

WORDS
THAT
SENSE
THEIR
WEIGHT
SPACE
IN
WRITE
THAT
BODIES

MARIA

FERREIRA

SILVA

DANCING THIS DANCE OR HOW TO BEGIN

This publication is a choreographic gesture. It is composed as a dance and/or as a collection of dances. Dances which may manifest themselves in different tempos, be they physical or imagined. Some are ongoing, some have ended, others overlap or will begin as soon as the reader meets these pages.

This is the prelude.

The hands that are now holding what once was a tree, and the eyes resting on the chemicals of the ink are already performing parts of the choreography. This piece has just begun. From here, the felicity of this performance will only depend on this object being carried in space and through time. Perhaps even transformed into sound or other performative opportunities. Most words on these pages are impatient to step out, jump, slide off, glide, leak, travel, fall, ascend, transcend, and explode from the flatness of this material.

Karen Barad talking with Catharine Malabou.

PREFACE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

PLASTICITY AT THE DUSK OF WRITING

This book is about entanglements. To be entangled is not simply to be intertwined with another, as in the joining of separate entities, but to lack an independent, self-contained existence. Existence is not an individual affair. Individuals do not preexist their interactions; rather, individuals emerge through and as part of their entangled intra-relating. Which is not to say that emergence happens once and for all, as an event or as a process that takes place according to some external measure of space and of time, but rather, namely the issue of determining whether the space of confrontation between that time and space, like matter and meaning, come into existence, are the two negativities is directly or purely a matter of juxtaposition. In other words, is the line of difference the same as the line of negation, dialectical and differential—driving a gap that tends to close down a difference, here and there, past and future, or does the track of the gap threaten the formation of form itself? Returning to the question, therefore, by what means, how?

The actors and their parts thus substitute for one another, move around, are exchanged and in this way present what I consider the decisive question, place according to some external measure of space and of time, but rather, namely the issue of determining whether the space of confrontation between that time and space, like matter and meaning, come into existence, are the two negativities is directly or purely a matter of juxtaposition. In other words, is the line of difference the same as the line of negation, dialectical and differential—driving a gap that tends to close down a difference, here and there, past and future, or does the track of the gap threaten the formation of form itself? Returning to the question, therefore, by what means, how?

What does it mean, therefore, to write a mask, how? again we see clearly an agonistic tension between two actions, butions that happen? Writing an acknowledgment cannot be a matter of simply committing to paper key moments and key individuals identified and selected from various scans through the book of memories written into and preserved in the mind of an author. Memory does not reside in the folds of individual instances confronted. For the two sides of the mask, the two conceptions of brains; rather, memory is the enfoldings of space-time-matter written into the universe, or better, the enfolded articulations of the universe in its matter. It is not just a matter of two sides but rather a sharing of sides on both sides. There are two forms of dislocation in each half: splitting to the power of two. In each half we find temporal differentiation at work. This is the topic at the heart of two of my books, *The Future of Hegel* and *Le Changement Heidegger. In The Future of Hegel*, I write: "Time, as deployed in this philosophy is neither a univocal nor a fixed concept. In fact, Hegel means (and on two 'times' at once)." In *Le Changement Heidegger*, I suggested that "reading Heidegger always amounts to having one's sight constantly blurred by entanglements and responsibilities of which one is a part. The past is the rhythm that makes time itself impossible to fix like a package, or a scrapbook, or an acknowledgment, or a never-always in the past and always in the future." So this acknowledgment does not follow (and does not not follow) the tradition of an author reminiscing about the long process of writing a book and naming supporters along the way that made the journey possible. There is no singular point in time that marks the beginning of this book, nor is there an "I" who saw the project through from beginning to end, nor is a single epoch. I had to come to understand the following enigma: why do such writing a process that any individual "I" or even group of "I's" can claim credit for. In an important sense, it is not so much that I have written this

I'm **in** my room. **It's** my father's fifty-eight birthday **this** week. We are **at** our family's summer house enjoying **the** last summer days **of** September. **The** first time I came **here** was **in** July 1988. I was two months old. I **still** come **here** whenever I can. **It's the** place I recharge energy **and** feed **on** wildness **and** quietness. **The** house was built **by** my grandfather when my father was **a** teenager. **The** story goes **that the** first time my grandfather came **to** this village, **it** took him two days **to** get **here**, riding **on a** donkey. An effort **that** was well worth making **in** order **to** see **the** Atlantic Ocean **for the** first time.

The house is **in** poor condition **now**, **and it's in this** eroding landscape **that** I've made **the** decision **to** work **on this** publication. **To** write. Expanding **and** stabilizing aspects **of** my artistic practice is **a** necessity. I have had **a** monogamous relationship **with** ephemerality **for** far too long **in** my performance practice. I need **to** challenge **it and** find ways **to** anchor thoughts **on** paper, yet make sure **that the** ones **that** get printed keep **on** moving **and** redirecting my performance practice.

I've always carried **a** notebook **with** me, yet I never consider writing **as** part **of** my choreographic practice. I have used **it** mostly **as a** form **of** orientation **and** documentation during creative

processes. Especially when I work as a dancer, rehearsal director, or on costume design.

