

Resisim is an ancient Hebrew word describing in the Bible the “night traces” (tiny drops of water that form on cool surfaces at night, when atmospheric vapour condenses.) In modern Hebrew Resisim means debris, scattered pieces of remains or loose natural broken pieces. But it can also be used as a synonym to refer to tiny units such as to describe fragments of thoughts or ideas. Often “Tal” (Hebrew for Night traces/ dew) symbolizes refreshing source of life, wealth and good blessing. Unlike rain which sometimes stops, “Tal” is continuous and regular. It will always occur every morning even during years of drought.

In the military jargon the word Resisim means shatters and harmful ricochet. The piece let observe shatters/ traces as musical objects in various dimensions. It intertwine music notation of chronological, metrical and morphological time families. The notation is purposefully both very precise and detail oriented and vague at the same time. Like the tradition of synagogue cantors, the performer of “Resisim” is required to be on the guard for expression of individual intuition and precise time perception as a group.

In correspondence with the idea of “Orte/Mekomot” project performing in places that are still here and yet not anymore. “Resisim” emphasize the “grey area”, “a space between”, a place of doubt. The idea of doubt as a mean for progress and prosperity as mentioned in Yehuda Amichai’s poem the place where we are right; “But doubts and loves Dig up the world”.

With layering of gestural notions and thematic interjections, the form of the piece informed by three juxtaposing compositional ideas; “synagogue modal clouds”, semantics of shatters in variety of time dimensions and process of vanishing. The piece introduces shadows, echoes and fragments under magnifying glass it attempts to let observe an unheard whisper of a place and move it from the background to the foreground. It shows old and new side by side, horror and memory but also hope, beauty and future.

The Place Where We Are Right / Yehuda Amichai

From the place where we are right
Flowers will never grow
In the spring.
The place where we are right
Is hard and trampled
Like a yard.
But doubts and loves
Dig up the world
Like a mole, a plow.
And a whisper will be heard in the place
Where the ruined
House once stood.

