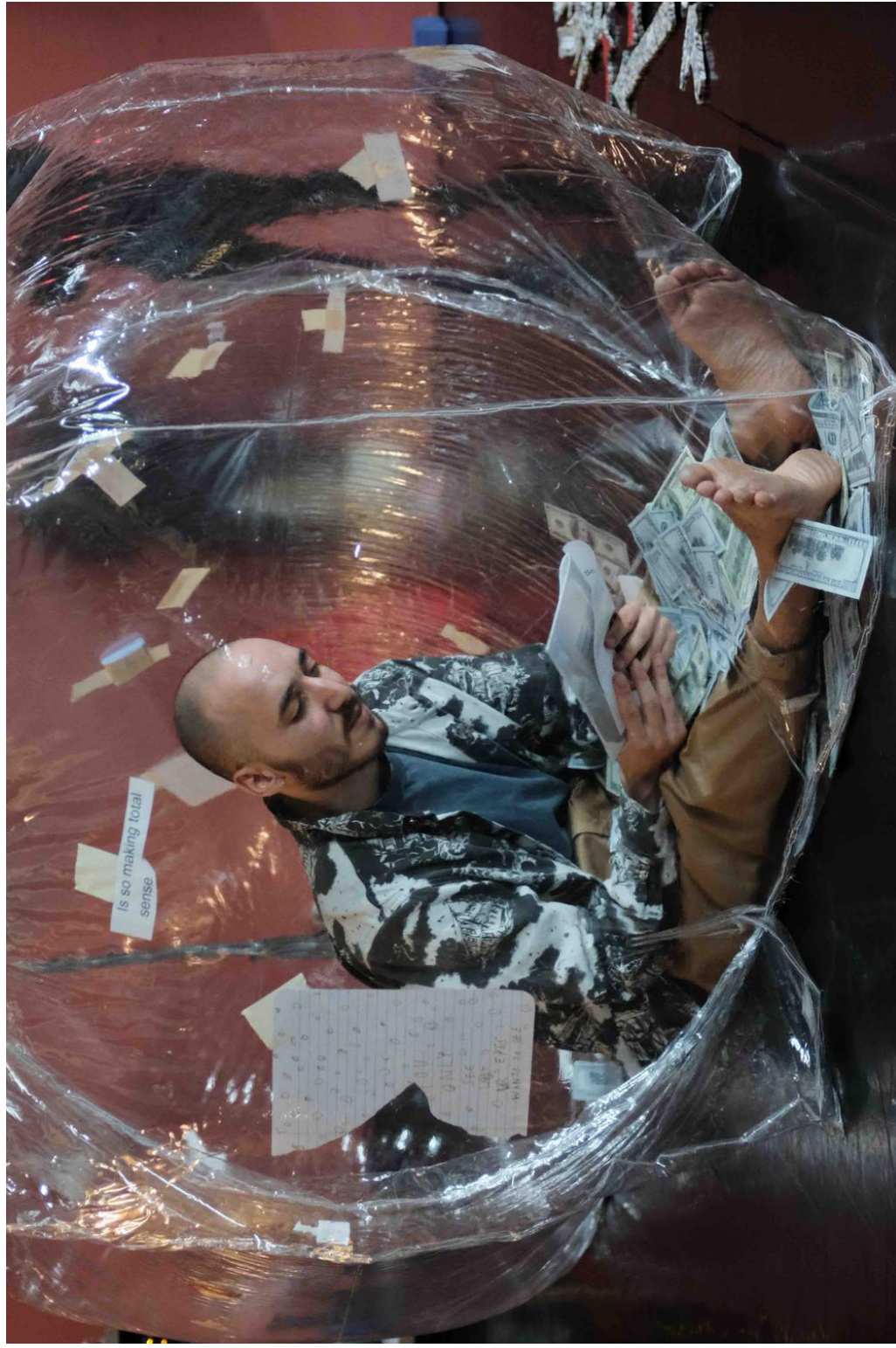


longing to...

by Nitsan Margaliot

welcome to carrying,
a temporary home





a series
of
entanglements
—
suspended
and

expanded
topography

//

rhizome
of
longing

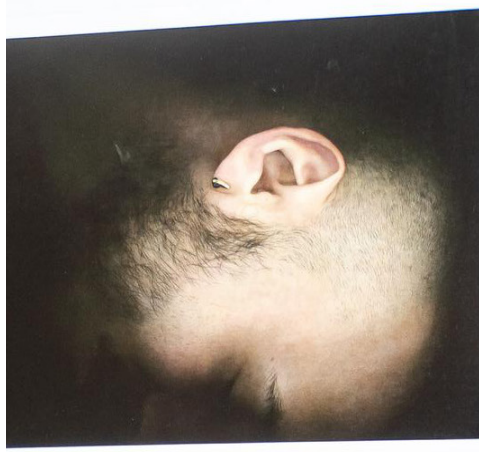
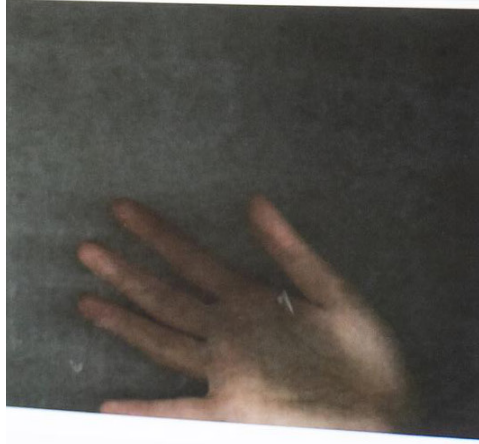


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Introduction



I am always on the move, on the bike, the underground, mom's car or an airplane, about to... that's where my ideas live.

From moving to being moved, from a dream, to concrete objects around me, stretching apart my most basic understandings.

Confronting how my past, present and future are in conversation with myself, my ancestors, chosen family and lovers.

The research is an ongoing series of entangled practices which aim to confront my social location or situatedness with my refusal to belong to where I am.

I remain in longing.

I am intertwined with queer and diasporic lived experiences.

My practice evokes unresolved questions and fluidity between mediums and narratives. By using poetry as a call to action and merging poetics with action prompts, visual elements (handmade paper mache eyes, drawn utopic maps of time), and sound fragments (time after time, I will be waiting) - all housed within performative installations - I research how I may put pressure and force on the question of time.

How may we return to an unbounded experience of time? Refuse and resist surveillance and demands for productivity? How may we hone in on disruption? How do we lean towards radical difference, towards collective ways of assembling and disagreeing?

Living and refusing to be merely a queer Israeli in the diaspora, I keep on failing rigorously to consent to normative demands of defining a self; this serves as a motivation to position myself in friction, in confrontation and conversation with my positionality across continents and cultures.



Prologue

Welcome, You are about to encounter ‘longing to suspend’¹ a poetic- choreographic text that houses research done through a series of encounters and relationship(s) made during COVID time. You may start here or jump directly to page 69 (flip to the opposite side of the book) to read ‘longing to suspend’ and later return here in order to read more about the background of this text.

If You decided to still stay here, I will say that ‘longing to suspend’ is a substitute, a text that was supposed to live in an inflatable bubble positioned throughout the streets of Montpellier. Later it was supposed to live on screen at my apartment in Berlin and now it lives in an online file titled ‘welcome’.

Similarly to the book 39 Microlectures by Matthew Goulish², I want to remind You of Your permission to use this book as You like, for instance, You can cut words out of this text and remake something else with them, You can stare at the images and jump through pages intuitively and/or make whatever sense this book is calling You to make. I will be shifting between tenses, jumping between places, people, friends, family, lovers, thinking partners and more. You can follow or drift or fall asleep.

I know I am shifty, I hack words, I always invite You the reader to face me or to give me Your back.

