

Collective Sensations

—

Practice

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## Introduction

“So. We will dance for an hour, which will be divided into two sets of thirty minutes each. I will keep the time and announce when we shift to the second set, so you don’t need to think about the time.

“For the first thirty minutes, we will start each on our own, finding a movement or an activity that is physically interesting for us. That means an activity we feel we can keep going for a longer time without getting bored with it. Once every one has established his/her activity, we will start exchanging fragmentary details about this activity, by describing them. For example, let’s say I’m crawling on all fours, I might say ‘I shift my weight from knee to hand,’ or ‘I let my spine hang,’ or ‘I open the space between my fingers,’ or any other partial information about what I’m doing.

“When we hear such a phrase, we continue our own activity and see how we can integrate this new element into it.

“In the second half of this session, after I signal the shift to the second part, we will reset our activity and start with imagining a body that is not our actual body. It can be very different from us or not. It can be human or not, organic or nonorganic, mechanical, realistic or not, etc. Once this imagination is clear for us, we will start moving in order to create for ourselves the sensation of this body. We won’t try to look like this body, but to feel like it.

“This accumulation of focuses will make our activity evolve, even though what we’re focusing on is continuity.

It might be that some information never finds its way into our activity. Or that some gets lost on the way. Both cases are all right.

If you feel overwhelmed by the quantity of information and lose the precision of your focus on each element, you also might want to drop some or all elements and start anew.”

Variations:

You can decide to work constantly with three pieces of information (phrases), i.e., to let go of an indication whenever a new one is integrated into your activity.

It is also possible to specify which type of imagination is used for the second part. For example, you can work with a mechanical body, with memories of other people's bodies, with images that give you physical pleasure, with your body as a landscape, with the sensation of being in this imaginary landscape, with a conception of the entire space as your body, etc.

Notes / Further Indications:

Once the practice of grounding sensation in imagination through movement becomes more fluent, looking at the others and observing the effect of words on their bodies can bring you a more complex and playful understanding of the situation, by paying attention to the multiplicity of manners in which a body can be affected by the same phrase while remaining focused on your internal imagination/sensation connection.

## About the Practice

### Intro/Context

The dance practice presented in this booklet was developed between September 2007 and August 2009. It emerged in the context of *Praticable*, a platform I had set up together with Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies, Isabelle Schad, and Odile Seitz in 2006. The five of us—dancers and choreographers—had felt the need to meet regularly and experiment together with body practices and with possible representations emerging from these practices. What we were looking for was a platform where we could learn from each other and develop knowledge that could feed everyone's individual work. We founded *Praticable* as a horizontal work structure to link research, creation, transmission, and production of dance knowledge. This structure formed the foundation for the creation of a number of performances signed by one or several of us, and each of the performances was grounded

in the exploration of physical approaches to movement. In practice, Praticable has involved us in shared research of physical practices that have fed into various creations.

Within the context of Praticable, I began working on a proposal for a practice through which we could share our dance knowledge and scattered experiences without classification or hierarchy, and it was also an attempt to find answers to some questions that the other practices shared within the group (especially Body-Mind Centering®) had raised for me.

I have been proposing and exploring this practice over a period of two years in various contexts—in Saint-Erme (PerformingArtsForum), in my Berlin studio (with many colleagues from the dance community), in Stockholm (with mychoreography.org, the MA of choreography students), as well as with the dancers in the rehearsals for the performance *Collective Sensations (Praticable)*. The evolution and development of the practice results from the investment of all the people that have taken part in it.

## Sensation & Imagination

The practices shared within Practicable have been mostly nourished by Body-Mind Centering® (BMC™), “an integrated approach to transformative experience through movement re-education and hands-on repatterning. Developed by Bonnie Bainbridge Cohen, it is an experiential study based on the embodiment and application of anatomical, physiological, psychophysical and developmental principles, utilizing movement, touch, voice and mind.”<sup>1</sup>

This was new to me and led me to wonder about the role of imagination in the act of dancing; if we can use our capacity to represent for ourselves a piece of information about our body in order to feel the reality of this information, can our imagination lead us to use movement in order to produce the matching sensation? Can we feel imaginary bodies? Can we trick our proprioceptive system and experience fictional sensations as real? Or, let's put it this way, can we in fact physically differentiate our experience of reality from our fantasies? I thus became interested in this relation between imagination and sensation, between what we focus on and what we feel. If we can feel products of our imagination, sensation is not proof of the material world, but an expression of our investment in perceptive constructs, be they physical or mental.