This is a letter to my future self that underlines my commitment to writing. It functions as the first stepping stone, in anticipation of the body of words that will be formed from here on. Which entanglements will emerge through engaging with writing as a choreographic practice? What are its bodily implications? How to commit to the sitting position and the extra hours in front of a computer screen? How to engage with the flow of thoughts when they restrain physical practice?

	I sit,
	I insist,
	I go,
I invite you to come towards	Far deep,
me.	I write.
I let you sound through me.	To write,
	And move
My fingers	Beyond
My thoughts	To find,
My body	The dance.
Get to be moved by,	The words,
	To fit,
Memory, imagination, and	The sound,
emotions.	The moves,
Continuously.	Those moves.
Observing stillness as a	To write,
movement.	I write,
Words that don't ever come...	I write,
Words that never mean what	I write.
they want to mean,	
or what they promise they	
mean.	
To turn. Around.	
To spiral from and toward.	
to move the edges.	

LISTENING

WITH

BOTH

HANDS





Yes^{*4} Practice

Yes to confusion
Yes to long nourishing
conversations
Yes to dancing
Yes to taking time
Yes to falling in love
Yes to challenges
Yes to saying yes
Yes to knowing your
boundaries
Yes to saying NO every
single time is needed.

ADMINISTRATIVE

PRACTICE

Time-consuming gorgeousness

Procrastination in Drag of work affairs and duties

Day-to-day resistance realness

Luxurious and long-lasting toxic relationship type

24/7 unconditional induced availability

Sun in hell

Rising sign in digital nomadism

Moon in Pisces

Colorful problem-unsolving proudness

Perfect perpetuation of impossible urgent deadlines

WRITING PRACTICE

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WRITING PRACTICE

WRITING PRACTICE

DOCUMENTATION
(HOTEL ZURI

BY

PRACTICE
FASSBIND)

8:30 am Alarm 1 - snooze

8:33 am Alarm 2 - snooze

8:36 am Alarm 3 - snooze

8:40 am Alarm 4 - snooze

8:56 am Shower

9:12 am Reading the article: Developing a strategy for the conservation of performance-based artworks at Tate, Journal of the Institute of Conservation, Lawson, Finbow, Marcal (2019)

9:36 am Breakfast (made a cheese sandwich with cucumber and red pepper + black tea) - unusual choice

10:00 am Zoom class with CP on documentation practices

11:44 am Text message on the rehearsal director's WhatsApp group - one of the performers is ill - I will have to perform for him in about 7h

11:50 am Still in the Zoom meeting- I explain what my documentation practice is at the moment - I'm not sure I know what I'm saying

12:02 pm End of zoom. Begin to learn S's role

2:00 pm Lunch break - bad ramen from around the corner - not to be repeated

3:55 pm At ST's door to give him chocolate I brought from Brussels plus a notebook I made

4:15 pm At the halle (Schauspielhaus Zurich). Warming up alone on the immense Mondrian floor while the technicians clean the space. It's noisy and busy

5:10 pm CR arrives. She helps me go through the different costumes together

5:30 pm Call for notes - we can't start, not everyone has arrived

5:39 pm We start working - O and T go through the notes from Friday's performance

6:40 pm Buying takeaway food for after the show at the theater canteen. The person behind the counter is clearly not happy to see me nor do they want to sell me food

It's beyond my understanding. I do my best to not lose my temper and act friendly - I really need the food

6:50 pm Makeup call for lashes

6:55 pm Lashes on - I realize I've lost all upper view range, it's now occupied with fake body hair. Weird

7:30 pm Show begins

9:25 pm Show ends

9:45 pm Back in my hotel room

9:46 pm Opening my inbox to find out that my next morning flight to Stockholm has been canceled and automatically rebooked for a direct flight later. Will be missing 1h extra hour of class. Too tired to even get too annoyed

10:03 pm – Phone call with my father. Lovely. We had not spoken for a few days

11:36 pm Shower

00:38 am In bed

ROOMS (2012 – ongoing) is a photographic practice that emerged as a by-product of my work as a freelance dancer. I began photographing the rooms I would spend the night in, either at the moment of arrival or at the moment of departure and sometimes both. This became a small artistic obsession that I kept entertaining not always on a regular basis, but with enough insistence for it to continue until today.

My relationship with photography became a thing at the time I was studying analog photography. Through the doing, I noticed its proximity to the way in which I compose and craft in dance. Around that time, I began a profound artistic partnership with a Pentax K1000, a camera that I inherited from my aunt Lena (much used by her in the early 80s on advice from the late Portuguese photographer, Augusto Cabrita). I remember the way the camera fit in my hands and how it made poetry each time I would simply place it in front of my eye. I remember the pleasures of the dark room, the enlarger where I would edit the photographs, the chemical baths used to develop the photographs, and the sensation of waiting endlessly for the results. I also remember completely losing my sense of time in that space, which happened twice a week, every week, throughout the two years I took that course...

