

FROM WORK TO PLAY: MAKING BODIES IN FLIGHT'S PERFORMANCE WALK *DREAM→WORK*

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Dream→work (2009-14) was the sixteenth performance work made by Bodies in Flight, a UK-based performance company formed in 1990 by choreographer Sara Giddens and writer Simon Jones. Over all these works, our abiding concern has been to re-examine and re-invigorate the fundamental relationship in performance between bodies and discursive practices, be they choreographic, musical, sonic, verbal or visual. We call this relationship the encounter between *flesh and text*, occasioned in the contingent and dynamic space and time of the performance-event itself by the face-to-face encounter between performer and audience member. In order to understand better the plenitude of this ephemeral encounter, we have figured it as a series of duets between ourselves and collaborators working across skill-sets beyond choreography and writing, each practice in effect having its own language and structure, incapable of translation into or equivalence with any other, each working alongside each other in the performance-event itself, as this writing works alongside our current practice.

For us, *Dream→work* emerges logically from this practice, rather than any precursors in ambulant performance, such as Fiona Templeton's *You the City* (1988) or the "misguides" of the Wrights & Sites group, or even the theoretical model of the *flaneur* developed by Michel de Certeau's *The Practice of Everyday Life* (1984) and Guy Debord's psychogeography. From early on in our work we figured the audience, during the performance-event itself, as our collaborators. We addressed them directly across the divide of the proscenium arch, leading us to experiment with non-theatrical venues, where the whole environment of the gallery or art-space became the place of performance, where the physical relationship between performer and audience member was more fluid. Furthermore, we looked for bridges between their everyday lives and the fictional world we were creating in the work: we called these passages or openings onto our work *inductions*, literally leading audience members from their everydayness into our extraordinariness. Here, we drew inspiration from Martin Heidegger's "The Origin of the Work of Art," where he defines the artwork's relationship to life: "Preserving the work means standing within the openness of beings that happens in the work. ... [T]he essence of *Existenz* is out-standing standing-within the essential sunderance of the clearing of beings" (Heidegger 1978: 192). In response, *Dream→work* extended our artwork's critical *out-standing standing-within* by removing the architectural divide between everydayness and performance, making our theatre the city streets which we were literally standing in, and our focus the process of standing outside – their transformation in the audience's imaginations. So, rather than socially or politically engaged artists or creative facilitators, it is from the point of view of this long-term and evolving aesthetic strategy that we engaged, in increasing degrees of exchange, with specific communities and their localities, beginning first as tourist-visitors, and

then progressively involving the voices of local participants, whilst always remaining outsiders.

Dream→work (2009-12) has to date been made for six sites: beginning as a commission from the Singapore Arts Festival (2009) in collaboration with Singapore-based company spell#7, its most recent manifestation for the SO Festival (2012 & 2013) is sited in the British resort of Skegness. In moving from a global Asian city to a small seaside town, the project's research concern, to take the performance out of the art-space and into the everyday itself, has been constant. However, our attitude to and relationship with the specificities of place we encountered with each iteration have undergone profound developments, which this chapter seeks to understand as an example of mapping the cultural.

For the most part, the roles played by artists and art practices in cultural mapping have not been critically examined, despite early challenges to the theoretical underpinning of much recent work, such as Claire Bishop's critique (2004) of Nicolas Bourriaud's Relational Aesthetics (2002) (for a more detailed discussion of this, see Jones in Giannachi et al). Artists are still typically included as illustrators, animators, and facilitators—the potential of their works silently and invisibly domesticated by the over-determining cartographic imperative to map the community's tangible and intangible assets. Yet, as W.F. Garrett-Petts notes, “making the intangible visible is no easy matter” (2014: np). He advocates for the meaningful involvement and intercession of artists, arguing that the methods and insights developed by socially engaged artist-researchers may contribute new and nuanced ways of understanding a community's intangible cultural assets. Our chapter offers a narrative of an evolving methodology, which unintentionally drew out the potentially conflicting *wilfulnesses* of agents involved in any cultural mapping process, through notions of identity, collaboration, performance, the public and the corporate, the official and the vernacular histories. As co-directors of the performance-walk, we explore the process of making each version in a new location and, using phenomenology as a philosophical framing, how that location influenced our conceptualizing of the “middle ground” and its inhabitants.

