

## **PRE PRODUCTION : MOVEMENT**

Sit down. Declination. Holding back. Withdrawing. Free movement. Movement >< choreography. 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 lump in the throat. Dry. Not. Purple box. A body heavy as hell. It starts. The movement by itself. 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. Adventuring. Playground. Texture. Weight. Joints. Function.

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 too far or too close. See your choices – not yourself. Disregard. Gaze. Gazing. Drop it into the body. Applying vision as 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.

Enter it. A state of mind of unconscious ongoingness body. A train being moved without moving. Landscape passing by. Passing by landscape. Place and replace quality. Touching and seeing without owning. Dynamic.

Remapping. Retracing. Arriving to places. Light approach. Let go. Engagement without attachment. Following an impulse bodily before deciding on it. Mapping out. Unfolding. Go around, in & out. Layers. Melting melting melting. *Publicar el vivo*. Publish live. It's a void.

*Desencadenar des en ca de nar.*

Being taken by the experience. Interruption of an organized space. The background. I'm in the front in the background. 'm. A different logic. Passion – the drive. Throwing oneself into a problem. Struggle without answer. "Bodying" more than dancing. Bodying movement at all. Functionality. The walk is also situated. SPACE. Place it. Folding – unfolding. Being next. Next to. Inclined, involved, engaged. The gaze is here. I'm loosing -> work it -> working it. Acknowledge.

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.

A dance for void. A *dance for nothing*. *Niebla* mumbling.

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.