

come, an angel, creature of the interval, suspension of borders, you are and you are not. a place of contact, a moment of erotic disruption, a call of becoming an event. what is this? body of knowledge in the course of another. a mirror. a membrane. an operative structure. how to speak (in) that rupture in language? make my workings visible, make my body the message as well, make my body a poem. the things that we miss, the things that we wish to miss, the things that we miss to wish, angels are not a matter of belief, but of availability.

come, un angel. me. you. I/you touch you/me, that's quite enough for us to feel alive. how the angelical happen to us? sometimes we don't even know. sometimes we need to bring our bodies into crisis. or in the depths of love. this is my voice, and this is also not my voice. will you see my body change? as if I were this: your witness, as if you were, mine, as if without us we could be we. what do you know about the hands when they are up? body in the midst of a body, I/you become a place of you/me. a non-place, at the same time. the state of poetry. but we loos that all the time, and the vessel becomes an animal and the animal forgets the gold, and the angels disappear. how can we enter then wholly the names, which are ours to attend, when the encounter escapes, when violence is not a passage but a noise, when the listened-for can't reach us, or cast an image into our eyes.

the poem-body is an exercise in the act of articulation
the poem-body is a way to practice the angelical

<O> Angels

are angels.

the Angel is a creature of gaps & transitions, of rifts, ruptures & intervals. in Hebrew, the word angel («Mal>ach») means messenger. in the Jewish literature the term can also refer to laws of nature. But while the angel is a messenger, it's body is the message as well. the angel pierces reality but always-already dwells in it. it's presence is a function but also a nature. angels are bodies of knowledge that reflects aspects of life. mirrors, operative structures. angels are not a matter of belief. it is a matter of availability. angels have no image. if there is an image, then we speak about the Angelical which can be performed. to speak (in) that means to negotiate the rupture of language. an-other possibility erupts of opening up to state of in-between. how can we call that? I am calling it. & I'm also letting that speak through me. the body is not a limitation for that, but an arena. the name is not a limitation, but a gate. It can be practiced.

<O> The Angelical

the quality the movement the value the energy the force the substance of angels, which generates & reflects becomings & transformations of the «I». I am interested in the potential encounters with the angelical through the performativity of the body wether corporeal or textual. our bodily mucous should be thought as related to the angel as a field of the sensible transcendental (Luce Irigaray).

the accomplishment of the flesh is divinity, an inscription of the beyond. there is no separation between inside & outside realities. there is a tension. the becomings happen in a gap between our abilities to perceive, receive & experience in-formation. these intervals can be mediated by angels. their occurrence can be registered and created. in the passage between our capability to decipher the world & what remains inaccessible, the angelical enables the 'I' to become itself a locus, & simultaneously reveals it as a becoming-in-relation. the 'I' is not an 'I' while at the same time it is. how can we, as humans, think the angelical, hold it, contain it, be transformed by it? in my work I am creating emergency alterations & intervals in-between bodies & in language. it is a threshold labour, uncertain & maybe destabilizing. the matter of its concern is rendering a safe passive position into an active experience, an action increasing agency here & now. to be able to take this knowledge in, one must be present & capable to read.

<O> Physical Poetry

poetry is an immanent machinery operating from within language & body. a medium for opening up, breaking & penetrating words & movements, accepting & accelerating voices, producing, unveiling & outbreking spaces of meaning & «non-meaning». the physical poetry causing intervals for availability. through various procedures & concrete tools relying language, movement & matter, different -

scores, rituals & aesthetic/ecstatic exercises are developed & tested. this research renders the angelical tangible, since poetry is operated as an interval machine where the angel is a creature of gaps & transitions, a membrane through which information, noise & communication can pass. I write the ineffable with words & bodies.

<0> the erotic

an erotic experience is the possibility to engage with a temporary suspension of borders or with different types of borders. if the angelical accelerates the presence of the 'I', it also does exactly the opposite in accelerating the disappearance of the body as the 'I' knows it. one becomes a place but also a non-place. a place without borders. the body becomes in the state of poetry. we can enter an erotic realm in order to come differently as extreme and edgy body states when the penetrable is also penetrating. it is an exercise in the act of articulation.

