

FIA'S DANCE

we're at the beach

barefoot, we feel the sand under our feet
to the left there is the sea, trying to get closer with every wave.

a little bit in the distance there are some cliffs. not very high or impressive, more like the perfectly proportioned backdrop to this beach.

a young woman stands meters away from the water. she is completely still, her back is turned to the waves that keep on moving relentlessly.
she is tall, her body is slender and strong, her posture confident and alert. she is wearing black jeans and a sports sweatshirt.

the wind is going through her short blonde hair. she is not close enough to clearly make out her facial features. but everything points to the fact. that her face right now is a face of determination.

the sea keeps on moving and water pushes onto the beach and back again and with the next wave coming in, the woman leans forward, clenching her fists and moving her hands up so that the arms make sharp ninety degree angles next to her body.
she continues to lean forward until her body is about to lose its balance and as she is about to fall she starts running along the beach and away from the water.

she comes to a halt about 20 meters away from the sea, her feet start stepping on the same spot one after the other, her upper body is still leaned forward and her arms drop out of her shoulder-sockets and towards the ground.

her legs move in alternation, first the left knee forward then the right, then the left, right, left, right left.

with one quick movement she comes to standing fully up again and let's her hand slide down her body, caressing.
fia takes a step to the side and towards us. she squats down only to shoot up again, taking a step back and aligning herself again into a perfect profile.

she now starts to slowly walk backwards. her right hand placed in front of her and parallel to the ground and her left hand initiating a wave like movement that continues up into her shoulder and makes her whole body follow, moving backwards along until she halts again.

fia's arm movements seem automated. at times it looks like she gestures for someone to come closer. then an arm shoots up and towards the sky, only to fall down again. and reappear in front of her body, stretched out and with a flat hand as if to gesture „STOP“

signs and symbols move in and out of Fia's dance, changing between mechanical and sensual, equally as much as they change between image and abstraction.
she drops the hand that keep showing stop and her arms reappear stroking her head like she is posing for a photograph. on the beach.
and the waves of the water continue their ever repeating cycles.

and then unannounced Fia turns around and for the first-time faces the water. she is walking toward it casually but still with determination. the next moment she drops down to kneel on the sand with one leg pulled in towards her chest. she is sitting on the beach. her hands together in front of her chest in a prayer position.

her body appears small now, folded into itself. she is sitting almost motionless, looking onto the water and the waves. calm and focused.

Fia gets up again and continues walking towards the water, her hands briefly wipe down her face. a small gesture, unrehearsed and matter of fact she continues to walk and just meters before the water. she comes to a halt turns around with her arms crossed in front of her body and her right knee pulled up high, standing on one foot only like a sulking flamingo maybe.

she then drops into the sand and onto her right knee, sinking a little deeper into the beach, loosing balance and then sits on her shins. stopping it right there and without any warning. sitting at the beach facing us and to her side the water. still going on.

ANNA NOWICKA

Wander #20

For Anna's Dance we change location and we find us in a an empty large room, the floor is dark and shiny, in the back there is a long white wall and on the left side there is a wooden door and an emergency exit sign shining on top. in the other corner there is a stool with some technical equipment and cables that were pushed to the side. there are probably windows on the walls on the side, however they are visible from where we are. the whole space is lit by a row of five neon lights that form a white line across the ceiling of the space and are reminiscent of an office or maybe class room.

right now the room is empty and still, except for a flickering of light on the back wall that seems to be coming from the window. in this flickering a darker spot appears, grows bigger and into the shadow of a person, announcing anna nowicka who just seconds later appears from the left side.

anna walks into the room with fast steps while looking behind her left shoulder as if making sure that no one follows her.

Anna is athletic and with short brown hair, that moves with every step she takes. she is wearing a simple black wool sweater and blue trainings pants that are white on the sides with a red stripe running through and white sneakers.

anna is walking into the centre of the space, she turns her head looks towards us and then back again this time over her other shoulder. and while still looking to where she just came from she takes a long strider with her right leg and then slides across the floor with her entire body. coming to lie down on her belly with her arms stretched sideways, her face towards us and her hips stacked on top each other and turned to the front. her palms are resting on the floor, and for a short moment her whole body relaxes and lies there in stillness.

very slowly the leg that lies on top lifts itself up like an antenna that explores the space around itself. testing in each direction. one hand flips around quickly. while the leg that had been lying still is now slowly joining the exploration, but closer to the ground and in smaller motions.

