

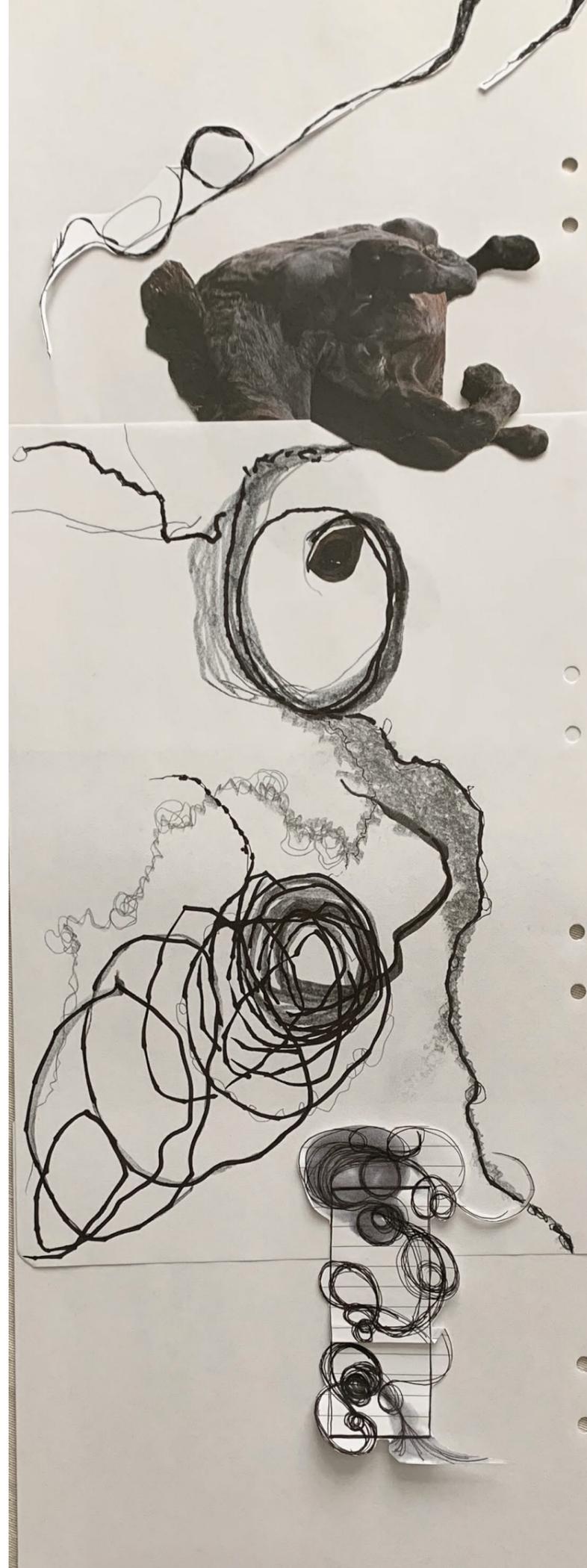
Confairig



# Centauring – The Book

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*A compilation of short texts and images, poems, descriptions, notes, reflections, memories, dreams and dialogues that together provide insight into methods, practices, materials, things and concepts at work in the research project Moving through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice.*



FÖT BAK  
HÖ



ARMBÄGE  
HÖ



KLACK  
HÖ



HANDLED  
HÖ



HÖ



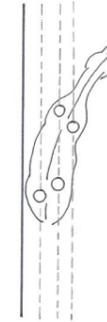
HALS

VÄ DREKAR

MÄTT



## Öppna



'Öppna' is the Swedish term for 'shoulder in', 'haunches-out', or 'croupe au mur'. Directly translated 'öppna' means 'open', as a verb or an adjective, but in riding it is used as a noun, to ride an 'öppna'.

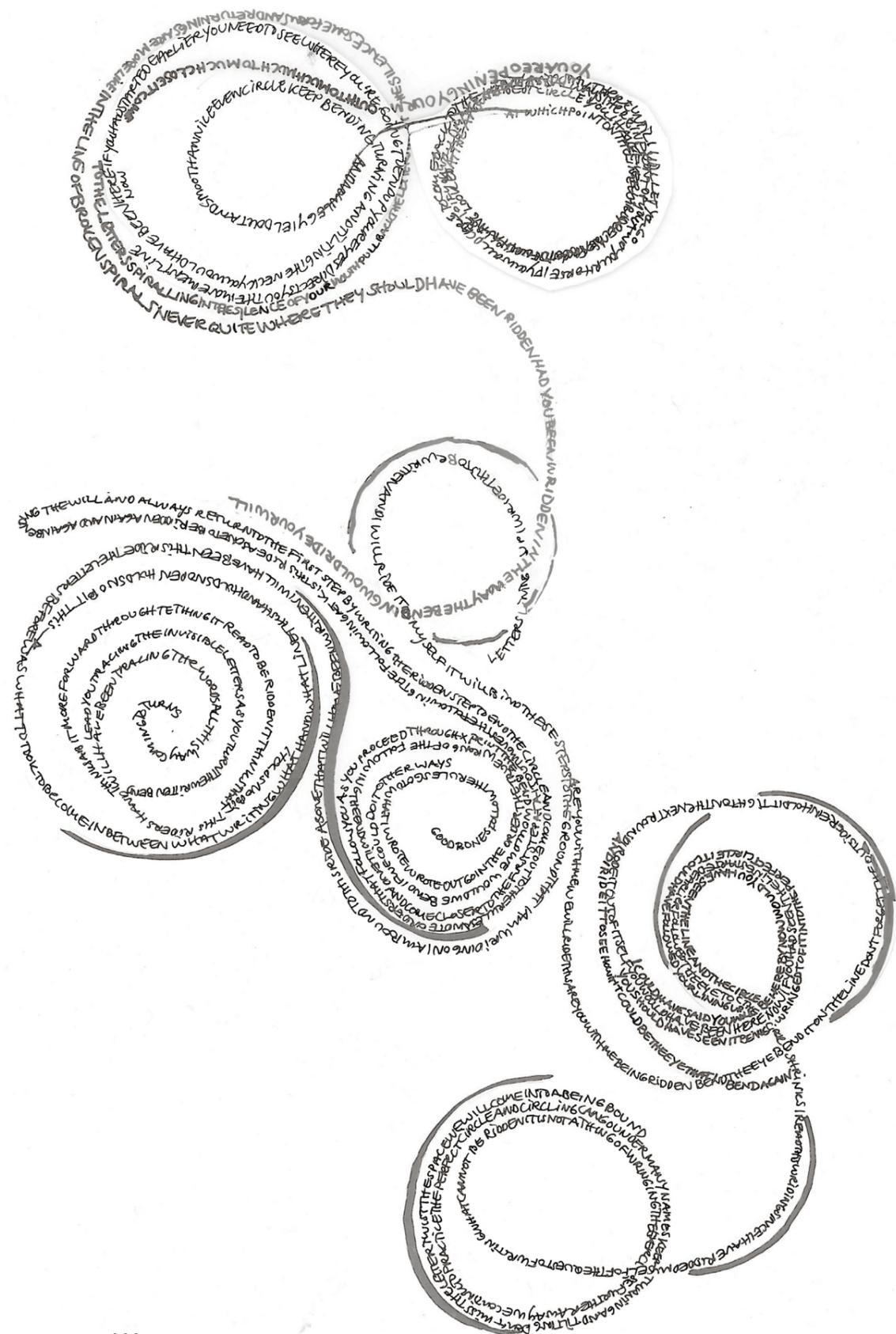
In an 'öppna' the horse traces three paths on the ground; the outside hind leg on the path closest to the wall, the inside front leg on the path towards the center of the manège, and the outside front leg and inside hind leg traces the same path between the other two. The front legs move laterally, the hind legs straight. All the shoulders are turned to the inside, the horse's as well as the rider's. All the hips mirror each other, straight, in the direction of travel.

The horse is bent around the rider's inside leg, with a tiny bend in the neck, away from the direction of travel, the outside rein controls the degree of bend on the inside. The horse sees with one eye diagonally towards the wall and with the other what's passing; where she's been, what she leaves.

This dressage movement is one of the educational movements of the horse that is called schooling. Schooling is movements that encourages collection, to take more weight on the hind legs, in the horse.

I don't look to the side for the sake of it, it's because my eyes work that way. Straight in front of me there's a blind spot. Without the capacity to project, I see sideways by default.

I harbor three different practices: curating, choreography and dressage, and ride them in one common direction without seeing where I'm going, not knowing exactly if my 'öppna' is where it's supposed to be. But then again, this 'öppna' isn't open, the paths slither.



written



## Halt

::

One can easily mistake the halt for a position of standing still. This is far from true. The halt is, on the contrary, an intensification: a slowing down of the movement in space transferred to a high energetic but minimal movement in place. From the halt, the dressage horse should be able to, at any given moment, and at the slightest aid from the rider's leg and shift of weight in the saddle, proceed in the chosen gait. This asks for hyper listening, sensitivity and readiness: active waiting.

To perform a halt is a very complex and contradictory movement. As a beginner, a common mistake is to slow down the gait and by pulling the reins get the horse to a standstill, with the effect that the horse usually drops dead in the halt; the back lowers, the head and neck rises up, hoofs are spread out asymmetrically, the whole posture is collapsed, often in the rider as well. On the contrary, one is supposed to 'ride into the halt'. By maintaining a forward and energetic riding forwards and upwards, interwoven by half halts, the rider should, instead of pulling at the reins, 'sit against' the forward movement of the horse by engaging her core muscles, lengthen the upper body, and ask the horse to continue its movement, but in place, to maintain a sense of urgency, and a will to at any given moment be ready to continue, to move the stillness forward.

## Geraderichten

The fifth step in the German Training Scale of dressage horses is 'Geraderichten', straightness. When the horse is straight it's symmetrical, which means that its hind legs follow in the same traces as the front legs, and it takes equal amount of weight on the left and right side. The horse remains symmetrical on straight as well as bended lines and should be as flexible to the left as to the right. The 'shoulder in' is one of the exercises used to increase straightness as well as impulsion and collection, in the horse. To straighten the horse, one needs to strengthen the weak side, to make the horse reach for the bit on the weak side.

Öppna. The weak side.



**Resistance is a serious fault**

*In all the work, even at the halt, the Horse must be "on the bit". A Horse is said to be "on the bit" when the neck is more or less raised and arched according to the stage of training and the extension or collection of the pace, accepting the bridle with a light and consistent soft submissive contact. The head should remain in a steady position, as a rule slightly in front of the vertical, with a supple poll as the highest point of the neck, and no resistance should be offered to the Athlete. •*

She thrusts herself onto her. Her head pushing her, with all her force, towards the wall. She rebounds, searches for balance between the blows, but she's too slow. She gives up, lets herself be pushed back and forth. She keeps on pushing, bumping, pressing against her. Her head bends to the side, and then hits her hard in the back. Her heels leave the ground and she stumbles forward. She's on her knees, her hairy head pending from side to side. She presses her fingers lightly into her ribcage.