In an unconscious desire to maintain a photographic practice, ROOMS began before I knew it. It emerged from a practical approach to photography, as an immediate response to place. Initially it was a form of documentation, it was only retrospectively that I began to comprehend its scale and its potential poetics. I also noticed how I was using repetition as a method to both refine the work and to grow the series. The series explores the fine line between the intimate and the public bringing a sense of poetry to the mundane. It

generates a collective body of photographs which together form a landscape of resemblances and differences; in tone, texture, shape, volume, and rhythm.

As the person taking the photographs, I experience the movement of many bodies and temporalities in each space. I sense my own memories and those of others. I access stories that reside in the past and will belong to a future that can only exist in the subjectivity of my experience of the present. I touch upon the ghosts in space that may just as well be particles of dust from dances that never existed. I imagine choreographies sculpted during REM, within the folds of the bed sheets, with no witnesses, and only performed in the documentation of their absence.

Perhaps this practice has become a failed attempt to stretch time and to catch glimpses of ephemerality? Does a photograph produce otherness via its very existence? Is this practice a wish to get a hold of feelings, memories, and places or instead, a graphic love letter to a future viewer? Is it 'notes to self' wishing for successful night-performances of sleep, pleasure, and indulgence hoping for intriguing landscapes of wrinkles and folds the morning after?

In the periphery of this practice, I've begun using sleep beyond its biological function and to look at it as performative. The ability to rest overnight in different spaces on a regular basis has challenged my capacity to sleep. I have developed strategies for my body to rest and feel safe in unknown places, and part of that process was to learn to sleep in specific positions and to use accessories to block light and/or sound. On a subtle level, I've learned to integrate the room's choreography of size, texture, smell, color, temperature, and firmness - or lack of - to craft my sleep and the night dances that come with it. Arriving from the periphery into the center, I'm framing questions of labor, distribution, sustainability, privilege, and precariousness both in my personal and professional life, accepting opacity, temporarily.

I dance when I'm at work
sleep. I dance
and some-
I dance from
my ancestors,
and for the
all my cells,
skin, and im-
love seeing
too. And the
the animals. I
tunes at the
and in my liv-
the curtains down so the

and over a good night of
with others
times alone.
and through
with history,
future. With
fluids, bones,
agination. I
others dance
trees. And
dance to good
supermarket,
ing room with
neighbors don't see me.

The clouds are moving constantly as a reminder that nothing is ever still. Buildings seem to be solid and fixed, but they are silently deteriorating. Gravity has a constant, agential force on us. **My** hand feels heavy and glued to this piece of paper or the computer. I don't know anymore, when was this text written? How many times has this happened before? Where do thoughts and words come from? **Leave** it and/but/or be with it. What would happen if I were to escape from this moment? Away from your eyes, your head? Away from the page in this book? Where would I disappear to? I want to resist the idea that I would enter just another similar dimension, with similar qualities and constitutions. Would it still be me? How would my **body** feel, what would it be **like**? Will I be other in my same old self? With an attraction towards the sun, water, and dragon fruit? No one will ever know and it's probably not even that important, although I find myself often giving some thought to it. I mean... surely I would not-not be me, would I? The eyeballs are balls inside the eye socket that slide in between fascia tissues and **liquids**. The eyes and nearby the nose which **is** nearby the mouth which is nearby the ears. Today my **left** arm is slightly **longer** than my right arm. I've noticed this happening sometimes. I've also noticed how the pen is an extension of my thoughts. Or perhaps an extension of the paper that is commanding my thoughts? The emptiness of the pages offers me so much...The sun is shining and that hasn't happened since I arrived **here** two weeks ago. It's 10 am and the sun is rising. Unfamiliar memories. Sunrises are beautiful, yet I **like** sunsets even more- the golden moment of the day - what a celebration! I wish we all would celebrate more. **And** more is just more! There is no other way around it. This is a sparkling warning. The few clouds in the sky move the same way they were moving when I started **looking** at them. I'm still sitting on the same chair and my hand is still feeling heavy on this piece of paper, or computer(?), **it** is still unclear. Sounds that come and go, the caresses of a cat on my **legs**. Yes. I could very much dance this dance. I just

got distracted for 10 min. Was I gone, dancing the dance in my head space? I wonder what happened... I could suggest the hypothesis where my gaze gently guided my attention away from this writing into a dimension where I felt my body kind of **disappears**. I could be only constituted by thoughts but I will avoid theories. Their unexpected presence catches me off guard. Analysis damages poetry. Magic happens sometimes but one can't predict it. And with that the rate of change and predictability and unpredictability... Jonathan Burrows wisely nailed it! Uncertainties are not to be answered, which I very much appreciate. But how to go on when answers are given to all questions? Curiosity is my kind of drug. This is a **lie**. I **like** to know things. I **like** to know. I **like**. I. I've **learned** to embrace non-**linear** processes and unconventional thoughts. I was told once that eating a banana with cheese was **a** weird thing. My mother would give me that to eat all the time as a child. That became part of my constitution. I would arrive home from school and hang around with her in the kitchen while she cooked dinner. We would tell each other about our day. I still eat bananas with Flamengo cheese but I've also experimented with variations on Comté and Gruyère. Different places, different food. Distance. Off balance. Sugar puts me on the edge - is my best enemy. I'm convinced that the amount of sugar I've eaten ever since I can remember is the reason why I have so many gray hairs already. They do their own revealing and hiding **dance** every single day. Sometimes I am surprised. Sometimes I surprise them. I catch myself back. Back of my back. Back on my back. My back on the floor and the floor of my back. What if I could carry the epicenter of planet earth on my back just by resting on the floor **longer**? Proximity. Time. Matter. Perspective. Front. Direction. The way we relate to thoughts and objects changes **through** time. The way we relate to people changes through **life** too. Noticing direction, following intuition and writing as it comes. Attempting to create and generate. Hold the pieces together in some specific way for a moment. Holding on to things and people until it's **time**

