

Dance Company

Dance Company is a show for up to ten people to perform, people who have never met until the night before the public performance. The instructions are learnt from a Youtube video and are a sequence of warm up activities and games leading to a more choreographed 'final scene'.

When I watched the show certain performers had attention more than others or carried an involuntary transparency which endeared them to me. The score is extraordinary in that it allows room to look at and see each individual present on stage. Simple actions are repeated, an unfolding of a voice, a note. There is a nakedness in this revealing of each company member. The performance unrolls itself and when you have not seen the You Tube video, when you have not understood what it is to learn the score, you wonder how on earth these scenes and intricacies of events are unfolding themselves on top of one another. As you watch the show it seems that a masterful choreography of characters, individual awkwardness's and qualities have been placed in perfect order. But the perfect order is in the composition of a structured score which creates a place for these chances to happen.

It allows space for difference, beautifully. Through the simplicity of its contents it allows a space for transparency. For unexpected ticks, twitches, facial expressions, feelings. As feelings unveil themselves inside the performer they somehow become more readable to the audience than they perhaps would elsewhere. The vulnerability of the 'dance company' as they stand together a bunch of strangers who do not really know what they are doing.

There is a willingness to be seen, in performers of *Dance Company*. In an irregular way they reveal themselves through the unrehearsed, unpredictable fall of elements that become the show on that night. Through this falling into chance we see more of the performer. The edge given by the slightly precarious willingness to take part inclines us to witness more of the performers experience. We see more how they feel about what it is that they are doing.

Quartet #1

Augusto performs the show in four parts: objects, movement, music, words. The object part of the show is an exquisite example of spaciousness; sculpturally created and performed. It is moving and beautiful as Augusto explains how the objects themselves move in the space throughout the duration of the performance. He doesn't even have that many objects; a music stand bearing four signs: movement, music, objects, and words. A glass of water. A tennis ball. He says as he demonstrates,

"As the performer rocks backwards and forwards the vibrations of his foot on the ground shakes the water, making it move in the glass".

His descriptions imbue each inorganic object with life, with movement, with its own capacity for being. It is a kind of beautiful and tragic event that we never or rarely have time to view the unfoldings of the world in such detail. To see a leaf falling from a tree as a narrative, a happening, an event, a story of the leaf and that part in its sequence of unfoldings, movements, in its life.

To think of the water moving in the glass in response to the movement of the foot, the body, the tennis ball arching through the air as it is slung out from the hand and as it falls down onto

the floor to roll to where it will rest, to where it will go. We are reminded of the independence of things outside ourselves, of chance, of cause and effect, of destiny, of the startling beauty of spontaneity and surprise. The audience are made aware of that which is always there but is rarely seen. The audience are made acutely aware of the movement in even the stillest of objects. That each thing is made of atoms which move, vibrate, shift, change, decay; that essentially live, and fade.

There is an opportunity here to remember that even that which we perceive as solid is made up of tiny parts, atoms, cells, particles, which are moving and shifting. Not lifeless, not dead, all that we see is alive, is made up of tiny parts which move, shimmer invisibly and fade.

Matter becomes breathable, you could put your hand through it, and boundaries between states become less distinct. The interconnectedness of matter matters. And implicit in this understanding is a powerfully forgotten memory of the interrelatedness of all that exists, the ecologies of mind thought, ideas, of social dynamics and relations, and of the relationships across species and subspecies of living things. There is a slowing down and it is super effective. We remember how it is to know that we are part of something.

We remember the intensity of existence which animates every object.