So YES, this text is our dialogue You and I, You can now walk through the text, in the gaps, follow any kind of path that You desire, I will be here to hold Your hand and tell You this nonlinear yet personal story.

Bear with me, or not.

And if You are still here, let’s look at this essay, the opening essay, let’s call it. Opening, back, front and gazing to other directions whenever (forever).

This essay contains a description of six actions, where I move my research into collective operations. I try to undo time, undo assumptions about how we may need to function in time, and materialise different experiences of living, imagining, and being in a common playground.

In these performative actions, I am looking at accelerating American Capitalism, experiences of flying (pre-COVID) and relationships as potential containers for leakage. Later on, I suggest a score that has not yet been fulfilled, one that relates to my explorations. I end this text with two reviews about this body of work.

The overall project relates to queer theory and my diasporic situatedness as an Israeli and Jewish immigrant in Berlin, Germany and a foreign student in the United States and more precisely in Philadelphia.

In this body of work, I emphasize certain objects, ones that some people may take for granted, like the Stolperstein (a set-size, ten-centimetre concrete cube inscribed with the name and life dates of victims of Nazi extermination or persecution), found around my apartment in Berlin, and fake dollars that I use in an installation I created in Philadelphia. In the occasions that my work enacts, these objects are heightened, granted magical possibility; they light up specific histories, desires, and confrontations with the impossibility of return.

Revisiting and repurposing the material traces of one's survival could also allow a different way of relating to existing with (and alongside) certain histories of displacement.

I use words and the subversion of language, moving from functional use toward a poetics that queers our ear, redirecting and provoking our attention towards making the impossible considerable.

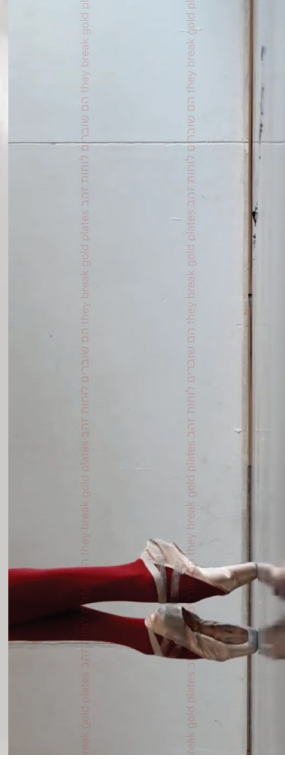
As I am frequently writing poems to and from time, inspired by the book *Dances that Describe Themselves* by Susan Leigh Foster³ and *Talking to Ourselves: A Novel* by Andrés Neuman⁴, I am drafting absurd relationships that evoke and promote intimacy with time's anxieties, eyes and further subjects. Each poem starts with some kind of daily/nonchalant yet direct address, one that always starts as 'hi,' allowing a magical kind of communication, one that exceeds norms of relationships (because of its absurdity).

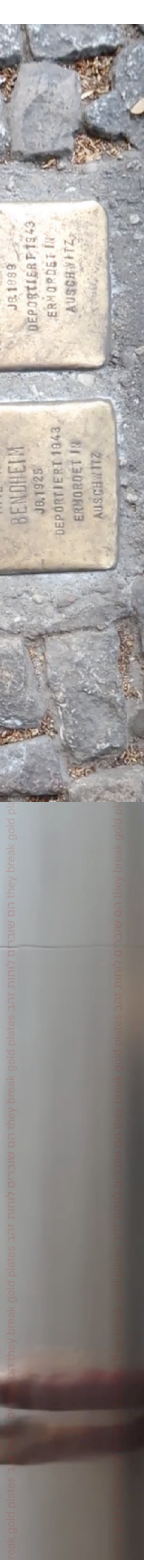
We, You and I, are asked-

How may Israeli pointe shoes function as a tool for resistance? (In reference to the work of Hezi Leskali who resisted technique in his article about dance from 1980⁵.)

What kind of abilities does a body without skin have?⁶

What if we close ourselves in a bubble-like or a second skin container? Would we become more transparent or more opaque?





We are also asked, in relation to the movie *Playtime*⁷ by Jacques Tati from 1967, why does absurdity go hand in hand with comedy? What is it about ambiguity, a choreography of randomness, that keeps us in embarrassment, awkwardness, difficult or self-conscious positions? *I would like to note that moving from a desire to belong towards an interest in diasporic longing came from reading *Terra Infirma* by Irit Rogoff⁸ and from listening to several talks by Shahram Khosravi⁹ about radical homelessness.

Another beginning

I would like to start the story about how I got here by telling You about my dream. I come from a family where education is a major value. My grandfather whom I am named after, was a PhD historian who researched the preconditions for the Holocaust, my mom has a PhD in Creativity in Education. As a dance artist, I was missing in-depth studies since graduating from highschool at the age of 18.

Back to my dream, I remember driving with my mom in her car and asking her, how may I get a PhD directly, so that I could fulfil my PhD dream?

From there, we went on to meet with my mom's mentor- Professor Shulamith Kreitler, who said that a paper at *Nature Magazine* may entitle me with an immediate PhD, but as I left the idea for that research behind (that's for another story), I decided to start with an MFA. Luckily, I went on an unexpected adventure and met by coincidence Jesse Zaritt who told me about the MFA program in Dance at UArts. After talking to Donna Faye Burchfield online, taking the underground and meeting in person in Berlin, I knew that I would take this path that felt completely out of the blue, and I started to raise money in order to study in Philadelphia.

I still vividly remember my first two weeks of study in Paris and Montpellier, which left a huge impression on me.

When moving to Philadelphia, (I took a flight, taxi, a mini van, a train and an underground) I very rapidly felt how a lack of time moves me, like a cloud above my head, a feeling of stress from morning to night. I found myself running from place to place, 'spending time' without even noticing what I was so busy doing.

I was experiencing how the American capitalistic system, structure, streets and encounters were in flux, and in what I may name now as hysteria, oversaturation or simply constant acceleration, something that seems similar to the rhythm in Israel but not quite.

carrying, a temporary home / time after time

I created the first Research as Action in a small office and transformed it into a tent, in which a recorded meditation, a proposal for falling and letting go, was played.

I wanted to suggest stepping out of linear and straight time.

I wanted to allow a common rest to take place.

Alongside the recording was a screening of collapsing and unfolding fabrics (some kind of movement that is unbound to the body and is moved by an invisible matter), inspired by the work of Ann Hamilton¹², which I was introduced to by Lauren Bakst.

The installation suggested a space that felt/fell out of time, a room to collapse time, release responsibilities and be together.

It also consisted of a microphone that was meant to amplify the texture of the participant's slightest shifts in position, in order to highlight invisible, micro-happenings that were already taking place, unrelated to any guidance. I experienced ease while the installation took place. Yet, I felt as if I created conditions for numbness, which didn't feel critical or acute enough. I hoped for the participants to have more agency and possibility to make decisions within the experiment.

When looking at the work now, I think that it also had to do with the story and theme

From then on, I was interested in the way in which text and materials, such as stretchy fabrics and cut out words, could carry my desires to stretch time apart. I built a “playground for adults” using all kinds of prompts (performative, poetic, participatory and imaginative) and handmade objects.

