

# Red iron thread. Maïs 2010.

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Blood red. Iron thread. Knit the present. Stitch iron, solder cloth. Maïs, weave with iron thread. Maïs weld with red cloth. The magic of playing with contradictions and surviving. To live openly and get up stronger when the beam cracks. To be reborn to fly further. The thread, the vein, the way, the red, the blood, the life. The channel and the liquid inseparable, experience the mystery and the wealth of the labyrinth of being. The thread of the spinners, of the Parcae, of the Moirai, Ariadne's ball of thread are the source and the way. The spider walks, and meanwhile Arakne weaves the web, the house for living: life and death in a single construction.

The works of Maïs speak in iron and crimson. Iron and enamels from her early work, crimson and white enamels in 'Brau' *Brave* (1985), reds and crimsons of the wall sculpture "Plors de mort" *Sobs of death* (1988), give voice the cry evident in the silence of the cry of the umbilicals of the "Critis" *Cries* (1995), of 'Lai' (1995) and of 'Cocoplai' (1998). The shy red enamel insinuates itself into the circumference, the rings of iron thread uniting the fetus and the environment, the womb, the throat, the placenta, and is transformed into the barred labyrinth of 'Gènesi' *Genesis* (1997). An umbilical cord that morphs into steps, climbing towards the room of maturity created as the "Camí de la privacitat" *The route to privacy* (1999) up the stairs.

Thread to thread, step to step, room to room, chamber after chamber, life and death, pain and passion, inside and outside. Love and hate, contrary in company. Maïs' work confronts just as Maïs confronts. Every abyss of creation is reborn in the impulse, the eternal youth of being absorbed, moved by the thrill of living, of existing, and pushed by the force of the unceasing torrent. To courage to face life just as it comes and capture the horrors and the joys to the best of your ability, to be able to vomit them, to be able to distance ourselves from them, to be able to return to them, to be able to live inside and outside with the skill of those who walk and create the way.

Ariadne, daughter of Minos, King of Crete, and of Pasiphaë, Queen of Crete, wife of Minos and mother of Minotaur, also wants to leave the island. When Theseus arrives to kill the Minotaur, Ariadne sees in him Salvation, liberation from the parental home. The perfect opportunity to leave and see the world. They reach an agreement: if Ariadne helps Theseus get out of the labyrinth, he, as a reward, tribute and in gratitude, will take her far away to sea on his boat, and will leave her wherever she wants, free! At last! To reinterpret the myths. To revive and

create anew the saints and heroines, a new mythology, new forms, different protagonists, different motives that propel the women towards the search for freedom. To show the pain and the battle. To make visible that which oppresses us and visit imagined landscapes that become real. Maïs, shows and inhabits actions and spaces to forget and to experience other different ones, their own, that open little by little as time passes and that can put pain behind them and climb the stairs and open the roofs. From the top of the staircase of the house 'Thaos' (2002), we see the heavens! As of now everything is possible. The bars giving way to the open sky.

History and mythology, like life itself, can always be rewritten, reread and revisited. The work of art is always new when we look at it again. Nothing is better than standing before a sculpture, a painting, a poem, a no-more, an un-place and letting yourself go. Despite the many times that we have looked, felt, smelt, licked, touched a work again standing before it, or in our memory, the image fixed in the mind, we always experience a new sensation, a rejuvenated emotion, distinct and surprising.

Maïs from the creative impulse that Baltasar Porcel described in "Anatomia d'una obra escultòrica" *Anatomy of a sculpture*, to *Maïs 1986-2006*, Sitges 2006, every time she creates, every time she launches herself into the void to create a sculpture she does it afresh, pushed by an intense internal and inevitable need that propels her outwards and towards movement, towards knitting without ceasing, towards sewing without limit, towards welding the cloth. Like Penelope, she knits and leaves a mark on a sculpture - but not the cloth, not the sculpture but the idea - to begin a new work. All Maïs' sculptures have been woven with iron thread and all of them have more than one conductive thread. Maïs, like Ariadne, seeks a way to see the world and to anchor the thread, to the vein, to the blood that drive her day after day to liberation. Each time a little more free, a little less trapped in the internal prison of ties, a little more in the void with no return, to the dark. Each time with more strength to make the pain, fear, prison visible.

