

DANCE

A DANCE

AS MAKING

A LIST,

ONE

THING

AT THE TIME.

A list is usually written as a record of short pieces of information and has often a practical function. It helps us to remember.

The shopping list

The things to do list

The guests list

The books I want to read list

When I make a list I search for the different things I want to include: sometimes they come one after the other, sometimes I have to think to find the next element. The act of making a list is giving the elements an order, as if I pick one thing up in my hand and then place it somewhere specific before I pick the one beside. When one thing is written down it is somehow over, one passes to the next. The dance from the list score also has this kind of attention-span. Something is taking the attention of the dancer, who finds their way to dance with it. When that is over, complete in its way, there may be something else taking the dance further or there may be a pause before finding the next element.

I don't have a specific idea about what the element of the dance/list can be, I am not concerned about a specific topic or theme. My interest is more in the rhythm and pace of the dancing and the direction of the attention.

I have been practicing the score with my friend and colleague Andrea Deres during the rehearsal of *Homemade Remedy for Patching Time* in my fourth semester. My impression is that the score invites a dance that is precise but abstract, clear in its quality but abstruse in its variety. What comes to mind are the most disparate things and it was exciting for me to see Andrea deal with very different materials, each with its texture and timing. I have seen Andrea and observed myself getting immersed in one specific 'thing' to then pass to the next or come to a moment of rest that is also a moment of searching or allowing things to emerge. There is a specificity in the movement that I favor. There is a feeling of dealing with something important that requires the fulness of attention, but without wanting to exhaust the topic and with the tendency to leave the thing when it comes to a moment of resolution that feels like a pause in a conversation. I pick up and I let go, because if I hold too long or too strongly it disappears. I hold the moment/thing and make an attempt to give it the energy, care and attention to be able to find its contours, to make it present and 'visible' for the audience too, but then I go to the next, I continue the list.

The score was written as a possible way to make a dance like painting a still life (see *Still Life & The Pensive Image*). Even if it sounds impossible because a dance is happening through time and a painting is an image suspended in time. To get around the time-paradox I resorted to language as an in-between stage: a moment of calling, of giving names to things that can be applied to both the image and the dance. Probably it happened by imagining composing a dance of things and finding myself naming those things. From this the idea of a dance as a list and the following score. The list became a strategy to dilute the painting through time with one thing appearing after the other. In one step I passed from image, to word, to movement without much thinking about it. Looking at it now I believe it is revealing something about the importance of language in my process: the talking to myself and naming what I see and imagine that is often accompanying part of my dancing. I think this naming is rooted in the belief that when something is named is evoked and becomes present, so that the dancing and the naming become two parallel processes of calling forth. I see the name, the written or spoken word, not as defining language but more as a magic spell.

As preparation to dance the score Andrea and I wrote some different kinds of lists. One we especially enjoyed was: a list of found things, which was the list that felt closer to the dancing practice of the score. Here two examples:

a potato
a sprout growing on the potato
a diamond ring
a finger
a pocket
some dust
a mint
something fuchsia
a river
a boat
a letter
a bottle
a flag
a star

green peas
swinging
potatoes
lifting skirts
Gulliver
machete
iron pipe
asphalt
bits of plastic (red)
the tongue when it get stuck licking something frozen
angel
here and now
Björk
saliva