

What if I write this paper as if it never has to be finished?

That body does not belong to me

This body belongs to me

The dance which is improvised has no beginning nor end and can never be repeated

The child wanders from thought to thought without reaching a conclusion

I am removing myself from what I know that I see. Disattach and redirect. Disattach and redirect.

We are writing our bodies into a specific behavior to live up to power-structures in order to survive.

What am I beyond, beneath or before the writing of my body?

When I do not know what I am then I am I.

Stockholm, June 24th, 2017. I am not a woman. I do not know the body that I have been given because the mere recognition of this body means something different than what I am. Maybe that is what I am, because what I am is how I am interpreted. But it is not my being. The sensation of my body is different than the image it produces. The content of it will never be recognized. The content of me, what I am, what I actually feel like will never be recognized.

I write to attempt to recognize myself.

***"Never finish the movement, before you reach the end listen to the impulse and redirect"- S. Skura, Eden's Expressway, NY, 2014
I am allowed to disrupt the direction of understanding, redirect and become nothing. Through specificity inhibit the habit of coding through normative rules that fits into the conventional and fail through incomprehensive impulse.***

I am appropriated. I am compartmentalized. I am singular. I am violated.

I am object, a form. I am a subject, matter.

New York, July 28th, 2017. Yesterday I was supposed to sit and write, but instead I had to get a divorce.

To be disrupted by distractions

In the same way as a relationship continues through discontinuity

Love Letter: We are exposed to one another, but we will never really know each other.

When I see you I will only see the norms that are recognizable, but not the subject which is you.

When I engage with you I am becoming false and as a chain reaction I make you false.

We are just attempts, as we can never achieve the idea. Because of this we will always fail. I will always be your failure.

Therefore, we will always feel lonely, and search for substance without ever finding it.

Within rupture there are endless of possibilities.

Why being recognized? To feel that we are alive.

But to be known is to be fictional.

I am what my cells see

I am material that moves

What should I do with my brain?

I am material relating to other material

Every thought we have affects us on a cellular level

There are more braincells in my stomach than a dog has in his brain

Hven, July 16th, 2017. This feeling that language will run away with me. That it is isolated from my body, from the "real" physical reality. It is through language that I have been given the role of a woman. It is through symbols, images, that ideals about power-structures are fed to us. Pornography, commercials. Women being compared to objects desensitizes and leads to sexual violence. The presentation of me, "the self", has nothing to do with the content, with the matter. How can we say new things through a language that is old?

The chaos, that which is undefined, within me is being ordered by a formal structure that can be recognized universally. In the same way as the dance which is chaos, which has no meaning, is being ordered by choreography, language orders the matter that is me. Choreography orders movement into something which can be interpreted. Language orders me into that which can be recognized. Chaos and order.

Discursive symbols and non-discursive symbols.

We have been choreographed. How do we approach the body in a way that frees us from the choreography?

To do is to predict and be prepared. To be prepared for the expected. To be prepared for the unexpected is to do nothing. Like a cat falling from a balcony. Presuming that I am my environment. The cells see what the eyes see. Detaching from what I notice. Tiny death. Detachment of the self. The difference between what you are seeing and how you are seeing. Noticing is non-linear.

In the non-narratable there is no cause and effect.

“Being good takes up too much energy” - Deborah Hay, Eden's Expressway, NY, 2017.

We are sixteen. “Sell, sell, sell! Girls, you are a product. You have to sell the product in order to make it. Fake it until you make it!” - Martin Palmqvist, Lunds Dans o Musikal Gymnasium, 2007. I am taught to mold my body into the shape desired by the superiority in order to earn money. Caroline has the shape of an ancient goddess, others call her chubby and are amazed that she can be good at ballet. Her dreadlocks are put up in a messy bun and through the pink leotards like fur her leg hair sticks out and grows into her pubic hair which grows into her stomach hair. The jazz teacher tells her she can't give her an A unless she shaves and brush. “Fake the turn-out, make it look good. It is the shape that matters.” - Sian Playstedt, Lunds Dans o Musikal Gymnasium, 2006. I am nineteen. Into performance art. Proud of being the one comfortable to be naked on demand because the choreographer says so. Twenty-six. Live in New York and it is still assumed that I will sell my body in this kind of way without even being paid the first years. Error. Assumed that I will never survive as an artist I also have the freedom to say no. I can be ugly, queer, to make bad art and have integrity. Because that's the norm. Twenty-one. Dropping out of Northern School of Contemporary Dance. Sarah, the love of my life at the time, asks me “Won't you miss your body?”. She's not asking “Will I miss the feeling of my body moving in space, my skeleton discovering new pathways, the feeling of for a brief moment being an abstract undefined being constituted by temporal actions which has no meaning”? Who am I kidding. “Oh I love that you're so flexible. I love your strong legs. It's so exciting to have sex with a dancer”, were words that came out at least once from most men I slept with.