the hand flips back and both feet are on the floor again.

now one hand travels along the floor like an animal. it is joined by the other hand that also flips around, withdraws and then lifts up again behind the body, floating in the air while the rest is still.

limbs are extended and drawn in again. the body shuffles itself on its side, the heavy head lifting of the ground. Anna comes to almost sitting, the legs extended towards the front-towards us, the face is low and hidden behind hair.

she turns to sit on her butt while her arms and legs hover above in the air. she looks like she was moving underwater- slow and with a lot of resistance.

in an intense act of abdominal strength she extends all her limbs and draws them back inwards. then swings her arms back into the centre as if to hug herself and finally comes back to sitting. her head is dangling over her chest. at times an arm moves up and halts in a robotic motion and then lowers down again.

Anna comes to a seated position, with her knees hugged into her chest. her face is calm, almost serene and while her body undergoes its precise score of reaching and returning. she sometimes looks curious as if surprised by her own movements.

and then, still sitting, she starts moving her arms and legs in symmetry like a kaleidoscope in which each form emerges out of another. unfolding over and over again.

Anna moves through different positions and states with an inherent curiosity, body parts move into one direction, halt and morph back into their previous form.

she is moving with hesitation. isolating body parts and letting a motion trickle through her body from the feet to the head.

and then in one sudden impulse she first leaps forward slides a couple of times on her knees and then extends her whole body sideways on the ground like a goal keeper trying to catch a ball. extending the body completely.

she gets up again moving like an astronaut- seemingly defying gravity. until she completely shifts

and walks across the space with force and almost aggressive only to come to the ground again, crouching over, leaning her head on the ground resting.

and then Anna turns on to her back with the legs extended and the feet falling to either side. from here she starts with the Kaleidoscope like movements again, this time only with the arms and hands that draw out and come back in circles in a constant motion.

then she stretches out her arms high up towards the neon lights and pulls her body up as if wanting to reach them. once she is standing, her eyes fixed onto the neon lights, her hands drop down to her face and cover her eyes. it's a childish image of hiding in plain sight. a touching attempt in camouflaging yourself away.

she then lowers her hands, while keeping her eyes still closed, she moves through positions and through the space and once again drops down like a goal keeper. this time covering her eyes with one hand again.

she gets up to sitting. her eyes are now open again and looking into her hand in confusion and with curiosity. she spits into her hand and seals the spit with both hands in to the floor.

then Anna gets up again and walks backwards towards the wall her arms are high and her hands are clenched into fists above her head. she looks up to her hands almost as in wonder or confusion and suddenly she unclenches the fists and starts walking off to the side, energetic and determined. something has ended. her arms are still half up while she walks off. her palms, still facing us as if they are stuck to a window of a departing train. and then that is gone as well.

ISABEL LEWIS
together with Micah Jones
Excerpt of Existing Otherwise

we are inside. in a room with dark wooden floor. facing three windows that look like they come from a past time and through which light is pouring in. except for a long wooden bench, which is pushed towards the windows the room is empty of any furniture.

there are two people, with their backs turned towards us, sitting on the floor, facing the windows. they sit on their shins, with straight backs and their hands folded in on their laps, where they are out of sight. their heads are slightly tilted upwards towards the windows.

the person on the left, Micah Jones is wearing a pink t-shirt and red silky slip dress over it. on her feet she is wearing black dr- marten's combat boots. Her dark hair is shaved into a buzzcut and we can clearly see Micah's nape.

On the right side Isabel sits dressed completely in black with white sneakers. hair hair is loose and curly and round around her head.

very slowly and perfectly synchronous they lift their right arm from the elbow up, sliding the hand towards the back of their head, moving around the head while simultaneously falling to their right to sit onto the floor. their heads remain turned to the side while the right arm comes back, placing the hand on the wooden floor to support their weight.

the same hand gestures is repeated with the left arm. but instead of shifting the weight the arm, caresses the back of the head, comes sliding down the front of the other arm and meets the hand on the ground.

their movements are slow and tender, each gestures appears equally casual and precise. a lazy sensuality. understated and mesmerizing.

with both their hands on the floor they press up, and come circling with their torso to the front, now placing their left foot on the floor, with the knee coming up towards their chest. for the first time their faces appear in front of us. their gazes are turned inwards without making any eye contact. Micah is wearing glasses with a transparent frame. both place their left hand behind them now, pushing forward their chests and throw their head towards the back like a model would pose. the other arm comes circling back again, taking the head down and moving their faces away from us again and towards the window.

