



this is the

of a mountain

movement

Note: The authors and works named in the quotes of this text are companions of my research that earlier or later, were stepping stones for the development of my work and excitement. They are related to each section, and the topics addressed on each of them. They are intended to be a gesture of love and recognition (also to my own meditation and writing practice), and an attempt to help the reader situate within the text. They are material themselves .

*“What does it take to be a mountain?
To feel your feet as if they were also yours?
To take your feet as part of the ground, as part of the soil.*

*How do they walk?
The voyage, the voyeur, the one that listens from afar.”*

Personal journaling and meditation practice, November 2025

Score for the reader

You are welcome to explore this space. This text can be your companion or reminder during your time in this space.

You may begin anywhere. You may repeat, skip, or return to any instruction.

You may use it to explore the space, to be with yourself, or others.

You may do these invitations whenever you wish.

Let them appear and disappear as you change position or move in the space.

Imagine you are a mountain.

Feel your weight.

Your movement.

Your stillness.

Your time.

Imagine you are part of the landscape you are entering in.

A landscape that already exists in the past and in the future.

A landscape that holds tongues of dinosaurs, limbs of mermaids,
and wind vanes pointing the directions of time and movement.

Imagine you are a mountain.

From time to time, touch your teeth with your tongue.

Imagine a bay inside your mouth,

Feel the mountains of your teeth.

The bay under your tongue.

Imagine your bones.

Your bones as dinosaur bones,

holding seventy million years.

Carry this time as you move through the room.

Imagine you are a mountain

*dedicated to all the bodies of matter that hold the weight and the time with, and of the others,
with resistance, resilience and care.*

to the mountains.

dakota comín

mountain meditations for responsible imagination

prelude - the elephant mountain

Every night and every morning I was looking through the window to make sure it was still there: the mountain shaped like the head of an elephant. I was looking from my favorite place, my sanctuary—a place for love, healing, and imagination. The last place I could call home, or at least the last one that belonged to my memory, my childhood, and hosted so many of the things I am and I imagine today. It is probably because I felt so safe, inspired, and loved in that place that I could see the mountain, I could imagine, and I could see the mountain shaped like the head of an elephant.

The mountain was always there, witnessing. It witnessed everything we were doing and everything that happened to us—from breakfast to dinner, celebrations, arguments, or parties—the warmest and most inspiring moments of my life, as well as the worst crises and fears. That home was magic, and the mountain shaped like the head of an elephant was also part of it. It was looking through our windows, but from the other side, from outside. It was a spectator, but also a host. I wonder if we would have the same memories...

On a clear day, you could see the sunset and the moon coming out behind it. You would see how the sky would turn pitch dark and suddenly, fully illuminated by the stars. Every single star was there. They were the roof of the mountain, as if someone had put them up there. I have never seen such a clear and bright night sky again.

The Elephant Mountain witnessed every sunset, every cloud and bird, every change of season, even when we were not there. Like a host, or maybe like a guest?, it was part of something else. Maybe it thought it was the sun, or a star, or perhaps a cloud!

We would climb the mountain every other time. It wasn't a hard hike, maybe two hours, but it still had this satisfaction of arriving at the top, of some sort of conquest or surpassing oneself. We created, with other hikers, the typical pyramid of rocks that builds up every time you arrive at the top. I really had to add a rock every time. I love this kind of anonymous tracking—you know someone was there, but you don't know when or how, or for how long. It does something.

The times I wouldn't climb the mountain, I would go sit on the flat tall rock, behind the house, from where you could look at the mountain. Just contemplating its magnitude made me feel grounded, made me feel solid and in one piece. Made me feel my bones. I wonder when the mountain became matter to me, when matter became my physical feedback and anchor. It made me feel situated. I wanted to bring the mountain with me; I wanted to transport myself as a mountain.

on matter : when does matter become mountain?

*"Once I was asked in front of a television camera:
Who is the most important person you ever met?"
and I remember answering: A mountain."
I thus discovered that Tamalpais was at the very center of my being"*

*Etel Adnan,
Journey to Mount Tamalpais.*

Before continuing, I want to express my deepest respect and recognition for those who relate to the mountain as the sacred being that it is, and who live, coexist, and take care for their mountains as their home, as their ancestor, as their present and their future.

