

# Paragraphs for a Dance Company

Lights please!

I wish for a Dance Company.

A Dance Company that thinks being-together as a possibility of “with”. It is not a togetherness (collection). It is not a co-appearance (capital) it is a WE and the here and now of this WE.

It is a place where we spend time with dance rather than the assurance of success, a space in which the vibration of bodies, each one as a singularity, produce change. It is a subordination to the task. It is a process of desubjectification and at the same time, a demand for name and body.

It is a matter of courage.

It is a space of experimentation rather than a place of conformity. Taking off from tradition, offering its bodies to form the new. The new! (Not a re-staging of Swan Lake with an overly costly set design that will never be taken on tour.)

It is an investigation into the senses. It is an investment in the poetic. It is an intervention towards the unknown.

I wish for a Dance Company that stays curious.

Exploring nonsense as a particular form of making sense. Affirming that the importance of dance lies in its utter uselessness. Affirming, because it simply does not know how to go back in time.

Meanwhile, it might be difficult to watch. Temporarily, your thoughts will drift. And then, all of a sudden, temperature rises and falls, you implode and expand simultaneously. The known pathway is impossible to take anymore, something is so intensely different.

Black out.

I wish for a Dance Company that is neither a house, nor a home, nor a family.

It is a transition-site of forces. It destabilises rather than solidifies. It redistributes rather than maintains. It activates rather than rehearses. Exactly *here* is where it diffuses power: through action rather than metaphor, a distribution of tools rather than an isolation of knowledge, and the shared *being-with-exposure* of finding it out together. This is the WE.

This is also the risk. It does not come “by reputation”. It does not make excuses. It does not know how to imitate. It cannot be *about*. It will not create any other loyalty. It is a place of agency, but not of self-expression. It can only do.

It is the capacity of dancing bodies.

*Here* is the point from which it serves: *through bodies allowing dance to happen*.

Bodies dancing muscles, bones, fluids, organs, and nerves. Bodies dancing other bodies. Bodies

surpassing the edge of the skin. Bodies duplicating and evaporating. Bodies devouring space and time. Unnumbered. Volatile. Suburban. Bodies at work. Bodies *of* work. Bodies of difference. Expert bodies. Bodies distinguishing between being a body, working as a body, and observing what a body does. Bodies making this into a body of discipline.

Bodies transmitting dance quite simply.

And yet, I wish for a Dance Company that offers complexity. It produces experience rather than spectacle. It opens up grey zones in times of the simple, loud, and linear. It goes on for hours in times of the fast and easily accomplished. It endures. It sweats for it.

But mostly, and urgently I wish for a Dance Company that *disappears into dance*.

Beyond description and outside of words.

Anna Pehrsson

This text also appears in Weld Company’s Yearbook 2017.