Dream→work began with the commute – many people's everyday experience of moving habitually from home to work, from a personal place to a public realm. A group of twelve auditor-walkers followed two performers through the city streets during the morning rush-hour, listening through earpieces to the internal monologue of an every-person in the daily process of re-constructing their publicly facing self, moving from dreamtime to realtime. One performer was manipulating the sound-score, made up of a live mix of text, song, sound grabs from the environment, and ambient sounds relayed from microphones worn by the performers. He controlled these sources using a small portable mixer and transmitted the resulting soundscape to small receivers worn by each auditor-walker. Lasting about forty minutes, the walks were programmed to start at key intersections in the daily commute during the relevant time of day. In Singapore, for example, *Dream→work*'s performances began at 7.30, 8.30 and 9.30am outside the Chinatown MRT (underground) station. By the simple re-mediation of

their familiar environment through microphone, mixer, transmitter, receiver, and performer, the auditor-walkers were invited to reflect on their embodied experience of commuting those selfsame streets.

Dressed as commuters, performers and auditor-walkers alike both disappeared into the crowd at times and then re-emerged by virtue of the attention focused by the group on the performer: s/he was seen sometimes close-up, sometimes at a distance, the sound-score creating a cinematic sound-track that turned what was habitual into something strange. Everyday sounds of traffic and overheard snatches of commuters' conversations were blended with music; performers' live speech segued into the pre-recorded, giving the impression that one was listening to their thoughts as voice-over commentary on the happenchance events occurring around them: for example, when performer Polly Frame crossed a busy road junction whilst conversing on her mobile phone, the auditor-walkers experienced her live speech dovetailing with a pre-recorded interlocutor discussing social plans for that evening, as they themselves negotiated the potentially dangerous crossing. Here the playful uncertainty of aural sources mixed with the serious, adrenalin-fuelled business of crossing a Singapore street in rush-hour.

Behaving most times "normally," the performers moved in "character" as "every-person commuter," as if invisibly through the streets, narratizing them as they went, "rehearsing" a presentation to be made at work that day. Occasionally they discarded these masks by dancing or singing, suddenly making both themselves and the auditor-walkers highly visible to other commuters, reversing the roles of observer and observed. As an initial strategy, *Dream* → *work* aimed to explore in this first iteration the commuter's everyday experience by combining the walkers' own embodied memories and immediate sensations with the audio technology's capacity to mix happenchance and prepared sounds, thus opening up an imaginative parallel space-time within which to speculate on that experience from inside the space-time of the commute itself: out-standing standing-within. Experientially, the walk's rhythms forced them to step aside in two opposing directions simultaneously: toward the immediate, what is passed over and no longer noticed; and toward the profound, what cannot normally be borne in the rush of the everyday and so is passed under, since there is not *normally* time to disclose it and open it out. However, as artists we knew we could not make any claim to know someone else's everyday, nor inhabit it, although we had collaborated several times before with the Singapore-based performance group Spell#7. Like the multinational migrant workers, who filled Singapore's streets on their daily commute, we too were transnational workers, rather than intercultural interlocutors. Indeed, we deliberately and provocatively opened up our non-relation to this local through an implied dialogue between two works: Spell#7 conducted a "counter" commute to ours - *Dream* → *home*. During the evening commute, they returned to the local, dialectically positioning our walk as toward the global of transnational capital: this divided audiences and critics alike (for a more detailed discussion of this contention, see Jones & Rae in Hopkins et al).