<0> come un angel/come an angel

the contemporary world is operated by massive fluxes of immediate images performed as a platform through which one is constructing its oneness. we accept it. we put our trust in a system outside of ourselves, and think that we need to fit into an order that is actually an illusion. this 'theater of operations' can only reflect some surface of reality. as long as information is displayed, we miss the knowledge of being in the world with a body. we connect without interactions, move without frictions within our (im)perfect bodies, reducing our

capacities to experience and express physical and emotional histories. the angels disappear. we become more and more brutal in our presence. my work is happening in the world. from awareness to the wounds provoked by ideology's uses of big ideas/words/concepts, I propose to slow down & explore knowledge in a different way, without losing sensitivity, sensibility, relation with the body, rhythm, dynamics... ; how to be more present, how to intensify our dwelling in the world, as individuals & a community. what kind of insights become apparent when we attend to certain encounters, listening or producing different dynamics with ourselves & our others? singularities penetrating each other, always-already dwelling in each other, we are not angels but through the events of our workings with & in light of them we can construct another way of being, a being which is in a continuous process of becoming.

BECOMING STRUCTURES FOR ANGELS
a PerformanceStudy

sessions were held in PAF St.Erme,
Tel-Aviv, Brussels

a score based Session for practicing the Angelical

The practice renders the Abstract veritable via the body, and opens concrete and tangible possibilities for the body's events to appear. a space of emergencies, where inner information can find a corporeal form.

By phases of writing, sculpting, drawing, movement and the transitions between them, from the non-substance to the matter to the immaterial, how can we gain a body of message?

Who or what carries the trigger and how, as a performing body, to mediate the experience of what attends it?

a temporary community is created, of singularities that become-in-contact, sharing their encounters as events, through creation.

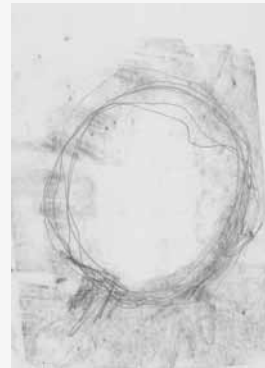
the score is a poem



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drawings from the sessions



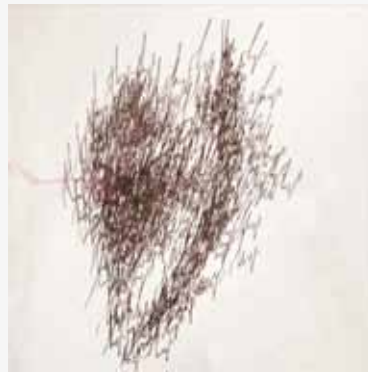
THE NAME

the name is a gate
an intimate point in which one can participate
in language

"I" don't call myself in that name, the other
is calling me

to sign is to say "I am". but when repeatedly
it's also an act of emancipation from this I

a notebook of my name
writing it for 8 min everyday 30 days



THE EYES

entering the space
a couple is standing in front of each other
on a gold emergency blanket
looking at each-other's eyes, in silence,
for 3 min

writing on each side> paper what they saw
in the eyes of the other
leaving the space

A TEXT COMPOSED OUT FROM ALL THE PARTICIPATES
REGISTRATIONS IN 1 SESSION

Let's escape to a super blue forest. a tunnel
(two). a channel. another world. To another world.
an animal breathing and changing I'll await for
you on a misty mountain. Exchange of yellow and
blue; trees will bark to a cold moon, I am the
moon looking back on gold. I have deep patience.
The kind of meat-eating dinosaur has. Your skin
is changing. Come to me. Melt into me, wander in
me, push the waters of the heart make their tides.
Sea of trust, laugh, laugh hard. It will break the
ruins, the contraction of the stars. Once you were
a warrior. Or a hawk. No, not a hawk. Can you come
to know me? I am multiplied in you. I have many
faces, many ages, and many fears. Maybe you have
the ability to really see me. In stone. In light.
Warm light, over all. An animal experiencing time.
This mirroring hurts; a snake, red, a cat, a lion,
a cockle shell, grey, green. And darkness. And in
the darkness, the passage of time to a human body.

*all texts are made to be spoken

AN EXERCISE WITH A POET

(from a series)

And your Eye - where does your Eye dwell?

down onto you,

in you

will you believe my

Mouth

I speak of love

How did we live until here?

the body of each of us were

your body

It gleamed

I open your leaves, forever

only there did you enter wholly the name

that is yours

the Listened-for reached you

It cast an image into our eyes

and the Dew of your thought

not in the eye for the tear

but seven nights higher

when I attended the orchids

when I was audible

it shivered

We

have drunk

The blood and the image that was in the blood

we drink it and we drink it

as if I were this:

your Whiteness,

as if you were

mine,

as if without us we could be we

The place of angels

was written there too

How

did we touch

each other - each other with

these hands?

we could not let go, and it came at us

came through us as the last membrane and

your eyes

they dwell and dwell

they speak

they sing

an acoustic thought

I

speak

the Prayer:

Come, come.

Come a word, come,

and something believed the eyes and the mouths

and obeyed

A COLLAGE

(from the exercises with poets series)

My name is.

