

Bodytextarchive contains material from my processual notebook writing over the last two years. Throughout this period of time I question how language performs and what it really means to choreograph text material. The Bodytexts are not an intellectual approach to answer these questions, but a writing emerging from a daily movement and meditation practice, or writing coming straight out from a state of sleep, deep rest or what I later refer to as travelling.

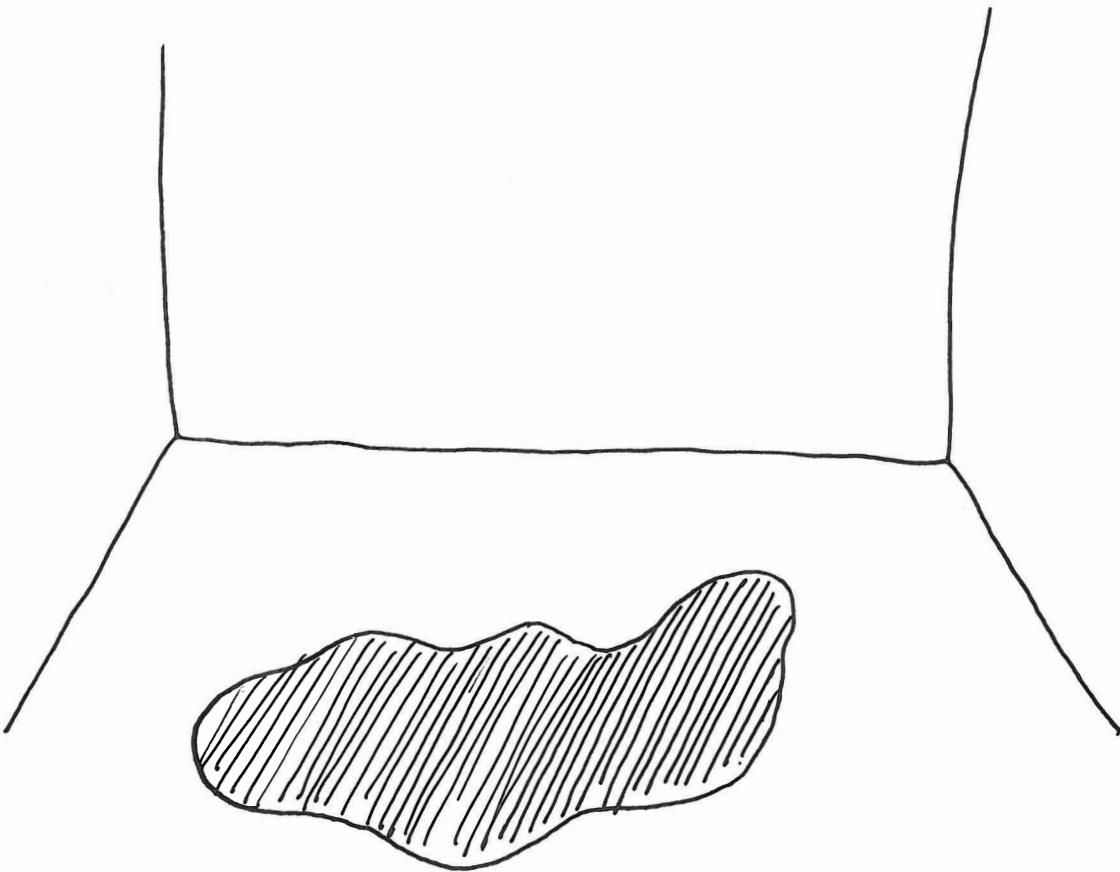
These texts are parts of my material when I compose the Sonic Dances. I call them Bodytexts, as I think of them as writing coming from the body. It is of course in this case my body, and therefore a subject involved, but I am interested in how my writing is affected by the state I am in – from *where* I write – from a multi-layered body in becoming.

Earlier I have been working more simultaneously with movement and text, placing words and text spatially, while I move and improvise: -As an ongoing dialogue, where the one informs the other. -Where I place myself in space in relation to text and words can make me say something, or the shape of my body suggests a sensation or memory coming into words, or the other way around, as a simultaneous act. I would film my improvisations, transcribe the words spoken, and edit my text from there. This became my manuscript.

