



tanzquartier wien

THE SKIN OF MOVEMENT

Where is movement? Where does it begin, where does it end, oscillating as it does between moment and momentum, instant and impulse, pulse and the blink of an eye? How can one think of the momentum before and the moment after? Is it today – choreographically – rather to be conceived beyond a foreseeable reason, beyond a movens? Inasmuch as it – only most precisely choreographically controlled – loses control of itself? And is it conceivable without a moving body? Where does the dancing body stop? All these questions about the choreographic, about its oscillating between notation and figuration, handwriting and footsteps, position and disposition, scene and screen, skin and skill, still and motion.

Let's imagine the skin of – choreographic – movement, even without organs and nevertheless sensual: as a trace of the body, as a trembling dividing line between inside and outside – of space and body and writing – and as its interpenetration, as a vibrating membrane, as a hymen between figuration and defiguration in the nowhere of the very first step: penetrable for various surfaces, disciplines, arts and media. Imagine how the skin of movement is folded, unfolded and stroked by gaze and breath. Also including the danger of striking through stroking – and thus perhaps awakening other movements that, in vain and yet always differently, we want to record with a camera eye or footnotes. As if choreography were a temporary and tempered space de/scription, a turning of space into time and time into space: as if it had skinned the space through movement by slipping off time.

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