## Language

On the other hand, the experience of language inducing sensations and movement seemed to be quite common in dance. I knew this from most dance classes I had taken in my life, whether in techniques directly focused on the use of metaphors for alignment, such as Skinner Releasing Technique™, or the occasional image given to support the understanding of a particular physical organization (I remember my teacher explaining the extension of both arms on each side of the body with something like “your hands touch on the other side of the globe”). Language is then a much-used tool to connect our bodies, the common referent for individual experiences: by describing an action, we make it possible to share it, even though this description does not explain the experience of effectuating the action. The use of language to communicate information about the body’s experience thus is a means for a common signifier to induce individual experiences, for a collective motor to feed into as many singular interpretations. And this common signifier is then interpreted as a metaphor by each of us, so that even the most “flatly” explicit anatomical description allows a different understanding. Taking this interpretative work seriously means accepting the fictional relation between words and perception. And taking our capacity to digest language into sensorial experience seriously means acknowledging our skill at feeling fiction in our bodies.

## Horizontality

Any image can motorize dance. Each of us carries around a huge quantity of danceable phrases, which we've heard, felt, told, danced, etc. From this stock, we know how to produce more and are therefore an unlimited resource for choreography. These dances, these sentences, come from very different places, whether from various dance techniques, literature, song texts, or any life experience in general. I was interested in not separating these, but in considering the dancer as a complex of language and experiences that form an inseparable whole, a unique combination of shared cultural bits.

I was also looking for an alternative mode of transmission that would allow these independent items to enter a flow from which anyone could draw without a master deciding for the others what should be taken or in which way. This is why the practice developed as this system of sharing and filtering: each decides what to share, while the activity of appropriating and combining pieces of information allows everyone to filter what actually makes sense or enriches the bundle of tasks or of possibilities one is working with. Thus, everyone is both a transmitter and a receptor in the exchange of knowledge set up by the practice, an active participant in the construction of a communal database.

## A Group Dance?

If the database is communal, it is only ever partly so, because the participants never tell everything, as it is impossible to tell one's entire experience, and because part of the work is to make responsible decisions over what we put out into the common space. In the same way, not everything offered into the common space is integrated into everybody's own activity. The dance is thus always partially communal and partially individual, while language travels across bodies and people actively work through their perception of both sensations and language. It is a group dance in which each dancer is his or her own autonomous choreographer and participates in the construction of an ensemble of motivations. The general choreography is the principle of filtering and accumulation set by the practice. On the other hand, each person's dance follows an individual choreography resulting from this activity of filtering, interpreting, and combining elements from the shared pot of sentences. Of course energy, speed, rhythm, and other forces spreading through the group also influence everyone's dance, yet the conscious construction (what I call the choreography) takes place through language.

## Conclusion

I hope that this booklet can be used as a tool, for dancers and others to practice, to warm-up together in a non-hierarchical mode, to develop their capacity at directing movement from a kinesthetic angle, to research their relation to language and sensations, or for any purpose I cannot imagine myself. I also consider the transcripts as an open-ended resource of possible dances, an endless encyclopedia of tasks that can grow from the encounter of various understandings of dance, of the body, and of their possible descriptions.

<sup>1</sup> <http://www.bodymindcentering.com/About/>

## Transcripts

**April 16, 2008** – in PAF with Kai Stöger, Elke van Campenhout, Rebecca Lenaerts, and others

I'm keeping my hands together  
I'm trying to grow out of the floor  
I'm drawing with my coccyx  
I'm writing my name with my coccyx  
I'm trying to extend my leg  
My ribcage is expanding  
I move out of my belly  
I'm trying to keep my neck straight  
I put oil in my shoulder and behind my shoulder blades  
The oil is running down through the spine  
My legs are going jelly  
I'm standing on my hands and feet  
I'm touching the walls, the ceiling, and the floor at the same time

