

A Project of Survival in Ruins

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In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts, Dance

2021

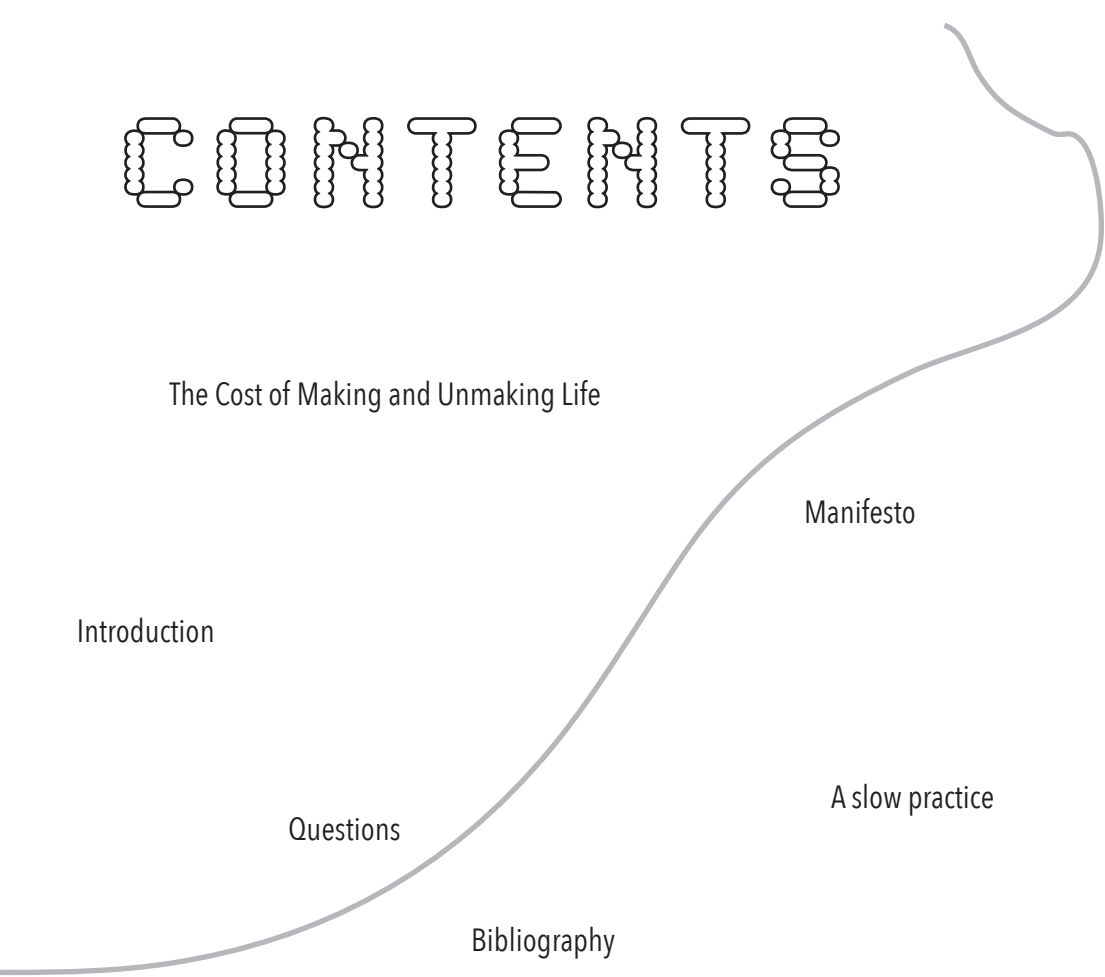
The University of the Arts

This book is dedicated to my father, James Thomas Vickers and
my second child due in September.....





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SLOW...

...SLOW

SLOW.....

SLOW.....MOTS

MYCELIUM...

QUOTES BY MELVIN SHELDRAKE

"THINKING ABOUT FUNGI MAKES THE WORLD
LOOK DIFFERENT."

"MYCELIUM IS ECOLOGICAL CONNECTIVE TISSUE, THE LIVING SEAM BY WHICH MUCH OF THE WORLD IS STITCHED INTO RELATION. IN SCHOOL CLASSROOMS CHILDREN ARE SHOWN ANATOMICAL CHARTS, EACH DEPICTING DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE HUMAN BODY. ONE CHART REVEALS THE BODY AS A SKELETON, ANOTHER THE BODY AS A NETWORK OF BLOOD VESSELS, ANOTHER THE NERVES, ANOTHER THE MUSCLES. IF WE MADE EQUIVALENT SETS OF DIAGRAMS TO PORTRAY ECOSYSTEMS, ONE OF THE LAYERS WOULD SHOW THE FUNGAL MYCELIUM THAT RUNS THROUGH THEM. WE WOULD SEE SPRAWLING, INTERLACED WEBS STRUNG THROUGH THE SOIL, THROUGH SULFUROUS SEDIMENTS HUNDREDS OF METERS BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN, ALONG CORAL REEFS, THROUGH PLANT AND ANIMAL BODIES BOTH ALIVE AND DEAD."²

THE COST OF MAKING

A kind of slowness that trembles my core and reverberates vibrantly.
This slowness is felt, passing by in the middle of the night - creeping through the cracks,
an invisibility that cloaks my every doing and being.

I simultaneously am losing a life, like many these days, while creating one in my body.

The thing about giving birth and a high-functioning
Alzheimer's patient is that what is happening is hidden under the surface.

A cultivation of underground survival.

AND UNMAKING LIFE .



At six weeks pregnant, I am building a whole new organ that has consumed every fiber of my being.

As a tiny organism inside me grasps to hold on, I too am grasping to stay afloat within the fog of vomit and fatigue.

I see my father grasping for his last independence, trying so hard to follow conversations, to not be sick.

This grasping has become a mode of survival for us both.

I am confronted with the uncertainty of this present time, possibilities of irreconcilable loss.

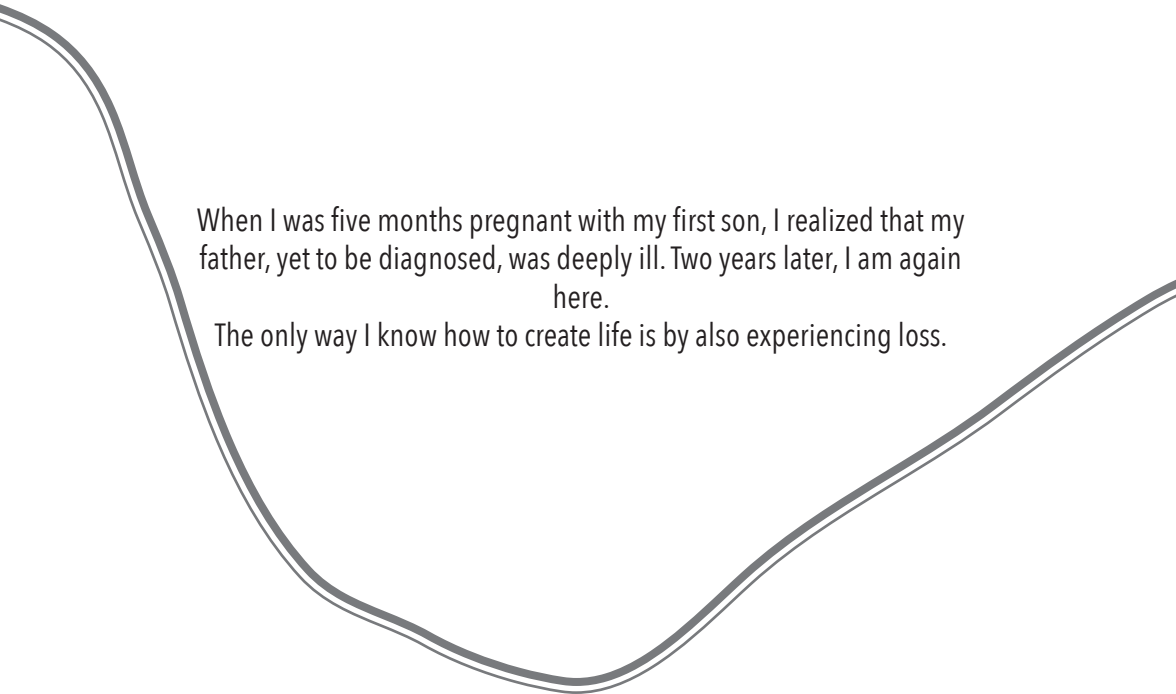
Holding on to what is, what will last and taking what is available to me.