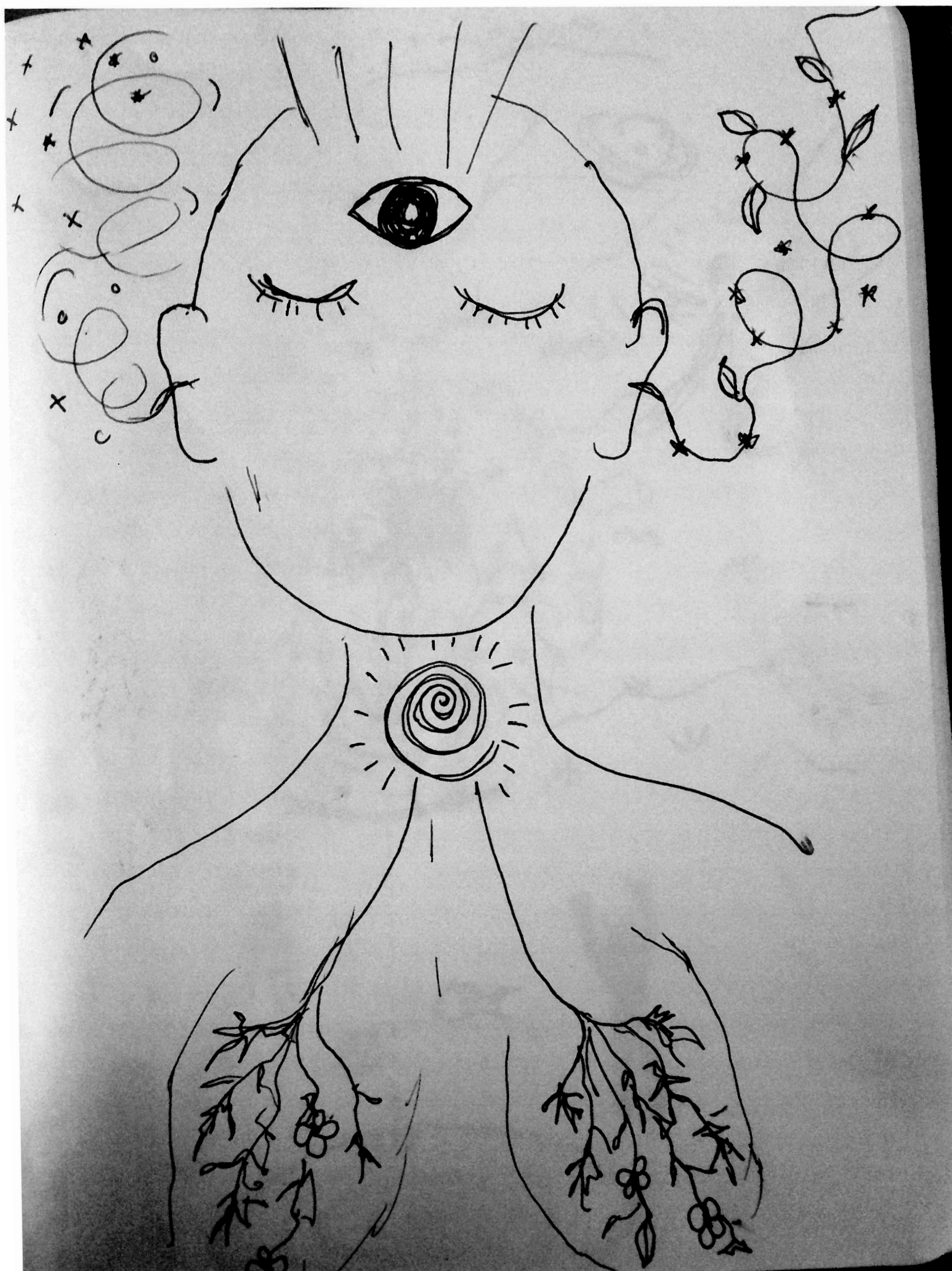
I was curious to try another angle, finding myself spending a lot of time alone with my practice after arriving in Stockholm. In the beginning I thought: HELP! I am a collaborator! – Where are all the other bodies, voices, the resonance...? And I guess this became like a key for developing my practice into a listening practice, where I could take brackets from my writing, and then sound and listen into them, composing these text brackets into simple song lines, almost like mantras, which I again could treat through a *vocal performer* device that could turn my voice into multiple voices or even a choir. Or a robot. I was at least not alone.

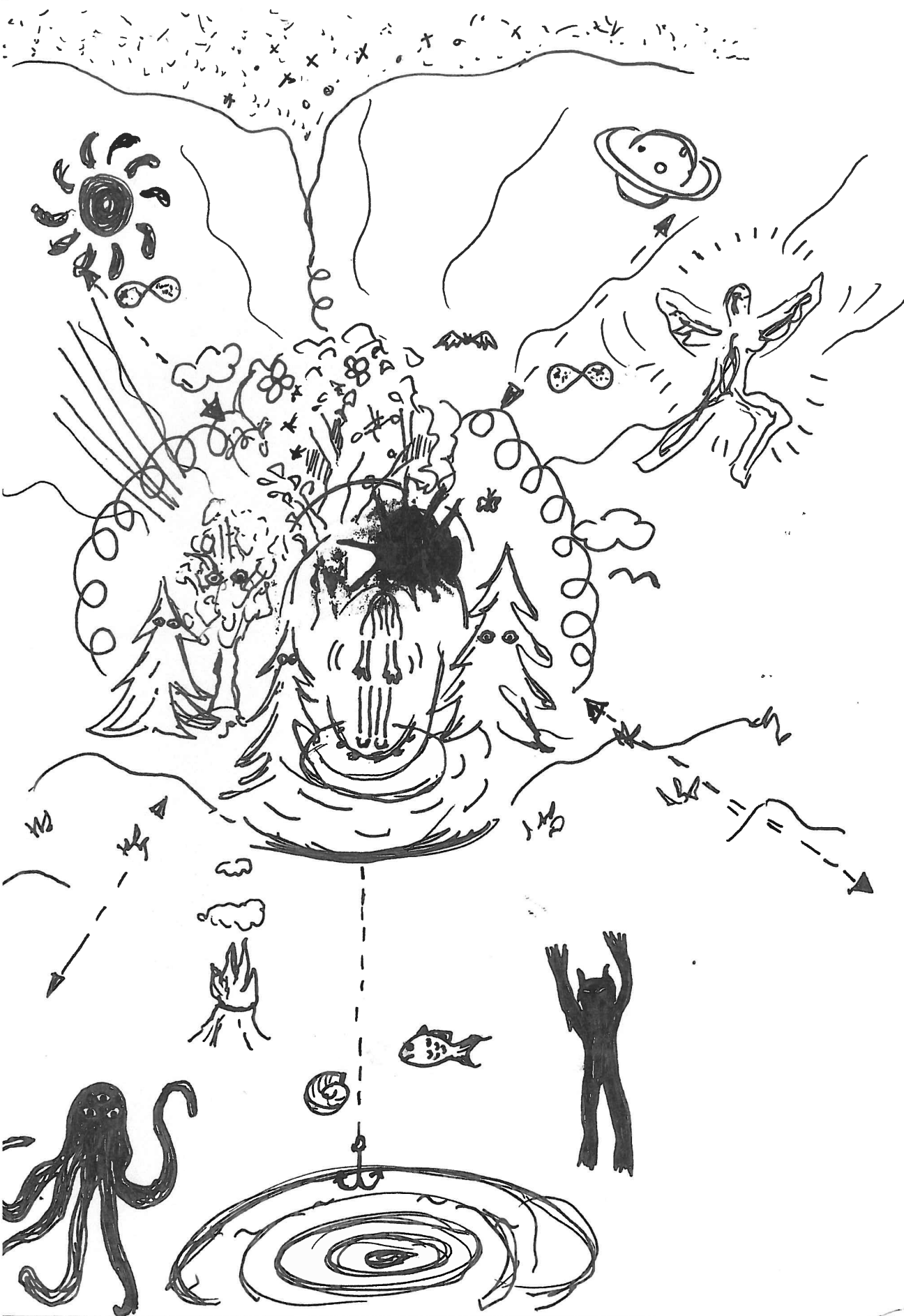
This time the editing process has also been a very spatial one, although literary meaning moving the papers around in the room, removing one page adding another, moving the text around on the page, as well as the copying process has also been very tactile and hands on.

