

this is a LEAP Document

the fiction document

from TR Vitlycke
July 1 – July 5, 2014



panorama three, from left
Robin, Elina, Maria Ines, Carla (guest), Francesco, Eszter and Pia

This group document is a collection of proposals and reactions assembled at Vitlycke - Centre for Performing Arts between July 1st and July 5th, 2014 during a LEAP Teaching Residency (TR). Participating at the residency were Pavle Heidler and Francesco Scavetta representing Vitlycke, Pia Lindy and Elina Ikonen representing ISLO, Maria Ines Villasmil and Robin Berkelmans representing ICK and Eszter Gál representing Wiener Tanzwochen.

This particular document we decided to call The Fiction Document and use it to collect some lengthy impressions and thoughts. For more concrete, short and down-to-earth impressions please refer to our other document, The Fact Document.

Guidelines to writing and collecting impressions for The Fiction Document:

None of the written statements are exercising power over other statements.

None of the written statements expect their author to be and stay eternally faithful.

All statements are offered as triggers, landmarks, or points of reference around which thinking is performed and/or exercised.

All statements are positive and support creativity, articulation and dynamism.

These accounts have not been edited so as to “look good” and “read well”. These accounts are brought to you fresh, some still rough around the edges and potentially a bit raw, but precisely because of that energetic, eager and, in a way, optimistic.

DAY ONE
the introduction

Robin:

quote: "Anything is information and is therefore interesting"

These words kept on resonating through my field of awareness during this first session. Even though definitely agreeing with this statement and practicing it day by day as a person and as a teacher/artist, still the situation when the one is leading put this in the room created for me this all of a sudden a whole new field of possibilities . To discover it again was great.

Pavle:

Inspired by my being exposed to a variety of different takes on understanding what could be called "stages of knowledge production" in dance and performance - I found myself genuinely confused by and interested in the difference I discovered between: (1) my habitual understanding of an approximate timeline and geography of different stages of knowledge production and (2) what I was perceiving as actual/real timeline and geography in different stages of knowledge production --- all differences were now becoming apparent to me directly from the accounts offered by real people who were engaged in actual relationships; as opposed to becoming apparent to me "indirectly" from the accounts documented in books, essays, or by lecturers, etc.

This is not to say that I am fundamentally surprised by the prospects of realities being more complex and/or more messy than theory. However.

I have recently been spending time observing just how deep an impact theory had (or has) on the subtlest of ways in which I am currently and physically relating to my environment.

Every time I discover yet another way in which I am obviously taking logic apparent in my environment for granted : I get naively and very surprised at the fact that I do take logic for granted (as if logic would be something "natural").

In other words: I found that I habitually and theoretically expect to find (why?) linearity between author authoring knowledge, valorisation and institutionalisation of knowledge, application of knowledge in practice. When, in reality, I am discovering

and/or am being reminded of the fact that author authoring knowledge often means that knowledge is becoming available through practice; only later is it valorised and institutionalised. The reality adds complexity to this process by overlapping it with many different kinds of knowledges being at different stages of *becoming* at different places in different times between different kinds of people etc...

This is when I think of myself talking about what I teach when teaching dancers performers.

First : I often and happily say I don't teach but rather facilitate environments in which dancers and performers can practice (skills) they need in order to engage in processes they are engaged with (at the moment the class or workshop is taking place). Then : I like to think that by facilitating these environments and adding to them a specific kind of focus - I offer participatns (often artists) to practice skills they need right now! Not skills they will need later, and especially not skills somebody else needed long ago to create very different kinds of art from the one we are creating today.

Reflecting back into the room and listening to others talk about their working environmnets and their relating to facilitating simmlar kinds of environemnts I realised that not only is the stages of production of knowledge in terms of author authoring knowledge, valorisation and insititutionalisation of knowledge, application of knowledge in practice : I was recognising that there was also such a thing as knowledge being authored (or articulated) - before, at the time and after their primary purpose was being explored.

In other words: What was Klein Technique before it was Klein Technique? What was Klein Technique before it met Release Technique? What was Release Technique before it became Release Technique?

I might also ask for example: What is Release Technique today, when it is being interpreted by a large amount of people and used for many different purposes?