their weight shifts and their heads dive forward. then they come back to sit on their butts this time with both legs folded in on either side. they move along always keeping close to the floor, legs folding in again and their weight shifting to the other side, turning around ever slightly but consistently making them move in tiny trajectories through the space.

at one point Isabel stops the flow and the two look at each other before they casually move into their starting position and continue they repeat this phrase over and over again and with time small differences in execution between them appear. there is moments when suddenly one turns their head slower than

the other but they catch up on each other and sync up again. continuing the phrase, in which each movement appears like a caress: to the performers' bodies, to the floor, to the space and to the audience. while time seems to be standing still. or at least move a little bit slower than before.

at one moment, they stop and look towards us. the dance ends here but there is a feeling like it could go on infinitively repeating the same patterns over and over again and allowing us to focus on a new detail each time.

VINCENT RIEBEEK

together with Laila Wiersma and Nico Roses

vincent and his collaborators have placed us in front of a large stone staircase that is leading up to an old apartment house somewhere in Amsterdam.

it's a wide stair case of about 20 steps. the stones look weathered, in some parts nearly black. on its sides there are many arches in the stone and a brown metal railing to hold onto.

it leads to a wooden door, which is closed. next to it is written Number 9.

and for a few seconds nothing happens

until very slowly a muscular arm is pushing itself into the frame, floating like it is on a conveyor belt.

then the body follows. dressed in a black tank top and bright orange trousers.

we know that this is the body of vincent, although there is still no head in the frame.

his arms move gracefully slow. gently reaching and his fingers curling inwards beautifully like those of a greek marble statue.

the hands flip around, move up and dive down and then bring the whole body, still headless into a profile position to us. from here the arms swim forward, while the back is first rounding up and then arching which pushes the belly to the front.

vincent's whole body is perfectly undulating, as if waves go through it in a constant repetition without ever being able to tell the start or finish. becoming smaller or bigger. at times only making the belly move and then with the next wave vincent moves his body around 180 degrees. for a moment his arms reach outwards, perfectly straight and aligned holding the pose in stillness.

and then Vincent leaps towards the stairs, his right foot landing three steps higher than his left in a long and low lunge.

with the back towards us it is the first time his whole body is visible. his arms out to the side, parallel to the steps. he then places his hands on the stairs and pushes off with all his four limbs, twirls himself around and lands with his back lying on one step in a elongated line. his arms are extended seductively above the head, a leg teasingly stretches in the air. and for the first time vincent looks at us. briefly and with a bout of confusion almost as if wondering why he is being observed and at the same time oozing confidence and flirtation. he gets up again and steps into another lunge even higher in the staircase this time facing us and one leg high up on the stairs in an arabesque-like position.

he brings his hands together like in a prayer position and then moves them in a circle to the side, following them with his gaze, then dropping the pose and smiling while moving into a next position downwards the stairs again, arms following invisible geometrical patterns.

now vincent turns around elegantly and he places his hands on the stone again shifts his weight and takes a clumsy jump of the feet towards the metal railing of the stair case. he grabs it with one hand while the other hand is supporting his body. he then brings his feet up towards the railing, hanging off it like a monkey while still pushing up and away from the staircase. the wave comes back into his body becoming more and more focused on his pelvis. grinding the air sexually and muscular. now he lets go of the railing, turns back around, his right elbow pulling into his body as if to affirm it in a quick and isolated movement of Y-E-S.

from here vincent makes his way to the top of the staircase, he dances quickly with fast and precise movements. ending in a plank position with his hands a couple steps below his feet. air grinding continues in this horizontal position. at times his butt reaches higher than the rest of the body only to drop down again. it is a dance that one could imagine from a horny caterpillar, performed with utter seriousness and dedication.

from here he twirls his head around and comes back to standing on top of the stairs. lifting up his legs, first the left than the right he continues to grind. moving between belly dance and aerobic dance workout he descends the stairs. squats in the middle and does a cheeky shake with his shoulders - for a brief moment transforming the staircase into the dance floor of a night club. he then gets up again quickly and leaps towards the metal railing lifts himself up and jumps of the stairs, and then drops down to the floor, rolling out of the frame.

and this is where we will end tonight. we could go. but for now we will stop it here and leave the dances in the air and your imagination, where they can continue for a little while.

Thank you, Vincent, Anna, Fia and Isabel for entrusting me with these dances and of course, thanks to all the listeners and readers.