### She's a good exercise

it' s not the exercise itself  
it's how you work her

We have weak sides  
one is order and one is the unsaid  
what we see is: walls leather letters  
(maybe we mean like Wittgenstein, kind of)

I have contact disturbances  
Takt-wise incorrectness's  
weak sided up I legs many left necks

and

she's that way  
she is a step that stays (on)  
she has letters that tames tight  
she's a very good exercise

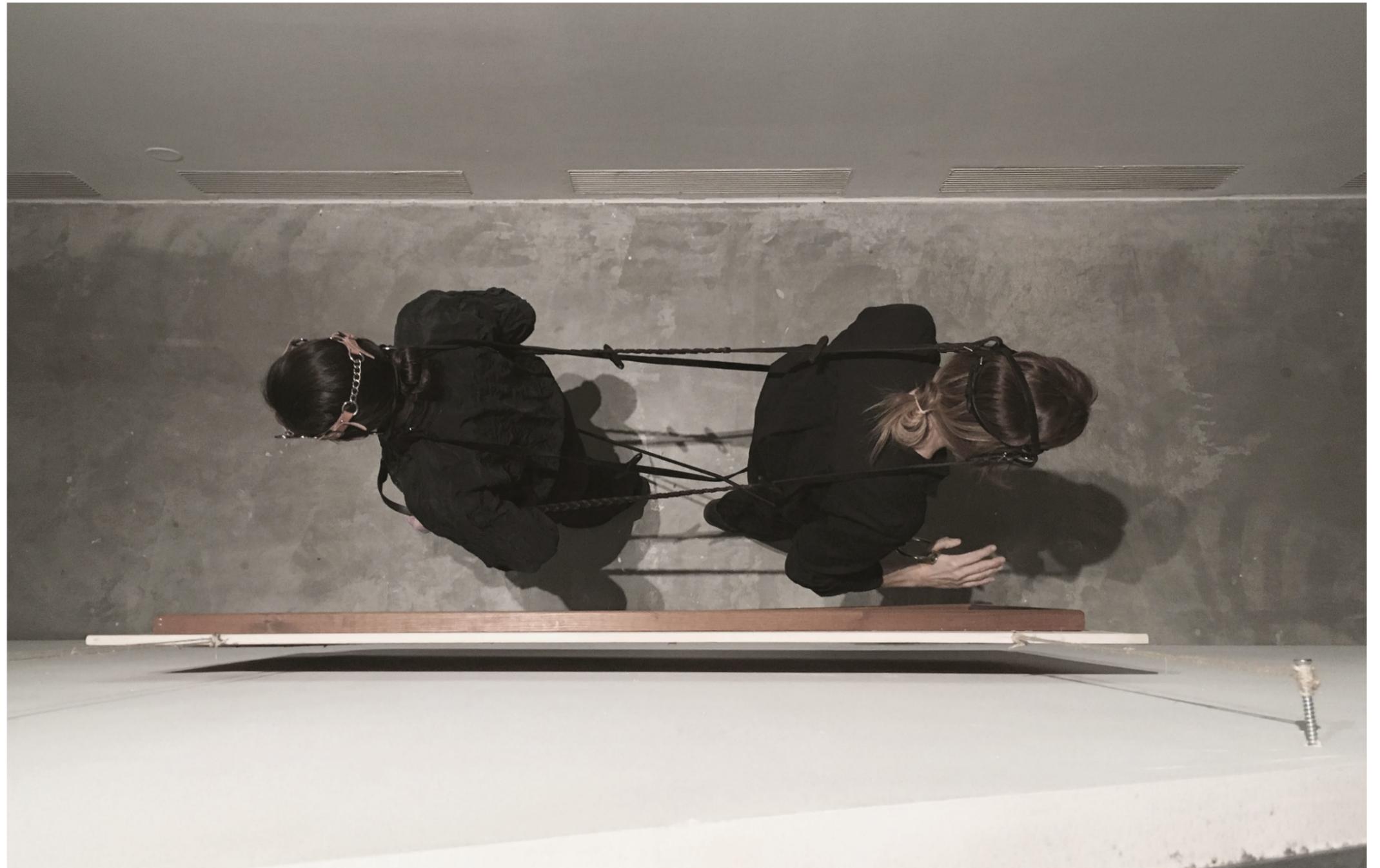
### Hon är bra att träna på

det är inte övningen i sig  
det är hur du arbetar henne

Vi har svaga sidor  
en helt i oordning och en outsagd  
vi ser: läder väggar bokstäver  
(som Wittgenstein, typ, fast tvärtom)

Jag har kontaktstörningar  
Takt-aktiga felaktigheter  
svagsidan upp benar jag om långa vänsternackar

å sån är hon –  
ett steg som hänger (på)  
bokstäverna hennes tämjer tajt  
hon är en bra träningsgrej





## Artificial Airs

The Pillar Room at Hallen, Farsta, Stockholm, measures 10x20 meters, half the size of the international standard for a basic dressage test manège. The choreography *Artificial Airs* makes use of approximately one square meter for its performance, this gives the dancer Maria Öhman a minimum of 200 possible choices of placement and starting directions, out of which she will choose 12 in the duration of one hour, each performance lasting one minute. Maria negotiates three choreographies simultaneously, centauring them into one, *Artificial Airs*. She wears a borrowed white top and her own pair of white jeans. Shoes, so called sister shoes, black with perforated holes, should be worn in performance 6, 7, 8 and 11, otherwise barefoot.

The performance takes place in Cristina Caprioli's installation *flat haze*, within the event Pending Parallax. Stretched out between the walls, at two meters height, is a lowered ceiling, made up of thousands of nylon strings. *flat haze* is a play with height and perspective, visuality and distance. A lowered ceiling and a raised floor ... this is an image of a thousand vibrating horizons.

In a dressage test, three choreographies are being performed simultaneously. One is the rider's invisible choreography; the aids, the second is the choreography performed by the horse, the third is the dressage pattern. The rider constantly adjusts the intensity of the first choreography, depending on the outcome of the performance of the horse and the degree of precision they execute in the dressage pattern.

There's an illusory simplicity in the choreography *Artificial Airs*. Maria holds her hands, throughout the dance, in the rider's position: a soft fist with the thumb above. She steers the dance with the smallest of movements, an almost invisible choreography of aiding. A small squeeze with the ring finger tucks the chin in slightly, barely visible. A slight shift of the wrist outwards turns the head a little bit to the side. A small pressing down of the thumb bends the neck a tiny bit forward. The hand holds the mouth, reminding her to stay on the bit.

There's an illusory simplicity in the choreography, but residing under what we see, there's a movement phrase, a 'step' choreography meticulously rehearsed with fixed timing. The pattern of the phrase defines the movement of the bourrée in

the room, the phrase is the motor in the choreography that drives the bourrée onward and keeps it moving. During every performance of *Artificial Airs* Maria retraces the movement phrase in her mind.

There's an illusory simplicity in the choreography, as if an interior horizon holds the body, keeps it level, and lets the feet wander around by themselves. The performance of the bourrée, or the piaffe, is about keeping level, the bend in the knees, the size of the steps, to keep the 'Takt'. A moving still.

### *As I'm writing*

First, I hear only voices, two young girls talking to each other, then I hear the sound of eight trotting hooves on asphalt, it's intense. Two riders on dark brown horses passing by on the road in front of the house where I'm sitting and writing. Both horses seem combative, they push forward, wanting to go faster than the riders allow them to. They're like a mass of dark, strong headed, wild will working their way forward, their steps are so heavy on the ground it seems like they will make marks, traces of hoofs impressed in the asphalt. After they have

passed I can still hear them two minutes later, I guess it has to do with how the road bends in relation to the fields and the forest on either side, and how the wind catches the sound. There's something capturing about the ease of their talking, their high-pitched voices, in combination with the extreme power of the horses' energy and dynamic, they are seemingly unaware of the impact of their performance.

### *To ride without a horse*

Maria walks from the wall to a chosen spot on the floor, she lifts the left foot off the floor, sliding it up her right ankle, then she proceeds with the bourrée pattern for one minute, walks back to the wall at another place in the room, and waits for four minutes. This procedure is repeated for 12 times. Like the opening and closing of a jewelry box, the dancer spiraling and twisting around herself. Through this form, the work becomes part of the inner logic of dressage, repetition. A riding where the dancer is ridden, aiding herself, performing the piaffe/bourrée and negotiating the space. A moving still, keeping itself level, abiding to the rules of the choreography and the rider's aids. Maria is the bit on the horse's tongue.





air centaur

föörstestgestenschgest  
ischenschogstens ensangtsestok  
Öfttschts inkschten ...  
instswischts ...  
daouschedingts tidchds  
indiaushautz  
inbach ,, tystentiktagtegoang  
inbischtigang indishitangs taketegets  
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### Clichés – Rejection – Waiting

I'm using a curated method of actively slowing down while maintaining readiness, a way of taking care of the yet to be exposed body of work, resisting clichés and 'easy come' outcomes, trusting something to appear. I'm waiting for something else than what I already know, something other than auto-produced ideas. Attentive waiting, as a methodology, demands of me to support something that is not yet there, by sustaining a state of charging by emptying out and withholding. The result is a kind of vacuum, a mind resisting normative ideas, desires, images, creative thoughts and fantasies. A vacuum that is a magnetic field designed for one specific, yet to appear, attractor.

This kind of waiting period at first produced a long and dull period of silence, faith, persistence and conviction. Moreover, challenged by having to stay in relation to something that didn't answer back; this something to whom I could pose question after question, proposals and initiatives, but that kept on being silent. Would this curatorial method actually bring something to me, or was it just another performance of another bad halt?

I was getting impatient, worried, stressed. I asked questions but got no answers. I tried again, different questions, no reply. I decided to not try at all, it made no difference.

### one releases one after the other of one and the same one

Something falls off.

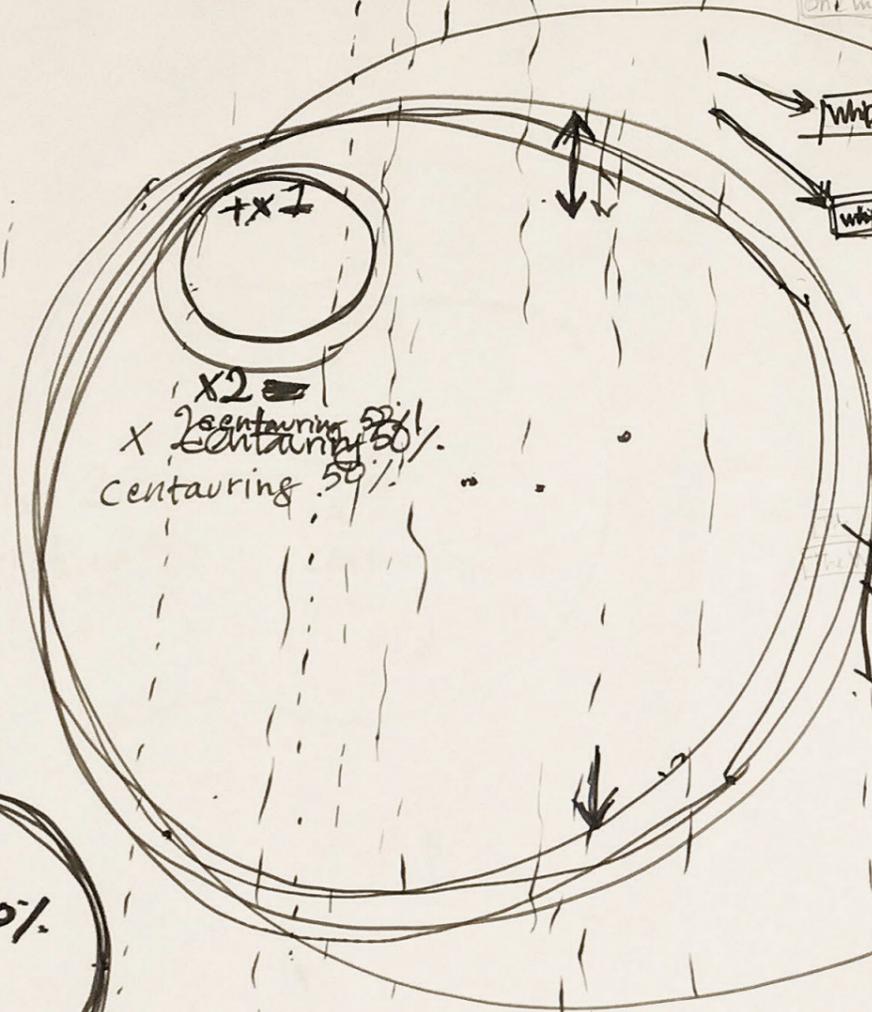
The fall is unpredictable. I can only observe and be attentive to the situation. Sometimes I miss it as it falls off. I only find it later, lying around. Sometimes I follow a trace as it falls down, I watch it for a while, register, give it time to settle in the collection without interfering too much. For others, the more attention I give to it the more accessible they become when, and if, I decide to form it into a work or consider it as part of an assemblage together with other traces.

