

Preface

We should address choreography, and I should write.

In order to 'write' choreography I must account for her moves, that is, count each one of her moves, add them up, and then tell them accordingly (much better if told *in Italian*; *contare - raccontare*). Then again, choreography does not count additively, but multiplicably (apparently her brain works logarithmically), and always ad hoc, hence the complexity, and ungraspable overload, even in the tiniest flake.... So, may be, just may be, fiction will at best convey the farfetched conundrums I am supposed to account for. May be only a twisted tale can flake the rhizomatic clouddust I am to 'write'. Specially if spiced up by some sudden drama.

So, that's what I'll do, and let me warn you, I will indulge in sentiment... (ain't 'writing' supposed to resist habit?).

But first a glossary ahead.

GLOSSARY AHEAD

ad hoc is a Latin phrase meaning "for this". It generally signifies a solution designed for a specific problem or task, non-generalizable, and not intended to be adapted to other purposes. **ad hoc** can also mean makeshift solutions, shifting contexts to create new meanings, inadequate planning, or improvised events. This tale unfolds ad hoc.

To **tumble** (verb) means to fall helplessly, lose one's support and equilibrium - mostly by accident.

A **tumble** (noun) names the drop performed by an achievement that requires great courage, or strength, skills and agility, as a leap or a somersault (a double volt – a re/volt). Or the pitch of a step, the rapid decline from power, or the tossing of two ways (hence may also refer to sexual intercourse). A tumble can also be the smoothing and polishing of small parts of a rough surface. And the mess, the untidy, caused by a rumple.

To **rumple** (verb) means to wrinkle or form into folds or creases - but also to make or become unkempt or untidy.

The **Rumble** with a **b** is a music track, an instrumental blues (acoustic/analogous) that utilized the techniques of distortion and feedback. Released in 1958 The Rumble was banned from the radio airwaves but its techniques have ever since been used in all kinds of music.

To **thwart** means to hinder or prevent (efforts, plans, desires).

To **flake** means to peel off in flat thin small pieces or layers - in chips.

A **flake** is an unreliable person; someone who agrees to do something but never follows through.

The **throttle** is the mechanism by which fluid-flow is managed by constriction or obstruction, usually by decrease.

The term *throttle* has come to refer, incorrectly, to any mechanism by which the power or speed of an engine is regulated - whereas the *throttle* more correctly is a regulator of thrust.

Soft shoulder is the unstable edge on the side of the road, unsuitable for vehicles to drive or park on.

And a line of Beyoncé's song 7/11. **Shoulder to Shoulder** means touching sides, but is also the title of a 1974 BBC television serial and a history book on the suffragette's movement.

A **swag** is a drapery or a curtain draped in a curve between two points - or a promotional item, at best given for free. **Grinding** also known as Dirty Dancing is the dance of a girl when rubbing her ass all over a guy's dick until it gets woody.

Morbid in English as you all know, stand for the abnormal interest in disturbing and unpleasant subjects, especially death and disease. **Morbido** in Italian means soft, docile, compliant.

A **School of fish** är en fiskstim.

The **hurdle** is one of a series of upright frames over which athletes in a race must jump, and/or a problem or difficulty that must be overcome; an obstacle, a complication.

Hyper stands for four or more dimensions often used to name overexcitement.

Hypo stands for below, beneath, under.

Thetic From Greek *thetikos*, from *thetos* laid down, and *tithenai*, a place, placing, arrangement, means to place or pertain a thesis.

Retrograde means moving backwards. Usually refers to the regressive, negative, downhill, unwelcome, unprogressive, or the reverting to an earlier and inferior condition. In astrology it means a reverse direction from normal (from east to west), in geology, retrograde stands for a metamorphic change resulting from a decrease in temperature or pressure. Retrograde is also the title of a song by James Blake.

Proprioception from Latin *proprius*, meaning "one's own", "individual," and *capio, capere*, to take or grasp, is the charting and organizing of all relative positioning of all parts engaged in motion. In human motion, proprioception provides the capacity to readjust disrupted balance without involving conscious (re)action. The body so to speak does it for you (like when coming down the stairs you misjudge a step and before you know it you have already recovered your balance).