I am all the women in history, I am all the men. I am ____ his lover and ____ and ____, I'm gathering human fractions into the humanity womb. They are shifting armies for me, and I have no border, no limits.

This is my voice. And this is also not my voice. Can you hear me? I am sitting in the field, out side of my self. Trying to separate from the biography. I am shedding me. I am sitting in the field outside of my body, but I will still enter it, recognize myself, will not blame, will not judge, love hard and more, i'll be free. Thorns will bloom, rains will saturate lands, how good you've found me, and I saw you looking, and I saw You. And you've watched the resin, then - on the tree - the sun collided. And from the tree came out a shade and lies on the ground, in a shape of the tree. -- Where are you? -- something had been touched and it has a form!

This is not a testimony on the verge of the beautiful and the dire. This is not a testimony because I have all the names, therefore I'm nameless. And my bodies multiply. How to call something that is between the not-yet and the not anymore?

I call it this. This is a poem. A non-stop becoming close. You hear my voice. Are you angry with me? -- What is this?

-- This is a poem.

A form of energy.

This is not a broken body, nor a membrane. It is a venue. Everything leans, but today I can move all the furnitures to their wrong places. It is about arrangement of things wherein things can introduce themselves. Even memories can be wings; other things which broke expect animals, a partial list: a bird-nest, homeland, grace, earth, angels...

I am sitting in the field. You hear my voice. Those are frequencies - formed by the body /
informed by the body /
deformed by the body /
transformed by the body.

I am all the wars in history

I am sorry

The meta-pornography of the soul

(a thought after Angelus Novus)

I will use words because they are not mine. To speak.
About That which can be touched. I will show you mine
and you will show me yours. Say -
can you leave your-self and Come?
I'm kneeling on the skin of Language, lower, lower,
adapting my body to its intermissions.
My mountain had died. My mountain re-born, new form
from the strata of lava; I; can dance. Say -
what do you know about the hands when they are up?
Say -- I know. Enough. about dance;
In the beginning the animal becomes transparent. Then,
a passage into the forest of perception, performance,
personality, perlite, permanent.
A tight water vessel, the animal.
And since then it escapes.
A creature of the interval. You - came from my future.
Which time is happening Now? I am afraid of something
else; The visual dynamic of forms. Will you See my
body change? The process must exceed zero, nearly
touch and then
the passage; The animal; The dance;
I was a warrior, full of violence, and all of us we
were the Army. Who cares if you can kill the material
of the void when your gods are a whore.

A botanical garden is opening, of fallen logs, from
the forest of perception personality perturbation.
We will eat its erotic protein, the meal of the
lips, say: Live totems / Nomadic corpus / penetrate
eachOther / find home.

To be a place inside a place. To be the moment of
waters move towards lightness.

In the remission every portion is random. Breath
is noisy in my cry.

I will cry. Say -- what about the hands above?
Acid soil against the extensive sky. My mouth, an
interval for the landscape of you. Basically, I am
not alone in having this mouth, but I want it to be
like the rest of the landscape. Maybe you can come
with me. I will call you - Tear catcher, cross-
dresser, Messianic poet, are you a new angel? Say.
- Are you the angel of my history?

SCORE FOR A BROKEN WING

a live interpretation to live instructions given by a contemporary healer over the phone, in order to mend an injury in my arm.

(»performance back score«)



IMA

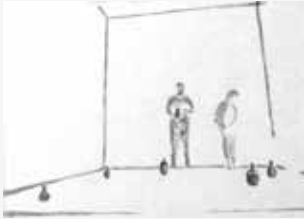
I was holding a rough amethyst stone in my mouth repeating the word «Ima» («Mother» in Hebrew). I missed my mom. I was trying to cause changes in the crystal with my voice and breath. In French it sounded- «Et Moi» («and me»).

(»performance back score«)



THE VESSELS CEREMONY performance

score for 7 vessels 7 participants
an audience around the arena
a bell



we choose a vessel from the table.
one by one, we enter the arena, placing the vessel
in the space, leaving and kneeling on the contour.
when all the vessels placed, we watch their
landscape from the outside.
with the sound of the bell, we enter at once, each
to their own vessel, kneeling in-front of it.
we touch the vessel and the material inside it.
the vessel is empty.
with the sound of the bell we stop, we take the
vessels outside the arena while staying inside.
we change our position in the arena and kneeling
again, closing our eyes.
with the sound of the bell, we process the knowledge
that we gain in the contact with the vessel and
produce movement.
with the sound of the bell we open the eyes and
directing the movement now to another body from
the audience.
with the last bell we stop and leave the arena.

