if the day ends and you return and you're just a prayer shawl?

Uno later decides,

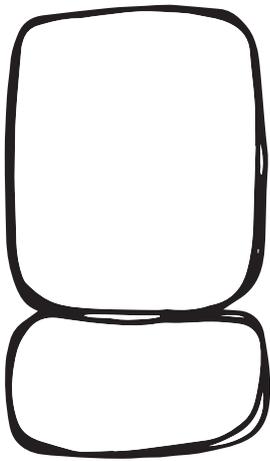
I would fold you up and put you in your bag to take you home.



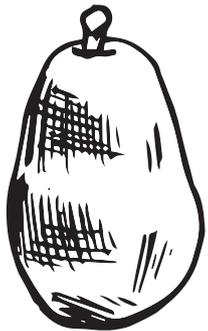


During World War II, after his studies but before he became the Hard-Edged Minimalist Painter Ellsworth Kelly, Kelly served in the army. His job was to create decoys to inflate the Allied troops' numbers—fake tanks and trucks out of rubber and wood: shapes that could be

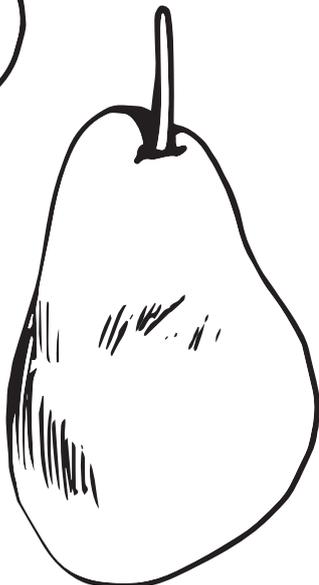
perceived from a distance as something more threatening.



From this process, Kelly learnt how to imitate weight and movement with the bare minimum, create impressions out of thin air. Later, when Hard-Edged Minimalist Painter Ellsworth Kelly made shapes, they were never just shapes. They were images, or impressions of images. They were evocations, feelings that surpassed their source material.

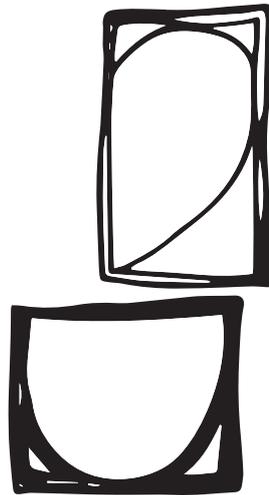


Casey looks for her form in such things.



you chew with it, you dream with it, you sing with it. ... Nothing is really ever forgotten...

Casey should mention that when the text is both right-aligned and in italics, she is usually quoting her ancestors.



When sculptor Robert Gober was eleven, he saw an Ellsworth Kelly painting and remade it in his parents' basement. The pipes, drains, and sinks for which he would later be known were an extended contemplation of death. A sentiment so surprising and crisp.

The grief hidden beneath the layers of peroxide and dish soap, the grief that is washed down the drain and sure to one day clog is also the grief that wafts through a room on a current of air, is the grief that gushes from the pores.



Pierce later tells Casey about the worlds behind Amish quilts, how each one could only be decoded for a viewer in a text the size of the quilt itself, and even then, even then...

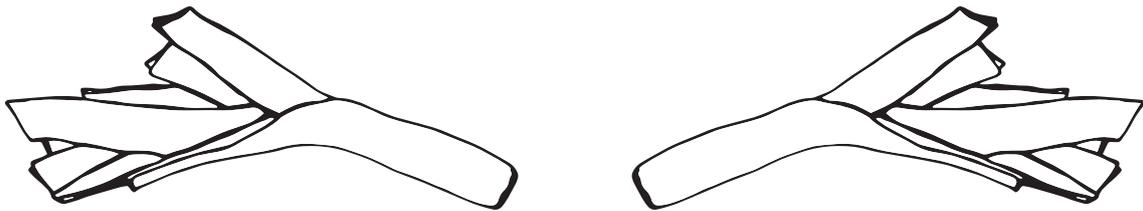
Casey will not spread her quilt out to work on it. Such a large amount of fabric, until in a space that can actually fit it, only makes sense in pieces. Casey will feel blind. Casey will feel fine.

Casey will think, we live our lives in such pieces.



Egyptian slave masters fed the Hebrews garlic to increase their strength. When Moses left Egypt, a surprisingly small portion of the Jewish population went with him. Most thought, this is our home; why should we leave? The ones that did leave soon regretted it. They grew tired of the miracle of manna and longed for some variety in their diet. Wistfully, they remembered the “fish, which we were wont to eat in Egypt for nought; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic.”

That’s the first time garlic is mentioned in the Tanakh. From there, it evolves into a beloved food in Jewish culture worldwide; but this allium and various other scents have lingered on in anti-Semitic tropes.



In a text from 1220 called *The Jewess Who Would Become a Catholic*, a recently baptised Jewish woman meets her father and smells a terrible, sulfurous smell that she had perhaps smelled of before her conversion, though she could not smell it at the time. This is not an unusual story of the period; Catholic monarchs cited the smell of Jews as justification for their expulsion from Spain, and before that, the scent of garlic was seen as enough evidence for prosecution during the Spanish Inquisition.

