

31/7/20

So it has come to an end. Perhaps not the literal end but an end in this building.

Like so many times before there were bumps and wobbles and perhaps it has to do with the witnesses being here but I often felt like there were two or three endings.

My mind was preoccupied at the beginning with that door opening it was only when I let go of that thought that it did.

There was so much to say today but not sure if it was all said or if it has been left unsaid.

I said goodbye to the virtual version of yourself and along with your many replicas.

Till next time xo

-

Amazing how the ordinary existed with the extraordinary

The hum of the lawn mower

The cough of our visitor

But also so many moments when I was possessed by the ritual

Riding it and trusting it and totally not knowing where I was or where to go

Sometimes it was so intense!

I literally froze with the intensity!

So we have turned a new page

We reached an edge I've never been to

There was so much communication going on between us

We were magnetised into the dialogue

I think the presence of the witnesses made the ritual speak, made us speak to each other more directly

A great way to end

See you at the burning tonight!

29/7/20

I have tried to begin this three times but I'm finding that words are not accurate today.

It was much bigger than words.

My grandmothers were both inside me today. Paternal and maternal. Ancestors all around. I felt today that for me the ritual was the most powerful it's been, like you said, another entity. I trusted it.

There is still rest available but it is harder work to remember and inhabit it.

How is your body today?
Could you rest and heal here?

I do feel nourished but quite sombre.
It was a relief to back in this room, without visitors.

Sometimes form presents itself and shapes me without my contribution.
Sometimes I choose a place that I've been before and I find, more often than not, that when I hold it carefully and completely, it summons spirits.

There both strength and fragility in our connection.
A place for me, for you and for us.
The shifting voice is inevitable.
Your voice was quiet today, but when it spoke, it spoke of the earth.

-

Sometimes you need to rest as you said and to take things slowly. I liked the way we took our time during this moment and neither one of us felt the need to rush into things- the door frame was all we needed.

Slowly but surely the need to animate became more pronounced and I tried to resist that feeling and instead rejected the notion that we do indeed need to do anything at all during this time.

I could sense the frustration in the room as tension began to build as we became victims to the 'path always' taken during this process and I felt the need to put my words in practice and see where the ritual would take us.

Noises became more pronounced not only outside before we entered where discussions around who gets to tell what stories happened outside while in the theatre the creaks and groans of both us and the stage became our sounding board.

Somehow these noises would rustle up something and the last ten or so minutes are a bit of a blur. I do know that I left my body and that something else took over as I stood over you. I felt my gaze leave me and some over vision took over.

This was perhaps one of the most strangest dream states ever and it almost felt like it didn't even happen.

The ritual has now let us know it is here too.

28-29/7/20

Hi Josh

I'll write straight from the heart, from deep in my body, without thinking too much

*The places we go in this ritual are ours
I am there to be there with you
To be real
To listen more closely
To find new edges and layers together
To me the strange depths and tensions we have felt and summoned so far are potent and nourishing*

*In my perception
There's always the permission for rest
For deep, real rest
And there's always the possibility to be on our own journey, just going deeper with ourself
It doesn't matter if we are side by side but each lost alone
The fact we are both there, in the room, in the ritual, is enough*

i.e.

The air can be thick while the space between us of no real consequence

*And then the flip side!
The connection between us can also be intense
One witness (Bernie) said it was palpable, deep, as if we'd been doing this thing together for years and years
'The connection between you was palpable, deep and strong but not taut'
Were her exact words
These words reminded me of the place we have found and created together
It couldn't exist without one of us
It is ours both
The coexistence of tension and rest*

*I feel sure we can go further each day to find the darkness, find the spirits who stir
(And after we need to smoke out the room!)
While also being at peace
While also accepting we are doing all that we can
And we are enough*

*Every time I look at you
Every time I reach out in body or intention
I am saying
I'm sorry
I thank you
I trust
I accept*

*I wanted to write to you tonight because we both know we wobbled a bit today
It wasn't a particularly big wobble but it got bigger the more we talked about it*

*My friend Bec said when you wobble, you are meeting a question
And that is a place of growth
I am looking forward to growing through this with you*

*As for visitors...
It was nice to have Josten
He has been meaning to join for a while
Pavan also is a deeply sensitive and spiritual soul
I am glad for the gifts they gave us and the experience we allowed them into
Today*

*As for tomorrow
No-one has said they are coming*

*As for Friday, there are 3-5 who wish to come
We can cancel all
Or allow some
?*

*I just wanted to say...
The most important thing is us and our ritual
Nothing else matters*

*I find sharing curious
I find visitors helpful
I use their presence to clarify the space and energetic charge between us
But I don't need them
How do you feel?*

*Today there seemed to be so many questions of
Who can come ?
How many witnesses ?
What is best to tell them ?
How long should we work for ?
Do we work every day ?
Does the timer ending work ?
Do visitors need to watch the writing an email moment ?*

etc etc

*But some quiet part of me is saying...
They are all just details
They are distractions
What we need to do is
Trust the ritual
Trust each other
Trust ourselves
Fiddling with the details is superficial, like symptoms
Instead, maybe we can answer together inside the doing
With body
With heart
With attention, intention
Because...
We know
We really do know.*

What are you thinking about right now?

