

a lot
book one
of
moving
parts

Eleanor Bauer

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A lot of moving parts

book one

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– Eleanor Bauer, September 2018

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page 5	repetition, repetition, repetition / The Forming of a Form
page 8	Why I Am Such A Moody Kween 101 — Spring 2018 — 7.5 ECT's
page 16	20171108 – Stockholm
page 20	la ballerine appauvrie / O, Poésie
page 22	20160724 – Vienna
page 23	20170206 – Copenhagen
page 24	20170420 – Stockholm
page 24	20180428 – Oslo
page 24	20170526 – Potsdam
page 25	20170621 – Poznan
page 26	20170722 – Vienna
page 28	20170831 – Reims I
page 29	20170831 – Reims II
page 30	20170918 – Stockholm
page 32	20171011 – Stockholm
page 33	20171024 – London I
page 34	20171024 – London II
page 35	Remedy for the Horrors of Normality
page 36	20171111 – Hallunda
page 37	20171129 – Stockholm
page 38	20180302 – Stockholm
page 40	20180529 – Hallunda
page 40	20180611 – Hallunda
page 41	20180801 – Hallunda
page 42	la ballerine endormie / Word for Word
page 46	la ballerine illettrée / the story
page 56	A Story About Death, Sortof



repetition, repetition, repetition / The Forming of a Form

each repetition announces both a loss of detail
and an acquisition of other details
repetition forming not necessarily certainty
but a container in which uncertainty thrives
and proliferates

each repetition solidifies a structure
contributes to the instances that
once accumulated, form a number of instances
large enough from which to deduce
a common denominator

a palimpsest of back-formed reasoning
because who really knows
who really really knows
for certain
why it became this and not that
how anything became this
and not some other this
of all the possible thises and thats

all the possible thises and thats
building up an archive of unique and equally complex
irreducible and singular interpretations
of a thing passed-on, copied, performed and re-performed
until we can identify a pattern, extract a model
and call it *choreography*, call it *the writing of the dance*

choreo | *graphy*

When does all that ongoing moving and wording form
an invariant?
Is it in the repetition of a given name or in the redundancy
of actions?

In traditional Aboriginal naming processes, one is given a name
not for life but for the role one performs in the community.
As one's role changes over time, so does one's name

*"begin with an individual and you find that you have created a type;
begin with a type and you find that you have created – nothing".*

- F. Scott Fitzgerald

"I have nothing to say and I am saying it" - John Cage

"Movements never lie". - Martha Graham

"You don't have to take my word for it". - LaVar Burton

explanations only possible in hindsight
so many explanations plausible or true
so many explanations necessary
for getting close to something like
the full complexity of circumstances and forces
that brought anything to be

and maybe the choreography was never simple
was never a pattern or a plan reducible and abstractable
maybe it was the whole culture of the room and the people in it
the weather, the politics of the time, the music and the fashion

hence the palimpsest
of back-formed why's
because hindsight
so they say
is 20/20

And what if I'm certain of nothing yet I can't stop repeating myself?

Despite all my obsession with complexity and change, what if
I can't keep from reiterating things about this self-thing, producing
certainty out of flux, making a thing out of no-thing, stumbling
on this habit-forming "I" that reappears to faux its flux into a fact?

Dancing teaches me that I'm changed by all I do
and reminds me that old habits die hard
Dancing makes me feel that I'm more than alive
and reminds me that everything else is too

in light of which there is no need for “I”
in the continuity between me and not me, here
and there, this and that

“I” always slams me in the face like an upturned rake I accidentally stepped on, when I forget to hold it up, carry it around, stand it up right on its capitalized serif-supported base.

How do you pronounce “I” when it’s horizontal, laying on its side?

If there is anything of which I am certain it’s that I will never be certain in my skin. In my guts I am sometimes certain but my skin keeps me doubtful, curious, touchy, porous, stretchy, foldable, soft, impressionable, scarred, dried, squishy, wrinkled. Contained, but barely. Bleeding, pushing, cringing, sweating. Hanging off of my skeleton and holding up appearances, clinging to my buoyant flesh, blurring my edges.

What it feels is hard work for words but that it feels is for certain.
The only certain thing. *ding!*

Insert here a poem from your timed dance-writing
this many lines more or less or a bit shorter
or a super dense run-on block of text
like blablabla but very inspired
choose a juicy and passionate one full of urgency
because Charles Bukowski says,
“Don’t write a novel unless it hurts like a hot turd coming out”

Why I Am Such A Moody Kween 101
— Spring 2018 — 7.5 ECT's

This course is based on how nothing is forever and life in the studio is a bitch. Write now edit later. This is a question of privilege. Why don't I know how to spell privilege. Is that irony. Is that revealing something. Is that Freudian. In this ivory tower, in this strange building where someone is preparing a banquet upstairs and people are territorial about coffee mugs. In this strange building where people talk about art all day and complain we don't have enough time to be making it. This is the building where I forget how to spell privilege. Because I have so much of it it numbs me sick. Can I make art without a problem. I have plenty of problems but they are not with this studio and they are not with my body in this studio. Do I need a problem with my body in this studio to make an art. Is there a solo that is not about vanity. Is there a solo that is not about Narcissism. Wait. I thought I said maybe it would be a good time to dance now. But then I came up here and started filling the page with more text in a nonlinear fashion. Fuck linearity. I don't need linearity. Why am I typing. *Why I Am Such A Moody Kween* starts with Because you don't know how to structure your time alone. Footnote that is not at the foot: Is the question of structuring my time alone connected to a problem with linearity. I choose questions with periods and not question marks. Maybe Gertrude Stein is with me on this. Maybe it's part of my Mood. MOOD VIBE STRUCTURE. *Why I Am Such A Moody Kween* continues with Because I let the world structure me to such an extent that I struggle with my lack of control over my own bleeding life and my porous boundaries and my flood-like attention and my soupy interests and my squishy soft heart and what should I exclude. Footnote 2 that is not at the foot: WHAT IS THE CORRECT MOOD VIBE STRUCTURE FOR THIS MESS. How can a footnote be in all caps and in the middle of a text that is not linear and also an insertion. Response to footnote problem: stop being so F-ing META. Why I Am Such A Moody Kween means why should I be less, why would I ever be less. A rhetorical question as a statement as a question. Footnote 3 that is the continual infolding periphery: Is it necessary to be less. In terms of, is EVERY FRIGGIN TANGENT necessary to include in order to be many? Maybe not. What is the value of editing. What is the criteria of editing. What is the correct ambient meaning mood vibe structure for this mess? What is structure that is not order or control. What is the inherent structure.

Order + Odor = Ordor. My sweaty armpits know things. How to be structured by Sweaty Armpit. Footnote 4 that is actually a footnote if not in the foot but in terms of content, no actually it's just a story: in the Proto Talk we did last week, Dana Michel used the example of "Sweaty Armpit" as a hypothetical theme that she would carry around for two to three years while making a performance, collecting things that spoke to "Sweaty Armpit". But then she kind of basically revealed that the actual theme was race. I wondered about Sweaty Armpit. I think there are themes that are to the side or in the shadow of easier to name themes that maybe structure our thinking about those Grand Themes more actively than the vagueness of the Grand Themes themselves. Does that make any sense. Maybe what I'm talking about is.... Ordor. Ordor as Odor+Order. Maybe what I'm talking about is making sense with all of our senses. Maybe what I'm talking about is how to destabilize priorities that structure our thinking all the time. Maybe what I'm talking about is why Sweaty Armpit — whether it was an arbitrary example, a subconsciously relevant arbitrary example, or an actual example — why Sweaty Armpit could actually be more powerful as a structuring ordering force in one's imagination or organization of sense-making than the too-big container of "race". Do you see what I mean. Which brings me back up there to privilege, only tenuously. I will make the tenuous connection explicit. I am not sure why Eleanor Bauer needs to make a solo at all right now. I am not sure why a very trained white person needs to show people her body. I don't care what shape my body is. I am bored of... I am bored of... I am bored of seeing certain bodies on stage. I cannot not be complicit or irresponsible about this. But I am also not sure where I stand on this strange map of what bodies we see and don't see onstage. I am almost six feet tall. I suppose that is not a highly represented feminine body. I have wicked strong shoulders and I won't pretend I don't know it. I think they are hot, can I admit that. Can I be body positive and admit that I like strong arms and shoulders. They turn me on. Can I admit that I like being able to turn myself on. What does this have to do with my dancing. Nothing. Or does it. Do I dance to turn myself on. Are my shoulders related to my dancing life? Not so much as they are related to my life as an adrenaline junkie. I will not say testo junkie but I do feel that testosterone is in me. And that is also fun. The point is that