When speaking of **Oscillation** I will refer to the millions of micro shifts that proprioception employs to uphold bodily functions, involuntary as well as voluntary – such as the beating of the heart, and walking, leaping etc. Oscillation is what keeps all body parts connected and organized. Here, I will specifically refer to the case of the body in upright position of stillness which proprioception sustains by simulating millions of hyper-speedy micro-tumbles, that is, by thrusting its body off balance only to immediately recapture its un-balance. Stillness is the smallest but fastest motion of all. Only when dead, the body ceases to oscillate.

With **spineless upright** I will refer to the state of uprightness by proprioception, whereby the super spiral of nerve threads (*imaginary & real*) sustain uprightness by braiding themselves around the vertical ax of the standing body and by that making the spine obsolete, hence 'spineless upright'. Again, you do not need your spine to stand up *although to be really honest that is not true; you also need your hamstrings to swag - two ends firmly attached*.

PS: major part of conventional dance fails to employ, or dogmatically and systematically disables proprioception in favor of predetermined motor schemes (I strongly advocate for soft tissues and nerve threads versus predetermined vanity).

With **Limbs and cables falling outside** I will refer to the figure of the cyborg and to the displacement of the Centroid.

In mathematics and physics, the **centroid** charts the average position of all the points in all of the coordinate directions of any object in *n*-dimensional space. When standing upright/*à-plomb* the centroid of the moving body (then called barycenter) remains inside the body; by the slightest shift, it falls outside.

PS. For the step to occur, the centroid must fall outside, moreover, slightly before the step...

The **net suspended over a void** I will mention is stolen from the short novel Octavia from *Invisible Cities* by Italo Calvino. And with **grace** I will mean dignity, worthiness – and (only) in turn elegance... and with this I will refer to a short essay from 1947 by John Cage entitled Grace and Clarity.

The **(a) place** with a small a in between parenthesis will stand for a passage between two lips (language and sex) – in reference to Luce Irigaray, and indirectly to Jacques Lacan (*objet petit a*).

Finally, to clarify what I mean by **distance** I need to tell about **respect**.

Literally, respect means to deflect the gaze from the private, uphold a detached glance, and employ a *pathos of distance*. Hence, distance differs from spectatorship, which implies a targeted (voyeuristic) gaze. To distant oneself is constitutive of the public space. Including this event.

Lastly, to tell about **power** I need **potential**.

The Italian word *potenza* stands both for power and potentiality. Italian philosopher Giorgio Agamben writes about *potenza* in terms of a yet to come, NOT – in other words of the power to NOT employ potential power - *hence the NOT after the yet to come*. This is crucial for choreography, not least for this 'frame', which needs to manifest itself without exhausting its potential. In other words, must empower its case whilst remaining a probability.

This 'writing' is not a text not a lecture not literature not science not theory; to me it is choreography.
Or rather (a) *may be* frame... telling [a net suspended over a void](#).

This frame is long, irregular and not the least explanatory. Carefully embroidered and snatched from elsewhere.
It is the only frame I have and it is not mine. I owe it to the work, to my colleagues and your attention.
Here, specifically to the words of Johan Jönson, Anne Carson, Peggy Phelan, Clarice Lispector, Italo Calvino,
Alberto Tabucchi, Stig Dagerman, James Blake, Deborah Hay, Byung-Chul Han, Drake, Sia and Beyoncé.
For your knowledge, when speed-reading Beyoncé I will hold my hands up like [this](#).
When telling Anne Carson I will touch my [head](#).
All other words I will point [elsewhere](#).

So, here we go.

And let me warn you, I will indulge in sentiment... (ain't 'writing' supposed to resist habit?).

NOTES ON A TUMBLE

If I look carefully [Eyes Wide Shut](#), I will detect some moves at a distance.

If I arrest my day and slightly tilt my head, I will gradually see a figure hanging below, shifting and tossing her bonded topologies along far and near proximities. Quiet, and thorough, she travels with grace, and by each step taken she dwells her risky steps into the scenery, whereby the scenery opens itself to itself and myself, if I dare the sight. Maybe she is dancing, determined to morph, but she could also just be walking, mapping otherwise tropes. Certainly something is going on, whether I trust it or not.