[illegible]

[illegible]

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SO...





Excerpts of a conversation with KS about their experience in the role of rehearsal director for the past 15 years.

MFS What is a regular day at work?

KS I guess coming around nine and taking care of office duties, like schedules. And then there's a meeting. Communicate with the technicians if there's anything to be prepared... Or cleaning up notes and all kinds of preparation in the morning - even though there was not really time to do this stuff - it was more like, meetings. Production meetings, weekly meetings, future planning, touring meeting, art team meeting... And then from 11:30 starts rehearsal. Rehearse the whole day basically with a lunch break. And then you finish around...Six. So, from nine to six mostly.

MFS What did you learn through time? What changed through time?

KS I don't know... you get more and more experience as you go. You no longer take an hour to do a schedule, only half an hour... Yeah, I think efficiency and problem-solving got much, much better. I mean, I see how a choreographer in a freelance world works. I don't say anything, but often I'm like, they're losing so much time right now just because they're not organized, you know?

MFS How was it to navigate through different artistic directions, different choreographers, and

different groups of performers? How did that affect and inform the work?

KS I think with artistic directors, it's important that you're aligned well with their value system. What is interesting is that, because they're at the top, it falls down, and it really informs how the rest of the organization has to work. With choreographers, sometimes you have to be dancing, sometimes you are just taking notes, sometimes it's a technique that you know so you can do some coaching... It depends if it's the first time you are working with them or not...

MFS And how are these slower and longer-term tensions lived on an everyday basis?

KS I make it work. So, I take the information the director gives me. I take some of my values plus I apply some of theirs to make some kind of patchwork. In the long run, I think it's how you can go on in a way that still makes the machine roll. Same with the dancers. I think it's what avoids big conflicts. Yeah, you negotiate with yourself mainly, as the middle person. It doesn't fit everyone to be a rehearsal director. Take a lot on yourself, let go of a lot of things, try to be a good listener. I mean there's a lot of psychology involved in all these things, my

God! Because it's people...

MFS What is it like when you work for the first time with a choreographer?

KS My method is first to really observe, just like a dancer. I would be more like sitting, listening, taking notes or keywords and things like that. Very quiet in the beginning. It's as if I've started far behind, and suddenly by the premiere, I'm beside the choreographer. I know enough then so that I can talk about the work, I can teach, give notes, and formulate an opinion.

MFS And how do you work on documentation? Do you always use the same method, or do you use different methods for different works?

KS Video is a recurrent method. [Laughter] What the video does is that it sparks muscle memory. So, the video is the most stable tool, then, notes. It depends on what the choreography is. As an example, if the choreographer leads a practice, I just keep typing all the words. It's important to get the same vocabulary as the choreographer. It makes the dancers

calmer and comfortable because they don't think I'm inventing anything new. [Laughter]

MFS How did you and/or the institution deal with mental health, well-being, and caretaking in the work environment?

KS They don't really take care of it well. It's either: you are cut out for it or you're probably going to get a burnout, or you are going to quit. And once you get a burnout it's over. So no, I would say institutions are not really taking care of it.

MFS And what would you say to people that are now starting this job?

KS Yeah... [Long pause] Good luck. [Laughter] I think it depends on the work ethics of the company; it depends on where the company is at... Is it in a change? How is the atmosphere and culture? Do people like each other? How much tension there is in the company... In general, I would say, think of how you're going to get the trust of the people. Also, think if it is good for the others more than it is for you. And just like a performer, you still must be creative within someone's work.

STEALING

(In progress)

PRACTICE

My stealing practice is limited to movements and words. The other stuff is insufficiently appealing to me.

Sometimes I borrow things for a very long time without asking. For instance, last year I borrowed words from twelve manifestos written by thirteen artists - who happen to be my classmates - without asking permission. This became a form of temporary stealing. At the time I followed my impulse and went on editing their words similar to the way I would edit movements when I'm in the studio. I choreographed a new text from the way in which I made their voices sound in my head*1. In getting closer to their materials in this way, I noticed something getting inscribed in my body. Not just their collective wisdom and voice but perhaps also a bodily sensation too. A felt sense, texture, and urgency expressing itself only accessible beyond written language. Could it be the weight of some words and the force*2 of others? Where do they come from, how do they get across and where do they land? *3

As a dancer, I steal, borrow, cite, and copy constantly. Unfortunately or fortunately, the gray zone for such gestures in the dance field has a much looser definition than in literature, music, or film. After contacting all thirteen artists to let them know about my appropriation of their words, and against all my expectations, they all generously granted me permission to publish fragments of their texts/manifestos here. The most important part of this process was the exchanges I had with a few of them in relation to ethics, pressure points, and sensitivities around these topics; especially considering we all come from different backgrounds and artistic fields.