I'm trying to touch the inside of myself  
I feel something inside, it's growing and swelling up . . . it  
wants to go out  
It's heavy and pushing the inside of my skin  
Suddenly there's this feeling of emptiness  
I'm walking on the top of very high sand dunes  
It's high tide, the water is coming, and it's slowly rising  
around my feet  
I'm drawing circles in the water with my foot  
The water is up to my thighs now, and there's a strong  
current now pushing me around  
My hands are very large, so I use them to stabilize myself  
I give up struggling against it, and start with my big  
hands to pick up and dance with the wind  
The air enters and makes space in my eyes, nose, mouth,  
ears. . . .  
Now I'm suspended by the air that's gently opening all  
the spaces in my body  
Slowly I start evaporating, becoming particles in the air,  
not one body anymore  
I feel the space and flow outside in the trees and the blue  
sky  
My nails are attached to faraway branches  
I'm starting to get heavy again, and the branches are not  
big enough, they bend

**April 17, 2008** – in PAF with Kai Stöger, Nor Toma,  
and others

My organs are resting on my spine  
My shoulder blades are gliding on my ribs  
My joints are expanding  
I shift my weight to different body parts  
Each body part in contact with the floor softens and  
widens into the floor  
I do spirals and twisting  
My weight pours like quicksilver  
I pay attention to the non-symmetrical lines  
Water is constantly running down my spine  
Balls are rolling within my wrists  
My arms are hung by strings like a marionette  
Blood is pumping in my body, getting warmer, thicker,  
and flowing

**April 31, 2008** – with François Chaignaud

I make a lot of space between my ears and shoulders  
I make a vertical line between my feet  
I make space between my armpits  
I compress the space between my two kneecaps  
I look for balance  
I climb up on the front part of my feet

Fish fins grow on the level of my knees  
My face is smooth as a sushi  
A red beam goes out of the tip of my right ear  
The fibers of my calves are made of silver  
The red beam links up with my left shoulder  
I play basketball with my bladder  
My body gets covered with eyes  
I realize that the sole of my feet is covered with eyes that  
get smashed on the floor  
I throw up between my shoulder blades  
I leave large trails of vomit on the walls  
I become a mix of mucus, cold ashes, and smashed eyes  
I'm the flattest creature in the evolution of the living  
world  
A transparent membrane forms itself around me  
As it develops, the membrane forgets to dissociate the left  
arm from the head  
The zones of my body that touch the floor very much coat  
themselves with a bluish and oozing fur  
My body calcifies  
If I focus on a part of my body, I manage to momentarily  
soften it  
All substances that are still soft in my body gather in the  
right malleolus into a battalion ready to launch an assault  
on the calcium

May 1, 2008 – with Alexander Wolff, Alexis Hyman, and  
François Chaignaud

The weight of my body rests on my skin  
I massage my back with my breathing  
I stretch the space between my ribs  
I move my hands away from my body  
My body movements are a breathing  
I create a little warm space between my arms and my  
torso  
My skin touches the air as it touches the floor  
The parts of my body in contact with each other touch like  
kisses  
I listen to the birds outside  
I feel my hair between my head and the ground  
I bring a foot closer to my sitbone  
I become aware of the walls and the floor as limitations to  
my movements  
I organize my bones like dominos  
I cherish the non-fluid and tense zones in my body  
My entire body is relaxed, except for one very tense area  
I dance in a rectangular way, like the architectural forms  
on the ceiling  
My spine is like a snake  
I try to take up more space  
I remember everything that has been said

There are nails on my elbows and shoulders  
My skin is very thick

One of my feet pushes so hard it digs a tunnel  
My toes are like vegetables or fins  
Extra vertebrae are growing on me  
Joints open up in my cranium  
My neck is very thin and long and the head, very large  
My belly is an open volcano crater  
Speakers in my ears amplify all the sounds inside my  
body  
I feel all the heat in the world through a very large hole  
between my ischia  
When the lava spurts in my belly, it flows along my leg  
until the end of the tunnel  
My hair is very long and very natural  
My palms project the only light with which I can see  
My hands become tongues  
Strands of honey cross the space and I lick them  
I realize that the world is wonderful, as if I were seeing it  
for the first time  
My feet are mouths and the floor, cotton candy  
I realize that the cotton candy below my feet is the heads  
of people in the floor below

