

PRESS RELEASE



(Photographer: Gustavo Buntinx)

13 MOONS  
(SEEDS)

A public art installation produced by  
Monumento Films / JT Robinette Art & Artifacts  
in alliance with  
MICROMUSEO (*"al fondo hay sitio"*)

Exhibited through NYC Parks' Art In The Parks Program

## **Artificer**

Jaime Miranda Bambarén

## **Curator**

Gustavo Buntinx

## **Location**

THOMAS PAINE PARK – FOLEY SQUARE  
Manhattan  
New York City – USA

## **Dates and hours**

June 24 – November 01  
2022  
24 hours

*13 MOONS (SEEDS)*  
IS AN ENTIRELY SELF-SUSTAINED PROJECT  
AND IS NOT DEPENDENT ON ANY PUBLIC FUNDING  
IN PERU OR IN THE UNITED STATES

More information at:

[www.13moons.nyc](http://www.13moons.nyc)  
<https://micromuseo.org.pe/rutas/13moons/>

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*13 Moons (Seeds)*, a momentous public art installation by Jaime Miranda-Bambarén (Lima, Peru, 1982), is on view at New York City's Thomas Paine Park – Foley Square until November First.

The project involves thirteen enormous and intensely carved organic spheres. Their name, and number, and shapes, stand in gravid allusion to the annual cycle of human ovulation —with cosmic overtones derived from their mesmerizing expressiveness and astounding dimensions (up to 230 cm high each piece).

A colossal presence made all the more enthralling by the crucial fact that every single *Moon* is wrought out of single pieces of wood, in a paradoxical act of healing. Miranda-Bambarén does not fell any trees. On the contrary, he exhumes and sculpts the truncated roots of already plundered eucalyptus in the Peruvian highlands. Centennial specimens, planted perhaps since viceregal times, and now razed by our degrading “modernity”.



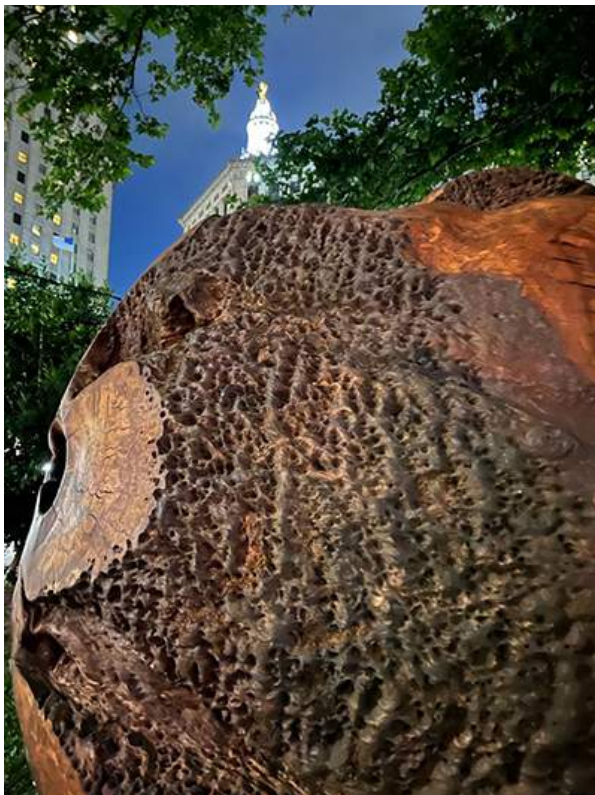
(Photographer: Juan Manuel Olivera)

By converting such remains into *Seeds*, the artificer affirms, to be sure, an ecological claim. But, above all, he projects a metaphysical vision, a resurrectional act: to grant those desecrated remnants a symbolic dignity. And to



transfigure those mementos of death into breathtaking, almost breathing images of life. Moribund nature transformed into a nascent art.

A sense of latency already inscribed into the very materiality of these convoluted pieces. The dramatic outbursts of their fissures and textures. The peristaltic entrails of the savaged roots. The furrows, the gaps, the crevices. The almost erogenous conduits and orifices. The disturbing and enticing cavities provocatively probing deep into the kernel hearts of each Seed. And at times penetrating its flesh and soul to the point of occasionally breaking through its entire body to reveal, in an outburst of light, the other side of the perforated sphere.



(Photographer: Roxana Buntinx)

A vision akin to the aesthetic notion of the sublime. Or the artistic experience of the spiritual.

The spiritual in art, paradoxically extracted out of the extremely physical process of cleansing the still brute substance of the unearthed roots, and then arduously exploring the creative suggestions provided by their unique marks of existence. Their grains, their knots, their voids and protuberances, their entanglements and

extensions. Even the rocks occasionally enveloped —devoured— by the plant's subterranean growth. And reverently preserved by the artwork.



