

*A Spine Swimming
in Gravity*

material for the body-mind.

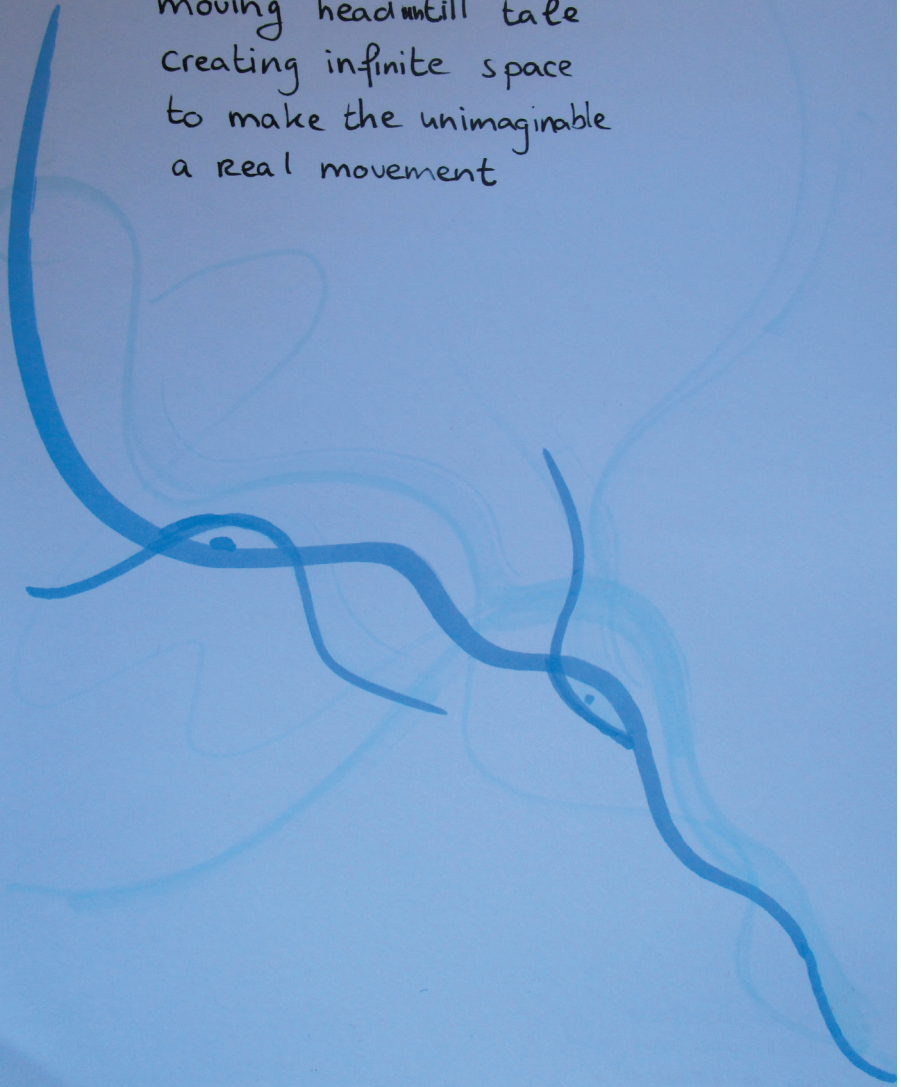
expressions by Liesbeth de Jong

Awareness that falls on to something
Allows it to be born.

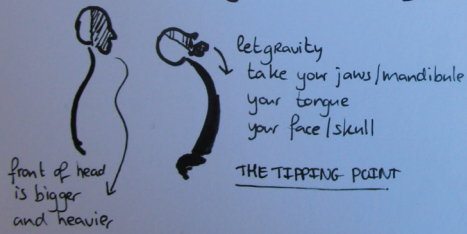
I wonder, is material for the spine
an undiscovered reality?
or a new religion?

