

March 14, 2023

**Prelude - Thoughts on Home / Me / History / Memory**

**A Rambling**

Home is a humorous thing.

It's where the heart is, but I've passed my heart around a lot and I think I've lost track of it.

I'm bad at directions.

I wish I could follow the stars and navigate the roads & sidewalks of our corner of the universe.

I wish I knew how to use a compass,

But by the time I think I figured out where I was supposed to be, it's already come to pass.

Maybe it'd be nice for someone to hold my hand and take me on an adventure,

To spend a day in their shoes, or behind their rose-coloured glasses;

But we always end up not holding hands and you have to ask yourself

Where am I?

I like moving.

I've become a minimalist out of necessity.

It's tiring to move a life around all the time, so you think about the essentials.

The essentials:

A futon that has been used by many.

A hand-me-down couch that I keep saying I'm never gonna move again.

A handful of photos.

A couple of shelves of books, mostly unread.

A closet full of clothes, well worn.

The most worn: a yellow sweater, a red cardigan, a pair of overalls. Recently, I had to throw the yellow sweater out. It's been replaced with a lavender sweater, often worn with the overalls.

Plants that have been kept alive by various roommates.

One was a gift from an ex-partner.

One was a gift from a friend, a clipping from a plant that every member of her family has.

One was left behind by an old roommate.

I wonder how long these plants will live, and how long the memories that come with them will last. I'd put money on the memories lasting longer, but I didn't get my security deposit back from my last place.

I often didn't change my address on all my legal stuff,

By the time I got around to it, I was already looking at new pockets of our corner of the universe to take up.

Is home an address?

Our memories make up our little histories that make up a portion of our being.

Our being is also made up of our actions, our relationships, our environment, some chemicals and a bunch of science, of destiny or fate...

I wonder if we hold onto history that we don't know, that somewhere in the neurons and blood cells and stardust that make us up, if there are memories of histories nobody knows about.

Imagine an atom that makes up our anatomy, sharing a story to the other cells in our body, informing them of past lives, of future lives, of current dreams – keeping the ghosts of all of our memories & futures alive somewhere in our bodies.

**A Creation Task #1 - Inspired by Conversation at Our First Meeting**

What is something you've learned far in your past that defines who you are today?

Write it down as small as possible.

Write a 3 line story that teaches this lesson.

You can write the story as big as you want.

**A Creation Task #2 - Inspired by Conversation at Our First Meeting**

Draw a home.

Does it look like your home?

Draw a snail's home. Sketch a picture of yourself in the home.

Draw a turtle's home. Sketch a picture of your younger self in the home.

Draw a home of a past life.

Fill it with memories.

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**March 18th - Kevin**

**A Rambling:**

I'm reminded of the care we should have for each other, for our little environments, for our big environments,  
All these temporary things that we can choose to care about.

The position of a table,

The proximity of a chair to that table or that chair,

Talking about if I hold this leg or that leg, whichever is the right one, literally.

If politicians took the care that these dancers take with each other and this temporary environment, in regards to our  
Earthly temporary environment, then we will continue to dance in every corner, on every table and every chair for a  
long time.

I'm reminded that there are endless ways to take up a square diameter of space and that endlessness is doubled when  
we share this space.

I'm reminded to "catch that fleeting memory".

**A Movement Score Task - Inspired by Kevin & Co.**

Take a box and put it on an empty table in an empty diner.  
Make a diorama of your childhood home.  
Notice other people are also recreating little histories in the diner, no longer empty.  
An employee turns off the lights.  
Light your diorama.  
Take a step back,  
Then take a tour of this diner full of history,  
Of these little history lessons a la elementary school science fair projects,  
Of an apartment block broken up on tabletops,  
Of a bunch of clutter the employee is gonna have to clean up at the end of their shift.  
It's beautiful.

Now,

Pick up your diorama and, with everyone, place them to make a square in the centre of the diner.  
Within the square, everyone in the diner will dance 3 important moments that answer these questions:  
*What did you want to be when you grew up?*  
*When is the first time you remember falling?*  
*When was a moment you were nervous eating a meal with someone?*  
Continue dancing these memories until you've excavated each memory to its fullest  
Then  
Leave the square  
And sit in a diner chair  
And talk about these excavated memories that answer these questions.  
Answer them in every language you know or kind of know.

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**April 10th - Laura**

**A Movement Score Task - Inspired by Laura & Kathleen**

Make a note of all the little routines you have in a day.

How you make your bed.

How you make a coffee.

How you put on your shoes.

How you thread a sewing machine.

How you take off your socks.

How you read emails.

These are choreographic scores in a moment of your everyday dance.

Choose one and perfect it.

Repeat it and repeat it and repeat it.

Repeat until you no longer think about it.

Notice if you are ever actually performing the same series of actions...

Or are there nuances so small you might not even perceive them?

Try to teach your dance to someone.

Try to perform it in sync, each of you sort of looking at each other.

Repeat it and repeat it and repeat it.

Are you ever truly in sync?

Is someone always leading or following?

Teach your dance to an ensemble.

Once learned, do it once all together.

Does everyone begin and end at the same time?

Now, everyone will do their version of:

Making a bed

Or winding a bobbin thread

Or any of their little routines

And you will perform them starting at the same time-

Does everyone finish together?

Repeat until everyone does.

An example of a choreographic score for a moment in your everyday dance:

*To Take Off A Sock*

Sit on the side of your bed closest to your bedroom door.

