

Tides 2

With everything before (and a bit of after)

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Tides 2 with everything before (and a bit of after)

She carries memories, she remembers. Although sometimes she is running very fast, nothing gets past. Every drop of feelings, sensations, observations, even reflections. Carrying all of it in her soul. Nonetheless the weight, she is kind, honest, soft and if needed harsh. Even beyond that she is strong, forgiving, but most importantly she always, always, always finds her way.

"A river is never still. When it meets an obstruction, it moves under, above, around, or through what ever prevents from flowing. When blocked, a river revolts with all its weight, including that of the streams and tributaries that pour into it, until it flows smoothly again. Rivers flow down the mountains, valleys and plateaus. They flow into lakes, pounds and seas. With the help of gravity, the suvil, surge and push towards their final destination, the ocean."¹

Above or under,
sun or thunder,
around or apart
might be in distance but always in heart.

Crossing, falling, catching, carrying, going apart and coming back to one. Those are her strongest qualities.

It's water that I call her she,
A goddess of lands and sea.
It would be empty, nothing would float
river or stream, no paper boat.
A force of life, inside and out, you, me, or, the, crowd. Where bones
and flesh meet the blood, the in between, it's her, again.

Imagine two bodies in space, floating in imaginative container of water. Full of fluids, life, constant movement – breathing counts as well. That creates a need of shifting the weight. Since

¹ (Salami 2020, 151)

bones, muscles, veins, arteries, capillaries are in constant conversation and exchange of fullness. How much, where and how it goes, what happens to the weight and how does the space shift. Now the two bodies are one body of water. The container is now full with people and those two bodies; but we are all one. One body of water. Living, breathing through movement, accepting the flow, dance, dances, dancing, moving, you choose how you call it. Many words for it. As long as it is moving. Not necessarily even going somewhere. There is no goal or place to get to. Only following the gravity.

*Running water never grows stale.*²

Tide

- The rise and fall of the sea that happens twice every day / *Is the tide coming in our going out? Most people are completely clueless about tide directions and weather conditions.*
- A noticeable change in a situation or increase in a particular type or behavior.³

Tides 2 in its original title looks like this: \perp -ides 2. Since the work itself has a lot of playfulness in, we tried to make it very transparent as a gesture of honesty, that there is already hidden agenda of playground in the title itself. Opposite \perp , plurality and a number. The symbol \perp is there just for the game, esthetic play. Number 2 has a slight bigger meaning. It's the second time we did a work together, with the same title, so it was the second edition. It will be (hopefully) a long living, continuously changing practice as well as performing it, every time in a different context, constellation, environment, cross disciplinary piece and probably some more interactions, changes, developments. As a way to be continuous, as water is, to constantly change and shift relations of the two of us, as water does, to keep on reflecting, as water does, to keep on moving, going somewhere, as water does; even if not knowing where. There is trust somewhere, somehow. The we I am talking about is me and my dance partner, friend, dear classmate of mine, Joanna. She willingly joined my dance project. She was the one we started this idea of making a duet with, where idea of water appeared and grabbed our interest. It sucked me in so much that I decided to take the call. Many little secret agendas we have been playing around with. You already know about one. The one that has been more challenging and changed the way how I thought about the choreography is to make the duet un-duet. Haven't come to the conclusion if that is even possible. The second you see two bodies on stage, you recognize the duet. But can I choreograph the space, two bodies in space, with everything that I have

² (Show 1971)

³ (Cambridge Dictionary 2022)

available to make it unduet? What would that even mean? At least some qualities appeared, thinking, other possibilities. Constantly shifting perspectives, weight, angle, thinking through the three dimensionality of water and applying it to the body, more specifically dance material.

Flows and bones may break my stones that you avoid and I carry on.

The weight SHIFT, the space SHIFT, around, the turn SHIFT.

Shift, shift, shift, a lot of weight shift. All the time, weight shift, with every step, weight shift. Even I change, even if unrecognizably little bit, every time I step, I shift my weight or someone else's weight. I carry her in me, but I am also carried by her. Sometimes. If I can make the words shift and change almost equal in the terms of meaning, the work, the process, the flow of creating tides I went through many changes. When working with fluids it is hard to imagine stops or stillnesses or no moving. The composing was challenging. The material. How do you meet the water? It was and it is an inspiring nature element and goddess of life, movement. And she remembers. The memories she carries, weight with which it flows.

*Water guides body from young to old, here to there and it connects the human scale to other scales of life. We flow across time and space.*⁴

There is so much information, input and inspiration. Every time I think of water, I am simply mesmerized. How it changes shapes, forms. And she always changes in relation to her environment. Or rather environment changing in relation to her.

[I will continuously use her or she for the word water. After working with this theme for such a long time I am starting to see the qualities of a human being. Feels wrong not to do that.]