When I fall, I get up
in spiraling helixes
and when I breath out
I don't die
But space is created
and my spine grows longer

Eyes changing perspective
moving head until tale
creating infinite space
to make the unimaginable
a real movement



I am undecided if I fell on
a damn convincing proof of hope,
of life and evolution.
Or a story that soothes my mind asleep
avoiding to face reality



Practicing material for the spine
without the heart
Is like making hove
as material for the pelvic floor.

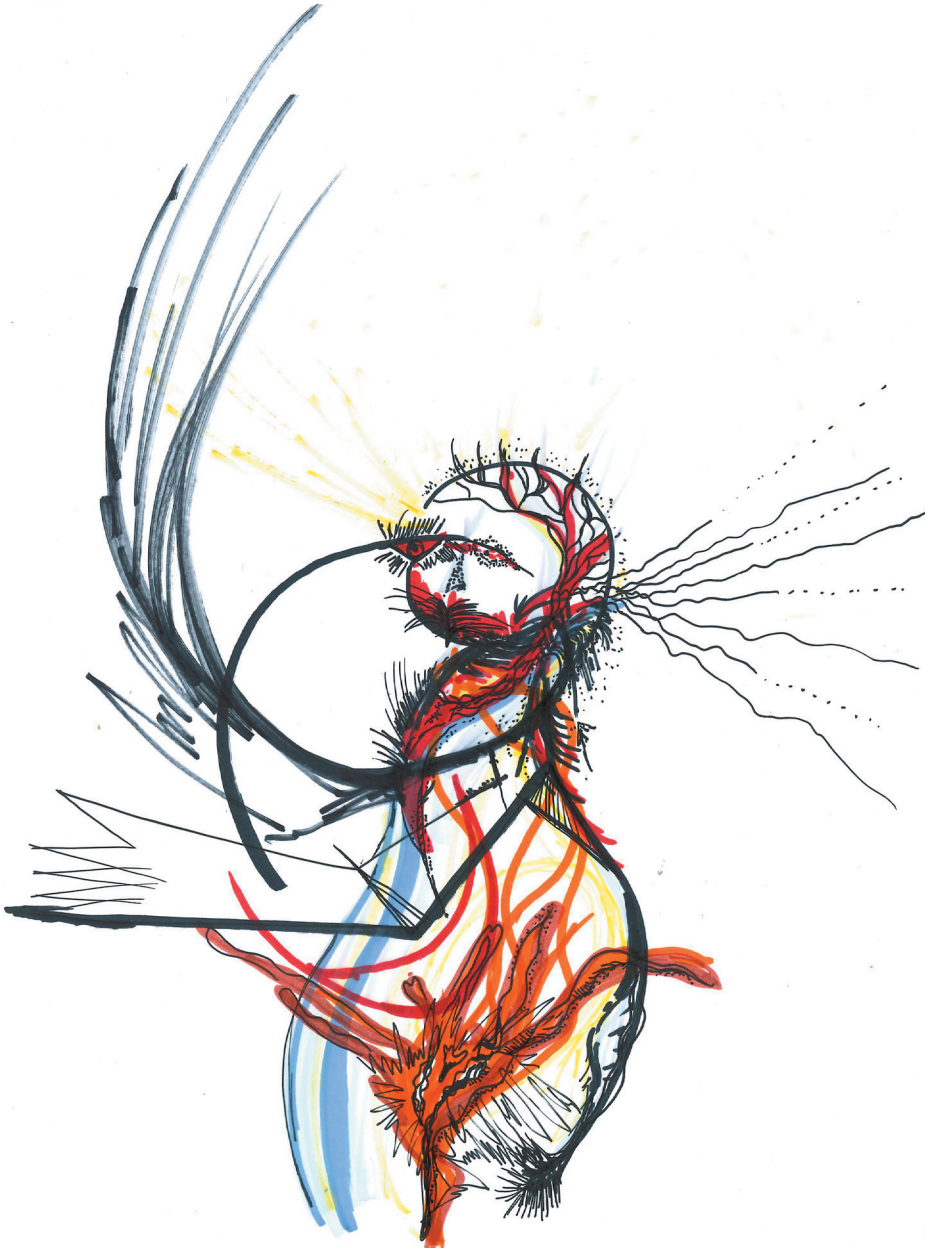
Point both thumbs up
move them outwards
let radius, humerus and clavicle follow
move upward to the throat to the atlas
where your spine meets your head
ribcage is open.