In my practice I work with the mountain as an accumulation of matter, both natural and artificial matter, drifting between fiction, geology, physics and ancestral knowledge. I see the mountain as the ultimate body of matter: colossal, strong, grounded, fearless, wise, mysterious, full of life and memory, intimidating and beautiful... everything at the same time. It has become the protagonist in my practice, accompanying and giving shape to my thoughts, my urges and situating my artistic and most existential inquires.

When I think about a mountain made out of artificial matter, I think about Berlin for example, where I lived for many years. There are no natural mountains in the city—but the few that do exist, and from which you can have a vista of the city, are in fact accumulations of urban debris. Formed from rubble left after the air raids of World War II, places such as Volkspark Friedrichshain or Volkspark Humboldthain. Under human feet, it can pass as natural elevations, covered in grass and elevated over the level of the ground, with its own plateau.

A similar situation exists in Stockholm Hammarbybacken—the hill where it is possible to ski within the city—is also built from waste material. I live here now, and although I cannot say there are mountains in Stockholm, you can easily bump into large rock formations within the urban landscape, some as tall as three-storey buildings. In this city I often feel I am on top of the mountain, in the plateau: the alpine vegetation, the wildflowers, the moss, the clean air, the rocky surface... It makes me feel like I arrived to the highest spot of the mountain, where nothing else is above it.

These different approaches to the meaning, the image, and the materiality of the mountain, is situated to its different contexts, but here I will use it as accumulation of matter, not necessarily debris, or rubble, but as ecosystem, layers of sediments, layers of memories, soil and weight. Thinking about its heaviness and presence of being a mountain. Thinking about it, being colossal.

In this work, I collaborate with two performers. Inês is the one I started working with first. As an exercise, I ask her to explore which is her mountain, proposing a score based on a guided meditation practice that I called 'becoming mountain', where I guide the body of Inês with my voice. I structure it through breath, as channeling of weight and time; the solid matter of the body

score: becoming mountain: The torso folds forward with each exhalation. Is a strong one. The head nods in small forward-back cycles, like floating over the cervical spine. The jaw relaxes. Exhales. The shoulders release asymmetrically. The spine repeatedly collapses and rebuilds itself. She starts on the floor and stays low. One arm lifts slowly overhead, opening and stretching the hand. She travels across the floor through weight shifts: a shoulder sinks as the opposite foot presses, the pelvis slides a few centimeters, then shifts again. Details appearing in fingers and feet. Movement continues as short collapses and pushes, staying in constant contact with the ground.

like bones, cells, teeth and organs; and the movement and displacement of the body, as the movement of a whole ecosystem. This score is the skeleton and beginning stage of the work.

Inês feedback:

*"Necesito el agua para imaginar cómo se mueve la montaña. Veo un árbol en la cima de la montaña - mis dientes . El paisaje de mi boca, la bahía en mi saliva, mi mandíbula, las montañas de mis dientes, los huesos. Como los huesos escalan y caminan la montaña - cuando te mueves es como ver los diferentes lados de la montaña. ¿Qué hay detrás?
Como mi peso, el de los huesos atrae todos los pasados, todos los futuros; como mis huesos llevan, cargan el tiempo. Huesos de dinosaurio"*

"I need the water to imagine how the mountain moves. I see a tree on top of the mountain - my teeth. The landscape of my mouth: the bay in my saliva, my jaw, the mountains of my teeth, the bones. How the bones climb and walk the mountain — when you move, it's like seeing the different sides of the mountain. What is behind it? How my weight, the weight of the bones, draws in all the pasts, all the futures; how my bones carry, bear time. Dinosaur bones."

Working with the mountain as an accumulation of matter has led me to insist on the importance of matter and its capacity to act, to affect, and to be affected. It has guided me in valuing my own way of feeling and existing in the world, and in understanding that thinking through matter is also thinking through care. I feel in shapes, in density, across different timings and scales. The way I relate is material, and because it is material, it is tangible; therefore, it can respond to a situation and a context, it can be traced: it is responsible; and that for me is radical care.

From this approach I work with the idea of the *third body*: a body, a field, a space that arises through relational recognition. When I relate, a third body is created - a volume, a shape, a density that comes into existence through attention. I carry a sentence from a course I attended years ago that has become a recurring tool in my work: "when we look at each other, we create a space." The bodies in relation are responsible for the existence of this space. Relation, then, is material because it produces space - space that moves and is moved, that shapes and is shaped, stretches, twisted, or collapses attention and with attention.