I become an observer of the liminal, noticing that everything is in a state of transition or motion.

I am looping between memory and futurity as experiences of an earlier birth resurface; I compare a nowness to a thenness.

I loop within a motion of forward and backwards and settle somewhere in between.

HOW IS IT THAT DURING MY PREVIOUS BIRTH, I RECALL SUCH

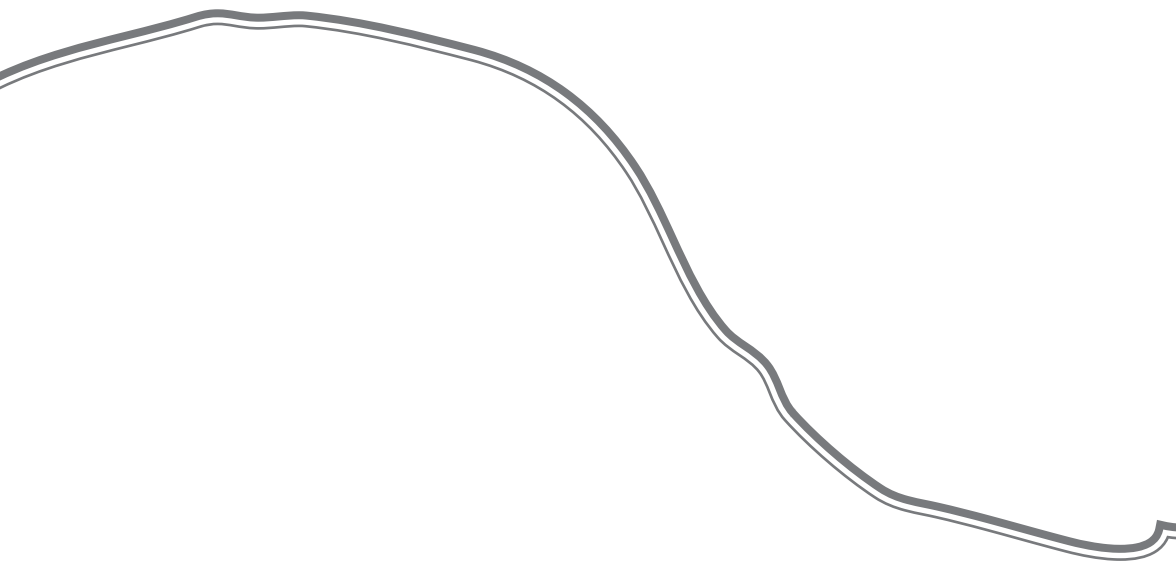


When I was five months pregnant with my first son, I realized that my father, yet to be diagnosed, was deeply ill. Two years later, I am again here.

The only way I know how to create life is by also experiencing loss.

SIMILAR FEELINGS OF LOSS?

Somewhere, I lose myself between giving life and seeing life slip away. Being pulled in oppositional yet similar directions is dizzying, maddening even. There is joy and sorrow, uncertainty and possibility, holding on and letting go, silence and slowness. An entanglement of life that is utterly messy.





I can't rush my father and I can't rush this birth.

I am forced to sit inside these experiences without being able to fix any of them, they have their own temporality that is not mine.


Being called into extreme presence to witness growth and loss is being with a profound strangeness. There is no other moment than now with death and life, clear moments are fleeting.

A lot of the time, my father is somewhere else, I am watching a body living in liminality. It is devastating and yet I still receive moments of him really being with me.

When these moments present themselves, I breathe deeply sucking in every second. I have no control over being an observer, I can only be alongside.

Pain resides here.

I cannot change the process or redirect the course, together, we slowly sit or walk next to one another at times meeting, fighting, screaming, singing, hugging, missing one another until another moment of connection arises.

The background is an abstract composition of swirling, concentric patterns in shades of red, orange, and white, resembling a cross-section of a tree trunk or a microscopic view of a material. A thick, irregular black outline runs along the right side of the image, partially enclosing the swirling patterns. The text "What is it to be in the middle?" is positioned in the center-left area, overlaid on the red and white swirls.

What is it to be in the middle?

It is too close to my heart to see the beauty that could be present here.

And still, it forces a slowness out of me.

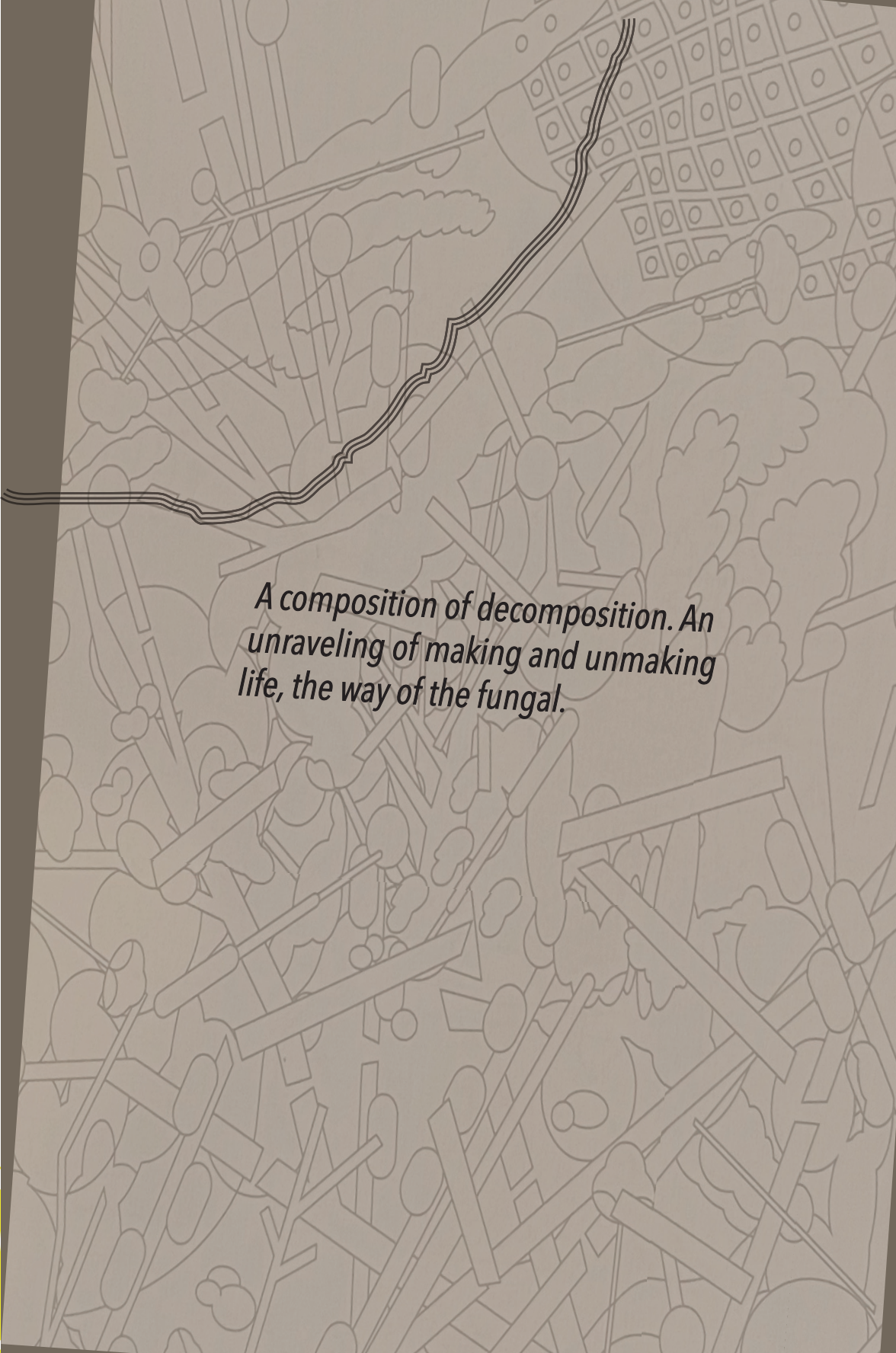
My way of being is forced to shift, is being taught to shift.