May 5, 2008 – with Barbara Loreck

I move my elbows away from my knees  
I keep my left hand above my head  
I soften the tissues inside my torso  
I keep my ribs as much as possible in contact with the  
floor  
I stretch my thighs  
The space opens between my bones and joints  
The part of my body facing the ceiling becomes lighter  
I use the weight of my bones to keep my balance  
I move the air around  
I relax my jaw

A fountain spurts from my neck  
My belly is covered with scales  
It's a very light body  
There is sand on my shoulders  
I don't know the end of my extremities  
Muddy rivulets develop from time to time  
My breathing lifts the scales  
My legs lengthen infinitely  
This body is sprinkled with different intensities  
Each intensity is another color and spread along its own  
rhythm  
It's a body without a surface  
My vision stops at fifty centimeters  
The skin of my eyelids gets heavier and covers my eyes  
This skin grows and covers my entire body

The pale yellow intensity gathers in the center of my body  
It's sensitive to cold  
Its movements are guided by the sensation of heat  
I have lizard legs

**May 6, 2008** – with Kai Stöger, Odile Seitz, and Joséphine  
Evrard

I let my tail movements unfold until my jaws  
I stretch the sides of my body  
I quickly lift and relax my sternum

I have extra skin on my shoulders  
My face is wet  
Thin spikes are sticking out of my chest  
My eyes are diamonds  
My one ear is behind my head  
My fingers touch the floor and the walls  
A long tail wraps itself around me  
I have very long wings  
A spring is coming out of my head  
Between my fingers are fan-like structures  
Warm liquid, like blood, pours out and covers me and the  
floor  
I wrap my wings around myself  
My forearms are padded with silk cushions

A frill is coming out of my sacrum  
My belly is very big and covered with velvet

**May 7, 2008** – with Frédéric Gies and Ivana Roncevic

I pull away my little toe  
I let my shoulder blades sink through the floor  
I invite space in my pelvis  
I let the weight guide the movement of my joints  
I'm initiating movement in my fascias  
I articulate all the joints inside my feet  
I disconnect my upper and lower body  
I lift my upper torso from the floor  
I connect my genitals with my legs  
I breathe widely  
I'm massaging my muscles at the same time as I move  
I rotate my muscles  
I rotate around my muscles  
I climb up my ribs  
I feel the suspension of the soft tissues within my ribs  
I open the space between the collar bone and the shoulder blade  
I use the connection between my genitals and my legs to grow and feel big and large  
I'm connecting the opening of my shoulder to the opening and closing of my pubic joint and sacroiliac joint

I support this movement with my genitals  
I massage my digestive organs on top of each other  
I let the movements of my organs reach my limbs through  
the fascias

My butt is an enormous strawberry  
My whole body smells of undergrowth  
I'm proud of the strawberry and I show it off  
Golden curls float up in the air all around my body  
On top of my head is a field of magic mushrooms  
Parts of my body are connected with wheels  
My eyes are very large mirrors  
Rainbows are coming out of my ears  
Flowers bloom out of my vertebrae  
In the places where the rainbows meet the curls, glitter  
rains  
I'm so pretty!  
Glass mushrooms grow out of my feet  
The juice of the strawberry provides the energy for all the  
rest of my body to grow  
Cold sweat is running down my spine  
The mushrooms under my feet are so huge, they use  
almost all the energy from my strawberry  
That's why a second strawberry grows beside the first one  
The taste of strawberry is mixing up with the taste of  
earth and mushroom  
Under the weight of strawberry and mushrooms, my body  
mutates  
A silver envelope grows on the surface of my body

It's as light as a safety covers  
It's also very noisy  
My whole body transforms again and it is now an  
aquarium filled with colorful fishes that kiss the windows  
of the aquarium  
It has a shark mouth  
It is ventilated with an air system that regularly makes  
bubbles  
I yawn with my shark mouth  
Some fishes are electric

**May 8, 2008** – with Kai Stöger

I'm releasing the tension in my hips  
I make space between my shoulder blades  
My breathing makes me nod my head  
My legs are falling out of my hip sockets  
My heels rock me  
My thumbs lead my arms  
This stretches my lower back  
I'm in a tension between my thumbs and my heels  
I'm rotating my body  
I'm going deep in my joints  
I'm falling in my joints  
I open the space between each of my vertebrae  
I send vibrations where it hurts