Responsibility emerges as a material condition: to relate is to participate in the formation of this body. Care is enacted through attention, as the way this shared body is held and transformed.

Reading Karen Barad's theory about *intra-action*¹, or her essay about performativity vs representation², they propose with their research that things emerge through relations; they are not isolated from what they do, but are traceable and situated within living conditions, rather than given, fixed, or atomic and self-contained. Her *intra-action*, to me is in some ways the third body, as this body emerges from relation, but also creates and holds relation itself as agential and *intra-dependent* body.

Working with the kind of attention and situatedness that matter requires teaches me that another time, listening, and doing are possible, and necessary. Working with matter, as active and agential matter, requires what I like to call, following Karen Barad, *quantum attention*. It requires deep listening, deep time, and porosity with your environment. Like activating a microscope on your skin, it requires activating all your sensors and engaging with a different, infinite and quantum dimension.

¹Meeting the universe halfway, Karen Barad, *Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*, 2007

² Posthumanist Performativity: Toward an Understanding of How Matter Comes to Matter. Karen Barad *Signs*. Vol. 28, No. 3, *Gender and Science: New Issues* (Spring 2003), pp. 801-831 The University of Chicago Press.

When I remember that I am matter, I remember I am-with and a result of, other and multiple matters: I am capable of doing tangible actions of care and taking account of my own actions. Matter is traceable; therefore, one can be a situated being, responsive to one's actions and environment. When I remember that I am matter, I situate myself, and in that process is when I am able to notice other matters, I am able to see and be (responsibly) , with *the other*. The idea of the mountain helps me to expand this understanding, to explore it across different situations, and to carry it with me wherever I go. Thank you, mountain.

To think in terms of matter - to think with matter - is, ultimately, to reclaim the potential of the now. Because "non-matter" does not truly exist³, thinking through matter is always thinking with the other. It is also (and I hold on to this expression), a way of thinking in *anti-utopian*⁴ terms. The essay *the not yet* (see foot note), helped me to ensure the generative aspect of situatedness I work with. It proposes not to jump into an idealized future that isolates the present, but instead to transform what is already here, from where it already stands: to work from present conditions. In that sense, this perspective suggests an imagination that emerges from doing (from matter, from situatedness), in active dialogue with individual and collective conditions. It proposes an anti-utopian and responsible way of imagining and enacting the future, and I like that.

However, this proposition must remain situated: there are conditions, such as war, displacement, and structural violence, where the present cannot be approached as a space of transformation in the same way, but instead many times, requires an immediate escape to a different reality. This proposition responds to the *unsituated* promises of future from systems of powers, and claiming a more sustainable way of reproducing a desirable reality: through community, the immediate resources and situated conditions.

³ Meeting the universe halfway, Karen Barad, Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning, 2007

⁴ *the not yet*, Frans-Willem Korsten ; Making Matters, A vocabulary for Collective Arts; Valiz Amsterdam 2022

These may be major, complex and abstract concepts, but through reading and doing—moving between theory and practice—I read these concepts, I listen to them, and I am able to transform them into a dance. I let my body translate theory and written text: What does my body do to these ideas? It confirms them! When I dance them, I feel the *intra-action* in my body and with the space, the generative power of the present condition, and the power of doing, moving, making, from the now. The process itself feels generative and full of possibilities. As a way of distancing myself from the need to rationally “make sense”, I practice reading and doing almost as an obligation. It could be a digestion exercise, but I rather experience it more like a translation, and a process of understanding differently: from one type of language (dense theory) to another (a somatic abstraction). This translation becomes a process of deconstruction and radical appropriation, transforming ideas into material; or, put differently, reading concepts and using language itself as material.

I was told that, since we are doing art, interpretation is valid; so this exercise becomes a practice of dismantling and “cheating the demons” I encounter when I try to make sense of things (in the most boring and conventional way), and I let my body interpret the text. I practice it as an unveiling of the core idea, and I go through this process every time I engage with a hardcore writing academic text.

Like water transforming from solid to liquid to vapour, I feel that knowledge can also change its material state, and this is exactly what this exercise is about.

on imagination : what is behind the mountain?

