

# Theta

**Molly Rose Lieberman**

The candle is on the table

May 15 - June 20, 2026

It was early September: the summer was gone but it was not over. I found a lot of good nouns when I arrived on the auction house floor and I pocketed them for a later date, when words would be table offerings for humble hosts. My winnings were rolled out and the smile that passed between my lips did not lend a hand to the mass. The lacquered and mirrored surface of the pedestal undid the dull of the yellow; the contrast of texture and color made for a surprising elegance embodied only by something that has lived a time. We only discovered its true weight back on Elizabeth Street while unloading the Subaru. It was not liftable but we lifted it, Dad and I, until we arrived in the corridor stunned, unable to climb the stairs. Determined to find the culprit of the heaviness, I investigated a rattling and unscrewed a wooden panel from the bottom of the object. Dad removed the 100 pound weight from its body, brought it to the curb, and I returned to my studio.

It was early December and I was sleeping in the twin bed in my childhood bedroom. Days before, I had been painting but creation in a material sense felt far away, apart from arranging cookies on a plate. And for weeks after, the studio was only a location, a stop on my daily route, a place I went to eat a summer roll, open my packages, and water my plants. It was during this time away from my studio that I imagined the yellow lacquered pedestal growing into a skyscraper that would reach the ceiling. While I lay awake in the quiet of my childhood home in Brooklyn, far from the formal infrastructure of an art practice, I fantasized about a stack of different colored boxes. A lot of ideas come in like that, in a time of quiet waiting, which is why I often allow at least three seasons for an artwork to form. The paintings in this show are indicators of that practice, marinated in multiple cycles of spring, summer, fall, and winter.

Then, it turned to early March and it was most certainly still winter. I learned the art of clamshell boxes and built enclosures for my recent publication, *A landscape shredded*. I passed my time in the bindery, surrounded by craftsmen more adept than me. When I finished for the day, the boxes would have to fit in my bag, and then the bag in the basket of my bicycle, and I would balance my heavy load back downtown, sometimes going the wrong way on 6th avenue until I could readjust. Arriving back to my studio in search of a clean surface I find a place atop the yellow lacquered pedestal. Placing it there, the dimensions match and I am not surprised by their symmetry.

The bell is around her wrist

The list is on the dashboard

The wind is in my fingers

The candle is on the table

- MRL

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**Molly Rose Lieberman** (b. 1994, Brooklyn) lives and works in New York. Solo presentations include: 5b, Glasgow; Theta, New York (both 2026); Matthew Brown, Los Angeles (2024); Paris Internationale with Theta, Paris, FR (2023); Theta, New York (2023); Gern, New York (2021); and Fonda, Leipzig (2020). Group exhibitions include: Reena Spaulings, New York; Paulina Caspari, Munich (both 2025); Greene Naftali, New York (2024); Matthew Brown, Los Angeles (2023); Greene Naftali, New York; Chapter, New York; and Theta, New York (all 2022). She received a BA from Oberlin College in 2016, and a MLS from Queens College in 2024. Lieberman's first monograph is co-published by 5b, Glasgow and Theta, New York.