She always changes in relation to her environment. Or rather environment changes in relation to her. Adaptation is one of her strongest skills. The next one is always finding her way. A moment or rather place or space or splace (as Eleanor Bauer names it), where water meets the shore is tide.

⁴ (Neimanis, Hydrofeminism: or, on becoming a body of water 2012)

Constant movement as is breathing,
maybe inhale is what I'm needing.
Little flow of air or care,
water moving, bit of here and there. As a liquid inside of me,
she is moving, one could say almost to the heart beat
grooving.

This constant movement, space, finding a way and play; water bottle hanging in the air, music and lets not forget that time-ing is there. Partnering was a wish but never a phrase, it simply didn't fit so let it go and not chase. Adaptation in the case, running around, togetherness, wait. No rush, no place to be, it's you and me. All that flow and softness we pour out, you ask what that is all about?

Inspiration from water, that is what I did. Explore the movement, observe the qualities and look at some possible ways of translation. I didn't think of it consciously, but maybe these little hidden agendas were everywhere.

Some facts:

I like to move a lot. I like to move big. I love partnering. I like physical work. I like to not work alone. I like to dance. I like to dance a lot.

Why the facts?

Concept of water allows me to not do only what I am passionate and curious about, but to dive in a world where I can maybe move someone else, somehow, somewhere, even if a little bit. To invite the empathy, softness in our bodies and share it with people around. That people will (hopefully) share it with their people around, and here we go – world is suddenly a better place. I wish it would be this easy. Dancing needs to continue to live, move, touch people where words are not enough. To develop kinesthetically and empathy. I care about that. A lot. I carry about that a lot.

I am choosing a word sadness for the next little short poem, but I invite you to choose your own word and replace the sadness with your word and read it again?

Sadness is a place where I can be
where I can just live for me.
And when I need a place to be
I can just be there quietly.

It is the practice of being kind towards one self that I also want to get better at. Inviting other kind of timings, doings, empathies, togethernesses,nownessnes, places, spaces. Imaginative or real.

She has different stages, powers, emotions based on where she is. Either trapped with no flow or high in the mountains where she has all the power to recreate the landscape as she wants. A rock – not an obstacle; no pathway – she makes one; no source – she is one. Even the ocean waves are never the same. With water the body changes and with the body the water changes. It goes both directions. And all around. As I wanted to have audience, but they ended up being on the two sides. Despite the two sides it still brought more 3D world to the material then it would one flat front. The idea of reflection – when you look in the mirror, you see yourself, this way you see not yourself but another human being across. Another reflection is in the piece it self. In slow motion. Another hidden agenda. All the powers that water has. Well, some of them we tried to capture, embody and bring it to the space.

It's hard to capture someone with such a wide, alive spirit. That is why it was "*just*" an inspiration.

Just in never just a just, it carries a bit of must.

The urgency and all that joy,
where this is going, oh boy.

Destination is unknown, traffic might be slow,

but the way is all that needs to slowly grow
and I choose to follow the flow.

*Empty your mind, be formless, shapeless, like water. You put water into a cup, it becomes the cup, you put water into the teapot it becomes the teapot. Water can flow or it can crash. Be water my friend.*⁵

Tides 2 doesn't really deal with becoming a water, rather having, developing, practicing, that brings you to the state of hyper awareness of liquids in your body. That being the entering point if affected how the material was made and done. Most of the time it's not about the shapes or forms, or it actually is but rather going from outside or aesthetic view to go from sensation, let it be filled with imagination or real liquids and creating the outside shorms (shapes + forms = shorms). Being present in the moment, together, following one flow of movement while still having the attention to our own, individual one, is what keep it alive. Together with thinking about it as a quartet rather than a duet might contribute to aliveness, moving, unduet secret agenda.

Something that came a bit later in the process was to include time or timing and music as two characters, almost as two extra performers. The qualities those two have and how important they became, I could say it was a quartet. One conducting the other, being dependent, in relation, existing on its own but mostly needing other in order to be complete.

As many things starts before we recognize them or have the name for them, so did Tides 2. Ending might seem simple or complex, depends on the viewer, as usual depending on experiences one already has. Start on the other side was very simple. It started with a few words that were there keeping the track of un/lostness. Something to always come back to and remind myself it's not the complexity or as much layers as possible, it is insisting and coming back. Honesty to my wishes. And partly gut feeling.

Here is how it started:

something about/ from water.

co – existence

sharing

sensitivity and empathy

⁵ (Show 1971)

listening

gravity

two bodies

PATIENCE

I don't completely believe in making art for the art. Partly because I (would) like to believe in the potential of transmission and touching people through dance (not literally/ physically), maybe changing them – whatever it means - and partly because the urgency is not only mine, rather shared with the audience. To relate to something together, have something in common, the collective idea, power, struggle, compliment or what it is in that moment for that specific audience.