my shoulders have more to do with me swimming and pushing and pulling things and jocking about than to do with my dancing. And in fact, they have become more and more beautiful and ripped since I dislocated my shoulder. Interesting story. Why did I dislocate my shoulder. Because I had decided, a few years ago, in a darker and less confident and less body positive moment of my life I had decided that my shoulders should be smaller. I had decided that I was going to stop working out from the tits up and just do cardio until I looked more conventionally well, let's be honest, feminine. Because I was having insecurity about my life as a broad-shouldered woman. Yes it happens even to those of us who seem butch as fuck and happy with it. It's not just the kweens who want to look like supermodels that suffer from terrible normative body image issues, it's all of us. What a travesty. So whatever. I stopped strengthening my arms. And then one day at the gym when I was dead tired from running on the treadmill for 45 minutes which is not that long for a person who loves to run but long for someone whose feet hurt after 30' and finds it boring to run indoors, I decided, I'm gonna just try out that pull up machine. Now a pull up machine works by reducing bodyweight via counterweight opposite a platform you stand on so that you can pull up less than your total mass until you are able to do a pull up. Despite my deceptively massive shoulders I have never been able to do a pull up. This random day, after deciding for some weeks to try to run my shoulders thin, I decided to do some pull ups. I accidentally did not insert the pin into the weights on the machine all the way, and so after taking over half of my body weight in counterweight to the platform, I got on the platform expecting it to lower gently. But it lowered with zero resistance because the pin was not inserted all the way. And the platform dropped out from under me. I was afraid of the impact on my already tired feet and for some reason in the speed of it all held on to the bar overhead only with my left arm, and I pulled my left arm out of its socket vertically with my entire body weight in one fell swoop. I decided not to have surgery. So I still have a slightly dislocated shoulder. I mean it has strengthened and is mostly stable but the ligaments they say will never totally heal. And it was due to the rehabilitation exercises that I started getting seriously buff in my shoulders and then I decided once and for all that I like these shoulders just

like this. But it was hard earned is all I'm saying. I guess what I'm saying is that my f-ing narcissism isn't simple? This sounds terrible. Here is another question: why does my self-observation turn into self-deprecation so easily. This is a performance because I am witness. I am not a very nice witness. Why is this getting so psychological. This is a performance because I am recording. Which means I am not the only witness. Which means I am doing that terrible Andy Warhol thing he talks about in *A to B and Back Again* about how you have to criticize yourself when you for example have a pimple you have to tell everyone you have a pimple so they know that you know that it's there and that you are disturbed about it because it's normally *not* there which is not to call attention to the pimple but to make sure everyone knows you see yourself without the pimple, the pimple is not you, you normally don't have the pimple. You are controlling your own uncontrollable image. That's not how he talks about it but what it boils down to is insecurity. Insecurity in bearing all for all to witness and just accepting the weird imperfect exactness of what it is for what it is as it is, in this case the it being oneself. Who can really do that. Who does not squirm about, trying to control their own image? I largely regard myself as a consistent bloody mess. As in, I don't think I have so much self-control over my own image. I'm not sure that makes me entirely candid. Maybe that makes me an accessible performer. Until I say that. If I say that it's dead and then you can all mistrust me again. Who is you all. Who am I writing to. Who am I pretending I am with in this empty room in order to convince myself that I am making a performance. In order to convince myself that I am being productive. And yet I feel I don't know any more how to make a performance. Maybe I think I don't know how to make a performance because I don't know who I should invite into the room in my imagination. Maybe I don't know who I'm working for. Who am I working for? Who needs this art? Who needs this art? Why am I calling it art? Why am I calling it work? This is not art. This is a flood. Or is it art. It is trying to think about how to be art in any case. I am inserting things in a nonlinear fashion into a semilinear text. This brings awareness of composition. I'm talking about structure. What is the appropriate structure. I have been thinking about dance as lacking a model. I have been thinking about the impossibility of extracting something reduced,

abstract, model-able from a whole person dancing that I could call the dance which is not also the dancer. And yet, I have made scores called “dancing not the dancer”. I have changed my mind about all of it over time. I don’t understand the dance without the dancer. I don’t understand what is the choreography as modellable or notable or extractable from the entire situation and circumstance and all the relationships that make that thing come to be what it is. It’s not a diagram or a score or a text. It’s so much more. It’s the culture in the room. It’s the thick-ass crusty palimpsest of experiences that have built up over time. Like buttresses on an old adobe church – once formed in order to support the “original structure,” they are so big and heavy and massive that they look like whole structures in themselves, and they form, in-form, change the whole perceived structure of what that building is at all, in itself. Am I making any sense. I mean how could I imagine the old adobe church without the buttresses. The buttresses are the church. I use that word buttress to talk about things I think my dance depends on, for better or worse. There are so many buttresses I wish my dance didn’t have to be propped up by so heavily. Institutional buttresses. Discursive buttresses. Do I mean that. How would I dance alone in the woods in a nudist colony that grows its own food and nobody is watching. I think I might dance similarly. But of course we don’t speak of history here. I am not talking about all the dances that continue to live in my flesh as memories. I am never alone in my flesh. Why should I be alone in this room. I am not alone in my body. Being alone in my body is the hardest thing I can do because it is impossible. It is a paradox. Who am I watching I. Time is not linear. Even I watching I and I talking to I here is a cyclical strange unpredictable whole. A WHOLE COMPOSED OF A MOVING, LIMITLESSLY CHANGING ENSEMBLE. Stop, hold on. You’ve gone too far. Come back to *Why I Am Such A Moody Kween*. Or don’t. Don’t go back, go forward. *Why I Am Such A Moody Kween Part 2*: because the world rushes in. Because I am touched by everything. Because I don’t understand confidence. Because I am confident in the sometimes painful to bear intelligence of emotions. Because everything makes me want to cry and that doesn’t mean I’m confused or stupid. Because shit is real and stressful. Because the world is noisy. Because feelings are facts. And if post truth says facts are dead then what does that mean for my

feelings. No facts are not dead. They are just covered up and confused. The facts are the facts are the facts. Maybe it would be a good moment now to dance. Note to self. Maybe it would be interesting to ask, what is this text without narcissism. Answer to self. Maybe it would be nice to get off my back for a fucking second. Apology to self. I'm sorry for judging you so harsh. Forgiveness to self. You are such a hippie stop talking to yourself. Maybe it would be a good moment now to dance.

spongy
layers
annotate
missing parts

hair gets in the way
or
hair makes the way
who is to say

one could extract
from a pile of befunkt matter
something that matters
that flatters
författars
ars

I'm no saint or martyr
not even a channel
maybe a dirty one

In a life on basic income
I wouldn't be doing any favors
I'd just be one of the many
doing what they love

I have high hopes for the future
when machines replace us for all the boring things
and everyone gets to be a flaneur

I am not naïve to believe
that the machines are not the problem
it's the economy they are working in
but stop me before I become a preacher

Much better a dancer.

It's always going to be a partial view.
It's always going to be a few of a lot of moving parts.
But what does each little thing say about the whole.
Maybe all they can say is
"that's it for now".

Score: That's it for now

I remember that time I was at UCB Chelsea in New York, watching a group doing improv-comedy, Herald form. (I was going through a phase). There was this one performer, she was a genius. The story they spun was that she was living in a house in an area that was to be evacuated. Because they were going to use it for testing nuclear arms. She invited the man knocking at her door informing her of these plans to her kitchen table. She sat him down and proposed, as an alternative, that we start an apology war. I never forgot that. It was genius. Not only because it was funny, as an inappropriate or unexpected answer to the situation that raised the stakes of the game, but because it was touching. It was like, true. I would love nothing more than to see an apology war. Because that's what most powerful countries really owe each other and everyone else. A big fat fucking apology war. Not a nuclear arms race. An apology contest. I wanna see America go down in an apology contest. I want to see the UK and North Korea and The US and Russia and the whole list, drown in apology. Humility and grief, an ocean of tears for everything ruined, everyone killed, all the species extinct. It's not that apologies will bring anything back, but it's a start in the right direction. Yes I want the world to change. Yes I want things to be different. Small small small small small. I have a big fat mouth but it doesn't stop me from feeling small. I have a sturdy physical structure but it doesn't stop me from feeling small. I have a mind that doesn't know where or when to stop but it doesn't stop me from feeling small.