The Bodytextarchive is an attempt to give the texts other spaces to be in – still in movement.



Take my hand. I will guide you through. Here we go







Printed my notebook

Tim Etchells  
interview  
Notes

Moving Words

- Jumping between all these fragments  
of text ... A miniature composition

Material to be put in different  
order ...!

Musical instruments / Trees and the branches  
are like ....  
form / formula .... Repetition

The Shift between sense & nonsense  
The meaning gets blurred away...  
Language as music / noise / texture /  
somatic a particular kind of  
sense.

How language shift & and slip constantly  
between these  
Moving words / moving worlds

Notebook  
collaboration...

• Sonic dances

Rest my body, heal my bones...

All senses open

Sky open

Earth open too

Crickets, breath, wind

Feet touching ~~the~~ ground

Ground touching feet

A soft meeting

Be Here, now Stay

present

Stay stay stay

in this very moment

this, this, foot, foot

step, step, breathe in, breathe out

I am, I am nature too

Lungs like branches

A whole ecosystem

floating through my body

Tipping into dusk

Tipping into the night

NOW, NOW

# *Sonic Dances*

Eg held rundt bekkenet mitt  
Med begge henda  
Under – bak  
Ei vogge  
Tenk å ligge der  
Bli vogga  
på dei mest fantastiske vis

(hvorfor skriver jeg på nynorsk?)

#### BODYTEXTARCHIVE

As a part of my practice and research, I have now started travelling. Well travelling I have been doing all my life as an artist, but nowadays, travelling can happen when I lie down and ask to be shown certain signs, or I can address some questions that I have. Last time I did this was a few days ago under the healing hands of a dear musician colleague, who is also learning and exploring the powers of channelling energies. Also called healing. In the midst of a very active session, I felt like I was going somewhere else, not falling asleep, but dropping into some deeper state, and an image of a huge wild boar was in front of me. I was very surprised by this image, as I have no “real” connections to such an animal in my life, I believe I never saw one alive, captured or in nature... And there it stood in front of me with huge teeth.

Censor the body and you censor breath and speech at the same time. Write yourself.  
Your body must be heard.

Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa* (1976)

Bakenfor berøringen  
En hunger

Hva sier kroppen?

Kroppen sier: Why bother?  
Be still

Kroppen snakker engelsk  
Kroppen snakker andre språk

Don't blame me  
(-We're together in this, remember?)



Oct. 27th

Fall, a sense of dying, shifting  
falling... Shedding skins, hair;  
a holding around the heart, preventing  
it from bleeding, a shedding of fears,  
soft streams moving, finding new  
pathways, deltas of flesh, tissue,  
a nervous fabric, weaving my  
constitutions encryption of  
X's and Y's and all the things  
we do not know yet

I feel dusty inside today, like an  
old museum, ~~my~~ subtle movements  
as from an ancient disco, memory  
blurred and slowed down...

A reaching towards a past a  
future, a now

---

Embracing what is there, a stillness,  
a sense, a colour, even irritation,  
pain or unease....

A falling into now, a inner  
uniting, images, familiar or abstract,  
a movement... ~~It is~~ a reaching toward  
something you don't know - a  
reaching toward is if someone  
is touching you, holding where  
you need to be held, a gentle  
touch.... a caring touch..

The boar told me

NOTHING

The image of the boar told me   


When I walk, whether it is in the city or in the forest, I am paying attention, allowing myself to get informed.

The surroundings give me gifts when I pay attention.

In *Are we here yet* (2004), under the chapter *Noise inside*, Meg Stuart writes: "In any given situation, what is going on in your head and what is going on in your body never exactly coincide. One is always thinking, remembering or imagining, superimposing layers on the experience at hand, which confronts one with the impossibility of being totally present. This problem is even more pronounced in the theatre space, for both performer and audience. *How to be absolutely present in time? How to give an honest response? How to accept the moment rather than always wanting something else? How to be satisfied with what is and leave out the huge invisible backdrop of mental projections?*"



With no gaze  
I am seeing green

A featherlike portal

A hole  
Like wings opening up

Soft eyelashes  
A kaleidoscope

I am seeing my body  
As through a kaleidoscope

Multifaceted

Soft

Singular plural



Far out in an open field  
A lonely tune from an accordion

Then a sounding from another space

Someone sending a signal

In the ephemerality of sound the horizon between what exists and what does not is in doubt.

It is the artists' job to open the possibility of the impossible, and it is the writers' responsibility and the listeners challenge to engage in the inaudible to tease it out, not to come to an ideal audibility but to constantly work on the boundary between the audible and inaudible, to make the impossible re-sound the possible and pluralize the actual.

Salomé Voegelin, *Sonic Possible Worlds* (2014)

The wild <sup>choreographer</sup> bear is one of the most fearless, aggressive and ferocious fighters of the animal kingdom. They hold the teachings of courage, assertiveness and protection. Since the <sup>choreographer</sup> bear is fearless many ancient cultures believe the <sup>choreographer</sup> bear holds magical healing powers. If fear is absent good health prevails.

These fascinating creatures are deeply connected to the energies of the earth and all it holds. They are often seen rooting and foraging in the undergrowth of plants and trees and show us how to efficiently uncover things that lie beneath the surface. People with this medicine are continually asked to stand up, have faith and move forward without fear. Once fear is overcome life is experienced in a new and more joyous manner. The <sup>choreographer</sup> bear asks us to look at our fear face on and choose to let it go.

