

## disciplining the body/freeing movement

the wind can (only) blow (what is) in his way. bodies are bodies. they don't affect me emotionally, I help them define themselves. one moves, another doesn't. how do I make a body move? I place it in wind

when gestural language encounters verbal language

brain morphology. animal-human, polymorphism: movement, this question unchanged in time. the existence of rules constitutes an obstacle for innovation. "No air, no space; an understerilized prison; darkness, disease, and smells."

the results of ideas at the root of all steps

the first attempt:

the distance between two elements close together and identical in a technical system, measured in the direction where the elements are repeated

the second attempt:

the result is an outcome, a consequence, an effect.

the third attempt:

ideas: understanding, interpreting phenomena based on a system of ideas, a way to conceive of something.

the experience of the body under the influence of wind. expressing it in words. throughout time, a history of wind, too undistinguished from language influenced by the body.

"the imagery that inspired him was the slender stream in his back yard in Liveni; then the house and yard and the trees in Mihăileni, also children playing in the street he'd watch from the other side of the fence."

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what begins in a thigh. bending the knees appears as prelude to elevation. what begins in a thigh. "Nobody has ever mentored me, not even when I was a child!"

beat(ing), positive or pejorative: in a wind's blow, I'll beat you to death, batt(u)allia, blowing up the lake to stir the fish, a time when mountain cocks flap their wings to mate, tapping the ground with your foot then jump etc.

all possibilities came down to one: the inevitable. *look at the hen tapping. hold it, hen, I'll cut you*: crescendo, tremolo, martellato, flagioletto, pianissimo.

“as early as in 1669, Raoul Feuillet came up with the first choreographic notation. he proposes a basic notation of steps, the gait direction and the figure sequence. there are no indications regarding the movement of the arms or of the upper parts of the body.”

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[Aurora sees the old woman’s knitting needles tapping a 2/4 measure. it gradually turns into a charming waltz in 3/4. break. a cry in pain. Aurora is bleeding. eight 4/4 measures, very wide. Aurora starts to dance and gets dizzy. people are amazed. Aurora twirls as if bit by a tarantula, then suddenly collapses.]

[and nothing could have come out of their cry. a coral reef formed around her neck, jewels, so precious any other necklace would be imitating its art. when she opened her mouth her teeth were blunt, like a sea mammal’s. only swans carry such defense camouflage.]

[swans – broccoli. in and out of water. neck under, they are like a silky bouquet. broccoli. who would touch a submerged swan.]

[she pulls the leash; the animal gets out. shakes its tail at her feet, moves around the fallen skin. devilish skin, a sea devil. she takes it in her arms. her body smell wakes the animal. the beast begins to wash her, unnervingly. she lays it down and heads to the horse. the horse’s huge head, eyelids half-closed. the smell is there. millimeter by millimeter, an eyelid opens. the horse chews the skin, then desires to be lifted. she positions himself under the animal and lifts it. they prance synchronously, then let her skin be weighed down.]

[let’s turn our attention from legs to arms. (...) the art of gestures is crammed in between margins too narrow, for great effects. (...) what is lost at the level of legs will be found at the level of arms. (...) the body is no longer a way for the soul to escape; on the contrary, it gathers around it.]

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“I wish I could fly, to see with my own eyes things hidden underground!”

what helps you be in flight fly? air: *a mixture of gases that form the lower layers of atmosphere, indispensable to aerobic organisms.* under ground, memory contains every gesture.

for now, we limit ourselves to events in earth:

“We bind sheaves on fields,  
with sweet wine in a jug  
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la” (*Romanian Rhapsody no. 1*, lyrics by Georgeta Moraru, music after George Enescu)

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“like algae at the bottom of the aquarium, fools move around in front of sad people in the world, who watch them fully remorseful.”

welcome to a storage area for gestures. they gather out of living bodies. one stretches, another jumps, a third spins, and I start getting ideas.

if I could perceive air, everything around me  
could move.  
the progression of desires would be a manifestation of disturbances,  
people pushed by air currents would find themselves at an unfair  
balance

I wouldn't appreciate breath the same, lungs filling up  
soon there would be no other air.

the issues they often face: they hope to meet true novelty that once novelty will  
always be so;

“we can find the continuity of time only in the novels of  
an era in which time neither seemed stable nor exploded yet, an era which lasted  
approximately 100 years and that's that.”

the salmon swims. examining evolutionist questions means examining a fin. the  
ultimate animal reaction is sensation.

this smell-less and people-less town. the dizziness when you can look at them

I come in and go out. each hollow carries a possible reunion with a body. the filling  
out and pouring out, constriction and destruction

it is useless to ask this past for any answer.

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within the family, children are emotionally prepared for life  
within the family, we were emotionally abused for life

we rub our temples with the hardened tallow,  
we rub our temples, do you have the courage?

not trusting yourself is at the basis. this town brings the past out of you

the mother exits the hole and the daughter enters it

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