Score:

1. Know your edges.
2. Forget your edges.
3. Blur your edges.

20171108 – Stockholm
(dancing with Pavle Heidler)

I am inside me and not
the outside me all around
like sound
my eyes grab and don't
it all passes through
stew

pause, return

there is nothing to fix
but how can I know my edges, my limits
other than with a little bit of pain
the pain stain

drip, spread

never before have I spent so much time thinking about
what my body can teach me
I mean by way of asking my body

shaking:

[illegible]

my sensations don't work in the form of questions and answers
there is flood, there is soup, there is space, there is detail
event after event, all questions and answers infolded, one in the same
it's not dialectic, it's the whole that is the whole hole
including the inside and the outside of the whole
the holes that border the hole and confuse the hole from what
surrounds it
do you know what I mean?
is it clear for you?

push into the edges, with palms, feet, skin, push.
that mess clarity, the clarity-mess, that's what I'm talking about
but it needs a new name
or no name

permission to feel
permission to feel
dance gives me permission to feel
to seek and to feel

No – it's more than that. Dance obliges me to feel.
why write, why record, why grasp and fix and hold
like old Plato worried that writing would nail thought down
and arrest it
if thought is movement, why lock it down
why record and repeat
oral histories and memory
the embodied repetition of things we want to keep
keeping holding grasping repeating
interiorizing

but now in 2017, all the records are out there, exteriorized,
body leaks into data
mind distributed in bits and bytes

where is the thinking – it's in the *ing*

so dancing is thinking
and speaking or writing is thinking
as in

inging is inging

but omit the *ing* or noun the *ing*, like writing as a noun is
choreography.
choreographing might be thinking
and dancing the choreography is a kind of thinking
but the choreography itself is the writing as a noun not a verb
the designing of containers to hold, to grasp, to keep something
in order to revisit it

choreography is like designing urns
maybe they'll hold ashes of dead dances one day
like repertoires on a shelf
maybe they'll hold living things

liquid

or plants

but the container is the constant
and the mercurial substance is the dance
I want to design beautiful peculiar urns
that dance will be happy in
dead or alive
Dancing,
before and including
any technique or choreography
is a body's sensual thinking

My mother is a potter.
She makes urns.
But she calls them "lidded jars".
You could also put cookies in them,
or flour, or nothing.

My father is an architect.
Architecture is thinking always in relation
to the others, the site, the demands.
The problems are articulated in the program.
And then solved.

My parents make containers.
They don't get to decide what goes in them.
Choreography for me is making program-shaped urns.
for others to decide how to fill.
The material, the social.
The substance, the problem.
Question and answer in one thing.
All-contained, embodied, in relation.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

-

la ballerine appauvrie / O, Poésie

There is no way to properly translate what I'm doing, to reduce it to units of exchange.

This woman says five times to the waiter "and can I get extra bread?" Does she doubt that he will give her extra bread, or does she want five times extra bread?

Sometimes repetition is the only way to produce certainty ~~certainty~~.

Sometimes repetition dulls the brilliance of the initial flash.

Sometimes repetition hammers importance into a random thing while other equally worthy things disappear in the wake of a stubbornly repeated thing. ~~certainty certainty~~

What's worth repeating – is the question of choreography

What's worth solidifying from the indefinite dancingness

What's worth carving in stone, what's worth writing

What *choreo* is worth the *graphy*

And why should writing be the measure of worth, you ask.
Why should writing something increase its value?

Writing makes permanent, permanence makes property, property makes value, however virtual or impermanent value may be.

Property. Thingness. Invariance. Repeatability. Identity.

And so the world turns as if not turning at all, invariably, repeating.

Yet change is movement
Or movement is change

And so it goes

that dance is the brokest of all the arts

next to poetry, of course

O, Poetry

You, writing that betrays property
that fixes nothing
that proclaims so little and says so much,
You that fails to identify
who makes so many little things worth repeating o'er the ages,
and yet
accumulates
so little worth,

You, which binds to experience and springs from its depths
who anchors in the humble view
and moves through words like worlds

You, who knows that less is more when humility beats hubris,
and that quality beats quantity,

when what's left unsaid

lets the rest resound

20160724 – Vienna

a gathering of ghosts and affective data
exorcising sensation ghosts
experimental but not tenacious
hunger for feeling everything at once
pursuing the knowns, knowing they are half-known
arcane representations herald found objects to resist
rotating on a crux of delicate nonsense
open to sides but moving front
seeking comfort in extremities
I am a social animal without manners
gentle but never polite
there is no kindness in the wild
only listening
indifferent but always and absolutely responsive
we are always culturing
inventing new ways to listen
forms transmit
Morse code in the shins
winds and spin-sails
instinctual deflection
visions emerge and are buttressed by strategy
weight is vertical herenow
in stillness I do not progress anywhere but down
in stillness I am changing
in a state of attendance, open to change
my back, the open door
tensions and surfaces morph and melt
the structure is dimensional
weight is a conductor
tension is expression
expression is tension
the pleasures of scale and detail
amplified in forms
emerging and receding
pressure and tension push and putter
rhythmic aversion fluency
thinking sometimes implies repetition, study
testing sensual affects of recognition
hunger for feeling everything at once
an endless path built on diversion

20170206 – Copenhagen

Out of the control space a swerve curve is the real estate nerve a rolling rollicking fuck-all it's not that I don't care it's that I care about all of it so much and so equally that it seems like indifference. Hyper-indifference with a strong appetite and no allergies. I care about the small things, the tiny things, the minor blown so far out of proportion that I cannot-not be right here right now doing this, in the middle of this thick and heavy but texture is a decision with precision these incisions I slice through this space of noodling baggy pants and movement chants the excitement of a body without end and desire without names I am hungry for that which I don't yet know and haven't figured out how to digest. This body will have to invent new organs and new digestive juices to cope with all this information or maybe the excess of information works more like fiber than fat or protein or sugar in that the energy doesn't go to storage it doesn't get remembered it never transforms to permanent matter or goes into building structure but rather flushes through the system, cleaning out the clutter along the way purging waste as content itself this dance is nothing more glorious and necessary to human life than the production of shit itself. Dance is shit, brilliant. Imagine a world where we don't even poop how terrible we would just amass everything without any continuous cycle that gives our undigested matter back to earth — the soil would not be rich, the cycle of minerals and nutrients would not occur, we would just grow and grow until death and then have these giant bodies to try to dispose of or decay — what a headache! So thank goodness for shit, don't you see how necessary this dance shit is then like on an informational level that we can have a place to sort through and flush out all of this excessive sensory information?

20170420 – Stockholm

names are weak
words are too small
each one the duller fact about what is actually happening
everything at once has no name
what is the word for “everything at once?”

20180428 – Oslo

Soup-ness my mistr – impress the press thumbs to crest less
we bless yes ho hovering mess test the best holy cakes in my lobe-
flakes a mind escapes grey matter all scattered and flattered by touch
touchy touch-ness in flux, busty buttress a must, melting under my
thrust punch ba boom town shaky room frown in a looming tune
forgotten yesterday’s blooms now chopping petals to the sunlight
resting accompaniment of a melody-less rhythm-less white girl jazz
forgotten sorrow swag in time for another jet lag put the ore to
the drag tickle under my conscience to flag a new little whispered
hello hooting down dusty tunnels fuzzy echoed rebuttal

20170526 – Potsdam

Time opens up. Time to slow down. Slowing down time. Stopping
the body. Arresting commotion. The mind races still. Still racing.
Racing in stillness. Puttering to a pause. The last stutter of cooling
engine. I cool. The breeze from the window, the noise of the highway.
The breeze from the window cools. Berlin is close but far. Too cool
but not too close. Air flows in and washes out. The tide of breath
washes through me but cleans nothing. There is nothing to clean
and nobody to fix. I fix my hair.