(Figure 1: Singapore 2009, photographer: Yuen Chee Wai)

[Sara Giddens] Initial research in Bristol, Derby and Derbyshire with the performers and the technology had enabled us to find a rhythm for the walks through a relation between walking and stilling, a principled moving toward stillness, between immediating and dwelling. This passing by the here and now was a movement from the immediate to *dwelling*, a staying put in one place for a while, perhaps beyond this here and now, an opening up of memories and possibilities. Within this particular event-hood of performance, as in walking itself, the one and the other exist alongside and within one another. As phenomenologist Edmund Husserl suggests, “every re-alteration has its sense of rest; thus the constitution of ‘rest’ must found that of ‘alteration’” (Husserl 1931: 245). And in walking itself we move in-between “keeping still” and “keeping-in-operation” (ibid: 250). What Husserl is articulating here (originally in a lecture of 1907) is a dynamic between a moving body and a not-moving, yet actively stationary body, a body that is at rest and yet contains both/and, the one (with)in and alongside the other, echoing Heidegger’s definition. In placing the event-hood of *Dream* → *work* in the early morning commute, the auditor-walkers were asked to move both with and against the dominant flow of the commute and to step aside, outside from it, *to dwell*, to become stiller and to come face to face with both the other commuters and the performers. They were invited to share both the same time within the sometimes very public space and simultaneously occupy a distinctly different time from those other-others (the commuters) who passed them by, whose purpose in *this* time and space was very different. What was this dwelling? How can we dwell together? What could this dwelling unconceal in such a place as Singapore? We had been using the word *dwelling* to suggest a staying with, a not moving on or away from. It became part of an attitude to self and others and those other things and spaces around us.

As makers and auditor-walkers, we were performing the same physical, embodied acts. In that sense, we were occupying the same place and actively participating in the world, but dwelling in opposition to how many people moved through their city-town space during “their commute.” Habitually we may be obliged to wait in order to commute, but waiting is not dwelling. It takes time to dwell, not

something most commuters have to spare. Besides those participants choosing to see a choreographed performance were expecting movement. Having already fastened upon this word, I turned to Heidegger's 1951 essay "Building Dwelling Thinking," where he suggests we need to think of building as intimately connected to dwelling. To build a space, any kind of space "properly" and with due care and attention, we should come to this by way of dwelling. He explores how the meaning of the word *dwelling* has itself come to be misused. He talks about the association between dwelling as a space for a home, and suggests the one is not synonymous with the other: just because a house may provide a roof over our heads, it does not mean that we dwell in it. Conversely, a place where we feel "at home" (Heidegger 1978: 347) does not mean we stay there. He elucidates this by way of a carefully crafted, linguistic journey through Old English, High German, Old Saxon and Gothic, arguing that dwelling is already in relation to another, a near-dweller through the German word *Nachgebauer* (English *neighbour*) (349). "Proper" dwelling carries with it a necessity to value and care for those beings and things within our "domain" (347). In Singapore, this dwelling, this process of attending to opened up a space in which differences became highly visible; and yet we had no means to give those differences voice. We were at the mercy of what each participant was prepared to invest in this dwelling. Furthermore, we realized that this dwelling could not help but invite us to connect with that which Heidegger names the fourfold – earth, sky, mortals and divinities (352). In this fourfold, people and their space meet time through the sky and earth and in relation to its sun and moon and the passing of the seasons. Each part of this fourfold has its own "oneness" (351). For me, this seeking out of dwelling space-times became *Dream* → *work*'s aim across very different public places.

[Simon Jones] In oscillating between *immediates* (that which happened there and then) and *profounds* (that which remains at the deepest reach or furthest throw of the mind and so could not be there and then), we deliberately constructed an aesthetic strategy for *Dream* → *work* which sought to step over the middle ground *where* we all necessarily live with our commonsense and ideologies: to jump over the continuous present of living *whilst* still remaining in that midst. In Singapore we were highly conscious of ourselves as visitors, visiting artists. As an aesthetic strategy, in mimicking the commuter's mood of in-betweenness, half-asleep and yet focusing on the day's affairs, semi-aware of their surroundings whilst drifting into reveries on personal and grand concerns, this oscillation attempted to provide a quasi-personal space within that habitual practice for each auditor-walker to experience it anew.

