

#IAMASPACEHIP

Skipping (as in skipping down the street) is a historical motion for the human body and it relates to a bodily experience that everyone knows. Our force and urge to move, to understand and cover distance, that has originated in our childhood, in the backyards and streets of the city and has moved through folk, street and club dances, is utilised in this context to create an artificial continuum in which the body invests against gravity and orientates through a stream of rhythm, while projecting trajectories and potential landscapes and relations.

The skipping practice originated from the need to understand the beat, how to move in and out of it. The beat as a vehicle to navigate the infinite, a form to shape the force to notice the difference, to feel the equilibrium and its loss; the dance and tension between two beats, two bodies.

And in those tiny moments where we can fall out of beat, loose balance, in the gap, we might see movement opening up possibilities, trembling with potential, creating relations, flushing landscapes and stories of memories that never happened.

It's a road trip.

To a destination we will never reach.

From road-trip choreography, a method I employed in my earlier work, to road-trip as an experience, the skipping practice led me to focus on the currents of becoming.

So to wonder again and after again, what it is to move through space and time and sense the space and time within it; as you would look outside the window of a constantly moving car and your gaze would expand to other encounters and other gazes, slow down to look at a moment that will vanish with immediacy.

Movement invents.

It grasps me. I don't grasp it.

The skip eliminates a distance, blurs the lines of here and there, before or after.

And within this bending, in the engagement with a trans-space, imagination and affect might bring us somewhere sometime in a dance.

With "The City", my intention is to share the practice and primarily showcase the basic potential. The audience is a witness of the struggle of working against gravity and is invited to come in discourse and negotiation with their own inventiveness and perception of the weaving paths and persistent travelling of space and bodies; and so to identify the currents of collective becoming.

One of the often questions coming to mind when skipping is:

"What is the space of moving forwards to?"

Music or no music, beat or off beat, imagine what this motion can generate as future.

An army of skippers, sea waves of uncontrollable control, the pondering of the stars constantly moving, the possibility of infinite directions. Imagine where we could go.

I move because I am moved. Between the finite and infinite.

I am a spaceship.