

**IVA KAFRI: THE POETRY
OF THE MULTIPLANE**
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Cut, staple, scar, break, tear off, opacify, scratch, tear up, color, blow up, compose. Undo matter, cameo color. Stain, pour, blot, tap.

Throw, displace, carry, transport, frame, snap, unframe, dismount, throw again, catch, suspend. Climb up and down the ladder... Draw, trace, emboss, engrave, fragment, contour, sprinkle. A watered silk effect.

Color of unrecognizable hue, its language in layers and the impression suspended beyond the too thought-out, beyond the correctly thought, the known, too known.

Movement: the hand that decides or the gesture we thought we knew how to make, that we try to follow, as if it were the movement itself that was carrying us through. The minuteness of the detail, the little gestures that suddenly strike the mind because the handmade contrasts with machine made materials: the plastics, the layers, the patterns that are traced, formed, matrixed. Gigantism is undone.

An impression of the intensely bizarre, disorder within a space that no longer makes sense. The art beyond one's grasp even as it takes shape in the mind: too big, too small, too simple, too complex. A testimonial to the time dedicated, accounting for an impression: that of another dimension.

The emptiness is maculated with a kind of gaiety, a vertigo of color. The eye ceaselessly stimulated, in a mode of re-composition and association; then suddenly choosing, abandoning, and then the sensation of ultra-precision.

Likewise the transparencies giving volume to the space in an inconceivable way, the play of superpositions without direction: the frame outside the frame initiating a visionary perspective. Rare is the work of art that recounts its fabrication with sincerity, that is indeed a totally authentic undertaking. It results from inspiration, an ethic demanding a different mode of perception.

Its invention proceeds not from derivation of such genres as Installation or Abstraction, but is rather the revelation of a work that occupies space with a different enthusiasm. This work is unique each and every time: it cannot be repeated because it is not just a matter of structure. It contains things other than its presence, a praxis that circumvents representation and history. An *Informel* that makes sense in a new manner, with its own language. This language is a deconstruction of language. Primarily it is a work that cannot be reproduced, or only partially, and thus cannot be apprehended. Even photography cannot resolve its fractality.

The references are multiple, all present and apparently contradictory. Like an art that celebrates art. Like an energy that celebrates energy. Color and movement as in Fauvism, Expressionism, Lyrical Abstraction, Gestualism, Tachism but also alluding to simply geometry, to layers in suspension, to new form, signs, as in more formalist movements such as Constructivism and Installation art.

An artistic space/time continuum that undermines the very ideologies of these movements. It happens in the retina and in the mind, the gaze

always broken as is the mental image that accompanies it. Streams of associations replaced by choices in the simple immediacy.

Suddenly historical movements are reduced to a feeling that can be perceived in astonishment and immediacy. You just keep moving. Renewal cannot be the same as the past. These varied influences make no attempt to hide, rather they are graphed beyond consciousness, like a moment of authentic unconsciousness, of rest or vivacity. Passages, impasses, transgressions, relays.

The classical arts religiously confounded Beauty and Goodness in grandiose representations while abstract art always accounts for freedom just as this work testifies to the joy of being free. It is beyond preciousness, a vital proposition. Here the issue is existence, the possibility of happiness, that of being able to deconstruct—what Derrida described as the end of the monolithic ideal, that centrality that is always ignoble because dogmatic.

Nor are we limited to colorful lyricism, although it colors everything in a sign of hope. But it reads as the acknowledgment that it is impossible to represent a world that can no longer produce images. Only movement remains. This color is the expression of an interior life. The infinity of passionate virtualities.

The joy of motion, of enlarging small space, of de-harmonized geometry, in all its cacophony, a revelation that never submits like a body using its force, including the strength to remain a witness. The revolution of composition exists here in a different manner; the revolution of the art of composition is a composition that can never be recomposed. Isomorphy is therefor beyond structural resemblances.

Hence, a re-evolution of the real is defined in the place of those revolutions that endlessly revolve back to reproducing the same system in the name of the normative ideal. Hence, it is a proposition of a different order, a different dimension. Creation inhabited in order that creation can continue. As if perception expanded, adapting itself infinitely to the horizon of a definitive space. It is an autonomy that creates autonomy.

Without dimension. Without creed. Without dogma. An invisible, but so-present law. Like a still unknown dialog with nature. A gesture that withdraws and leaves behind a different trace: Barely seen, already vanished. It is not a matter of looking, but of learning to see.

Just as an artist finds it difficult to comprehend a work of her own and can never recognize it because it is live... Endlessly inventing itself, discovering itself, modifying itself. In a beyond that is destroyed or lost... Like an emanation, a source, a joyous surge. A bit of soul in the gaze because we each have our own.

Plasticity is the beginning of awakening, Plasticity is resilience. In such poetics, ideas can be revealed, they create and recreate themselves forever. It is enough to move within these multiplanes. And this plural is unique. Wisdom can smile. As if freedom can and continues to be the work of imagination.