I could also be saying I am asking the impossible question: What was first, the chicken of the egg? (Saying this, I am thinking there are various other ways in which these questions could be breaking down the interest I am articulating here. It's very late. Good night!)

Elina:

Can it somehow also be that the knowledge comes from the same origin, the body? That if you search for it long enough with any somatic approach you end up arriving at the a similar “place”. Or a similar phase. All the roads lead to Rome and away and back again. I was too stiff for yoga, then later in authentic movement my body ends up to yoga asanas someone else - familiar with yoga - can recognize, me not. Could the techniques of the body be like theories? Arising from bodies, interpretations are different, the bodys stay with evolution. I mean theories come from reality (what ever that is), otherwise they are fiction. Physicists are searching the theory of all, or how ever they call it. In a way are we too?

With our individual techniques, individual understanding of techniques, individual bodies with individual embodiment. Still human or chicken or egg. And some of us just name it more clear. And if one defines, does it mean that you need to stay with that definition? atleast for a moment. Is it the time that makes a technique? That you can agree with yourself or you words also tomorrow? Right now I find it difficult to stay with one line of thought long enough for finishing it. I start arguing me before finished my sentence. That's why I like what is said in the beginning of this document. A thought can just visit and process in this fiction idoc instead of beeing a statement.

foto: Pia



DAY TWO
not enough hours in a day

Pavle:

Contrary to “the popular opinion”, I seem to be most appreciative of feedback that is given (or offered) *not* in the form of advice, correction, or any other type of *closed information* (which would be information that thinks of itself as complete, finished, decided, done). Rather, I am most appreciative of feedback that is offered in a form of impression, reflection or self-reflection at best (*open information?*).

I imagine that by offering closed information as feedback, the giver is doing two unproductive things: first being that by offering a decision as feedback, the giver is actively disengaging him or herself from further participation in the procedure of processing information; the second is that by offering decisions as feedback, one is consequentially implying that at the time of the exchange (which is being feedbacked) the proposed material was in some or any way : final.

Eszter:

After Maria’s outdoor mute walking being dancing then writing...

Pia:

Outdoors walking, finding out about the environment: a fear of everything (tics, snakes, falling, getting lost) quickly disappears
Robin’s dance in between birch trees, slippery rocks, green moss, value of time, sheading my skin-dance, suddenness of things is all right - that’s surprising
In the end - having enough time to sit on a rock and just be there is crucial.

Eszter:

Pavle – continue without words

leading with no words, body instructions – we follow him.

He stands and open his palms, others join... semi circle then closing it. We are standing

he closes his eyes, we close our eyes, just standing holding hands

→ strange and supportive, a minute before I have just written the last word onto the paper: alone

now I am standing with 10 more people, eyes closed, feeling the group and inside myself, am I alone?

I hear Pavle moving, open my eyes, we open our eyes, and as he goes to the floor, lying on his back with his head towards the center, we all lie down and I am closing my eyes...

just a second before I felt him moving to the floor, and wished for lying on my back. I am heavy and sad and emotions attacking me... what is dance anyway? I have written onto the paper before...

we are lying on our backs, falling asleep or maybe not,
I am very cold, bending my knees, feels better, I put my hood on, better resting is the only option, now
what kind of a rest is it? Allowing → yes, doing nothing → yes, practice of being → yes...

what is this dance? I do not even ask the question.

I am tired, exhausted... have no wish to do anything... it is nice and necessary to do this together

how is it different to fall asleep in a studio alone or with a group of people as part of a "dance class"

I hear Pavle coming closer and feel grabbing my knees, gently lifting my pelvis off the floor and swing it a few times, then placing the feet back to the floor, and knees together, I am happy that he does not change my position... I hear him moving away to the person lying next to me...

some time later, I might have slept, feel not so cold any more, he comes again touches my neck and again very softly and gently placed his hands under my neck and lifts the skull, very shortly, then putting it back to the floor... he leaves, I dive again into the inner land... less and less voices in me, feel the time passing by

hear him moving, opening my eyes a bit, I see him exiting the studio, we are all alone, lying on our backs, no instructions, no directions, but with his exit the session is over, OR NOT?... time is passing, we are finishing (or not), everyone is doing something different in that space of realizing his absence...

Where is the dance? Whose dance is it?