If we allow this animal to guide our footsteps fear becomes a distant memory rather than a present reality. Although <sup>choreographers</sup> bears have poor eyesight their excellent hearing and sense of smell helps them remain alert and ready for anything. <sup>choreographers</sup> Bears are extremely aware of everything around them even when they appear to be totally oblivious to their surroundings. Whenever a <sup>choreographer</sup> bear enters into our life it is asking us to fine tune our senses and pay attention to what's around us.

If something is amiss <sup>choreographer</sup> bear asks us to correct it "now." Order and efficiency in all we do is a main part of <sup>choreographer</sup> bear medicine. Very vocal and communicating with others through a series of grunts and squeals the <sup>choreographer</sup> bear demands attention and gets it. For example, when frightened or alarmed they blow loudly through their nose creating a snorting sound. When hurt they squeal and when content they 'rumble' quietly. They show us how to use our voice to communicate our needs.

<sup>choreographer</sup> Bear teaches us to use all of our senses efficiently and effectively. It assists us in strengthening and developing our character and the quality of our lives. <sup>choreographer</sup> Bear initiates transformation and self-discovery through pushing and prodding us into change.

Everything is movement

I am assisting these movements

Half animal half human  
circling in the subject, object  
we don't belong here  
we're moving moving moving along  
always already

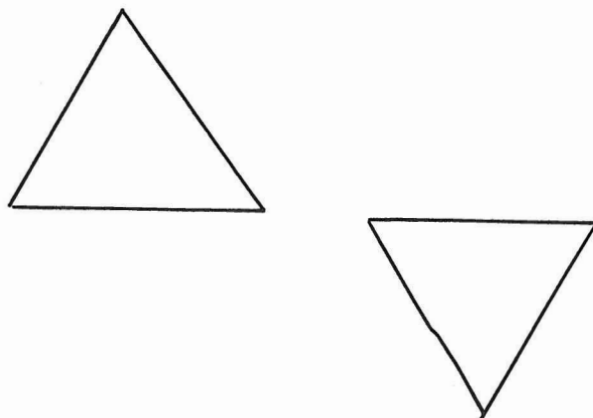
the blue eye  
the blue ball rising  
the ocean overflowing, flooding  
a new landscape  
an island of lost hopes, a pyramid, a triangle.

You should try another angle  
walking through the delta -alfa- beta  
casually everyday extraordinary walk

Soft steps in the sand, footprints  
clay, earth, dirt

Patterns  
potent positions

Situating an expanding field



*entangled leaves  
and nerve threads  
the green inside me*

*growing  
spreading out it's vast landscape of wet moss  
soft curvy hillsides*

*a huge lung*

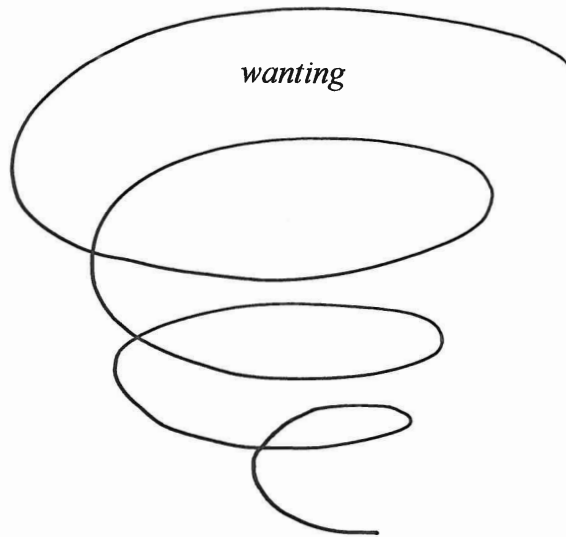
*pumping  
machine like*

*inhaling a grey tornado  
spiralling powers*

*swirling the blood into a fast but polite dance*

*like people in a metro station*

*waiting*





Søvnen i øynene. Inn og ut av drømmebilder. Skriver i mørket uforståelige tegn. Et fremmed språk ikke helt mitt, ikke helt av denne verden. Holder hodet oppe. Opprett. På skakke. Opprettholder livet. Lukker øynene og et felt av gull og sort mørke bukter seg. Det er ting jeg ikke ser

Voicing lullabies for myself  
Getting absorbed in the listening

Inside... outside

Voice is personal  
Voice is raw

Voicing a creature voicing  
myself in multiple voices

A choir of me

Upwards

Downwards

Inside

Outside

Up

Up

and

Away ☀

She alone dares and wishes to know from within, where she, the outcast, has never ceased to hear the resonance of fore-language. She lets the other language speak—the language of 1,000 tongues which knows neither enclosure nor death. To life she refuses nothing. Her language does not contain, it carries; it does not hold back, it makes possible.

— Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa*

Hør hubroen husker  
Flyr to sirkler med solen  
Og tre sirkler motsols  
Telling me to undo past actions

Undoing a task  
How to do that?

Asking the question  
is the same as answering it:

How to finish something  
Or start something new?

May 8th 2016

Body becoming rock, becoming earth  
as I move from the toes and slowly  
up - changing growing little buds,  
changing into leaves, tickling  
behind ~~the~~ my ears

Maybe all I want is stillness,  
and it does not really exist.

Instead I make sound, counter-  
noises

exchanging white noise with pink...  
wondering if anyone ever focused on  
green noise... what is that...

bird song? the sound of mind in  
the trees...