*I was thinking...
We are in the upstairs room once more
And the downstairs room once more
I could bring two white tea cups
And the black/white cloths
And nothing else
If we want to draw an edge for ourselves around 'the stuff' ?
Or we don't have to draw any edges
Nothing really bothers me
I suppose I'm just writing to ask
What's resting in you now?*

*And I know
If you answer or don't, either way it's good
I'll meet you there tomorrow*

Sending all the respect and care to you Josh

Whole Kingdoms of care

X

Hello Daisy

Thank you for this email. I have found our time together in this space to be both challenging and nourishing. The moments where I have come exhausted from either working the night before or just lack of sleep have always rejuvenated my soul and given me that extra breath to get through the day. As of now I find myself in this every changing body that has been the result of illness and the constant knowledge that it will change day by day. The past version of me no longer exists, the future version is what I have to look for now- and what that looks like I am not sure.

I keep going back to that idea of shamanism when your physical body leaves to create your spiritual body. To me this is like this process. Leaving behind all that we know about choreography, audience, intention etc and creating a very different but 'real' state. All these feelings I think we are having is the sorrow of what is familiar and known and how these are slowly being taken away by the ritual. While we still have each other -but that is not just the only part of this puzzle.

Ritual is another entity altogether and we could consider it to be the third body in this space. Like a body it also has its own autonomy and I think this is what is happening at this moment. The summoning of whatever is relative to the actual body of the ritual that is created each day. The power never leaves the space but rather clings to each nook and cranny and in this case our own bodies as well.

'Stuff' or interaction with 'stuff' becomes another gateway to this powerful portal and the 'stuff' will tell you what is needed - you just have to listen. Interacting with stuff can also be as visceral as touching another body and when the intention to clasp whatever that 'stuff' is - then the power becomes just as potent and to me as kinesthetic as that of a body.

I would say leave things as they are - try to avoid the need to curate or declutter things. We will work this thing out in the end and as you said there is a deep level of trust that has formed and that is part of the objective. The rest will now unfold as the ritual does and has been doing over time.

I will see you soon

Josh

28/7/20

It was more uneasy today

And the ending came one fraction too soon

I thought it had arrived a few times earlier actually

We still went deep in the presence of others

But the mind gets noisy
My mind was a little noisy

I think of us as strange characters
Trying to find ourselves
Trying to find each other

Today I think we both 'buckled' under pressures, we reverted to things we know

Cleaning
Running in circles

Sometimes I ask myself, how can you stay here Daisy? How can you not distract yourself?

Keep trying to feel what's in really front, behind and all around us

The thickness left a few times

But it also came in a big rush a few times

I'm curious to know what the others experienced

Were we still as intimate yet independent Josh, as we know how to be?

I sense the change in the air as we begin to share this. Want to grow into it but never compromise the ritual itself... the trust was just a little harder to summon for me

But I did have it

Thank you for a very interesting session

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how strange to have so many witnesses today. The whole centre felt alive with colour and noise today so it was hard to enter into those spaces of contemplation and quiet before entering.

I felt I needed to Centre myself with you so I was happy for you to take the lead with the beginning. Shadowing and mimicking!!!

It felt for most of the time quite an ordeal to work today. I'm not sure why? Maybe it was the energy in the room, perhaps the introduction of new witnesses but I almost felt what I was doing verged on performance as opposed to authenticity.

Yet is this a performance? Does constituting just lying down for the whole duration a performance?

The ending came but I felt it was a bit premature. It must be the room

27/7/20

I felt playful today so I tried to make my body crumple and fold like a doll. I haven't been physically active since last we met and I felt I needed to oil and move these creaky joints and crevices.

Strangely with this witness this time it felt right (not sure if that's the right word for it) - Suzie's presence felt non intrusive and natural. Maybe it's because I knew she would be there?

I tried to connect to you through the materials in the room- curtain, stage, glass. I felt myself becoming more than human and I used these objects to manifest these images that kept coming through the process.

At one stage I was a small hobbit like creature and you were the spritely Lythe fairy like creature (similar to Lord of the Rings maybe) and we walked this unknown world together for a brief period.

Like last time your other presences were there and I could almost feel the ghostly fingers as they tried to caress and touch my being. It was more powerful this time and I felt a tingling sensation whenever you were behind me and I didn't need to try hard to feel this. I feel there is a psychic connection growing now and who knows what will eventuate as we continue.

And like it was meant to be we both ended up on the floor as I began this strange and haunting lullaby that came from within the curtains.

Magic!!!!

-

I knew that was the end

I always feel it coming just before the alarm goes off

Without fail, I sense the moment we resolve

I thought to myself that I wanted to stay here forever today... a few times

There was so much sadness
So much tension that was difficult to disperse
I also genuinely thought you had left them room at one stage
I laughed a couple of times
Rested deeply
Felt joy, felt silly
Felt sincere
Felt the depth and difficulty of everything

It seemed we were trying harder to speak and listen truthfully together
We were really working
I like that place
The beauty and the challenge you meet in yourself
To stay with it
Don't let go
But do rest when you need to

Maybe we could stay longer
Work with more duration
?

