
10.09.12

TRIO WITH ANA SANCHEZ COUSO AND DIANA BONILLA CI IBIZA FESTIVAL JAM

Tonight we get offered space. It feels like being spoiled. A space for us 3. Our bodies are navigating tasting each millimeter of it. I'm even testing how does it feel the it's border. Being out. Reentering. As I enter the space and see you there is like having a dance date arranged. The space is light, empty. Our presence slowly spreading inhabiting. I notice each of you. Sometimes only the direction of your bodies. Sometimes the quality of you being there. Sometimes what you are looking at and how you interact with what is by you, close or far. I notice my attention moving recognizing myself in the choices and sensations. Recognizing you and what is yours as the outside. As I observe how it travels into me. Now. that I remember us in the space. I have the image of weaving spiders knitting the lines. Building inside out, outside in. My body is into repetition. I catch my self searching to feel the subtle changes. Doing it again and again. Danny L. is in my imaginary. It might be the video and his words from the night before. Or it might be knowing that his information is spreading out. It might be I'm feeling it from you in the space. Gravity, weight, sensation of weight falling trough the body into space. I watch images of my body hold in stillness. My hands being very alive. The first image of my body I "saw" tonight still lives with me and my body keeps bringing it back as if I could sense time through it. As I read the momentary information that feeds me, our three bodies are slowly arriving in the center of the web. The acknowledgment of synchronicity is a magic moment. Like it is the weight settling and the feeling of the ending of an activity. The recognition that weaving is over. And as we gather, as each of our hands enters into play the opening happened. I'm facing A. and D. is on my left. Our bodies are on the floor in a state of listening of openness. The hands activities become the language. Ana's hand slides, D closes her feast as mine turn into crabs. I hear the sounds of my nails as they move. The sensation of space under the palm it is of mobility. The embodiment of the hands become narrative as we repeat the actions. The wood pecker. Hard feast. We pick threads from the space, we draw a straight line, we are composing the visual field. I notice what I'm not seeing letting it feed my imaginary too. Noticing the dialogue of what I can see and what I can't rises sensations of how the composition gets changed. The attention around my kinesphere is concentrated. I notice the weight of the information I receive through my eyes. It feels heavy. The attention is expanding as I'm curious of what my partners hands are doing. We weave a center of a world and we are living in it. Three women. The hands activities become full body activity and the dance grows expanding into the interweaved volumes. The narrative of the hands inspires me. We keep going. I sense a very strong connection. The timing of the alive hands and their language and their narrative brings freshness. A changing rhythm into the trio. I'm in a state of fullness. The positive of fullness. A full world. sensing my attention extremely sharp. I notice Lucia watching us. Some people come into the world we construct and exit. Monika stays as a satellite around. i see her figuring out what we are doing. I see her interpretation of what she recognizes. The hands activities bring sudden changes. My hand opens fastly in front of the eyes. As i add an action i realize that consciously i chose different qualities of time. Of touch. Some people enter catching the activity and relate to us and it hurts. Makes me think that about joining which is not just about coping. or when we copy what gets reproduced? What do we understand of what others are doing? How can we interact with it? This way the interaction doesn't feel right to me. Now i notice as we are very engage in our activities that I let people fall out. I don't help them in. There is a very deep dialogue going on for us three. But from the outside, where I can't be, it might look that we are not in communication. we go on, on and on. I'm feeling the tension of my awareness and of my eyes. In and out. And in between. The world we construct is small. And in it I can sense and see the bigger world as our environment. We are not isolated. I remember finding my end. Getting mentally tired. Feeling in such a deep state of concentration in the inner outer world. A feeling of a need to let go. To change. The image of my brain is a violin and all its cords are clearly tense. I can sense the brain connections at work. I see a mind map. The cartography of the brain working for this dance. I remember wanting to talk to Asaf about it. Is like the universe map. I remember talking with D. recognizing her state. Like a mirror. I'm walking letting time figure out what to do, which door to take to help me out. I start doing yoga. Feeling the tension in my neck as the same tension in my brain. my mind is like a lake, its a quiet and an old lake hold by the mountains. I see Ecki siting and invite him for a dance. My body as it touches his body feels like