

Eva Karczag on explorations of moving from touch.

Excerpts from a working diary covering a period of sustained exploration of movement combined with Alexander Technique - a collaboration with Irene Koditek (Arnhem, NL 1999).

We enter the room...

You haven't slept all night you tell me - the asthma again - breathing.
Caught in the past history of your body. You want to find the way out.

My hands and intention are drawn first to your belly - to create space, to energize, to ground you - to help it open, so it can receive the tight ball in your center chest. Then, placing one hand on the half moon of your face I am considering detail as I sink into the orb of your eye. My hand calls your energy to move – and I ask myself, am I still moving?
am I feeling the inner space between front of spine and inside of breast-bone, and the strength that rises thru my neck? Your face opens, bones shift, muscles soften, and structure becomes more visible. I let myself drop below the layers of your skin, and into the space between your jaw and neck,
gliding down the sweet slope into your heart.

I enjoy our talking - making this strange activity real and connected to real life. But I am in there with you - with the way the density of your body thins, so I can feel into your center, into the movement of your energy.

Connection between pelvic floor opening, and widening of underside of jaw, releases energy in your body that talks to the whole of you.
You lighten on a cellular level.

I become absorbed with your legs - in particular calves; and jaw – I'm looking at and sensing detail - jaw, neck, cheekbones - shapes and spaces.

What if you did not have a leg?
What if you did not have a leg as you know it to be?

You say – Every little touch, although it also offers something, contains this question
- are you going with me or not?
It invites, the result is a very different movement quality.

The more one knows about the body,
the more precise, the more subtle the question can be.

The softness of your torso moves with increasing detail and articulation. You are the energy of your moving, you are the space. I can see through your body, and I can see movement through you. You are beyond your boundaries and barriers, touching an essence that fuels your moving - vulnerable, present in this moment, fearless and alive.

I can no longer see the shape that is normally you.
Instead I see the detail and subtlety that lies beyond the physical /emotional borders that you create for yourself.

This is emptiness and fullness.
A place of embodiment that allows itself to be moved.

Getting drawn into a movement duet is a seamless connection - you're with me, we're speaking body to body, skin to skin, intent to intent, response to response. Surprises, when movement erupts from both of us, or direction changes, or touch comes where touch is wanted. This feels good.

Then your role moves into toucher. I stand and wait - information enters my body, and leaves me changed.

For an instant I become my potential.

Moving can become something new - dangerous, heady, exploring new pathways, discovering new connections – expanding my world of possibilities.

Seeing the detail of how my arm connects with shoulder-blade, a huge world opens, of space and shape and structure and direction;

a world that brings with it memory - of openness and vulnerability, of freedom and possibility - memory containing future.

My arm now is hanging and has weight and clarity, an unrestricted swing that tastes smooth and inviting.

With both shoulders so wide, my chest and heart exposed, I feel moments of fear rise, until you touch my back and sides, and draw my heart into center, and containment.

Back of head fills and rounds out, face spreads wide.

My vision drops back onto my retina, and I see differently, with sharper detail.

I am more inside my seeing, inside my attention.

I am higher inside myself.

Moving until I feel the stuck-ness of not being easy with this new place any more.

This calls for the place of forgetting, and trusting that its resonance will stay and guide the rest of my moving.

Each time it's like a small birth - the birth of existence, of presence.

I become, for this moment, transparent and movement.

We connect in movement again.

We are carrying inside of us charged internal space,

a vibrational quality that draws slack into tone and aliveness.

It is the absence of the heaviness of pulling down and leaking out.

Moving has another quality - a different sense of weight, a fresh edge of sharpness.

'Is it attention, awareness, that creates this quality change?' you ask.

Starting to move slowly, with a rhythm of going and waiting, we pick up momentum, until arms and legs fold and extend, to swing us curving and flopping.

You stop with hands covering eyes, fingers curled, containing eyeballs themselves perhaps.

Then we're standing, you, reaching into the space with your hands and gaze, before falling, catching your weight, creaking, thumping the floor.

Breath comes as sound at last.

We do a circling dance.

The ending feels just right.