

This is a personal account of dancing on Hydra - one of the Freedom Dances, as so shamelessly proposed by Jeff*

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DANCE AS POLITICAL REFUGE

I was dancing. Claiming, proclaiming freedom in movement on a rooftop high above the beach of Kamini. I was dancing in myself, and from there extending simultaneously in all directions. The ad-hoc ceremony I found myself immersed in, was, to my surprise neither ecstasy nor liberation, but one of utter lamentation. A silent cry of the mind; a futile attempt to cling to a movement that could offer salvation, even sanity:

of unfolding maps...Some pattern within my own movement must be found to maintain hope - that affirms my belonging to a collective history as inscribed in my body. Something must be relevant, meaningful - an established pattern of thought, one to lead me, to guide. I dance. I dance. I dance.

of concentric circles of doing ...Not one set of body relations can I trust, not the position of the head, the rolling of the ribs, or the mirroring of one part of another. I only find sanctuary in movement that hasn't yet sedimented in me, that is not preaching its dominance and extending its rule into the solid surface of this brutalized civilisation. Endlessly carrying its wounds through time, unable to show its shameful body, facing forward, ever forward, denying its people a life unfolding. Joseph's wounds on display.

of shedding the armour of social coherence...The stars are out. Dancing under the open sky makes a felt difference. It moves itself differently. And these age-old sediments no longer stick to my bones, but melt in my blood. The cultured flesh is now disobediently listening to fish, to water, to dirt, to mud, to mucus, to air, to ancestry, to mythologies that bind us, to longer waves. Beautifully, unbearably. So. I dance. I dance for my political refuge: I shall organize my own salvation. I shall let go of this charged world and entrust myself to spirits. To be dancing is to affirm the unknown and establish the sacred. The dance is to reaffirm the known by outlining the sacred. One needs to be dancing to birth the dance. The stars. The night. Some lights. The loss of the world. Freedom Dance.

*thanks Jeff