A month prior to the exhibition, Casey will brew garlic tea. Her mother will visit and be unable to stand the stench. Casey will wonder, what is her mother hiding? Casey will neither smell nor taste much at all, though to be fair Casey also has a cold.

One can sew a seam, notice the seam of the wallpaper, or find a seam of good soil or minerals.

In each case the seam is the jump before regular programming resumes. It is the moment where you hold your breath; you know you'll eventually exhale or inhale again but you pause for a second to remember that every step forward is a choice.





In Judesmo *oyo* is eye, and *ajo* is garlic. Sephardic Jews ward off the evil eye by saying *al ajo ke se le vaiga*—let it go to the garlic.

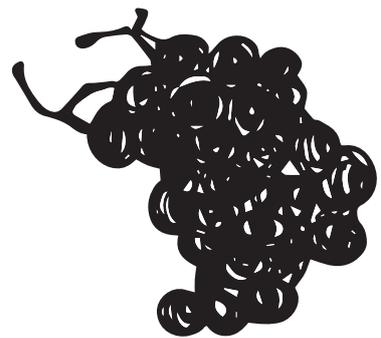
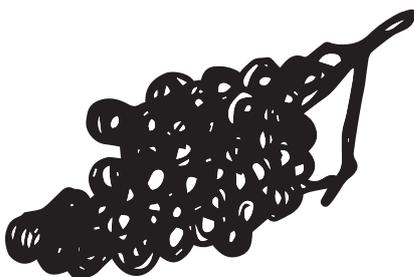
One drawing from 16th-century Worms shows a Jewish man holding a bag of money in one hand and bulbs of garlic in the other. Let it go to the garlic.

In a series of paintings from 2017, Swiss artist Nicolas Party depicted a series of dusks and dawns. He was inspired by Obama's declaration during the previous year's elections that "No matter what happens, the sun will rise in the morning."

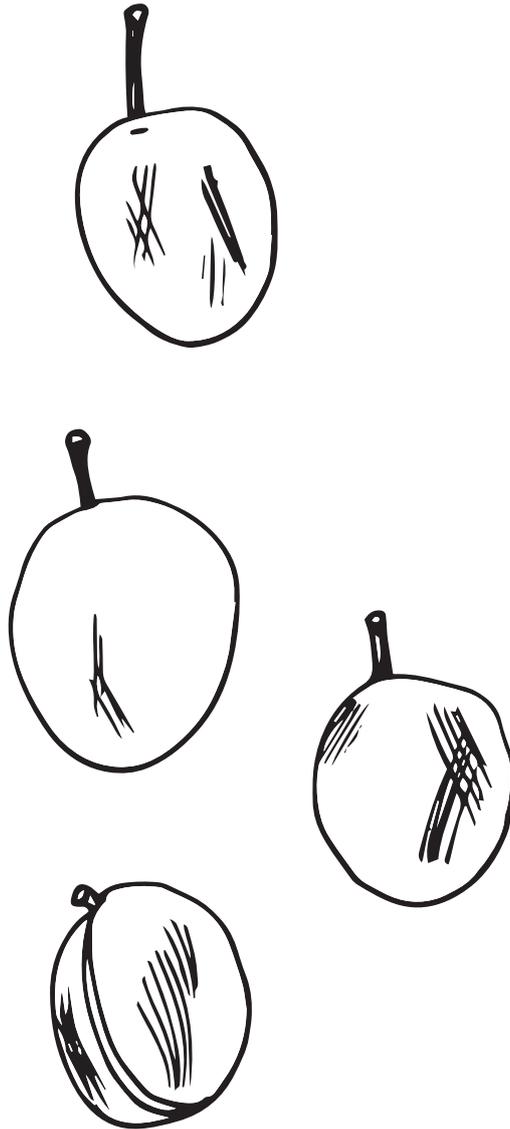
You will never know whether Party's suns were rising or setting. This is unlike most events in life, in which later (but only later) do you understand where you were heading all along. That is, whether to kvetch or kvell.

[This isn't the point you're here for at all but on that note, you should know how hugely militarised Switzerland is. It's amazing how much firepower it takes to remain neutral.]

As Casey scours the quilt from bottom to top, top to bottom, looking for the gaps that need to either be filled or accepted, she will realise she's journeying between sunrise and sunset.



The pungent odours from the unloading freight cars in the wholesale fruit and vegetable district, with a thousand varieties of smells from apples, cabbage, fresh wine grapes for the Passover, the sweet smell of onions, fresh garlic, black radish and the rotting refuse.



Casey will want you to place a garlic clove on the table. You can try and slam your hand down on it but the better thing will be to slowly crush the clove with the heel of your palm, pull away the tissue paper and ask for some hot water (ye shall receive). Place the broken cloves at the bottom of a mug and pour the water over. Let it steep. Smell your palms. Smell the tea.

If you have a friend with you and are concerned for the smell left on your hands and in your hair, have them repeat the above. As the Good Book says, *allium olere*: In good company. That is, if you eat garlic with others who eat garlic, neither of you will smell anything.