There is always a period of time for blending
Arriving to ourselves, each other, today with another presence in the room
Coming in to the ritual
It takes time
You can't hurry it
We didn't flounder in thin air for long today
But the thickness still comes of its own accord

I wanted to cry
I almost did

I reached out to touch you but it didn't seem right

There's something going on here about together and not together

About wanting to understand but knowing we may never, we need an eon to even begin

But then there's something about staying with it

A healthy dose of inner and outer gaze

Keeping an open heart and open eyes to ourselves, each other and the world outside

Something big, beyond words
Words aren't helping much today

20/7/20

Taking time to wait together outside and enter is very important

It is lucky this studio has a small area for that, the foyer is too dangerous ie. other folk can so easily interject and destroy the thickening, just as it begins so fragile between us

Readjusting to a third new space at first was overwhelmingly tiring

I accepted rest repeatedly but I was shocked how much more and more I needed, how long I stayed with it

The light, the chairs, the curtains, the window, the temperature, the creaks in the floor

Hmm

It took a long while

The air stayed thin

I felt irritated by it

But as soon as I accepted

Everything became available

It changed so quickly

Very fast and thick

We went somewhere even deeper today

I am here and I care

I have so much care

It is in my body

I try to withhold it

And offer it

Just at the right time

And in just the right way

I try to listen, and to wait

I don't always get it right

But I am here

Back came the tension game

Back came some of the places I've been before

I'm wanting to write another 'back came' but actually none other comes to mind

There were new textures instead

>urgency

>pain

>sadness

>madness

Back came our meeting place yes!

We met each other again

Felt like the first time and also the next time

The inevitable

Powerful

Beyond witnesses or country

Beyond the season or the words

There is us

This is ours

And everything we possess

Everything that possesses us

Is here

Today I thought we weren't going anywhere and then we went to a world that resides even further and closer

Thank you Josh

And I'm sorry

I'm not exactly sure what for but I know that I am

Deeply sorry

(And. I have questions about structure and repetition. Rituals often hold us and take us further with these. I won't go into detail here but something is unfolding in my mind. I wonder if we can help ourselves to be even more thickly in the thick of it, sooner and for longer. Do we want that?)

-

There were numerous times I just wanted to shout 'Stop! This isn't right' - from the first moment of entry to the abundance of 'stuff' in the place to my increasing levels of exhaustion- I felt like tapping out.

At first it was trying to find something in this place that was worth exploring. I felt content to watch you for the whole time and wondered if we are always trying to 'do something' each time we enter this space. What if we just sat there in silence for the whole time - is this still valid?

I felt today might be that day but somehow my exhaustion sent me into a different level of energy that I haven't encountered in this space before. I became manic almost and lost control. I invited the spirits in and you became the conduit as well.

I beat the floor in a strangely rhythmic yet primeval way and like a disciple of this crazed cult you joined. I pictured wild beasts and blood as we galloped around the room and could almost see my naked physical body in the space.

From there it becomes hazy as I know somehow I ended up on the far corner of the stage and then this faint hollow echo (maybe your voice) called my body down from the stage. My body was being called a lot today but not sure by which voice.

When I placed myself next to you and we both spoke in our language we have somehow developed to communicate through this imposed silence, you placed what I thought was your hand on my heart. Then like the second version that exists in this realm we create, I felt your presence in other directions but with still your hand on my heart.

It was only realising when opening my eyes that it was instead a cloth (or present) that I then felt compelled to take to the other side with me. Somehow I ended up over near the curtain exhausted with still the present attached.

What was initially a mundane experience turned into a blood thirsty sabbath where I went to another place altogether. We may want to smoke this room out afterwards ;)

18/7/20

One is cloaked in pools of black and white
The other stands at an open door, sun on his face

One tries to reach out but can not seem to touch
The other seems to need nothing very much

A whiteboard begins to fill with words
A white cloth drowns a man
A black cloth too small to cover all of her
A black cloth that cannot be swallowed

The sound of a chuckle of knowing, deep knowing
Reminds her of the deep, rasping, pain
Of one
Standing there
Reaching through pain
Mouth wide
All the while
The other
Holding out her hands and wide her heart
Wanting to help
Not knowing how

They do meet sometimes but it is not that easy

He seems to have something she cannot find
She catches things over and over
She knows the choreography
He knows something more than that

How far down and sideways can they go?
Where will they remember and what will they forget?

-

What to say

It felt like there were spirits in this room today. Quite a different feeling from the other day. I'm not sure who opened the door but that made the atmosphere change considerably.

So exhausted.....yet feeling rejuvenated and fresh at the same time. The exhaustion does something to you as you become less involved in what things mean and instead just dissolve yourself into the actions your body needs to do.

Not so much of a connection today with you as Daisy but more with a shadow of yourself as the sprits mingled amongst the movement. It felt like there was a summoning happening and the strange guttural noises made this all the more possible. I felt there existed today this other version of yourself that inhabits the space between and I was introduced to that.

Lots of rest was needed and given. A cloak to 'become' under and also hide from. Tentative moments needed to navigate around the room. A white board to send messages to the other side.

A ghostly moment

15/7/20

So many different parts of me want to speak today. I will give them all a moment if I can.

I'm sorry I was late to arrive. The space here is not as clear to navigate as the private rituals we have enjoyed at WAAPA. Other people, unexpected conversations, scheduled sessions and general time mess will get in our way. Then there's new spaces, new shapes, light, sounds, the world around us. Now we are not private and hidden, we are part of it. I can't say I totally found our ritual today, with all those things added to the experience.

However, I found many, many important things.

I found again that absolute trust in rest, yes. My body knows deeply all the permission and time it needs. At least 3 times I lay there and realised, in this moment, I am completely at peace here, so perhaps I could stay forever. At least twice I lay down and literally embraced boodja, asked the earth to hold me and held it warm with my open arms and whole heart.

