

SIOSTRZEŃSTWO

to praktyka,
to kula,
to więź,
to relacja,
to sposób patrzenia i współdziałania z drugą,
to sieć,
to oferowane wsparcia,
to wspólne doświadczenie,
to towarzyszenie i dzielenie się,
to uznanie własnej odmienności,
to świadomość, że nie jest się jedynym,
to uzmysłowienie sobie, że jest ktoś kto jest do nas podobny i ktoś od kogo możemy się różnić,
to przyglądanie się sobie i tej drugiej,
branie przykładu z niej,
to bycie przykładem,
to uprzytomnienie sobie, że jest się po kimś lub przed kimś,
to poczucie, że ma się wartość i godność oraz poczucie humoru.



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NUMER 5

Plenia Księżyca w Bliźniaku
Zaćmienie Księżyca

Listopad 2020

Hi there. Welcome. Thank you for coming. You can sit or stand wherever you like.

In case you're wondering what's gonna happen – you will watch me dance and sometimes hear this commentary. It's already begun but don't worry, I will tell you when it ends. Of course, you can leave anytime or stop watching or stop listening.

What do you see?

I see myself. I see me sitting, my head is down, my hands are on the floor. I can't see my face because of my hair. I see that I am small and the space is big. I see me trying to connect to the space by touching the floor.

I am writing this just after watching a video of me dancing this material. And now I'm rewriting it after dancing it another time. And now I'm adding some stuff after watching a video of me dancing it another time.

I see my body moving through this space and moving with this space. I know I enjoy dancing more than watching. Do you?

Writing it feels weird. It is a bit like trying to anticipate a conversation with someone you haven't met. I'm wondering what you're focusing on. I'm wondering what would you like to ask me. I'm wondering how you like it so far. Do you like my outfit and the voice I've picked? What's the weather like? Are you comfortable? Am I? I only now realize that you probably think you're seeing a girl and this feels uncomfortable. I am not a man and not a woman. I am not in between. I exist beyond the binary and you cannot put me in it. Believe me, many tried. You can't make me do anything.

I see my body. It's small and soft. But strong. It doesn't really matter whether it's moving or still. It's powerful. I see myself being powerful.

I am writing this after watching a video of me dancing with this voiceover commentary. The layers are getting blurred and I'm not sure which tense I should be using. The whole thing feels kind of unstable. I am getting a little emotional as it is my last work. Yes, this is my last work. My last performance. This is the first time I'm showing this to more than just a few people and it is my last performance. It feels right to actually say goodbye rather than only dance the farewell. It's good that all of you can witness this.

Goodbye dance world, goodbye art world, goodbye working for no money for my theatre friends, goodbye trying to get cast in shitty musicals, goodbye being sad that I wasn't in ballet school and can't pop and lock, goodbye being angry with myself for not applying for grants which I wouldn't get anyway, goodbye teaching children how to do turns, goodbye paying for dancing in projects, goodbye choreographing good work that no one is ever gonna see.

But you know what? I really do like dancing.

I like the flow, this feeling energy moving from limb to limb.

I like the rush, this feeling of letting go pushing me.

I like the focus, this feeling of steadiness caused by a mind shift.

I really do like dancing but I can't move a lot, my body doesn't let me, which is good. I used to move a lot when I was younger but I developed an eating disorder and it is hard to recover surrounded by dancers.

I really do like dancing though. I like dancing when there's music on and I like dancing in silence. I like dancing with others, feeling their presence and sharing movement. I do prefer to dance alone though, I feel safe and nobody can touch me. You can't touch me. But I do like people watching me move. I like that you are watching me.

I like dancing because when I do I feel that it makes sense that I am queer. The endless possibilities of a moving body. Aren't they still present in a still body?

My body doesn't confine me. No movement can confine me.

Whatever you make me dance, I will make it queer. Would you like to try? Do you want to try and confine me? Try to make me dance something else? Try to make me entertain you?

Would you like me to stop or should I keep going? I don't really care what you'd like.

The radical act of Day Dreaming
of Fantasising
of Imagining

The active way of Resting
of Sleeping
of Laying Down

The radical Body that is strong in its
softness.

The active Body that takes time to rest
and to dream the desired future.

The activist Heart that dreams the
desired future for this reality,

the reality which is constantly created by
the imagining Hearts

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