

Arantxa Martínez (2019)

We dance with the motor apparatus. We put that apparatus into motion. There is no secret, need or fairness to reach. You don't have to have a reason to dance. Although there may be many reasons, it is not necessary to have one more than the desire to dance. How to dance then? We dance with what is there, not with what is not.

There is my body that is inside another body: the room where I'm dancing. There is the weight of my body ; there is its motor ability to articulate: bend, stretch, roll, jump, turn. There is the muscular density of each movement, the energy that I invest or do not invest; there is the texture that I perceive and that which my body returns to me at every moment, the texture of my arm that stretches near my ear, the texture of the air that rubs me when I run, the texture of my foot hitting the ground, the texture of my shirt in contact with my skin, the texture of my hands when opening or closing in a fist, the texture of the ground, of the sound I produce. We work with easily accessible motor parameters (although they may not seem that easy the first day). It is not about complicating the entry but about simplifying it. There is no secret or double intention. There is literalness: if I now dance with the weight, what is at stake is the weight. Not a weight that derives in something else, that produces something else, that includes something else. There is only the weight, now, again and again. The dance that dances is a weight that is articulated, calibrated, provoked, perceived, inhabited, released, that is reduced or expanded; in short, that it is played. This *game* is much simpler than the description I make of it now, as it is simpler for a motor apparatus capable of kicking a ball to kick it or to throw it in the air. The description of such a gesture will always be more laborious than the gesture itself. However, the dance generated is not more than it is. We dance with the body we have. Then, we can dance the body that we don't have, which is no other than the body of what continues, wanders and goes astray in the “knowing” of something else.

I move the volume, I stir it so I can perceive it better. While its quality moves and I move it, I follow it moving in all the directions in which the movement puts it: up, down, I now locate it here and in the next second there, I isolate it on one foot or one leg, and right after it has already moved to another extremity or another area. I lose it and confirm it a moment later, because going out and entering, perceiving and no longer perceiving, are part of the

accidents that are happening. There is no promise if not the constant activity of insisting on that single quality and beginning to perceive it again and again. The continuity of this dance is not a consequence of the volume, in this case, but of the continuous activity of starting to play that quality in every moment. I actively confirm again and again that my body is volume. Again and again I start the activity of moving that volume in order to perceive it or because I perceive it, I move it. It is this activity of always starting what produces continuity in the long run. It is:

$1+1$
 $+1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1+1$ infinitely.

My dance corresponds to my body. The articulation of one entails the articulation of the other and vice versa. We dance with what is there and not with what is not. I dance with the body I have and not with the one I don't have. Sometimes this body gets tired. Then I dance with the body that I can, which is after all the one I have. I assume this body as it is, as I know it: with its patterns, limitations, shortcomings, possibilities, qualities, fears, sensitivity. It is that body that is committed in practice, to get into play and to put into play what it has and knows without needing to recognize it. In this sense I often have the feeling that we always work on a primary matter that we do not process. The meat that I find is raw and this stadium is never overcome but is visited again and again. If anything I find that it is still raw. Always starting to get in touch.

How is it then that I know if I don't do the exercise of recognising? (This question oozes linear temporality, inscribed in almost everything that humans do). Our task is to know and not to recognise. I am not responsible for recognising what is happening, because I happen to have recognised it before. I only commit to knowing and assuming that my body (already) knows the weight, the volume, the texture of itself in full movement. The dance is not the result of a knowledge that is recognised. The flesh is always raw and still moving. Movement is not the result of a process. The movement is entertained and delayed in its motor apparatus: in its oscillations, its tendencies. I follow them and also I provoke them, I constantly challenge them by interrupting or undoing them, modifying the body structure that a second before has made them possible. An all that using the complicity we experience with what we know. Complicity, that great space without words.

How is this dance expressed? How visible are we? I keep doing the same thing I've done so far. Getting in touch with the parameters already said: articulation, texture, weight...etc. I get in touch by moving, first with one, later with another. I start at the beginning. I try to access it easily. Everything is there. And what is there is not within me if not on my surface. In practice there is no internal origin and an external expression. There is no need or something hidden that I must decipher. There is immediate access since I do not question that what I am playing and the feeling of what I play, is not what I should be touching or experiencing. The experience I have is the one at stake. The one I don't have is not.

For this reason I neither listen to myself nor look at myself. The expression of this practice does not express me, once again, as the guarantor that something is happening in my body, since I - a dancer / performer - is able to hear or see it.

This dance that has no process or expression of how exposed it is. It is an overexposed dance.