Kill the choreographer.

“The initiation of movement always happens before we act. We can therefore never be present in our movement if we are conscious of it while it happens. We are always a little bit behind.” – Nina Martin, Danspace Project, 2015

If I want a recognizable I then I can't be present to my own temporality.

If I am dispossessed just by using language, where will intimacy take place?

Eden's Expressway. 2015. New York. I am being touched. Traced by Rob and later Priscilla. Mapping the body. The concretization of a thing which has thousands of myths written onto it. Finding the density of my pelvis, hands digging into flesh and skin to grab hold of my pubic bone up to my iliac crest. The knot which is my bladder, intestines entangled. If you push my pubic symphysis moves. My I is being simplified and expanded, from an abstract one-dimensional fictional idea to three-dimensional physical matter.

We live in an individualized separated society. We have ultimate freedom. We say yes to fluid identities. Mass- personalization. I can be exactly what I want and I am in control of my own life. I have to create an “I” that is like no one else. I am not a part of my environment, I am myself. Society is kind to inform me that I have to “be something”, “be myself”, and be “what I am”. Society offers me all the means to create my unique “I”. I create my “I” to be a part of something. I am in constant control in order to maintain the artificial “self”. Everyone else can be whatever they want, because I am not responsible for them and they are not affecting my “self”. I act from the image of my “self” that I have created, rather than reacting in inter-dependence with my environment. Consumption culture offer the cures that makes me feel like “I” belong to something. It creates a global knowledge about how one should be. It create needs in order for me to buy their products. It forms my view of me as a woman and of a man. We are told that we are never enough and that society has the means to help our “self” be stronger. We love fluid identities because with society's help you can become anything at any given moment! Don't be bored because then you might take each other in! We are afraid of silence, stillness and nothingness because that gives an opportunity for the hypothesis of the “self” to crack. Your “self” will change, but you are not in control of how. We might become more passionate and attached to what surrounds us, than to our “selves”. *“A neurotic talk in order to not be seen and for a change not to happen” - Zizek.* I do not know who I am and as a reaction I start to search even more thoroughly, within the sea of words, identities, definitions and concepts. To have agency. The more I search and hold on I am further removed from the materia of my “self”. The more I hold on to what I am and what I want to be I am living in the form of my being without knowing anything about the content. I have disconnected from the experience of life, the temporal physical reality and believe it is possible to breathe inside of a matrix of mental concepts, codes. In this artificial world of coding life starts to deteriorate. Life does not have room to grow as knowledge is limited. There is no becoming as there is only fixed stagnant realities. If no one knows I exist, do I exist? Therefore the permanence of the self is something we fall for. If my “I” is displayable, people will know I exist without having to co-exist with them. Self-knowledge becomes judgment. In order to keep the knowledge of ourselves, the environment which we react to has to stay the same. We project our fixed judgment onto it, because if it changes our self has to change. To keep my identity I separate myself from the world by comprehending it through pre-supposed judgment. Falling in love is a traumatic experience because you lose control and let go of your hypothetical self and end up in the unknown, because you allow your existence to be changed by the Other's existence. *“Society don't want us to lose control, to get attached or to “fall madly in love”” - Zizek.* Excessive pleasures is losing control, it is seen as foreign and disgusting until we learn how to do it with control. If we have any ambiguous meanings we are not in control. Our fear of the unknown is the fear of what we cannot define. Fear because we don't know how to interact. Fear because we don't know what to expect from ourselves. When we lose control we allow ourselves to live in co-existence, inter-dependence with our environment, individuals and organisms. When we don't know where or what we are we have to redefine what we are comprehending. In this void there is the opportunity for change to happen. In this void there is the opportunity for the subject to unfold.

What if everything I did today came from the desires of my skin?

My cells see what my eyes see

Be in the space. Or be of space.

Bagarmossen, July 6th, 2017

RICHIE: I'm Jewish and think the reason my family talk so much is because of fear of death, as an internalized trauma. Stillness and silence exposes them for the risk of being murdered. TUVVA: Hm? ... That makes sense. I have this thought that all of us fear silence because we are afraid of death, a tiny death, as the moment we stop doing and really listen to another person we will be affected to the extent where we have to let go of who we think we are. Our made up artificial self has to die on order for us to really see someone. Also, this winter when me and my partner broke up it felt as if my self died and had to be rebuilt again. In relation to objects both my “real” and “artificial” self will live, in front of a human I die. “... the death of a fantasy, and so a loss of what one never had” - Butler.