A slowness that sways between detachment and closeness.

How do I measure this kind of sway?

How do I simultaneously feel affection and distance while time feels on pause?

It is hard to language this blurry space.

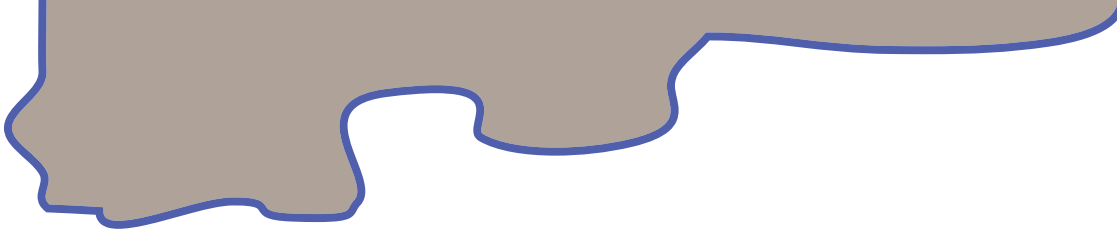


*A composition of decomposition. An
unraveling of making and unmaking
life, the way of the fungal.*

"PEOPLE KNOW WHAT THEY DO; FREQUENTLY THEY KNOW WHY THEY
DO WHAT THEY DO; BUT WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS WHAT WHAT THEY
DO DOES."³
- MICHEL FOUCAULT

I have been dwelling in the underground. Digging under the surface to scratch at the what, why, and how of my thinking and doing. Being present in the dwelling has been a process of germination - a recognition of what has been planted and what is slowly emerging to the surface.

I have been learning with fungi. wild - fantastical - quiet organisms. What's not to love about fungal organisms? They surround us, feeding on us as we feast on them. A cycle of possibility! I was first lured into the fascination of mycelium networks through *Emergent Strategy* by adrienne marie brown. It was here where I learned the ways in which mycelium understands relationality. Fungi are rhizomorphs. They are threads of embodiment that commingle. Shapeshifters that have no gender. They work within non-hierarchical relationships where intelligence is dispersed throughout the whole emergent organism. Wanderers in nature that create healthy ecosystems by bridging resources between organisms that would otherwise remain separate. Being alongside them through research has taught me to confront my ways of connecting to people, spaces and objects around me. When I zoom out, they provide me with new ways of engaging with how I see and place myself in the world. They teach me what I might want to turn away from as I head toward more multi-directional and rhizomatic experiences. When I zoom in they provide me more information to guide my choreographic curiosities and desire to facilitate alternative pedagogy. I am with the fungi learning how to communicate, sense, and feel differently - completely smitten by how they practice entanglement.



I have been observing - understanding how things connect, metamorphose, and decompose. I am observing what's in front of me: my pregnant belly grows as my father's memory fades. The dichotomy between growing and shrinking. Whenever I look around, I see entanglements. I read an article by Rebecca Solnit where she states: "you can't always trace it but everything, everyone has a genealogy."⁴ She maps the invisible traces of cause and effect. How the seeds of actions and thoughts germinate in unexpected ways. I begin to notice everything from the pollen that flies past me and spreads its spores for miles, to the moments in rehearsal where material emerges seemingly out of nowhere yet remains connected to a long thread of conversations. This attention takes me by the hand and ceaselessly wanders, edging towards borders and limits. I do not know the impact of this research, or how it will be traced over time, but what I do know is that this research is mapping the present.

What things are already set in motion.... I wonder.

SLOW. HOW SLOW IS SLOW

Breath Tension Release

Lying eyes closed

Breathing

Bring awareness to occipitals to soften the neck, allow the softening to trickle down the back surface of the body touching the floor, focus on the breath to soften the central nervous system.

Can you allow a sensorial intelligence to disperse throughout the whole body? Focus on the fascia, your interconnected web, allow it to be a guide in sensing and connecting the fingertips, to the feet, down through the spine - how does tracing this web inform your movement?

Notice any tension inside of the fascia- how does tension shape your body? stay here. breath here. At every impulse, can the thought of release soften the tension into the floor? Release. Breath. Notice the Tension. Release. Breath.

As you notice impulses to move - can you ask yourself -
Where are you going? How many directions are pulling your attention?
How slow is slow?

I use the following mantra to question my slowness:

Where were you going before you moved too fast?

Where were you going before you moved too fast?

Where were you going before you moved too fast?

A dialogue between intentional and intuitive impulses begins.
I simultaneously listen for the impulse as I activate it.



V?

How slowly can eyes open?

As you shift, move, can you find the in-between moments to linger, release, and dwell inside of - where are you going?

Maybe you stand....

How slow can you shift?

What if you chose to go all the routes at once?

What's happening in the in-between space of the shift?

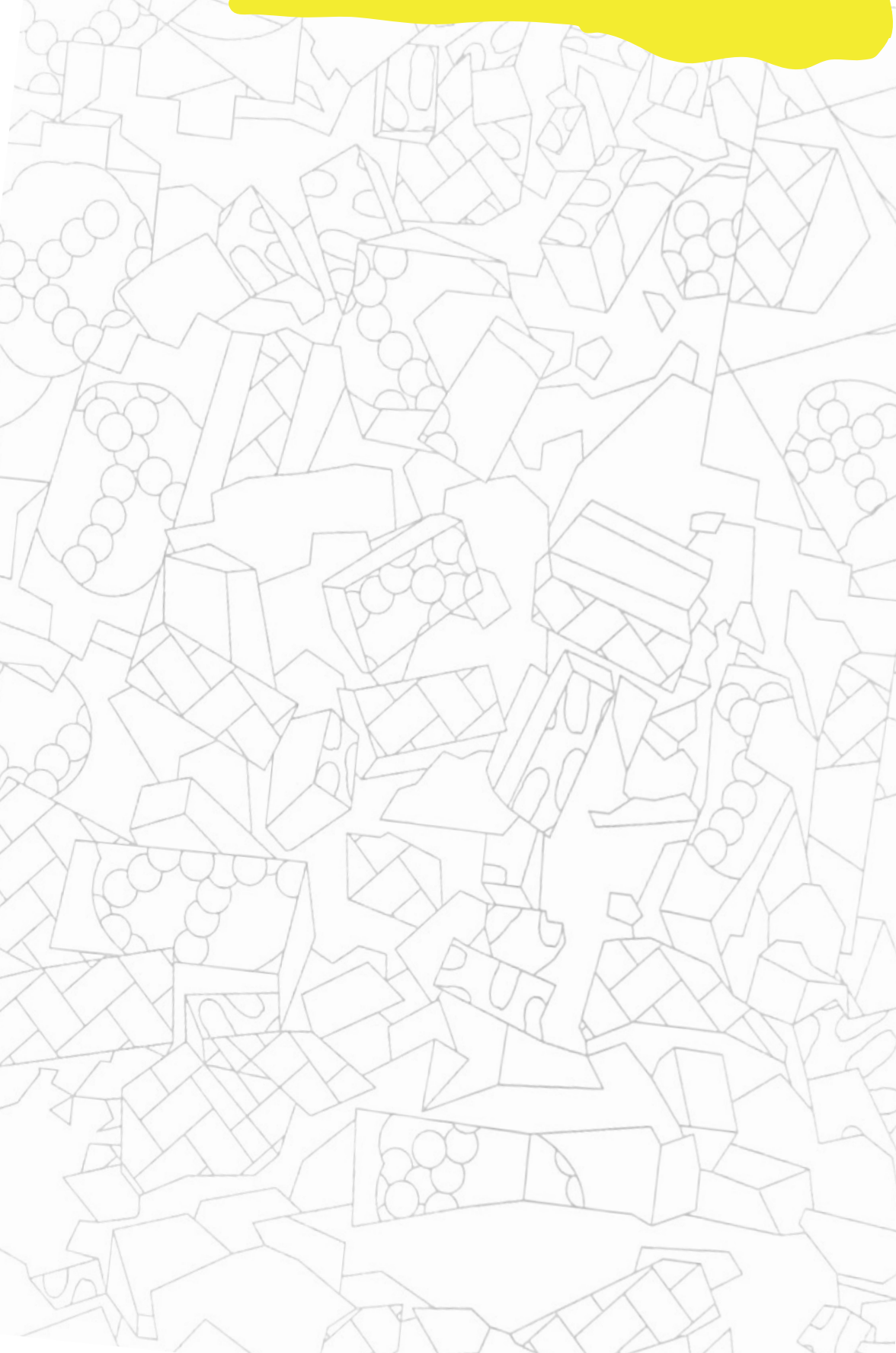
Notice: who wants to enter the space with you. At times my grandmother joins me.