Put your left leg on your right knee.

With your thumbs, insert them into where your black, or usually dirty white sock, meets your furry calf,

And slide off the sock over your ankle, your heel, your toes.

Shake off any dust or crumbs stuck on it.

Smell it.

Whether it smells bad or good, throw it on your floor, beside yesterday's socks.

Repeat on the other side.

Throughout this Movement Score Task, always remember.

“The little bits matter.”



**A Quilt of A Rambling; Questions and Answers?**

Little Terrains on the Map of a Patchwork Dress.

Artificial Mountains, both Physical and Metaphorical.

Stepping Stones of Clothes in Piles on Our Pond of a Dancefloor.

The Dust and Confetti of Fabric Scraps Sprinkled on the Ground.

Can we contain the terrain?

How small can we make our little mountains?

How can you hold a mountain?

How do we accept the next stepping stone is too far away?

How can we relax into the pile in the pond we are in?

Can we collect the dust and confetti to become a new stepping stone?

A new mountain?

A new piece of the map?

Bodies become dust, the confetti of a life lived.

Dust grows into mountains.

Therefore,

Bodies become mountains,

And we can hold onto our bodies

As we try to contain / make / accept / relax / collect

The puzzle pieces of a life.

All of these puzzle pieces that we want to make a life with are held together by:

Thread

Knots

Hand holding

Fate

Cells

Stories

History

A puzzle with no right way to be finished (with unfinished seams).

**A Movement Score Task - Inspired by Laura & Kathleen #2**

Make a mountain.

Sit in front of the mountain with a neighbour.

Make something independently in tandem with your neighbour.

Give it to them.

**A Creation Task #3:**

Tape a fossil of a dress to the floor.

Fill it with pieces of torn clothing (of old memories)

Maybe that yellow sweater you threw out,

Stitch the quilted dress together by hand.

Repeat.

Stitch together the two fossils into a new garment.

Wear the memories on your sleeve (if you made a dress with sleeves).

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**April 20th - Oriah**

**A Rambling - Just Observations**

We open on a meadow in a picture frame made of mountains and snowy terrain.

A snow angel dances in this organic framework with geometric angles askew.

She melts gently into fluid shapes. She reaches for the sound downstage left.

She wants it beside her.

The snow angel continues to melt into a puddle that melts into a mountain,

A mountain moving glacially to a new terrain.

The mountain becomes a hill, with guttural sounds that accompany, beside her.

The hill spins.

A deer-like giant emerges, finding their limbs.

We'll call this move the *limb-OH what's over there*.

The picture frame becomes a fence with an open gate.

And we exit the moving memories

And she begins to spiral

Gathering

Stacking

Finding A Way

Searching

Compiling (A Life).

We return to the safety of the snowy mountain-scape framework.

She rests

She remembers

She observes with her head on the snow.

We melt with the snow.

She holds what's left of it.

We take a nap.

**A Movement Score Task - Inspired by Oriah**

Create a mountainscape or a soundscape.

Place it in the space or record it and then play it in the space.

Set up a camera and press record.

Improvise the dance of a 2-dimensional shadow becoming 3-dimensional.

You must

Compile

Gather

Stack

Your limbs.

Then

Improvise a dance that explores the whole expanse of your mountain or soundscape.

Then return to where you started

And observe the space.

Stop recording.

Review the footage of the captured improv.

Watch it only once at double-speed.

Recreate your exact improv

But ensure you find 5 moments of stillness

And in each stillness you must say one of the following lines:

(you must say each line once)

*“Maybe this is something”*

*“I won't be hurt”*

*“I know when I'm there”*

*“It's only me”*

*“I'm not doing a lot”*

Record this.

**A Creation Task #4 - Inspired by Oriah's Research Presentation- April 28th, 2023**

At night, when it's snowing those heavy snowflakes  
Find an intersection  
Look both ways  
Then look the other both ways  
And then look again for good measure  
And when the coast is clear  
Go into the intersection  
And make a snow angel in 5 seconds  
Then  
Get up and leave the intersection  
And from the sidewalk or ditch or shoulder of the road  
Watch your snow angel until it disappears.

April 30th, 2023

**Epilogue - Inspired by Everything**

I wish I could put all my memories on a bookshelf as little mementos

But

Memories are like cats that are like water

I'm allergic to them

But also

They're fluid

And our bodies, that are made up of

Flesh that holds us together

Of muscles and bones that make up the framework of our existence

Of cells that were once stardust looking for a home that have found a home in you

Remember.

Somehow, our bodies hold our memories.

And the memories of worlds before us.

And I wonder if memories will ever become finite.

Will we ever complete a memory archive?

I want to sit back and relax on one of my everyday thrones

That hand-me-down couch I keep saying I'll stop moving

Someone's lap

The pile of clothes in the corner

In a little square diameter of space

On the top of a hill

And think about the habit of curiosity.

And think about visiting family only when someone passes away.

And think about how sewing machines are a great prop because they're a practical light source, spotlighting our hardworking fingers, and they create a soundscape of...a sewing machine.

On this everyday throne

I wish that these little archives of dance

Danced by artists researching our moving bodies

Inspire your imagination

That your brain starts buzzing with dances yet to be danced inspired by these words inspired by dance

And you get up

And move your body

And have a little dance party for the cells in your body that are working hard

Remembering.



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