Once in a while, with absolute pitch but no sound, she climbs up on her toes, unfolds vertically and gesticulates in the air. [Like the stone and the wall, she runs a secret that belongs to the terrestrial order yet travels the sky](#), more so, doesn't agree with circulation, it is the antagonist of communication. That's why she loves the suspended web, loves aphasia, high-tech throttles and other software; perfect tools for the most diligently undisclosed scripture.

Words are definitely involved, if not blatantly here. Other ropes are apparently used, if not credited for.

The entire event seems to operate by a set of devices under which the figure spindle-spins a different pattern, at once safe and bold. Wherefrom and whereto the pattern travels seems to be a matter of great importance, and yet it is each tiny shift between knots and voids that occupies her whole attention; tough navigator as she is, difficulty improves her care and provides her with a safe journey.

Silently, but not mutely, she traces the traits of an entanglement. Knots and voids carefully mapped and recurrently graphed, middle-stuff under the loupe, discolored footprints meticulously collected and archived. One thread over the next, twisted and tossed, caught and comprised. Thin threads made into a thick braid of sense and dissent, curling notified curves into the hyperboles of a may be.

To focus on the figure, or rather on the pattern, is at first a cheep pleasure but soon enough a challenging task. A number of things have added themselves to the event, nothing harsh, but distracting. Quick as a wit, the figure slides into altered conditions and trims to the game. Me, alert but less flexible, hurry along but end up late. New sidetracks have hit my cortex, left and right alike, piercing foreign signals into the grooves of my grey matter. And before they've reached the white layers, I end up in a muddle and loose my target. Late and distressed, I keep looking but can hardly see.

Still I notice that although much harder, looking is a lot clearer, detailed data coming across so much faster and more distinctly when retrieving into the blurring disarray of the event. Backlash of that is that once at hand, each detail immediately calls for specificity of response - equally complex and equally speedy to the dispatched.

The inadequacy of my parochial view fully exposed, bare bones and all.
I already wish she would stop moving. I cannot take another dance.

[And yet she moves](#) - not because I've asked her to (*or have I?*) but because she wants to, perhaps she must, or has been tricked to by accident. Not easy to tell. The fact remains - she is moving whilst keeping a distance. And she is still not speaking, but apparently reading, and then re-writing a hypothetical trajectory of listening.

I ask what is expected from me.

The entire scenery answers in a choir: give up your name, give up control, have no claims and avoid polemics. Give into the waiting and work in frenzy, be late and wait. Look, listen. Such is her intransigence, and her pleasure.

Unfit to the task, I pivot my hills and retrograde. That's when it happens; She/it looks at me lips wide open and says; will you carry my hypothetical luggage? [I say I am happier just watching her](#) –

And so I watch. And she morphs.

One step after the next, in spite of our differences, we bond. Dis-attached.

Once coupled up, the quickstep runs by itself and we forget to remember why this quirky waltz, why we gave up one place for another, now double and several; perhaps the footwork, splendid and rough, or the pattern unfolding. Singing and what not.

The visual wallowing

The sediment

Light as a verb form

Material spill, underground behavior – The quickstep continues. Light, uneven, attentive. Sparkly moves, swift and disjointed. Beats and beads overlapped, embroidering the light into the finest lace.

Shoulder to shoulder, chasing the shadows, hanging below above the uncharted void, me overexcited, she carried away; we miss a knot and fall headfirst.

Shapes entangled, **the mind shuts down in a peak, menacing intention, bluffing all kinds of syntax... You know that drop of your heart, prowling the alleys, kidnapping an entry, in the dark –**

Senses undone, minds in a gap, we trust the fall and throw our selves whilst being thrown.

Falling headfirst into the promise of an entry, the disarray is immediate, and overwhelming.

Tuesday at four, I look back on this and think it must be a mistake.

Why would we miss the beat? Fall into disarray?

She says - [turn your fucking head to the left](#).

A third figure hits my brain, limbs and cables hanging outside. I lift my feet, we hold our hands up and plug into a threesome. Not by touch, not by rubbing (*contamination is a set back; it doesn't require reading*), but by wiring/'writing' a plot, by braiding/'writing' a tango. Counterpoint versus monodrama, the tango turns the plot into a lethal vicious whip, soft, but not sweet. Like sage, shaggy and rough. Abrasive. De-touched. Morbid.

