



## THE JEWISH THEATRE PRESENTS LEE



An exclusive and uniquely designed art book born from the success of the exhibition SMALL SONGS at The Jewish Theatre in Stockholm, a collaboration between the Theatre Director Pia Forsgren and the artist and filmmaker Lee Yanor in 2010.

The Art Director is Anders Wester.

It is not the exhibition that has now “been released as a book”. Instead it has given rise to yet another work of art.

LEE is a poetic work, a visual flow, almost a film of Lee Yanor’s images. The flow is mixed in with Paul Celan poems as well as texts by Lee Yanor herself, Editor in Chief Madelaine Levy, Curator Varda Steinlauf, and Pia Forsgren among others.

LEE has been produced by The Jewish Theatre and Anders Wester. Wester has from the very beginning produced the sensational communication program for the Jewish Theatre – posters programs, advertising and exquisite books.

A trendsetter no doubt.

If you wish to distribute, purchase for resale or review Lee Yanor please contact:

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When Pia Forsgren, Artistic Director of the increasingly famous Jewish Theatre in Stockholm and Lee Yanor, artist and photographer, met for the first time in Yanor’s studio in Jaffa in 2009, it was quite electric. The result was a large work of art that attracted a lot of attention: the video exposé SMALL SONGS, where movement, sound and image were central. Forsgren was responsible for the concept and exhibition design. The venue was Pia Forsgren’s home stage, The Jewish Theatre, a unique arena for cross-border art and performance art. Through her own choreographed architecture Pia adapted the spaces to the piece and parts of the theatre were rebuilt. Besides Lee Yanor’s video works SMALL SONGS and CLOUD 9 the visitor also walked through VOID, a site-specific video piece created in collaboration between the two artists.

For the Grand Finale of the exhibition The Jewish Theatre featured Lee Yanor’s art film portrait of the friend and choreographer Pina Bausch: COFFEE WITH PINA.

# “Sun, look out for your- self!”

AL WENZEL, NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE



LEE YANKEE, NY MAG

Let it suffice, for now, to relate here a passage from a recent book by Michelle LeDuc that outlines a new dialectic between “photography,” “dance,” and “choreography.”

“Time and matter are never certain and flexible since the practices that deal with them most work with that which from event-incident vanishes into a mere moment. For this passage from time into matter to occur, it has first to go through the interval, the fragment, the suspension and finally the point of view, multiply the perspectives, destroy linearity, seek together the common, even to capture the discontinuity of the body, its disfiguration, and the resulting tenderness opens the doors to the glowing image and no longer to the literature. For it is as close with dance as photography that it’s a question of creating the singular out of the remaining, taking as their starting point the disappearing, which is also the universal, or, more precisely, to infer from the fragmentary to all the possible. Thus let us give Franz Marc, a German expressionist painter, the friend of Kandinsky and Gauguin, the privilege of reminding us that dance and photography are the same of evolution in the formal writing of space-time, for both locate the world to speak rather than the word, moved by the spectacle of the end of the world.” In this and this alone, they license this renewed ethical relationship that is lived and seen in the way one in the world and not as the way one sees the world.

Such is the underlying paradox that unites photography and dance, in their paradoxical capacity for measuring objects and bodies in these instants close to the final, where the image of space and time engenders the form which tells us “where it hits” and “where it dances?”

I first met Lee Yankee in Paris, in the early 1990s, when she was a dance photographer, choreographically in line, most notably, with the work of Catherine Deneuve and Bernhard Minetti. I was very soon aware, however, that this status of “dance photographer” was far from accurate in describing her creative work which, developing along with dance, contained the seeds of a choreographic evolution. I have never seen Lee

Yankee dance – her images speak for her – as in the film *Soif* for that she made in collaboration with Bernhard Minetti, or in her work in collaboration with Françoise Devos, in the movie of Pompidou. As we also see in this photographic installation displayed, during SKITE in Lisbon, in 1994, in the sweeping movement of faces and hands painted on large banners exhibited outside, on the facade of the Cultural Centre of Belem. Or again in her *Coffin with Pine*, one of the most beautiful “documentaries” that have ever been made on Françoise Devos which the choreographer accepts to leave the treatment of her dance entirely up to her, something she has generally never done before in her own choreography (except *Café Mallet*).

With the passing of several years. Ever since she made her home in Tel Aviv, I have had the news of Lee Yankee. Until this exhibition at The Jewish Theatre in Stockholm, where, thanks to the retrieval of an old text, I was asked to write again and from where the echo of two words with which I was unfamiliar reached me. Two realizations, one more or less “visual,” *Small Song* (the other more or less “linguistic” or verbal, *Class 9*). And when, in this discovery, I have discovered that Lee Yankee has pulled away from the subject to practice, a personal choreography or dance to compose her own choreographies. In her short film *La Rivolta*, Françoise Devos has been written play a part. An impetuous journalist comes to interview the musician right during the showing and asks her, when it is over, “What do you think of Edelman?” Devos writes and simply says, “He dances ... He dances”. About Lee Yankee, I would say the same thing: “She dances ... She dances”.

### 3. UNTHINKED

In the end everything is poetry. “And I dream of travels on an indeterminate axis” (Fernando Pessoa, *Maritime Odes*). “No single plane is ever enough, just not a book” (Richard Brautigan, *Forty of poetry*).

WENZEL, LEUCONNEAU, BENOIST, PHOTOGRAPHY, 2002. CHOREOGRAPHY, ESTERRE, ALBERTO VECCHI, BENOIST, 2002.