We follow the red thread in Maïs' works! We are Ariadna on the path towards freedom. A difficult but beautiful and stimulating route to be lived precisely for this reason, because it is lived. Live. To feel in the living. To notice what we experience and what we feel and show both the joys and the hardships, fears and certainties, the corners and the amplitude. The red, the blood, the passion, the pain, the effort appears in Maïs' work in a progressive way. The iron weaves the space, situating us in the place and in the un-place to place us and un-place us at the same time. You have to be brave if you want to feel. Through Maïs' sculptures we are confronted with this paradox: an apparent rigid fortress, the capacity to question, trembling in the middle of the rigid firm structure. We travel through maïs' iron and the red: first finding the shy red, towards the first decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> century the crimsons and reds are increasingly present and towards 2010, with the installation 'Esquerda irreparable' *Irreparable left*, the red

of the cloth fills the whole room swallowing us. We walk among the blood and the bodies of the women who have died in Ciudad Juarez like they die everywhere.

The woman lives and laughs. The woman fights. The woman suffers. The woman is abused. And is unseen. It must be said. Maïs says it in many ways from the inside out and outside in. We recognise the stoning in 'Safiya', we feel trapped in a nightmare in 'La cambra de l'infortuni' *The room of misfortune* and 'La cambra de l'esglai' *The room of fright* and wish we had never come. But the reality, the realities of many women are made apparent and can never more be silenced. It is necessary to show the horror to ensure that suffering decreases daily. Maïs climbs the stairs, and makes us climb the stairs, and takes us to heaven far from the rooms. 'Homenatge a Piranesi' *Homage to Piranesi* follows the liberation from prison started in sculptures like 'Gratacel' *Skyscraper*. 'L'anada' *The return* and has opened the ceiling and permits us to fly, away.

The iron room, the walled room, 'Fereix de foc' *Tied by fire*, stay in the interior of the rooms and experience them to move on a little later to the skin of the houses where the 'La casa de padassos, cicatrius' *The house of patches, scars* the fabric of friends construct the surfaces, the skin, the force, the exterior of the structure. The building, the iron, allows us to intuit that there is an outside and that it is possible to leave. The earlier stairs began to show the possibility of a different path a 'Camí de privacitat' *Road to privacy* to follow in our desire to leave the maze. Ariadne, always with her ball of thread ready and leaving behind a mark, can cry in 'Casa llàgrima' *Tear house* and 'Somriu al vent' *Smile at the wind* and begins the deconstruction of the prison, the labyrinth. The room, the house, the rigid enclosure, the ties are undone. The 'Castell' *Castle* is a fragment of what had been the fortress. The closed is open. The ruin of the building flies and what's more the window is found in her. That opening that allows us to get out of the Labyrinth of Crete, like Icarus and Daedalus, with the wings that we have built thanks to the courage of those people who have learnt to suffer and who know that there are other possible realities.

Maïs is not in the 'La torre de Dànae' (2001) *The tower of Danae* waiting to be liberated, neither does she weave and unravel cloth hoping for Ulysses to arrive. Maïs follows and has followed Ariadne's thread for many years, her iron thread and has found the exit to the maze. Maïs has looked face to face with the Minotaur she has confronted and made apparent the devastating effects of the monster. 'Esquerda irreparable' *Irreparable left* permits movement between the ruins of the destroyed labyrinth, among them the remains of the corpses of the women, victims of the double edged knife.

Iron thread, red cotton cloth. Labyrinth, ball of thread. Enigma. Exit.

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