I like this threesome... it has the hoarse throat of Janis Joplin, screams like a goat and pours out your heart...

Immediate drop of attention, I am seduced - this threesome is intoxicating, highly addictive.

Can you teach me to tango? The figure, arms apart, replies: first of all you need to cross your legs, arch your back and zigzag your steps, gaze to the side, never stare ahead. Grind your hips forward and keep a distance. Suspend the swag and pitch your groove. Peak intensities, extend reverb. Give into irregular moods, follow the score and hook to the rhythm. And when "you think you can dance", add some spices to the plot and split yourself in several - It takes at least three to ramble a tango.

Head sharp to the left, I give up binaries and we go viral.

[Shoulders sideways, smack it, smack it in the air. Smack it, smack it in the air. Legs movin' side to side, smack it, smack it in the air – Soft Shoulders sideways, smack it, smack it in the dust. Legs movin' side to side, smack it in the dark. Legs movin' side to side, smack you in the mess.](#)

[Then I'm spinnin' all my hands up \(Spinnin'\) Spinnin' while my hands up \(Spinnin'\) Spinnin' while my hands up Spinnin' while my hands up Then I'm tippin' all my hands up Spinnin', I'm spinnin', I'm spinnin' while my hands up I'm Spinnin', I'm spinnin', I'm spinnin' while my hands up.](#) Every beat needs re-editing.

Middle-bodies in all directions; proudly spinning in the mess. My fall, your fall, her secret, the quickstep, rap-stutter-tango, everything wants me to disengage the horizon, point at somewhere else.

And so we point and end up driving, bumpy but steady. Steadily increasing our motor skills.

Still, in spite of our groove, eventually it happens.

In the peak of a spin, by effectual decree, by a U-turn with no return, the fall flips in a *flash* and leaps a trajectory.

Sudden change of circumstances, a different deal is now on the table.

Hyperthetic spin holding onto nothing, tipping tilting twisting leaping, 7/11, [spinning while my hands up](#).

Every beat needs constant re-editing.

Even the most irregular leap wants to swag.

Even a jump cut cares for the frame.

I pick up her bag step up my game; edit, and fold.

Addiction turns into Obsession.

Editing turns into a nightmare.

Note on a note

Writing is a lot like seeing - Hearing is also important

Choreography is a lot like writing, a lot like seeing – Hearing is also important - as it swallows all senses and claims sole attention...

Listening on the other hand is a whole different story

Reading a text out loud unfolds the writing – good for edit

Dancing out loud exhausts choreography – too late for editing

Note on a note on a note

By a the slightest reediting of the tongue, the Swedish language turns the English word gift into *Gift*

Gift in Swedish, means poison.... and married

Incidentally, the English word gift also means to give away a woman to be married...

She says – Writing is almost like having a dream - it comes from you but feels imposed, you are not in control

Me – Choreography is a *Nightmare*, a self-induced gift, an auto...gg *Gift*; it may kill you but you are finally part of it

3am –

Heavy cloud-dust impending the yard. Bicycles rushing in lines of four before the rain.

Limbs and foliage flaked and dispersed. No one looking out for someone. Everything counting for itself.

Behind a fence a stray dog limping across. He or she or it, seems unhealthy, bent, perhaps dealing with a crisis.

The entire frame reeks of *pharmacon*. Nothing seems to fit, head toes shoulders in disorder.

He reminds me of a relative of mine I hardly ever cared for. I call out his name but fail his language.

I show no sign.

5am –

Over the roofs an invading mist of restrained sadness sponging up all kinds of sorrows.

[Is this darkness of the dawn?](#)

Curved wall with 78 pages hanging out loose – rumpled, and scribbled; must be a long due message.

If only the air would settle, I could read your trace. You could lie your face to my face.

Late at night –

Soft shoulder to the side, rumpling under my feet; unsuitable slope for a sleepover.

Not dangerous. Just a sign. At least a sign.