As a performer, when I'm asked to replace a dancer in a piece, I feel as if I'm asked to use stealing as a procedure. Choreographers most of the time want the "replacement" person to be as close to the "original" as possible. I will learn their movement materials and perform them in public. It is part of the job to honor the choreography of those moves/phrases. Audience members may never even question the authorship of the movements they see performed in front of their eyes.

I became rather good at observing other bodies dance and analyzing how they are organized, where they move from, their tendencies, and inclinations to decision-making. I use these skills and work methodology as a performer and a rehearsal director. As a dancer, this challenges my habits and supports movement and mind plasticity.

Sometimes, my body spontaneously queers movements in such a way that their origins become unrecognizable. Other times I intentionally do that. Intentional secretive stealing I may call it. Sometimes only steal aspects of the material. Maybe only one arm, or the breathing pattern, or the gaze, or the direction... This is quite fun to do, especially when such strategies can then be shared and available to others.

Pressure Points

As I lay on the floor, I draw my awareness to the breath.
I take notice of the movement of my whole body
as I inhale and as I exhale.

I stay with this for a while until I have a clearer
sense of the movements present in my body today.
I observe the way in which I'm in contact with the floor.
Which parts are heavier and which parts are lighter.

As my attention gets more and more detailed I
begin to understand how weight may be caught
between one's perception and the action of gravity.
I slowly roll to one side and find my way to standing.
I almost fell asleep and my eyelids feel now pretty
heavy in the upright position.

As the body gets in motion through space it cre-
ates different relationships and elaborated mechanics.
Emotions rise and often those tend to define the
choreography in space

in terms of proximity and distance with objects
and people.

I can feel the flat surface of the floor on my back
and I compare it to the flatness of a computer screen.

I wonder if one can sense the weight of words.
Could that be already happening?

It could be that their weight is what defines prox-
imity and distance in the way I use them?

I'm sitting on the sofa.
I feel as if my pelvis is three meters lower than my
feet. My feet are resting on the small table in front
of me at the same level as my pelvis.
I perceive my feet as being a little higher than my

head. But I can see with my eyes that it is not the case.
I've done this experiment multiple times, often
while being on Zoom. This perception has a rela-
tion to time.

The longest - the heavier.

Could the word pelvis have a sense of weight on
its own?

Does its weight also increase as time passes?

Do the words before and after pelvis sense its heav-
iness or lightness?

As time passes, I sense transformation and the
body adapting to the shape of the sofa.

The shape of the object flattens the volume of my body.

I feel pain in my neck.

I wonder if the word pain feels its own pain.

Today I read throughout my whole commuting time to B58. My walk from the subway was an internal dialogue between Karen Barad, me, and the other (which I think it's also me). Yeah... It wasn't clear to me either, but one thing is sure, there were 3 of us in this conversation.

The other, made me consider giving up on the strategy of trying to make my way to understand Barad. "There is only so much that my body can retain" I remember the other telling me.

Some things I can decide and others get decided for me. I've decided to meet Barad halfway. Temporary, safe, and wise decision.

Meeting her halfway is possible today.

Some things get to be held momentarily and others stay for life. And sometimes there is a traffic jam to try to get through only once.

I secretly listen and attend to imaginary conversations between Karen Barad and Catherine Malabou, they are great.

TRAVELLING

PRACTICE

Maarakesh (MA)	23.2.2016	Suomenlinna (FI)	22.2.2012
Villa Iltanin (IT)	2.4.2016	Quimper (FR)	20.10.2012
Bareileto (PT)	4.1.2016	Lausanne (CH)	13.11.2012
Pato (PT)	2.1.2016	Bern (CH)	13.2.2013
Guarada (PT)	30.12.2015	Saint - Gaudens (FR)	17.4.2013
Darque (PT)	1.1.2016	Arges (FR)	2.6.2013
Castelo Branco (PT)	29.12.2015	Tarimpe (FR)	5.6.2013
Rennes (FR)	22.10.2015	Caen (FR)	7.6.2013
Rennes (FR)	20.10.2015	Caen (FR)	28.6.2013
Milano (IT)	6.10.2015	Breussels (BE)	30.6.2013
Bedlin (DE)	17.9.2015	Amsterdam (NL)	7.7.2013
Rennes (FR)	9.9.2015	Chalon - sur - Saône (FR)	1.10.2013
Nancy (FR)	29.8.2015	Belport (FR)	22.10.2013
Amsterdam (NL)	24.8.2015	Vienna (AT)	28.10.2013
Nancy (FR)	22.8.2015	Stockholm (SE)	22.11.2013
Venice (IT)	4.7.2015	Kortrijk (BE)	30.11.2013
Monkema - o - novo	15.12.2014	Eastleigh (UK)	5.1.2014
Amorruica (PT)	6.9.2014	Marseille (FR)	30.1.2014
Brighton (UK)	3.7.2014	Rennes (FR)	14.2.2014
Paris (FR)	6.6.2014	Köln (DE)	24.2.2014
Big Sur (USA)	21.5.2014	Magdeburg (DE)	25.2.2014
Highway 1 (USA)	20.5.2014	Brest (FR)	23.3.2014
Santa Barbara (USA)	19.5.2014	Genève (CH)	28.3.2014
Highway 1 (USA)	18.5.2014	Chicago (USA)	1.5.2014
Irvine (USA)	16.05.2014	Chicago (USA)	4.5.2014
		New York (USA)	7.5.2014