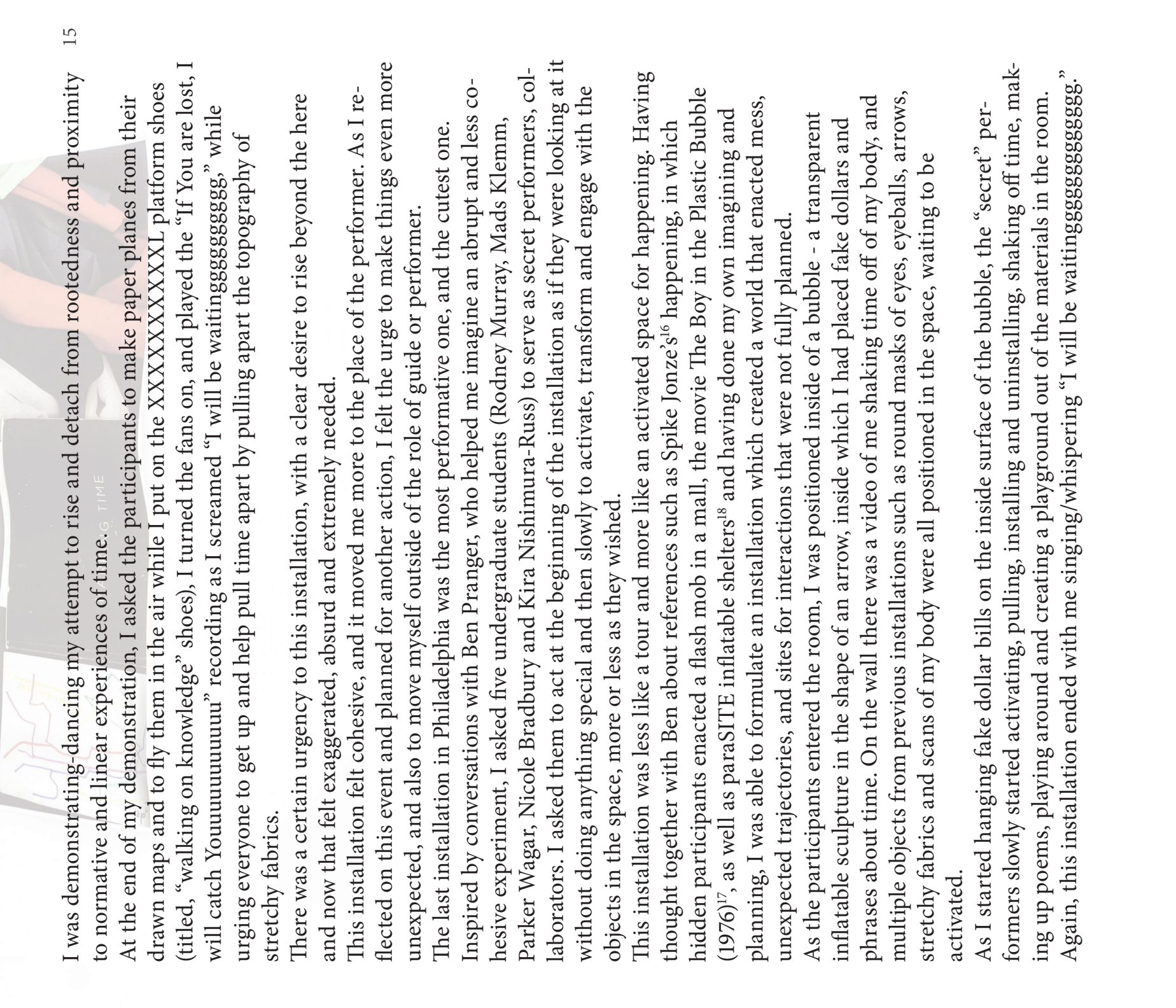
By using the format of a guided tour, one that took place in this installation setting, I invited participants to activate and transform the space (a large studio in Philadelphia).

Together we enacted some kind of anarchy or simply a possibility to tune into subjective and personal time together, playing with and alongside one another. After speaking with Niall Jones, I was introduced to the work of the artist Mika Rottenberg¹⁴, who creates absurd, surreal and poetic video work and installations; her work inspired me to create a world that holds its own logic.

The second installation moved the participatory exploration further. It started with some kind of a prayer to time:

I WILL BE WAITING TIME AFTER TIME AFTER TIME

[illegible]



I was demonstrating-dancing my attempt to rise and detach from rootedness and proximity to normative and linear experiences of time.^{G TIME} At the end of my demonstration, I asked the participants to make paper planes from their drawn maps and to fly them in the air while I put on the XXXXXXXXXXXXL platform shoes (titled, “walking on knowledge” shoes), I turned the fans on, and played the “If You are lost, I will catch Youuuuuuuuuu” recording as I screamed “I will be waitingggggggggg,” while urging everyone to get up and help pull time apart by pulling apart the topography of stretchy fabrics.

There was a certain urgency to this installation, with a clear desire to rise beyond the here and now that felt exaggerated, absurd and extremely needed. This installation felt cohesive, and it moved me more to the place of the performer. As I reflected on this event and planned for another action, I felt the urge to make things even more unexpected, and also to move myself outside of the role of guide or performer. The last installation in Philadelphia was the most performative one, and the cutest one. Inspired by conversations with Ben Pranger, who helped me imagine an abrupt and less cohesive experiment, I asked five undergraduate students (Rodney Murray, Mads Klemm, Parker Wagar, Nicole Bradbury and Kira Nishimura-Russ) to serve as secret performers, collaborators. I asked them to act at the beginning of the installation as if they were looking at it without doing anything special and then slowly to activate, transform and engage with the objects in the space, more or less as they wished.

This installation was less like a tour and more like an activated space for happening. Having thought together with Ben about references such as Spike Jonze’s¹⁶ happening, in which hidden participants enacted a flash mob in a mall, the movie *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble* (1976)¹⁷, as well as paraSITE inflatable shelters¹⁸ and having done my own imagining and planning, I was able to formulate an installation which created a world that enacted mess, unexpected trajectories, and sites for interactions that were not fully planned.

As the participants entered the room, I was positioned inside of a bubble - a transparent inflatable sculpture in the shape of an arrow, inside which I had placed fake dollars and phrases about time. On the wall there was a video of me shaking time off of my body, and multiple objects from previous installations such as round masks of eyes, eyeballs, arrows, stretchy fabrics and scans of my body were all positioned in the space, waiting to be activated.

As I started hanging fake dollar bills on the inside surface of the bubble, the “secret” performers slowly started activating, pulling, installing and uninstalling, shaking off time, making up poems, playing around and creating a playground out of the materials in the room. Again, this installation ended with me singing/whispering “I will be waitingggggggggggg.”

This installation felt like good closure for my time in Philly and the actions I created there, as it felt like it could have lasted for hours. There was no feeling of pressure on the spectators, as the “activators” were engaging with the objects; the event had a self-generating logic. 16

I will now describe two more actions that took place during my studies. The first action, titled “lost senses, portrait to Philly,” was a tribute to absurdity (of life in a hyper-accelerated place), and inspired by the work of artist Steven Cohen¹⁹. I collected forgotten gloves from the street, treating them as museum objects by displaying them in zipped nylon bags as if they were holy archaeological finds. I created multiple masks from papier-mâché, dedicated to lost senses (featuring ears, eyes, and mouths which I captured from photos of volunteer collaborators). I positioned the masks on top of one another as a way to represent the loss of sensual experience when situated in a capitalist and extremely accelerated society.

This action and the process of collaging and assembling various objects leaked into the rest of my practices.

The second action is titled “walking back / words.” In this action, I invited participants to walk backwards slowly through a large courtyard at the Agora in Montpellier, France. As we were walking backwards, there were signs positioned on columns all along the way, which read, “As a walk,” “As piano,” “As shoes,” “As art is work,” etc. These phrases were inspired by a night walk in Montpellier, during which I walked backwards down a small alley while talking to myself. The action of walking backwards while talking to myself is queer. I asked all the participants to join me in walking backwards, hoping that the words they encountered could function as tools to queer possibilities for transformation, to meet language otherwise.

What if we could become a walk, a piano, a work of art?

Introduction to longing to suspend

Finally, the last Research As Action is a virtual one, a reading of the text that exists in the rest of this book. “longing to suspend” is a diary of sorts that narrates various experiences of queer, Jewish and diasporic relations. A pile of sorts.

