

Your Felt Movement

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When I watch someone dancing, I dance along with her. Invisibly, on the inside. The external movement is transformed into felt presence and my response charts out a faint psychogram, my physical self. I/body – a resonator and emotional agent in one.

My dancing is as real as any dance.

My body can be trained, exercised, sensitised by concentrating on this inner duet with the dancer. A dialogue beyond boundaries begins. Mirroring a body while simultaneously reflecting on this mirroring makes it a critical act. I am aware that we are dancing even though I only think about how my feelings move.

I will soon start to move, too.

The body is staged and mediated – like objects, places, communities. Context is its second skin; time, its element. It constantly drafts a contract with the spaces through which it moves, leaving traces that change their spatial dimensions. It is entangled in the actions of others. It carries with it the triad of I-you-we perspectives, seeing itself from within, from without and with others. It speaks, sometimes saying that which cannot otherwise be said.

When I look at someone dancing, I dance along with him, drawing the contours of a space. To look at movement is to feel time, experience duration. And durational exercises form a critical-sensitive engagement with the world.

We dance the artworks in the world. The works dance us. Now a psycho-geometric dance, now a durational dance.

Don't stop.