Together we are stronger, together we are more.
Either swimming in the river or dancing on the shore,
reaching where all our human memories has store.
It could be in the heart or other places to explore
to who I do or don't open the door?

After all, we are all bodies of water.⁶

Water here, water there, water everywhere. Sometimes you see her, sometimes you don't. But you really can't blame her, the eye see her won't. The air we breath, the liquids we move inside of us, the drops or snowflakes we feel. Touching our skin when melting. Passing through. As she does.

From one corner to the other, as wide, as soft you can. One score we had was being river and the rock or an obstacle. Since water always finds her way, we found ours. Reacting to movement, trying to escape while breathing. Always breathing. Until we stand under bottle of water on our head. Feel the weight, the liquid and her movement. Same is happening inside my body, but since it's not see through as the water bottle you can't see it. BUT. You can feel it.

⁶ (Neimanis, Hydrofeminism: or, on becoming a body of water 2012)

Or imagine. This world we are building is leaving the freedom to be in your flow, invitation to ride with us, our discoveries, material, in a way to bring it back to movement. Or to be in space with moving bodies, sound and yourself.

The game we play is up to display, in a free but specific way. Should I stay or should I say it's about the in between when shore meets the bay. Blue water but maybe you see her as green or pink or orange or ... I think you shouldn't go away, let's try with delay, what do you say?

She is so deep, wide, strong, soft, can be dangerous, furious, light, heavy or maybe even something else. What is your water like?

With all this possibilities, also struggles of a wide theme, let me call it curious interest, it's hard to be specific. Anyhow, the anchoring question that was keeping me partially in the flow was something like this: Can I make the space softer? Softening, blurring the edges of the squared room; softening my body, audiences body, inviting kindness and empathy. That was another hidden agenda.

Gravity of water going down

while water in the body flows all around.

Little streams through kapilares,
breathing out as a constancy.

With an inhale lively moving,

with the whole body flow grooving.

Like the stream or water falls falling,
upwards is the new direction going.

Direction in space, direction in the body,

Up or down or side or away or in,

What ever it is, water always wins.

This whole idea of gravity is something that constantly shifts my mind. Or more like a bit taking it for granted. Like walking. Having an action so deeply in the body you don't think of it consciously in order to have more space for other things to process in the brain. This shifting weight, what it can do, how you can use it, the way of controlling or letting go of the control is a not such a mystery, but it is present everywhere. The tides, how it works in relation to forces, magnetic fields and gravity – I see it as shifting weight. A massive weight. The interest of how to use my body with least force possible, while moving myself or another body in space. What I realized now, after the performance is how body fluids are going not just down – following the gravity but also upwards. Which does take energy and does something else to the body.

Fluidity of water, bodies, gender, it can all be as I wish
free or being as much as I need on the leash
or swimming in an ocean, river, stream, pool, as a little fish.

The fluidity of everything. Maybe the eyes can put on this filter and see everything fluidly. When working with my body, everything in relation to it, by that I mean my thoughts/ thinking, memories, emotions, feelings, sensations – it is all fluid, passing one through another. Informing each other. Not ignoring or going against it. Rather embracing what ever is there, that I can work with and take it as my base for the material to make or appear.

The way how I was approaching the work was by trying to research what would it be to be like a water. In a human shape. With all my processes. To not delete the humanness. Playing with idea of expanding my body further than it's limits, known as skin. Awaken all the liquids in my body, use imagination in order to produce something sensual and visual so also audience can relate to. Recognize something. Not necessarily getting the narrative, since in this case there was none specifically. "*Just*" movement and bodies.

I do believe in physicality in dancing, in movement material. I do believe in dance having power to reach beyond verballity, I do believe in common dancing and dance community. A way of being together. I don't believe in narratives all the time. I do believe in empathy and kinesthetic transmission between two or more people. I believe in dance.

Dancing can be an escape, it can be a thing at which you're late.

Call it delay or maybe just stay in time you have on the way.

On the way there are places to stay, how long you for yourself say.

A minute or two, shifting weight or two, it's water me and you.

She might give you a feeling of balance, when in the body. To make all the fluids and systems going, not stopping. She might give you a feeling of safety when being surrounded by her, when you know how to swim or the circumstances are pleasant. But she also gives a feeling of instability. Kicks you off balance, confuses your nervous system or just not being able to give you solid ground.

Off balance with in with balance on the out. Esthetic or choice or desire of exploration. It gives something. I was playing with it in a way that it would provide motion, suspense, flow. Escaping the esthetic of that play is quite hard to actually do. There might be way out, but this time it was not a hidden agenda. It was one of the clear ones.