By using the forms, or containers, of 'You' and 'I', I shift frequently between addresses,

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themes, and perspectives. This writing is a process of getting into core interests and concerns of mine, choreographic thinking on the page, dreaming and situating beyond my body and my embodiment, as text that relates to my narratives and tendencies as well as

art making as love making.

I keep concerned with the theme of invitation, one that can be read as subverted or uncomfortable.

To read "longing" You can't be alone. You are invited to listen to the audio file while You read the text. Someone else must be with You.

In the original version, the work started with virtual gates and bridges²⁰ that led into a downloadable file inspired by Paul Soulellis²¹.

In a way, I desire to remain a ghostly figure in this research action.

A score

Here is the unfulfilled/ impossible score²² -
traces of me are what remain in this container

when I close my eyes, this apartment is a faded light

when I close my eyes, we begin to doubt

2D, 3D, 4D, 5D, 6D, 7D and You said

there was no curtain, we made the right decision

to escape, I said

on the tip of Your fingers

is my subconscious, or my intuition

which is not given, it is taught

This score needs the help of another person and at least 2 more screens (You can use Your phone as one screen). It demands some level of exposure. You need to:

1. Document Yourself every day over the coming two weeks. The material that You document can take the form of a video, or any other visual or audio material that makes sense for You. The documentation shall represent various encounters during Your day, in somewhat of a casual form.

2. By the end of the two weeks, gather Your archive and collage it into an assemblage of media of different durations.

3. The gathered media shall be presented on several screens across Your apartment, preferably in surprising locations, such as: inside the fridge, under the bed, inside the closet, on the toilet.

4. Alongside the screen that would present Your archive, You are asked to record an audio guide to accompany the tour of Your apartment, in which You explain the videos and add further information about the place and about its afterlife. Use Your imagination to describe the future of Your apartment, its subsequent inhabitants and its composition in 100 or 1,000 years.

5. You must leave Your apartment to expose the archive via zoom or another platform for live streaming. Ask someone else to serve as the operator of the event. They will walk the online viewers through the empty apartment, playing the audio guide as well as the various media located across Your flat. The operator will not appear on screen themself.

6. At the end of the performance You will knock on the door of Your own apartment and the viewers will get to see You visit Your own home as they have just done. In conclusion, read for them the text that is at the top of this page and invite them to make their own *traces of me* are *what remain in this container score*.

*The score was thought of and developed alongside Esther Manon Siddiquie.



Reviews about the work

Margaliot's work is staggered, nonlinear, senseless and questionable (or questioning - You are left to choose...).

I position his work alongside other contemporary artists that don't quite "get it" - a colleague of mine once called his work "childish." I would just consider it as "first impulse, right impulse," or an "everything goes" kind of attitude.

The reason for his lack of criticality might be that the artist tends to work out of his country of origin, or that he is not familiar with the histories of installation and performance art. He is uninformed about the medium in which he operates, which is reflected in his compensations, such as using various kinds of 'Chutzpah' as he tries to exaggerate and use big words. There is not much to defend, besides his courage and extravagant attitude. I find the work to unsettle, unland, unfix itself on a field of artistic practice. As he is hovering between genres, media, and means of expression, we are left to find our way within the work.

His choices of timing and materiality seem bold, yet he uses amateurly made objects in a way that has been done and will continue to be done. Another colleague also reminded me that the gesture of repetition can be seen as an Israeli motif...about this, I let You decide (similar to Nitsan's gestures).

As I am trying to language the work, I come upon an obstacle, as his words and text leave us to face holes and ruptures so often. How may I, as a writer, have a desire or demand to create continuity when encountering a work that is so nonlinear in its kind?

I am truly trying to be gentle when writing about the body of work, but indeed we see here an example of a young and emerging artist who could easily find a different job than art making; I am unsure if the field is really in need of these loud disruptions... He may as well just go to a demonstration and yell some un-understandable vowels; why do we have to bear this?

As the work attempts to carry us (or at least it says so), I wonder how it cares for and with us? And what if we do look for some order or form in the installations? What's wrong with that? More questions than answers at this point. We will be waiting for a better art piece to pop up like mushrooms in the forest.

b. By Ciara Fortis

It is such a pleasure to finally get to write about this spectacular and profound interdisciplinary artist.

His body of work provokes attention toward irregular modes of facing familiar containers

by which entities such as the body, time, history and meaning are taking alternative shapes. The work challenges norms by queering and emphasizing the absurdity of fixity of any kind, it helps us negotiate between abstract and ambitious themes into graspable and approachable nuances.

By using performative, textual, visual and symbolic operations, Nitsan's installation literally allows us to step backwards from our perspective and question our mode of spectatorship. We move from still viewers to active participants. The repetition in the work, to which we are encouraged to join, serves as a device to unite, gather, and join his contemporary mantra (for instance, when he shouts, "time after time"). This also can be seen as a way to keep trying to rupture standardized time.

The invitation in the work is always kind, open, and generous. You can literally feel the warmth and heart of the artist through the tone of his personal address.

As English isn't the artist's mother tongue, we are able to get entangled in complex language, where queer words are hacked and serve the poetics as a way to reimagine our borders, as well as our habitual usage of language.

The provocative propositions that may remind of Dada, are some sort of a restoration of the past anew, or else...

The actions are avant-garde in their character as our positionality in them and towards them is being questioned over and over again.

I shall clarify that repetition never feels redundant here. In fact, it always emphasises rhythm, precision, a cause to exaggerate and step beyond the common, as if modeling courage, possibility and persistence to maintain what seemed a moment ago impossible. As time shifts, we are invited to use our vocabulary and our imagination (for instance when we are hearing him scream over and over again, "I will be waiting," or when we are asked to draw maps of utopian time) in ways that are provocative and alienating at once.

Does stretching fabrics as stretching time really work? Shall we give it a try? Exaggerating indeed never felt more "about time," as it is time to acknowledge an artist who reminds us that reformulating the current moment, actively and together, is political activism of sorts and an essential act right now.

[warning these reviews are fake news...](#)

Footnotes

- 1 This text is inspired by the following writers: Sam Sax, Allen Ginsberg, Hezi Leskali and Yotam Reuveni.
- 2 Matthew Goulish, *39 Microlectures: in Proximity of Performance* (London: Routledge, 2001). The book was recommended to me in reference to my writing by my thinking partner VK Preston and recently again by Donna Faye Burchfield.
- 3 Susan Leigh Foster, *Dances That Describe Themselves the Improvised Choreography of Richard Bull* (Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2002). I encountered this remarkable book in a course taught by Thomas F. DeFrantz, and had the fortune to meet and hear Susan Leigh Foster's lectures in August 2019, which was a transforming experience of generosity.
- 4 Neuman Andrés, *Talking to Ourselves: A Novel* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014).
- 5 Hezi Leskali, "About Dance," *Artzin*, 1980. "The language of dance has long been associated with the logic of verbal language. You teach a language, and the only freedom left is to make new connections, or at most, create some new words, without forgetting the old ones. I would like to see dance without technique."
- 6 Relating to a 2019 performance of my solo work in Frankfurt, Germany titled "r e t u r n i n g," where I took off a replication of my skin, made in collaboration with the artist Manuela Benaim.
- 7 Jacques Tati, *Playtime* (27 June 1973), Comedy.
- 8 Irit Rogoff, *Terra Infirma: Geography's Visual Culture* (Routledge, 2000). Recommended to me by Donna Faye Burchfield
- 9 University of Bergen, accessed July 28, 2020, <https://www.uib.no/en/skok/135938/shahram-khosravi-pandemic-and-borders>.
- 10 Robin Mackay and Armen Avanessian, *#Accelerate: The Accelerationist Reader* (Falmouth, United Kingdom: Urbanomic Media Ltd., 2014).
- 11 This book came up in conversation with Arkadi Zaides.
- 12 Heiner Goebbels et al, *Aesthetics of Absence: Texts on Theatre* (Abingdon, Oxon: Routledge, 2015). Meeting with Heiner Goebbels, watching his work, and reading about his creative processes has been an influence on my process of dispersed and decentralized making.
- 13 Ann Hamilton, "the event of a thread." Park Avenue Armory, New York, (2012).
- 14 Raafat Majzoub, "The Perfumed Garden." Accessed July 28, 2020, <https://www.raafatmajzoub.com/the-perfumed-garden>.
- 15 Mika Rottenberg, "Mika Rottenberg: Social Surrealism," *Louisiana Channel*, March 22, 2018, <https://channel.louisiana.dk/video/mikarottenberg-social-surrealism>.
- 16 Cyndi Lauper, "Time After Time", She's So Unusual, (1983).
- 17 Spike Jonze, "Praise You - Fatboy Slim," August 2, 2006, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ULVQOneeZE>
- 18 Randal Kleiser, *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble*, 1976
- 19 Mike Hanlon, "The paraSITE - an Inflatable Shelter for the Homeless That Runs off Expelled HVAC Air," New Atlas, May 2, 2015, <https://newatlas.com/the-parasite-an-inflatable-shelter-for-the-homeless-that-runs-off-expelled-hvac-air/4455/>.
- 20 Steven Cohen, "Official Artist Website," Steven Cohen, July 3, 2020, <https://steven-cohen.com/en/steven-cohen/>.
- 21 "you are welcome to experience it yourself- a series of entanglements," accessed July 28, 2020, <https://longingtosuspend.cargo.site/so>.
- 22 Paul Soulellis, "Paul Soulellis, Counterpractice", accessed July 28, 2020, <https://walkerart.org/magazine/insights-paul-soulellis-counterpractice-urgent-archives-queer-publishing-strategic-leaking>.
- 23 The score was written by me and published in the "Emergency" issue of Imagined Theatres, accessed July 28, 2020, <https://imaginedtheatres.com/emergency/>.