I found ghosts. Of you, myself, others. Something passing just behind, just out of reach. Ephemeral but gifting me a feeling or a warning here and there, always just in time.

I found a rain dance, a water dance. It poured all over me... then at some point I noticed it was raining outside.

This felt totally momentous.

I have to confess I struggled with the distance. I felt the need to express my witnessing of you, my partnership, my listening, accepting and support, from closer by. Especially towards the end. I think part of this 'dance' is the way we are drawn toward one another by a quiet but clear and sustained force.

I accepted how everything was today and appreciated what unexpected treasures were revealed.

Such intimacy and care in a small white cup of water. Thank you.

Some clear moments of meeting, standing face to face, but we couldn't meet eyes, we couldn't go too deep. I wonder why? I feel we were busy getting acquainted with new layers of possibility here. I feel we may have been grappling with ourselves and our ghosts today more than usual (I was).

I also confess my theatrical brain was raging! I visioned very specific things we could gather around us. Choices that might let the huge and powerful talks we've had about race (and related questions) get tangled up in our moving and sensing. Choices with objects and light that might allow our dreaming imaginations to wander further into the abyss of this ritual.

What about a central pool of light that we are free to move into and out of? What about knowing only a few key objects that we grapple with? A pile of sand. A black cloth and a white one that both of us lie beneath at least once. What about 2 fine bone China cups and saucers, Royal Dalton, so we can toast colonisation with a cup of English Breakfast together... or just drink water.

Yes. The water. The gift.

The Kingdoms.

You, me and us, 3 together.

Care.

When I'm not sure, there are many places I can go. I can go into myself and find out if rest or tension is needed. I can go towards you and see if you need me, welcome me, or don't. I can wonder about our shadows and echoes, take part in the 'choreography' of our shared listening. For me, when I am really falling into the ritual, my body becomes more at ease and yet more possible. The space between us becomes more charged, yet more trusting. I wonder if experimenting with these 'choices' (seemingly design elements but really just random things that have already presented themselves!) can help us go further with that exchange of

care, tension, rest, intimacy and trust. I wonder what new channels of communication will open. I want us to travel into other worlds together.

-

So many distractions and objects. The ritual moves in a different direction but with so many possibilities. It really did feel like it was a performance but not rehearsed or thought of. Everything moved authentically- objects, actions.

The energy of this room was palpable coming in. I felt strangely invigorated as I could hear the banging and what sounds to be like jumping from upstairs. I began to feed myself from these noises. I waited for you to enter, not knowing exactly when that would be. I wondered if perhaps we had started already and I wasn't aware. It's funny about communication and lack of - you have to rely on your own intuition to read what's going on.

I began to look around the room and I noticed the depth but narrowness to it all. Like Alice in wonderland when she swallows the different coloured pills and the ceiling begins to shrink(or she does maybe??) the low ceiling felt like the room had become more intimate despite the depth.

The barrier we had between us became the bane of everyone's existence at the moment - touch and proximity- but somehow I felt your presence more than at WAAPA. How strange? I wonder if you felt the same?? Perhaps illness made me less concerned with our proximity and more about how to be intimate and proximal with you while doing the ritual.

Objects became the vehicle for this to happen and offers of water and the exploration of another room altogether became part of this growing closeness- where mundane actions become more important and connected. It brought me back to my time at CP when I channeled my grandmother over those three days.

Danger also existed this time where the offer of water and the slow methodical sips made me realise that I had gone so far to exit this motion now - even though I had potentially caused a 'drowning' scenario to occur where both lips and cup did not move but slowly and meticulously took sips - while breath tried to squeeze in as well. Invigorating and a new direction where I felt reckless and more liberated and free.

When the bell sounded I drew back to the room and organised it accordingly.

This was the first time I felt that I had gone somewhere beyond the confines of just the physical space we are in.

Hungry and excited. I wait for our next meeting....

10/7/20

The peril of having witnesses - what to do- do I entertain- what if they are bored?
Somehow through all this you need to arrive at an authenticity that is true to yourself and what you are doing?

Did I perform well? Was I performing.

Walking into the room it was like there were multiple witnesses already present and I felt the pressure to be witnessed. With the door open it was like we invited everybody at WAAPA in with us and I kept wondering who would be through the door as I looked with anticipation each time I circled the room.

Yet somehow, I'm not sure if it's akin to 'performance' or the ritual itself, the expectation wore off and I began to relax without the worry of being witnessed. I arrived at what I considered authentic choices and chose to follow that path to see where it would lead me.

Your presence became like another witness and I became a bit self conscious of what I was doing. Do I look right? Am I in line with you when it is perceived I need to be. All these voices inside my head as I walked the room———What about the outside?

The light filtered through today more generously than it has before so I had both yourself and the mystery of the spectrum as companions through this journey today.

Did we touch enough???

We ended separate but fulfilled.

Till next time

-

What do you find in this ritual?

I find, again and again, cycles of energy and rest.

Things seem to rise up, play out then dissipate.

We cannot fight the uprisings, only ride.

I notice that, inside the less tense space after something has just passed, there is a patience in us. That place can be quietly silly, practical, or ordinary, but we are not in a hurry to be anywhere else. And then...what's so strange is...because we just rest in that waiting space, something always arrives quickly.

There is a tension that we hold and tend to together. Over and over again.

I like it.

I welcome its repeated arrival.

I know that we know what to do.

There are images and questions that are beginning to reoccur here.

Movements that seem to belong.

My body feels so particular in this place.