Today is a better day. I am  
filled with sunlight, my skin  
still smells of sun, my body  
full of forest & feathers. I write

green letters

I am nature too  
Placing my body on the round  
rock, round shapes finding each-  
other curving me, spiralling  
me back in time ancient  
time, rock body

~



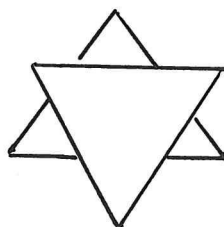
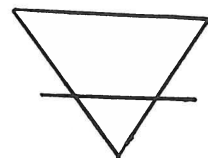
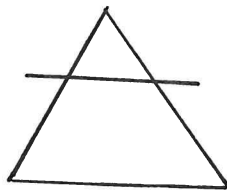
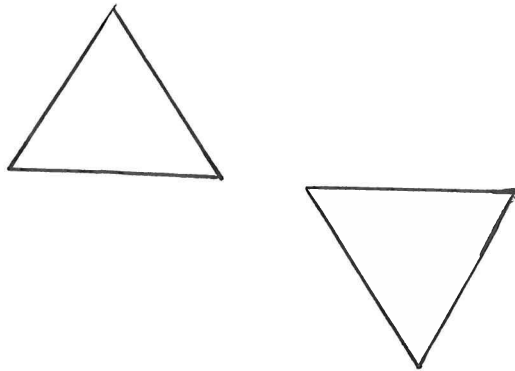
The light in the spider-web,  
the shifting sunlight

I am nature too!

I forget when I only touch  
flat plastic surfaces, when  
I move too fast through the  
city with its sounds & fumes,  
when I only read theory  
Touch me! Talk to me!  
Sound me!



Try Angle



To get to know something  
I have to make space for doubt



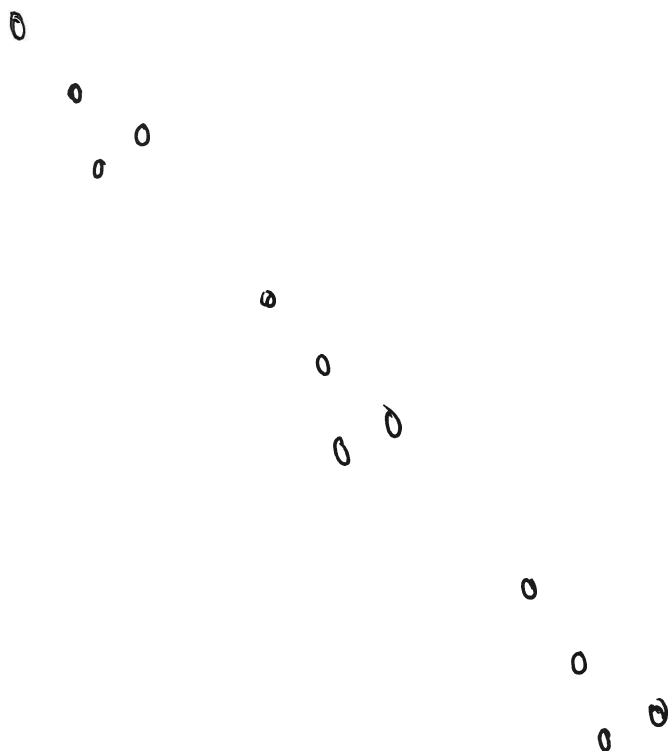
NOTHING is also something

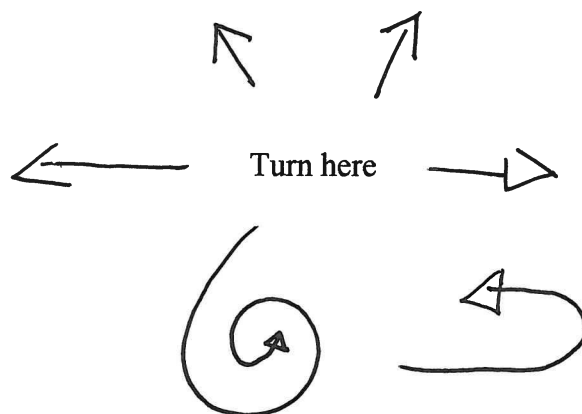
Nothing turns to Nothing

jeg lytter til sjøen  
til skogens buktende speilbilde  
jeg lytter til snøen

hør jordens sang  
så lavmælt  
så stor

flerstemt





Hvem sin kraft er det hendene holder?

Bløtt i blinde. Shifting my brain into English...-No. Det virker ikke. Jeg  
drømmetenker, formidler fanfarer fra den andre siden. Monsteransikt. Boblekropp.  
Hud mellom tærne. Hører ventilasjonsbrumming, en ensom fugl, nei- flere. I dag er  
det stille i kroppen. Et mørkt hengende landskap med dører i ulike høyder. Ulike  
farger. De henger i fiskesnører.



Sauehånd. Min? Ulike klær til ulike steder, et brunt skjørt med Stockholm på.  
Hvordan er været? En hel bil der eldre damer venter. Henna. Selvhjelp. De får vente.  
Fem minutter fra eller til spiller ingen rolle. Barna roper i skolegården. I kjelleren.  
Øynene henger. Ansiktet varmt, en sølvgrønn bue i venstre ytterkant og sort kjeve.  
Vil ikke våkne ordentlig. Sommerfuglen bretter ut vingene. Jeg har sluttet å blø.

There is texture in my blood

There are texts within my blood

There is language is my blood

There are numbers in my blood



When I close my eyes  
I am back in this landscape of textures, dark lights

It is too early for me to write  
I can't write, and yet I write...

Like a hammering machine,  
A beating drum  
Rhythms making signs from ancient times  
Aligning then with now  
Rotating the space  
Turning me upside down

I'm floating

Lights reflecting shadows  
Crossing my face  
Behind a cloud  
Moving fast  
Gallop across the sky

Animal body  
Sky body  
Weather body  
Earth body  
Feet drumming

No sound

The ticking of the clock

The beating of the heart. This weird  
meeting between realities.

Here we are

A piece of me left in an occupied  
country, the rest back here in  
capitalist, consumer sanctuary.

Run to get your discount,  
Stamp your coffee card,  
Whiten your teeth and  
wait for christmas....

(Coming from  
Ramallah to Stockholm  
Oct. 14th 2016)

Green on green

Sickness, leaves, life rotting,  
rebitting

rituals of a western modernity ~~stolen~~  
stolen hijacked capitalized

Who?