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meaningful people to this writing-

Sara Ahmed

Ocean Vuong

Paul B Preciado

Raafat Majzoub

Rebecca Schneider

Irit Rogoff

Jose Munoz

Donna Faye Burchfield

VK Preston

Juan Corres Benito

Esther Siddiquie

Chelsea Zeffiro

Aoife McAtamney

Antoine Mernet

Thomas F. DeFrantz

Nicole Bradbury

Orgad Marciano

Adva Margaliot

Benny Margaliot

Ran Margaliot

Shir Margaliot

Nira Ofer



JOINING READER THE LOVE TOGETHER PROMISED
QUESTIONS BONJOUR NOT NOW REMIGRATE
STARTING BRIDGE UNBUILD F
AS HELLO IS

COVID through

words

love

Homosexual love postcard

love love love love

love

words words

COVID

love

Homosexual

love

COVID

love

love love love love love love love

COVID

Longing to suspend

The unknown is leaking

Breathe leaking

Absence

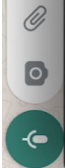
Together

Leaking to expand

no question mark no question mark here yes a question mark right here, right now
and here is a question mark



Type a message



objects of encounter
of COVID
what's different

close Your eyes and yes
my conversations with taxi and lyft drivers

as I was reflecting on moving days in philly
time spent to and from strangers
may be an exchange of care
the most intimate encounter of brilliance
of identification
of

You and I

as I put my container aside,

transmission
medicine
melody
distribution
allowance
permission
exchange
agreement

care

free health is not a dream
it is magic it is
moved
and
unnoticed

we are having an
alcoholic drink, it's warm and sunny and sweat
is dripping is leaking is irrational is bodily
is fluid is in a gaze in a relation is in a temperature

enough

hi You,
what a journey, You ask?
we seem to both know and notice
that this relationship is mutual
meaning this flame needs a fire
meaning this we is not a You nor an I
it is an irregular being, a flow of long pauses

hi I,

sincerely

IS

Leaking to expand



this is happening
my dreams are leaking
I'm washing the dishes and I'm
fantasy

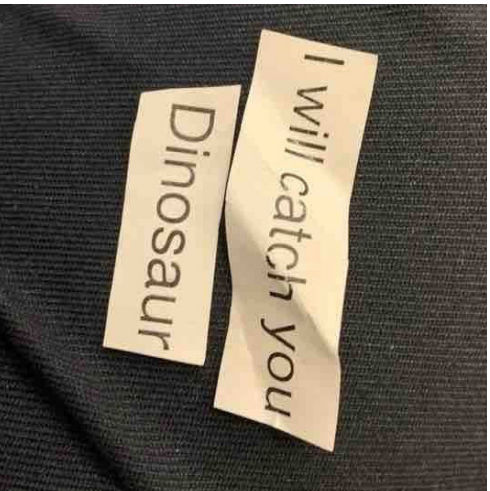
When we make love
We do not speak
When we make love
We betray what we shall do and hone into
When we make love
We close the lights
We make love
To forget and remember
Make love
To undo to
Make love
To refuse
love
Is
Between
Us
Away
From
Needs
In
Pleasure
Of
Gravity
Body
Lips
Skin
You

They are

Invading the now

In this common unknown

Ohhh beloved rapture



Questions are offerings, are movements, are cycles
You offered, I waited, later spoke about the materiality of
love

You asked:

Where is the next paycheck coming from?

Where do You land?ffffffffffffffffffffffff

I said

How often do You follow Your rituals?

It's an issue

How well do You stay silent?

It's an issue

How close are You to Your mom?

It's an issue

How do You perceive reality?

It's an issue

Hi issue, You are sweet, but listen,

the world is falling apart

I insist I'm safe, that I is we, we move closer to where ideas live, our multiple conditions in the middle of the street, are a casual danger, they are not about arrival

*Un-tied promises, unfixed thought
Flexible desire*

This was You and I

We were

Doing it in middle of that shopping mall

Doing it in the park in montpellier

Doing it under my airbnb apartment

Don't You worry these IT actions didn't take place

Cause **COVID** did

IT did, and we did too

My queer ancestors and our history,
Human beings are irrational such as our history,
In order to survive,
You,
Invented modes of facing,
Yet,
We both searched for ways to inhabit life,
Like most human beings,

I was with You,
I was born with the middle name Avraham, following You, whom I never met,
I returned to Germany, following You, You following, You,

—

What if I move away from surviving and closer to acknowledging, connecting,
reaching
common
sharings
?

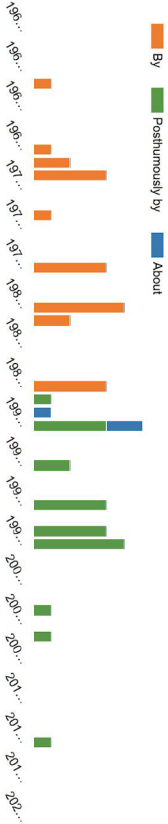
He was born in Germany with the name Adolf that was changed to, Avraham after he escaped during the Holocaust, He was a historian, He researched the conditions that brought to the start of the second world war,

Margaliot, Abraham 1920-

Overview

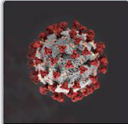
Works:	39 works in 91 publications in 3 languages and 1,333 library holdings
Genres:	History Sources Commentaries Academic theses
Roles:	Author, Other, Editor, Contributor
Classifications:	DS10.J4, 340.53153324

Publication Timeline



Most widely held works about Abraham Margaliot

- Ben Hataleah le-orden : 'Yumim be-yodei Yehude Germanyah, 1932-1938 by Abraham Margaliot (book)



COVID-19 Resources

Reliable information about the coronavirus (COVID-19) is available from the World Health Organization (current situation, international travel). Numerous and frequently-updated resource results are available from this WorldCat.org search. OCLC's Webjunction has pulled together information and resources to assist library staff as they consider how to handle coronavirus issues in their communities.

