

Prelude: Spinoza Part II, Proposition 24: The human mind does not involve adequate knowledge of the parts composing the human body.

There is so much to be known.

There is so much to be unknown.

There is a particular type of space that is shared...

Post-consensual practice, because we agree that consensus is antithetical to our purpose. It manifests in an accumulation (of things, of ideas, of space), an opening and moving apart.

We recognize and seize that specific space because we sense that it holds profound potential. We are catalysts for one another... becoming meaningful presences in each other's artistic and personal processes.

Maybe you need to be more obvious:

you can hear  
what I'm saying.

Maybe you need to be more transparent:

you can see  
what I'm doing.

You witness my body over time, and  
in so doing,  
you give me a body that doesn't belong solely to me.

I remember the feeling of hair.



I start growing mine today as we weave together the  
braids of our past, present and future dialogues.

I could  
begin with you  
at any point,  
and immediately find everything that I can be.

The scaffolding is not here at first; it is coming as I  
come.

**Exteriority whispers:** Whenever you give time, people  
will be happy. So give enough time.

**Vitality calls:** Let's perform a pelvic exorcism.  
(Breathing life back into the death in my body.)

**Serendipity says:** It is a constant ebb and flow—  
intention and emergence.

*What lies latent within and around performance?  
What is waiting to be realized, developed, and made  
legible?*

*In short: what can performance do?*

My kidneys feel supported by you—  
that is why they are relaxing into  
your hands.

I apologize to my pelvis  
for having written it off as inadequate  
all  
these  
years.  
(*Our ideas of bodies are always inadequate – a  
Spinozian resonance.*)

You lean over and speak to my pelvis,  
saying:  
"You are great!"



Spinoza, Part II, P39, Corollary: "...it follows that the  
mind is more capable of perceiving many things  
adequately as its body has many things in common  
with other bodies."

I am entering into that state that is so familiar beside  
you. I can see connections among all things.

I trust in your meaning. It is so often that I don't know  
what you mean.

This is what is important to us:  
the movement.  
*And then more movement—*

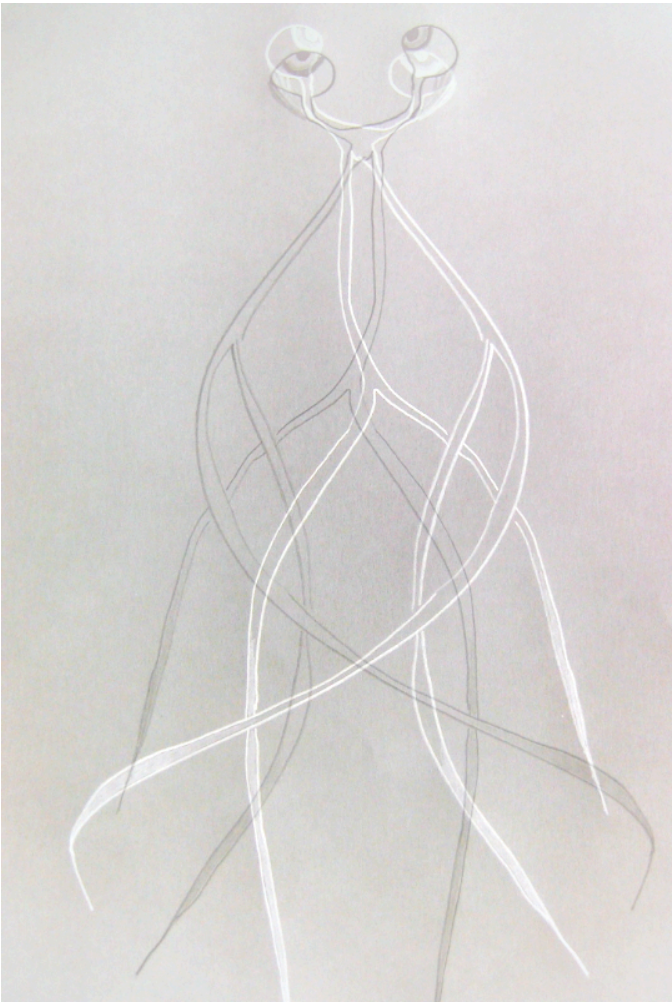
more listening to movement,

allowing movement to happen, seeing  
the value of movement as a shifty, non-rigid form. The  
vital serendipity of dancing with another body,  
contaminating with a love for deviations and a  
commitment to the dispositives of co-presence.

We *feel* theory.

*What are the values of performance?*

*How do these contaminate our bodies?*



*Two sets of eyeballs, resting and swinging*

It is a deep sea, where two sets of eyeballs swing together and navigate alongside each other, deviating towards disorientation and chaos, but breaking the surface from time to time. Next time will be in performance.

There are so many differences.

There are so many indifferences.

We value  
loyalty and togetherness through challenges.

How would a world look that really allowed change and movement? Because this is what we build our worlds upon as dancers: being as perceptive as possible to sensate differences.

*What is the choreography of proposal and refusal?*

Today I said 'No' to you for the first time. You had to force me and it was painful.

The ability to be affected'  
can mean  
'the inability to be unaffected.'  
But it does not need to.

Nothing should be stable.  
Nothing should be static.

I feel so grateful.  
I want to press you  
to me  
awkwardly  
in the stairwell.  
We have deviated dangerously.

Stretching beyond yourself  
spiraling around yourself—  
performing untenable movement.

I feel much more adept at circling—  
navigating around—  
rather than being the axis.

I feel constantly like I am getting in the way when I am  
the center. ...in the center of attention ... responsibility  
and positioning happen lightly... a democratic space

Sometimes we vibrate at our points of contact—  
a lively, rhythmic vibration.

Destined to be difficult (chemically). Accepting the  
destiny of easiness.  
I chose not to be polite when we met.  
I remember her looking over the rim of her glasses  
when she said: "It is not a bad thing to be polite!"

Let's find the thingliness of things and a bare body,  
exorcised of unidimensional meanings and the  
singular notions that have possessed them so that  
they can become channels for frequent, shifting, and  
multiple possessions.

...Fruits,  
vegetables,  
cheeses,  
breads,  
incense, sage, stones, shells,  
metals (copper and silver wire), wines, oils, honey,  
maple syrup, elderflower syrup, flowers,  
candles...

Simple pleasures are not something we should deny  
ourselves.

*What are you doing there where I cannot see you?*



*Here, we can remind ourselves of Heidegger's  
formulation on the performativity of things: not to be,  
but to gather (Lepecki, 9 Variations on Objects and  
Performance).*

In the end we celebrate a wealth of ideas and objects:  
opulence in the land of thought and touch, an  
overwhelming feast, including those questions, which  
were never intended to be posed and even less to be  
answered. Still we try.

Neither one of us is pulling on the reigns.