How does yours feel?

What are we summoning?

What are we inhabiting?

What are we offering?

In/to ourselves and the spirits around us?

This room is important but it is also nothing. I am sensing this because I know next week we will meet elsewhere. The continuity is us, our bodies (and everything beyond the bodies), the threads weaving slowly but surely between us.

Inching toward and away.

All the respect.

All the listening.

Waiting / sending / giving / taking.

I can't even put in to words the closeness yet independence we both seem to know so innately here.

Do you feel safe? I do.

Do you trust me? I trust you.

Together we visit ourselves and more than ourselves.

Our cells speak to something bigger and beyond us.

Beyond division.

Beyond gender.

Beyond colour.

Beyond noise.

The silence here is special.

It is nourishment for what we are doing.

I wonder how the sounds of Subiaco will shift what we do...

See you at the markets to talk.

And see you in the ritual again.

Thank you Josh, for this time, this journey we share.

9/7/20

Catching and tracing shadows of each other. It felt like two ghosts in the same room- the remnants of one would lead to the beginning of the other.

Two soloists performing on the same stage with each eye as it's own private audience. Tag team - we would each take the stage after our exhaustive souls have taken their final bow.

Exhaustion and a submission to that exhaustion. Both bodies finding a limberness and velocity that took on its own trajectory as we paced the room.

Touch and intimacy. This becomes an unspoken portion of the dance and it holds the fabric of what we do together.

We end in touch.....

-

How does time pass like that...
The timer comes so soon

I lose all sense of myself
The universe opens up

It's just you and me
Sensing each other
Making choices
Exchanging quiet touch
Passing energy between us

But it's much more too

Spirits whisper
And tomorrow calls

Do they speak with you?
Does it ask you too...

Where have we been?
Where are we going?

It's all in our hands!
And our hearts
And our feet, four feet
It's not black and white
Our only choice is to ebb with nuance and flow with complexity

Life
Filling the room
This strange 'dancing' room
Our quiet ritual of listening, moving and meeting
Being

Perhaps it's just the way I feel this week but something bigger and deeper seems to be happening to us.

There are always the quiet growing pains of finding your own moving body, hearing internal expectations to deliver dancing 'form', arriving in the space/dealing with distraction offered by pictures or stuff all around us...for me the ordinary life rhythm, the people arriving into our magic at the end of it all (!), can be an interruption but can also be food, fuel that invites me to open more fully into myself and the moment. To trust what really IS.

I like that we rest - alone or together - anytime, in any way, for as long as is needed.

I like that we are there together but there is always permission to drift away.

I like it when we join.

When we oppose.

I like it when we support or are supported.

I like to sense and offer to you without expectation of anything in return.

I can feel how we share and enjoy the togetherness but we are not in a hurry.

I'm sure that the possibilities of our curiosity and intimacy are opening (and will continue to open!) but always with the truthful feeling that there is so much time, endless time.

Tomorrow we may be witnessed.

I will go further into myself and trust you ever more to meet that moment.

8/7/20

What to write. My mind is so full of many things, including what we did in the last hour or so. It seems I was trying to find my body again after a long period of convalescence and what is essentially my new body post COVID and post illness. I needed to take things slowly and tentatively as I entered into this realm again and step with cautious and quiet feet. The 'shadowing' of each other felt like a apt beginning for me as I worked out how to navigate myself again and the relationship that exists now with another body in the room. I lived the last couple of months in solitary existence for most part with minimal contact with other bodies not to mention such close proximity and intimacy. The interaction between customers is quite different to what we do and I needed to work it out again. Particularly as my illness has made me more aware of the dangers that exist between two bodies and the delicate nature/balance that must be considered between the two. Exhaustion also became a part of the equation as I realised that even short bursts of energy became yet another thing to navigate as we moved through the space. However as things progressed I found my rhythm again, albeit with moments of resting and stopping in between. Fragmented, uncertain and somnolent is probably how I would describe today but with a new sense of vitality that I am looking to explore. My brief connecting points with you Daisy gave me the energy I needed to pull through and the subtle almost 'ghost' like touches and connections gave both a welcome reprieve and serenity that I needed outside the wonderments of what movements I needed to execute and deliver to feed this ritual. I'll see what tomorrow will bring.

-

Just before it ended I thought to myself we could go on forever

Always time to give and to listen

To hold and be held

To open our hearts and ears to the universe and see what is underneath the noise

The silence here is so comforting

The hum of change no faster or slower than we need it to be

We can dance together and alone

Toward and away

We can wait

We can rest

Sometimes things rise up and burn

They rarely last long

Always we have our rest, ourselves, our depths

We have the ancestors inside us

And always we have each other

Tender

Tentative

Sure and clear

In step

Out of step

A strange tango

Waiting and acting

Accepting yet asking

Here is everything

And, what else?

I am free in this ritual

Beside you

Whatever happens

Is enough

The flood inside me can be loud and quiet all at once

Sensation

To arrive in the detail of any tiny moment

Fleeting but completely full

We are in this room

Grey

And we are in this world

Black and white

I can't help but ache for the possibility of something more

Inside me knows deeply the outside that I cannot yet see

More real

More complex

More kind

The way and possibility of things will reveal itself to us

If we wait

If we dance

If we walk together

19/12/19

Where to begin?

Much to say.

Perhaps we are due to speak.

But I am starting to really relish the silence.

Perhaps we could continue to work this way and extend the distance between speaking about it until we rarely do at all.