You... We We're all in it

The carousel turns

and in your meditation

you can imagine that you  
can jump off...

you can imagine

you can be free

to choose differently

I, too, overflow; ... my body knows unheard-of songs.

Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa* (1976)

Jeg må riste hele situasjonen av meg  
Gre det ut av pelsen  
Tilgi meg selv for  
At jeg trengte å bli holdt  
(Hvem kan holde meg slik jeg trenger?)

HUMANIMAL

HUMILIATING

All rounded organic shapes in nature  
Carry seeds for new life

Even stones



**Everything is alive**

Being borderless (pours, thoughts  
impressions streaming through,  
distractions, frictions, waste,  
like an ocean  
green, but disturbed, all  
confused, past, present, now,  
I am a house, I am an  
ocean, a person, an entity,  
time, flesh - non-human -  
data, needs, trash, waste,  
wasting my time, wasting money,  
passing through this stream,  
standing still, at Standing rock,  
with virtual presence.  
There - here. There - now.

Write, let no one hold you back, let nothing stop you: not man; not the imbecilic capitalist machinery, in which the publishing houses are the crafty, obsequious relayers of imperatives handed down by an economy that works against us and off our backs; not yourself. Smug-faced readers, managing editors, and big bosses don't like the true texts of women- female-sexed texts. That kind scares them.

Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa* (1976)

Eyes still staring into dream states. On the border between wake and sleep. If you eat pig, you will end up with a pig's head. It will be attached to your head as a full mask, and then it will slowly grow onto your face, as your head and face will become one with the pig's.



Baffled by Laurie Andersson's film

About her dog

I met my wolf again today

A dog's heart

it makes me cry because it shows me what love is

She is weaving so beautifully

Like the mysterious weave

It is filled with trust

Of life itself

It is chosen.... Free

Death

Walking/running together

And everything beyond

Proud to be together

Beyond the most gone

One hour ► Oct 26th 2016

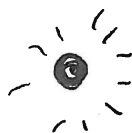
Jordred by sun and earth themselves  
a blinking like a greeting, a green  
spot  
nibs ~~falling~~ dropping and rising,  
expanding through time, space  
a shiver along bodies' right side,  
propelling me through passing stars,  
fog, movements never explored  
before, touch never explored  
before ... subtle <sup>yet</sup> fast, brief like  
a stroke of history - past -  
present - future - it's all there -  
and yet gone, I am gone, I am  
gone, Time is gone, gone is  
gone, I am that ... I am  
past experience, post subjective,  
post plural ... language dissolving

meaning dissolving into body, a worlding  
of bodies, vast as space, bodies  
space time matkening, partly present,  
partly gone, as what you ~~used~~ used  
to know... Vibrating back a sound,  
a soft tune



Chest embracing  
heart,  
holding chest....

Inhale to your maximum....



Now it is opening

It is opening up



The nature of reality is vibration. Sound is the source of all manifestation. Hazrat Inayat Khan said, "The knower of the mystery of sound knows the mystery of the whole universe." When you experience the power of sound – which is the power of music – you hold the key, which can alter your destiny. Mantra provides a powerful tool that can release you from past karmas (or conditioned habits) which reside in your body as mental patterns.

*Mantra* is a Sanskrit word composed of two sounds: *man*, which means "mind," and *tra* which means "to cross over." The literal meaning of the word mantra pertains to that which can help one to cross over and thus be set free from the habitual, unconscious patterns of the mind. Mantras can work like magic. Magic means "a shift in perception." To be able to work magic, it is necessary to learn how to spell. Spelling refers not only to "casting spells," but also to simply being able to say words correctly – not only with the right letters and pronunciation, but also with the right intention.

- Sharon Gannon, *Jivamukti Chant Book*

I am between practice and theory...  
My brain big, my body small...  
My body big, vast as a landscape...  
My brain in my body  
my body in my brain  
there is no separation

In-between, in-depth, in-side and outside, informed, infected,  
indecisive...intercontextualised.....terrorised...terrified...  
satisfied

In this gap  
Falling, failing, forth coming, fortunate

Con amor, con\*tained, contrary, connoted, confused commented on- in  
In-between  
In this gap the dance the dancer dancing

Mårten Spångberg talking about freeing the dance from choreography  
Is that the Post in Post Dance...? What happens when we define?  
What happens to dance  
if post means after  
Post mortem postulated exposed disposed

Who are "we"?

What if you see your self as a dancer and choreographer in the same body?  
Is there a gap inside the body, a separation, a split?  
Maybe Monon Santkin is right with her statement:  
all choreographers are dead  
Then there is just dance  
But the dance does also not exist in a vacuum  
Dance exist in this world  
As long as we do the dancing  
I am dancing in this world

Observations:

In a field of maybe 90 % women, (finger in the air,- personal observation) 3 men  
organises a huge conference  
Of moderators, one is female  
It is just an observation, comment, common-sense, comma a parenthesis to the thesis

Zoey from Samlingen asks:  
What does it mean to insist on your dancing?  
You can look at your body as a locality

I see the body as landscape, a territory  
A landscape has curves, it's nature, it's eco systems, it's history, it's geology, layers  
and layers and layers of sediments in constant change, always changeable, renewing  
itself, in dialogue with its surroundings, taking in pouring out, like a body through it's  
skin, a body with experiences, understanding...know-ing  
Everything is interconnected

The body in this world  
Corporality  
porous  
While writing, streams of refugees are flooding Europe  
That is the term chosen  
Like in a natural disaster. A flooding.  
Where is the corporality then  
Where are the feelings, needs, emotions, experiences  
Empathy

Each body.  
Not just some body.

Lygia Clark ripping the canvas open going into performance out of a need.  
A need of corporality. A need of experience.

The culture of a capitalist system is the one claiming authorship.  
"We" seem to make more performances in the dark.  
Darkness, thingliness  
darkness, blackness,  
nothingness...