TEACHING

(very much in progress)

PRACTICE

Here a few thoughts:

1. I have been teaching for the past 8 years on a regular basis. I love doing it. It is extremely demanding and endlessly rewarding. What I like the most about it, is that it is hands-on work with *Plasticity*. I like preparing for these moments. It helps if I decide on a score beforehand, yet, it functions best when I am fully available to the moment and to the people that I share the room with.

2. A teacher is a facilitator, a host of the learning environment. A person that is able to put their accumulated knowledge at service and share it with others.

3. My wildest hope when teaching is for the participants to appropriate, embody and carry forward bigger or smaller aspects of the work we do together, transmitting it to other people and contexts.

4. I will be teaching in a couple of weeks and I'm very much looking forward to what I will learn from this group of people. I'm already preparing the soundtracks for our time together. We are going to dance!

5. Another thing that comes to my mind is *The Ignorant School Master* from Jaques Rancière and my Feldenkrais teacher training.

DANCE

PRACTICE

J'ai remarqué que esta prática accompanies me plus longtemps do que I remember. No início I think ça a commencé as a jogo, but à un moment donné, I began consciemment using -lo for raisons artistiques. Se my mémoire doesn't falha-me, je faisais isto only inside da minha cabeça, au début. Funny jeux, ideias stupides, I costumava thought. Mas un jour numa residency artistique, decidi try d'avoir une conversa avec quatre autres people where nós tous usavamos all the langues we sabíamos falar. It was pas tout à fait fácil...

I've read que uma persone bilingue that aprendeu both idiomas jusqu'à l'âge de oito years, the duas langues ficam registered in the mesma region du cerveau. Sendo que, if one apprend after dessa age já fica enregistrées dans diferentes parts of the cérebro.

Avec isto, I'm not complètement sûr do porquê of this nécessité para write avec cette method about isto. Presumo que it has sa propre importância in the proposta elle-même. O que j'ai appris with este processus, is that certas practices n'ont pas o need to tornarem-se a product mais ont besoin to existirem en tant que practices.

I intended to take many more walks with Barad after my first one, but today in conversation with MH, I came to realize that this is an unnecessary pressure I was putting on myself. He brought up the question of productivity and workload. To schedule a walk with her before my deadline to submit this file for printing is definitely too much right now.

I also have a premiere of a dance piece in four days. This makes me think that we could always meet on stage... but that wouldn't be the same thing. My attention will be resting in different places. Nevertheless, I will experiment with reading a few of her pages in the afternoon before the show and see what that produces. I like doing that sometimes.

I know our walks will go on beyond this deadline. Maybe she will come to the beach with me. Perhaps we don't always need to meet in the city.

WALKING
SWIMMING
CONTEMPLATION
LISTENING
SEWING
READING
SINGING
EATING
GIVING
CARE
FALLING
DRUNK
SHOUTING
MEDITATION
DISCURSIVE
OBSERVATION
BREATHING
COUNTING
PRACTICING
FAILING
SLEEPING

ATTEN1

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H

[illegible]

KNITTING

I learned to knit when I was 11 years old. I learned from my mother, who learned from her mother, who probably learned from her mother as well. I remember seeing my mother knitting on the sofa after dinner. At that time, she was making me a sweater from all the leftover yarn we had in the house. She was very enthusiastic about it and I was appreciative of having a one-of-a-kind sweater made for me by my mother!

When I learned knitting, I learned two kinds of stitches: Meia and Liga. Using only the two stitches and playing with variations in rhythm, I started knitting all sorts of simple things. I made scarves, hoodies, dresses (big adventure), and blankets. Many, many blankets!!! Blankets for my feet, for my cats, for my dolls, and later for the babies of my pregnant friends. Some pieces were wearable, others not as much...

When I was 20 years old, Bara Sigfúsdóttir taught me how she long-tail cast on her knitting. I remember being in the dressing room of PARTS and thinking that from that exact moment onwards I was inheriting precious Icelandic grandmother's knowledge. This technique changed everything for me! I started using it immediately and the initial line had much more elasticity, which not only looked better but was also more functional. I taught it to my mother and my grandmother has seen me doing it too, unfortunately, my great-grandmother passed away that same year so this new knowledge never reached her. Around that time, Bara and I spoke about how wonderful it would be to meet once a week to knit and drink tea together. Unfortunately, it never happened but still I dream of it.