Until it purely exists as the meeting, moving together, and the writing.

I like the writing.

I'm ready to collect our emails and keep them, for now, as a quiet, growing family of words and wonder.

I am ready to talk with you about how we may wish to continue this embodied ritual.

I am also ready never to mention it and just make more times and more times and meet you there! The discoveries continue to grow in our shared doing.

Over time we will know how far to go with ourselves and with each other. I mean, I'm sure we already have found and will continue to find further edges in our energies and bodies.

Just as we have found and will continue to find new edges in all that is beyond frequency and physicality!

The next realm is always waiting nearby in this place. I never lose sense of it but some days it is more quiet.

I'm sorry I was late today. But the thickness in the air is powerful so it doesn't take much to fall deep within.

I wonder how it was for you to be here alone? The orientation of self and other is always shifting in this work. I like it. Lots of trust and fluidity. I am sure we can sustain this place but also go further into togetherness, and further into alone-ness side by side.

Today I was less full and sustained with things but I was more flooded with passing images and thoughts, possibilities and pictures. At one point your entire body was a landscape. I saw details in your skin I have never seen before.

I confess I am hungry to share this already. The presence of those clicking eyes yesterday for me really magnified the focus and significance of what we are doing. As I reevaluate my desire to 'make work' and 'produce products'

at this time of my life I realise it comes from a true and calm place: my soul's desire to allow what we know through deep practice to manifest into something that can change others. This work is changing us and it might change others. We can choose that as we wish. I have no expectations of your or us. I trust you and myself as equal part of this whole. It is a dialogue but it is also becoming one voice. Sooner or later this thing will tell us what to do, not the other way around.

Today I imagined sound designers and spatial designers, lights and images. I saw you sitting on a chair in a pool of light. I saw you gasping for air falling backwards slowly down a staircase. I saw us entangled, at times working against all odds, at times in total peace. Resting together or giving the gift of restful support. I saw us peeling away layers.

I imagined us bathed in projection. I heard someone laughing and someone crying and someone asking hard questions in response to us.

I imagined you and I embarking on a steady, steady way. I imagined us meeting like this but also reading and sharing video, images or text that demand their inclusion. Content which simply needs to be sewn through our bodies.

What does this process make you ask about yourself? About me? About us together? About the world?

I imagined you making choreographic decisions and me learning from that. And I imagined the reverse. I also imagined us never making choreographic decisions but the ritual just evolving deeper and deeper. I am not in a hurry but for sure my heart is open. If we ground our artistic dialogue in this way of embodied meeting, we will be able to travel to all sorts of

uncharted territory together.

I don't know how it will look. I just can't help but feel I am in this for a lifetime Josh.

Also I have to add the rest was beautiful today. I felt my heaviness really know itself, know that it was allowed. I could have laid forever with your hands on me. Healing hands. We are healing ourselves and one another with quiet attention and trust. With freedom to move around. Freedom to let breath and sound and sometimes voices out (mostly involuntary!).

When you groaned/sang today it sounded to me like it came from another place. A very old place.

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Solitude is sometimes needed in a duet and this what I felt most today. Before you arrived I began my own journey and because I was in that journey it became harder to catch up with you as the hour progressed. But at the same time it felt we connected briefly within those moments of respite as energies and levels dissipated throughout.

at times felt I could potentially levitate part of your body off the floor by just placing my hands over that area. Today has been an interesting day with a glimmer of hope in this world but juxtaposed against the impending darkness of the clouds. It made me realise that the need to celebrate is palpable but to also keep one ear to the ground as this world can also take as it receives.

There are also many eyes and not just one, through out the body and I used that analogy as a way to connect with you while not necessarily looking at you on that one to one interaction which occurred yesterday.

Today has been a day of random experiences which don't necessarily feel connected in any way so the fluidity of each sentence becomes fragmented as I continue to write.

What is becoming?

Is my body present in this moment at this time or have I entered the wormhole in a fragment of space and let myself be transported to another realm while my doppelgänger resides in this reality.

My knowledge of sound has been tested with the idea that the sound is not just a noise within the vacuum of space but also resides in the quieter moments of contemplation. The noise before you arrived was deafening!!

A day of questions rather than answers, hope rather than despair and finally solitude rather than connection- but to remember to be vigilant in this space as the universe can dramatically alter, shift and take away as it evolves. This was my lesson for today xo

18/12/19

Couldn't believe the timer was going off
Couldn't believe the time had passed

There are the usual questions dancing in me when we arrive
About space - the shirt, the windows, the light, the cool
The questions are only as busy as they wish
We get acquainted with the environment
It releases it from our attention
Then we get aquatinted with the inner landscape

The presence of clicking eyes upon us helped me drop deeper today, ask stronger
Why am I?
How are you?
Where are we?
What is really rising up right now?
I meet myself over and over
I met you too
Did I listen to you enough?
Did I make myself clear?

