

Naiá Delion (2012)

January, 2019

Hello, Paz, how is everything?

I am writing this testimony in present, because is the way I been working with «personal narratives» in the context of Authentic Movement.

I receive your e-mail and I don't have any doubt that it will be easy to write this testimony. I come back to the year 2012, when I had closed my projects in Rio de Janeiro. I have a lot of doubts about how to proceed and there is a good opportunity of spending a season in Lisbon, at a residence in the Atelier Real (in that time, directed by João Fiadeiro and Fernanda Eugénio). I am in São Paulo living the transition between Rio and Lisbon and I decide to take part in the LOTE residence with you.

All the work was very impressive to me, mainly in the physical level because I am closing a season of shows all over Brasil and my entire body hurts. There is a diagnosis of fibromyalgia, that was never confirmed, and I remember chatting about it superficially with you. You talk about the importance of the ground work we are doing, in this case. As I move, I feel the articular spaces of my body, I feel my body expanding and I witness moving without pain and very pleasantly. At the same time I feel I am “healing” my physical aches, also I feel I am dancing, in a certain way. The feeling

of co-incidence of this two processes is, for me, the confirmation of something I always felt while I was dancing, but which at that moment it had been completely lost to me.

The residence follow its curse and I feel my body starts to move in a very different rhythm which the one I was before the beginning of the work, much slower. I remember too that I talk about it with you in a fleeting way, and you answered me with a question like: "And where is the problem in being slower?" To me, this feelings are very contradictory, because I was always a real slow person and I fight that so hardly that seems that I became the opposite... In this precise moment is at if I return to a certain way that I recognize as mine, but without any guilt now. I am extremely happy of been able to be slow and keep dancing.

Towards the end of the week, you send us a text called "The Crisis of the Presence". We sit in circle and talk about it. And about others too. After a lot of talk about a thousand of things but, mainly, on the world crisis that is going on both in Spain (the Occupy movements) and some countries in Latin America, as Chile (in Brazil was only beginning at that time). And there comes a moment when I feel like I'm already suffocated by so much talk and so many questions and doubts, and I really feel that I need to do something, we need to do something, but what to do ??? The conversation gets hot, everyone wants to talk at once and give an answer to so many problems! And you say, very calmly and smiling, that we don't have to do

anything, that "nothing happens". I feel that people are scared, weird, and I find myself very strange. Then all is silence. You continue saying something like "we just have to exist, weigh". And to me it's like a revelation. Associating weight with a certain mode of existence. I think it was because I was living in a huge conflict between the force I was living in dancing and the force I was living in my encounter with the world. And in the practices I had lived until then it seemed to me that they were two separate forces. And at this very moment I feel the strength of dancing (which for me is condensed in the ability to weigh) in total communion with the force of the body's encounter with the world (political force in my view).

I go back to Rio, I am closing the apartment in the city I live in for six years. I getting away from a love. I wake up in the middle of the night, very anxious, so I decide to read the text that you sent and I still did not read. I have a little struggle with Spanish, but I read the whole text that same dawn, going back and forth in each sentence. I am shocked by the text. It speaks directly to me, with the whole thing I am living in, every one of my questions, what else to say. The reading of this text is a huge impact to me. But there is a lot of stuff going on. I save the text. I trip to Lisbon. It was scheduled. The residence goes very badly. The initial project is fragile, we do not have the time we needed, the dialogue with João and Fernanda does not work at that time, and everything falls apart. 1059/5000 My work partner needs to leave and I'm staying in Lisbon, but by now I don't know where I am or what

I'm doing there. I feel that I was completely wrong with everything, time goes by and I am still in Lisbon, working at Atelier Real and still trying to get on with my project. At some point, when I feel a great urgency for my project, I resume reading the text. I keep into it. My work takes a totally unexpected turn. A video. I return to Brazil, where I present that work at a psychiatric hospital in Rio de Janeiro. Everything changes from then on.

I don't know if I answered your questions, but I hope so! I never stopped thinking about how important that residence was to me. Something so short but so intense and definitely transformative. I hope I collaborated a little, but you can count on me if you need anything else! Thank you for that moment and for this opportunity to bring it back! It was very striking and special to me! I also hope you come back to Sao Paulo anytime!

Hugs!

Naiá Delion