

# Views

# LOS ANGELES

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**Channa Horwitz**  
**"To the Top"**

François Ghebaly Gallery  
13.2. – 26.3.2016

Is it possible for sight to produce sound? A line hums. A static grouping vibrates. Primary colors, not the ones we acknowledge, produce a secondary sensory experience that unfolds on straightened sheets of paper. The expounding potentiality of statically coded language is what Channa Horwitz's compositions, or rather propositions, echo in chorus when positioned together in space.

Musicians tend to read scores in order to play them. However, the musicality of Horwitz's pieces are intended to be translated, or – as Haroon Mirza clarifies in his interpretation of one of her works next door to her institutional-style installation – *transcribed*. Imagine a creative sonic process in which notes can be taken as opposed to simply given.

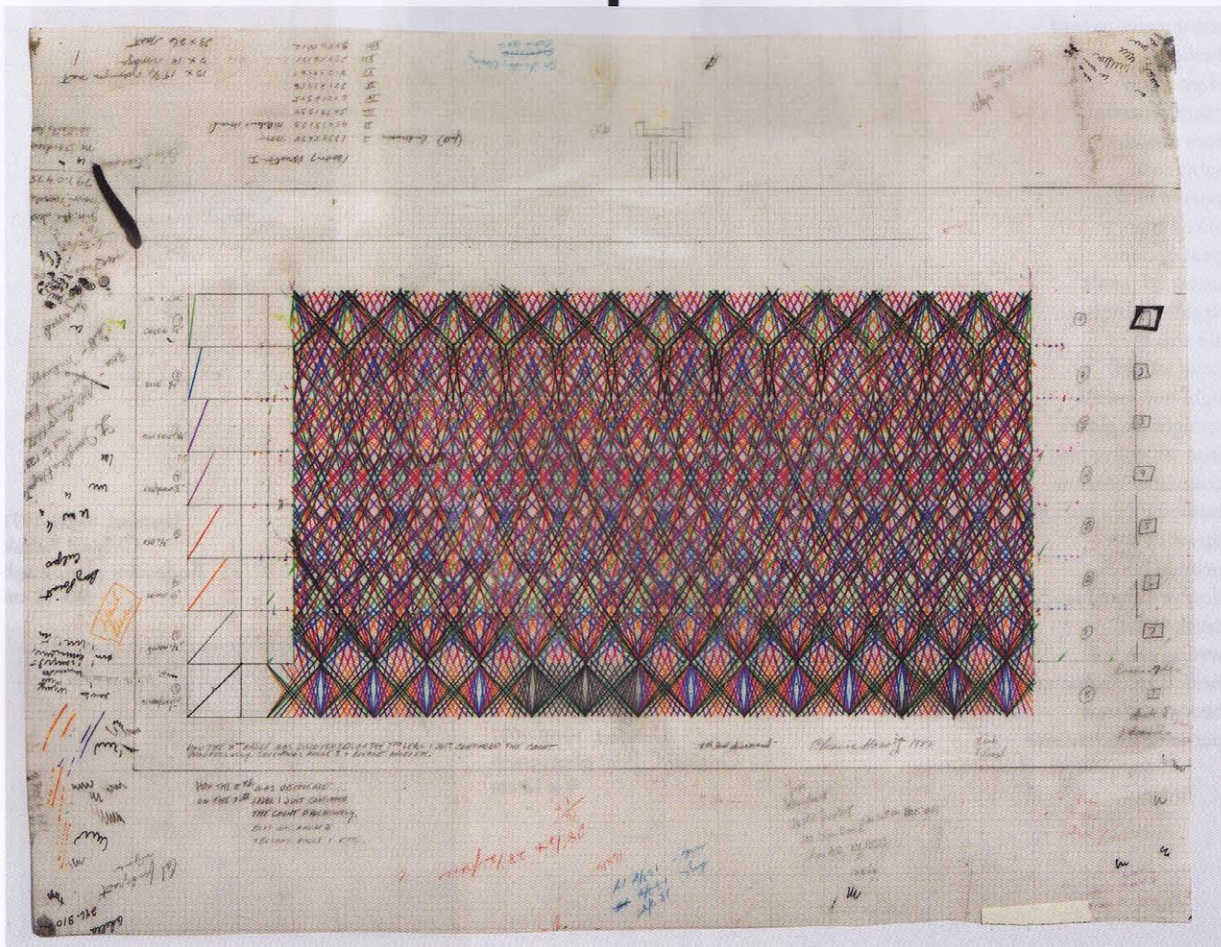
Or think of it this way: In the 1992 film *White Men Can't Jump*, Woody Harrelson's character, Billy Hoyle, and Wesley Snipes's character, Sidney Deane, debate the difference between listening and hearing. Billy claims he likes to listen to Jimi Hendrix. Sidney tries to explain to him that "white people don't hear Jimi; they only listen to him." Whether or not this generaliza-

tion is true, the fact remains that there is a difference between listening and hearing. And the same can be said about seeing and viewing, or perceiving and feeling. The works on view at François Ghebaly urge us to hear, to view, to feel.

In a crucial series Horwitz (\*1932) referred to as *Sonakinatography*, she developed a system of internal logic set to eight beats, which she claimed had the ability to track the fourth dimension, two-dimensionally. If Sidney Deane learned about this hypothesis, he'd be sure to lose his mind. Sidney had likely never heard Sun Ra, so it goes without saying that he probably never viewed or felt him either.

The works featured in the exhibition carry on with Horwitz's career-long exploration of the notion of eight, which was of fundamental importance to the artist. Eight is of course a finite digit, but it also resembles the symbol for infinity. The infinite possibilities of a singular source are arguably the crux of any of Horwitz's individual works and perhaps her work at large. The same could surely be said about many of her conceptual art contemporaries. Although, how often have you truly, fully heard, viewed, or felt a conceptual work of art?

**8th Level Discovered, 1982, Pencil and ink on mylar, 43 x 56 cm**



Courtesy the artist and Ghebaly Gallery, Los Angeles; Photo: Jeff McLane