(Photographer: Jaime Miranda-Bambarén)

The visceral expression thus obtained is not to be confused with an expressionism. The subjectivity revealed in this process is not solely that of the artificer, but also —primordially— that of matter. For what these works radically propose is *the REmaterialization of art*, brought to our sensorial perception by the intuitive dialogue between the hand and the wood. A complex dialectics, very technical at times, at times almost trance-like, to be fulfilled by an even more unpredictable interaction: the friction between the apparently completed art piece and the elements that will truly finalize it.

The elements, the atmospheric forces that will both blemish and embellish the impeccable forms withdrawn from the artist's studio to be exposed to —rather than merely exhibited in— the open airs, and the rains, and the winds, and *the smog*, of Thomas Paine Park. During nineteen highly symbolic weeks: the actual



process of the installation itself began on the 21st of June —the Summer Solstice in the Northern Hemisphere— and was concluded three days later, on the 24th, in coincidence with the Inti Raymi, the grand Solar Feast of Inca times. With similar poignance, the total experience will conclude on the first of November. The Day of the Dead. And the Reborn.

That time lapse, that passage of time, is in itself part of *13 Moons*. And its mark will be inscribed into both the modified appearance and the perpetual soul of the grand spheres that thus configure their final mystery. The mutual transfiguration of patina and aura.

Their reciprocal transubstantiation. Defined by the whims of nature. Or God. *Il miglior fabbro*.

A thaumaturgic art. Such mystical overtones, however, are discreetly diffused into the *faktura* of the *13 Moons*. The organic exuberance and genestic connotations through which these sidereal, these telluric orbs, relate amiably with the casual strollers, inevitably captivated by the esoteric aura emanating from the sheer beauty —and the mystery— of such enchanted presences.

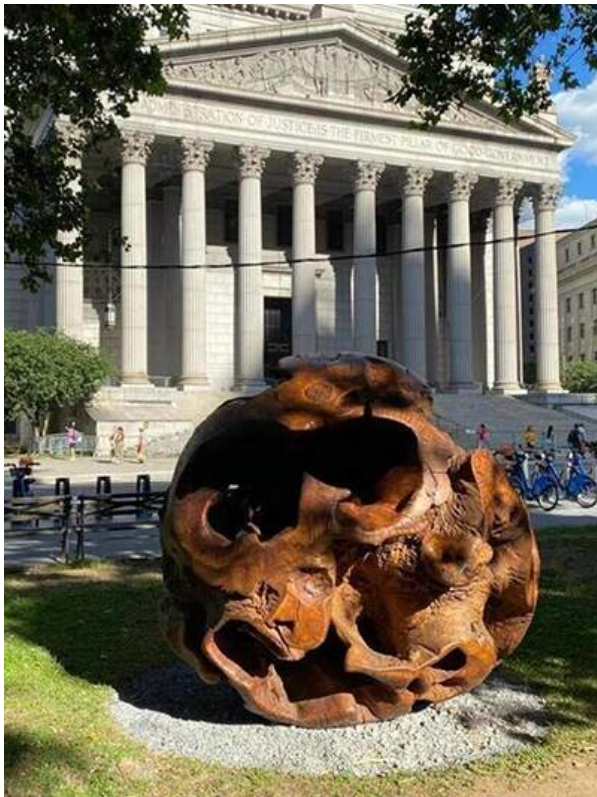


(Photographer: Jaime Miranda-Bambarén)

But the most complex associations are those established with the site itself. And with the very soil in which these Seeds have now been resown. A subtle yet incisive resignification of the chosen ground. An impregnation with no fixed or preestablished meanings, but prolific in suggestions poetically unleashed. As in the reemergence of that which has been interred. By nature, or by history.

There is, of course, an essential and visible harmony with the forested surroundings. Yet a more abstract and primordial tension may be suggested with the ghost of *Tilted Arc*, Richard Serra's almost funereal sculptural intervention. A blackened, hard-edge, cold-steel, massive plate controversially erected in—and eventually removed from—the adjoining Federal Plaza, some forty years ago.

And therein emerges a more present and tangible contrast with the varied repertoire of the surrounding architectures. The conventional modernist tower of the Federal Bureau of Investigation; the stylized Art Déco of the offices of the Department of Health, Hospitals and Sanitation; the solemn neoclassical columns of the New York State's Supreme Court and the United States District Courthouse...



(Photographers:  
Jaime Miranda-Bambarén (left) / Roxana Buntinx (right))

All constructed around what was once the main colonial cemetery destined for those of African ascent, as a nearby memorial and a monument explicitly landmark.



A counterpoint in which Jaime Miranda-Bambarén's Seeds will secrete their most radical senses.

More rooted and extreme.

Resurrectional.



(Photographer: Gustavo Buntinx)

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This press release is based on extracts of Gustavo Buntinx's curatorial essay, *The Broken Bough (Reborn)*, available at:

<https://13moons.nyc/statement-1/>

<https://micromuseo.org.pe/rutas/13moons/2/>