However, as visiting artists, we learnt something crucial at the same time about the "narrativizing" of public space. From the very beginnings of trialling the portable sound rig in early workshops in the UK, the dynamic negotiation of ideological, historical and local narratives, enacted by its inhabitants, forced itself upon us. As artists, we would not be allowed to move invisibly, or at least uncontested, through "other people's" space: by simply standing in locations where people normally flowed by, or looking in directions that people did not

normally look, our activity of exploring and attempting various re-organizations of attention itself attracted attention. Commuters and shoppers would stop and stare. At times our ear-pieces and the sound-artist's back-pack with its cables and boxes caused consternation, passers-by thinking some security incident was underway. "Misusing" the public space in this way un-nerved me, as I was used to making work in the privacy of a rehearsal room, where trial and error is shared amongst a group of trusted collaborators. These early experiences strongly conditioned our attitude to making the work in public: it became a volatile mix of solicitous conversations with shop-owners and vendors with illicit, guerrilla flash-occupations of key commuter intersections. This was further reinforced when we flew to Singapore to site the first walk: there we encountered both a culturally and a politically different relationship between "public" and "corporate" space, the former being under the purview of the government, specifically for us the Ministry of Arts, and the latter individual businesses and their public relations managers. When adopting the normalized behaviour of a Singaporean commuter, to move from corporate to public space is apparently seamless. However, when making an artwork, particularly if that involves the use of cameras and microphones to publicize and document it, then security guards and officials actively police the unmarked boundaries between the street and the shopping mall and the bank forecourt.

In one clear way, these early experiences of making the walks and the divided reactions of audiences and critics exactly fitted our philosophical model: Heidegger identifies the occasioning of what he calls *strife* as a crucial component of any artwork:

In setting up a world and setting forth the earth, the [art]work is an instigating of ... strife. This does not happen so that the work should at the same time settle and put an end to strife by an insipid argument, but so that the strife may remain a strife. ... It is because the strife arrives at its high point in the simplicity of intimacy that the unity of the work comes about in the instigation of strife. (1978: 175)

Furthermore, for Heidegger this strife is where "opponents raise each other into the self-assertion of their essential natures ... each opponent carries the other beyond itself"(174). So, we should have expected these challenges from those whose public space we were "aestheticizing." However, in another way, what surprised me was the level of attention given to monitoring and actively engaging in the narrativizing of that space. Our merely proposing the re-organizing of normative behaviours, or rather the re-directing of modes of attention toward the public space, provoked a wide range of responses from its daily users. As mentioned above, it was sometimes anxious, even aggressive, in assuming some police- or terrorist-related activity was underway; at other times, individuals approached us with stories of events related to the specific places we were using, attempting in ways they thought helpful to reinforce what was effectively an agreed, or at least "official," local history, often related to that disseminated by the town's tourist office. At first with the Singapore version, our non-response

was to avoid them tactically as we made the walk, and strategically as we *stepped over* their middle ground, rendering what was familiar strange, leaving it to our local collaborators to problematize Singapore from within, as we attempted to comment from the outside on the supposedly seamless transfer of labour enacted daily in the financial industries of global capital. Nevertheless, we learnt from the force and persistence of these anonymous encounters, developing our methodology and its philosophical framework to incorporate this narrativizing of public, essentially shared space.