There is such trust between us
I find solace in every breath
I know I can take a moment, any moment, at any time, for as long as time
I know we hold each other
But we also find things to fight against
Well, I do... do you?
I think you do
Sometimes the fighting is so useful, so restful, the work that burns is rich and full, and it gives
way for a new kind of softness-something-anything afterwards

Softness
Real-ness
Forgiveness
In a harsh, hard world
So much white
So much black
Not enough reflections where we can really take a look and see what states back at us

Today I found myself peeling skins away and away and away

Thank you Josh

Tomorrow 12-1, yes

Again and again when we can, yes

In a room that is empty, yes

So we can fill it (and our ourselves) full with what we truly find, yes

We have created and are building something for us, for us, for as much as it must be for us

We don't need to share it, or we can - either way, we will know and it will know what's needed

I liked seeing you today, really seeing you

And I liked being seen, quietly, sensitively

It changed how I sensed myself and you and us as a pair

The gratefulness and wonder I feel today is held in me;
in a strong, ready body
in a mind soothed
in a soul awake to alternative worlds
in the cool water that pooled just once in my eyes

in knowing that this place,
this kingdom,
can always be waiting for us
if we let it

Thank you Josh

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So many memories in this room. I spent the majority of my WAAPA years in here when I first arrived in Perth in 2012. I haven't really been back since (in the capacity of someone dancing that this)

The moment I walked in I got a little anxious and my body began to stiffen as a result of the activities inside this room. This room has been built to train machines and my machine wasn't geared towards the mechanics of this room. I also began to see my 2012 self along with your 2012 self in this room and pondered how far we both have come from what was engineered inside this space.

I felt a comfort having another 'broken body' in this room and felt that with both our faults and errors in the mechanics of our machine we could overcome the veracity this room creates and instead recreate another reality where we both could thrive inside this space.

I lay myself out as a sacrifice to what this hour would produce and allowed my sacrificial sensitivities dictate how and where I would interact within this space and also the bodies (both yourself and the photographer). The clicking of the camera reminded me of a crime scene and that my body was the scene of the crime but instead of the death of the body it became the rebirth instead with each click of the camera capturing the past moment that each body passed through time.

I almost felt I walked into a time warp today and tried to listen to the ghosts of that space and if I could hear the familiar voices of the past or if they have become embedded in the fabric of the building that has taken the soul of so many who walk into these spaces.

Your presence became more palpable this time and I felt myself trying to connect with you more and more and the singularity of my practice became more inclusive of your presence and even the moments of eye contact became a moment to reflect and see the past and not some contrived notion of trying to connect for the sake of embodiment and dance semantics.

Everything has its place and purpose and like the the space itself which reminded me of a coliseum, I felt I was on stage for a moment but instead of fighting to the death as is often the case in this room I was re transporting myself to find my lost self from 2012.

I think I have found them and I took them back with me to this time and will now keep them in a safe place to nourish and revive them from their entrapment since 2012.

5/12/19

In all my years of riding while here in Perth, my front tyre has maybe gone flat twice. The first was due to riding over a nail and the second was today for some reason. It has always been the back tyre.

While it may seem a coincidence, I have to wonder about the potential signs that are being sent out re this. The first thought is it is just a coincidence and not related. But then I had to think about the real effort it took to get up today and then while I was riding up the hill towards Mt Hawthorn, how I felt I couldn't go on. My tyre went flat a few seconds after that thought.

The power of our connection these last few days has been intense and perhaps this is the universes way of saying to slow down or perhaps try something differently. So I did just that...

I went home and sat on my chair that faces towards the kitchen and could almost visualise you in that big expansive studio. I felt the drop in atmosphere occur and I slowly slid of my seat and began to move.

My living room is full of so much stuff so it was interesting to try and navigate around it while still keeping my focus on visualising you in that studio. Not sure if you felt the connection but it's something I'm wandering if that is possible given the power of the last two days and proximity to our bodies in space but yet so distant from each other.

I tried to go for an hour but became interrupted by my flat mate coming home who just destroys this energy with their presence. They are totally not in tune with any sort of slowness or considerate energy so it became hard to visualise you and I eventually lost your image.

I wonder if this distance between us (in this case location wise) is something we could explore when we are away??

4/12/19

There are hard, heavy, beating things in the world. They can grate on us. Or we can pour them into our cells and let their rhythm carry us, surprise us... we can use them instead of allowing them to use us. They can feed us. If we choose. If we become skilled in transforming them into the texture we need.

I realised suddenly that I was alone. It didn't bother me but it came as a surprise. I was at peace with the irritations that were hanging about. I found that I moved easily, clearly, but with a swift and slightly irregular rhythm.

Stepping inside a pool of water, I felt the floor ripple as my toe broke the surface. There were two of him, far away, waiting quietly.

For a while it seemed safe but also somehow uncertain, unnerving.

The darkness helped. The weight of things holding us down, covering us up. I was grateful for the silence, below which we could fall. I felt the noise of mind-words drift away. Sometimes there were fireworks in my head and sometimes dust.

The person sat on a single chair in a tiny pool of light. It seemed strange therapy context. As if the difficult answers had already been found. Suddenly it became a creature shifting and twisting across the floor.

I found I couldn't catch you today. I found myself unable to get there in time. So many near misses but still the same level of care and comfort in reaching out, in knowing of another presence. Knowing of our capacity to give to and receive from one another.

Something was darker but it wasn't harder. Was there less? Was it deeper? Were the ordinary and extraordinary dancing today? A romance of rest and strain, surrender and wait, listen and act and knowing and not knowing.

A tentative journey along the wall of chairs. A woman's head poised in a golden circle. A whispered conversation with the reflection of oneself. A stranger, a friend in the dark. The soft touch of another hand. Easy and difficult. Simple and complex.

A ritual in which it is hard to meet another's eyes. But in every other way we see each other.