It falls into the collection, lands among hundreds of other its; piling on top of each other, twisting around each other, attaching to one another. Some are in the form of a word, like 'Öppna', another can be a missing leg on a wooden horse. Some are a bit frayed. Traces that fall off can be in the form of insights, like this one; when ONE sheds skin, leaves a trace, the skin is left inside out, I see the negative imprints of a body that has slithered away.

This is a self-generative system. Traces fall off and some are being formed, dressed, into choreography, in turn shedding off new traces that produce new ramifications. The collection is being built from inside, intra-connected works and connections between traces that are not always visible, reside side by side.

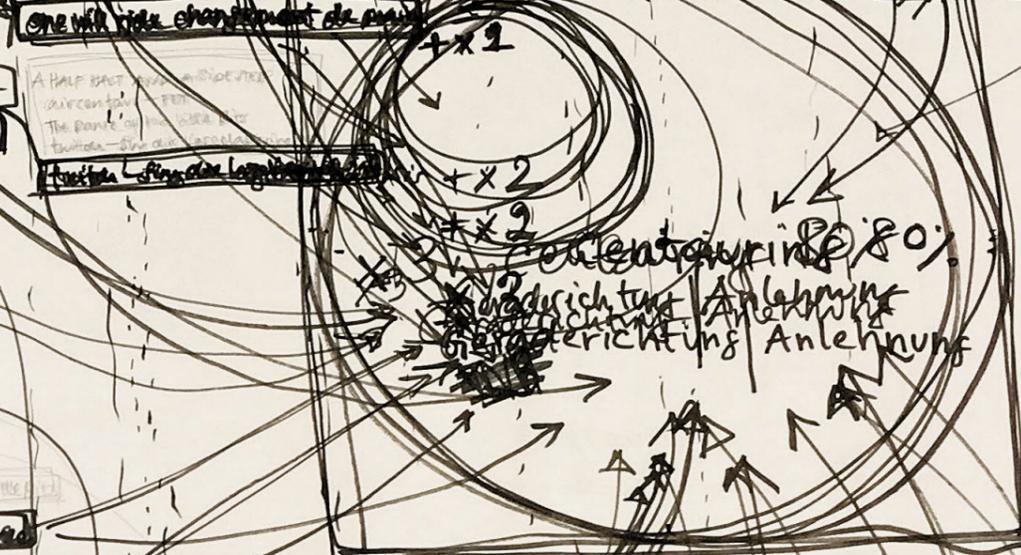


X1  
Centauring 30%  
per-forming  
pre-forming  
transing



One will ride  
Whip die Goad-folter  
Vritin kage  
Whip die Goad-folter

1) A letter 2) A letter 3) and 4) and 5) IT WORDS LA  
The bridge of poetry it would be  
ONE WILL RIDE CHANGEMENT DE PAYS  
THE BRIDGE OF POETRY IT WORDS LA WE



The Power of the Little  
Blackboard  
Fingers in the mud

tear dirt

Wider Box

This is a good exercise

wider - turning with 20%  
wider - turning with 20%

twist the words  
to be straight is the most difficult thing

**written RAK**

LETTERS LINING UP I WRIDE THIS TO BE WRITTEN AND I WILL RIDE IT MYSELF IT WILL BIND THESE STEPS TO THE GROUND THAT I AM WRIDING ON I AM BOUND TO THIS RIDE AS ONE THAT WILL HAVE BEEN WRITTEN I WILL HAVE BEEN THIS RIDE THE LETTERS BEFORE WAS WHAT IT TOOK TO BECOME IN BETWEEN WHAT WRITING WHAT HAND WHAT LINE THIS HAND HOLDS NO OPEN HOLDS NO BIT WAS WHAT IT TOOK TO BECOME IN BETWEEN WHAT WRITING WHAT HAND WHAT LINE THIS HAND HOLDS NO OPEN HOLDS NO BIT ARE YOU WITH ME WE WILL RIDE THIS ARE YOU WITH ME BEING RIDDEN BEND THE EYE BEND IT ON THE LINE DON'T FORGET THE OUTSIDE REIN HOLD IT TIGHT ON THE NEXT ROUND I RODE IT OUT OF ITSELF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE NOW IF YOU HAD SEEN THE LINE STARTED EARLIER FOLLOWED THE EYE TO THE CIRCLE SHRINKS I READ THIS WRIDING SINCE I HAVE RIDDEN MYSELF OF THE QUEST OF WRITING WHAT CANNOT BE RIDDEN IT'S NOT A THING OF WRINGING THE EXERCISE FURTHER AWAY WE CONTINUE TO PRACTICE THE PERFECT CIRCLE AND CIRCLING CAN GO UNDER MANY NAMES KEEP TURNING AND TILTING DON'T MISS THE LETTER TWIST THE SPACE WE WILL COME INTO A BEING BOUND I COULD HAVE SAID YOU WILL BE HERE BY NOW WOULD YOU HAVE SEEN THE LINE AND THE CIRCLE YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT BEING WRINGED TO FIT INTO THE PERFECT CIRCLE IT COULD HAVE FOLLOWED YOU LINING UP AND I RIDE IT TO SEE HOW IT COULD BE THE EYE THAT I BEND AGAIN HOLD NO BIT THIS RIDER'S HAND WILL HAVE BEEN TRACING THE WORDS ALL THIS WAY COMING TO TURNS LEAD YOU TRACING THE INVISIBLE LETTERS AS YOU TURN THE WRITTEN BEND THINKS AS IT MOVES FORWARD THROUGH THE THING IT READ TO BE RIDDEN IT THINKS THAT THIS RIDER'S HAND WILL HAVE BEEN TRACING THE WORDS ALL THIS WAY COMING TO TURNS GOOD BONES FOLLOW THE RULES GOT WHAT I WROTE WROTE OUT GO IN THE ORDER THE TRUE WRONG OF THE FOLLOWING THE END WILL END AND COME CLOSE TO THE FIRST STEP AIT OUT MOVES THE FOLLOWING THE FOLLOWING AT KISTHIS RIDE AS ONE TO BE RIDDEN AGAIN AND AGAIN BENDING THE WILL AND ALWAYS RETURN TO THE FIRST STEP BY WRITING THE RIDDEN STEP TO END THE CIRCLE AND COME OUT TO THE RULES AND THE ORDER THAT FOLLOW YOU AS YOU PROCEED THROUGH X PRINT THE BEND WOULD WE WOULD WE BEND IF WE COULD DO IT OTHER WAY TO THE LETTERS SPIRALLING IN THE SILENCE OF YOUR MOUTH PULL BACK THE LETTERS IN TO THE SILENCE SOME FORMS AND RETURNINGS ARE MORE LIKE IN THE LINE OF BROKEN SPIRALS NEVER QUITE WHERE THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN RIDDEN HAD YOU BEEN WRIDDEN IN THE WAY THE BENDING WOULD RIDE YOU WILL YOU ARE OPENING YOUR MOUTH TOO MUCH MUCH TOO MUCH CLOSE IT COME AND NOW LEG YIELD OUT AND SMOOTH ANNNICE EVEN CIRCLE KEEP BENDING TURNING AND TILTING THE NECK YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE / NOW IF YOU HAD STARTED EARLIER YOU NEED TO SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO END UP YOU'RE EYES DIRECTS YOU THE MOVEMENT LINE AT WHICH POINT ON THE LINE WILL YOU LOOKED AT THE BEST CIRCLE YOU HAVE EVER WRIDDEN IF YOU WOULD MAKE ALWAYS THERE IN FRONT OF YOU AND YOUR HORSE IF YOU WOULD CARE TO COME BACK TO THE STAY HERE UNTIL I WILL LET YOU GO



### Where is the place for the whip?

I select books, images, things from the collection, earlier writings, notes, clips. I stack them, pile them up, spread them out. Try out a new order. As a starting point.

But prior to that I move around the furniture. Change what table I use for writing and which I use for display. I change the tablecloth, from white cotton to black velvet, or the other way around. I display books, things, images, texts. They become small installations, private exhibitions. I do this to support my work, my thinking, my attention. I do it to see new connections, to understand one thing through the other, to create new families; extended, unfamiliar, aesthetically surprising at times; a horseshoe in a book, a needle on a mirror, a spur in a black iron bowl.

The two white, round panels never seem to find the right place, they usually end up on a table leaning towards the wall. I search for the best corner to put my armchair. And the place for the reins, the saddles, the spurs, the whip. All the things that I like to have around, that I'm in dialogue with; what's the right place for them this time?

But even before that, I've inspected the walls. What notes, writings, drawings will be best sup-

ported by the dark brown wall, on the white board, on the white wall, or on the mirror wall? I hang up big white papers and self-adhesive white board papers. I place pens, pencils and erasers at each station. I make myself ready. I have everything I need within reach.

saddles on pedestals, bits in boxes, reins in bags

It usually takes a few days, maybe a week, before things start moving around: by accident, by coincident or deliberately. After a couple of weeks, it's all but a charming place to spend one's day in. What was an energetic, promising and exciting situation where new thoughts, ideas and unruly bits and pieces would come together has now left me with a dreary sense of passivity: nothing happens here, something's missing, or has been lost or forgotten somewhere, something's not where it's supposed to be, I can't find what I need and I don't see anything moving anything else. The work has stretched itself out of its own form, raised its head, lost the connection between the hind legs and the poll, lowered the back, looking around, unfocused on me, out of tune: the halt has become a pause, a break. This is a bad, bad halt.

That's the place for the whip.



**Cheating on ONE\*  
side stepping**

... is a side-track, where I can cheat; create some work/s on the side, if the desire of the choreographed mind gets too strong. I can cross the line of the outlined, let the reins loose for a while, while waiting for something to reveal itself or an unexpected relation, connection, to a long-ago lost thought, buried deep within the collection.

Texts have been written without any direct link to a trace, object-movement forms have been constructed, connections have been made between things and thoughts and events that might occur during this research's life span. Traces have been captured before they have been shed, capture mechanisms have been

taken apart and reconstructed, things taken apart have been lost and replaced, lost things have been found again. Environments, situations and milieus that could enhance the possibility for a trace to fall off, as a part of the curated process, has been thought out and/or created.