Where I touch the floor, it's soft and very elastic  
I relax my eyes as I look  
I touch the air with my skin  
I breathe the air into and out of my body  
I feel different shades in light  
I perceive movement and stillness around me  
I feel the distance between me and the walls and you  
changing

The floor is an air castle  
Liquid is gradually replacing the air in the mattress  
Its envelope is more and more elastic  
It's getting thinner and thinner, water is flooding the  
space  
The water is very salty, and I float  
It's rising  
I'm closer and closer to the tiled ceiling  
The water is becoming little balls  
The balls are made of wood  
Little children are stuck within the balls  
The box is tilting, and all the balls are rolling out  
A very warm sun is raying  
The floor is made of burning sand  
A suspended surface gives me rescue  
It's very narrow and it goes up in the air  
The surface wraps itself around me  
The surface disappears and the studio is made of holo-  
grams  
I'm standing, but it feels like I'm lying

The floor and the walls are cold like an old computer monitor  
I'm inside an old, emptied television set  
The sun shines through the television set  
Ghostly figures from old TV programs are hanging out around there  
We perform dances from an old dance movie  
I finally find the off button  
I'm here again and gravity is very strong  
Wind is blowing from below  
It blows in irregular waves  
Gravity disappears and only the wind remains

**May 27, 2008** – with Sophia New, Ivana Roncevic, and Anne Juren

I relax the skin of my face  
I'm massaging my hip joints  
I'm flexing my ankles  
I'm pushing the floor with my toes  
I'm lengthening my fingers  
I'm spiraling my spine  
I'm massaging my eyes  
I breathe deeply  
I'm shaking my legs  
I'm extending my arms

I soften the joints between my sternum and my ribs  
I circle my shoulder blades  
I rotate my hands  
I rotate my head  
I move my pelvis front and back  
I try to touch my nose with my nose  
I feel how my weight is supported throughout my whole  
body  
I glide my shoulder girdle on top of my rib cage  
I stretch the skin of my palms  
I'm releasing and contracting my stomach  
I open the space between my sacrum and my lower spine

I have an extremely strong and long neck  
I hang upside down  
I have a huge waist  
I have the great capacity of hearing every sound  
My torso is supported by pearl strings  
I have metal shields integrated on my arms  
My body is separated in two parts, and one part is playing  
with the other  
My armpits are acid  
My spine is made of rubber  
My neck cannot hold still  
My wings are yellow  
They swing from left to right  
I have a long tail  
It opens like the tail of a peacock  
I weigh two hundred kilograms and I'm moving slowly

through space  
My rubber spine is very warm  
A system of very small drains of cold water refreshes my  
body  
I have wet feet  
I feel pleasure in the back of my knees  
The inside of my body is spongy and sticky  
All the cells in my brain are caressing each other  
As they kiss, the kisses go down the spine  
The kisses spread a blue color  
I move by the robotic extensions of my arms  
All my muscles are melting down

**June 4, 2008** – with Odile Seitz and Simone Aughterlony

I open the sides of my spine  
I float my left leg and right arm  
I initiate movement from my sit bones  
I'm listening to the sound of my head scraping on the  
floor  
I gently place my shoulder blades on the floor  
I'm bringing tension into all my digits  
I'm playing with the mobility between each vertebrae  
I make space in my hip joints  
I relate my hip joints and my elbows  
I'm folding up my limbs

I'm yawning with the base of my skull  
I define the periphery of my body  
I draw lines with the bones that stick out of my body  
My muscles are moving my bones

My legs are two very light balloons  
There are big, thick springs in my shoulders  
I have no connective tissue; only the skin is holding all  
together  
Ribbons are curling out of all my nails  
My spine is a ribbon too  
All my blood and fluids are seeping through the skin  
These liquids are coagulating around my body, making it  
larger than before  
My body becomes clear as ice  
My balloon legs are so flexible that they always touch the  
floor  
The vibration of my particles doubles in speed  
With my ribbons, I'm knitting a coat for the space  
I gently bounce on this coat  
My head is dangling as a soap on a rope  
It leaves foam traces wherever it touches  
My hands are balancing on helium balloons