Where is the teaching? Whose teaching is it?

Pavle:

I am of the opinion that there is no such thing as finality in educational and/or artistic and/or creative processes. I am also of the opinion that feedback falls on most fertile ground (so to speak) when both parties maintain engagement in their process during and especially after the feedback has been offered. This is why I support feedbacking from a heavily subjective, and self-reflective point of view; which would mean (in an imagined conversation) that the giver offers an account of own un-edited subjective experience and the receiver works his or hers way through the given feedback and selects and contextualises information, examines it and processes it for own purposes.

If practiced under these circumstances, I could see something as stiff or hard as an imagined correction is becoming a vibrant negotiation rather than a reflection of a pre-existing status or a form given by authority to the oppressed. I see the vibrant negotiation maintained between the teacher and the student facilitating a psychological relationship in which both parties are at the same level of power (and thus free to be confident* in the work as they are doing it today); the “only” thing one would have more than the other, given the circumstances is : time. (Which is something I can live with.)

*The confidence I am thinking off has something to do with maturity, but I need to stop writing and go to sleep.

Robin:

How strong was my awareness, the place to experience from when I was proposed the proposal of Maria. I was with Pia going through the fields. Without being able to talk and having a witness by my side, I was powerfully aware of my process. The mind couldn't go through it's usual wonderings that evolve out of a complexer rationality. And the process reached a primal quality of being, discovery, wonder and newness newness newness that kept on renewing itself. Primal in the sense that I felt the experience of simpleness and going through an almost animalistic (primal) way of travelling through the space. The body and mind were lined up in the situations. This was emphasized in the moments that we did communicate to offer a point of focus (an animal, moss, a direction to travel) - the method of communication was rough gesticulation (because if the gesticulation would have been more detailed it would have been too close to communication which we weren't supposed to be doing :) and also soundings by voice that were or weren't accompanied by a gesticulation to get the point across. The soundings were also rough for the same reason as the gesticulations.

Pia:

Compromises or noT

Stopping to explain (like needing to prove all the time what you are doing)!

Where do you place the dance and art in your own thinking/in your own imagination?

foto: Maria Ines



DAY THREE

the day we moved from titanpad to google docs

Pavle:

I was visited by a thought earlier today, amidst all the doing and reflecting; a thought that announced itself through gentle vibration under the skin (at the top of my knees, then the top of my quadricep muscles and then finally following the surface of my diaphragm, settling down below the heart). The vibration was similar to the one I recognise as an introduction to losing consciousness due to low blood pressure, only this one was much more subtle. As a sense, it was pleasurable to be affected by it. My body was vibrating due to how much it was impressed. And I thought to myself (again, at this point): *How often do I get the chance to feel, with the fingers of my right hand, the back of someone's throat - in the context of a dance class?*

I am sitting in bed, still impressed by the impact left on me by the experience of working in such an eager, welcoming, hungry and generous environment. It's been a while (and although this is a compliment, I don't intend it to be *only* a compliment) since I've last felt, sensed, observed I was "learning" so much and so consistently. note: I put learning under "" because I am not sure what I mean by learning. It is not like I'm learning a lesson. It is much more profound than that. Without being dramatic: it feels as if learning is happening at the level of the soul. In other words, much more sober this time (before my computer and/or body battery runs out): It is learning at the level of the soul (or essence) of learning itself. It is learning at the level of the exact learning I want to be learning, and not at the level of the more superficial, more easy, more socially or institutionally or ... acceptable version of it.

Robin:

I felt ready to create, discover, research, engage a type of creative process after the work of Eszter. Her work got me in my body (as partnerwork and bodymanipulations can do) and the work of Pavle got my mind lined up with that open body. I keep on experiencing these type of works as a preparation for art creation.

Pia:

All this humanness in us, smile, tiredness, with many words, sidetracks and sidesteps, everything is needed, reading of the room, every moment is a social situation, performativity, games, openness, research, free play, sensing, receiving, analyzing, let your touch become your dance, stillness, what do you think right now? where does it land in your body, right now? Breathing, remembering, forgetting, tears that come

without asking, openness, seeing, hearing, everything is possible, non judgmental,
tuning into, scoring, before and after,
When ever one is doing something the other one is in it.
Willingness to be here, no need to make anything or something to happen - it is
happening already. Moon practice.
Attitude, humbleness, failure, expectations, layers of aesthetics, space, time, weight.
White page, stiff mind, facts, fictions, intelligence of the body..
Specificity, no more just one explanation or only one way of doing it.

