

- CAST:
Two performers and eight associates
- ELEMENTS:
-Four pieces of hemp rope
-One wooden stage
-One wooden staircase
-One wooden frame
-Six rectangular pieces of tempered glass
-Five pieces of triangular pieces of tempered glass
- ACTIONS OF THE TWO PERFORMERS:
-The performers recite the script and move within the space following a score
-Performers move counterclockwise along the edges of the space
-Performers crawl and roll up and down over the staircase
-Performers crawl and mark one corner of the gallery
-Performers hung from the rope form different configurations
-Performers stand on the stage
- ACTIONS OF THE EIGHT ASSOCIATES:
-Helpers carry the glass plates in the space, creating various configurations
-Helpers change the placement of the wooden frame in the space

A READING THAT WRITES - A PHYSICAL ACT

As I arrive here I realize that I am not alone: I carry with me my home, the spirit of my mother, my father, my two beautiful sisters, my sad neighbor, who is denied a permit to visit his brother, my disappointed grandfather who believed in the new land, my daughter whom I left back home, my partner who takes care of her, my good friend who cannot find rest, my very good friend who cannot find a job, the inspiration I get from reading a text by my girlfriend, the writing of Clarice Lispector, the very black, alive mountains and the perpetually green vegetation of Rio, the stones, trees and smells of my childhood landscape, that turned into a tragedy, my body and more.

Imagine this downward movement of a root - digging, expanding, eliminating that which comes its way. I think of this determined root - turning into plural, branching, cleaving, anchoring, becoming a foundation, shooting a single body. A stem. Settled and refusing to move. I reconsider my idea of the root - to a concept of reduction, violation, insistence and permanence.

Migrated. In a constant search for the land that holds this source of myself. How could I imagine that I could become one again? Infused back into the roots? How could I imagine this movement back into the roots as a movement without destruction, without violation.

I scan the ground, slowly, I am irritated by all the details that pull my attention, the outer edges that become foregrounded. I lose my concentration.

Forgetting that there ever was a center - spreading, making new relations, moving outwards.

In Trisha Brown's dance piece, Accumulation with Talking, she said:
"While I was making the dance my father died somewhere between these two movements."
I say, somewhere between my previous performance and here, my mother died.

It is known that by the scattered traces of fig and olive trees, cacti and ruins, one can locate the places where Palestinian villages were settled. These ruins are now on the verge of erasure. They have become almost organic parts of the Israeli landscape, a part of nature, so that reading them, seeing their residue is denied.

In the land where I grew up homes had turned into stones, villages had become landscape.

Zvad - Zvat
Tveriya - Tveira
Bisan - Beit Shean
A-Nazra - Nazerat
Yafa - Yafo
Ramle - Ramle
El Kads - Jerushaleyim
Br Al Sabha - Beer Seva
Suba - Tzuba

I grew up in Kibbutz Tzuba - downhill. Uphill were the beautiful ruins of the old Arab village Suba. We called it "The Arab Tzuba", not fully realizing what that meant. We loved walking there as kids. It was a beautiful place with a beautiful view - this was nature.

Later I understood that what we had been told about the history of these ruins was not the whole story. Suba had been a Palestinian village and attacked by the Palmach army on the 13th of July 1948, 602 Palestinians were expelled and a Zionist settlement, Kibbutz Tzuba was established. I grew up somewhere between these two places, Suba and Tzuba.

Carl Andre once said,

"My idea of a piece of sculpture is a road.
That is, a road doesn't reveal itself at any particular point or from any particular point.
Roads appear and disappear. We either have to travel on them or beside them. But we don't have a single point of view for a road at all, except a moving one, moving along it."

In April 1625, a two-headed calf was born in the outskirts of Rome. The naturalists of the Roman Academy of Lincei became interested in the case. It was a topic of conversation in the Vatican gardens.

The first question they asked was whether the bicephalous calf was one or two animals? For physicians, it was the brain that distinguished the individual; for Aristotelians, it was the heart.

I say, one is already a plural.
I say, you are my plural
A parastie

Nature curves under the weight of saturation - leaf veins are full of moisture, dripping green. It is different from the landscape I know - one that goes through the earth and the sentiment - arid, dry, reduced to memory, reduced to ideology, reduced to anger and tears. Now in the latitude. I am looking up at a tree; I see the assemblage of its growth. The trunk is a moist ground for other plants, possessed with the same necessity of being touched by light. This tree grows vertically but not by itself.

