

התערוכה של שושי

It is spring now in Israel. Spring there is such a short season, as David Grossman said, that you almost miss it...

From the small airplane window you can see patches of green and blue underneath. The views are seen through clouds of dust. Spring brings the sand from the Nile delta. The veils of the desert cover the colors in a touchable screen, that sometimes deepens nature's colors, and sometimes blurs it. The minute the airplane doors open in Ben Gurion airport, a wave of warm orange blossom hits you.

This is the essence of Israel: It's in the texture of the air, the colors of the sand and soil, the feeling of the sun's rays, and the smell of blossom in the desert.

This is also the way I feel Shos Ernst art: A sensual combination of colors, textures and smell. Shosh captures the primal colors of the land: a prism of blues from the deep, almost gray blue of the sky in a summer hot day, חמסין, to the light, gentle, caressing blue of the spring; the orange yellow sun and the greens of the trees and the fields. Those are what we call in Hebrew מראות שתייה - the spring that nurtures creativity; the source and essence of ART. This basic visual language, is as innocent as a child's painting. It combines the landscape of the beginnings, of a new era, with the vivid presence of the ancient, mythological place. Shosh returns to a virginal phase of the land, based only on nature in its pure color glory. The works are expressive, sensual and stormy even when they look peaceful.

But we are here. Spring shows only its first steps in Cambridge. This week I saw the first beautiful small crocus in yellow and purple. Watching Shosh's works here, now, at Harvard Hillel, is almost a subversive act. Bringing the, שם, there, in here, into beautiful New England, where the streets are still covered with patches of white. We dream about the Israeli sun, sensing and almost touching the land through these beautiful pieces, we perform קפיצת הדרך, a spiritual shortcut to the land of dreams. These feelings raise identity questions: What is our natural landscape? Where do we belong? Is there an archetypical view shared by all of us? Shaul Tchernicovsky, the Hebrew great poet said: האדם הוא תבנית גוף מולדתו - man is shaped in the mould of his motherland. He is born in the shape of his primal landscape. Shosh purifies Israel's' views and brings it into life, recreating them as universal images of the spiritual motherland. All you need is to embrace them into your heart.

Lea Goldberg, the Hebrew poet says:

Teach me my God, bless and pray,

The secret of wilting leaves, and brilliance of ripe fruit,

This freedom: to see, to feel, to breath,

To know, to hope, to fail.

Teach my lips as a blessing and a song of praise

When your time renews with morning and night,

So that my day won't be a yesterday, and the day before it,

So that my day would not become of habit.

למדני אלוהי ברך והתפלל
על סוד עלה קמל, על נוגה פרי בשל
על החירות הזאת לראות, לחוש, לנשום
לדעת, לייחל, להכשל

למד את שפתותי ברכה ושיר הלל
בהתחדש זמנך עם בוקר ועם ליל
לבל יהיה יומי כתמול שלשום
לבל יהיה עלי יומי הרגל