In 2012/2013 my knitting practice expanded enormously as I began to work more as a freelance dancer. I started traveling on a regular basis because the work was mostly taking place outside of

PRACTICE

Belgium where I was living. Knitting became my most reliable and constant travel companion. Especially during my long train rides to Brittany, France, going to work with Maud le Pladec. This coincided with the moment I started looking at it as a movement practice. I had the sensation that I was knitting my thoughts. Words, phrases, and silences all of a sudden tool on a physical form. Each knot was an artifact of movement in space and time.

In my mid 20's while visiting my then partner's family in Sceaux-d'Anjou, France, Thomas' mother Annie, saw me knitting and noticed how different our techniques were. With my broken French and her limited English, knitting enabled our connection. The verbal language was secondary and no longer an obstacle to our communication and exchange. That afternoon she taught me her way of doing the Meia stitch. She held the yarn around her neck, in just the way my grandmother – the mother of my father – used to do. That day I changed how I do that stitch for life, having less torsion in the yarn, and upgraded both my technical and my aesthetic approach, which I really appreciate. Aesthetics have their specific importance.

Knitting became a thread that linked my artistic practice to my crafting activities. It's a female empowerment action that carries the story of many generations of hands, directly linking labor to knowledge production. It has been silently passed on, mostly through the female body, via practices of attention, repetition, score, texture, rhythm, function, and aesthetics.

FOOTNOTES AND APPENDIX

*1 This is a temporary manifesto.

Know that things are always bound to change so embrace the constant transfiguration. Treat time as a precious gift. Be aware of time. Fear time. Take (your) time. Plan for the long game. Find good models of people who made their way to the old age and stay weird, keep making art, and study how they did it. (Look also for the way they funded it.) Time is money. Experience generates material. Trust the words as material, trust the words as material, trust the words as material. Meet those who nurture you artistically, intellectually, spiritually. Be verbal and open with one's intentions. Invite and include, but set rules. Build alliances, refuse to work alone. Siblinghood – we are family, but also individuals. Tell them from dance, from touch, sound... Don't apologize. If you have an ambition go for it. It ain't over till it's over. Things can always be changed it's in your power to decide how to engage. Bleed, when necessary, rest when necessary. Remember that kindness is radical. Dance wherever you are, beyond what you know, what you understand and what you fear.

Take rests because not every moment must be productive. Make an egg of joy. Look and Celebrate each other and one self. Embrace your queerness especially when in any situation of needing to explain yourself. Know where your food comes from. keep track of the weather, the rainfall, the snowfall, the change of seasons. Value observation of the world as a viable method. Rest in the egg. Listen with all the body (ears, bones, skin, muscles, dreams, imagination, organs, tendons, blood, fingers,...). Working, working, carrying, stealing away, bringing to, taking elsewhere, each precious minute piece of a piece of a piece of a never lasting whole. Read e-mails as poems and

answer with love letters. Everything you do is political. There is gold in other people's enthusiasm that can only be found by listening. When there is a problem, lean in. Stay with it. Make friends with your inner critic. Don't let yourself be chained down by the inner critic, and don't run away. Be curious about its voice and where it's trying to lead you. Keep moving toward it, little by little. Stay with it don't rush. Raise your voice, your hands, your head, your heart, your feet, your temperature or your dreams according to the need.

You hold many worlds, be with them. Language is slippery and exhilarating. Everything is language. Nothing makes sense. Stop making sense. Always ask: What does this project need? Thinking with, Speaking to, Dancing for, Dancing with. Never underestimate the power of a nice, long walk / bath / poop / cuddle / meal / wait / hug / chat / read / coffee / beer / cry. Sense made through the senses. There is more to life than lists. If we cannot be empty we have nothing to fill. There is no obligation to say yes to everything. Practice sleeping as a theoretical tool. Allow open space for the unexpected to happen. Be the body – meet in the body. Dance the dances together – for joy – for love – for play. Propose guidelines rather than rules. Use miscommunication to generate income. Walk your thoughts through the city, through the forest, through your body and by the water. We will lose our land, our people, our selves, our shapes, our minds, our dreams, our lives. Insist on nonlinear time in order to learn and understand more, nourishing yourself and finding place inside where you are now, relational to past, future, underneath, above, behind, before, ahead, surrounds. Soften. Widen. Female and queer sexuality IS also a SPECTACLE, a positive force and creative theatrical material. PUBLICATION PUBLIC ACTION.

Order of appearance:

Efrat, Darya (2022) – Transcription of Recording #1:
Notes to self but also to whoever feels inclined to listen
– This is a temporary manifesto.