*“what we cannot imagine, cannot come into being”
All about love, bell hooks 2012*

Inês said once: “When I was in Cyprus, I was looking at the mountain from the beach, and I asked myself: what is on the other side?” Are there other mountains, another village? Maybe a river? Was the climate similar to this side of the mountain? Maybe different?

In Cyprus, that thought makes sense. The island is divided in two: the Republic of Cyprus controls the south, while the north is administered by the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, separated by a UN buffer zone. So the landscape on the other side of a ridge might look familiar, yet the people, the language, or the signs along the road may suddenly change.

Mountains have often shaped how humans divide land, like the Pyrenees separating Spain from France, for example, or the Andes, the border between Chile and Argentina, or the Caucasus too, the border between Russia and Georgia, and Russia and Azerbaijan.

This makes me think about how we travel from one side of the mountain to the other. If we are on this side of the mountain, how do we imagine what is behind it? Are we aware of where we are imagining from? Can we imagine something we have never seen or felt before? Can we imagine things we don't belong to?

When we imagine other realities, other possibilities, our brain creates associations from what is around us, with things that we already know: a generative system engaging all senses and memory. Imagining, therefore, becomes a means to create new things from what we know. It becomes an essential tool to think otherwise, to do otherwise, to live and relate otherwise: the first step to envision alternative ways. It is the otherworldly machine.

In that sense, when I look at the reality I inhabit—one deeply shaped by political, economic, and technological forces—I feel that my capacity to imagine is restricted and curated in great part, by these omnipresent forces; bombarded with curated information from systems of power and algorithms, and conditioned into hyperavailability, hyperproductivity, and hyperconnectivity, shaped by late capitalism and modernity. If imagination is our primary tool to think otherwise, and consider alternative realities, how can we create space for it within a hyper-busy culture? Are we more or less capable of imagining than before?

Time and space feels like it was a whole other world before technology took over; whereas now, that room is almost full of external and curated information, and imagining feels almost like an act of resistance against those machineries.

A tale that speaks to me about this, and about the overstimulated state of the body, is *Funes the Memorious*⁵. The main character has a horse accident, receiving a bad head injury. Since then, he gets the superpower (or the curse) of remembering absolutely everything. The character has to find strategies where he doesn't see or perceive anything new. Like sleeping facing the wall, where he cannot see the new trees blossoming, or the construction buildings on the other side of the window. This "superpower," the character says, does not allow him to abstract or imagine, because his information storage is completely full. Imagine!

In any case, either because we don't know, or because we know too much, as Ursula K. Le Guin says, "Imagination is the most powerful tool humankind possesses." For that very reason, we have to protect it, as well as be responsible for its power. It is a source of knowledge, and its access is political. Everyone should have access to it; that means having time and a minimum sense of safety.

In my practice, I work with imagination as a right and a responsibility. I claim the right and space to imagine, while also wanting to remain responsible and aware of doing so. I want to situate my imagination, and it is *matter* that helps me with this: *matter*ing gives me a place and a condition where I can let my imagination emerge and generate more possibilities. It is also my shelter,

⁵ Funes el Memorioso, Cuentos completos; Penguin Random House Grupo Editorial; 2024

where I find freedom, where I can rest, and from there generate again. At the same time, it is a catalyst shaping my choreographic scores and dances, where imagination becomes a compositional tool that structures tasks, spatial, time relations, and embodied instructions for movement.

score: how do I imagine what is behind the mountain? The mountain appears in parts of the body: folded elbows, bent knees, teeth, or the joints of the hands. The spine curves from head to tail as a crest. Two performers work in close proximity. Facing each other, then back to back, they move through each other's upper bodies. Hands enter the space of the face, tracing jawline, lips, cheeks, and teeth. Fingers briefly enter the mouth and withdraw. They explore each other's mouth as a landscape. They use resistance, push, collapse or yielding to move each other with their mouth on the other body's shoulder. Back to back, they reach over shoulders to find the face again, contact appearing and disappearing as weight shifts between leaning, touching, and pulling away, making the bodies travel in the space and creating stills to explore the bones, the teeth and the face again.