**Skänkelvika**

When you ride in Swedish, your leg is not your leg. The rider's leg is called 'skänkel', from the German word for leg, 'Schenkel'. The leg is divided in two parts, över(upper)skänkel and under(lower)skänkel.

'Vika' means fold.

But 'skänkelvika' is not folding the legs. Neither is it bending the legs.

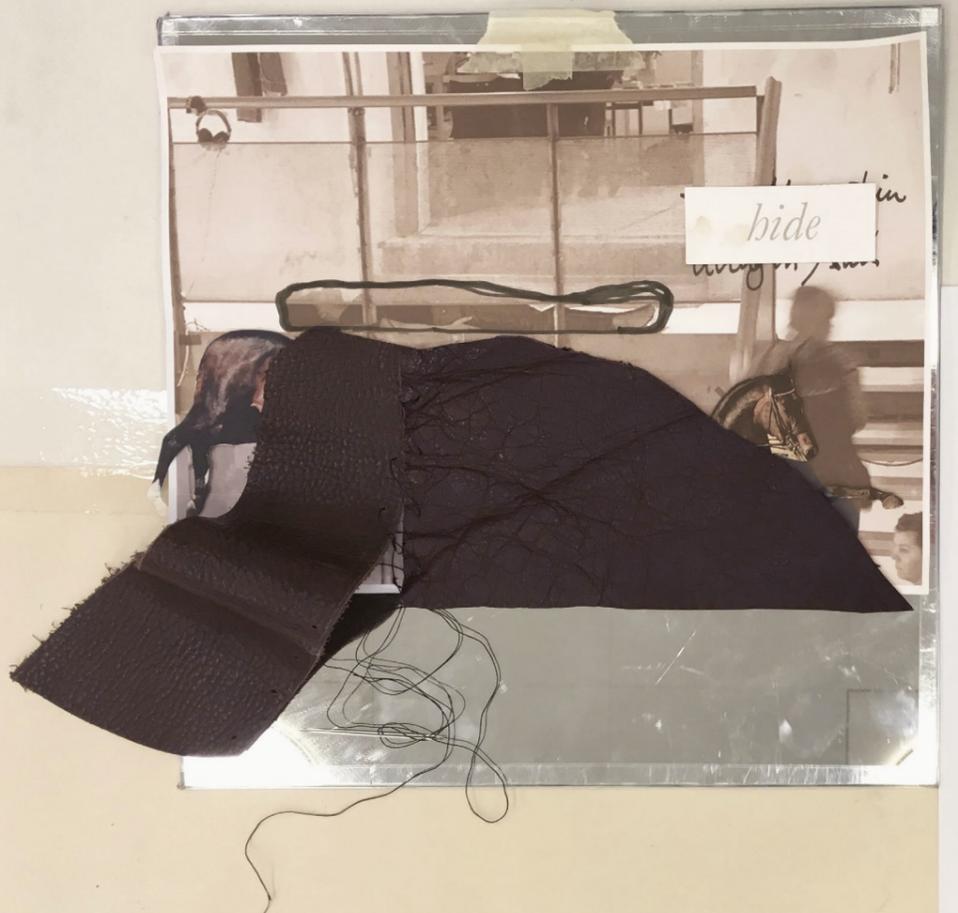
'Skänkelvika' is what the horse does, it should 'vika' away from the 'skänkel', yield from the leg, away from the sideways aiding leg. When I use my left under-skänkel on the horse it should yield away from it and cross its left front- and back leg in front of the right, moving the equipage diagonally to the right in space.

'Skänkelvika'; yield away but not fold, not fold the legs, the waist, the arms or the reins. Yield but not bend, not bend the spine, the side, the neck, neither in the rider nor in the horse.

The horse's body should be straight, with a tiny tilt in the poll, away from the direction of the movement.

Yielding to cross, one thing over the other, crossing ways.

Yielding straight across the choreography, caring for x by x.





### **No one waits for me**

It's a very early Sunday morning. It's quiet outside, and cold. The house is silent, the timber and the roof haven't started squeaking from the expansion from the warmth of the morning sun yet. I take a quick breakfast and put my clothes on at the same time, fast, efficiently. Outdoors, on the stairs, I feel like the only one awake, the silence here is different from inside, it's in everything, larger, filled with frequencies. At 5 am I get into the car and drive away, to the stable.

Everything is still. When I pass 'swan lake' I stop the car for a moment. The mist moves like creatures, hovering over the water. Two white swans are resting by the shore, slowly being rocked by the under currents.

There's a pause (waiting).

The last part of the drive is a long straight dirt road between fields. From afar I can see three horses grazing, one white, one palomino and one black: Achilles, Candy and Don Ricardo. They take no notice of me.



### Out of Context

The bit lies on the studio floor.

Considering it as a thing; thinking of all the millions of things just like this one. In saddle rooms, in shops, forgotten in stalls and piles of stuff in old barns, rusty ones hanging on nails in out-houses, gold plated ones in million-dollar horse mouths, antique ones in museums and museum storage spaces.

Considering it as a sign; as some kind of parenthesis or as the theta or fi in the Greek alphabet. Or two closed circuits joined together through a hyphen.

Considering it as a tool; a balance, a scale, a handcuff, or some kind of ritualistic thing, a betweenener.

Drifting between these and other, unidentified, possible reasons and uses for this 'thing' lying on the floor; misplaced, displaced.

It lies on a piece of black velvet. Considering it as a piece of jewelry.

It lies in my hand. Considering its weight.

I bring it close to my face. It smells of brain.

Its sound is different from when used in its proper way.

I don't want to write the word music.

BIT

It's such a small word. Seems to be over before it even started.

I between B and T.

*How do we understand something? We understand something by approaching it. How do we approach something? We approach it from any direction. We approach it using our eyes, our ears, our noses, our intellects, our imaginations. We approach it with silence ...*

### **Betweener**

To be a betweener is to be a door. The betweener can be opened, to reveal. Closed, to hide. Made to stand still and wait, like a halt. A betweener can move from one side to another, like a swinging door on hinges. It can be in a position that prevents one from seeing what's on the other side, or to only partially see what's there, or it can be fully open, providing a passage.

### **bitten**

When the horse takes hold of the bit it un-ables the rider to manipulate it, to steer, to control, to form, it un-ables communication. It takes control of the situation even if only momentarily.

bitingthebitthebitingthebitbittenthebitingthebitter  
bitthebitingbitthebitbitthebitingbitesthebitthebiting  
bitchbitthebitingthebitthingbitingthebitthebitingbit

### **bended lines bended bodies**

There's a constant negotiation in the rider's body, she's moving her legs, both the inside and the outside, half a centimeter back or forth, adjusting the placement in the saddle to what she sense is happening in the horse's body, giving more or less pressure, sitting heavier on one of her sit bones to make the horse put more weight on that side, makes a slight resistance to the movement forward, a half halt, to balance the horse, a little lengthening of the neck, a squeeze with a finger, this is a continuous correcting. All this is done in order to follow the invisible line on the ground and transfer that to the horse, to make the spine follow the exact same degree of bend as the size of the circle being ridden. One has to see it, the line, even if it's not there.





#### **The musculature**

Legs are getting too heavy to keep still in their position of hanging. How much can they hang? More than I thought. Bit by bit small segments of the muscles relax and let go, as a result my weight is shifted, just a tiny bit, but it makes all the difference while balancing on the slippery saddle on the wobbly pedestal. Without me even noticing it, it comes to my consciousness as a repercussion, a micro change in the relation between tension and relaxation has occurred, I notice it only because the pedestal rocks a millimeter to one side, which gives the effect that the whole room is tilting. A muscle asks to be released, and I know that by doing so I will lose balance and fall. I stay in that hyper awareness of the inner movements in my body, hoping that my control will sustain all the way through the performance.

A muscle makes itself known, reminds me of its work, it's work.

#### **Centouring – Ouroboros taking control**

I dreamt that I was stuck within the word centauring, its closed circuit. The word kept spinning and I was reading each letter on repeat without being able to stop. This circular motion was not at all a pleasant one, there was no way out, no way to stop reading the letters, to think them, and to hear them over and over again.

### Slowly taking form

When it has a colour, it is lead. But most of the time it's just a slithering bunch of dark contours, with a head. A head that is slowly taking form, building up from within; tendons, muscle tissue, blood. Teeth; hanging in the air. An eye as well. The right eye. When it has form it's a pulsating mass covered in a too tight skin. It doesn't move much, undulating, in place, within. When it has colour it turns and twists around itself, no beginning or end, just a mass of skin rubbing against skin.

### Still Moving

I'm alone in the stable. Most stalls are empty. The door is open and there's a soft, a bit cold, breeze entering at times. I shrug.

It's very quiet, what I hear the most is my own voice when talking to the horse, just a few words now and then. And the sound of leather and metal as they touch; each other or our bodies.

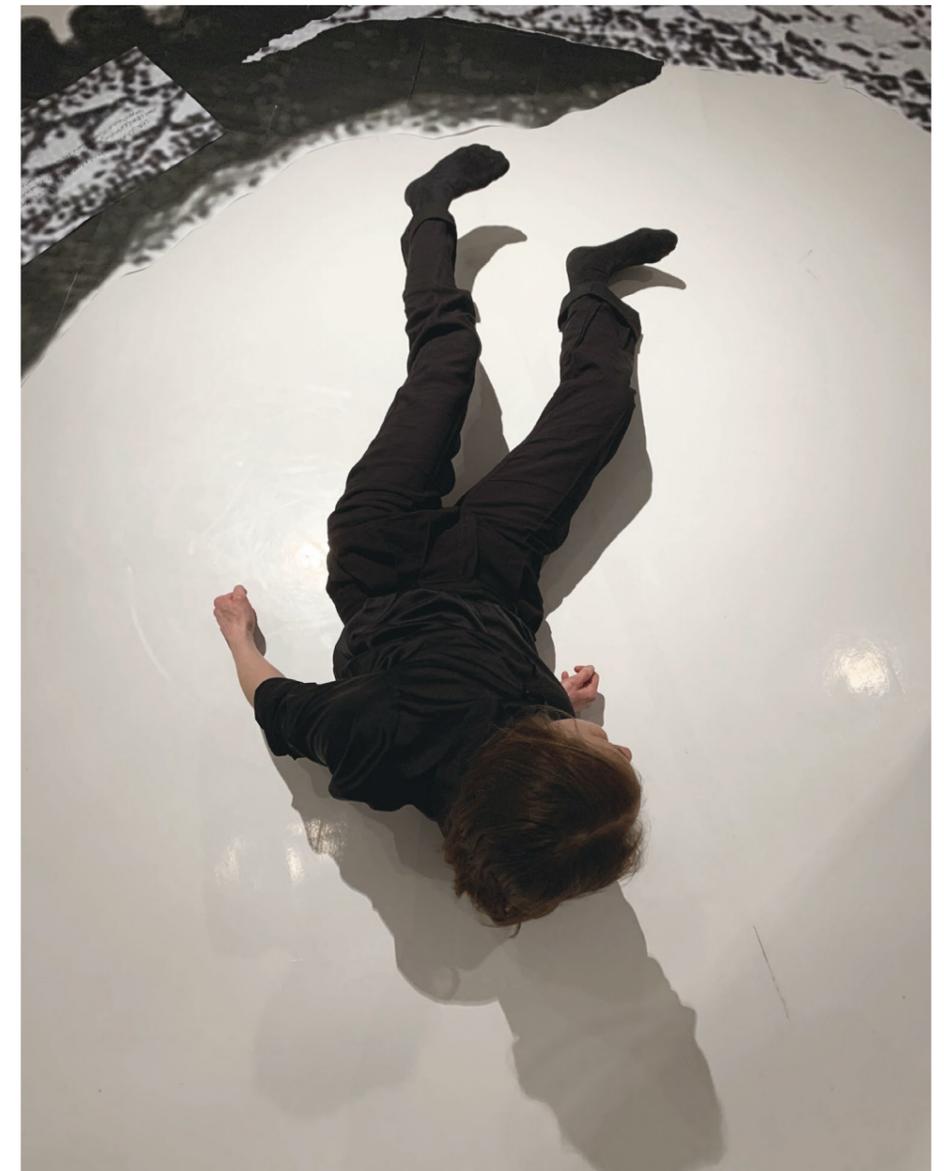
I go to the saddle room to pick up the bridle. The bit is a bit cold, so I take it in my hands to warm it up a bit before putting it in the horse's mouth.

