

And
it appears
to us
in the dew
between
the thorns

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea

Now, alas! it is cold winter,
With short days and long nights,
Bold summer speedily walks in
To set us free from distress
In a short time: that is plainly seen
From this new year;
The hazelnut tree offers us fair blooms,
The season's public token.
All you who in the new spring
Si dixero non satis est
Wish to be joyful for Love's sake!

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea

And nearby stood a tree with many branches;
it was tall and extended all its branches
through those of another tree.
And I understood that it could be read on each leaf:
"I am discernment:
without me you can do nothing
There stood a tree with its roots upward and its crown downward.
This tree was wisdom
It is no longer enough to think,
Neither words nor deeds, nor eloquence
The earth should not be injured!
The earth must not be destroyed!

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea

A fish cannot drown in water
A bird does not fall in air
In the fire of creation,
Nothing vanishes:
The fire brightens.
Each creature made
Must live in its own true nature;
How could I resist my nature
That lives for oneness with love?
Know yet, my chosen daughter,
That paradise is given to them.
Never want to reveal the secrets

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea

We are not in oneness but in multiplicity, that must live in harmony within ourselves and with everything around us. You should be empowered, you are empowered. You can be medicina, you are medicine.

A Mother:

For if you speak at all it is for us and I repeat, know yet, my chosen daughter,
That paradise is given to them, to us.
Living spring, her sixth name, truly to Love after that of dew.
This flowing force of one into the other, and this growth.

A passerby:

Her sixth name is dew? Tiny drops of water?
They remain invisible, they fall on my hair but their cruel blows shock me. I have no
luck nor prosperity. I don't know if Minne herself does, but she is wonderfully sweet
in all her storms.

I shall call her: minne
minne
minne
minne
minne
minne

A Daughter:

So I must do what strikes me; for this flowing force is what I want to strive for. But I
am haunted in a barren wasteland. Such a cruel wasteland was never brought forth.
I can ask loudly or in silence but the sound doesn't seem to leave my body.

minne
minne
minne
minne

A Mother:

You are the one who can bring peace to the soil. You have forgotten the vastness of
love. The course of the thrones and of the planets and of the constellations revolving
within the thrones can still be somewhat known by comparison and grasped in
numbers. But no master can claim that he can make love with reason clear to all
who ever knew, and will know love, and will walk the course of love. I beg you,
beloved daughter, my darling sister, sun child.

minne
minne
minne
minne

A Daughter:

What can I do? I am hunted, captured, bound, wounded so terribly. That I never
can be healed. Shall I ever recover from thee? Would it not have been well that I
had never known thee?

minne
minne
minne
minne

A passerby:

Ay minne, oh faithful one. If you have many souls you will be joyous.

A Daughter:

What is the benefit of controlling my nature? For my nature will remain
Whatever the season may be
in all the wide world, there is nothing
That can bring me joy.
Yet Nature.

What is my nature but wild?

A Mother:

Be bold and daring, Oh Nature --
Sometimes she is hot, sometimes cold,
Sometimes timid, sometimes fearless,
Her restlessness manifests in many ways.
She is the center and the periphery. It is the river that begins in the mountains and
flows into the ocean. There are no limits, no borders, no gaps.

A Passerby:

Let us not forget, the joy is still there

A Daughter:

Who lives with deliberation and works with reason	will know
who lives with spontaneity and works with reason	will know
who lives with deliberation and works with passion	will know
who lives with spontaneity and works with passion	will know

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea

That many
Who rely
So freely
Rush
Rush
Rush

To all who ever knew and will know

Of all that the sun ever shone

Along the beach fire does not ignite, dew extinguishes all

We don't light
We don't burn
We are not ashes but oxygen

I don't disappear

A bird flies by

Petal

Stigma

Style

Pollen

Tube

Pistil

Anther

Filament

Ovary

Ovule

Sepal

Receptacle

Stem

Leaf

Sun child, you are of earth
Earth is of you, and the sun is your birth

Sun

Sun

Sun

flow
flow light
flow

light

Earth

Earth

And deep brown earth
Earth

Death is not death

Breath in out in out in out in out in out in out in out in out in out in out

I am a servant in devotion
I am a servant in devotion

The wild claims me
The wild claims me

Love me as I disappear into it
Love me as I disappear into it

Bloom and thorn
Root and crown

What is it? Who is it for?
When does it come? And where does it go?