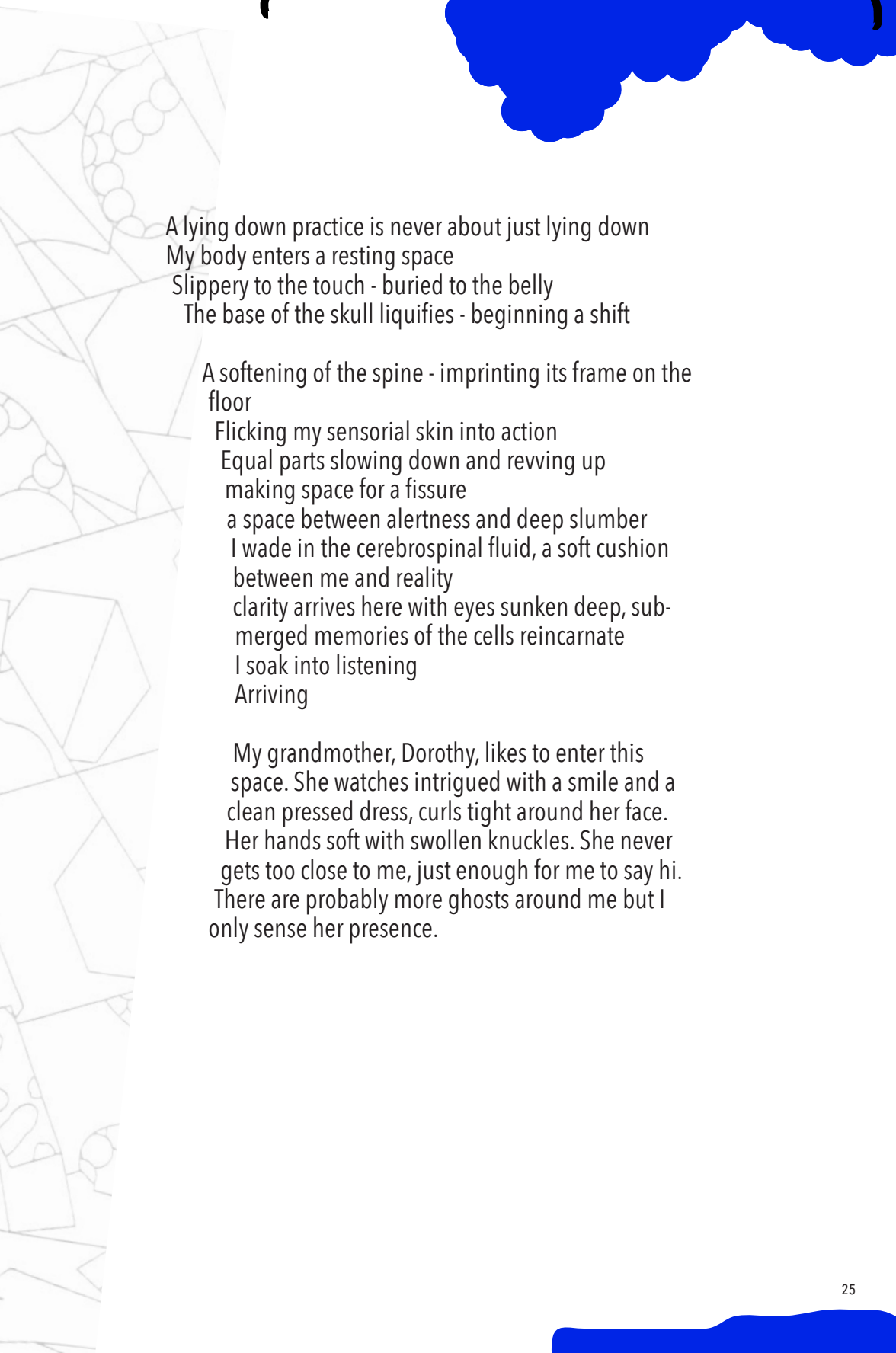
How can small and slow movement create larger outcomes in the body and space?

What is coming up?

What is being remembered?

How does moving slowly draw out intimate remembering?





A lying down practice is never about just lying down
My body enters a resting space
Slippery to the touch - buried to the belly
The base of the skull liquifies - beginning a shift

A softening of the spine - imprinting its frame on the floor

Flicking my sensorial skin into action
Equal parts slowing down and revving up
making space for a fissure
a space between alertness and deep slumber
I wade in the cerebrospinal fluid, a soft cushion
between me and reality
clarity arrives here with eyes sunken deep, submerged memories of the cells reincarnate
I soak into listening
Arriving

My grandmother, Dorothy, likes to enter this space. She watches intrigued with a smile and a clean pressed dress, curls tight around her face. Her hands soft with swollen knuckles. She never gets too close to me, just enough for me to say hi. There are probably more ghosts around me but I only sense her presence.

tension

unexpected
emotions

the body recalling

ghosts

shifts

felt-time

breath

pausing

linger

intelligence is
dispersed

fascia

release

Practice Note: May 12th

How long can I take inside the feeling of change? Can I move so slow that I feel the shift of the head as something much more than a shift? During this warm up it took some time to calm the mind but there was a moment of softening in the whole body where my cells, skin, muscles turned on. Not like a muscular activation but more like a being with my surroundings or heightened awareness. What exactly is that awareness? A quieting or moving past thoughts in the moment and listening to the intelligence of the body. Is that what Deborah Hay means - the whole body at once? This practice creates a tingling sensation that spreads throughout the body and seeps into the space. I slowly move through the connections between fascia, tension and softness, mapping how they shift my experience in space. I begin to question where the body begins and ends - a porous body that opens an access into being with myself differently. A flood of stored memories, histories, emotions bubble to the surface.

Does slowness care how it's being looked at?

ENTANGLEMENT.

I use the word entanglement to describe a continual process of webbing, a multiplicity of directions through thinking and doing. This becomes a methodology - a process of connecting dots, making maps, charting the unexpected pathways that dance leads me through. The web takes something seemingly small and help me understands its cause and effect within a larger picture. **An awareness of tracing genealogy.** A way to understand the larger arcs of cause and effect through my thinking and actioning. How did I arrive here, now? What experiences lead me to this moment? **An awareness of a particular pedagogy.** In dancing, what stories and histories does my thinking body carry? How do I navigate with and away from them?

I trace my practice of slowness to working with Deborah Hay. I first met Hay in Brussels around 2011. I was too shy to talk to her and remember walking home behind her, just observing her cadence. Little did I know, almost five years later, I would be dancing her work with Cullberg Ballet. Hay's attunement to her cellular body has lead me to question ideas of renewal, growth, and decomposition over a long span of time.

I trace the desire for rest, pause, and quiet reflection by pushing against experiences of depletion and exhaustion from the dance field. This is one example of how my improvisational history combined with past experiences create an entanglement of the present.

An entanglement is being with a sensitivity towards myself and others.





I see entanglements everywhere.