When metal gets warm the atoms move faster, expanding the distance between each other.

I walk slowly up and down the stable corridor, thinking about what this would be, taken out of context.

### Black Out dance

Straighten out the vrid(n)a kropp, black out all the bodily interruptions, let hesitation disappear, straighten up the letters, the words, but black out the sentence. Dance the vrid(n)a kropp, in every step, every vridning as an attempt to a temporary straightening.



### Still Moving

Cicilia and Maria stand one on each side of a painting of wild horses swinging in its strings hanging from the ceiling. Both looking straight out to the opposite wall one meter in front of them. Cicilia holds a bunch of reins and bits in her hands.

A still is moving. Swinging between them like a pendulum, measuring time and space through its constricted movement. The length of the thin

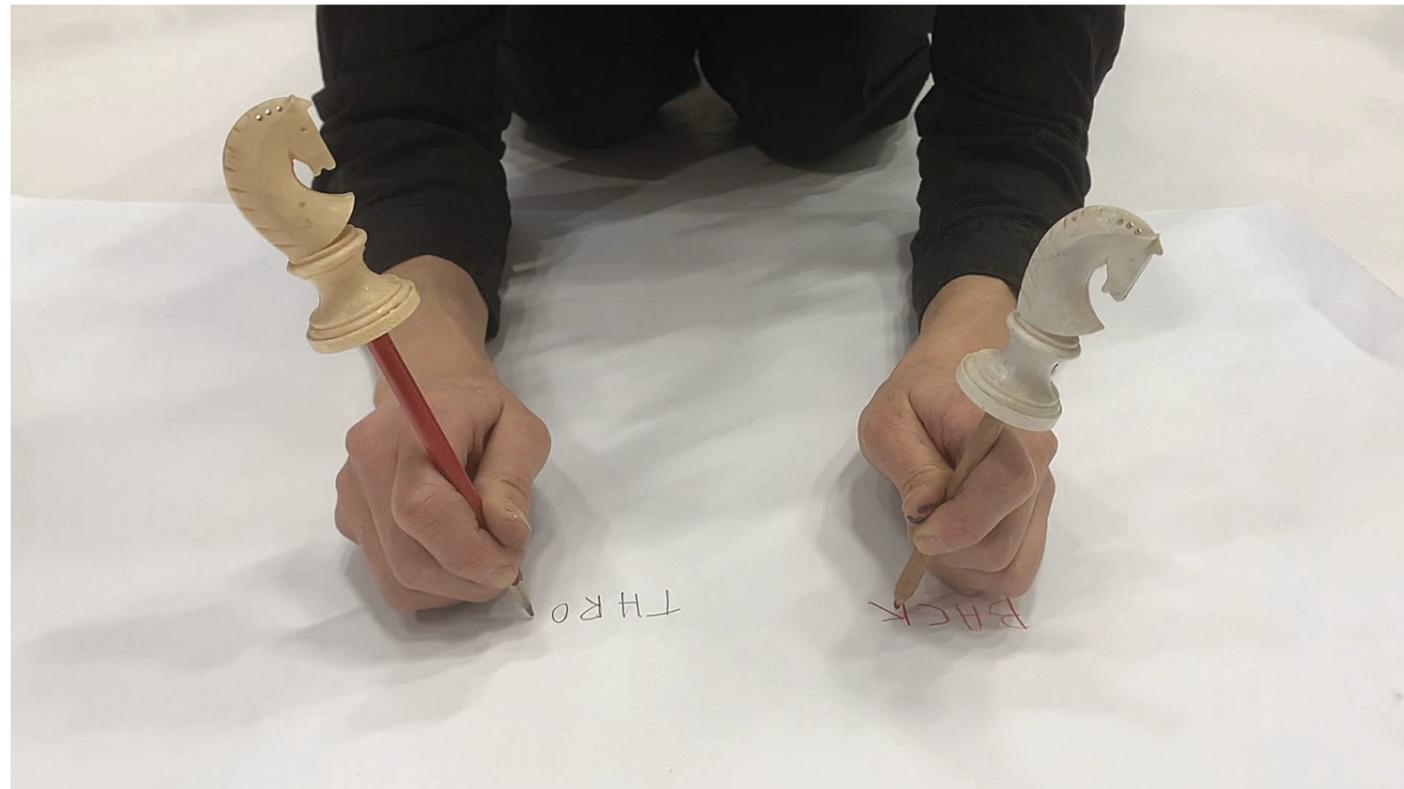
strings holds it in a tight suspense. The frequency of the swinging doesn't appeal to me, it's like riding a horse with too short legs, or too short steps. Or like seeing a horse's head moving rapidly from one side to the other by a rider see-sawing it, to get it on the bit.

For a moment, as the whole thing slows down to a minimum, the swinging movement of the horses seems almost real, but when the painting

eventually comes to a still, Maria turns towards it and gently gives it a push again. The painting is set in motion, but only so much, tamed within its swinging frame.

*Apart from the halt and salute, where the athlete must take the reins in one hand, riding with the reins in both hands is obligatory at FEI Dressage Events, but a discreet 'pat on the neck' for a well performed exercise, or for reassurance, is perfectly acceptable (as is the situation of an athlete needing to wipe a fly from their eye, or other situations such as adjusting clothing, saddle pads etc).*

*However, if the rider intentionally takes the reins into one hand in order to use either the reins or the other hand to produce more impulsion from the horse, or to promote applause from the spectators during the test, it will be considered a fault and will be reflected in the mark for both the movement and the collective mark. •*



**to be straight is the most difficult thing/  
ett enda ben ställer upp**

ett enda ben ställer upp, de andra gör om och om,  
hittar aldrig riktigt rätta sättet.  
uppåtställd  
ställ dig på den  
någons uppställning och uppsvållda staplande upp ställer sig  
i vägen

ställ dig nu ned istället och ställ dig  
mot delen av själva den ställningen  
upp  
mot tärandets milis  
exercis  
hur ställd kan du vara

akta given och givandet  
en giv i obalans ruckar till det

Rätade ut  
En rät en avig  
Var i en ställning  
giv akt

Akta dig



## Takt

'Takt', rhythm and regularity, is the first step in the German Training Scale. The 'Takt' should be the same on straight as well as on bended lines and has to be regular in all the gaits, meaning that the walk has to be a regular 4-count, the trot a 2-count and the canter a 3-count movement. Every stride has to be even and level, and the 'Takt' has to be maintained even in changes of tempo. Regularity and accuracy

are the basics for 'Takt'. When we stumble, it's not by chance, the deviation is premeditated, still it takes *me* by surprise.

It's the rider's responsibility to establish and communicate the 'Takt' to the horse, to be consistent and assisting through the aids. For an untrained eye, 'Takt', or the lack of it in terms of e.g., irregularity, is most

easily recognized in the highly demanding movements piaffe and passage.

If the *horse* doesn't move in a regular 'Takt' it's not balanced and will not be able to respond to the *rider's* whims. Therefore, establishing the 'Takt' is crucial for the *rider* who intends to proceed with a series of deviations without losing contact.



## backing up pushing forward

I'm taking a few steps backwards while keeping a vigilant eye on the collection spread out in my mind, dispersed in parts in my room, scribbled on notes, hanging from the ceiling, covering the walls, in heaps on the floor.

I'm stepping back while maintaining a close contact with any thoughts, problems or questions currently at stake at the moment in the research, as I simultaneously research the work in front of me in order to identify where a particular trace might be added or attached to something else. I'm stepping back in order for the work, in its full scale, to come to me. I reach the critical distance where I loose vibrant contact and take a tiny step back forward. The relation is now in full tension.

The interstitial mass that is at work between every part of the collection, from which I'm backing off, comes rushing towards me. The thing at hand (in hand) is like a magnet attracting iron filings, piling up to the most complex structures. All that I'm backing off from spreads to an ungraspable terrain of moving components, an

incalculable number of possibilities spread themselves out in front of me. I'm flooded by it, immersed in it. I stand with my little text fragment, piece of leather or pencil and horsehair and look around, I'm disoriented, there's no support; action, and potential action are taking place everywhere, the whole collection is in a turmoil. I'm keeping calm, knowing that sooner or later it will slow down, some parts will materialize into more graspable images, sounds, colors, words or textures that I then can identify as receivers. I can attach the thing I'm occupied with to something else from the work, another trace, and through this encounter understand it better, through this new constellation, through the thing that happens (that is) between them, the betweenner.

I stand here, on all four, square and 'on the bit', with my little text fragment, piece of leather, pencil or horsehair, ready to start to continue.

*Reinback is a rearward diagonal movement with a two (2)-beat rhythm but without a moment of suspension. Each diagonal pair of legs is raised and returned to the ground alternatively, with the forelegs aligned on the same track as the hindlegs.*

*During the entire exercise, the Horse should remain "on the bit", maintaining its desire to move forward.*

*Anticipation or precipitation of the movement, resistance to or evasion of the contact, deviation of the hindquarters from the straight line, spreading or inactive hind legs and dragging forefeet are serious faults.*

*After completing the required number of steps backward, the Horse should show a square halt or move forward in the required pace immediately. •*



### Moving support

'What is this?' (I pull an arm).  
'It's my leg, and my head is on the leg.'

We try 'even contact'. We're entangled, bound together. Body parts attached to each other in ways we don't recognize. Every string with the same amount of tension. We have to work hard to keep the contact even, since the tiniest shift of weight or movement causes a direct and sudden effect in the other and the whole structure must then be adjusted. All the involuntary movements and multiple 'aids' create an enormous 'noise' that makes it impossible to distinguish what the other 'says' and to select which signal to go with, what to follow. The following and leading in this micro-choreography must be clear, quiet, precise and in balance, each one of us must take responsibility for sensing the amount of support needed to stay calm, while moving, in this soft tension. This light support, in turn, has to be trusted, and followed, and, through that, leading will unnoticeably take over, just for a short while. It's a matter of taking the tiniest measures and, ultimately, we become intra-related. For a while.





## Anlehnung

The third step in the German Training Scale is 'Anlehnung', contact. 'Anlehnung' can be described as the contact between the rider's hand and the horse's mouth, through the reins and the bit.

To establish 'Anlehnung', the horse's pushing power from the hindlegs has to travel through her whole body without resistance, in order to 'arrive' in the bit. The rider receives this 'acceptance' of the bit into her hands, through the reins, and offers the horse support through even contact, a contact that should be elastic, but steady and soft. The rider, then, uses this collected energy and directs it.