Eszter:

Tears and laughter, my chest is painful when Carla combing my hair, memories
rushing, taking over, wanna speak, but something stops me...it is getting harder to
breath. I am in a dance or just a young girl of me who wanted to be, wanted so much
to be...
then words pushed out of the stomach turned into tears, and laughter
I am sitting on Pavle's hip and far far away in time and mind space, friction of fiction, I
love it, "oh my god" I feel that I feel, I am alive, how can it be forgotten ...

foto: Pia



DAY FOUR
the day of the Empty Cup

Pavle:

(Francesco: "...because the cup needs to be empty, before you fill it up with new content")

I was frequently reminded of the impression made on me by the story of the student who said (quoting approximately): "you are not teaching what you know". As I write this, I am not sure if the following is true for teachers I came in contact with or people in general I came in contact with, but: I've noticed that one thing that makes me trust a teacher (a person) is recognising that the teacher's teaching (or a person's person-ing) is his or hers own, deeply personal.

Personal not in personal as in showing personality, but personal as in part of a personal process; I can recognise the person being busy with figuring the material out, and I can see them welcoming me into the process they are so busy with: they don't have time to present the process to me - instead, they invite me to observe them as they work.

Trusting the teacher is like signing a key contract, one that opens me up to doing the work I need to do in order to accept "learnings" from the teacher. In a way, this is to say that a teacher is not a teacher because he or she has been a teacher before; he or she is a teacher because I make them into one.

Ideally, making and unmaking a single teacher is as much a part of a learning process as relating to educational content is.

Robin:

The emptying of the cup is a challenge when wondering into unknown places of bodywork. In the discovery of the energetic realm (in my experience a key to deepening the organic connection and melting of the body and mind process) the challenge of opening the mind in a certain feeling, sensing and engaging way is a big step. Cognitivity, control and conceptualizing is something that fell away for me, well, a little (there's so much more to develop), from the first steps when applying this work in my regular training. Organics is a great field to discover.

Pia:

Words from others:

How can I re-adjust my practice when the students are in question?

Students are not the problem but you are.

Or you might not be in a right place.

How do you get those who don't show up in your class to come?

Attitude

Humbleness

Failure

Repetition

The one who recognizes the problem has to deal with the problem.

The consequences - always the consequences.

Where is the teaching? Where is the learning?

What is underlying your teaching? or your learning?

Day Five

Letting my blood travel to the periphery and back. Letting my skin meet the floor the way it wants to. Every moment is a new moment. Every adjustment is a choice of a free will. Breathing. Silence.

The way the tears shape themselves behind the eyelids. The moment everything moves. The openness and opening. Misery articulating itself into emptiness and everything. The weight of the body that shifts with time. In me. The size of things - a funny reason to cry - how can something grow so enormous and big even it doesn't need to. How something else is just passing by this moment and is over already. Life in this room with all that happened or all that could have happened.

Generosity that is!

Eszter:

What has taken me 10 years to learn and becoming mine, it takes one for the generation now. How fast knowledge travels in the world today?

DAY FIVE

the day I understood not everyone is counting days in the same way

Elina:

Day six

Most important things for me in random order (except the first one which is the most important) and out of day context, since my "iPad and my browser did not support my thinking in a way I thought they should have had to". Pavle you are very wellcome to cut this to peaces as much as you want to, or leave it like this. Or sensor, if moon makes you to.

> Dancing and talking and experiencing with people who understand the same/not same rare and also same time a very basic human language of movement, dance and learning.

> The conversation about student's maturity or teacher's maturity. What can you do, when there is a "problem" or doubt that "who do you think you are to teach me". Look at yourself. That simple. Read the room.

> Lazy-fight with Alexander and Carla. Scuatting on a floor, with very low muscle tonus. We fight, pullin or pushing each other falling down on the floor and having so much fun, laughing aloud. Just a tiny shadow of shame in one short moment, otherwize pure happiness. Why on earth is this so much fun? It feels so goog in the whole bodymind and for sure lacks any tiny bit of estetics that there ever could be in movement. The incredible freedom of total stupidity, absolute fun. Simplicity of connection. There must be estetics of easy, estetics of happines.