**June 3, 2008** – with Jefta van Dinther, Ambra Pittoni,  
Conrad Noack, Barbara Loreck, Kai Stöger

I'm opening the outside of my thighs  
I move my head on top of the spine  
I cross everything in my body as often as I can  
I'm expanding my shoulders  
I place my bones on the floor, one after the other  
I open the soles of my feet and the palms of my hands  
I open my sit bones  
I find locomotion  
I give myself a face massage  
I stop bending one knee  
I never repeat  
I connect my breathing with each movement  
I balance on one foot  
I pay attention to the sounds that my body produces  
I use my eyes  
I use my tongue  
My eyes are connected to my hip joints  
I take a rest

Very large snakes come out of my body, all around my  
waist  
There is no difference between me and my clothes  
My inside is empty  
I'm either a body without head or a head without body  
My body's upside down  
Natural cotton balls are growing out of my fingers

There's a fan system in my chest  
There's a rocky waterfall in my thigh  
I have a marble smile on my face  
I have no extremities  
I'm breathing cold night air  
The snakes are caressing my whole body  
My empty inside is becoming windy  
A cold fountain is coming out of my head  
Sometimes the wind from my belly deviates the water and  
it splashes the space  
The wet snakes start tickling  
The sound of another body guides my movement  
I have panther paws

**April 13, 2009** – Cecilia Bengolea, François Chaignaud,  
Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies, Lola Rubio

1. Description of the body's activity, then imaginary body

I breathe  
I'm on my feet  
I open my feet  
The space between my ears is connected to the movement  
of my breath  
My eyes perceive the light

The toxin of my body goes out through the feet  
The elbow is articulating the forearm with the arm  
My shoulders are leaning on the rib cage  
My head is suspended as a flower grows from the earth  
My kidneys are pure now  
My liver has changed its place  
I feel my saliva is about to fall out from my mouth  
I feel the contact of my skin with air  
My limbs are growing out of the center of my body like  
the branches of a tree  
There's a heat coming from my feet towards the hands  
The kidneys are traveling through the whole body  
My burning hands enlighten my entire body  
I sweat like a horse  
I deeply contract my throat  
My pelvis is open and contains fire  
The fire in my pelvis is reaching up towards my head  
I make a shake with all my organs  
My gaze transforms everything I see into diamonds  
The eyes of my partners are warming me up

## 2. Description of the body's activity

My skin feels the contact of my clothes  
My eyes are open  
The skin of my forehead is relaxed  
My arms are straight  
My hips are open and heavy on the floor

I feel the movement of my breathing in my torso  
My eyes are lying relaxed in the cavity / in the cranium/  
skull  
I notice the sound in the room  
My hips are moving a little bit  
My knees are loose  
The distance between my head and my coccyx is very,  
very long  
There is no tension on my face, my tongue is very heavy  
My neck is relaxed  
I have a lot of energy in the tips of my fingers, my nails  
are hot  
The bones are spiraling  
My sternum chakra is very relaxed, I don't have any fear  
My whole skin is breathing  
My kidneys are resting on a thick layer of fat  
My heart beats  
My pelvis beats  
My genitals are connected to the ground  
I feel my perineum between anus and sex organs  
I feel the weight of my legs  
And the lightness of my arms  
I feel the length of my side  
My coccyx is very mobile  
My skin is changing color with the sun  
My chest bone becomes very mobile  
There is a lot of space in the joints  
The undulation between my tailbone and my sternum will  
soon make me throw up

I feel a potential smile in my face  
I feel the volume of air between my fingers and also  
between my toes

**Tuesday, April 14, 2009** – Cecilia Bengolea, François  
Chaignaud, Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies, Lola Rubio

### 1. Mechanical body

I have four elastic membranes, one between my legs, one  
between my arms, and two between my arms and legs  
I stock all the blood of my upper body in my hands  
My back is a wheel  
My chest is made of many, many pieces that slide on each  
other  
The movement of my jaw activates the fire burning in my  
mouth; this fire gives me the energy to move  
My limbs are big sticks that are moved only by the  
strength of their weight  
The cables connecting the central generator on the limbs  
are broken  
My head is a big, concrete stabilizer  
My abdominals are a never-ending chain