I sense a fear towards the immaterial and the esoteric of our world.  
Maybe the attempts of making performances in the dark is dealing with exactly this?  
A fear of loosing our materiality  
A fear of giving up our subject  
...our selves...  
Identity  
Economy...  
The dark disturbs the way we see and understand our world  
So much through the gaze, our eyes, the visual  
The image  
The fear of black mass  
Earth  
Dirt  
Mess  
the undercurrents  
the subterrain...

The unknown

A child is alone in the dark,...it sings a little song. Deleuze writes something like this  
in A thousand Plateaus...

Singing a song

Singing a song to understand it's existence?

To know some thing.

Her existence.

Maybe that is what we are doing when we are performing?

(Who are "we"?)

Maybe I am singing my existence when I am performing

Writing

Thinking along side...

Lalala...

I will later reveal what the boar wanted to tell me.

Inspired by all my sound making friends, inspired by Johan Sundell introducing me to the term Pink Noise, by the sounds I am constantly surrounded by, making up my world, transporting me to other worlds than the world that I see around me, inspired by all the people ahead of me engaging with sound and listening deeply, inspired by nature, organic sounds, mechanical sounds, industrial sounds, sounds I cannot place, voices, yes, voices indeed, revealing the person, human or non-human, revealing inner states, emotions, tensions, humour, making me laugh, cry, live, fall in love, fall deeply and get back up again

Sound me!  
Sound with me  
Listen.....!

Changing my strategy, listening for the need of a new routine. Maybe it should not be a routine at all? Maybe that does not go together with listening? Maybe it does? Today I feel a new beginning, although I don't know what that might be. It's a sensation. Something fresh, a warm wind with bird song, making me wanting to walk slowly in the forest. I will do that now. Come walk with me!

Inspiration. Inspirare. Meaning breathing or taking in. Inspiration being such a dull word. A bit like creativity. It feels like it has been hijacked from capitalism and it is no longer an expression for what I do. I have nothing to sell. I don't want to sell, I don't want to market myself, I don't want to be part of a market... I want to do my doing, practice practicing practice. I want to stay in the practice. Be free to keep trying, keep listening. Not to trends, not to what is expected....An impossible project I guess. But I keep trying.

Yet I see so many people engaging with sound, still very few who listens... Sound is about resonance. About a response coming back, a wanting for that response, the in-between space, a relation with my surroundings, with other creatures, with other sounding beings.

## The difference between hearing & listening

• Respecting the sound / the information coming back in the "verb"...

▶ The in-between space

Listening as a mysterious process - not ~~that is~~ being the same for everyone.

The ear hears, the mind / brain ~~&~~ listens - the body senses vibrations.

A lifetime practice on accumulated experience with sound.

As humans we have developed <sup>consensual</sup> ~~agreements~~ <sup>the interpretation of</sup> on sound waves delivered <sup>through the brain</sup> through the ears - Languages is such an agreement.

▶ Listening involves Subjectivity!

Listening is <sup>a physical means</sup> ~~dealing~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~deals~~ <sup>deals</sup> with per-  
ception.   
with what you hear both →

(acoustically as well as psychologically)  
is to give attention to what is  
for listening ~~there~~ is a constant  
perceived ~~perception~~ Perception - senses!

In listening there is a constant  
interplay between the ~~instant~~ perception  
of the moment compared with  
experiences remembered

Subject to time-delay!

Acoustic space is where  
time & space merges - when  
they are articulated by sound.

Listen to  
Pauline Oliveros on  
The difference between  
Hearing & Listening

- Learning to expand perceptions  
of sounds to include the  
whole space-time continuum  
of sound ► Bringing the  
now - the present sensing body  
into this space-time-making.



No one knows stillness. Have you ever been somewhere without any sound...? I guess not. I haven't. Even in my dream world there is sound. Sometimes I have no idea what this sound means. Yesterday one sound was clearly present in my mind when I woke up. It sounded like "LAKK"... In my language it would mean varnish, but I am sure it does not have to do with varnish, still I was trying to think, maybe I am "polishing" my practice, or writing... but I didn't like that idea so much, not the polishing part. I still want my practice to have a lot of texture, impurities, flaws, to stay in the questioning.... So maybe "LACK" is a better translation of the sound... to lack something that I can keep searching for...? I don't know...

I want to walk in the forest today to think, to feel, to listen. Walk really slowly. Try another angle. Bringing me back to the triangle – TRY ANGLE. I have tried to space concepts around the symbol of the triangle. I will come back to some examples. This sensation, this temperature and light, these smells takes me back to my first experience with exam anxiety. Walking in the forest at Bygdøy with my mother trying to support me. I think I am around twelve or thirteen. She did that, probably the best thing she could have done,- brought me there to the forest, we walked slowly, picked some flowers, smelled... listening the bird song. It calmed me down. Then she gave me one flower a "forglem-meg-ei", a "forget-me-not"- the little blue, rare flower, and I clinged to it the next day at my exam, as if that flower should save me and make me get through the day. It did...

These sounds, these smells also take me back to the spring when my best friend died with cancer. Her body dissolving, not slowly, but from day to day. Until she married June 2nd and died June 4th. I carried her around in her wedding. She shouted into my ear, as much as she was able to shout: Marianne er sterk! Marianne is strong...

Sentences I will never forget:

"Marianne is strong....!"

"Hold my head....!!!"

"Do you understand what is happening...? I am dying..."

Apart from this I tend to forget sentences, but never sensations, never sounds, touch, nor smells...

She smelled of flowers. Sweetly.

This meeting with death so closely, my dear friend dissolving in front of my eyes, turning into liquids, skeleton, losing muscles... but still keeping her spirit, her will to be present, her will to act, take part, belong, do good, make art, made me believe even more strongly, that we are more than just our bodies, more than just what we see...

I still hear her.

She talks to me in my dreams.

She knows I am not just strong.

