

01/11/22 – *Practice Field Notes*

0. BASIC INFO

Location: GW

Day: 01/11/22

Time: 14:00 - 15:00 / 16:00 - 17:00 (sunset)

Weather: post storm -> clear -> blustery

Notes: Samhain candle burns in the window, out to shoot the fungi I saw yesterday & gather wood. Found a curious little drop of water (dropping place?)

[see video and images... macro]

1. CASUAL WALK / PHOTO WALK

Location / Zone(s): 9

Discoveries & Observations: dropping place, sunset clarity

Notes:

2. STILLNESS / SILENCE / MEDITATION

Zone:

Notes:

3. WRITING #1 : *What am I bringing to the Space?*

Notes:

4. CHECKING IN W/SELF AND SPACE

Notes:

- drawn to the drop
- changeable, restless, intentional, vibrant

5. FREE MOVEMENT

Zone(s): 9, 2, 3

Notes:

- sun dance, backlit, embodying the raindrop & dropping in the abstract
- sun drop
- drop from branch, succumbing to gravity, the stag nearby, who hung like a drop & now rehung until gravity slowly pulled him apart

6. STRUCTURED/GUIDED MOVEMENT

Zone(s): 2

Notes: drop/hang experiment, semi-structured, partly improv, as in the moment

7. REFLEXIVE WRITING

Notes:

Ext Doc: PhD-Master_rev1a.scr->reflexive journaling(field notes)->November-
>01/11

“Yesterday was Samhain, lit a candle at sunset expecting it to go out overnight but it made the full 24 hours and burns still (I think).

This afternoon during a dry spell I went out to the fallen tree to photograph some cool fungi and gather a bit of wood. Found a small stem hanging down from some bracket-like fellas on a branch. Periodic drops of water drew me in. The inverted lens showing a tiny upside-down forest, all encapsulated there so Blake-like... and not only there, drops by the millions all across the forest. But this one took my interest and held it and drew me down to this tiny crumb of the forest—a space containing a reflection of the whole. I think Leibniz must have had this in mind as part of his model for monads. But even more than an image, the clinging drop of water holds sigil for the rushing streams, drenching storms, trickling rivulets, swollen mushrooms, thriving vegetation, healthy animals, functioning insects, decaying leaves, and the very breath of the forest.

I took various shots and footage, giving it center attention, framing its growth, emergence, and fall. Yet another form of forest morphology. The way the drop buds on a branch, dangles like fruit, stretches and falls to the earth like leaves. Subject to gravity... formed by gravity.

I managed to reach the willow with the camera just at sunset, so I improvised a dance in silhouette, flirting with the sun and its rays. The setting sun. The dropping sun. I tried to hold these concepts in my body as I moved, remembering how the drop formed and fell, remembering how it reflected parts of the forest, inverting them. Remembering how my body dropped to the floor when I learned of my mother's death. How loss buckles us, plucks us from branches, gives us over to gravity. How her body must have dropped to down the embankment and into the empty ditch. What other drops formed and swelled and fell after the silence, in the lingering echo. Remembering, too, the stag that hung by his antlers, how we hung him horizontal from the willow until gravity slowly stretched him out (with help from storms, from water), and so recently separated his head from spine. The spine dropped just yesterday. Vertebrate dangling. Ribs falling. And me, remembering and moving, and feeling a few times like I was falling into the sun.

Then I went to the willow and the Stag and tried to be the drop on the branches, to relax my muscles and let gravity slowly drag me from the friction of the branch. Allowing myself to give over completely to the force and fall. The muscles so instinctively want to cling. It takes more focus and intention to release, to let go.

What was I reflecting/refracting as I hung there, waiting to drop?"