I reconsider my idea of the parasite - to a concept of amplification, of wealth and growth, but not of death.

A parasite.
You are elastic and light.
"Let no one be mistaken.
I only achieve simplicity with enormous effort."

Richard Serra once wrote:

"Weight is a value for me, not that it is any more compelling than lightness, but I simply know more about weight than lightness and therefore I have more to say about it, more to say about the balancing of weight, the diminishing of weight, the addition and subtraction of weight, the concentration of weight... The psychological effects of weight, the disorientation of weight, the disequilibrium of weight, the rotation of weight, the movement of weight, the directionality of weight, the shape of weight... Everything we choose in life for its lightness soon reveals its unbearable weight. We face the fear of unbearable weight: the weight of repression, the weight of constriction, the weight of government, the weight of tolerance, the weight of resolution, the weight of responsibility, the weight of destruction, the weight of suicide, the weight of history which dissolves weight and erodes meaning. The residue of history: the printed page, the flicker of the image, always fragmentary, always saying something less than the weight of experience. It is this distinction between the prefabricated weight of history and direct history which evokes in me the need to make things that have not been made before."

I have turned almost transparent, different voices taking me over. I learn day by day the act of weaving. I lose myself in knots and threads. I am black, I am a man, I am a baby, I am a girl, I am almost everything, and yet not much. My sense of orientation has collapsed. The ground, I have lost. I need ground in order to stand, vertical.

I read that when we walk, each movement is felt in our potential for freedom as each step is the body's movement against falling-pulling against gravity.

The act of consciously falling is to adapt to a variable of distances, positions and directions, and to intuit, which part of my body will take the first moment of the impact. The first part that touches the ground I can use as a lever, to that part I can unify limbs and torso, to prepare a sequence which will smoothly transmit my weight in an accumulated movement onto the floor.

Anxious to fall, cautious to break, jaws stiffening, teeth grinding, saliva gathering in the mouth, neck grows rigid, a headache takes hold, on the forehead feeling the heartbeat, pulsing through the veins of the side of the head, palms perspiring, grasping the glass, stabilize the trunk, shoulder down, focus, eyeballs stretching out, pupils delineating, neck stiffening, breath held, a cramp in diaphragm, heels dig.

Susan Sontag said:

Some souls are heavy, others light; some are liberated or capable of being liberated, others not. All one can do is be patient, and as empty as possible. In such a regimen there is no place for the imagination, much less for ideas and opinions. The ideal is neutrality, transparency.

My body reconstructs its own history - memorizing different moments in life, re-enacting. The army - arriving alone in a man's world. A constant gaze at my upper thighs, at the breasts. I look downward, bend my head, contract my ribs, tighten my hips, lock my thighs - a knot.

Weaving, making knots, a needle penetrates a fabric, making connections. A narrative is told through creating patterns - and breaking them, unfolding knots. Emptying. Learning to trust the structure that holds us, or lets us go. Observing, selecting, gently pulling, pushing and releasing. To weave myself would be to know myself. To recognize the different threads that tighten me up. Emptying myself is a daily work in serenity. A labor - opening up, touching, surrendering, letting go. Allowing a transparent fabric to shine.

Yael Davids,
Los Angeles, December 2013

Yael Davids (born in Kibbutz Tzuba, Israel, 1968), based in Amsterdam, studied Fine Arts at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy, sculpture studies at the Pratt Institute (New York) and dance pedagogy at the Remscheid Academy (Germany). Her solo exhibitions include; *A Reading that Writes Writes - A Physical Act I* (performance), Museo de Art do Rio, Brazil; M - Museum, Leuven (2012); Circus Gallery, Berlin (2012); *Ending with Glass*, Kunsthalle Basel (2011); *Picture This*, Bristol (2010); *If I Can't Dance Tonight*, Frascati Theatre, Amsterdam (2009); Project Mechelen, organized by MuHKA Antwerp as part of All that is Solid, Mechelen (2008). She has also shown in group exhibitions such as: *Ficisismos*, Universidad di Tella, Buenos Aires, Argentina (2013); *TEXTILES: Open Letters*, Abteiger Museum, Monchengladbach, Germany (2013), *Test Run - Probelauf*, Kunsthaus Museum, Lodz (2013); *Various Stages*, Kunsthaus Dresden (2012); Playground Festival, Stuk, Leuven (2012)

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CalArt's Downtown
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631 West 2nd Street
Los Angeles, CA 90012
www.redcat.org

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