## 2. Anatomy/physiology as mechanics

I push my big toes against the floor to walk  
My hips are on the top of my femurs  
My knees articulate my legs  
I articulate each of my ribs with my spine  
My arms are moved from the collarbone  
My head can never get in a fixed position  
My psoas allows me not to fall  
The rhythm of my arms is autonomous from all the other systems  
My kneecaps are lifting in the direction of my hips when I stretch my legs  
My shoulder blades are sliding on my ribs  
My eyes are always going to the other side than my head  
The contraction or the extension of my biceps make my forearms move  
The pelvis pushes the head  
Twenty-six vertebrae are articulating my spine  
I say “Yes” and “No” with my head to relax my neck

## 3. Human functional body shifting to a mechanical body

The hole of my mouth is closed by two lips  
My sacrum is articulated by the two iliac bones  
My pelvis is moving by the lumbar region  
My breathing lets the movement be fluid  
When I breathe in, my diaphragm goes in direction of the

pelvic floor and my ribs in the opposite  
My eyes are moving in the head, my eyes are moving free  
My coccyx is articulated by my sacrum  
My shoulder blades slide in the ribs  
I lift my arms from my little finger  
I have two legs  
Inside my ears there is a balance system  
The index finger is connected to the collarbone  
I have two curves in my spine to absorb the shocks  
The air I breathe, when it gets inside my body, transforms  
to oil to make my movements liquid  
I have organs in my belly, organs of digestion, at the same  
time they hang inside and they are relaxed, released in my  
pelvis, and they slide on each other  
My spine is like an accordion  
So I can play music  
The ropes connect my head and my limbs to the center of  
my body  
My pelvic floor is lifting in the spine  
Elevators lift the blood of my heart  
Steam comes out from my lungs into my arms and lifts  
them  
Waterfalls of saliva give my heart the energy to beat  
My pores dilate and some parts of my liquid system man-  
age to escape  
My brain detects some patterns that give pleasure and  
tends to repeat them  
The hydraulic system in my ass makes me bend my legs  
The electrical input makes my hair grow

My movements are directly chosen by a giant keyboard in  
Tokyo  
My motherboard is slow  
I can't analyse all the information in my body

#### 4. Human into cyborg into mechanical body

My skull moves on top of my spine  
My feet are the base of support for my body  
Skin covers my body  
My feet are articulated by walking  
The skin gives a sense of elasticity  
The muscles in my legs contract when I walk  
The skin slides on a layer of fat  
The pituitary gland is resting on the sphenoid bone and I  
feel calm  
Saliva moistures my mouth  
My tongue touches my teeth  
My knees and my elbows are like cogwheels  
The sphincter of my hands closes the hands  
The weight of my body depends on the balance of the  
whole universe  
Rails are giving direction to the movement of my arms  
and legs  
The hair of my arms is connected to gravity  
I'm a digging machine  
The movement of my system is very regular  
My back is a bridge to let the boats circulate in the canals

My nails are long and made of iron  
My chest is a silicon ball/bag to separate my arms  
The dust that my hair collects is my only food  
My iron nails are beginning to bring dust in the direction  
of my hair  
My four limbs can penetrate the floor, the walls, and the  
windows  
I have to turn on my air-condition system  
I feel a cooler temperature now  
There is some electric problem in my left shoulder  
A TGV brings protein to all of my cells  
There is a monopole system between the providers of the  
blood that gives the blood to all the organs, veins, and  
arteries

**April 15, 2009** – Cecilia Bengolea, François Chaignaud,  
Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies, Lola Rubio

### 1. Relation between body parts

My legs push my arms  
I push into my feet in order to move with the rest of my  
body  
I say “Hello” with my feet  
The weight of my knees makes me turn

I connect my sit bones and . . . ah  
I walk with my sit bones in an elliptic movement

2. Establish relations in the body [between two parts],  
then to the other performers, then exchange with words

The movement of my knees move my hip joints  
My hands initiate rotation in the torso  
I wrap myself into my arms  
I press the front of one knee into the other in order to  
walk forward  
I shift the weight from one leg to the other

3. Same as 2

My left leg moves only when my my right arm moves and  
my right arm moves only when my left arm moves  
My fingers touch silk  
My curves touch my thighs  
The space between my hand and my feet become short  
and long  
I press my left hand against my left thigh to turn my torso  
to the right and my right hand against my right thigh to  
turn left

**April 16, 2009** – Cecilia Bengolea, François Chaignaud,  
Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies, Lola Rubio

