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Choreographic aftermath

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Here the four editors talk about co-authoring the epilogue and what it should consist of.

One Editor (OE): Is this an epilogue?

Another Editor (AE): What do you mean?

AE: Well, traditionally an epilogue brings some kind of closure to a volume, and I think it's safe to say that with *Writing Choreography: Textualities of and beyond Dance* we are more interested in opening rather than closing anything, in creating choreographic possibilities rather than coming to any conclusions.

AE: In that case maybe this epilogue needs to be something more like an afterword?

AE: Or maybe it's an aftermath? We're here together in the aftermath, sharing the feeling that something has happened.

AE: So many things have happened! This volume has brought together many diverse choreographic actions, writings and readings and hopefully will continue to do so in the future.

AE: Hmm, maybe this open-ended aftermath-ness could be expressed via something affective, something more poetic than conclusive?

AE: Like a description of a practice or a shared experience? Or a score?

AE: Something that we editors can work on together but separately from where we are, at the peripheries of north and south, in three different countries, three different time zones, three different weather systems, three utterly different environments.

AE: This would also illuminate something particular about the way *Writing Choreography* emerged, through our exchanges across continents with each other and with all of the contributing authors, each with a very different take on writing choreography and choreographing writing.

AE: Maybe we could use your score from Chapter 12 to explore this shared yet singular sense of being absently present?

AE: Yes, but let's adapt it a little. Let's each choose a site and linger there for a while, observing the place and our own bodies in relation to the place, exploring this idea of being absently present, settling in and moving with whatever is emerging. And afterwards, we can write down some words evoked by the experience.

AE: Then we will write some sentences using our words and each other's, and bring all the materials together into a single poetic collaboration, moving the words and phrases around until it feels like something is beginning to emerge through and with it.

AE: And then we will share it here, as a processual rather than as a complete or perfect or conclusive thing.

AE: This is so nice. After all, the body and movement are only ever absently present, as this volume attests to. And our hope is that traces of choreographic writing from each of the contributing authors will also be absently present here in our processual, open-ended, poetic epilogue, that we will all somehow come together, here in the aftermath.

Editors In Polyphonic Unison (Eipu): Yes.

We absently carry a mute knowing, the shadows of wings. Wildlife.
Longing to be part of you.

The body, marked by stone, is heading south. The call of the sea.

Damp hair, damp skin, cold hands.
Low and still, under the overpass.

Dirt, rocks, twigs, leaves.
Hair, skin, hands, tiny creatures.
Sliver of sky, cars roar across brown river.
Bird cry, birds cry.

Huge, still, golden goddess.
Tiny creatures crawl.
Damp, cold, pale, brown, low life.

Whitecaps compose the forgotten lullaby; the wind caresses the skin of the rocks.

Brightness rocks all that is remembered, emptiness hangs with clouds.
I am stunned by the disappeared time and the heaps of yellow flowers.

The sea plants forgottenness into the waves.
Windy air clouds my existence.

Timelessness flowers on the bedrock, the wind signs,
a wave of disappearance composes the hereness.

Where does the horizon end? What can I not remember?

Then snow cut beats into the sea floor
and lichen furred you.

Brittle bones and brittle stones.
Brittle lichen and brittle fur.

This brittle wind beat a sea floor in.
This west wind boned the snow stone.

Now this snow stone bones the beat.

Remember the skin of the rocks:
The composed existence of sea plants flowering on the bedrock.
Caresses of the skin are waves disappearing into whitecaps, too.
They sing the windy lullaby of the sea.

Disappearing in the horizon, they are here, forgotten and not.

Twigs rock the dirt and leave the goddesses hair damp.
Skinning the cold, hands low and still,
She cries tiny golden creatures.

Life roars under the overpass.
Car river crawling in a huge pale brown sky.
Birds sliver.

I am not your sea, your snow, your west wind.
I am the lichened stone, the beat, your beat:
Now and then.
Then and this.
This and now.

I am not brittle bone and fur.
I am the floor.

I am now and I am then.
I am the sea floor.
I lie waiting until I become the ground.

Lichen, stone, fur, bone, wind, stone, snow, sea are all in me.
Little furry, bony, brittle creatures, beats in time, come and go.
Here they come. There they go.
They are fleet, I am forever.

Timelessness hangs in the air. The sea sings its lullaby.
Forgotten and remembered, existence caresses my skin.

At the end of the horizon, a stunning bedrock, with crowds of seagulls and
bright yellow flowers.

You, the shadow of the sea, carry the stone with you.
Your mute body longs to be part of wildlife.

The sea calls us wildly. Wings carry our absent lives.
The absent body is marked by longing.

With damp hair, damp skin, cold hands, she lies low and still, under the overpass.
Dirt, rocks, twigs, leaves in her hair, skin, hands, and some tiny creatures.
She can just see a sliver of sky, birds cry, birds cry.

Cars roar across in a brown river.
She's huge, and still, this golden goddess.
The tiny creatures crawl: damp, cold, pale, brown, low life.

The call of the sea marked in stone.
The shadows of wings, absent.

What do we absently carry? Wildlife?

I am part of your shadow.

The stones carry the sea with them.

We are marked by the sea and its knowing. We are marked by absence.

Your absent parts are called by the sea.

Wings carry the shadows of us and the sea.