

### **pre danceWEB**

the idea  
the chosen one and the instant oh my gosh moment  
the expectations  
the excitement  
the secret ingredient for the secret ingredient soup  
the rumours of it, the thing - yes, danceWEB is a thing  
the anxiety

### **danceWEB**

the information  
the (group) psychology  
the institution  
the separation  
the too big to grasp  
the non-overview of what's (really) going on  
the difficulties in trying to penetrate  
the feeling of this is too much to handle  
the too many hierarchies  
the enormous amount of inspiration  
the chances I saw when they already were floating away  
the pre-conceived idea of what I thought I knew and needed  
the unexpected encounters to die for  
the confusion about the factory and the market i. e the business  
the lack of space  
the 2 hour Skype session with Jerome Bel in a studio when the sun was shining outside  
the headache(s)  
the naked body  
the 4 minutes of fame  
the taken by surprise moment when being silenced with a kiss  
the dressing up in Maria Metsalu's clothes and going to the lounge  
the anxiety  
the people (THE PEOPLE!)  
the self examination  
the transformation  
the borders (in)between  
the secret ingredient for the secret ingredient soup; still searching...  
the realization; the this is all there is moment

**post danceWEB**

the evaporating landscape of what remains

the anxiety

the head ache(s)

the inspiration

the life booster

the going to see Manu's installation works in Copenhagen

the in and out of focus moment(s)

the stuffed brain

the running into Mark in Copenhagen

the exhaustion

the fatigue

the baking a cake in front of an audience with Ellen in Stockholm while wearing TENSE

the inside out and/or outside in

the secret ingredient for the secret ingredient soup still missing

the feeling of now what

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What is it to make a report?

What is and what was danceWEB, really?

Throughout I felt as if I didn't do anything. A co-WEBber wondered what I meant and so ze said "you're here, you're sponging and later on you'll squeeze your spongy sponges and life goes on".

One thing I know for sure is that danceWEB made me jump high up in the air.

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I tried to keep a diary throughout danceWEB but only got to the third day of the first week, then I lost it for a few days and tried to catch up with it but started to write e-mails to another person about of what I was experiencing. None of it seems to fit in this report, yet it does. I think I have to think a little more about how to compose this report now.

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I'm still thinking about how to write this report and I wanted to draw a map, but then it turns out I have to write my report with letters, black on white in a digital eternity so that plan failed.

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I wonder if I can write a report in another way than what I assume is expected of me.

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Ok, I do it now, this is where I start to write my danceWEB report. Things I still don't have an answer to; what do I want to write? How can I ever describe what I've experienced not only the 5 weeks in Vienna but everything around my danceWEB application, the letter where Hanna wrote I am one of the chosen ones, and the (very, very long) time before I actually arrived in Vienna? It could become a best selling novel, maybe I should take the opportunity to write it. What a challenge. I stop.

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I've stopped to count the times I've started to write the danceWEB report.

I've also stopped to count the times I've stopped to write the danceWEB report.

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I'm still thinking a lot about what to write, how to write, when to write. Why don't I just pick up the pen? Or tap my fingers on the keyboard?

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I'll try again, I'll start from another angle this time.

I remember my pets in my dorm, they were silver-ish, looked like little fish with legs and were almost see through. They liked very much to live underneath my sneakers but they didn't do much, seems like they were hanging out and making out because every time I took my shoes on there were more of them. Sometimes I stepped on them with purpose. Every time I picked a shoe up the little insects disappeared very quickly and found themselves another place to hide, chat, discuss or whatever they did. I don't know, I don't speak their language and to be honest I found them quite unattractive.

Improvisation going on in the early morning in the kitchen where nothing is where I left it last night. Coffee machine all of a sudden broke down, and another day the whole kitchen was out of power – the fridge is kaput and liquid things are floating on the floor, mm yummy.

Trying to find space in one of the two small fridges is impossible, someone always wanted their bread in the fridge but I wonder if eggs needed to be there? Negotiation. But hey, who ate my food? Heading to the shelves, invaded by banana flies. More than a little bit disgusting, but hey we're dancers, hey we're used to bad conditions, hey we can handle it, hey we can always make it work, hey we're happy because we're together, hey watch out because hey we will conquer the world one day.

There was a lady across the street who had a hard time, especially during night hours, with the entrance door and its heaviness which created a smaller BANG-sound every time it closed. She put up notes and called the office and Hanna told us to please close it carefully.

I'm used to bike a lot, I've been biking everywhere since 2007 but after the speech of Mr. Bike Man The Great, I felt unsure if I knew how to. Especially because of the railway tracks, where we were told that it was over before we would have the chance to think. It is very important to remember to always cross it in an angle, or else...

And if your fantasy, just like mine, doesn't have borders this scenario can also be translated into what I experienced during workshops, while discussing with people and also seen in some performances.

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"Ok, I will start and you follow, then we'll see what happens. We might end up running outside naked..."

"Maybe one or two of you will be famous enough to really change something in this world"

"I have a special aim with my art and I hope I never will reach it"

"If I wanted to tell you something, I wouldn't make a show. I would just tell you. A show is something else"

"First thought, best thought"

"What's your name? I think you're so beautiful it's like I can't stop looking at you"

"No judgement, no repetition, no slow-motion, no stopping to think"

"The residency is just like IKEA!"

"The European dancer is the perfect neo-liberal"

"Seeing is forgetting the name of the thing you see"

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I want to ride the wave of nervous feelings and sensations,  
they will be the fuel to my own self-propelling motion  
from here I can start  
awaiting  
lingering  
indulging and enduring  
focus on - ears are out - here I go

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it's not good enough

it was a long time ago I smiled

it is like I have no space for nothing at the moment.

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danceWEB opened up and made many things possible for me, which pre-danceWEB would've been a no-go and completely impossible for me to do. danceWEB somehow twisted my way of being and seeing and a larger perspective in how to think about dance, performance and stage art.

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I was breath, I became air, see through and I went everywhere  
I was everyone and every/body/thing/ was me  
I wasn't light but rather heavy and I had a hard time to move the physical body of mine  
also dark at some times,

I was lonely and completely empty ~~yet I didn't start to cry.~~