Image provided by: CDC/Alissa Eckert, MS; Dan Higgins, MAM

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Documents on the Holocaust selected sources on the destruction of the Jews of Germany and Austria, Poland, and the Soviet Union

Author:

Yitzhak Arad; Israeli Guttman; Abraham Margaliot

Publisher:

Lincoln University of Nebraska Press 1999

Edition/Form:

eBook , Document ; English [View all editions and formats](#)

Summary:

Presents 213 documents on the theory, planning and execution of, and reaction and resistance to, the Nazi plan to exterminate European Jews, from the 1920s through the closing days of World War II. [Read more...](#)

Rating:

☆☆☆☆☆ (not yet rated) [0 with reviews](#) — Be the first.

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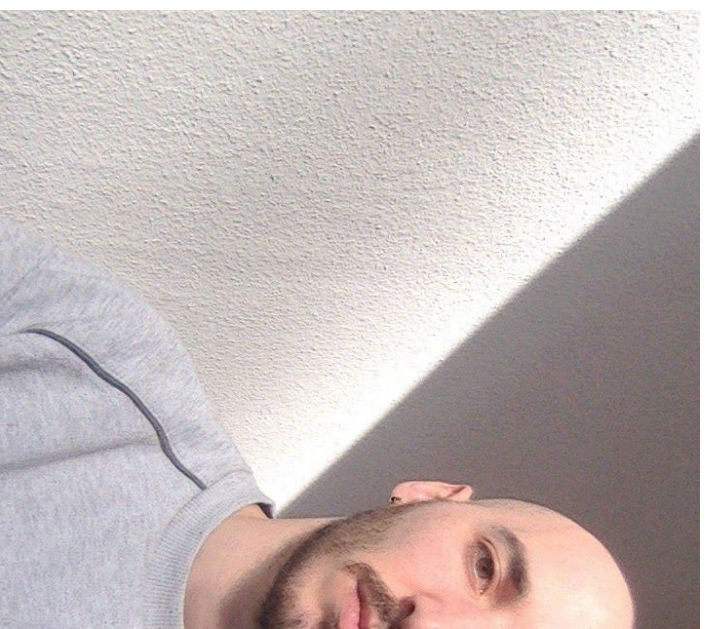
Hi time,
I lost You

Hi time,
I am kind of tired now
You are sweet
Call me in another day please
Why aren't You more forgiving
You all changed, all of a sudden
It's hard for me to recognize You
You are not who You were
Perhaps I still am who I am

Hi time,
Did You miss me
Its be a long and
Kinda weird night
I guess a muscular
One I wish
To be clever or at least beyond my
Loneliness

Hi time,
Its been a while

Hi time,
I did have fun yet a normative
One





AS

Allen Ginsberg said:

I write because poetry can reveal my thoughts, cure my paranoia also other people's paranoia.

I write poetry because my genes and chromosomes fall in **love** with Young men not Young women.

I write poetry because I want to be alone and want to talk to people.

I write poetry “First thought, best thought” always.

I write poetry because my mind contradicts itself, one minute in New York, next minute the Dinaric Alps.

I write poetry because my head contains 10,000 thoughts.

I write poetry because no reason no because.

I write poetry because it's the best way to say everything in mind within 6 minutes or a lifetime

FUOCO radio said:

Practicing intuition as a political act

Continuous bodying

Doing thinking feeling

Homosexual,

A spit,

I stepped out of dance class,
Probably around 12 or 13 years old,

Who remembers,

A bunch of kids around my age or,

A little older,

Spat at my face and called me a faggot,
Or Homosexual,

I ran away,

Escaped,

They ran down the hill, didn't catch me,
Searching for what does

Faggot or Homosexual mean?

UNBUILD F

In the middle of nowhere
Surviving leaks in
To the car
Driving
Over bumps and
The car is jumping
Postponing us from
This:

Staying with mama and father pitt
Mama pitt showed me how to feed the cows
Like my other granddad did in the kibbutz
Or was it my great granddad?

Baking as a mode of surviving
Sweets at night is a thing in my family
Yes he was saved, great granddad — thanks to his intuition and guts
It's 49 past midnight May 21st 2020
I'm in the kitchen in Berlin
Baking brownies with tahini
Thinking about that same great granddad
That ran away from home at the age of 14 to study baking
As he had a gut feeling that something bad was about to come
He was right about the Holocaust, he survived
The rest of the family was too late and didn't
I can only envision, I may only taste while



BRIDGE

Getting deeper

curving the edges of ourselves in order to be together

We are also

located by

Bridges and walls – walls and bridges

Distances – proximities

Over the bridge in Berlin

I'm thinking about objects, encounters, orientations

Close to a small bridge that used to be

The Berlin wall – that fell 31 years ago

The wall stood a couple hundred meters away

where I

I think about my proximities to walls

And the wall by road no.443

As I rode on the bus from home to school

and

back

In Berlin the bridges are used for meetings

As places to pause and catch the sun

I want to be a

bridge

A place to stay



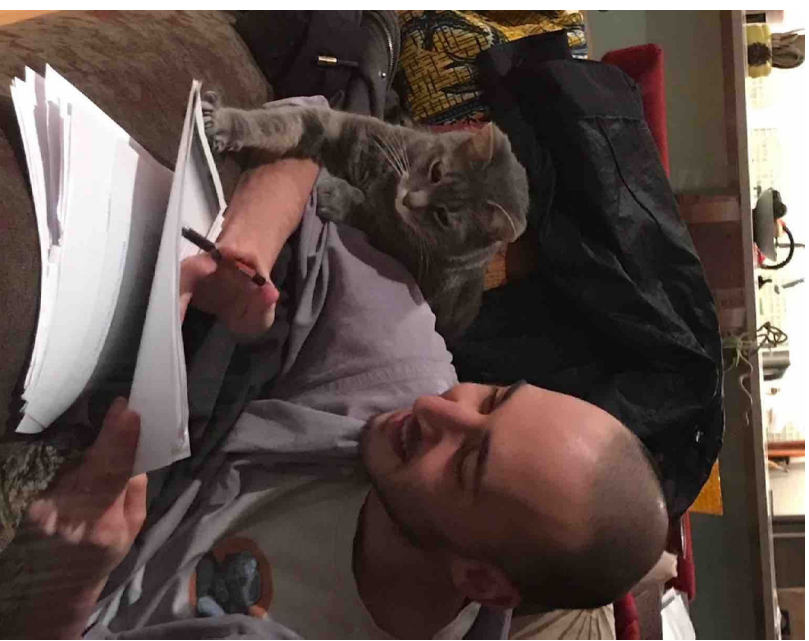
Hi eyes,
I know, You've been
looking at screens all day, I
apologize, please forgive me,
I'm trying my best, or am I? Or are You?
ok, confusion,
can eyes be un - honest?
temporary, self forgiving
agreeing
in the encounter

STARTING



I collected Your eyes and
Assembled them in my bubble
In order to gain more perspective

My eyes



RE-MIGRATE
to dreams

Hi there,

I ask You to bear with me just a little further, thank You

form

re b

§

nerer

Conclusion



Now we are together
In a club,
In a bubble,
Naked meaning wearing velvet floral pants

This is semi dangerous,
Semi erotic, semi glorious

Our senses are heightened naturally
This stream that came to life
Or life that came to dream7&7&7&7&7&

My fake money's all over the room

I'm dripping from right to left,
You're reading left to right or not at all^4^4^4^4 what

I'm not fully in control
You might think I humiliate myself

Next chapter

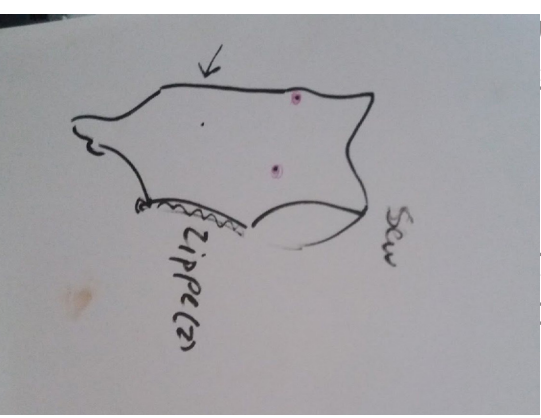
taking the studio into the world

Objects of movement

Screamiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing (right here, right now)

'I WILL BE WAITING' as a prayer to time
as a way to test the materiality of knowledge

A suit of my skin



offeringsufferingofferingsufferingofferingsufferingofferingsufferingofferingsuffering

NOT NOW

BONJOUR



Hi You,

How can I even start writing to You again, perhaps it has to do with me returning.
You recur here in Missouri.

