

Tal Shoshan, On the Verge, 12.11.99- 10.12.99
Exhibition site: <http://www.hagar-gallery.com/tals00.html>

Tal Shoshan. On the Verge
Text by Tal Shoshan

Today when she walked down the street people touched her, she hurried walked fast and they could see her through. Big blue stains spread all over her body halfway through before arriving she ran into a stop sign turned around and retraced herself all the way back. She had to run backwards because outside everyone could see her through and inside words raged into sentences. The sentences stretched entangled extended entangled lengthened expanded into infinite winding webs moving around her clinging to her wrapping around her head hair eye body

constraining cutting slicing

like a mummy she fell forward
banged against the sidewalk lay unconscious
darkness slowly fell it was cold she woke up woke up touched herself felt them enveloping her word webs. The webs softened she grabbed them stretched her hands removed them thus set herself free. Stood up. Stood up sat down grabbed the filthy muddy webs crushed them to sentences which disintegrated into words turned to simple casual letters. Gathered them without hesitation or sorrow rolled up into a ball tossed forward and watched. Thus she observed the quiet motion flowing forward the motion she so desired for herself.

her body
branded with wrapping marks scarred like knife cuts. The marked flesh suggested long straight wrinkles she touched them the wrinkle scars. Stretched shrunk. Shrunk stretched and they remained there fixed distinct non-erasable. **so she sat on the sidewalk people on the street touched her she kept on sitting and they could see her through.** she got up on her knees got up heard. Heard the sound of dripping water as if rising from the depth of a cave it was the side-wall of her belly. The dripping sound climbed on up along the narrow neck of a throat. Climbed up stopped got stuck climbed up before a blocking lump blocking lump clearing throat. The dripping brought back the memory of refreshing rain. Reminded her of all the tears she hadn't shed. All the tears filling up her belly all the wandering tears wandering to the bladder, pressuring swelling expanding it they are
the sound of her tears

loin-constricting pressure came
she closed her eyes
sought silence
opened closed
her eyes as if turned inward to see. Thus she plunged into a space of dense darkness expanding opening into her interior. Darkness grew thicker was pulled inward into an infinite space drained into alert tunnels stretching onto the horizon filling with light-weight glowing light like moonlight. Light like starlight glowing like the northern light. The intensity of all the lights there the intensity of the lights' luminosity. The lights she had to illuminate herself for herself from within. **With closed eyes she kept on sitting. Passersby touched her she kept on sitting and they could see her through** and she sat sat alone alone in the midst of all the noise and bustle alone in her own light by which she roamed roamed sought looked
sought

the pouring light
the lights' luminosity.
Out of the pouring light emerged shadows clouds. Heavy black clouds. Sailed in to block the light. The shadows grew grew heavier the tunnels grew darker. She suddenly saw water gushing out of them toward her. Furious water foaming salt water waves. Racing washing spewing into her out of her tunnels. Flooding her flooding her with the terror of earsplitting noise and they are rising up breaking covering strangling strangling her. Pulling her. Pulling her down. She tried to cling to the sides to keep her head above water tried to breathe her hands hit the water her

high-held head was washed time and again huge waves drowning strangling. She who was a long-distance swimmer leaped out of the water into the air rolled over on her belly sank downward thrust hands feet pulled upward raised her head flung forward turned over pushed pulled downward to the bottom the bottom with eyes wide-open fear foetal like a baby she sank inside. Her hair spread out like a thousand serpents enveloping the interior of her face her face returning to her her gazing face looking at her her doubled face doubled infinitely returning to her from thousands of little mirrors attached to the ground. In her **rough face** they could see her through. See into her see it all no she screamed no her entire body shrank folding inward elbows pelvis knees like a spring she tensed up pushed leaped hurled out into the air breath spirit soul no

like a cork unplugged the scream emitted water from her mouth eye nose ear. Released water from her loins. Released herself. Her waters tears sweat. Salt water emerged through her fell off her covered her washed her her body. She became an erupting fountain bubbling watering soaking saturating the soil.

wet tranquil she looked and saw all the signs that cut through her flesh, all the signs that were, the signs that had been and have vanished, her skin that was, her skin that had been transformed, became new fresh stretched like an eggshell.

seated on the sidewalk she wrapped her hands around her body licked the salt off her skin. Thus she got up stood up and made all the way steps stood up and made way made her way back home

Tal Shoshan (1969)

Israeli Performance & Video artist. Lives and works in Tel Aviv.

1994 B.F.A, Metal Design, Bezalel Academy of Arts & Design, Jerusalem

1995-1997 M.A., Theatre Design & Scenography, Wimbledon School of Art, London

2000 "Videocassette Library at the Office", Office in Tel-Aviv

1999-2000 Janco Dada Museum, Ein Hod

1999 "On the Verge", Heinrich Boll Foundation, Tel Aviv*

1999 "The Queen of the Flies", One-woman Show (writing and Directing), Ha-Simta Theatre, Jaffa

1998 "In Between 2" (video art), Pyramid Art Gallery

1998 "Babel Gamma" (live performance), Janco Dada Museum, Ein Hod

1998 "In Between" (live performance), Beaconsfield Gallery, London

1997 "Beside of Yourself" (live performance), Wimbledon School of Art

1997 "Letters to my Freund" (installation), Wimbledon School of Art

1996 "Home", (live performance), Wimbledon School of Art

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