Another bird flies
(The dew quenches all thirst)

There is no separation but distance, entangled in ways we cannot see
Eyes, ears, nose mouth and skin, sense it all

Attune

Attune

Attune

Sensing

Sen / Sing

Sen

Sen

Sing

Sing

Sing

Sen

Sen

Sing

Sing

Sen

The weight cannot be known and grasped in numbers.
No master can claim that he can make love with reason clear

Do you believe in the light?
Have faith in the light

The holy movement of life which overwhelms the limits of language

O noblest green viridity
You're rooted in the sun
And in the clear
Bright calm
As morning's dawn you blush
As sunny flame you burn

**As the sun is the light of day,
So too the soul is the light of the waking body
As the moon is the light of the night
So too the soul is the light of the sleeping body
A garden of apples
And the flowers of all flowers**

The hazelnut tree offers us fair blooms,
With its roots upward and its crown downward
For it appeared to us in the dew between the thorns

A small creature, the louse, creeps gently and licks the dew.
Even the bird makes her chirp through the storm. Just like a
fish that swims in the wideness of the flood, and rests in the
depth, or a bird that flies in the space and height of the sky,
so does she feel her mind go about unrestrained in the depth,
space and height of love.

Her desire --
actively flowing
out of love.

Then she experiences that all her senses are one in the grip of love and that her will
has become love, and that she is so deeply plunged and gulped down in the abyss of
love, that she herself has become fully love.

Thus her soul flows out and melts of love.

The beauty of love has eaten her.

The power of love has consumed her.

The sweetness of love has plunged her into nothingness.

The greatness of love has absorbed her.

The nobility of love has embraced her.

The purity/impurity of love has allowed her to reach it.

The sublimity of love has pulled her out and has unified her in such a way, she has
to be completely of love, and no longer can live than with love.
Already on earth the soul lives like an angel, and (life) follows eternal (life),

green river,

blue earth,

red sky,

warm yellow stone

Dance

Dance of light

Dance of dark

If it springs from necessity

If a god of dark green tendrils moves into the soft brown earth

If the water forms itself from the mist, like small droplets

Then

Between thorny arms and legs, a green voice will call out
We really don't know anything!

In tune/ out of tune

In tune/ out of tune

Attuning

It is the river that begins in the mountains and flows into the sea.

About the text

Over the past few months we have gathered together the writings of several medieval mystics from the low countries (Belgium, The Netherlands, and Germany) and woven their words into a document, all while adding our own touch. Beatrice of Nazareth, Hadewijch, Marguerite de Porete, and Hildegard von Bingen are our sources, and their writings are important for a multitude of reasons.

Firstly, they are women writing -- secondly, they are concerned with Divine Love more than penance, punishment, and sin --, thirdly they seek a direct experience and communion with divinity which was extremely uncommon at the time as lay people were expected to only commune with God (Love) through the institution of the Church. The mystical emerges in this direct, one to one relationship.

Additionally, there is a heavy emphasis on wildness, animals, plants, elements, mystery, and 'nature' as a whole, which stands at odds with the ever sharpening image during the 1100's - 1400's of a sky-dwelling God the Father who is divorced from Earth. One could say they engaged in a kind of queer positioning regarding the religion and spirituality that was mandated at the time, and that they held on to some of the pagan ethos that was being so viciously stamped out.

The writings were not intended to be read quietly at home, but to be collectively read aloud, so that they activate and animate space in a kind of togetherness, a being-in-dialogue-with the ever thriving more than human world. Today, we read them in a former Dominican cloister, which has layers of resonance given the Order were among those that denounced, and in some cases burned at the stake, these women for their writings and worldview. Beatrice, Hadewijch, Marguerite, and Hildegard, while each different in lived experience and soul, all held a common belief in the wild power of love -- that in seeking the kind of ego-annihilation that emerges from loving _____, there comes a recognition of being ultimately just a part of the larger world body.

*Thank you for your presence,
Lucy, Paz, and Helena*

This performance happened in the garden of Extra City
Kunsthof, Antwerp, on Sunday, July 25th, 2021.
For this booklet we used the fonts Sinistre and Plantin.

Saplab is
Anne-Marie Sampaio, Lucy Cordes Engelman
and Paz Ortúzar.
Guest artist: Helena Sanders