Ok, off to the forest.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

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Bodytext / Body Archive

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Jeg nærmer meg skiving på  
ulike måter. Jeg skriver.  
Aksepterer det som kommer  
Jeg skriver jeg kan ikke  
skrive. Og likevel skriver  
jeg\*. Hvor kommer ordene fra?\*

Ordene kommer fra ulike steder,  
ulike tider. Parallelle verdener.  
Fra min kropp fra andres kropp  
fra mellomrommene. Autoflysene.  
Skriften er spor. Skriften er  
tegn. Skriften er resonnement.  
Skriften er. Skriften forsvinner.  
Skriften er ikke ligger i stein...

fra Marguerite  
Duras

## TOUCH

I can be touched by sound, not just in the symbolic meaning of being touched as in having emotions, but literally feeling embraced. Touched. Held.

When I was asked to give massage to a dying woman, it felt like an enormous gift. She was in a hospice, where you go to die, when you know that there is no other way, you will not recover or get well. You are beyond that.

It was not just some hospice, it was the exact same hospice in which my friend died a few years earlier. I had no memory of how I got there at that time. I couldn't place it spatially within the city, I had no inner map, or it was like a blank spot, I couldn't remember whether I got there by bus, by bike, taxi... Maybe I walked... But the moment I get to the backyard of the hospice, it all comes back to me.

This is where the car came to pick up her body.

Inside the elevator: This is the elevator that took me to her floor.

Exiting the elevator: This is the same hallway where her room was.

And then entering the room next door to where she died to meet the woman I am about to touch.

The room is mirrored from the room which my friend was in. Otherwise it is the same, except from her few personal belongings. They are not many. What do you need really when you are going to leave this world?

She looked so pretty. Not like a dying person. She was too ill to have chemotherapy. So her skin was still soft. Young in a way. It was impossible to imagine this body not being here in a few days.

"I just wanted to experience to feel good inside my body for one last time..."

Gentle touch, strokes, holding her. Holding her head.

"I wish this would never stop..."

In our world, things have an end. At least we are learned to think like that...

The massage came to an end. I wasn't sure who had touched who the most. I felt incredibly thankful. Like I now was part of her journey, where ever she was going to...

The memory is an animal  
who lives in the forest  
one day it falls over onto it's side  
and dies

There is a silent wind  
a wordless suction  
tearing apart all things  
and letting them float  
in air looking like water

Fires are burning  
buildings are being picked apart  
and walls between days are dissolving

Back in time  
your inner eye wanders  
casting lights over the landscape you should know...

What you can see is nothing  
but those you loved  
are standing on the outskirts  
of what resembles  
houses, villages, forests and fields

Turn around, look  
another song  
a small child crawls up to you  
Listen...

Meditation needs no results. Meditation can have itself as an end, I meditate without words and on nothingness. What tangles my life is writing.

Hélène Cixous, *Coming to Writing and Other Essays* (1992)

Nothing comes from nothing

In *BODYTEXTARCHIVE – Sonic Dances*, I want to create a situation for listening and an emergence of possible worlds, to make intimate relational meetings between bodies. I use my voice, sound and spoken language to research ways to activate bodies' own choreographic and kinaesthetic potential through these intimate encounters.

With a wish to create another form of dancing together, I use my skills as a performer, therapist and my experience from guiding people into meditative states.

I want to question language, and how language performs, through Body Texts. These texts are parts of my material when I create the Sonic Dances, through encounters with audience members, or visitors, as I like to say. I see these meetings as staged proposals.

I wish to challenge (dis)comfort, to give comfort, by exploring the mobility of sound.

I wish to sensitise people.  
By opening my own senses.

To relate. To take time. To be together.

Concerns that are resonating in me:

- What can the concept of body possibly contain?
- How can language perform and make relations, situations, sensations, connections between inner and outer, between micro and macro cosmoses? Between bodies?
- May sound and voice have the ability to touch?

Our current western world, to large extent, shows us a smooth and sterile, glistery, efficient, surface oriented society. There is given little space to the vulnerable, the sensible, to contemplation, the poetically spoken, in favour of ultimate surface and fast and detached closeness and communication, which we experience through screens and social media.

We do get intimate, but what do we share, really? How are we together? How do we sustain intimacy, and how do we relate in a world that essentially works against it?

*There is a blank spot of something of extreme importance missing in our polished, efficient lives.*

I want to enter that blank spot, without an intention of giving answers, but rather by putting out proposals through touching words, sounds, voice and space. To stay listening, to take the role as a sort of medium, being in contact with what is present. Giving resonance. Reflecting something back. Holding a space.

*Sonic Dances* is an attempt to create a situation for the theatre space, exploring and embracing these questions. The encounter aims to create a poetic, philosophical experience through the listener's own present experience, her simultaneity with the heard, from where she struggles between language, sound and listening, producing a philosophical, mobile place,

*a dance made of sounds and words*

By asking *How can we be close to each other?*, I propose a space where this can be negotiated.

It is the relational aspect I am particularly interested in with these proposals. I am meeting with a small group of visitors at a time. This makes space for the listening. For the space to almost talk back, to tell me what is present. Making the space and the surrounding atmosphere more important than us as persons.

My voice is most of the time distorted through a mic, connected to a vocal performer device; my voice being divided into multiple voices, ...dissolving the I – the Eye... opening up a poetic, philosophical, inner landscape. As the visitor sinks into the silk cocoon, we enter into questions of ethos and ethics. Who is responsible for this kind of worlding, when spoken language, song, multiple voices merge with inner imagery,- and open up a creative space in which the Sonic Dance happens?

Responsibility. Ability to respond.

Art is not an ultimate cure, and this staged proposal is not therapy. It is not a concert, not a guided meditation. But hopefully it is capable of expressing, sharing and embodying intimacy in ways that we perhaps do not dare to do elsewhere. My aim is to open up for a space which can turn us away from distance, back into *close dancing*, a kind of slow dancing, with all our weaknesses, tenderness and soft flesh. A touch without touching. A dance without dancing. An embodied, other worldly experience - through sound and space, where movement exist and has existed through all times.



hearing

heart

hands on

# BODYTEXTARCHIVE

by

Marianne Skjeldal