### 1. Imaginary clothing

I have transparent shoes with very high heels  
I see everything dark through my black burkha  
My chest is compressed by a very tight bustier  
I'm wearing shorts made of peacock feathers  
I have tights with electrodes, that discharge electricity into  
my legs  
There are two pockets in my peacock shorts in which I can  
put my hands  
I wear a rigid string made of silver  
I have a smoke-colored helmet adjusted to my face that  
protects me from pollution  
The glasses of the helmet are telescopic  
The high heels are telescopic too  
My hands are covered by permanent gloves made of  
petrol  
My corset is covered with sapphires  
The nails of my toes are painted with never-drying nail  
polish  
I have a little purse in the shape of a heart on my right  
side  
My head is totally shaved including my eyebrows  
My jacket has a balloon shape and is full of helium  
I wear a necklace made of human skin

I've taken away my teeth and replaced them by teeth of  
an Egyptian ancient mummy  
I wear my daily euphorising lipstick that makes me smile  
all day  
On the top of my jacket are shoulder pads of fox fur tick-  
ling my neck  
My hands, full of petrol, are sticky  
My helium jacket turns into its winter modus and inflates  
all over myself  
It forms a sofa I can lie on  
On the right ear I hang a three kilo tuna fish, alive  
I am wearing the "more drama" eyelash collection made of  
needles  
The inside of my peacock shorts is made of silk  
I can activate the motor system in my shoes to move  
faster if I need to

## 2. Imaginary landscape surrounding you

The floor is made of a very thick wool carpet that absorbs  
all the shocks  
There is a very thick density in the air  
There is only one light coming from one source pointing  
directly to my eyes, and everywhere I move it follows my  
eyes  
The ceiling is coming down, reducing the space  
There is a sound system with a giant subwoofer under-  
neath the floor, and it makes everything vibrate

The floor is at exactly the same temperature as my body  
The light in my eyes is so strong it makes me cry  
Someone switches off the sound system and now it's  
totally quiet  
Now I can touch the ceiling with my hands  
The space is invaded by mice  
There are five hundred people in the room, hiding from  
my attack

### 3. In an imaginary landscape

There is a big field of grass with many paths leading in  
different directions  
Some paths are very slow and some have a slope that ac-  
celerates our speed of our movement  
Suddenly a wind of one hundred eighty kilometers an  
hour arrives  
The ground is slightly shaking, announcing an earthquake  
in twenty-four hours  
Suddenly water is coming from a big hole in the earth,  
and the level of the water is rising very fast  
I have a floating suit on

### 4. Walking through an imaginary landscape

There are weights of six liters inside my belly  
The front half of my body is a sky full of traveling clouds

I am a tunnel

My eyes are two stars, already falling for one million years

There is a nature system of water and rain grow

My mouth is the door to the tunnel; at that end there is a room with a lawyer and a dragon in chains

Butt is the name of my island, it's very beautiful, Butt is very sunny, but it's getting too crowded

Farmers grow red beans in the back half of my body

My skin is the region where flowers used to grow, and now the dry traces and holes make it possible to see inside my body

My mouth is the door that connects into the . . . ? and I cannot accept passengers

All the clouds fall down as rain on the red fields

The waves bursting my stomach are producing constant orgasms

My hair is a bush

## 5. Connecting the inner landscape to the outside

The farmers are cultivating transgenic red beans that are now invading all of the earth

The door of my mouth opens and the dragon that was locked in the room with the lawyer went out, and he is using its tail

The lineage stars went out to my mouth, and they keep all the universe

I'm locked in a tree  
Suddenly my eyes are shutting and all the stars fall to the  
earth

**April 17, 2009** – Cecilia Bengolea, François Chaignaud,  
Frédéric de Carlo, Frédéric Gies

1. Landscape, first inside the body, then outside as an  
environment

There is an oceanic abyss  
A soft wind announces the tempest  
There is a cemetery  
There are two mountains  
The mountains are two dunes of sand, the wind is blowing  
on the sand and making circling patterns  
There is lava  
There is big vegetation  
There is an oasis  
The moving sand  
Because of the storm, the ocean is floating the cemetery  
The soft waves of the Indian Ocean in Goa  
There are bubbles of gas  
There are sharks with very long noses



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[www.theselection.net/dance/collectivesensations](http://www.theselection.net/dance/collectivesensations)

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