

Kol Ha'ir, 2001

Sweet Dream

Exhibition / Albert Suissa

Masha Yozefpolsky, installation and video works documentation ,
Hazira Interdisciplinary Art Arena, Jerusalem

“The newborn baby hears the sounds of the earth, the water and the sky surrounding it, and they all cry out to it: We exist! And its tiny heart answers them, crying out: I exist! My poetry is like that newborn baby’s cry – an answer to the call of the world.” These words, written by Rabindranath Tagore, occurred to me when viewing Masha Yozefpolsky’s audiovisual poetry, currently exhibited in the foyer of *Hazira* Interdisciplinary Art Arena, a collection of installations and video works of 1995-2001. However, according to Yozefpolsky’s Jewish and existential conception, an “angel” always arrives to tap the baby’s lip and make it forget its poetry, and I believe the little scar on the poet-artist’s lip attests to that. Those who have not seen one of Yozefpolsky’s live installations, her poetic virtuosity in designing and controlling a space, truly have what to be sorry about. The works in this documentary collection highlight her ability to create pure art in this medium.

Yozefpolsky sees the world around her, as well as the characters that people it, as forgotten mines of poetry, real and magical places buried under the shell of the body and its corrupting daily routines. Her works are situated in the dream world, in situations of half-waking and daydreams. Starting with Sigmund Freud, modern science has treated dreams as a psychic occurrence within the soul’s functional mechanism vis-à-vis reality. The word ‘mechanism’ speaks to an instrumental conception of the dream as beholden to reality. Yozefpolsky thinks dreams are alternative realities, a real other dimension of being within reality itself. Her video pieces are a dazzling collective dream, filled with souls muttering *sotto voce* while calmly floating after their birds of passage. Her camera hovers above, like a Lux light bulb in the wind. Hers is a multi-dimensional,

interdisciplinary, multi-sexual poetry unencumbered by the inferred complexity evoked by the term. Her contemplative musicality and her orchestration of the acting and speaking souls, accompanying her medium-like alter ego, are perfect and delightful. Her pieces work on the viewer with the same sweetness by which a lullaby lulls a baby to sleep. Sleep is one-sixtieth of death, and dreaming is one-sixtieth of prophecy, Yozefpolsky's lullaby is good for those held too tightly by reality. Those who pass through the threshold don't hear it any more; they are already there. Sweet dreams.