(Figure 2: Yueh Hai Ching temple, Singapore, photographer: Yuen Chee Wai)

[SG] I wonder what provoked and occasioned this dwelling together in the walks. I am reminded of Yueh Hai Ching temple (in English, Temple of the Calm Sea), Singapore's oldest Taoist temple, where I feel, as makers and auditor-walkers, we first learned this dwelling together. Near the end of the walk, Polly hurried across a busy street, followed by musician Sam Halmarack and the auditor-walkers. She then stepped aside from her fictional commute into the temple's forecourt, situated right in the centre of the Central Business District, and the audience followed. In *Dream*→*work*, choreographing the audience was equally as important as choreographing the performers. In the temple, it was incredibly humid, and there was a strong smell of incense almost as soon as we entered through the doorway into the forecourt. Here, space was made and time was given for the audience to dwell. Sam's music offered a spaciousness, particularly after the cacophony of overlaid digetic sounds, composed from both the grabbed, then re-played traffic noises and Polly's live text, in which she had just shared her anxiety at potentially being late for work (again). This ethereal music created through each individual's earphones both an intimate and yet communal experience, as all the other walkers heard the same transmitted audio.

It provided the soundtrack for Polly's waltz-based movement, inviting a change of pace. Firstly the auditor-walkers themselves, having hurried to keep up with the performers across the road, literally had to step over a wooden threshold into this other place. The easily recognized dance structure of the regular rhythm and repetitive steps allowed an opening up. The audience could choose to look beyond, either externally or internally, or both. The movement-sound-temple created a space-time which the auditor-walkers could activate for themselves. This was not just about resting physically. I am interested in how this space was opened up to allow the audience to feel that there was time and space for their own thoughts or their own selves, their own *presencings*: as dramaturge Andre

Lepecki writes, echoing Heidegger, spaces that “engage in different experiences of perceiving one’s own presence” (Lepecki 2001: 2).

Of course, as a maker and visitor, my sense of dwelling was personal and my senses were heightened in this global Asian city. As we stepped over the small entrance, and the smell of the incense abounded, I felt (and I noticed in others) a palpable slowing down. It seems that those senses which actively project into the world can also invite us to dwell, and this stilling invites us to wonder, to remember, an active remembering. As Greek anthropologist Nadia Seremetakis has pointed out, this returns us to the original sense of nostalgia. In English, nostalgia “implies trivializing romantic sentimentality. In Greek the verb *nostalgho* is a composite of *nosto* and *algho*. *Nosto* means I return, I travel (back to homeland). ... *Algho* means I feel pain, I ache for. ... Thus *nostalghia* is the desire or longing with burning pain to journey.” (Seremetakis 1996: 4) The senses do not always allow the mind to dictate what we recall. It is often discontinuous, non-sequential, apparently random and surprising. Seremetakis elucidates further: “*Stillness* is the moment when the buried, the discarded, and the forgotten escape to the social surface of awareness like life-supporting oxygen. ... There are substances, spaces and times that can trigger stillness” (12-13).

The temple forecourt was certainly marked out as a special place, even if we were for a moment or longer to put its spirituality aside, which I did not want to do. It had clear boundaries, high stone walls and a threshold. In this place I felt my body stilling. I note how active dwelling and stilling feel, a dwelling that is a doing with all the work that that involves, a being that is also a doing: “attentive dwelling,” which Heidegger suggests in “The Origin of the Work of Art,” precedes “all reflection” (Heidegger 1978: 150). When I was there alone, I could sometimes feel an inner calm, but mostly I was drawn to those other people and places. My imaginings and memories peopled this temple-place. It had been surprisingly straightforward to get permission to work in the temple. I had spoken to the son of the temple chief and, despite our so called “language barrier,” he had been happy to let me and then us linger without interruption—in contrast to the resistance our requests to use public and corporate space had previously encountered in Singapore. It had been amazing how little one had to do to attract attention as a group stopping together; perhaps it was seen as loitering. Do you ‘loiter with intent?’ Keep moving and you will not be questioned. Don’t dwell here, move through – with purpose.

I had become ill in Singapore, but without any words, in the grounds of that temple, I felt cared for, its coolness an oasis. There I felt most at home. Of course, the creation of these space-times for dwelling had a significant ethical dimension. For philosophers such as Emmanuel Levinas, ethics *is* the place where lived life between human *you* and mortal *me* is located, where and when it comes into being. And how much effort to create a place for dwelling in someone else’s space! All that time spent making new acquaintances, taking care of the potential! I could not dwell there as I wanted others to, though I was there with them, alongside them, always watching out for them, looking after them, being

hospitable. How fast, slow, far, steep. We did our best to take care of these others in that place.