I thought of putting You in focus and in words.

Perhaps to apologize. In Rome I wasn't so warm, Your image lying naked with a full
beard in Tel Aviv is still stuck in my head.

I wish to reunite with You for one night,

Forget these words

my

forgotten fading nights,

Writing as touching as writing as being in touch

Writing as getting rid of this body

Writing as allowing oppositions to merge

Writing as a wishful thought

Writing as a possibility of disappearing and appearing otherwise

Writing as matter with substance as voice with ink and gap with tradition, yet this hope
for change

Writing as You asked me to I am not sure that I can

Writing as typing as making marks as shifting as rotating as curving as pointing away as
letting You go as You go and You said into the BIG OPEN SKY

In front of myself

No not confronting

Nor hiding

More like teasing

I heard:

Your white socks and my traveling gaze

You are important or more like You became important lately

I insisted:

Or more like I am a coward or more like I am learning to not be one

This is getting awkward

PROMISED QUESTIONS

//
Those fake dollars are lying,
I sewed them,
I said:
I promise, but
Never ever promise{d} land{ing}

Hi anxiety,

They ask how to feel

As,
You are on and off, like acknowledgment,
Like pearls that I used to wear and take off until I lost them,
Guess where.. In...
Athens

Coincidence? (here yes a question mark)

Questioning, questioning nothing
During those

Times


I promise promiise
I promise You 1 thing,
And You persist, or do You,

Can Your time love?

TOGETHER

We were trying to breathe

Take me or leave me, I'm Yours,
On billboards, pavements,
Under the trees and



But we are leaking
a space for, a fact,

We decide to snore
We are unsure why
Inhale: snore
Exhale: heavily

We sit on the chairs
We are trying to hold
The paper
To put on
Shoes

We sing awhile



and we arrive at

We take a walk

As
The unknown is leaking
We are flipping pages

I managed to cry yesterday

I am confronting the value
Of **love**

The value of investing in
love

Investing in
Time

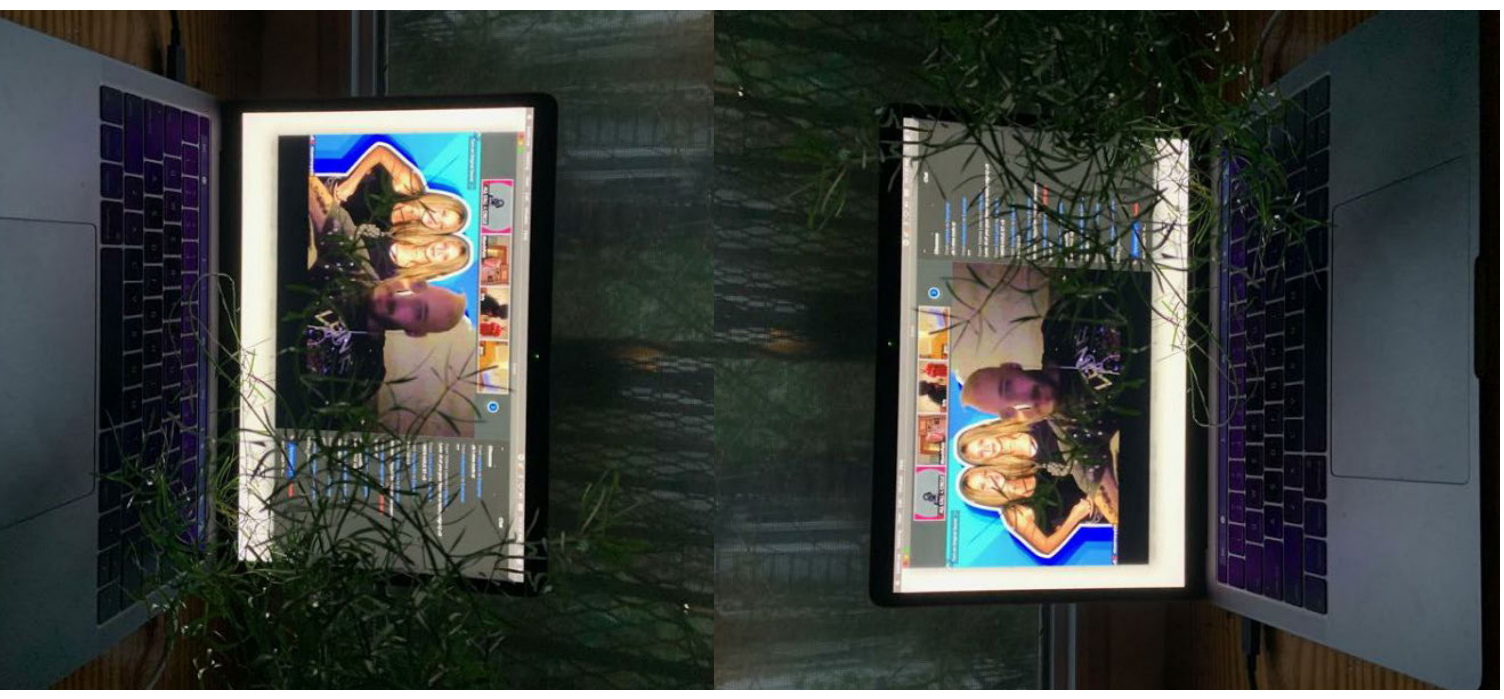
Being trapped
In **love**

Or was it a gesture of
Magic

I won't type the question,
Mark

love studies
It does

Thank{s} god



You changed Your name for me, wore flip flops in the snow
Shared a single bed with a