20170621 – Poznan
(*watching Alice Chauchat dance*)

bone membranes and sitz-brains
an embrace of empty space
termite burrows deep grooves
canyons between butt mounds
architecture of tiny spaces for dwelling
it's the space between things
curl fold drawing to a closed hole
it spells "mystery" but in parenthesis
in the tension of attention the net is taught
the holes air tight
one and the same
the itch and the scratch
the sheet and its unfolding
a wandering ghost
a meditative waif
a spectre of potentiality
drift and drone past fantasy
towards support
a container to resist
I cannot know you and that is not my drift
your humor is yours
and mine is mine
alien love, alien time
the loss of meaning
a necessary drive
to return to flat zero
and wait
the tail
waits
a rock a pulse a wave
sifting time
drifting rhyme
I hear myself talking
I hear my soft-talking
a conduit interference
fuzzy soft silhouette alighted
attentive infidelity
summary of our relationship
you dance I write

20170722 – Vienna

It happens before I know how or why it happens.
It wants to happen
The dance has a motor
Somewhere beyond me or through me
It is not to be deciphered
A virtual space opens up, holes appear everywhere
 Gaps
 Delays
 Relays
In my thinking, in my knowing, in my observing of what is happening
I am always late
But who is this late I
Who is this late I
Who is this late I who thinks itself into being
 after someone else has already been there all along
This late heavy I is the slowness, is the drag of subjectivity
 subjectivity is a drag
 and I am a racehorse
a gentle racehorse galloping in all directions at once
a subtle astral racehorse, retired from its life on the tracks,
no longer in relation to winning or losing or reward or punishment
 just dispersed
 spilling
 sl/flowing
 spreading
 a pool of possibilities
 a pool of vague interests
 nothing too urgent
 but the pleasure of legs in the air is a plus
I dance for no reason but when I do it everything makes more sense
 I am better and at peace in the middle
 in the middle of my nowhere everywhere
 everyone is invited
 there is no bad dance here
You lying on the floor, you are beautiful and perfect.
And you curious about your curves and twists and fingertips,
 you are also beautiful and perfect.
So why not this always? is the question now
but wasn't the question then. Then I was just in the when.

Somewhere in-between all the thoughts and names
Surfing floating drifting pushing darting through the frames
easy easy easy easy easy strong strong
Make a big deal out of it or listen to the quieter side
Make a big deal out of it or listen to the quieter side
Make a big deal out of it or listen to the quieter side

What a belligerent dance!
that needs nothing but enjoys everyone and anything
do I dance like a conquerer? Do I dance late capitalism?
Absorbing anything into my hurricane, folding anyone into my fray?
This dancer loves an audience
the double attention of the observers outside and the observers within
augmenting the attention-tension
the rigor of the task at hand, no matter how open,
increases with a viewer
and I am changed

I think and I notice
that I am becoming older
my dance is tireder
my dance has less to impress
my dance is more whatever and nothing special
I have been injured
I have been displaced and shaken
I have been overworked
my body is a trace
a trace of acceptances
a series of plays
I play it as it lays
What does say?

It says "I need the others"
my forest of fellow beings
even alone-together my dance is social

Score:
In a forest of the movements of your fellow beings,
firm in reality but soft in subjectivity (or the inverse)
listen to the quieter side and make a big deal out of it.

20170831 – Reims I

Careful careful careful careful careful careful
the wind rushes against my neck
crashing waves, surface whispers
attentive malaise
bicycle tires – fat and thorny
I'm sitting in the one-at-a-time
thinking about the simultaneous
it's a paradox of translation

I am here
the way a poem can start with the coffee and cream
and swerve to "Oh Daddy"
means that here is
a relative statement
of place-time and space-slime

She's a hornets nest of interests,
a beast of immortality.
IF and WHEN nothing escapes
what is left to be named,
or maimed,
by the totalizing drive for meaning,
for reason?

This season,
I'm thinking spectral is the new black
like Hypercolor, but more hypothetical.

We are working on a new kind of chaos
one that troubles
but only disturbs the confusedly hyper-conservative
because everyone else
has just been dying for this
a long time coming
the words drumming in my ears
from a distance, down tunnels of years
nuisance rushes in from

any angle
any corner
any hole
any opening

any surface left untouched
bed unmade
self undone
to reorder the sensible
corrupt the possible
and nestle into –

20170831 – Reims II

we are an inverted polymorph
I am an informed insurgent
rebelliously receptive to the delights of misshapen mishaps
we cannot
could not
plan this
or have planned it any better
a mechanic hoop-jump
logical infolding
living one's touch through symbiosis
parasitic empathy
asymmetrical mutual discovery
a delicate and playful bind
impolite but gentle
sensitively ignorant to any division
between inappropriate and proprietary
but that's the agreement, the code
to which we've both aligned
and permits us not to know
but pretend there is no known
"there's nothing I haven't seen"
is a question of degree,
still it's hard to offend an open mind

20170918 – Stockholm
(*dancing with Halla Ólafsdóttir*)

here here here here
listen to the static flow
in a jittering resonance of nimble quick and slippery ideas
 needles in a bed of hay
 or on the ground of the forest
It slips through the fingers, sneaks away from behind
 to produce experience, pursue experience or experience:
 farmer, hunter, or witness?

a servant to the all-whatever
imminent and exponential
within and all-out
wherewithal without end

means means means only means – but very un-average
there is no middle and no edge
swimming could be the activity-as-metaphor
 but no lanes and no technique
 and no floating either
 it's firm and fluffy

I'm not escaping tropes and I'm not afraid of lying
because there is no faking when it is whatever we make it
 that's an interesting condition:
 no measuring stick no litmus test
 is that the same as no taste?

This is *in order to*
in order to clean the space without changing anything about it
in order to carry its odors on our wings without removing them
in order to inhabit, to be, inhabit, be –
arranging invisible furniture
riding sub-lingual energetic waves
all vibe no style, all vibe and no style
not contemporary,
just temporary.

waves colliding, crossing, compounding
 augmenting emphases and diminishing
 the most ferocious thrust escapes form
 shake out the winter before it comes
 skipping rhythmic imperatives
 dissonances left unresolved
 pounding out the darkness
 perturbed, perturbing
 a drive for disturbance
 the dust unsettled
 escapes recognition
 thrashing riding
 porous distractions
 sustainable hum
 diagonal attention
 jiggling anomalies
 fierceness in design
 disturbed interference
 ideas from the side-lines
 the way eyes squint in the sun
 so much in the ecstatic whole
 you have to limit your field of vision
 to bring it down to a sensible scale

20171011 – Stockholm
(*dancing with Ellen Söderhult*)

A new aerobics method for the un-creative fun-loving
and non-punitive:

all of my angles libidinous
a time-based diagram for relations of pleasure
I am an equal opportunity mover
it comes from anywhere
follow the large to the small to the in-between
stir it up and shake it out
it is a conjuring

Ancestral bone traces:

you can adopt influences, but can you choose
your grandma?
all times exist at once
memory reminds us
it doesn't take much to make a lot visible

Some things are really only known by feeling:

do I know my edges
movement carries attention to spill over
the flood
the sea
can you know the sea from the inside?
how's the water / what's water

I am in it, held in all of the all:

a goddess medusa with fin paddles growing out of her head
a divination tool built by the logic of headaches
expansion, reaching, the way things extend because matter has
intention
intentional matter / matters of intention
listening for and following hidden intentions
an exorcism and affirmation of the body's dreaming
bypass the obvious / look closer-within / not where you think it is
permission to forget

to withdraw

to fade away from striving

The Wikipedia entry for "Contemporary Dance" could never
explain this.

brains falling into skulls' inner walls
is it age, is it Sweden, or is it privilege,
but my adrenals just don't run the show anymore

Psychic Dancing Klubba:
Every pore is a window for intuition to sneak in and tell me what to do
Can I make it more precise?
A snail retracting from the outermost limits
(Hate it softly to yourself)
Earthquake, sticking with it