[SJ]

[I]n vulnerability lies a *relation to the other* that is not exhausted by causality, a relation prior to all affection by the stimulus. The identity of the self does not set limits to submission, not even the last resistance that matter 'in potential' opposes to the form that invests it. Vulnerability is obsession by others or approach to others. ... An approach reduced neither to representation of others nor to consciousness of proximity. (Levinas 2006: 64)

Levinas' insistence on the inexhaustible responsibility we all bear to the other as the essence of our humanity, this vulnerability to the other's approach, became a critical aspect—or, more properly, a critical relation—in the daily making of the work, precisely because the work was made amongst, and many of its sources were drawn directly from, this host of the everyday: their daily living in, their investing in the making of that place, their forcing it to appear, their daily performing of it. For me this vulnerability first fully materialized in certain key scenes in the Bristol and Nottingham (UK) versions: Polly pausing at the atrium of a shopping mall watching commuters travel up and down the escalators; and performer Tom Wainwright leaning against a road sign watching the rush-hour traffic. I use the word *scene* as we had so placed the performer watching the flow of anonymous commuters, her/himself watched by the auditor-walkers, that these people became actors in the performer's speculations, each appearing in their solitariness to say so much about their daily routine or in their companionship to say so much about their relationship with the family or friends they were with. The escalators' smoothness turned the commuters into part of a giant urban machine; and each car's compartment contained its own individual commuter in his or her own world, all streaming in the same direction. My text attempted to explore some profound aspects of these alienated urban spatial relations:

You will have seen him on the tram ... and he will have been the one who got away ... like the others. It's so hard to see the someone else as whole. You will have glimpsed them on the tram, cutting across your path, cutting you up, whatever ... in your road or in your face ... and then how hard to think of them as a whole person just like you. Yes, you will have known they have their human rights, are equal under the law ... supposedly ... in an ideal world. But ... how hard to think and feel him wholly there ... her wholly there ... whole in this world ... before you ... you as me. Before an us that will have made perfect sense of you and me, of all the possible yous and mes, will have admitted all-comers to the completeness of this you and this me, an absolute open only us. (Nottingham version, 2009)



(Figure 3: Nottingham 2009, photographer: Tony Judge)

In asking these questions in these particular relationships of place, activity and persons, we were attempting to open up the vulnerability that Levinas describes between human beings when they encounter each other as openly and fully as possible. By allowing a scene of attention, normally denied by the daily commute's purposefulness, it could be filled by a sensitive regarding of these others and a speculative concern for these glimpses into their lives and thoughts. Its potential voyeurism was offset by the constant possibility of the gazes being returned, and the auditor-walkers themselves becoming the objects of a counter-speculation by the commuters. For me, this heightened the sense of sharing a space for two further reasons: first, as a public space, its users habitually co(in)habited it; and second, as the activities of commuting and observing, choreographed by the walk into performance, were not themselves "re-presented" or "restored behaviours," but simply done, they were all the more felt by each agent in the scene, thus becoming sincere.

In opening up these vulnerabilities, we were beginning to respond to the call of the others whose streets we were visiting. However, this produced a problem for us as artists. If we follow Heidegger ("He who truly knows beings knows what he wills to do in the midst of them." 1978: 192), then to make an artwork is an act of will, effectively to set forth the work in the place of something else, in essence replacing someone else's will. Hence the approaches of these others, who could have and sometimes literally did stop us in our tracks, profoundly challenged us as artists. I described them above as *forcing us* to develop our methodology and tactics. To have resisted did occasion strife, specifically because it was the others' place which we appeared to be re-replacing. And yet to have converted their stories into a seamless narrative would have reduced them to a mere expression

of our own will. So, the only way not to violate these vulnerabilities, to begin properly to answer the call of these others (in Levinas' sense) and still to make the work an exercise of our own, was to open further spaces within the process for what physicist David Bohm described as dialoguing: a space *to listen to the other through sustaining an absolute and radical suspension of judgement*:

The basic idea of this dialogue is to be able to talk while suspending your opinions, holding them in front of you, while neither suppressing them nor insisting upon them. Not trying to convince, but simply to understand. ... That will create a new frame of mind in which there is a common consciousness. It is a kind of implicate order, where each one enfolds the whole consciousness. With the common consciousness we then have something new – a new kind of intelligence. (Bohm 1998: 118)

We approached vendors in coffee shops who readily agreed to sell the performer a drink several times each morning. Over the run of performances a relationship developed between vendor and performer, each comfortable "performing" their own job: for example, one vendor unfolded episodically the stories of her family's relocation to the UK as migrant workers from Poland. Here was another example of the in-betweenness of performing one's self and performing in an artwork, the playful complicity of the vendor with the performer being shared also by the auditor-walkers who realized quickly that it was a set-up, but enjoyed its enacting as neither performer nor vendor dropped out of "role," the attention given to each nuance creating a "character" out of this person's story, reminding us how intimate and personal these casual and largely anonymous exchanges can be, how vulnerable.

The profundity of these encounters pushed us to deepen the forms of dialoguing in the work, always resisting any fall to judgement, any translation of the others' contribution into an expression of our will as artists, whilst the auditor-walkers still preserved Heidegger's essential difference between art and life: the artists' will to stand outside the everyday, as complicit eavesdroppers, not to disappear into reality. In the later Wirksworth version (2011), we resisted our commissioners' request to make a walk which drew attention to the architectural industrial heritage of the Derbyshire town. We did not want to replicate the local tourist industry's commercialization of the Industrial Revolution, but chose instead to focus on 1973 – the year that saw the opening of the High Peaks Trail, a key event in the development of that post-industrial heritage industry, and also both industrial strike-action and accidents in the then still-active local coal mines. This more recent history allowed us to approach locals who lived through that period to read newspaper articles from 1973, ranging from reports on the Markham Colliery Disaster to advertisements for "warehouse boys" and housekeepers. Around these readings, the inhabitants casually added their own commentaries and observations. So, at the beginning of the walk, in the churchyard at the centre of the town, the performer Graeme Rose stopped outside each house and a reading or comment was played. Thus a space was created within the heritage site that evoked more than a "living" history. The

various visually evident layers of architectural history were juxtaposed with an “official” newspaper history, recognizable as both near to us now and yet very different in its industrial relations, gender politics and the like. What animated and gave force to the opening of this difference were the voices of those who had lived through it, reading it back to us. They produced the dialoguing in our event of listening, the asides, commentaries, the awkwardness of reading out aloud, all opening up a space that allowed the auditor-walkers to dwell in their own relation to place and history, which had presumably, at least in part, motivated them to join the walk.

To be clear, and this was fundamental to our developing process, this dialoguing was a relation of our own will to make and the others’ wills to tell something of their own place from their own points of view, from the inside. As such, it confronted our will to make, since we came from the outside, and especially in our willing, our artistic act of re-placing, we wilfully refused to know our host’s place from the inside. To have allowed their wills to prevail would have rendered the art *as life*, diluted its own-ness, bleached out its insight with the everyday. However, by developing our process to incorporate Levinas’ welcoming the other, by way of Bohm’s suspending judgement, we created, significantly, some (new) place in-between strife and translation. In this way, our will is humbled in listening, but preserved in not submitting directly to the others, that is, by refusing to take a stance on the matter, either in advance of the dialogue or in response to the material gathered, as part of the process of siting the work. This indirectness of dialoguing without judgement or purpose affected the mood of the entire process, enriching the work in ways we could not have felt and the others could not have told.