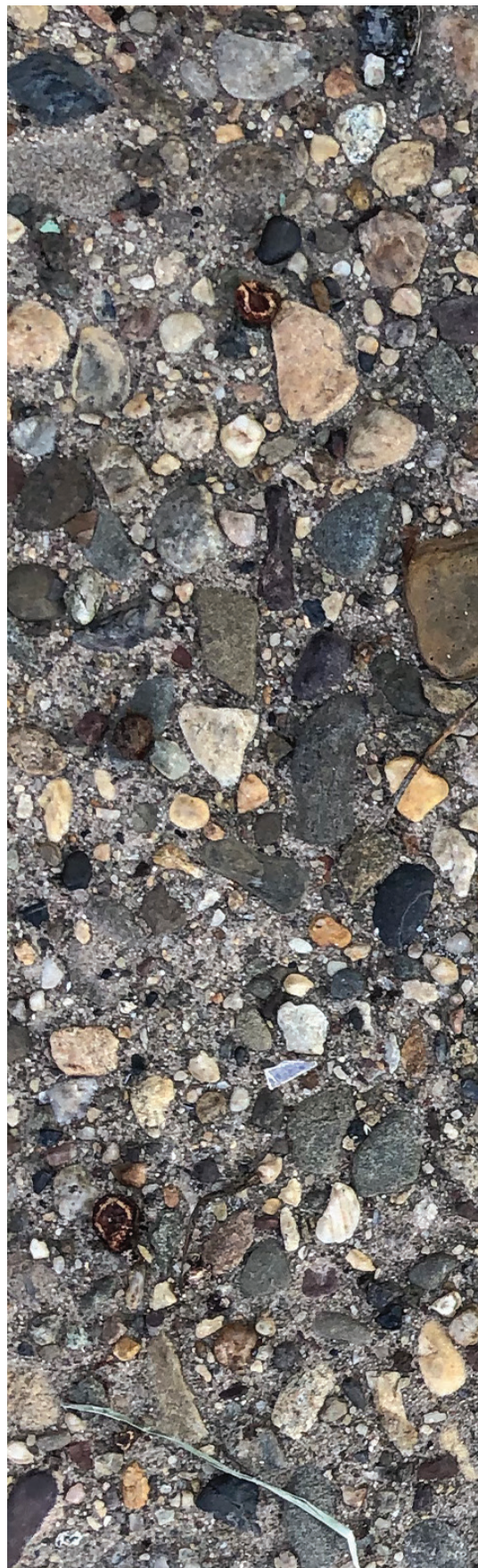














**Building an
entanglement is a
folding and
unfolding
experience.**



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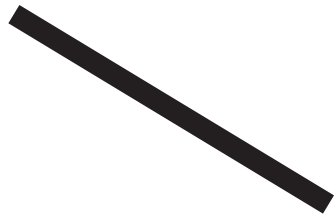
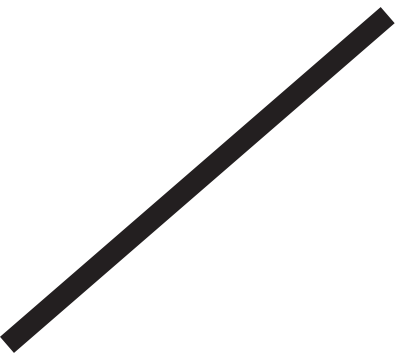




mani

:an orientation device

a reminder & manifestation of intention



testo

"MYCELIAL COORDINATION IS DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND BECAUSE THERE IS NO CENTER OF CONTROL...FUNGI, LIKE PLANTS, ARE DE-CENTRALIZED ORGANISMS. THERE ARE NO OPERATIONAL CENTERS, NO CAPITAL CITIES, NO SEATS OF GOVERNMENT. CONTROL IS DISPERSED. MYCELIAL COORDINATION TAKES PLACE BOTH EVERYWHERE AT ONCE AND NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR."⁵

- MELVIN SHELDRAKE

A manifesto is a disturbance, a resistance towards a preconceived idea or behavior. A manifesto is a manifestation of intent, a place to imagine, and at times a space to bring the "here" to "there." I am invested in fungible thinking that allows for ongoingness, change, and flexibility. This manifesto might shake the idea of what a manifesto is - a document that shares my present thoughts, yet is ready to shift and be rearranged at any moment.

In Chrysa Parkinson's self interview, she mentions that "practices are volatile structures."⁶ I think of manifestos as this, as initiators for ongoing practices of relationality. Something that provokes volatility by interrogating and reimagining questions, feelings, thoughts, or objects at hand. This state of questioning is wavering and thickens my curiosity. Being volatile in practice is not easy. It requires an uncomfortability with what's in front of you - something charged, something brewing, something that needs probing to tend the fire. A confrontation perhaps. I practice dance in this way. I attempt to language dance in this way. My approach to languaging and moving through dance is an act of questioning the questions, I begin with an inquiry to develop more inquiries. Thus the entanglement begins, I loop, I circle back, I push forward, I slant, I move in multiple directions. This particular manifesto is a remembering device - a set of guidelines to keep the entangled tangled, to keep the questioning volatile.

A collection of questions over time

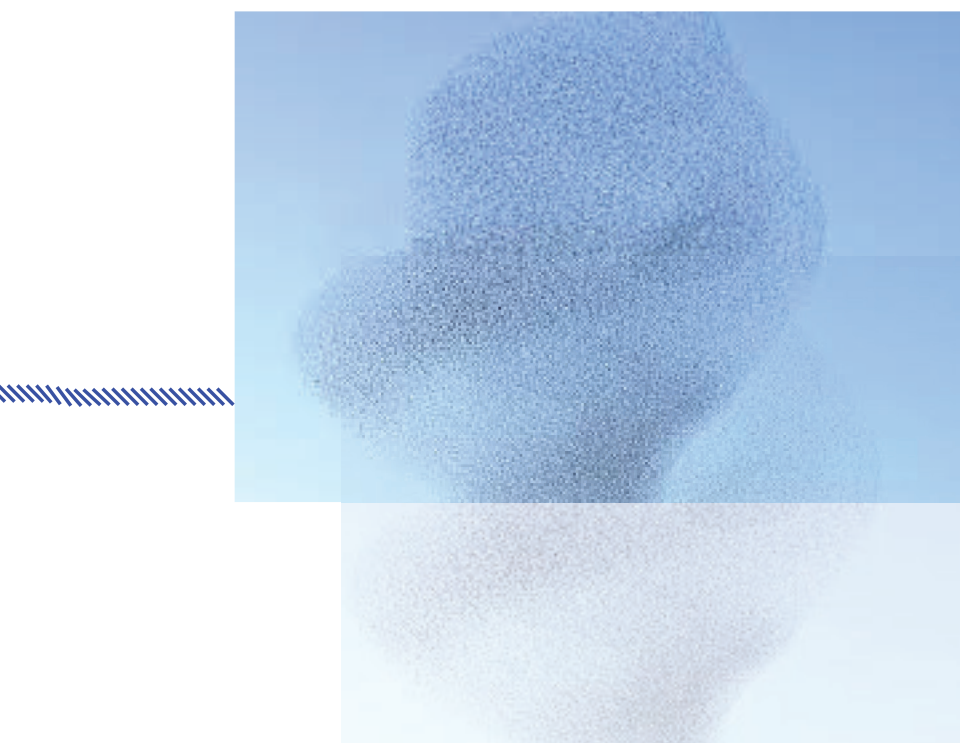
I ask in a very slow physical practice. I ask while reading the work of Black, feminist, and queer scholars. I ask in my free writing.

*not knowing what I'm searching for
but staying with not knowing
what is my practice giving me? what am I giving to my practice?*

*you can't rush being with yourself - what gets you moving?
when is it time to move?
when does a shift happen?
how does a small shift make an impact?
which direction is slow?
what is the scale of my slowness?
what kind of shape does the slowness take?
can you hear it?
does my slowness permeate the space?
what happens in-between my slowness?
what is the relationship between slowness and tension?*

*softness?
what are my properties of softness?
how am I supported by gravity? how is gravity pulling me down?
"what if?
what if less is more is never less?"⁷*







I work and build my own entanglement alongside others.

