PRE PRODUCTION: MOVEMENT

It’s fun. There’s no structure to hold on to. Go through the subject, the structure. Dismantle,
dissidentify, make it work. Differently. Play another game. Opacity. The broken subject precarious.
Having a long break. Break from break.

Falling into the first day. Don’t do anything, it’s all there already. I’m not moving. Almost not
breathing. Is dance no movement at all. Face dropping down. Covered. Eyes sinking into me. A
Tears rolling. One thing goes to the other. There is no one there. Everything is gone, or around, or
everywhere or nowhere. Lost into the weightless heaviness of the body. I am behind myself and the
other. Someone else that isn’t either. In the corner next to. I do what I need to do.

“A wild place that continuously produces it’s own and (un)regulated wildness”. Movements call to
disorder. Displace. Move. Study. Our moving bodies are the common ground. Weight as weight. 
Gestión of forces. Accessing allowing enabling elaborating. Sensing. Entering in touch. Continuous
arrival opening without end. Touching as being touched. Continuing as being continued. The
movement of becoming invisible freedom. Potentiality. Destroy to find potentiality. Like kids.

It’s a dance to come, a dance arriving, to a place that is not there. Digression and ongoing deviation.
A labyrinth. The problem is the practice. The practice is the problem. Letting go. Let yourself go.
Perceiving is action. Receiving is doing. Facilitate access. Developing what is already there instead
of planting on top and dying out. Not understanding is production of change. Now. Surfing a wave.
Riding the wave. Supporting from beneath, from behind. My back-guard.

The long take. Following the situation, anonymously blurred. Never to far or to close. See your
experience, our second skin. Being in touch rather than projecting judgment. Philosophy as a
practice. Movement is all around. Peripheral vision, no vision out. The body touches and senses.
Engaging with resonance.

Unsettling. Being together in homelessness. Sustain a situation that cannot be defined.

Change of focus. Ongoingness. Layers of intensity playing with the limits. Information is in the
space.


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Practical pragmatism. Drop it leave it. To map in and out. Occupy yourself in the space and the space. Put it in the space. The whole space be honest about it. Share the work. Jardin d’enfant. Columpio, toboggan, vippe, arena. You jump onto something that engages you in its movement. The space is full, you jump, you dive, you surf. You cannot jump into the same wave twice, but you can continuously everlessly jump into new waves.

Concentration. Everything is movement.


Pre-warm-up. Warm-up. Perceiving is action. Go on forever concentration.

Playground trajectories. Throw the body into the body. Fill it up with other body. Become occupied.

Your time is your time is your space. Autistic periphery. A BREAK. For everyone anyone. Let go just follow observe let pass relax present be there new thing no thing disappeared behind layers away entered continuous nothing of everything.

I can be dancing without moving. Or just move. My body is bigger than me. It’s all just body moving in space. There is no space for me or you or the other or the audience is in. Everything can constantly shift I can have fun without laughing. I can be there without. Surprised by the situation. By the toe in one end the floor in the other. The break is where it happens. Turning around centrifugation washing it out. Hang it up there. Take it down or leave it. It is all there and this is a
practice. A continuous practice with many questions and no answers. No real answers but continuous discovery of disclosure without end. It never started either. It always was.

It’s a void. It’s a challenge. It’s a big breath in a big white space going dark. There is no dancer no choreographer no audience no dance no performance no process nor progress. There is a time to time. There is a movement to movement. There is a body to body. And it can all be because it is already and it can all go because it goes already. It’s very clear and it’s very contradictory. It’s a white page filling thousands of letters.

You can be there with me, do it with me, be done, being done or nothing. That can be just as well. Just let your gaze also fall in and let time take time. Let body take movement. Movement meditation. It can be an explosion. Walking on a thin thin line with hell on one side and hell on the other side, or heaven on both. It doesn’t matter, cause it’s about walking on the thin thin line between it all and being right there everlessly continuously. We put ourselves out there, in there, but it is there already. It’s a practice that practices. It starts already in the toilet. Doing the dishes. One thing goes to the other and you keep doing the same thing. Doing the same thing changing doing the same thing.

I can be there behind myself and that is totally fine.

It’s a continuous practice to be everywhere there nowhere.