> Cultural learning, politeness. Why is it more polite to drink three times a shared, cold zip of coffee than make a whole cup for each, one after the other? How hard have I been thinking about this during this week. Teacher exchange? Human exchange? Sharing at the same time is more polite than sharing one after the other. And how I had to fight myself for wanting a whole cup of coffee more than feeling the shame of doing it. Human mind. Oh my god ! the complexity of it...I want my coffee hot and a whole! Then I can learn the philosophy of the empty one. Maslow, my dear Maslow. Now I have said it aloud and am proud and ashamed of myself at the same time. I like this constant moon-exersicing. To notice things that are no big deal, but on the bodylevel still are. Chemistry and physicality of the body is so cool. Viva la coffee liberation! I have no idea how to spell right. It is all about shame in this one.

> Transference phenomenon, thinking back to own studing, seeing features of people I know in people I don't know yet. Such a rich opportunity to see the way how I persive, trics by the unconscious mind.

> Seeing dancers to look football, taking photos to be shown later to the teachers of the sports institute, where I work. There are huge prejudices about the dancers, still

after 10 years they still are surprised why we are not exactly like sports people. A connective photo... and they will understand we are and are not. Meaning making, rapport. Should have made an audio about the football watching by the way.

> What is important. Fact document versus Fiction document - we are doing both in this TR. In my mind I start to compare, why does either of these documents have to win in my mind? It is football championship time, it is human time in my head. Fiction is important. It is barely a tip of an iceberg what we understand consciously. It is pathetic, unconscious processes more than 11 million bits of info in a sec, conscious only 40 bits. Fiction makes the path much wider.

Why would it be important what we did? We did scutt on the floor, fighting and laughing for about 2-5 minutes. Does this make any sense? We did frending on a floor. We were in the paradise of childhood non-doing-in action. We were in a human ritual, we were crazy, we were dancing. We had fun. Never the action is what really happens. Human interaction is so much broader. I love science! It is my religion and entertainment. I make fiction of all science since I don't get it well enough. An interesting fact is that the more specialist you are in anything, including science the more eager you are to believe you are right. It is so paradoxically fascinating!

> We are lying on our belly with Eszter beside the see, trying to get a picture of a jellyfish, hearing Pavle's research story of the jellyfish. What does that have anything to do with dance? And without knowing the answer I am ready to claim it does. I will remember the moment for ever. A sudden realisation that I am drawn by the jellyfish to lay on my belly in the middle of normal Swedish people staring us. And realising that me coming from Finland normally would be even more uptight and behaving "normally". I am not only me after the TR. I loved the way Eszter described how she has everybody's gestures now in her body. Yes, and the mind too. And the same time I feel being more me too. Meeting in acceptive atmosphere does so good...How did I end up there on my belly without even noticing. What is awareness when it makes me so beautifully blind. Taken by the shared experience. Awareness is a specialist's choice?

> I bought a pair of sandals with jeans canvas. TR-sandals. I have heard that women can remember after decades what they wore during some memory. I remember my green big girl rubberboots, my alternative boy-rubberboots, my red "legendary sauna rubberboots" still wearing them, no heard to remember. And TR sandals. The airport lady/girl/gender politically correct person... went downstairs to get it for me. This is not dance but very important. A bit shamed on this part of the writing. Again. Anyways, all those rubberboots give different and very special sensation to the whole structure of the body and the walk. Getting there...you see. Certain gestures are culturally read as male or female. In Venezuela you can order pizza with mouth gestures. Auf wiederseh, good buy. How much do the memories authorise the learning? And emotion makes one to remember. Auf wiedersehen.

> I was hoovering like a maniac. I knew I was good in that. I am a good teacher too. I make the most stupid mistakes, not understand a student, being too strait, too

realistic, too loud and talk too much on my class, routines make me blind or too quick to see things and I react in wrong timing compared to the student who is in "this experience" for the first time. What the hell I mean with "this experience", as if I know what someone else is going through! Get angry to myself. Still thinking I am a better pedagogue than the average.

