

Avinoam Haklai

Carry the (Black)-Hole!

The dictum of blackness – a speck that, not just ineffaceable and an entrapment to the gaze, is also a cosmic hole sucking up blame.

Between an eye (*ayn*) and a void (*ayn*), between a hollow and a gaze, the thick paint longs to be given shape. A body calls for both its underpinnings and flaws as a dick strives to rise up and stand erect.

A colossal effort to rise up; the fingers furrowing the body's movements, giving birth to formless forms as that of a brain, possibly the most vulnerable of organs.

Thus is a creator admitted into the tradition of head painters.

Like them – yet referencing himself only – the ultimate signified isn't the father and legacy, but rather this vague reasoning motivating all of this: the suffering inflicted on him by the mark of *lalangue* (as Lacan termed this chaotic and manifold "substance" from which speech is wrought, before the exertion of the rules of language); and, by Israeli pain(t).

The unconscious is political only inasmuch as it attempts to squeeze the shreds of experiences into a story articulated by the rules of language.

A lawless *real* that asks to be given a delusional shape in the most mundane way possible.

Lucky charms, spells, talismans, witchery, *Hamsas*, pipes, snakes, *Arvit*, evenings, water, rusty old things, torn-out old pages, the fragments of prayers from the iridescent windows of a synagogue.

All that touched the body in such disarray receives its chaotic life in painting.

Pleasure running wild as paint spills over to cover all like a wave, while the maker, bare-handed, stands in front of it all.

Nothing is depicted here, nothing made to represent something else; you only find the traces of a body in *jouissance*, in pain.

At the edges of language, were we are forcefully dragged, metonymy rules. A snake, a hose, a *tefillin* of the hand – all are splattered across the surface for their likenesses, and for the luck that brought them on the path of a child-turned-maker.

Matter seeking underpinnings in shape – that is a day-to-day, or rather night-to-night, experience known to everyone.

The night, effacing the representations of the world, also connects the dream; the unbearable moment of awakening erects a bridge above the valley of twilights, a vacation now over.

Kabala invites you on a nightmare, to the orchards of evil, to a night-long wrestling of

Yaacov's with the angel, at the end of which he receives the name: *Israel*.

Welcome to hell. Please check your hopes at the cloak room, you can claim them back on your way out, back home to the ordinary world – a world of falsehood with its calming deceptions – knowing that the effort to become human, to raise oneself from the dust, to be something out of nothing, is a heroic deed.

May he overcome!