Building an entanglement is a folding and unfolding experience with multiple entities. I call this building a root system. I keep within motion, within flexibility, within pathways that curve, within past and future lines, within in-between lines, within broken lines, within a form we can not predict, within the weaving, within the story-telling, within the generation of stories. I keep outside of fixed directionality and inside of the looping, the circular, the spreading outward. These entangled threads lead back to me as I simultaneously reach towards others. I notice the threads of connection between myself and others and the intersection where leaning in towards one another can open up a possibility of communion, of what being together might mean. I search for my threads to widen my immediate circle and I question: how might dance be a way to transgress the notions of exceptionalism that are woven into the fabric of society? We need more stories of symbiosis across species, across ways of thinking...

I am indebted to learning how the cycles of nature interweave into my dance practices - what I learn from flocks of birds, the interconnectedness of mycelium, or the cooperative work of ants.

I think of building my entanglement alongside others as a way to create spaces of being-in-common, being-with, making-with. As Donna Haraway says, "nothing makes itself."⁸

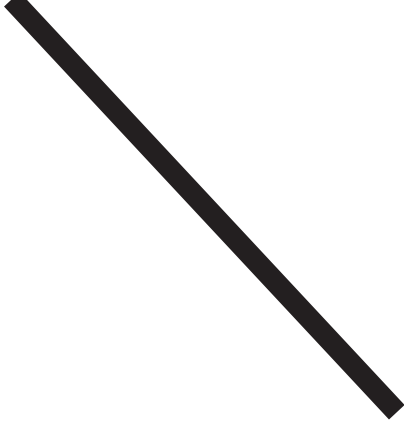
It matters that we need one another and it matters how we come together to do so.⁹



This manifesto is a **device** that pushes against Neoliberal capitalism, globalization of the art market, and violence in the dance field that does not serve practices of entanglement and fungal thinking.

This is an evolving **device** that grounds me in the what, why, and how I see dance. A remembering device to stay inside of the expansive notions of what dance can be.

This **device** guides me in imagining what a space for art can offer and how a space for art can be in the entangled - alongside - processes of resistance, horizontality, and proto-feminism. A space I imagine building with others.



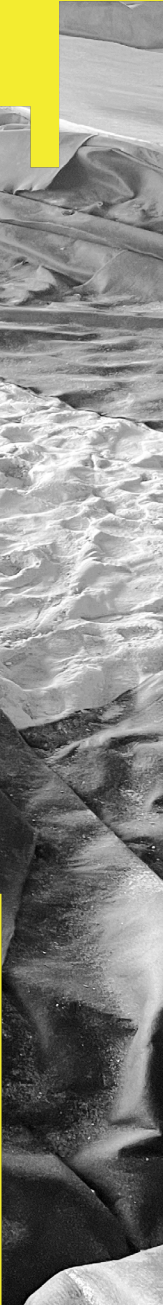
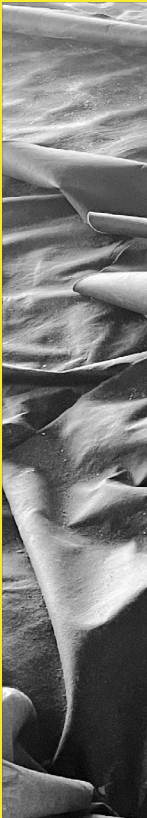
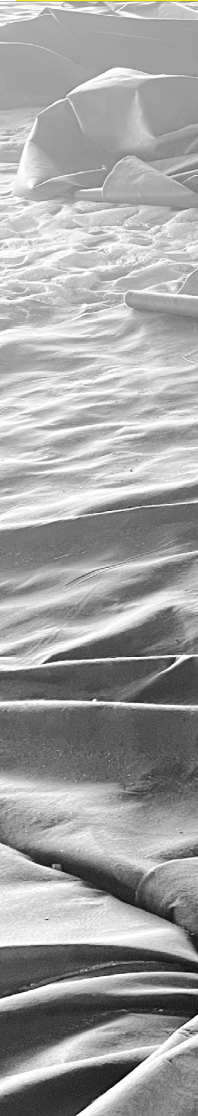
what stories and memories are stored in my body?
what stories and metaphors do I use to make sense of the world?
how can fungi help me think more about union rather than stories of separateness?
how can I think of being a decomposing thinker? decomposing moving body?
what does decomposition tell me about the materiality inside me?
what are the depths of my interiors?

what more?

what more?

what more?

I orient myself inside of the continuity of entanglement.





I affirm slowness in art-making. I affirm giving space for development. The continuity of entanglement can be durational, a form of *longue durée*. This continuity purposefully disturbs the global Neo-liberal consumerist market we inhabit. I refuse to make work, to be with work, within a time spectrum that forces me to remain aligned within capitalistic terms. I choose to approach art processes as opportunities to build entanglements of intimacy and slowness.

Moving slowly is a sign of resistance. An action that pushes against the interwoven structures in our society - such as capitalist temporality, white supremacy, and agendas that force us into acceleration and value systems around productivity and labor. Fungal thinking is expanding upon my notion of what it is to be slow - in my body, in my political thoughts, in being with one another.

"The latin root of the word extravagant means 'to wander outside or beyond.' It is a good word for mycelium, which ceaselessly wanders outside and beyond its limits...Mycelium is a body without a body plan."¹⁰

To have no plan and to wander outside is a particular kind of slowness - a process of exceeding the edge. My slowness is never just being slow. My resting is never just resting. It is a time to see and feel differently. If I never give myself space to rest, to slow down into extravagance, I can no longer keep my imagination going towards a question of "what if" or "what else?" The time I take matters, continuity of slowness takes me to the terrestrial,¹¹ to the political, to the social, to the choreographic. I need to move slowly to process seeing the in-between and moreness.

"TO MOVE IS ALWAYS TO ACTIVATE THE TIME OF THE
EVENT, TO FEEL-WITH THE VARYING VELOCITIES OF
TIME'S MULTIPLE RHYTHMS. TIME, MOVING US, MOVING
TIME."¹²

- ERIN MANNING

A choreographic wonder is a space of relationships.

Dance is a constant negotiation and dialogue of relationships.

Choreography is curated moments about those relationships at hand - a coming together of multiple relations.

Fungal and microbial organisms teach us about how to form relationships - how to be more in union rather than separate - how to break down and decompose the 'neat' barriers we hold in our fictions of classifications.

They themselves are shape-shifters, speculation in bodily form, something that is everywhere, a contamination that feeds on us all.

Fungal thinking moves past any binary methods of being, they do not judge, or speak ill, or categorize, or have a singular place of functioning.

They are a 'yes, and' kind of organism.

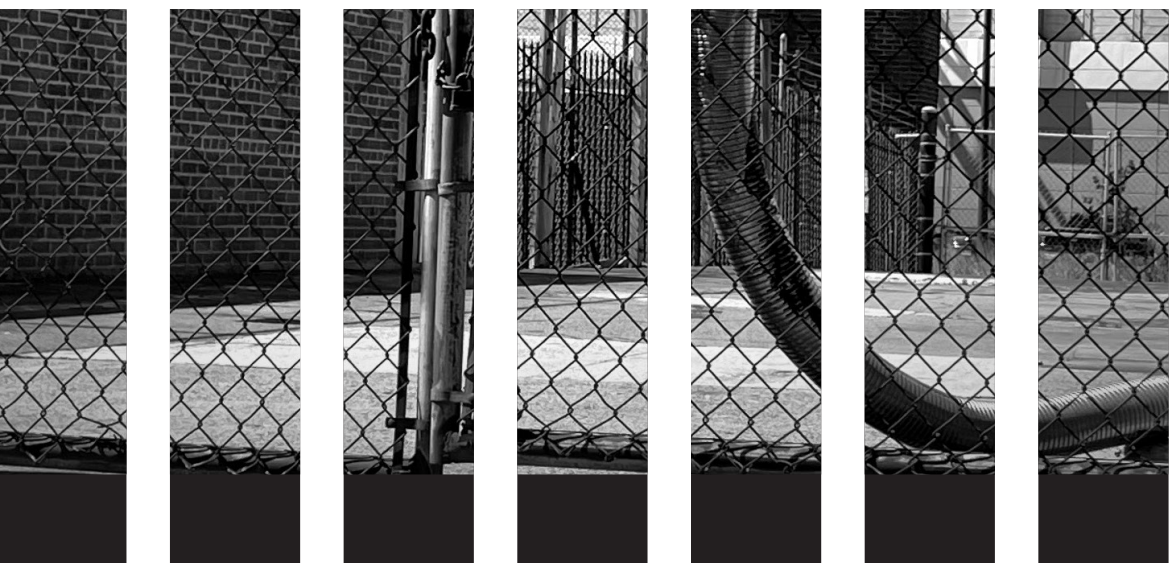
A 'working with' organism that can teach us how to be with other forms.