I read a research that most of pedagogists do think that they are better than average (are you too?). Also researched that most who drive car think so too. Omnipotent. Even I know this, so what. Makes me to think about hoovering too. No doubt I am a poor cook but a good hooverist and a good teacher. What is good? Why do I think so, only because of the basic teacher tendency. It is kind of humiliating, relieving, home coming and easy to realise I just am a statistically normal omnipotent teacher. How we form the specialisation, and how much does it have to do with reality (what ever that is) and qualification. Is omnipotency a technique?

> On Pavle's class. Real sensations. What would not be then. For me there is a difference. There is a difference between artificial, or repeated or reconstructed. And we all can see it. Not necessarily on exactly same times, but we agree there are things that are more or less real. Conventions makes our minds. I remember a time when I did not recognize the difference between my teachers performing and just being. I was collecting my stuff around room. Putting my socks on a long time after they told they will perform now. I could not see they already started it. Culture builds in in our experience. When someone else too share this understanding is it then art.

Eszter:

I am thinking (or more following my mind's journey as it follows an internal dialogue) how and when, for whom, in what circumstance the "kind of performative" can be taught? How about the verbally guided, instructed work? Can the teaching happen by "itself"? What is that mean? What kind of an environment we create, support, or some ways control when guiding the inner journey of the participants? When and how to place new instructions, changes, directions into the "space"? How can we practice and get "better" at reading the room? Can we get better? Or is it a skill? Can that be learned?

Where and what is your/our/my real material? Is it in the forms or in the instructions, or in the way the class is organized? Or in all but with different emphasize on each? How to shift the focus? How to deal if a participants goes "too deep" and a personal journey changes the energy of the class? What kind of a risk we take while creating a safe place for taking risk or even going wild?

How to prepare the participants for the material, if it is exploratory, but analytical and at the same time deepening, when it has a sensing, imagining and doing at the same time?

During the whole residency the strongest exchange happened between US. And that was constant. There was no separation of learning, teaching, experiencing in the studio (while dancing or creating) or outside of the studio (while cooking, chatting or watching football).

The research could take (and was taking) place at any time at any place. We were wired yet “unplugged”.

Below is a collection of thoughts, instructions, principles, sayings etc...these were present in all things I (or perhaps we) had done. These were given or sent out to the space we were working in, living in, these were heard, they resonated, lived in me (and perhaps in all of us in different ways), without wanting to do anything with them. We did what we did. Following a road as it was appearing. And it was the road we had to travel on. The learning resonates and echoes in my body, the learning taking place from now on through time... in the cells. I wonder...

hands do not want
hang out with your partner
white page
allow, letting go
everything is possible! is everything possible?
You can do anything with respecting whatever you do adds to (shifts, changes) the environment that we all share...

reaching is not doing the reach
welcoming whatever is there
saying yes to what you notice
go as far as you are ready for
giving and receiving at the same time
meeting on the human level
the material is unfolding
reading the room, the studio, the space on your entry
take a moment to yourself, noticing any change or not while others speak
assisting people to fall asleep
performers and audience and the space inbetween
things happen in the inbetween
no complain, practice
PERFORMATIVE
the way we are, the way we research
anything can become material
research can happen anywhere, just like that, dance can happen everywhere
staying with
not waiting FOR anything to happen or change, rather...
BEING IT

Robin:

I wanted to put something about the neutral state/position as I am familiar with it from the mime discipline (also called the zero). It is a fragment of the document I added to our Dropbox. *“I would, however, add that the position of neutrality requires an understanding of and empathy with all the other possible positions, and that it is not some sort of presymbolic, archetypal position that we have to go back to, but a position that can only be a result of a balance between the positions that are imaginable, possible and practiced. These can never be definite or stable but are always very fragile and problematic. Thus neutrality happens a posteriori, not a priori. The neutral is rather a contradiction of positions much more than a resolution of a tension, or an annihilation of everything that is already there. The neutral is suspicious as a (fully) embodied term. There is something weak about it. And this weakness needs to be included in the perception.”*

The document is called “Neutral state - performing from zero in Dance, Theatre and Psychoanalysis” (I just gave it that name for clarity) and takes Jerome Bell, Decroux, Grotowski and Psychoanalysis in to account. I thought it would be nice since together we span that spectrum.

foto: Robin

