



À l'ombre de mots, with the ordinary: where travel
an engagement the words

<p>NOTEBOOKS, SMALL ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP For Sabina, the howling choir & Eliana Otta</p> <p>Voices stationed at the edge of each other. Some howling shapeshifting our eyes, prickling the night fall on the river bank. It is a move in time sidestepping books: a publishing gesture, one that falls under saga lands of caresses and words-as-spells thrown into the Danube with lips applied firmly to her. Scrabbling away a space into our day. Paraphrasing, leaning on & in each other's presences & words: let's turn everything we touch into a landscape, make new words that geyser out from the inside of the skin and spill into the length of our hands into falling wavelets.</p>	<p>POEM #6 For Christian K. Mayer & Robert Trappl & the Volkskundemuseum</p> <p>I laid a thought on a ground, it germinated into an ancient heap of fungi. Appetisers in a deep umbrella-reversed form where the tip reaches into the ground providing a hamac for thoughts and words and dances. An element of fear permeates the fabric of movements. I move things everyday, i wear words everyday, words let me wear their skin, a loan.</p> <p>Words are in debt of my skin, do words have second thoughts? second skins?</p> <p>Sewing inside of a book i read. I read through a time which hasn't become an event yet, which resists the eventification. How can we delay the thing from being an event?</p> <p>Some sort of grotto of a library, with its red soils and crevices. Slow infiltrations on a finger leaking, dipping in a stone-hole. A hut, a finger's shelter. A wood from which i warm myself as i tear apart the plancher, board by board, listening to our creakings.</p>	<p>POEM #5 A stray event, a vehicle, a vector, a transport device, a cloud piercer</p> <p>to the emulsive f/actors, the whips that whip the cream, the 'undomesticated menageries' (wrongly quoted Mark Foster Gage) of inheritances, installed inside each other's presences, chewing and tuning frequencies in and out of our every days.</p> <p>A meditation on entering an a-chronological abyss, prophetically practised.</p> <p>This abyss is not an abyss that goes down – neither a horror movie, we love horror movies – rather one that swirls and twirls and turns itself inside out, making friends with everything it thinks about, an abyss of meteorologies where even the notion of altocumulus is a thought that can be slid under the skin. The shores of a book lets droplets swing by, humidity in-fusing the naked fruits and finger pulps. Adore, adorn someone else's work. Choose to look at copying as a throw, one that sings you a little closer to the air, a moisture leaving your skin, cloudlessly dissipating injustice, for vaguely is wavily in french, bringing us to the shore once again. Mesh of friendships scintillating under skins, a stirring of wonder-ful support, our proteXtions. Sporting-joints echoing lecture-raps, rhapsodies of foils, folle, foule. Assemblies, oscillations, laborating and liberating the texture of the day together ensemble, re-assembling, at the window. And us the emulsive f/actors, the whips that whip the cream, an 'undomesticated menagerie' (wrongly quoted Mark Foster Gage) of inheritances, installed inside each other's presences, chewing and tuning frequencies in and out of our every days.</p>	<p>ITINERANT CO-IMPLICATED WRITINGS</p> <p>collecting words, snatching them off the literal bouncing of ordinary grasping(s)</p> <p>collecting words, snatching them off from a long time away Itinerant writings, borrowed words tongue</p> <p>bouncing them off invisible colleges</p> <p>gurgling sidereal songs in big empty hall-malls: a minty grey</p>
<p>BRUNO For Bruno Pocheron</p> <p>BRUNO, a follow spot, an anticipation, a point of dew, an erotic assembly, a blinking dance. À cheval between languages, BRUNO an oscillation, une figure qui disparaît, the displacement of a name, a dance of lights that light and dance: the sensuality of these dances crosses fields of picnics. BRUNO, a literary dance piece, un océan d'amour, a library, a choir, a cut, a pause, un bébé. A meditation, a fling, a house-hole, a house holder, a hold-up of a house. BRUNO strips the writing away from the dance, in chains, in lights, beaming, vaping, a somber extravaganza folded into a room.</p> <p>BRUNO emerges from the mist like a stranded ship, a sigh left there. It cascades away into a pause. A piece of hole. Something that doesn't happen. A breeze of what didn't take place. A haunting. To let ourselves be haunted, to let ourselves be singed, to sigh, together, to stop, to blow, to turn around, to be sad, together. To not do much. To step aside, to let a rumbling moment pass, to weave our thoughts against a break, to nestle inside of a break. To brake, together. To rest, to be absent from an event, together. To caress a thought. To rest, to stay there. To not worry about a flow, to do things in vain. To not write scores, protocols, to wait, to cry, to stop, to not fill, to hold back the filling, to dance next to our shoes. To open a hand and let go, to not hold back, to lighten, to tenderly support, to relieve.</p> <p>BRUNO is an emanation of a piece without an end, a cloth of friendships, of loves cobbled together. Located in a recently (or perhaps never) uninhabited linguistic space, BRUNO unfurls, unfolds its over-exposures.</p>	<p>INSOMNIA For Anne Faucheret, Anne Juren, Sophie Guerrive & Christiane Taubira</p> <p>A miniature forever recessive, cruising the edges, the river banks, the banks, the margins of festivals: Insomnia, a word of mouth.</p> <p>Women cruise the undergrowths of a public event, (almost) unannounced. The annotation to an event, they (f)orage through their libraries together with guests, in an open-air dark room.</p> <p>A joyful act of bibliomancy.</p> <p>The books do things in spite of themselves. They get along with each other, they get in touch across activities, readings, translations and (mis)interpretations, together they hold a (social) space where we talk to each other. Like earthly tremors, Insomnia, a word of mouth welcomes and encourages the formation of lines and fissures along this space of sharing. A bootleg poem orchestrated by a change of index. (pardon aux arbres) (on pardonne rien du tout)</p>	<p>INTO YOUR DAY For Mihret Kebede</p> <p>An arrangement of incidents, an event where things don't happen.</p> <p>Into your day is an acknowledgement of the healing forces of language & dance through oceans and fragments of prophecies quiet in their call.</p> <p>Amplifying signs itinerant in their asymmetries, Mihret & Alix suspend days into morrows, shuffling their way(s) into overmorrows.</p> <p>To the grace of a future acknowledging its ordinary hauntings!</p>	<p>POEM #4 AND A HALF For Quim Pujol, Joachim Hamou, Paula Caspão</p> <p>Des livres stationnés au bord les uns des autres. Certains métamorphosant nos yeux piquants à la nuit tombée qui n'en finit de tomber. Un mouvement dans le temps – contourner les livres – un geste éditorial qui s'inscrit dans des mots-sorts jetés avec application. Paraphraser, nous appuyer sur & dans les présences et les mots, transformer ce que nous touchons en livre; doubler leurs/nos langages, littoralement. Publier et oublier. Y retomber, en déli(v)rer des traductions. Pratiquer des écritures, de celles qui se livrent ensemble sans communalité particulière – un événement prend la forme d'un livre, publié, corné, un qui s'appuie sur nos textes intérieurs, les voix qui lisent pour nous, par nous, dans nos danses. Une ouverture publique sous forme de publication. Des champs de recherche se déploient sous nos piétinements de ce début novembre: les crédits, les manières d'emprunter, de cr-éditer, de crédibiliser... de (se sentir) toucher/touché.e et d'en rendre compte(s), des dyslexies et leurs (dys)lexiques.</p>