Rain falling
from shoulders into belly
organs dripping from despair
of what our world is facing
but earths cry
remained echoing
in its belly.

It is material for the spine, not for the heart.

Ok, feet bony backside of the spine
little finger, to scapula, to sits bones
sits bones pointing to heels
as if it is their fault that earth gets trashed.

So heels pointing inward via trochanter,
to sits bones, to scapula, to little finger.
And so the pointing continues,
who is to blame?



What the earth is going on?

A raw despair
organs flying around
we choked in our own tongue
of desire for more



And it has something to do with
the world that is not ours
and a hidden longing for care

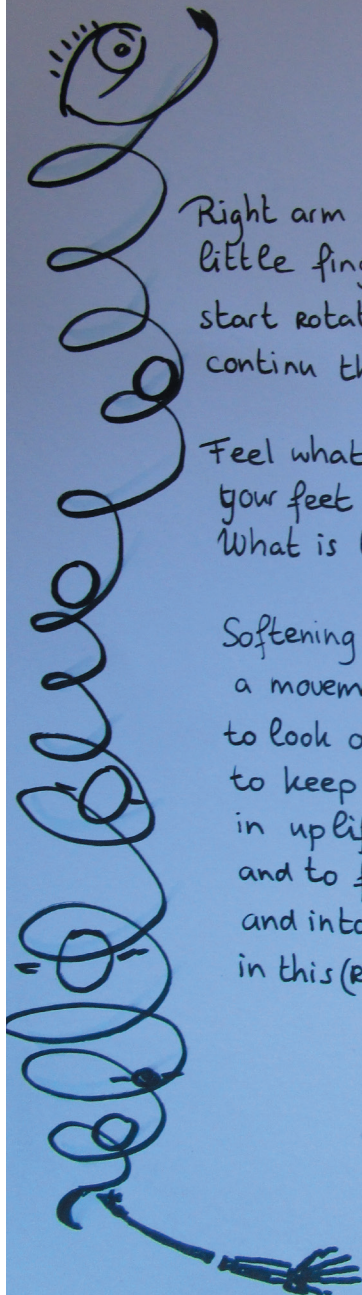
*When the soft belly side
of the spine cracks open,
the heart pours into the world*

Plastic increases the viscosity
of our bodies
until it becomes stiff and immobile
Unable to handle the shear load of humanity
Earth cracked open
and spit volcanic fires.

The question is:
to suicide or not to suicide?

While humanity is getting stiff from their
industrial habitual reflexes,
the only faith I put is in falling.

Falling into gravity
while reaching out for the world
Before my mind can grab my attention
to stay upright.



Right arm up, left arm round
little finger pointing around your chest
start rotating your head on your atlas
continue this spiral.

Feel what is left behind
your feet softly gliding on the floor
What is the trace you leave behind?

Softening the form that is a process
a movement unfolding around a single ^{intention}
to look over your scapula (shoulder) and
to keep looking around you
in uplifting spirals.
and to feel softly into your back
and into the traces you leave behind
in this (right) moment.

Time to rest and digest
allowing gently my sits bones
to lean into the hand of the earth
listening to its messages
to open up my heart.



Expressing my gratitude

Thanks to Contredanse for so generously organising and creating this creative and open environment around the work of Steve Paxton.

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And last, but not least, a lot of gratitude for all the fellow-explorers that dove with me in gravity and the work of the spine.

Event Swimming in Gravity

March 2019 - Belgium - Brussels

Organised by Contredanse

A week of workshops around the work of Steve Paxton:

Material for the Spine and Contact Improvisation.

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