Flat grids grinding teeth until all joints turn into wood - Tongues Intestines *Polipi e meduse* – soaking wet *baklänges haltandes vid sidan om* – abbandonati a sé stessi *i det sura regnet* insieme a lische *ännu* calde che si abuzzano *i våldsamma conglomerati* with *tentenze fascistoide* che senza alcun pretesto anzi credendo di fare una carità con grande orgoglio ma soprattutto *spudore* avanzano due per due a braccetto per poi con tanto di fanfara davanti e squadre di carabinieri tuttintorno, in continuo schiamazzo proteggono the entire School of fish che con sistematica precisione *pérføra* qualsiasi cosa, *avanzi di sangue braccia essicate e dolcissimi bambini*, alla ed ognuno.

Her description is unreliable – like a drunken she is a flake witness.

Too wet to cut it, I realize we are at sea. Not riding a web but a wave. Not in the air but in the ocean. No Front No back No North No South. Fluidity all over diluting all shapes – It is nauseating. How to en-graph on water? I need soil - a Tectonic wave. Give me a desert, an earthquake, or a collapse of some kind, a gap, a stroke - a silent cata—ss... strophe, the carvings of a crater – hate, politicized goodness and whatever White Trash in ruins, where unpleasant issues cannot be swept aside. Where darkness still counts, and sideways is still an option. Then again, nothing comes cheap. I must walk down the road. Suck it up. Move along. Fit my pace to the egotistical narrow-minded set-up collective. One eyed Cyclops in a bunch. With this one sole eye that sees and understands nothing but vanity. Not even the Yemen crisis, the disappointment in Sanaa over defaulted conversations. Indifference. Sarcasm. Everyone looking at nothing.

Birds take over the streets – Pebbles grow twelve hundred feet...s.

Disfigured membranes shamelessly fucking Screwdrivers and other hardware, all in perfect order, dripping low
from silver-lined shelves Tongues Intestines Inexplicable garlands Fluorescent mucous pouring out of all orifices
Symptoms of the most tangible kind Cars, foxes and cocks Moss-green stairs

Rhizomatic clouddust

Sun is up I'm a mess. I have fever; hot, in the heat. Still pending a sign, looking for logics, for a purpose to claim.
Queasiness not an option, pity not an option, facts what matters, and forensics –
So show me where you fit. Stop lying to my face.

In a fit of anger, by a stroke of disenchanting sympathy, I delete your trace. You erase your trace.
The erotic capital disarrays, the entire narrative disarrays, and all the walking drawing drowning graphing
scratching swaging falling failing and ultimately leaping shuts down and waits.
Nothing happens. No one moves. No one knows who is watching what or whom.
The mess left untidy.
Birds ropes voids knots fences.
An orphan, pebble with feet, still rolling down the slope.

Front lobes arrested, the scenery goes into sleep mode. Me, late, crippled, unclaimed, I misjudge a word and
tumble, not fall, just tumble. Minor tragedy (the large ones being remitted to literature), the tumble is easy to rectify
(proprioception is doing it for me). By the smallest readjustment, shaken not stirred, on the edge of the tiniest
groove, I step into (a) frame, morph into a shadow, and fake stillness.

People say; is she dead?
To avoid further questions I reply, gone, but not buried...
How else could I explain the thrill of this almost imperceptible throttle? Account for the chain of tumbles that
constitute my upright oscillation, the unbelievable complexity of the hyper-speedy super-spiral forensics loop that
upholds my unbalance by the tiniest dislocation in the shortest time-lap one can imagine?

Recognized but not stared at, spineless in the accidental frame, I unfold vertically and the feasible strikes a pose.
Odd as it is...grey, asphalt grey, rough, splendid. Graceful.
This is the beauty of the tumble: the odd move it triggers that coincide function with aesthesis.

That's when it hits me; this is the whole point of the entanglement!
The self-evident shape that claims no attention yet everyone sees
This is the gesture that dares not to trade/tell
The only one that needs not to stop for me to catch up
Grace and clarity practicing the power of a yet to come, not
This is the radical shift capable of an elsewhere
The optimistic project that dares a re/volt
The millisecond *Punctum* with a mile long reverb
Risk and pleasure at once, effort and abandonment overlapped
For the sake of peripheral sight and high pitch listening

Is it knowledge or sheer madness?
In the lack of better evidence... dust, and fire

Det enda som är kvar är det som kan offras

cc, June 2015

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