If I imagine a bay in my mouth, the mountains of my teeth, and the bones of my body as dinosaur bones, where do these thoughts come from? What is the border between my situatedness and my imagination? Or, put differently: from where I stand, how do I imagine what is on the other side of the mountain? - **being another mountain?**

on responsibility: the nomad mountain and the vista

*“When I walk, a buffalo walks,
when I rest, a mountain rests”
Of walking on ice, Werner Herzog, 1980*

Not in geological time, but in human time, I wonder how a mountain would travel; how it would gather all its things and change place. What would it need to take with it on the journey, in order to still be a mountain?

Walking, transporting oneself, being in the journey - the voyage becomes a bodily state that makes me think about what we leave behind, what we take with us, and what we bring into new places. Trying to exist in the world as a mountain - heavy, solid, grounded, and steady - I feel my body and sense of self begin to disintegrate in the process of moving, of changing location, and I have to gather myself to avoid leaking a sense of self. The mountain situates me with its weight and mass as an agential body. It is so heavy I cannot leak and dissolve around it - it becomes me.

This makes me think about nomadic practices, and other kinds of travelers - how they pack, unpack, carry themselves and their homes, how they arrive and leave each place. How do they exist within movement while maintaining a sense of agency? Some nomadic practices develop systems and rituals of orientation, of arrival, and of departure. I imagine these rituals as closures, offerings, or openings that situate relational dynamics, agency and acknowledgement to and with the land, the space and the journey.

In the film *Nomad: In the Footsteps of Bruce Chatwin*, Werner Herzog documents how Australian First Nations people use an ancient system of orientation rooted in the Dreaming - created during the time of the Ancestors - as a way of navigating journeys. This system is deeply connected to landscape and territory through what is known as *Songlines*: paths that are sung, remembered, and embodied. It is a tradition passed down through generations and now at risk of disappearance.

When we move, I wonder: *what do we take? What do we leave? What do we offer? What do we need?* These are questions I have been using in rehearsals, with groups and with myself, as a way to situate, to arrive, and to leave a space responsibly: to work with what is present in that moment. It is never absolute, but it is a way for me to bring presence, availability, and recognition to the immediate environment; a place to begin.

Score: the nomad mountain. Seated on a non-slip rug (80 × 120 cm). While becoming a mountain, I imagine I take everything with me. The rug moves with me. It is a continuation of my body, and the space the mountain occupies. It evokes a space-time web that bends with movement, creating different shapes and textures. Movement follows weight: small collapses and pushes against the floor initiate displacement. The body stays in contact with the ground. I do not manipulate the rug, but move with it, observing the textures and shapes it creates, letting them affect the movement. The rug carries traces, rubbed in soil. It shifts and takes shape. Slowly, it becomes its own form. From one movement to the next, it crystallizes into a solid shape that I transport, changing levels while keeping it as intact as possible.

Obsessed, perhaps, with the materiality of the now, the physicality of immediacy (maybe as a survival mechanism and a way of existing) when it comes to the journey, I feel I am in many places at once. My mind is scattered across different locations at the same time. That is why I need anchors: I need to situate myself, to receive physical feedback and consistency. I need deep time and listening to rebuild myself, or to arrive at a place where I can sense a certain agency in my actions, and not only be passively moved or reacting to something.

The need of identifying and situating me in place and time, comes together with a proposition to practice these questions, for a responsible movement and relating: a journey, a shift, a jump, a walk, and arrival. A place that exists between the movement, the displacement and the stillness, or stills of awareness in the movement. I am addressing here mostly voluntary journeys and movement. I do not intend to question the structural conditions and responsibilities underlying forced displacement or other forms of escape for survival.

When I dance, these situational questions also become movement material: when I walk, I bring everything with me; when I move, what do I leave behind? What stays? What do I arrive with?

This practice becomes, for me, a way of working with movement as situated knowledge: a practice that informs my movement research and the way I am-with other bodies in space and place. Dancing together and creating with other bodies becomes a non-fixed, moving space that exists between the expansion and collapse of the body, the gathering of cells, the translation of information, deep listening, and the imagining of an intra-dependence between different knowledges in the room and beyond it.

score : the dance on top of the mountain: Exploring situatedness from the mountain, we look from the top: a clear horizon, nothing above us. The vista: *how do we look at the world?* Eyes are placed in the palms, hands covering the face, then opening outward, creating different gestures and volumes between them, free to look to any direction. The three of us develop distinct continuous hand gestures. One keeps both back of the palms close to the eyes, and the fingers pointing outwards and sideways, like the monster in Pan's Labyrinth movie. Her whole body is moved by the wind, displacing abruptly through the space. Another gesture is the fingers as eyelids, blinking in front of the eyes, and creating volumes between the hands and the face. With eyes in her hands, she microscopes the surface of the top of the mountain, close to the ground. She zooms in and out, between different time scales. Her hands lead her body. My hands are binoculars that move between different square gestures, placing myself in the very edge of the mountain. I try to catch the furthest picture in the horizon. I move around the edge of the space. The three bodies, like in a laboratory, listen to each others actions, responding and dialoguing with the different dynamics, creating different relations and tensions in the room. A room that has previously fully collapsed, becoming the top of the mountain.

