

A sketch a thought on resistance.

I begin by thinking like this: distances are pliable, based in experience. The place begins in the body. The position of the place is determined by the body. Time becomes dependent on the act. The act decides what the time is. The place ceases to be.

Each night when I go to bed I think that space is endless. It is a movement without stop. Weightless the celestial bodies move further out, away. To experience this weightlessness, to think like a celestial body, I use a floating tank. The body loses weight and drifts and until I drift off and collide with the wall of the tank and space closes.

I read on Marina Abramović. She talks of breathing through the pain, to enter the pain and to find a place where it is irrelevant. In order to do so I stare into thin air, I focus my eyes on a point of no matter and hold on. I leave my body and drift around a point of insignificance.

Mobility is a key word. The dancer works with the mobility of the body. For the thinker it is the mobility of the intellect. For the citizen it is the mobility of the senses. They are transformed into gazelle and deer. When they graze at the edge of the forest their attention is on the food, the surroundings, the other members of the flock, possible threats in the form of cars or wolves. (Radioactive rain). Giving in to a slowness where thoughts give birth to thoughts may lead straight into ruin.

Peter Weiss wrote on the aesthetics of resistance, of how the workers gathered in the Europe of the 30's. They organised themselves, they performed collective resistance. I am entirely alone, but I like resistance. To protest I become entirely still, noting that I embody a sort of immobility, a reluctance. I will not just go along, but who even knows I am resisting, wrapped in my references of Western cultural history. Puff, a cut out mouth blows off. Here I stand, protesting as I am filled with gross fatigue.

note:

the choreography of non-movement

'On her dress she has a body' the poet Blaise Cendrars wrote. I can understand that but still. Everybody knows that the body carries the garment, the body houses its movement, everything begins in the body. To her stillness, she assigns, appropriates, a body. Without body no mediation, no situation of transmission to outside of the body.

It becomes more personal. During the 19th century the facades were decorated with allegorical female figures. Depicted as the virtues these figures were to function as upholders of the city morale and character. Justitia was seated on the court of law with here eyes blindfolded holding the scales in her outstretched hand. The caryatids represented justice, truth, courage, wisdom. It is possible these columns were originally dancers from a small Greek town. Alive they danced with baskets of young green straw on their heads. I paint a picture. The caryatids reclaim the command and they break loose and walk away, or rather, their feet dances lightly across the ground.

note:

the choreography of waiting

A building can well stand there left behind, the body of the building has left. Yesterday is already tomorrow. The straw pales when the trees grow. The time of the trees. I sit down to wait. The morning will become day the sun will set and the moon will rise. That Daphne who ran from the sticky persistent arms of Apollo asked for her father Zeus' help and was turned into a tree. A gesture of immediate liberation transferred, without a draw of breath, to a foothold that grew deep into the crevices of the cliff. The frost descends.

The stillness breaks off, breaks the movement and creates an obstacle. There is a magnitude and intensity that has to be transgressed, where nature is situated nature performs resistance, slow, insistent, brooding. The eyes blink, breath heaves. Mountain stacked on mountain. I become blurred.

The body buzzes when I follow the trail, the crosses mark the unmoving.

note:

stand immobile like a tree, a mountain, a leaf, a drop of rain, a gust of wind, a straw of grass

Sketches for choreographed and un-choreographed sections. A drifting between the two occurs, a movement back and forth. It is troublesome that speech transforms idea into representation. In this proximity to the still image, enhanced by the complete silence of the piece, time plays a decisive role. The unchanging light of the moon, the immobile framing, the repetition of the performers movement, accentuated by the reflections of light in the smooth surfaces of the aubergines. The moon plays a decisive role creating a passage of time when its light paints the contours, shines in the roundness of the aubergines. Time becomes the protagonist that maintains the unfolding.

note:

the choreography of autonomous movement

Breathe under a fur coat. I imagine the body, inside, breath heaves. The movement underlines the stillness, holds a readiness. Another task, the head balances books. The muscle of the feet tenses and corrects, the back slithers. The breath heaves to a point on the other side of pain. Immobile, yet alive. When time is muted the feet are let go, feel the weight that is shifted through the sole of the foot the toes that leaves the floor.

note:

footsteps in snow footsteps on gravel

‘Then I thought of the tribe whose dances never fail
For they keep dancing till they sight the deer.’

Two lines by Seamus Heaney in *Station Island*. They dance until they see the deer I read. Glimpse the context. The fatigue, the unclear dream, a vernacular movement still, is the dance alone in the forest. Breath is visible, the feet work with the resistance of the moss, stop. Give time, focus vision on the toes, walking behind the shoes. Begin a study of disappearance, moving in slowness. It is not possible to fail, I remain until the condition appears.

note:

standing still

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