20171024 – London I

HEAPS AND FLOWS
IT'S NOT — BEAST
P-P-P- PUSHED THROUGH TINY PORTALS
EXCEPTIONS GUIDE THE KNOWN
TOOLS IN A BUCKET
TOSSED UP AND THROWN TO A MAGNET — SLAP!
MAGNET SWERVE SWITCH
I NEVER KNOW WHEN I REMIND MYSELF THAT I NEVER KNOW
TENDING HABITS, TAMING PRIDE,
SHEPARD TO THE SHEEP-HERD OF MY TRAINING,
LEAD ME TO LESSER FIELDS
THE BACK DOORS AND BACK-DOOR STOOPS:
EVERY OPENING IMPLIES A PATH, BEGINS A WAY
 THAT ACCUMULATES...
THE MAGNET DRAGS ITSELF THROUGH A THICKET OF TOOLS,
SHAKES AND DROPS SOME, WHAT STICKS IT TAKES.
TROUBING DOUBLE — MY MIND AND ME
BUBBLING BUMBLE — A STUMBLE, POISED
NO TIME TO DECIDE WHAT IT'S ABOUT
WHEN ALL INTENTIONS ARE MOBILIZED, INTO A FORM,
BEFORE MEANING IS DETERMINED, IT HAS A BODY, A SHAPE
AND NOW WE'RE COOKING — OR SO IT ALWAYS SEEMS
 WHEN WE'RE ALL TOGETHER,
CHASING THOSE FUZZY INTENTIONS AND VAGUE PROMISES
WITHOUT A SHOW, THIS IS IT, THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
BECAUSE IT HAS NO AUTHOR
AND WON'T EVER HAPPEN AGAIN
SO THERE IT WAS, AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THIS

20171024 – London II

Dark hole open in my hollow
“the which of which there is no whicher”
at first liberating and then a little vertigo
there is so much time when you make time
time is vast and so are we when we are empty
it’s ok to be dull
just a spine and some add-ons
language begets language
once you pop you can’t stop
freedom-from or freedom-to?

How to become a housecat
knowing and not know how to make yourself feel good
Breath is an ocean, an internal massage.

Why should I treat my two sides, two halves, two hemispheres,
equally? Why would right and left need the same when they are
not the same? Why think in right left when I have so many other
parts and relations within a whole? What is the difference between
balance and symmetry? Ugh, wellness.

Montessori warmup: You can do whatever you want.
Follow the interest. Wandering and wondering is learning.

I notice the room in ways I never notice it otherwise
The rooms within the room
Materializing following thinging
How to become a thing
Feelings are facts (Yvonne)
It starts from any place (Forsythe)
Staying true to the task means it doesn’t matter if it’s watchable,
it matters how it is a way of watching.
I dance the side effects of subjectivity.
Read these symptoms but you’ll never find the disease.
This is lucid dreaming IRL
Indulgence versus Calibration:
the checks and balances of observation, sensation, and attention,
always mitigated by some reminder of the larger whole,
to be a fish and still know what water is.

*Remedy for the Horrors of Normality:
A performance score (cut-up of writings by myself
and Trip Space London workshop participants)*

Remedy for the Horrors of Normality: A performance score

PART ONE: Articulated conduit, every joint an antenna.

As in a movie, your own protagonist, colossal
Elizabethan hair pile atop your head
Become transparent, see-through
Manifesting fuzzy intuitions and vague promises
In units and degrees, the micro builds a macro
Dance like a rumor, with doppler effect

PART TWO: Flexing the boundaries that hold your body in space-time.

Detail has expanded and consumed everything
Explosive, radiant, supple
Contained within limits in order to spill over, expand within
Things you don't normally like turned into a chance
to re-imagine your body
Recourse to the ecstatic, moving in opposites

PART THREE: Disorganizing and reorganizing your sensual monster.

Listening to the body's murmurs and fiddlings
Exceptions guide the known
Vegas or Times Square in your bones
The pleasure of power and pressure
Remind yourself that you never know

CODA: Forget about good endings.

Continuous curls and oscillations, snaking sneaking sliding
Skin tells you where to go, like iron to a magnet
In directions & tensions, gravitating towards the edges
of the space
Face, precious face, soft and squishy map,
reflecting and expressing so much.
Eyes open: the world rushes in
Eyes closed: the world within expands

20171111 – Hallunda
(*fold-in danced and written with Georges Hann*)

monstrous inhabitant wanderer guiding lines and locks, submissive
we made an electric shock loop policy towards an innocent justice
electrocution with only neurons, unequal power play allows
manipulation
maybe later if only later if only longer of body muscular matching,
combining stranger maths
mass and weight and heavy dynamic resistance to being dominated
heads impolite but careful, a soft skeleton machine
for inching along the ground
pretending not to know

I didn't know what I didn't know, experimenting on a mannequin
until I felt it made from lukewarm peanut butter, both silky and
you name my knee by touching it hiccups I remember and carry it over
into suspending weight, surprising fountain of the next fascia
Everything has meaning it depends on play
how you don't forget the skull, listening to it.
listening touch, cellophane skin contraption of multifaceted
pathways
throw me around, I'm good at it, and hinges
complicit misbehaving teasing
experiment management spilling into the wrong containers
misunderstanding is the only agreement

20180129 – Stockholm
(*dancing with Rasmus Ölme*)

You don't really know a room until you dance in it
old floor tape like an oil spill
the drama of an exit sign
the corners, railings, nooks and surfaces

Clouds and winds and softness:
the floaty things sustain this

Imaginary audiences appear and recede, barge in and are forgotten

Appetite for disturbance, tension, oscillation,
please disrupt me in my useless peace

Details everywhere, something is ALWAYS HAPPENING

What is an anomaly when drop drop holes of attentive oops no rules

black-outs and voids grow silently larger

Tracing a tenuous connection
journey-tissue connects various dimensions
grand old dame or something geriatric and dignified shows up

I see my white flesh in detail:
flesh and bones, cells and skin, the triangulations of pores
forming networked constellations of folds on my surface

What if every single articulation,
every tissue, every part, every sheath of muscle and nerve
were an accordion?

I played this accordion for at least five minutes
but it could have been a year.

Accordion time, stretch and contract, stretch and contract.

20180302 – Stockholm
(*dancing with Zoë Poluch*)

loping momentum laden footsteps and limbs
the direct and sticky relationship between senses and mental
representations
seeing is always already imagining, doing is always already thinking
centuries of philosophical partitioning out the cold window
will, desire, volition, compulsion, curiosity, passivity, confusion:
my movement domain
its name a stain

my dance may disappear as quickly as it appears
but it cannot ever retreat from the world completely
always in and of the world
no matter how remotely
and although translatable representations seldom appear
the dance appears continuously
no matter how staccato
it is a continuity
no division between nows

how can attention not be surface-oriented?
I can think of volumes but my mind lands on surfaces
or is it sensation that lands on surfaces
or sense that produces surfaces

what if no surfaces
no tension
no form
no boundary
no edges
just zones of intensity
no flesh on fabric
no skin on air
no containers
no rescue
no pressure
no release
no tactility
no bounce
existential Trio A
ontological Yvonne soup

drop that
now what
start over
breath
pulse
protoplasm
look how far we've come
and not
back to the bottom we go
where it all starts
and ends
rest
will
pulse
and surfaces
that have nothing to say and are saying it
jiggle: the residual dance. my flesh dancing late,
after the dance has moved on.
noise. noise.
nothing to say.
alienated flesh

20180529 – Hallunda

sorrow sticky fog in the mind hole wired half cooked membranes
find lightness of meaning in the no places of an untouched muster
blossomed away from cherry red crises hollower and hollower
the loss of intention or need bottoms out to the lamest memories
fading in a dying cesspool of rather-nots revolving inward
and upward to another random delightful horizon of why-not

Scores:

- 1 cherry red crisis hollower and hollower
- 2 delightful horizon of why-not
- 3 half-cooked membrane fog untouched blossom