A guidance towards better ethics in sharing and being.

They are slow moving creatures - embodying duration of time.

Blurring our boundaries of sensing and being.

They themselves are a choreographic wonder.

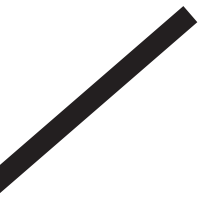


I orient myself inside of the discontinuity of entanglement.

A discontinuity encourages a kind of zooming in and zooming out, moments of pause, rupture, and fissure. This is how I practice seeing myself, alongside others, within entanglements, within processes of art-making. A discontinuity proposes a leaning in and out to see more clearly, to choose an orientation inside of the loop. Disentangling becomes an action of undoing social or personal borders.

As I move in my slowness, I choose to face away from the art market and ground myself inside of local communities and politics. I choose a different motor for my dancing, thinking, and being to stay alive and sustainable. The discontinuity allows me to pause, to rethink my relationship with the kind of art processes, spaces, environments, and people I want to be in relationship with.

Specifically, I think about building a space for art-making with **Future Space Philly (FSP)**, an artist-run collective I am a part of and helped to found in Lenni-Lenape land (Philadelphia). I imagine building a workspace that works towards coalition, collectivity and cooperation. I imagine a space whose definition is not fixed, whose definition is constantly adjusted and negotiated to the daily needs and desires of those who use it and surround it.



What is possible inside a live arts space?
How can a physical art space be self-sustaining?
What financial models are missing within our field?
What more can happen when we imagine a space with no artistic director?
What might happen when artists create networks and systems of mutual aid?

FSP is moving slow.

A physical space is on our long term horizon, yet we stay grounded in the present, for us, this looks like facilitating reading groups on *Creating New Futures*, collective conversations about the current art-making landscape in Philadelphia, and pop-up letter writing to the Philadelphia Cultural Fund.

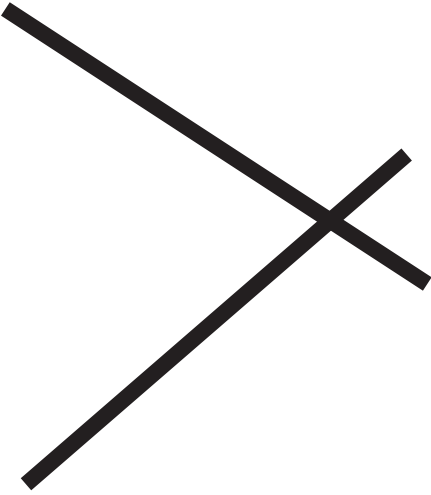
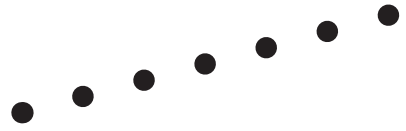
With and alongside FSP, I question what else can dance do and be?

I orient myself to give a fuck.

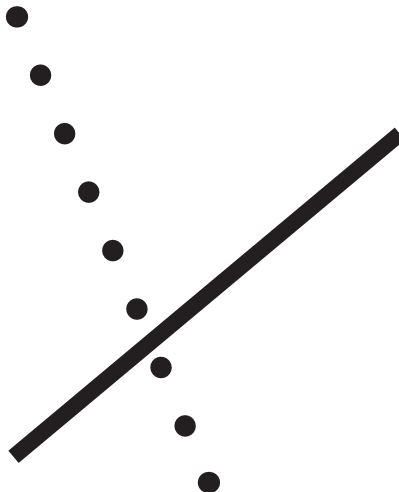
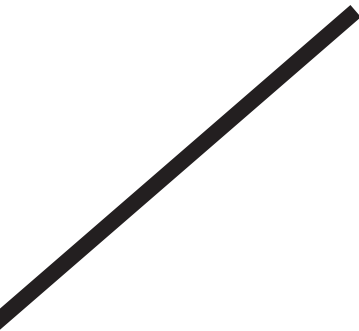
Tracing webblings is placing care on how and why we do what we do. We think what we think. We react how we react. Being entangled is to understand that we are all interconnected in subconscious and conscious ways. And, by we, I mean a we that is unknowable - connected out of necessity or accident. A non-homogeneous we, that embraces difference and conflict that is attentive to the politics of care. What I have learned from studying mycelium is to value the unpredictable how of forming relationships. Ecosystems are not just lists of what constitutes a given environment, but the in-between space of how these relationships are organizing, supporting, and thriving alongside one another. I am orienting towards a set of relationships of between-ness.

What is happening in the in-between, in the middle of sharing and receiving?
What is happening between body and practice?
How does choreography activate that space of in-between relationality?
How might that translate between audience and choreography?
More specifically, how can dance be a container for resources?
What kind, and for whom, where?

As a facilitator in many spaces and roles (teacher, choreographer, dancer, collective member) I practice a kind of power that emerges within cooperation, collaboration, care, and collectivity. Practicing the 4 C's helps me be in threaded entanglement with others. I think alongside Black, feminist, and queer scholars that teach me to negotiate and lean into the intertwined, into difference, into a world I want to be in. A practice of seeing that we are webbed within multi-species networks. **I orient towards constant reorientation** - to encounter differences, to learn something otherwise. As Thomas DeFrantz says: "We need each other and it matters that we need each other."¹³




"WE ARE ALL CONNECTED. LIKE OUR BODIES, IF ONE SINGLE MOLECULE IS OFF, THEN OUR ENTIRE BODIES ARE AFFECTED. IN NATURE, IF ONE THING IS OFF BALANCE, THEN WE ARE ALL OFF BALANCE. ORGANIZING FROM THIS PERSPECTIVE ALLOWS US TO SEE THAT IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE OF US TO BE OK IF OTHERS ARE IN DISEASE."¹⁴ - RUSIA MOHIUDDIN



I orient towards impermanence.

Practicing through score work and improvisation has taught me to live inside of impermanence - questioning the how of what something should be, do, or look like. It has taught me both to be human and position myself beyond a relationality of humanness. It has taught me to stay in flux, in motion, in the fluidness of being. Improvisation is my movement tool. Improvisation is my model for understanding political and social structures; how it displays an intermingling and relationality between individual and group, spontaneity and form, and questions what is freedom and power. Improvisation becomes a lens into how I negotiate value. What am I considering? What am I evaluating or negating? How does this process become a confrontation with personal identity, privilege, history, family, aesthetics? And, how does improvisation allow me to become messy with the borders and boundaries of these topics? How does movement become a tool for understanding personal and political histories?

I'm deeply curious in how movement moves past itself. I am reminded of Susan Leigh Foster's book "Dances That Describe Themselves" and how she articulates the relationality between dancers during improvisation. "They respond creatively to mistakes; they help each other out of ruts....They disagree, they learn to trust....Most important, they take collective responsibility for the time they spend together."¹⁵ As I search for what more dance might be able to provide, Foster helps me think through how dance can be a "a model for imagining how we could all be in coalition"¹⁶ together. What are the skills through movement that I am learning, relearning, undoing, rethreading to be a better human in this world, to be a better collaborator on this earth? How can my practices be a microcosm of how I see the world and place myself inside of it?