When the mountain moves, its sediments glide down the slope. Its ecosystem expands and contracts. The mountain becomes and unbecomes through movement. Its humid, rocky soil breaks down and reinvents itself; its memories and stories are carried along the way. Every movement is a new beginning; every arrival, a new start. Building and collapsing, being-with the journey. It follows land and territory, becoming with the environment, affecting and being affected: the journey becomes a relational knowing apparatus.

The mountain appears and disappears, sharing and accumulating, offering and taking, leaving traces and incorporating new ones into its being—reshaping and reclaiming itself. Like an ecosystem that never ends, yet moves as a single body, the mountain always finds its way back to being a mountain.

epilogue

In my practice I work *with*, *from* and *becoming* the mountain. Throughout this text, the mountain has functioned as a way of thinking of matter, imagination, situatedness and movement together. It has been both a conceptual framework and a choreographic and dramaturgical device.

becoming the mountain

Becoming a mountain is a practice of meditation, of grounding and of responsible relation to the world. It is a way of letting the body fold into gravity and remembering its weight, heaviness and material condition. The space that it occupies, that my body occupies. This appears in the scores as a movement practice where the weight, the collapse of the body, the ground, the layers and the density, guide the physical instructions, and the body becomes a site where matter is tested, felt, and always reconfiguring.

with the mountain

Relating to the mountain is a question of orientation and responsibility: imagining what is behind it, and from where we imagine. Within this work, this score unfolds as a duet, mixing perspective, position and tension, where imagination is not fixed but shaped across bodies, touch and relation. This materializes in a duet in the work, where the two performers explore the imagination around each others mouths. The resistance, resilience, and yielding between their bodies, create physical tension and problems that generate movement and displacement around the space.

from the mountain

Being on (the top of) the mountain is the condition of the vista: a clear horizon where nothing exceeds the field of vision, and perception opens into distance. It is a situated condition of looking, that explores how we look at the world when we can look into everything. What does it do to the body, and what is the responsibility of having that vista? In the performative work, we explore hand gestures that portray different ways and actions of the gaze, of looking at, of observing.

This text has formed the dramaturgy of my performative work. It has operated as a structural layer for scenes, and as a framework for the development of movement research throughout the choreographic process. The score I include in the beginning of this text, is used in the performative work, to invite the audience to become a mountain with us. It functions both as a way for us, the performers to be with other mountains and for the audience to access more directly our experience as performers, so that relation, proximity, and movement can unfold collectively and hopefully create a shared experienced space.

In this sense, this text moves between writing, score, and performance as modes that inform the same research. What is written is not separate from what is done, but part of a continuous translation between matter, imagination, movement and situatedness.

Continuing this research, I would like to further explore different areas: object creation and materiality, imagination and time in relation to soil and ground, and compositional questions around time, site, and audience relation. I also wish to move away from established dance languages, and instead explore installation-based settings, outdoor interactions in relation to nature, and explore how the body and choreography operate within long durational formats, including the choreography of the audience.

Working with the mountain, with collapse and weight, has brought my attention to soil and ground as both surface and ecology, but also as a carrier of time and memory. I would like to explore further the relation to what holds us, the imagery around it, the different traditions towards it and its materiality.

In parallel to the choreographic work, I have created different fabric sculptures, often from pieces of textiles found around me, using techniques such as crochet and machine sewing, and combining them with wire and other recycling materials. These works have emerged as byproducts of the research on materiality, accompanying the process so far, and participating in the stage and relational dynamics of the performance.

These questions remain open and continue to shape my work, while the mountain guides me and continues situating and holding my inquiries and research.

Final notes

Like a mountain -
we have never been one;
like an ecosystem -
we never move alone.