20180611 – Hallunda

hug a pillow
call your mom
burrow delve into the shadows
tunnel or puddle, neither, just depth
center-periphery: fuzzy hole
acting out the millisecond melodramas
all the tiny dramas,
 every little thing
all the different people and all the different senses
 everything everywhere all the time
sometimes it's easy to be open
sometimes it's a pain
sometimes it hurts
 everybody hurts sometimes
every little body thinging in its own time

balloon in my belly, enormous
torso a storm – *storm* as the word-sound, not the image
cat snort fantastic toe velcro – as the image, not the word-sound
subjective observer
I perform for myself
taste-driven means I lick it if it tastes good – as a metaphor, not literally
not performing for anyone else but me
I realize that me
is so many other people already
many internalized witnesses
invited to the party
watching from within
having their little opinions and ideas and appetites
what a lovely crowd, a motley crew, an odd bunch of fuckers
I should not have eaten those fries – every time a brick in the intestines
attention can be everywhere without being scattered
expanded extended absorbent massive bleeding everywhere
its not the same as scattered
 scattered is cheap and petty
 scattered forgot where it left off
 scattered doesn't know that center is everywhere
 because to scattered center is nowhere
 so sorry for scattered
I press my feet into the ground – does that make me grounded?
the idiocy of metaphors, really, I mean really
what's the difference between obvious and true?
 Vocabulary.
I'm building a temporary castle of vocabularies and washing it away
 with a fire hose of force
so many rhythms my booty knows without even trying,
 dying
faded indigo dye t-shirt with my sister's lace
made from my sister's indigo dye
how my sister's tastes
have formed my eye
holding my brains together by braille
eyes closed is not authentic, it's just darker in there.
digestion is everything
heavy brains in a heavy skull

la ballerine endormie / Word for Word

A curator once said to me, “I’m not interested in your questions. I want your dreams”. Fair enough.

While working on *Midday and Eternity (the time piece)* in 2013, I had a dream that time was structured like a Rubik’s cube. Multidimensional time hinged on a simple orthogonal pivot that allowed time to have various axial relations, groupings, and alignments. Different facets of time could be swivelled in several directions, grouped together in different sets. While it seems impossible to “solve” when you don’t know the moves, what I learned in real life is that the final stage of solving the Rubik’s cube amounts to learning a number of possible sequences, like choreographic phrases. In my dream, those moves held the secret to all of time’s moving parts.

I had a dream that Trisha Brown and Deborah Hay had bestowed upon me a chart. This chart was a semi-collaborative choreographic matrix they’d comprised of “in-order-to’s,” notated in 5 columns by 5 rows. Entrusted with this cypher, I was to transmit their choreographic meta-structure to someone else, with the possibility of transposing it to any other practice or medium than dance. I remember feeling that I was holding in my hands a key to possibly the best choreography ever, should I be capable of comprehending and translating their assignment.

The expression “in-order-to” infiltrated that dream from a real-life dancing and writing protocol created by Zoë Poluch and Stina Nyberg in 2014 called *Dancing Is*, in which there is strictly no dancing “in-order-to”. The dancing task, called *Just Dancing* avoids three main in in-order-to’s: choreography, training, and performance. No dancing in order to choreograph anything in particular, to train anything in particular, nor to perform anything in particular. The practitioner is invited to write intermittent observations that start with “Dancing is...” and completes the sentence according to the immediate experience of *Just Dancing*. This task transforms the near impossibility of “dance-for-dance’s sake” into a bottomless reservoir for discovering what dance is by swerving through the negative space of what dance *can* be but isn’t necessarily all of the time.

In a conversation with Halla Ólofsdóttir in September 2017, I was testing the idea that all choreography has an “in-order-to,”

no matter how purely about dance it wishes to be, no matter how high-modern or abstract in its values, no matter how essentialist, all choreography has an agenda. Or, as in architecture, every project has a program. For a reason or set of reasons, that make the dance “in-order-to” do some things and not other things. Regarding on the dance-makers that I think work in a way that is really about dance itself (i.e. no dance in-order-to anything besides the dance), like Trisha Brown, or Deborah Hay, in whose dances the dance is necessarily just itself, non-representational, “about” nothing else, and a priori “useless,” the secret of *good* choreography in such a value-realm is that its “in-order-to’s” are utterly inherent and immanent to dance, untranslatable. The dance’s agendas are hidden in plain view, within the dance, and point only back to the dance for answers. Maybe that chart of 25 “in-order-to’s” was the ultimate paradox of dance’s purposeful purposelessness, deciphered.

I had a dream that I had a conflict with a scenographer because I wanted him to build me a changing closet onstage for quick costume changes. He said, “I can’t do that. We’ll need space in there for the margaritas, and then what if the margaritas spill all over the costumes?” “Margaritas!?” I said, “Listen, if I’m gonna be drinking margaritas during the show, I’ll do it with the audience and in front of everyone, not in some closet”. That’s pretty much how I feel about performance. I like to have all my cards on the table. But that’s not the same as just being naked in front of everyone.

I had a dream I had to re-do all of Marie Fahlin’s Choreography PhD research at Stockholm University of the Arts, because the only way to understand her work was to do it. How else do you transmit tacit knowledge?

Judith Butler once came to me in a dream and said, “gender is an infinitude of singularities”. She didn’t say it in real life, but I would like to quote her on it, because I surely didn’t make it up.

I had a dream that my whole LGBTQIA swim team was in my friend Ethan’s bed and he had a ginger cat who was the dream’s own revelation. Can a dream itself have a revelation? When I dance I want to be space’s own dreaming. I make myself susceptible for being moved and images appear. Punctuated, isolated dramas, from

nowhere, from anywhere, from the memory stored everywhere, beyond, around, and in me.

The space's dreaming: an infinitude of singularities. For a few years I had a reoccurring nightmare wherein I was supposed to perform *Rain* by Anne Teresa De Keersmaecker / Rosas but I didn't know the choreography. Sometimes in the dream I didn't have a costume, or the costume I had was the wrong color, or didn't fit. Usually I was in a panic trying to learn my part off video, at which I'm terrible in real life. Often there was a rehearsal director who didn't realize I was worthlessly lost. Sometimes the other dancers told me what to, pushed me out at each entrance, pulled me off at each exit, and talked me through the show. The last and final time I had this dream, I managed to approximate a dance in the manner of *Rain*. Drawing upon everything I knew from real life experience, and all my absorption of *Rosas* culture, I forged a *Rain-esque* enough improvisation of running in spirals punctuated with intermittent geometric directional gesturing. As *Rain*. I got the vibe, enough to pass, and the nightmare never returned.

One of my students at DOCH told me that when you are having a dream you want to change, you have to look at your own hands in the dream in order to lucid dream. If you can count the same number of fingers as in real life, or recognize the lines of your palm as in waking life, you can begin to direct the dream. She says it's because we know our hands better than anything else in our waking life. I think it's because we make stuff with our hands, we take stuff with our hands, we control things with our hands, we operate tools with our hands, we issue commands with our hands, we explain and show things with our hands, we touch with our hands, we feel with our hands, we conduct our waking reality with our hands. We author with our hands. (See "Author's Hand / Epitaph", in *A lot of moving parts*, Book 2.)

I had a dream wherein I realized I was dreaming so I decided to try to lucid dream. I looked at my hands, which is what I'd been told to do, and worked very hard to recognize the lines of my palms – if I could see the double life line on the left palm then I would recognize my real hand and gain control of the dream. I concentrated all of my effort on the left palm, I worked until I could see it,

and then this Australian girl I know appeared. I stared at her with attention so hard it could bend a spoon and fiercely willed her to tell me something important. Her mouth warped and bent, her words were chewed and twisted, and all that came out was:

██████████ as unclothed; it is at say than without the show help the free at a removal or at the fall by a presence flying ██████████ called in the air, it supports, of fact ██████████ a mellow voltage of her no one. All the memory, no! of show ██████████, fault of poetry this that appointed so, the opposite, there abounds, debauchery amiable for the mind released attendance of the characters at ██████████ habit and words ██████████. Only the charm the pages of book born past not in the representation. The stars, their-same, which I have for belief than, rarely, he must bother not without reasons ██████████ of meditative severity (right here, according to ██████████, Love the ██████████ assemble) ██████████ leafs and ██████████ learn they are ██████████ part; ██████████ the incoherent lack haughty of meaning who twinkles in the alphabet of the night go consent at draw the word ██████████, smooth-talking name of the fairy and ██████████ poem, according to a few shots of pin stellar in a canvas of background blue: because ██████████ body ██████████, total appear around of the star (the can-we better appoint!) the dance ideal of the constellations. Point! ██████████ there leaving, ██████████ see in what worlds, law ██████████ the abyss of ██████████ snow ██████████ whose each flake born relives not the go-and-just of ██████████ ██████████ a waltz, ██████████ the throw vernal of the flowerings ██████████ in effect, the poetry, or nature animated, fate of text ██████████ congeal ██████████ the maneuvers ██████████ and ██████████ dazzling stagnation of the ██████████ drefs and fire. ██████████ in the order of ██████████ action, I have seen a circle magic by other thing designed than the tower continued or ██████████ lakes of ██████████ etcetera.