Fourteen and I remember coming home being hungry, but she wasn't hungry at all, all my mother wanted to eat was meat but no carbs. She

was thinking of her figure, put tons of money on beauty products so we had to eat pasta with garlic powder the last week of the month. Seven and I remember that he used to think and I always thought that he knew everything but that my mother didn't know anything. My dad chops wood he writes he philosophizes he helps me practically when I need it he does not want to hear about emotions. He drinks wine and when he's frustrated he clenches his jaw. All my dad wants is that I find a man who is protective and takes care of me. My dad likes to wear really small shorts. He likes to dance silly.

Judgement kills life. The moment I start narrating my life is dead. We can't make relations in a non-narratable life, however, change happens in the transition from the non-narratable to the narratable.

Randy Warshaw's studio on Wooster Street. 2013. New York. *If I allow my body to react to the material of the smell, sound, touch, taste and shape as if I did not have a stored judgement or knowledge about it, is that life? Tiny cells and atoms which constitutes me reacting to the tiny cells and atoms outside of me. Tissue, bone, wood, diaphragm, flesh, fabric, skin, air. My body is not a female body, nor a post-dancer body, nor an authentic body. The effortless experience of not having to create anything excessive from the ambiguous matter existing in the space.*

When I set limits to my knowledge I am limiting the possibility to take in new knowledge.

When I think that I know what I know I limit myself from knowing more.

When I think I know I don't live here anymore.

I capture myself through the desire to be free.

As I am captured I become a fantasy

Balance Arts Center, fall 2016. New York. *I am practicing not doing anything. Sense your sit bones on the chair. Your feet in the floor. Sense your fingertips resting on your knees. It is tempting to search for sensation, but as release is happening I attempt not knowing in which direction it will go. No end-gaining. Searching is doing. Pre-supposed judgements. I do not know where my body ends and the air of the room starts. The colors are stronger. I have a ghost body. That which is not me has the same value as that which is me. The idea of my self dissipates. To know what I am, my relationship to things has to be recreated. It's not only the mental concept of our identity we hold onto to stay the same, but also our physical manifestation in the world. We contain ourselves. Resistance to the change that might happen if we react to the physical reality rather than the idea of reality.*

Stockholm, June, 2017. Thoughts which are not words. Electrical signals through my nervous system. Apprehending through sensation. That is that which is undefined. I do not know and therefore I am here. I am not thinking and therefore I am here. In the room. If I am thinking through language I am not here.

Sensation is a different kind of recognition. In order to sense myself I contract to experience the borders inside of my body. I tense to experience my separateness to the world. I tense to conceptualize my existence through resistance. To prove my own manifestation to myself. Disconnection to ones own body through an intermediate state of thinking is interrupting sensorial impulse. The solution is not to stop thinking, but to shift our thinking from an analytical thinking which is about knowing and naming to a proprioceptive thinking. The nervous system is faster than the neuromuscular system. Our thinking can provide release. If we are changing the way we think, we can change the way we behave and vice versa. As we are releasing it is easy to not know what or who we are, as the contraction through tension has created a container, a sensation of boundary and form which we exist within. The form is familiar to us but not the matter which is contained inside. As we release we experience the matter without the form, which can feel as if we are nothing. To release might feel like we are not doing anything. To not do might feel like one does not exist.

“What does it do – having nothing to do?” - John Cage

To stop do in order for something different to happen.

In the non-doing there is potential for the subject to seep through,

in the non-doing there is that which cannot be narrated,

in the non-doing I reveal that which I cannot control.

In the transition from nothingness to meaning we have intimacy.

Can we ever experience nothingness if we try to reproduce it after having conceptualized it?

Randy Warshaw Studio, New York, 2017. *Another kind of dance. Excitement and anxiety. Sharing my edge and desire for today. Voicing boundaries from the start. Both are in control. To listen to the breathe of a stranger. I am served by how I sense, rather than taking in what is written onto their body and touch according to the choreography I have been taught through pornography and narratives. There is no empty space.*

To pull myself out of myself. To not strive to become. To sink into what is. To sink into ones body. The body that is here.

Conscious choices will always be restricted.

I am what my cells see.

The identity prescribed to us becomes a script, and life becomes the play which we narrate and direct in relation to the expectations from the commonplace. I am the author of the experience, but not of the piece.

NO ONE IS ENTERTAINING. NO ONE IS BEING ENTERTAINED.

Disattaching. Here and gone.

Text for score separate in case it's needed:

anywhere with anyone

Kill the choreographer
our heart on top of our diaphragm moving up and down with the breathe
dissattaching

walk, bike, travel
be disrupted by distractions

shake
the insides

feel the fluids inside of the body

of space

can you see what you feel and feel what you see?

what should I do with my brain?
I am material relating to other material
the collective