No smell, no color, no taste. Any yet so much power. So much life she contains, not only provides. Ability of letting go, finding all the small spaces from stones to sand to earth and everything in between. Like little gates. Finding them. All the leaks. The difference between sensations in my body and how it looks, what it gives to the eye of observer is a bit of a mystery. What I was mostly busy with is the intention of movement material. One could say very practical intention. Which it was.

Not just power she carries. Also bravery, reflection of every living cell there ever was, playfulness (this one is my favorite) and she literally can move the mountains. High up, where air is different, it is still physics and math and all this natural explanatory laws, she moves the mountains, reconstructs them in a way that she makes her self one. Maybe together with some waterfalls, depends on the landscape. Or maybe her will. The playfulness that I like and where I see it is through lightness, little streams, I see them as jumps over rocks, sand, through what she provides to other people. Imagine what a river is to a city where summers are getting warm

up to 38 or 43 degrees or what sea is to people on vacation. It's a pearl. I got carried away, needed to give her appreciation and love she deserves. Let me back to the point reverse.

With her brightness she is light,
with her lightness she is bright,
never left, always right, (it can be true, directions are many)
she carry too much might.
Flowing over the night,
with stars in her mind.
small little sprinkles gave me away,
that very track, need to walk correct way.
Thank you for being so kind,
I promise, to bring you peace of my mind.

The peace and calmness and softness. That is what I found working with water. The kindness I have towards my self I can also give to others. share, care, dare, be aware. Water thought me a lot and is still teaching me, a lot. The wisdom she carries and what I can learn from her is a whole universe for itself. Waterland.

One last time, and then I'll go,
where ever is my next direction flow.
Maybe it's where I grow,
new smiles or other knowledge or experience to throw.
I can just say thank you,
for being here and going with me,
this is where I want and choose to be.

But there are tides in the body.⁷

⁷ (Woolf 2020, 124)

Tides 2 and everything before (and a bit of after) – part FROM, part 2

Invitation: to listen at the audio recording, which is me reading the text in Slovene, at the same time as you read English text below – translated version of what I am saying.

I was looking for weight and I found effortlessness.

I was looking for directions and I found all those who are leading me somewhere else.

I was looking for preciseness and I found joy in the moments of matching.

I was looking for movement and I found all those moments, where being out of breath there is no other option than slowing down.

I was looking for breathing and in it I found the freedom of smallness.

I was looking for purpose, which I am still looking for, and I found my own temporary definition.

I was looking for flow and I found obstacles, around which I was seeking for ways around, almost by myself.

I was looking for effortlessness/ ease and I found all those spaces in the body in which the liquids are running upwards.

I was looking for touch and I found hands in which I feel welcome.

I was looking for friend(s) and I found my dancing soulmate.

I was looking for gravity and I found it on every step, despite constant protest and seeking oppositions.

I was looking for oppositions and in them I found functionality.

I was looking for softness and I found a way how to invite it into my body and transmit it to others.

I was looking for weakness and I found endless horizon of possibilities.

I was looking for constant movement and I found all the flows, streams, weaves in the body, constantly changing.

I was looking for slowing down and I found potential to insist.

I was looking for fluidity and I found perspective on the norms.

I was looking for comfort in discomfort and I found a challenge.

I was looking for (un)matching and I found freedom in material interpretation.

I was looking for feelings and I found all those, which doesn't have the name (yet).

I was looking for un/stability and I found almost solid ground, sometimes moving.

I was looking for flowing streams and I found all the tiny flows, between stones, sand and silt.

I was looking for a spark and fire in water and I found joy in every drop of sweat.

I was looking for rhythm and I found it in translation from heart beat to music.

I was looking for escape and I found it.

I was looking for obstacles and I found endless, which could with out powerful will or wish stop the flow of thoughts, movement, dream path.

I was looking for a way and I found universe of possibilities, even more questions.

I was looking for minimalism and I found the whole new world of esthetics and movement.

I was looking for togetherness/ collectiveness and I found easiness in creating and spark in sharing moments and thoughts.

I was looking for exit and I found strong enough reasons to keep on going and not quit.

I was looking for playfulness and I found reason why.

I was looking for honesty and I found it in the talks and ongoing critical approaches.

I was looking for sweat and I found pleasure in training, dancing, work.

I was looking for time I never had enough and I found almost enough of it.

I was looking for slowness and I found comfort and other sides of moving me.

I was looking for support and I found shoulders, on which I can lean and ears, that can listen, if only I ask.

I was looking for trust and I found comfort in sharing personal processes.

I was looking for smiles and I found spaces in my memory, to carry them with me.

I was looking for happiness and I found it in dance.

I was looking for inspiration and I found it through water.

I was looking for reason and I found sometimes none, sometimes at least one.

I was looking for motivation and I found power in consistency.

I was looking for off/balance and I found it in myself and/or outside of myself, at least once per day.

I was looking for my self and I found part of it.

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