My sister doesn't like it when people recount their dreams. She says "it's like listening to a little kid 'using their imagination' to make up a really long story, except there's no element of cute". Frankly, she's right. But ██████████ said she wanted my dreams, so there you go.

la ballerine illettrée / The Story

In late Summer 2017, at Performing Arts Forum (PAF) in Reims, France, during Summer University's first ever *Poetry Week*, a rotating group of people set up and ran *The Translation Bureau*, or *B.I.T.* for short (though nobody could say what the "I" in *B.I.T.* stood for). On the ground floor in the room with rabbit wallpaper and windows facing the courtyard, *The Translation Bureau* existed for a week, receiving deliveries through the window and appointments through the hallway door. The office had three clocks on the wall, set to the current time in Babylon, Athens, and Tübingen. One explanation I remember (but there were several) was that the clocks showed Babylon because of the tower of Babel, Athens because the translation from Hebrew to Greek of the Old Testament in Alexandria was a foundational moment in the history of translation for the western world, and Tübingen because it was the place where poet and translator Johann Christian Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843) finished his life.

The Translation Bureau's meticulously executed and mysterious performance of office-hood was as much my interest as was their translation work. I wanted to know what went on in *The Translation Bureau* but couldn't get a straight answer. It was clear that one thing they *didn't* do was simply translate texts from one natural language to another. I understood that the only way to know what the *B.I.T.* did was to visit the *B.I.T.* for consultation.

I requested an appointment with *The Translation Bureau* and received an appointment the next day. In my appointment, they offered me coffee, water, or tea, delivered by Jordan Skinner (sub-contracted for all supplies) through the window. Jack Cox; sat in the chair next to mine, our two chairs separated by a plant, facing Olivia Fairweather, Runa B. Skolseg, and Alexandra Napier who sat the other three in a row behind a long desk. They interviewed me, Jack taking notes on a clipboard. I summarized my translation problem; of how to adequately language the poetics of dance, as its own medium of thought which is not linguistic. They asked a few questions and said that I would be notified as soon as their treatment of my case was complete.

In two days, I was invited back for a second appointment. They apologized for the wait and explained it was due to the difficulty of obtaining pink paper on site. They presented me with a stack of pink papers and a cover letter, as follows:

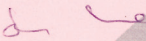
Eleanor, la ballerine illettrée

Anliegen

Eleanor is beginning research on her PhD. She has been thinking about how to translate the thinking she does with her body into verbal language. Does this imply that she is doing more thinking with her body than she can say?

Proposal

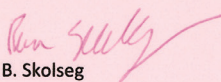
Eleanor has come to us with a problematic that extends far beyond the timeframe of the Bureau. This is a very serious question, no wonder she is writing a PhD on it! We would suggest the following exercise as an at least initial *vade mecum*. Attached is a short extract from a dance spectator text of Mallarmé's. We suggest she follow an exercise that Kenneth Koch developed for children (see *The Art of Love*), where they were to translate poems from a language they didn't know simply looking up the words in a bilingual dictionary and writing down the equivalents in the order they found them. We think Mallarmé's text nicely lends itself to this approach, as its French is in a state of maximal internal separation, at once syntactically highly compact and semantically spaced. And if we note that what this text (swirling, perhaps.. empty tulle) is made to reveal is 'the nakedness of your concepts', it would be to keep this thought permanently tied to the underdeterminedness of the word-by-word process of building up a vocabulary, and untangled from the boring relationship of the spectacle of the ballerina to *le poète*, into whose reversed metaphysics we naturally have no wish to pretend to fast-track you either (primacy of the embodied, etc.).



J. Cox



A. Napier



R. B. Skolseg

In the following pages, you will find the rest as *The Translation Bureau* gave it to me: a double-spaced transcript of Stéphane Mallarmé's «Ballets» from the book *Divagations* (1897), so you can complete your own word-for-word translation.

Ballets

La Cornalba me ravit, qui danse comme dévêtue; c'est-à-dire que sans le semblant d'aide offert à un enlèvement ou à la chute par une présence volante et assoupie de gazes, elle paraît, appelée dans l'air, s'y soutenir, du fait italien d'une moelleuse tension de sa personne.

Tout le souvenir, non ! du spectacle à l'Éden, faute de Poésie : ce qu'on nomme ainsi, au contraire, y foisonne, débauche aimable pour l'esprit libéré de la fréquentation des personnages à robes, habit et mots célèbres. Seulement le charme aux pages du livret ne passe pas dans la représentation. Les astres, eux-mêmes, lesquels j'ai pour croyance que, rarement, il faut déranger pas sans raisons considérables de méditative gravité (ici, selon l'explication, l'Amour les meut et les assemble) je feuillette et j'apprends qu'ils sont de la partie ; et l'incohérent manque hautain de signification qui scintille en l'alphabet de la Nuit va consentir à tracer le mot VIVIANE, enjôleurs nom de la fée et titre du poème, selon quelques coups d'épingle stellaires en une toile de fond bleue : car le corps de ballet, total ne figurera autour de l'étoile (la peut-on mieux nommer !) la danse idéale des constellations. Point ! de là on partait, vous voyez dans quels mondes, droit à l'abîme d'art. La neige aussi

dont chaque flocon ne revit pas au va-et-vient d'un blanc ballabile ou selon une valse, ni le jet vernal des floraisons: tout ce qui est, en effet, la Poésie, ou nature animée, sort du texte pour se figer en des manœuvres de carton et l'éblouissante stagnation des mousselines lie et feu. Aussi dans l'ordre de l'action, j'ai vu un cercle magique par autre chose dessiné que le tour continu ou les lacs de la fée même: etc. Mille détails piquants d'invention, sans qu'aucun atteigne à une importance de fonctionnement avéré et normal, dans le rendu. Quelqu'un jamais, notamment au cas sidéral précité, avec plus d'héroïsme passa-t-il outre la tentation de reconnaître en même temps que des analogies solennelles, cette loi, que le premier sujet, hors cadre, de la danse soit une synthèse mobile, en son incessante ubiquité, des attitudes de chaque groupe: comme elles ne la font que détailler, en tant que fractions, à l'infini. Telle, une réciprocité, dont résulte l'in-individuel, chez la coryphée et dans l'ensemble, de l'être dansant, jamais qu'emblème point quelqu'un..

Le jugement, ou l'axiome, à affirmer en fait de ballet!

À savoir que la danseuse n'est pas une femme qui danse, pour ces motifs juxtaposés qu'elle n'est pas une femme, mais

une métaphore résumant un des aspects élémentaires de notre forme, glaive, coupe, fleur, etc, et qu'elle ne danse pas, suggérant, par le prodige de raccourcis ou d'élans, avec une écriture corporelle ce qu'il faudrait des paragraphes en prose dialoguée autant que descriptive, pour exprimer, dans la rédaction : poème dégagé de tout appareil du scribe.

Après une légende, la Fable point comme l'entendit le goût classique ou machinerie d'empyrée, mais selon le sens restreint d'une transposition de notre caractère, ainsi que de nos façons, au type simple de l'animal. Un jeu aisé consistait à re-traduire à l'aide de personnages, il est vrai, plus instinctifs comme bondissants et muets que ceux à qui un conscient langage permet de s'énoncer dans la comédie, les sentiments humains donnés par le fabuliste à d'énamourés volatiles. La danse est ailes, il s'agit d'oiseaux et des départs en l'à-jamais, des retours vibrants comme flèche : à qui scrute la représentation des Deux Pigeons apparaît par la vertu du sujet, cela, une obligatoire suite des motifs fondamentaux du Ballet. L'effort d'imagination pour trouver ces similitudes ne s'annonce pas ardu, mais c'est quelque chose que d'apercevoir une parité médiocre même, et le résultat intéresse, en art. Leurre !

sauf dans le premier acte, une jolie incarnation des ramiers en l'humanité mimique ou dansante des protagonistes.

Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre deux ou plusieurs, par paire, sur un toit, ainsi que la mer, vu en l'arceau d'une ferme thessalienne, et vivants, ce qui est, mieux que peints, dans la profondeur et d'un juste goût. L'un des amants à l'autre les montre puis soi-même, langage initial, comparaison. Tant peu à peu les allures du couple acceptent de l'influence du pigeonnier becquètements ou sursauts, pâmoisons, que se voit cet envahissement d'aérienne lasciveté sur lui glisser, avec des ressemblances éperdues. Enfants, les voici oiseaux, ou le contraire, d'oiseaux enfants, selon qu'on veut comprendre l'échange dont toujours et dès lors, lui et elle, devraient exprimer le double jeu : peut-être, toute l'aventure de la différence sexuelle ! Or je cesserai de m'élever à aucune considération, que suggère le Ballet, adjuvant et le paradis de toute spiritualité, parce qu'après cet ingénu prélude, rien n'a lieu, sauf la perfection des exécutants, qui vaille un instant d'arrière-exercice du regard, rien.. Fastidieux de mettre le doigt sur l'inanité quelconque issue d'un gracieux motif premier. Ici la fuite du vagabond, laquelle prêtait, du moins, à cette espèce d'extatique impuissance à

disparaître qui délicieusement attache aux planchers la danseuse ; puis quand viendra, dans le rappel du même site ou le foyer, l'heure poignante et adorée du rapatriement, avec intercalation d'une fête à quoi tout va tourner sous l'orage, et que les déchirés, pardonnante et fugitif, s'uniront : ce sera.. Vous concevez l'hymne de danse final et triomphal où diminue jusqu'à la source de leur joie ivre l'espace mis entre les fiancés par la nécessité du voyage ! Ce sera.. comme si la chose se passait, madame ou monsieur, chez l'un de vous avec quelque baiser très indifférent en art, toute la Danse n'étant de cet acte que la mystérieuse interprétation sacrée. Seulement, songer ainsi, c'est à se faire rappeler par un trait de flûte le ridicule de son état visionnaire quant au contemporain banal qu'il faut, après tout, représenter, par condescendance pour le fauteuil d'Opéra.

À l'exception d'un rapport perçu avec netteté entre l'allure habituelle du vol et maints effets chorégraphiques, puis le transport au Ballet, non sans tricherie, de la Fable, demeure quelque histoire d'amour : il faut que virtuose sans pair à l'intermède du divertissement (rien n'y est que morceaux et placage) l'émerveillante Mademoiselle Mauri résume le sujet par sa divination mêlée d'animalité trouble et pure à tous propos désignant les allusions non mises

au point, ainsi qu'avant un pas elle invite, avec deux doigts, un pli frémissant de sa jupe et simule une impatience de plumes vers l'idée.

Un art tient la scène, historique avec le Drame; avec le Ballet, autre, emblématique. Allier, mais ne confondre; ce n'est point d'emblée et par traitement commun qu'il faut joindre deux attitudes jalouses de leur silence respectif, la mimique et la danse, tout à coup hostiles si l'on en force le rapprochement. Exemple qui illustre ce propos: a-t-on pas tout à l'heure, pour rendre une identique essence, celle de l'oiseau, chez deux interprètes, imaginé d'élire une mime à côté d'une danseuse, c'est confronter trop de différence! l'autre, si l'une est colombe, devenant j'ignore quoi, la brise par exemple. Au moins, très judicieusement, à l'Éden, ou selon les deux modes d'art exclusifs, un thème marqua l'antagonisme que chez son héros participant du double monde, homme déjà et enfant encore, installe la rivalité de la femme qui marche (même à lui sur des tapis de royauté) avec celle, non moins chère du fait de sa voltige seule, la primitive et fée. Ce trait distinct de chaque genre théâtral mis en contact ou opposé se trouve commander l'œuvre qui emploie la disparate à son architecture même: resterait à trouver une communication. Le librettiste ignore d'ordinaire que

la danseuse, qui s'exprime par des pas, ne comprend d'éloquence autre, même le geste.

À moins du génie disant: « La Danse figure le caprice à l'essor rythmique — voici avec leur nombre, les quelques équations sommaires de toute fantaisie — or la forme humaine dans sa plus excessive mobilité, ou vrai développement, ne les peut transgresser, en tant, je le sais, qu'incorporation visuelle de l'idée »: cela, puis un coup d'œil jeté sur un ensemble de chorégraphie! personne à qui ce moyen s'impose d'établir un ballet. Connue la tournure d'esprit contemporaine, chez ceux mêmes, aux facultés ayant pour fonction de se produire miraculeuses: il y faudrait substituer je ne sais quel impersonnel ou fulgurant regard absolu, comme l'éclair qui enveloppe, depuis quelques ans, la danseuse d'Édens, fondant une crudité électrique à des blancheurs extra-charnelles de fards, et en fait bien l'être prestigieux reculé au delà de toute vie possible. L'unique entraînement imaginaire consiste, aux heures ordinaires de fréquentation dans les lieux de Danse sans visée quelconque préalable, patiemment et passivement à se demander devant tout pas, chaque attitude si étranges, ces pointes et taquetés, allongés ou ballons. « Que peut signifier ceci » ou mieux, d'inspiration, le lire.

À coup sûr on opérera en pleine rêverie, mais adéquate : vaporeuse, nette et ample, ou restreinte, telle seulement que l'enferme en ses circuits ou la transporte par une fugue la ballerine illettrée se livrant aux jeux de sa profession. Oui, celle-là (serais-tu perdu en une salle, spectateur très étranger, Ami) pour peu que tu déposes avec soumission à ses pieds d'inconsciente révélatrice ainsi que les roses qu'enlève et jette en la visibilité de régions supérieures un jeu de ses chaussons de satin pâle vertigineux, la Fleur d'abord de ton poétique instinct, n'attendant de rien autre la mise en évidence et sous le vrai jour des mille imaginations latentes : alors, par un commerce dont paraît son sourire verser le secret, sans tarder elle te livre à travers le voile dernier qui toujours reste, la nudité de tes concepts et silencieusement écrira ta vision à la façon d'un Signe, qu'elle est.

A Story About Death, Sortof

Once upon a time, I spent a year and change studying Improv Comedy at Upright Citizens Brigade in New York. I was looking for something I was missing in my European performance life. I wanted more spontaneity, more humour, more ways to include my absurd and apparently excessive personality in my work as a performer. I was sick of feeling like I had to control and minimize my 'self' in order to be acceptable onstage. I was interested in spending more time onstage than behind my computer, planning to be in the studio for planning to be onstage. I wanted to write less funding applications and more punchlines.

Next to taking classes at UCB, I started hosting a variety show called *BAUER HOUR*. It was all of those things I was looking for – spontaneous, open-ended, light – but it wasn't always good. Sometimes it just felt like I could and should have been better prepared. I heard at some point in my dabbling dilettantish study of comedy that you have to die onstage to be a good comedian. *BAUER HOUR* was a relentless episodic kamikaze artistic suicide mission. Unfortunately I don't think it made me any funnier. So I kept the death part and dropped the comedy.

A lot of moving parts is in many ways about excess and death. What has to go in order for other things to live. How to make space for myriad interests and curiosities, how to foster their dynamics in relation to each other, in a way that allows them to thrive instead of strangle each other. It's like gardening: you want biodiversity, but you still have to kill some weeds or else they'll take over the things you've planted. Choreographically and in studio practices, how to protect the space for being *VUCA* (a military and management acronym: *Volatile, Unpredictable, Complex and Ambiguous*) is sometimes a matter of what has to go. Finding the simplest containers to support the complexity of what dance can be sometimes means not trying to hold onto all of that complexity at once, but letting some things die in order for the emergent complexity to thrive.