THE FOREST
performance trip

(PAF, St.Erme)



(in front of the forest)

this is a book; we are going to do a reading

the meaning of my name is My Forest

I want to make love

I invite you to enter into my name

to penetrate a body

I give you eternity

(giving leaves to each person's palm)

before we go inside, I ask you to touch your body

now. you need to feel the form and walk with the
bodies

it will be changed inside

(entering the forest)

sometimes, when I say "I", I mean, also, "You".

this is my voice, and this is also not my voice
can you hear me?

(walking, in silence, as a group)

*(during the trip we pass a gold vessel' chain from
one to another)*

the body becomes an eyed body

body full with eyes

(the physical movement changes)

the skin full with entries, openings

the eyes become mouths

it can open and withdrawn

and something needs to decrease in order to appear

*(the body changes its way of holding itself and
beveaving)*

what does it mean to write the body that is chang-
ing forms?
when a sudden shadow of you revealed, please give
it something
a gift

*(accelerating the rhythm and effort)
(stopping at a higer point)*

we'll do a list
something you witnessed
something you came in touched with your senses
something you attended
no metaphors no description
just the thing itself
*("a sound of wind on the trees"/ "the smell of wet
earth"/ "a pain from a thorn"/ "the light colliding
between my body and other" / "I saw the red color"
/ "maybe an animal" /... and it accumulate for some
time until it forsake)*

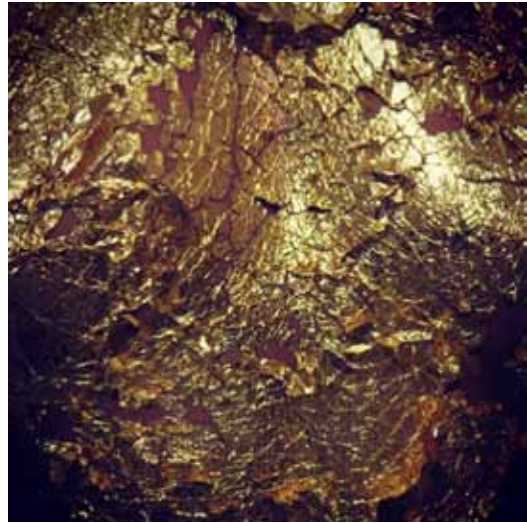
the body becomes in the state of poetry *(I say to
someone quietly, asking the person to pass it over,
I renew the walking till it becomes a wave in the
group and they move as well, I create small distance
of almost disappearing, then I stop and wait for
everybody to be located and come, the group gathers)*

(thank you for finding me)

never been here trees
never there were trees
there is no forest
there is no forest
there is no forest

(I turn towards an exit and leave the forest)





THE FOREST AS A POEM BODY

when we attend the forest as an entity that constantly coming into being, the forest becomes a poem-body.

the forest, as an entity, is a whole, that is larger than the sum of its parts. through processes of growth and movement, it is Alive. every Possible of its Potential is in its practice.

the forest is a structure while it is an essence. a poem, is a whole, greater than the sum of its parts, a Thing that practices Life due to its formation. its nature is a function but also an Experience. the poem, is a vessel, for life to dwell. language is finite and endless at the same time.

there- is a forest. it has a form. but since it practices itself as a body, it articulates as language; a network of visible and invisible organs, frequencies, intervals, that manifests itself through exercising communication between its performances and the latent.

the forest is an oral teaching, of the movement of final towards infinity. it is a place of divinity, where singularity succeeds to participate in intimacy, due to its becoming in contact.

this, operates as a system of encounters, where every intension is already a working. every encounter is an event of knotting and unraveling. singularities penetrating each other, permeable for each other, while also, at the same time, remaining different from, and 'other' than, themselves.

like the poem, the forest passes through its own borders while Art-iculating. like the poem, it declares itself, on its edges. in order to be, it reads itself and recalls itself continuously. it is a membrane, reacting to the events, that registered in, and making of, its flesh.

to think the forest in that sense, is to think the light piercing the thicket and meets itself on a trunk. the bush's ravel as space of cavities for the wind to transfigure. it is to think the earth absorbing dead-vegetal-bodies to feed the live ones. it is to understand the mushrooms as a speech conductor. the animals, as a touch transmuting a limit into energy.

the forest IS.
in its own time.

the poem-body is a coherent order of becoming. by coming into being-in-contact it accedes and resists to inner and outer data while simultaneously produces it. as an operative structure, it calls, in its own time, to itself, and speaks, maybe strangely its events.

the forest as a poem-body is an oracle.

ANGELIC SALON
event

the angels manifesto

DIAGRAMS