The contact should be equal on the right and left rein, and the rider should 'feel' the mouth of the horse in her hands. The line of the reins, from the mouth of the horse to the rider's hand, should be straight. When the contact is uneven, or unsteady, it can lead to irregularities in the 'Takt'.

The more I demand contact with the work, the more it resists, stagnates, dense up and stifles. But without established 'Anlehnung' the research could end up anywhere. Even so, I sometimes let the reins loose and wait for the contact to establish itself by keeping on pushing forward, paying attention, without being too eager to 'find' something, without losing overview of the whole (ride).

An audience member tries to take the bit in the mouth, but the exhibitor immediately reacts by redrawing it. The exhibitor is the one in charge, in control, she invites the audience to partake, but only so much, the limits are set by the exhibitor. She is searching for that precise moment when the audience member gives in, makes contact with the exhibitor in the bit, in its smell, sound and glimmering surface, without taking hold of it. Without using eye contact, the bit becomes the in between thing that enables contact to take place in a third.



### the I

I listen to what happens between the things that I pay attention to, things and knowledges that unexpectedly, and eventually, through an unpredicted turn reveal something hitherto hidden, something that falls off and lands next to them. I'm directing my attention to the *between*, rather than looking straight at the traces produced by this work. I examine the effect of their tracing onto the work.

The not-knowing and the well-known collide or accommodate each other for a while, finding, through peripheral listening, where they give in, soften, attract each other. Not by looking for the traces or applying something to any of them, but by recognizing what's already there, behind my 'knowledge' of them. Staying in the territory of the unknown, inserting attention between them, like the I between the B and the T.

The I between.

### Betweener

'Betweener' is a concept used in the research project that can have different functions in different contexts. A 'betweener' can be the carrier of information, like reins between the rider's hands and the bit in the horse's mouth. An exhibitor can be a 'betweener' as e.g., in the air centaur, where the exhibitor mediates the relation between the non-present horse and the audience. The reins, when stretched out between two exhibitors in bitsandreins is the 'betweener'. A groom can be a 'betweener', as in the text *writingriding*, the one who 'knows' the horse the best and that is negotiating between the rider and the needs of the horse. The rider is a 'betweener', listening to and translating the instructor's words and feedback into physical aids and at the same time sensing the horse's response and her own bodily reactions to that.



**skins dreams snakes**

**SHEDDING**

Snakes shed skin\* mainly for two reasons; when they outgrow it or when they're injured. To shed, the snake needs to rip open the skin and from there start rolling it off. It does this by rubbing it's face towards the ground, a stone or some other kind of hard surface and when a rip is established it slowly starts moving forward, contracting the muscles and by wriggling itself forward, causing the skin to be peeled off, inside out. It does not crawl out of its own skin, it folds it back over itself, leaving the old skin facing inside out, as it continues to move forward. The new skin is soft and vulnerable.

The remnants are fragile, porous and pale, semi-transparent. Hollow. To take care of such a trace requires a gentle hand. First, it has to be recurrently recognized. I consider it from all angles. I come back to it through my eyes. I return, to listen to it. I re-spect.

**SHED (some light)**

In my dream I woke up lying on my back. Next to me was another, unknown, person lying in the same position. Inserted in both our chests, covering the whole frontside of our respective torsos, in relief, was a coiled-up snake. The snake in the person next to me was black and grey. The snake in me was brown and gold. They were both alive. We were lying there,

catatonic. I was pressed down by the weight of the snake, I couldn't move. I hovered above us, this happened some 25 years ago, and saw us lying there, from an angle from above.

When I woke up this morning, April 29<sup>th</sup>, 2019, after figuring out my situation, I had a striking vision. A coiled-up snake with a human face, a Naga, raised up as before my closed eyes. Mysterion, I was thinking, myein. In complete darkness I was face to face, eye to eye, with it.

For the week or two preceding the shedding, the snake's vision is impaired due to the loosening of the skin's outer layer.

**BEING SHED**

On a very hot summer day some years ago I visited the sand graveyard in the small village where I have my summer house. A bit on the side of the graveyard, just where the wood starts, there's a little shed. On the ground, spread around as if dropped from the sky, are old gravestones. Some are broken, others are half buried in the ground or covered in shrubbery. As I was standing there, reading the names and dates of birth and death of millers, squires, wives, priests, schoolteachers, sons and daughters, I suddenly noticed a vague sensation of another presence. Lying around,

tucked in between the gravestones, and spread among the bushes, were a large number of small snake skins; pale, dry, shimmering, paper like.

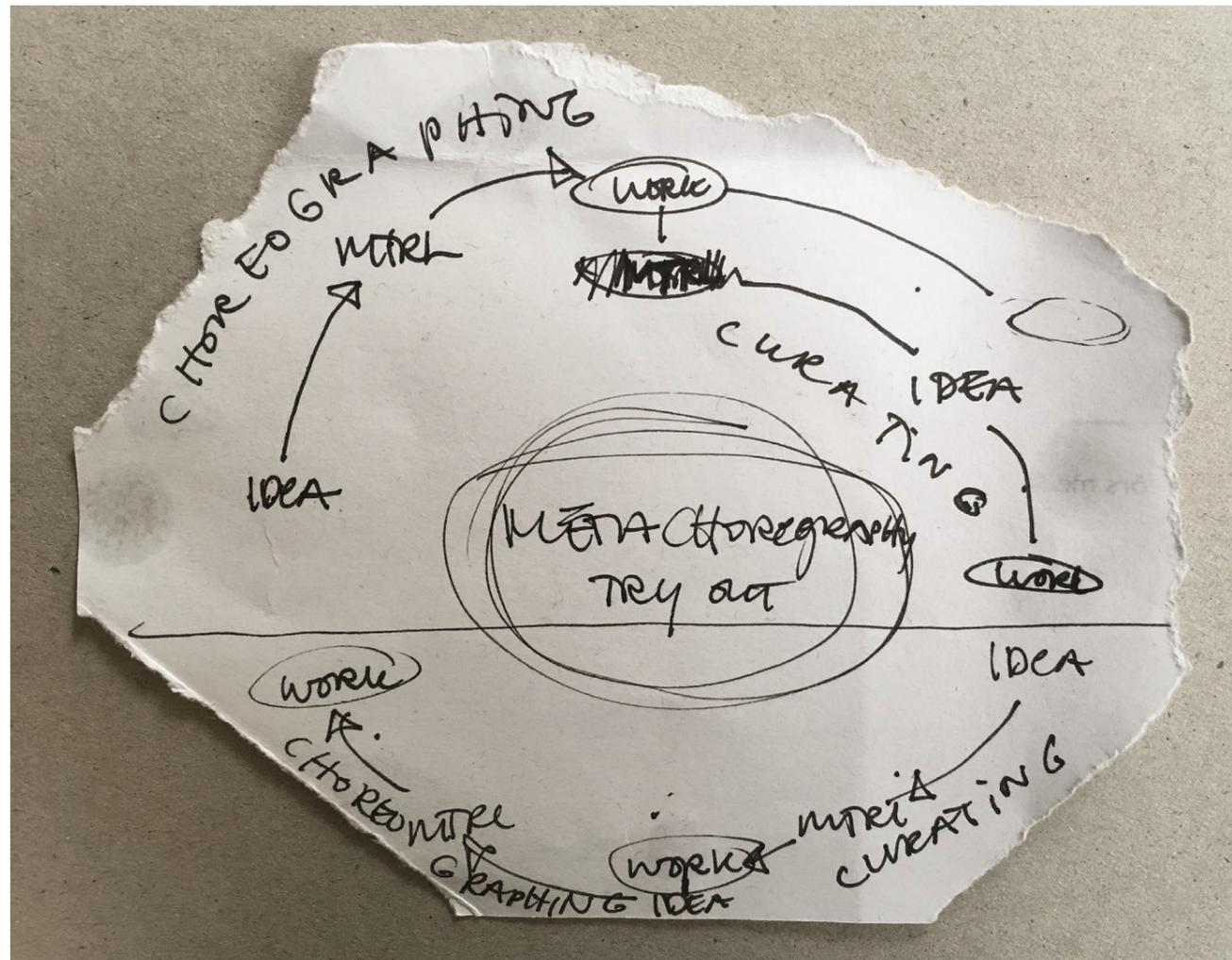
**SHREDDER**

There's a video on YouTube where one can see a man preparing himself as bait. He smears his right leg with something and then wraps it up in textile. The landscape in the frame is sandy, not much vegetation except from dry grass. There's a hole in the ground. The man with the bandaged leg approaches the hole, sits down on the ground and sticks his foot in. He continues to stretch his whole right leg into the hole, deeper and deeper, until he can't reach further, leaning his upper back and arms on the ground for support. After a while he calls and waves his left arm to his friends and helpers who then come rushing towards him. They take hold of him, start to drag him back, holding him by the arms, under his armpits, pulling him, and his leg, out of the hole. But not only him. And not only his leg. Also, the huge anaconda that has swallowed it, all the way up to his knee. The man gets handed a knife and he slit the snake open, releasing his leg from the snake.



## Versammlung

'Versammlung', collection, is the last step of the training scale. When in collection, the center of gravity is moved backwards, and the horse takes more weight on its hind legs. When the joints of the hind legs allow for greater flexion the legs can reach further in under the horse and the weight moves to the hindquarters. As a result the back part of the horse lowers, the back is raised, and the front becomes lighter and higher. The impression should be that of the horse walking uphill. 'Versammlung', thus, enables lightness and mobility of the front legs, the neck is raised with the poll as the highest point, the nose should be slightly in front of the vertical. 'Versammlung' is developed through e.g., the shoulder-in, travers and the half-halts. The rider charges the horse with energy and collects it in her hands. The horse and rider become a closed circuit.



### Collection

Self referencing is a substantial part of the work. Through time, the singular traces and works gather more and more information, becoming more dense of possible intertwining with other traces and works manifested through them.

I charge the collection by now clearly related things, texts, choreographies and images, by repositioning their relation to

each other, steering them in different directions. By working on one particular part, another one finds its form, elevates, becomes 'rideable'.

At times, the work within the collection takes precedence over the research, this 'pleasure ride' is difficult to resist. I let myself be taken for a ride.



### Losgelassenheit

The second step in the German Training Scale is 'Losgelassenheit', suppleness, relaxation, looseness, 'the state of having let go'. When in 'Losgelassenheit', the horse is free from tension, physically as well as mentally. 'Losgelassenheit' is a balance between relaxation and the kind of positive tension required for the horse to hold itself together, to not fall apart. The horse feels elastic, stays connected, has a relaxed focus, is confident and trusts the rider, it makes smooth transitions and moves easily from side to side. 'Losgelassenheit' is achieved through the way the rider rides the movements, not through the type of exercise.

## Italics

February 2<sup>nd</sup> 2018

Hi,

what a beautiful text you've written! We're thinking about if it should be placed first or last in the book ... A few comments:

\* Does the text have to be in italics?

\* Out of curiosity: why the German concepts?

\* Comments in the text, a lot of what I have marked is probably deliberate, but I have marked places where I'm in doubt.

Unfortunately, I send the first, shorter, version to Ulla and Petra, so the comment comes too late, but I send it to you anyway. This is what Ulla wrote: It is suggestive and fits well in the book, in my opinion. If she wants to keep on working with it what I think further can enhance the formation/figuration of the hesitancy and the alienation before the horse as the spatial limitation (the room, the letters) and the conceptual limitation (the nomenclature of the discipline and the metaphoric) that creates this together-aloneness.