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The tears came today, I knew they would at some point and I think you had a feeling they would as well- so thank you for the darkness. This is something I do in private so I don't usually let that side of myself be exposed. For me I have cried so much that it has become no use anymore so to show it someone else is neither a thing or emotion- just another action. Which is kind of like what today was - various actions in the dark but I could sense the importance of these actions as we looked beyond the forms of dance and technique. I felt an almost tug towards something beyond this room and I was transported to somewhere else - I'm not sure where but I never left that place until the alarm went off and realised the I had to break the spell to allow my body to enter this reality again.

I remember you saying something about having an old soul and to me this is so true. When I was younger I used to hide underneath objects (chairs, tables etc) and there would be little things (not sure what exactly) that would comfort me in these dark spaces. When I was underneath the chair today and inexplicably connected with you when my hand found yours, I was immediately transported back to those times; when as you get older you have to kill off these 'friends' in order to enter the world as it is now. The world doesn't have these 'friends' it is not in tune with this world so to have that connection again was overwhelming- the tears came in silent joy and relief- these little friends are not gone but hibernating

One of the things I was thinking about as I was riding home yesterday was do we want to share this with anyone outside these four walls?? While I look at the world now as it is, it almost seems it's not ready for this gift we have created and in many ways may try to change and manipulate it to suit the conventions we all know. Sometimes the simple things in life are just that simple but without purpose to entertain, inform and assist an understanding. For me we have created a work that just allows us to be - a break from the constant rushing headlong into oblivion that we all seem to be racing towards. I can feel my ancestors in the room

3/12/19

The end was like a dream. I had closed my eyes and you were gone when I woke up.

In fact the whole process seemed so dream like; as if we were two separate entities in the one room but never actually seeing each other but sensing that both were there in some shape or form.

The connections became to the peripheral as opposed to the whole physical body and I would align my senses with these elements of the dance.

The distance between both of us had a profound effect on my kinesesthetic awareness of both my body and your body in the space. I was able to shift in and out of this awareness but always felt your presence regardless. It was like we became ghosts to one another.

I didn't 'wake up' until after you had left as was the case at the beginning when we entered the space. The space itself became a blank canvas and contributed to the overall dream like atmosphere we created. I entered in and out of this canvas and could feel the 'thickening' they talk about when the atmosphere drops in the room. Tiredness and lethargy became a constant battle but I'm wondering if that was because of the heat or indeed the ritual atmosphere we created??

There was something powerful that was created and it transcended all moments of dance I have known- in turns of the history of where we are and what the word dance has meant for us throughout our life. I'm not sure if it was love or perhaps just a connection to another human that is not always present due to my solitary lifestyle. It felt like I was a shadow watching this but at the same time still connected in my body through this immense power we created.

Silence was a powerful element to this work and serves its purpose well. So I will bid you farewell and see you tomorrow xo

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I was very satisfied by that. I found it quite magical. My body feels softer somehow and my soul available. More than once I was overcome by such intense feelings of love for you Josh and for everyone and for life itself. Occasionally I was brought into the ordinary. Those horrible pictures of Nureyev on the wall. But they didn't distract me, I let them in and then something else became apparent. Often something that seemed arbitrary or out of place allowed a deeper channel to open up. I found things curious constantly. Did you? If I wasn't sure, I just had a rest and waited for something else to arise. I felt so much trust in rest, in myself and in you. At first images of ice and arid mountains came to me, like stone desserts. But later it became more red (maybe desert?) and green (maybe the bush?), in my mind. I knew I could care for you, carry you. I wanted you to know that. But I also trusted that you did. We were measuring up the edges of care. For ourselves. For each other. I leaned into hard work sometimes. Pain and challenge are so rich, they excite me. And I can fall so whole and complete into rest. Give over to gravity. Spread myself wide and flat across the face of the earth and just let it turn. Or curl up and find the warmth of the inner dance singing quietly to itself. There was much to discover about one another. I met you in a new way. And I met myself. It's amazing how without music, without rules or a score or any particular ideas... what happens, and why? What is possible? I noticed the barre and the piano helped at first. But later we began to get closer to trusting ourselves, just our bodies with nothing, just the edges of the room. Touch is powerful. It transports us to unknown places in ourselves. I didn't feel shackled by the studio or by certain expectations of movement. If I found myself in shapes or actions that seemed 'dancey' I checked myself: what was happening for me? What was real? If the shape or action compromised the authenticity of my moment I left it behind. I felt a quiet possibility that information from a realm different to this one could speak to us. But we didn't quite hear it. It danced silently in the periphery. I just looked up synonyms for real. The first word was kingdom.

Building a kingdom for being together as bodies. Finding out about the kingdoms that have and will continue to bind us (Nureyev!) Safe but discerning. Rest and interrogation. The co-existence of hunger and ease. Total trust and total un-knowing.

See you tomorrow Wednesday 11am-12pm in the same studio. I'll come out a few minutes early again. We can enter and depart together. Thank you Josh, thank you.

There are so many things from today that cannot be captured in words. But I really wonder at the way they emerge from and are held as history in our bodies.

(That sentence was meant to say: "I just looked up synonyms for the word realm.")

The coexistence of ordinary and extraordinary is fascinating. But I am also wondering what it takes to access and then stay a place that is much further and deeper. I wish I could go there now and I feel like it's possible. But I sense it will only happen by giving in and receiving it, it's not something one can DO. Knowing we could maybe go there AND YET we must stay in the slow burning dance that could transport us if we let it... this is the key coexistence of urgency and trust.)