(Figure 4: The Puzzle Gardens, Wirksworth 2011, photographer: Tony Judge)

[SG]In Wirksworth, I found myself looking for spaces which in some way echoed the temple in Singapore, where we could step aside from the flow and dwell. Amongst the ex-miners' cottages of the Puzzle Gardens built up the side of a steep hill leading to a disused quarry, I came across a small, walled private garden. It was here, in what became the highest point of the walk, that I first realized what I wanted "to do in the midst of them" (Heidegger 1978: 192). From all the spaces we occupied on each walk, all the scenes we set in each location, this was *the* place where I felt most aware of myself, my fellow collaborators and

the other others, where I was most able to dwell. It reminded me of Heidegger's fourfold of the earth, sky, divinities and mortals, where-when space meets time through the sky and earth and in relation to its sun and moon and the (passing of) the seasons – *each* part of the fourfold, yet also separate from in its “oneness” (351).

Mortals dwell in that they receive the sky as sky. They leave to the sun and the moon their journey, to the stars their courses, to the seasons their blessing and their inclemency; they do not turn night into day nor day into a harassed unrest. (Heidegger 1978: 352)

Graeme lay on the earth, looking up to the sky. His intense stillness invited the auditor-walkers after their arduous climb to rest and take a breath, to share in the many scents of the garden's late-September flowers, to become aware of our own presencings. In early 2012 we were invited by Dance4 to make a further version of the work, as part of the Big Dance for the SO Festival in the holiday resort of Skegness. I wondered how we could take this newly acquired knowledge to the seaside. How could we create a space-time that allowed the auditor-walkers to dwell alone together by the sea? This walk was choreographed from the station through the streets, bustling with holiday-makers, ending on the beach where-when the auditor-walkers were invited to sit down on the sand and gaze out to sea, that powerful and cyclical force of nature: beyond me and you.



(Figure 5: Skegness 2012, photographer: Tony Judge)

Graeme stood still in the endlessly moving sea, his right arm pointing upward and beyond, right in the midst of the holiday-making with its desires and libidinal investments of both young and old. The auditor-walkers listened to the sea, unsure of how much was recorded and how much was live; and they were left with a few final thoughts from Joyce Oates, one of the elderly retirement-home residents we interviewed about their childhood memories of holidays in Skegness. We could not have imagined their poignancy before we began making this *Dream* → *walk*, before we had recognized how the very process of attentive dwelling itself had become such a fundamental part of our making throughout the walks. These words, captured through the process of dialoguing, through our opening-out towards and alongside local residents, were a gift from Joyce, who had been confined to her bed because of a stroke. As we talked about the performance, on hearing the title *Dream* → *walk*, Joyce interrupted us with this insight:

My dream is to walk again. I dream I could stand and walk again. People take it all for granted, that we can get up in a morning and we can do just what we like. But when it's taken from you, you realize how much you're missing. I used to walk everywhere. I used to organize walks and I used to go swimming and I can't do neither now.

[SG & SJ] This scene demonstrated to us how far we had developed from our initial aesthetic strategy of avoiding a place's narratives, by metaphorically stepping over this middle ground as we literally walked the flows of its daily commute as outsiders, since as international artist-visitors we had felt we were making the same transitory investment in place as so many of the technocratic workers making that journey. However, in subsequent iterations, when the local inhabitants approached us with their advice and stories, we were forced to rethink our strategy. We responded by dwelling alongside, by actively incorporating their stories and memories into the process to produce a dwelling in the specificities of place, rather than a stepping-over. This revealed the extents to which place is not only economically and politically constructed, but culturally contested by architectures, both aspirational and haphazard, and histories, both official and personal. Skegness's concluding sound-image, jointly made by Graeme and Joyce, marked *Dream* → *walk*'s and *Bodies in Flight*'s ownmost expression of Heidegger's fourfold in our artistic method: being in-between sea as earth, sky, humans and our (seemingly divine) capacity to go beyond ourselves, to imagine another life, if not for ourselves (as in Joyce's case), then for the others as our neighbours, a being beyond the places and performances of our daily routines and the temporary respite of a week's holiday by the sea.

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