Best regards / Jonna

February 24<sup>th</sup> 2018

Hello Jonna!

Thank you for your proof reading and comments! It's quite amazing what time does for one's own understanding

of what one's written ... I have erased a couple of parts and made some adjustments here and there. I attach the new version both as word and Pdf. I'm a bit stressed right now, would really like to look at the text again in a week, if that's ok, I understand if time's up but if at all possible I would like to have another round (I'm going away tomorrow and don't have time to work it through again before that but I know that there are possibly a few darlings in the text that might need to be erased ...), please comment if there's any part you find misplaced.

Here are my thoughts on what you commented on:

Does the text have to be in italics?

My idea with that is that I see the text as image, I see a movement forward that creates rhythm by its constant breaking into lines. In riding terminology, it could maybe be equivalent to natural impulsion that through dressage is held back and formed to the movement forms that the human prefers. I know that the text gets more difficult to read but I still prefer to keep it like that.

Why the German concepts?

In the text there are two different 'families' of German concepts. One of them, the six different levels of the German Dressage Scale, (Takt, Losgelassenheit, Anlehnung, Schwung, Geraderichten and Versammlung) is written in straight text. Here I've been thinking in forms of system/structure/acquis. The body, (the horse, the rider) is located within a system where the relation between 'the rules' (the choreography, the education system of dressage) and the exercise of these movement forms be-

comes the actual riding/dancing in practice/manifestation. The levels of the training scale are what instructors, judges and riders relate to, through each other and with different approaches in relation to the horse. Maybe it's a bit simplified but I'm thinking that the straight text functions as support, pillars and references and can be understood as a bit challenging/demanding in the rather winding italics.

The other 'family' of German concepts refers to one of the historical explanations to the meaning of the letters surrounding the dressage manège, and through their denomination (Kaiser, Hofsmarschall etc). I mean that some of the lines are set in relation to dressage's relation to its patriarchal, military and war burdened history. These concepts are consistently in italics. As a sort of resistance to these I propose, in the text, other ways to think about how one can relate to system and the order of the room/manège, through the use of e.g., *mother* or *imagination*.

All the marks that you've made in the text that could be perceived as errors are correctly written! So e.g. in dirt,t there's simply a bit of dirt in the word dirt, little is a bit less, or smaller, than little, hopefully it also creates some small notches and stumbles in the reading.

I've erased a long part that you have marked as unreadable, with the five parentheses after. I have also erased a paragraph where I address the reader, since I realize that it doesn't really work here.

Another change that I've made in the text is that a number of lines have been put within parenthesis (and others, that were earlier within paren-

thesis, have been taken away, it's more consistent now). There's a character in the text that goes under the denomination 'Betweener'. 'Betweener' is a concept that I've used in my research project that can have different functions in different contexts. In this case the 'Betweener' is the groom, the one who 'knows' the horse the best and that is positioned between the rider and the horse. All the 'lines' (thoughts) of the 'Betweener' are now in parenthesis in order to underline a quiet but critical stance towards that which is openly articulated.

Ulla's comment was outstanding and straight to the point! It's something that I often think about and that I would like to continue to work with, I hope there will be an opportunity! Send my greetings and thanks!

Best  
Marie

February 28<sup>th</sup> 2018

Hi,

I've spoken to Ulla and Petra and we all agree on that the italics becomes too hard to read. Petra writes this: I understand her argument, but I think that the reading 'resistance' gets too big, which I think is a huge loss since it's such a nice text, AND a text where every word needs to be read, so to speak.

Please, can we, for the cause of readability, put it straight?  
Best regards / Jonna

March 5<sup>th</sup> 2018

Dear Jonna,

The biggest problem with the straight text is that the concept of the text disappears, as I described in my former mail. In straight text I would have to put the German concepts in italics, and e.g., Geraderichten becomes something completely else as *Geraderichten* (contradictory). Quotation marks don't work either, 'Geraderichten', since they work as clothespins which make the words hang and hover instead of anchoring them.

With straight letters the text becomes more of a manuscript, which it, primarily, isn't. The text can be understood as, since there are no defined characters, an internal discussion, a number of simultaneous dialogues between the participants, and the italics, supports, in my opinion, the idea that the lines are thought, not spoken.

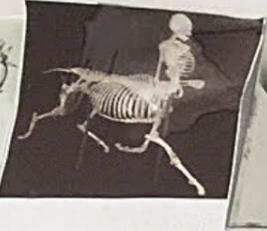
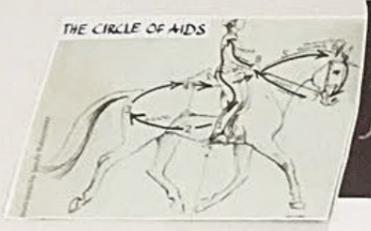
With hopes for an italic future!  
Marie

K

E

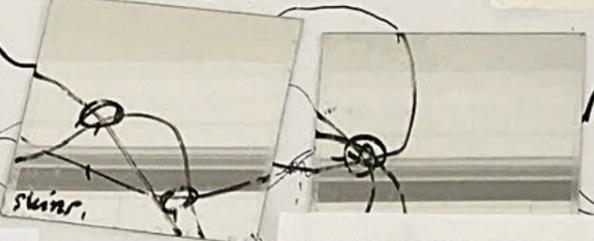
ONE -

I leave the skin dead and dry shining light behind me.



INTEREST ->

NON PRO JACERE



skinner,

IT CHOREOGRAPHS - ARTICULATION THROUGH OBSTRUCTION



CON LAB...



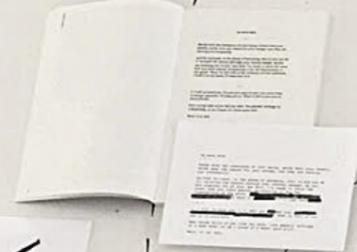
CON LAB...

Wisp die Genderrichtung

There will ride change most de uson

A HALF HALF...

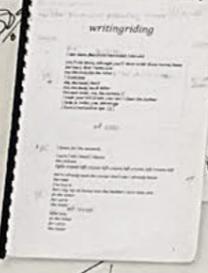
Pushen - sig de...



A

+x4

x2 containing 5%



+x1

+x2

B containing 80%

Bezeichnung Anrechnung

Widra Knapp

Huber...

Black...

Fing...

sitt pa benytet

moving support

Flan...

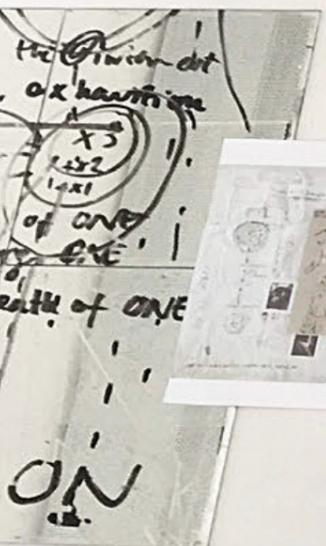


Widra RAC

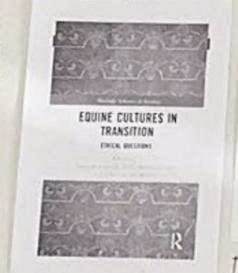


final seminar

SY...  
100...  
TAK...  
-ANL...  
-GERA...  
-VE...



x1 containing 3% performing pre-form transition



She's a good exercise

twist the wrists

to be straight is the most difficult thing

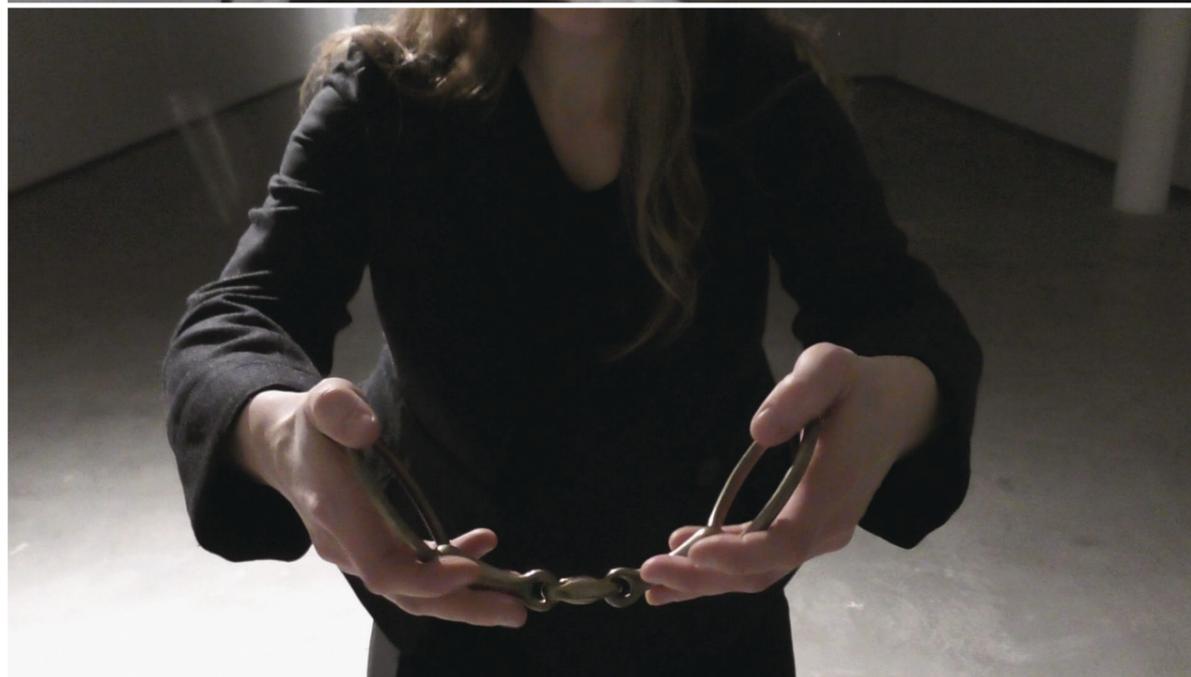
WELDEN - WENIGS WERTEN ANLENDIG  
WELDEN - WENIGS WERTEN ANLENDIG



COLLECTION

IT BOTTIM





## open

First, it's an image

Then the letters, one by one: their form, sound, texture, speed, extension

Then the first and the last: o and n, and their combinations

Then, the word: open

It seems alien

Good

Tempus: opened, opening

The immediate family: openness, opening

Extended family: open oh pen hope poem Penelope envelope slope elope ode

Prepositions to the extended family: on, above, under, around

Proposition to the extended family: go

Adjectives: slow, round

Verbs:

The pen and the power: Open (oh pen) – Hide (idea) – Power (override) overwrite

Possible titles: *Oh pen, open up, open, on open, the open, open – hide*

Who is Penelope? She is the wife of Odysseus. While he is away, every day she weaves a shroud, at night she undoes it. *Hela dagen vävde hon och på natten sprättade hon upp ...*\*

sounds slide words change syntax flows

I operate. Writing it over and over, (image: the first word and the first changes of that word), then, when the hand knows what to do, by and by I let the pen follow the hand (image), movement produces new letters (image), drawings (image), a *wordthing*.

it was *open*

... one could see

that it was bound









one step at a time  
every step in my hand  
we will come into a being bound



### **Movement Still**

*At the halt the Horse should stand attentive, engaged, motionless, straight and square with the weight evenly distributed over all four (4) legs. The neck should be raised with the poll as the highest point and the noseline slightly in front of the vertical. While remaining "on the bit" and maintaining a light and soft contact with the Athlete's hand, the Horse may quietly chew the bit and should be ready to move off at the slightest indication of the Athlete. The halt must be shown for at least 3 seconds. The halt should be shown throughout the salute.*

*The halt is obtained by the displacement of the Horse's weight to the hindquarters by a properly increased action of the seat and legs of the Athlete, driving the Horse towards a softly closed hand, causing an almost instantaneous but not abrupt halt at a previously fixed place. The halt is prepared by a series of half-halts (see transitions).*

*The quality of the paces before and after the halt is an integral part of the assessment. •*



### stitch it

I stitch pieces of leather together, leaving a space between them so that the seam becomes a visible junction, the thread criss-crossing from one piece to the other, sewing a hide. *HIDE* is one of the traces that fell off quite early in the research process, it still hasn't materialized as a work.

