

02/11/22 – *Practice Field Notes*

0. BASIC INFO

Location: GW

Day: 02/11/22

Time: 14:00 - [15:30]

Weather: blustery, fierce winds, sun & sprinkles

Notes: Last night on *Vibrant Death*, page 120, I remarked: “Improvisations with ghosts?” Re: hauntology section. Today seems perfect time to try it out — (writing on wind/spirit)

1. CASUAL WALK / PHOTO WALK

Location / Zone(s): 6,9,2

Discoveries & Observations: fox skull swept perfectly onto a plant frame [see images]

Only bird wings were swept from the willows

Notes: Fierce winds all night, continuing today. Will dance with them shortly. Skulls remarkably undisturbed—only bird wings took flight... that and the fox skull at the house, but look where it landed! (Photo/video)

2. STILLNESS / SILENCE / MEDITATION

Zone: 6, garden (watching the treetops)

Notes: Trees, their bodies covered in mouths, a gown of green mouths shed in winter. They cluster in oaks and catch the wind like sails. The movements allow us to read the wind—its many directions, its eddies & swirls. Sounds of leaves (mouths) flickering/chattering, the creak of swaying trunks, a cause of innosculation? Resemblance in the leaves against the sky of scintillation on water.

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

Notes: Deep sense of connection & mystery, a willingness to engage with ghosts and the past... desire to hold chaos & order in harmony

4. CHECKING IN W/SELF AND SPACE

Notes: The wind and its energy, its chaos & the movement it affects. Woods are wild with it. Treetops vs. grass.

5. FREE MOVEMENT

Zone(s): 3, 6

Notes: [dancing with the wind... the external document goes into more detail, but it involved eyes-closed (engaging with touch and sound), eyes-open (engaging with the visible), and an instance with emotional/grief-based intention.]

6. STRUCTURED/GUIDED MOVEMENT

Zone(s):

Notes:

7. REFLEXIVE WRITING

02/11/2022 - dancing with my mother the wind

Accessed a powerful sense of presence, play, and emotional connection today during the free movement exercises with the wind [vide:]

After engaging with tactility, visual and auditory senses to emulate and embody the motion of the wind, to improvise with and respond to these surface sensations.... I went to work with a mixture of internal motion and external response.

At first I tried to conjure up memories of my mother. Her last moments, briefly. Then simple moments. "Bubba" she sometimes called me. I heard it and watched

her say it. But these memories were frustratingly disjointed and distant. Free of context, they felt hollow. Like old snapshots. But then, moving my attention outward, I watched dark clouds move in to surround the space. I swayed and moved. I felt my skin touch my own skin (hand on cheek, or fingers on fingers?). That triggered something new. I imagined her participating in the wind, moving among the treetops. My skin seemed to prickle. My eyes swelled with tears. A leaf flew like a swirling arrow toward the ground. I recalled earlier in the day when I mistook a leaf for a bird in flight. And my body immediately moved in response to the leaf.

From this point it becomes difficult to remember. I felt transported, caught up in it. Tied brutally to the wind, desperate to play with her, to dance around, to banter, to run. She must have chased me as a child. All parents do, I think. Memory fails me. Memory is a useless place. But in the moment and the motion, I felt as if I could access something real, something that had been taken away not only with her death but also from our relationship those last few years. Something sparkly and entwined. A rush. A thrill. Lessons. Being taught through playfulness.

Taught what, though?