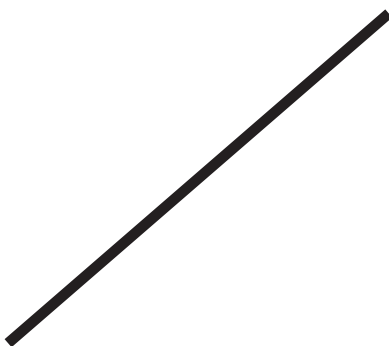
*mushrooms thrive on disruptive edges in their environment -
how might my body shift near disruptive edges -
socially, politically, emotionally, physically?
how do slowness and disruption live adjacent to one another?
where might my disruptive edges be?
how does this edge shift my tension and softness?
how does this edge shift my temporal dancing body?*

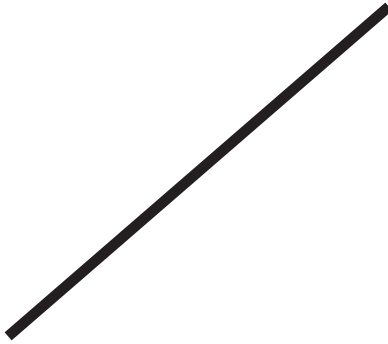
*what barter systems do I participate in with dance?
how do I locate the resources dance offers?
could dance be offered as a resource?
how does this manifest in my practice and exchange with others?
what does horizontal dance-making look like?
where do power dynamics show up in my body? in the spaces in which I dance?
how does the dance provide a mutual benefit for all involved - performers,
audiences, choreographers alike?
what is happening under the surface of choreography?*

This orientation is a reminder to stay within the improvised borders of impermanence (this also feels similar to discontinuity of entanglement). It is here where I blur my choreographic curiosities and the work within Future Space Philly.

I ask myself constantly, how to re-home the world in the theater? Where else (beyond studio, theater, institution) can dance live and be performed? How does movement mold within space, become intimate with space? How does movement and space produce an intimate ecology?

How do we collectively imagine a space that intersects the intimacy between life and art and moves into other sectors of society? I imagine a physical space, a digital space, a performative space, a work space, a coffee space, a social space. A space that acts as a conduit for ideas, processes, dreams, failures, joy, and pleasure. A space that is an arc, a circle, a loop. Somewhere in the arc, art happens. Together, we create a liminal space, not one thing or the other, but both and something else. A space that is a reflection of the times - always in motion, "adaptable to the ongoing changingness of the world."¹⁷





No matter how much I write, something is always lost. This manifesto does not say it all.

AND/SO/BUT/WHAT

The arc between the beginning and end...where art lives...where the loop continues.
This manifesto is just the frame. The building is just the frame.
I stay in the loop, in the flow, in the twists and turns of the entanglement.

Being in the loop is also not finding an end, a continuation.

**FEELS QUITE SPECULATIVE AS MUCH AS IT FEELS POSSIBLE. IS THE
THE EDGE BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION? THE EDGE
FEELS QUITE SPECULATIVE AS MUCH AS IT FEELS POSSIBLE. IS THE
THE EDGE BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION? THE EDGE
FEELS QUITE SPECULATIVE AS MUCH AS IT FEELS POSSIBLE. IS THE
THE EDGE BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION? THE EDGE
HMM
HMMM, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT, BUT MAYBE. T
IN-BETWEEN KNOWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN KNO
HMMM, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT, BUT MAYBE. T
IN-BETWEEN KNOWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN KNO
HMMM, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT, BUT MAYBE. T
IN-BETWEEN KNOWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN KNO
HMMM, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT, BUT MAYBE. T
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HOW CAN MY PRACTICES BE A MICROCOSM OF HOW I SEE THE V
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HOW CAN MY PRACTICES BE A MICROCOSM OF HOW I SEE THE V
THIS DANCE WAS AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF NOW. WHAT DOES**

IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH
THIS DANCE WAS AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF NOW. WHAT DOES

IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH
THIS DANCE WAS AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF NOW. WHAT DOES

IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH
IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH
IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH

.....

WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I STARTED TO MOVE TOO

WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I STARTED TO MOVE TOO

WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I STARTED TO MOVE TOO

WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I STARTED TO MOVE TOO

IT FELT...OH SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT. IT FELT...OH

.....

THAT THE EDGE YOU ARE THINKING??????
BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION?
THAT THE EDGE YOU ARE THINKING??????
BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION?
THAT THE EDGE YOU ARE THINKING??????
BEING EQUAL PARTS REAL AND FICTION?
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
THE EDGE I REFER TO IS AS A PLACE OFFFF
OWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN.
THE EDGE I REFER TO IS AS A PLACE OFFFF
OWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN.
THE EDGE I REFER TO IS AS A PLACE OFFFF
OWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN.
THE EDGE I REFER TO IS AS A PLACE OFFFF
OWING AND NOT KNOWING. IN-BETWEEN.
WORLD AND PLACE MYSELF INSIDE OF IT?
WORLD AND PLACE MYSELF INSIDE OF IT?
WORLD AND PLACE MYSELF INSIDE OF IT?
WORLD AND PLACE MYSELF INSIDE OF IT?
WORLD AND PLACE MYSELF INSIDE OF IT?
ES THIS VIBRATING BODY WANT OR NEED?

**SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT....
IS THIS VIBRATING BODY WANT OR NEED?**

**SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT....
IS THIS VIBRATING BODY WANT OR NEED?**

SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT....
SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT....
SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT....

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FAST? WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I
FAST? WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I
FAST? WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFORE I
FAST? WHERE WAS I TRYING TO GO BEFOR
SHIT... I LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT.....

Endnotes

1. Sheldrake, *Entangled Life*.
2. Sheldrake, *Entangled Life*.
3. Foucault, *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason*.
4. Solnit, *The Arc of Justice and the Long Run*.
5. Sheldrake, *Entangled Life*, p. 50.
6. Parkinson, *Self-Interview on Practice*. Chrysa also explains how "practices have to remain unstable and volatile." She changes, therefore, the practice is always in conversation to those changes.
7. Deborah Hay, *Figure A Sea* (2015). I had the privilege to work with Deborah Hay on *Figure A Sea* with the Cullberg Ballet. Often, I remember her posing this question during rehearsals and warming up.
8. Haraway, *In Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, p. 58.
9. These words and thoughts come from my teacher and mentor Thomas DeFrantz. His generosity and love inside the classroom has shown me the magic of what it is to lean towards one another.
10. Sheldrake, *Entangled Life*, p. 49.
11. I am inspired by how Donna Haraway uses the word terrestrial. For her, it is a responsibility to and for one another. It is the entangled bodies that pull and tug into friction and joy. It is the multiplicity of connection.
12. Manning, *Always More Than One*.
13. This is a quote from Thomas DeFrantz during a class at University of the Arts.
14. Brown, *Emergent Strategy*, p.98.
15. Foster, *Dances that Describe Themselves*, p.239.
16. Foster, *Dances that Describe Themselves*, p.239.
17. Foster, *Dances that Describe Themselves*, p.239.

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Thank you...

...to my UArts classmates for showing me all the ways dance is beautiful, unknown and strange. For your dedication to studying during a pandemic and showing up with love and care.

...Jesse Zaritt for getting lost in the entanglement with me and always being a light inside the unknown spaces.

...Beth Gill for encouraging me to be exactly where I am.

...Donna Faye Burchfield for building a program out of love, care, and detail. This is not lost on me.

...Tommy DeFrantz for giving me hope and reminding me why dance matters. The love is real and the dance will continue.

...Esther Siddiquie and James McGinn for keeping us alive and on time.

...Niall Jones and Lauren Bakst for keeping it silly and beautiful and stupid.

...Jillian Peña for all the reading and editing and editing and editing. And being an example that I can do this while being pregnant.

...Ben Pranger for keeping it playful and fun.

...Albert and London for being with me in the entanglement of life.

...Inga Hákonardóttir for sitting and reading with me, for reminding me that my words and voice matter.

...Reid Bartelme for letting me steal this acknowledgement page. We are forever connected.