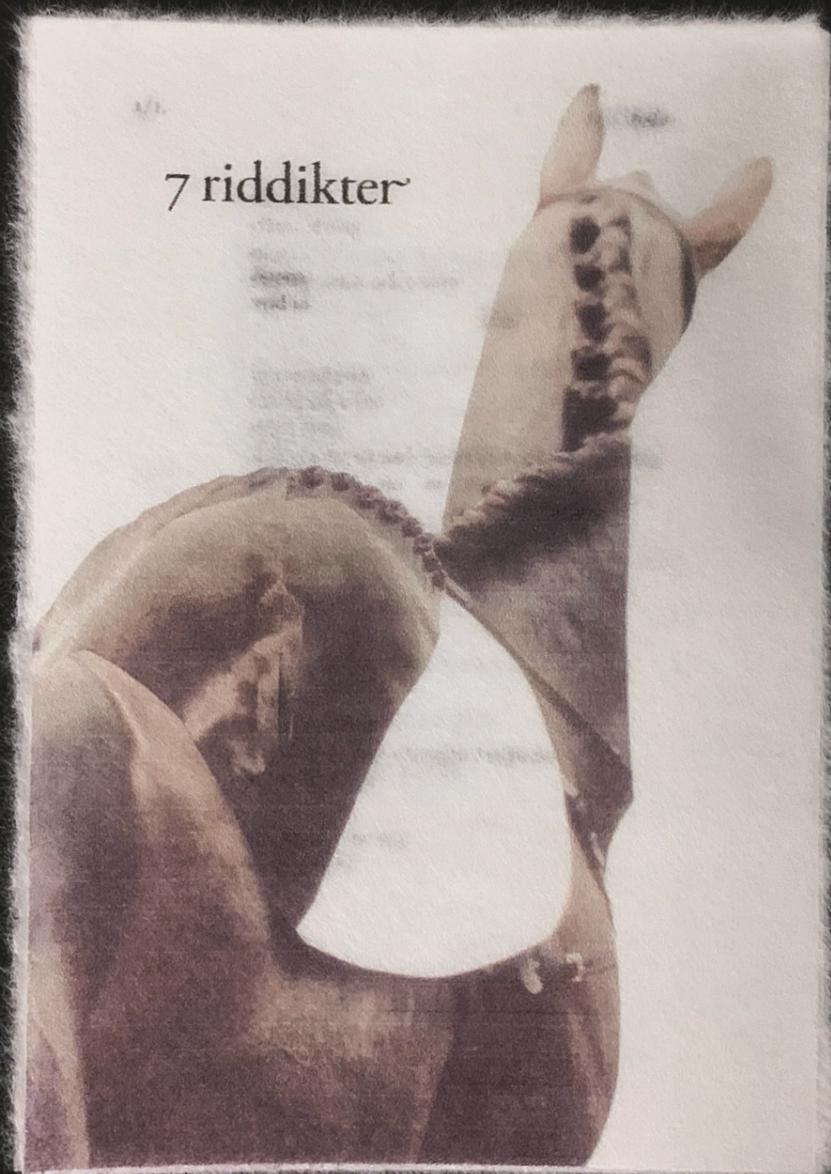
### dikt

I bought a piece of brown leather early on in the research process, my plan was to keep it with me the whole time and to take care of it, keeping it smooth and 'alive' by feeding it with leather grease and oil.

February 12<sup>th</sup> 2021. It's late in the evening, I'm at the art gallery, cutting up the piece of leather into small squares to fold around *7 riddikter*. I'm thinking about how the taking care of the leather, that didn't have any projected outcome, came to be this: a hide around letters.

'Dikt' means: as close as it can be, as close as possible

I'm holding *7 riddikter*, 'binding' it with one hand and opening the leather cover with the other. It's almost impossible to turn over a leaf. The poems, printed on 17 grams handmade Japanese paper, are so thin, and they have been pressed together, the fibers at the edges of the pages have entangled themselves to each other.



***Can I take your hands?***

No, the exhibitor never asks. She performs the choreography that offers the *thing* to the audience. She takes the hands.



**List of Hands**

wrinding hand carried hand tilted hand living hand picking hand strong hand independent hand lifting hand soft hand pushing hand giving hand withholding hand holding hand stiff hand dragging hand tense hand still hand changing hand busy hand correct hand

### handinglove

Audience member: After a while it's impossible to discern who gives the signals, who is choreographing who, or if it's a mutual practice, choreographing and dancing the hands oscillates. Impossible to know if it's me that has send a signal, received one, or just thought of doing it. When the sender gives, I, as receiver, can feel as the active since the movement moves towards me.

Audience member: The gloves, through you as a human, and this part of a dead animal, that you touch another human through ...

Audience member: The hand in glove is very interesting when it's not communication, it's something else, it's mysterious and you don't know what's going on.

Audience member: The details, a small squeeze on the left, then on the right, I wonder what they're doing.

Audience member: Artistic hyperattention, paying attention to stuff we don't pay attention to, am I the horse? ...

Audience member: When am I becoming the horse and how much should I be mastered?

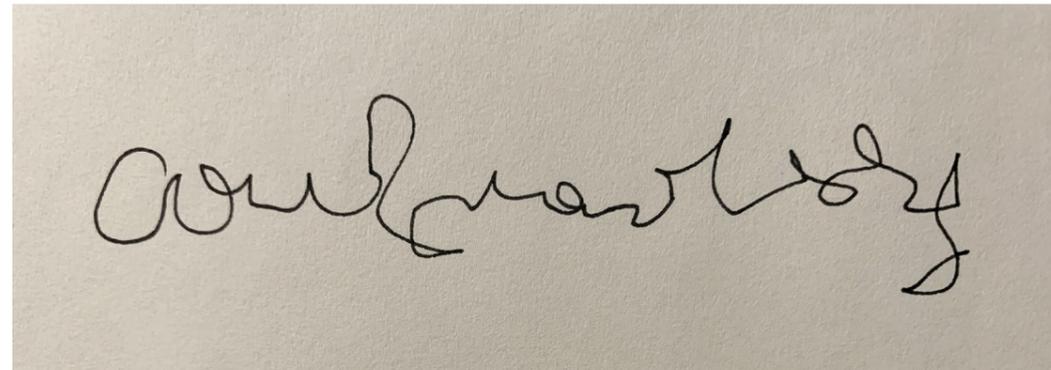




## Schwung

Impulsion, 'Schwung', is the fourth step in the German Training Scale and refers to the horse's pushing power of the hind legs. The transition of the power forward should be energetic but controlled and result in steps that are continuous rather than in staccato, and the time spent in the air should be longer than the time spent on the ground.

A horse with extensive impulsion not only moves with a high degree of suspension, the impulsion also effects the back of the horse and makes the rider sit more comfortably. 'Schwung' demands 'Losgelassenheit' and 'Anlehnung' and impulsion is crucial to collection, without impulsion there's nothing for the *rider* to receive and gather in her hands.



Suddenly, the things and words carry themselves and each other. Through a dance of instigations, they take turn, one propelling the next. The thing pushes the word and the word alters its form, becomes a *word-thing* that then, as it continues to play its part in this duet within the collection, pinches and gnaws on the thing which in turn reacts by thrusting itself forward. *wordthing* hard on the heels.

## Sluta



'Sluta' is the Swedish word for 'travers', 'haunches in' or 'tête au mur'. Directly translated, 'sluta' means 'stop' or 'finish', as a verb, but in riding it is used as a noun, to ride a 'sluta'. In a 'sluta' the frontlegs are positioned on the track and the hindlegs are moved inwards, the horse traces four paths on the ground where the hoof of the outside hindleg should be placed approximately the width of one hoof inside of the inner front leg. Seen from the front, the outside legs pass and walk pass the inside legs.

The horse is bent around the rider's inside leg, in the direction of travel, with a tiny bend in the neck, the front of the horse is straight with the forehead square to the path. The rider's and horse's shoulders are straight and the rider's pelvis is directed slightly toward the outside, parallel with the horse's.

'Sluta' is part of the schooling movements that encourage the horse to take more weight on the hindlegs, necessary for 'Versammlung'. In 'sluta', the rider's weight is transposed more to the outer hindleg that has to stretch in under the center of gravity.

this 'sluta' doesn't stop its doing



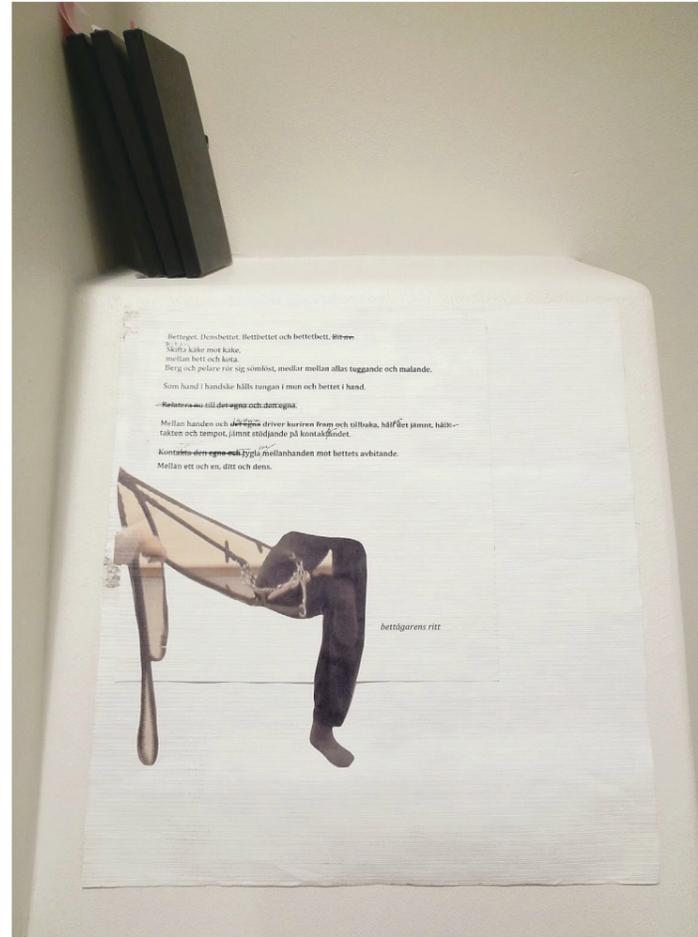


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The concept of a snake shedding skin was constitutive to the research project already in the beginning, here not accounted for.  
  
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If nothing else is stated, all photographs and video stills by Marie Fahlin.

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Marie Fahlin

Documented Artistic Research Project (Doctoral Thesis)

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