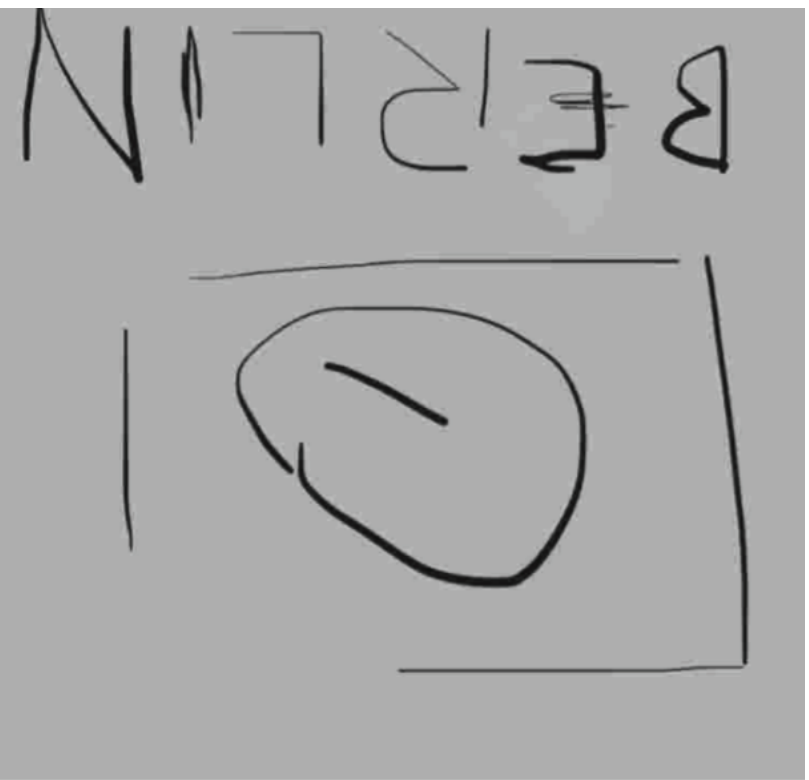
Homosexual

I adored You

I sent You a very similar postcard

I brought You to tears
I told You again that
I love You

The postcard was blue but looked a bit
Like that

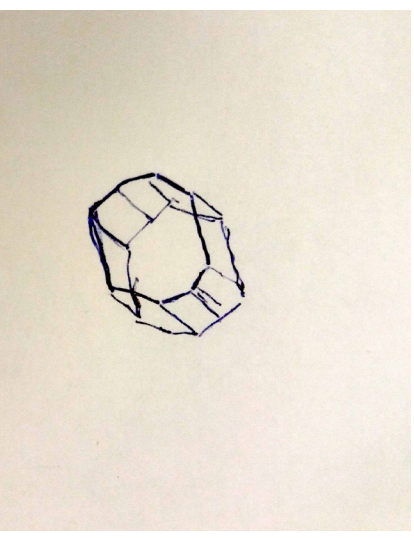


You said:
I'm still the same stupid kid as I was back then
love



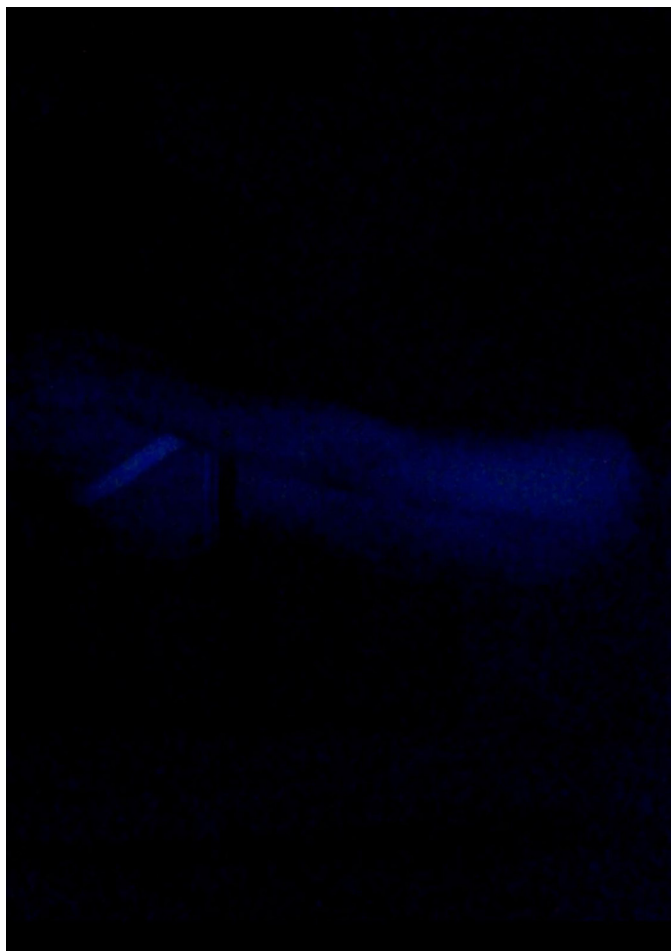
You said that You drank a whole bottle of wine in the shower

to suspend in Your wild dreams



I am I am I am not am
not not Your thought,
not mine, no one's

THE LOVE



I knew that I had to continue, it felt familiar, foreigner, experiencing humiliation, manifesting his {my} awkwardness – that's where I belong in this gesture searching for some truth back there is

to

to

to suspend in...

*dusty little treasure You were following me
then You gave up, You little bright light*

*a scratch in my memories a beam of stars
starting to discover my molecules
I truly don't know what's cruel in You
forget all those moments*

*all my
all my
all my
all my*

READER

I used to read in the traces of coffee of friends,



I used to simply tell
them what I see, now

I want to read the clouds
for people

I started by walking
backwards, reading a list
of **words**, in a small alley
people passed by,
looking at me strangely

JOINING

I I will be waiting
You told me
I Imagine magic, fantasy, despair
I I told You
And I repeated

An entrance
Where
I am joining You

Who wants to join me (no question mark)
Who will sing with me (no question mark)

You said,
This is everything but
About time

I I answered

Now I only fly in my dreams

U You keep on saying
Don't control
Don't explain

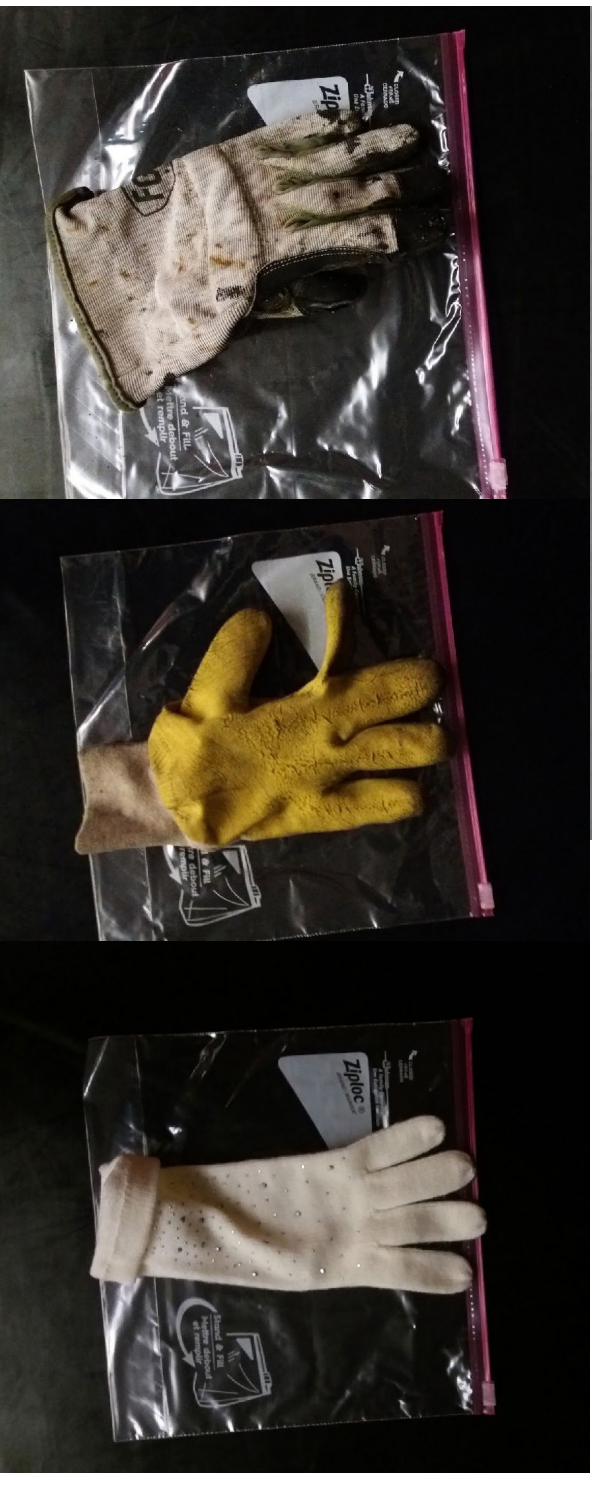
This offering is not an effort
It is a borrowing of my light
Of my dust

This text is a

Hold my hand as



Variations of I



Variations of You





As this is written during the
I realize that there are two of us,

You and I,

COVID crisis,

But here,
I alternate **through**,

Variations of,

You and,

Variations of,

I / eyes,

Longing to suspend

If You're lost I will catch You