Anufrieva, Iryna (28/03/2022) – Manifesto by and for
Irina Anufrieva

Dickey, Laressa – Temporary Manifesto #1

Malmborg, Robert (2022) – Visionary structure for work
Manifesto-1 and 11.01.22 – 25.03.22 Manifesto

Kaaman, Sara (28/03/2022) – manifesto__monday march 28
2022

Bichard, Felicia - The Fräulein Frauuke Presents Manifesto
Skeidsvoll, Tove - MANIFESTO

Wilhite – Hannisdal, Maja - Maja's manifesto for work

Parravicini, Valentina – 28.2.2022 Manifesto

Steeves, Alexis - Grief Manifesto (for no time for man-
ifestos)

Ferreira Silva, Maria, and Stylo, Yari (28/03/2022)–
Manifesto on practicing the difference between labor,
production, and artistic work in the context of Swedish
dance institutions

Bellugi Klima, Sarah (27/03/2022) – SBK's Present Prac-
tice Manifesto

Schaller, Eva (9/04/2022) – Temporary Manifesto

*2 This brings me to think of Audre Lorde and the force of action and words in *Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power* as something “...between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings.” and “...of that creative energy empowered, the knowledge and use of which we are now reclaiming in our language, our history, our dancing, our loving, our work, our lives.”

*3 Kathy Acker writes in *Writing, Identity, and Copyright in the Net Age*, (The Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association, Vol. 28, No. 1, Identities (Spring, 1995), pp. 93-98, Published by: Midwest Modern Language Association): “For instance, I do not write out of nothing, or from nothing, for I must write with the help of other texts, be these texts written ones, oral ones, those of memory, those of dream, etc.” This helps me understand the proximity of words to movements and of text to the body. She goes on with “Whereas when I talk to my friend when I write to her, I am writing to someone whose otherness I accept. It is the difference between me and my friend that allows meaning; meaning begins in this difference.”

*4 Yes practice is a movement practice developed in the context of the research project *Atelier Riga* in 2016. The departure question was: Will the fact of always having to follow (by answering always with a yes in movement) support brain plasticity, challenge habits and generate creativity rather than producing a constraint?

In this practice, I ask a group of people to work with closed eyes and place their hands on each others torso and position their arms in such a way that they don't lose the points of contact. Always following the direction/s of the movement/s without ever leading.

The text of this chapter is a short manifesto yet it is not directly related to the movement practice described above.

I refer to my artistic practice as a porous container with the ability to carry a multiplicity of practices inside it. These practices nurture and supply the surrounding environment through values of care, responsibility, and creativity, tending towards sustainable choreographies. This porous and malleable container functions from within as a vibrant ecosystem where different practices (artistic and otherwise) and roles create a micro-economy that feed forward my relationship with the artistic field.

Identifying roles and artistic expressions from within has supported me in mapping my practice and purposefully letting them leak through, allowing dialogues to emerge with the landscapes outside the container. This way of working has generated multiple centers and peripheries that intersect, creating a weaving motion where labor, craft, and art are inseparable. Working as a dancer has been where I've found the most agency and pleasure, as to me, 'dancer' is a role that scrutinizes, translates, supports, and literally gives body to ideas initiated in another person's body. The thinking through another person's body, be it the choreographer or the other dancers in the studio, is working with, from, and towards the idea of collective body. In performance circumstances, this may also include

the audience. As a dancer, my attention developed a tendency to rest on relationships, which has been key to finding depth as a performer and pursuing working as an artist. Artistic research has become my undercover detective work as a freelancer. Taking part in different research projects has generated a space for me to reflect collectively on work dynamics, power structures, collaboration, and authorship.

Over the past few years, my work has been anchored in the notion of plasticity, due to both my passion for and slight nerdiness in movement. I've contemplated the poetry of synapses as weird and magical brain dances; dances fashioned by neurons or networks of neurons that use cooperation as a survival strategy, creating a fascinating and ever-changing choreography. I have then used this biological function as a motor for choreographic research, questioning, and looking into the agency of the individual singular within the collective.

I have expanded my research on plasticity into other fields of research such as epigenetics, philosophy, and mechanical engineering, trying to understand plasticity as being caught in the threshold between elasticity and rupture - in materials - and as both an anticipation of the future and a trace of the past in movement. My

interest in neuroplasticity acknowledges, yet resists, a capitalist understanding of ownership and control, and contemplates the beauty of potentiality and creativity. I intentionally use the notion of neuroplasticity and ecosystem in my artistic practice to dissipate anthropocentric notions of endless growth insisting on inefficiency and contemplation as sustainable practices. Plasticity has become a form of artistic expression, an observation practice, and a way of attending to relations. A force that is caught between “openness and determination, agency and vulnerability” (Catherine Malabou).

This work emerges from body-based practices, where I use procedures that may include movement, somatic practices, text, photography, and textiling. Attention to process allows different artistic objects to find expression, be they performances, installations, or publications.

(Appendix II)
(Under Construction)

ON

PLASTICITY

If you are interested in reading this,
please contact me in the future at:

`wordsandweightbodiesandspace@gmail.com`

Epilogue

I was told once that, for an artistic object to go public,
the artist needs to abandon it.

This end is a beginning.

Broken thoughts

Full words

Incomplete phrases

Fragments of

bigger thoughts.

Make them

longer,

Bigger,

Wider,

and Softer.

(AUDIO NOTES TO SELF FROM A WALK IN BRESCIA, ITALY, MARCH 2023)

THESE PAGES HAVE BEEN ASSEMBLED BY HAND.
THE VIDEO DOCUMENTATION OF THIS PRACTICE CAN BE FOUND HERE:

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