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DANCING IN WRITING

by Wubkje Kuindersma

Writing about dance...
It remains a dualistic activity...
How to put words on the unspoken...?
Yet it is seems vitally important in this era to express oneself through
words
and fair enough to a certain extend
As long as there can be co-existence of the unspoken and spoken.

My favourite thing is writing in dance...
in text that can't be printed
The body speaking the unspoken

I simply love speaking through dance
without knowing the words
yet something speaks to me so clearly

It is not to be understood
simply to be experienced

Life is full of questions
yet one thing I know
dance is written in my soul

Don't ask me how it got there
I only know it is there
and by now I am pretty sure it won't leave me in this life no more
as it is grown with me

To me dance can be so many things
As much this world forces you to be one thing or another,
I do believe in co-existence
we can be more...
we can do more...
we can love more...

For me this applies to many aspects of life
but that will be for another time to write about...
for now I will keep it simple...

I love dancing in writing too
Text that flows and comes and goes like a dance
I just write it down and read it after it has reached the paper
like seeing it for the first time
I have called this intuitive writing or some weird kind of poetry

Usually I do not share this with many others
but today I feel it might be ok
or maybe I am just more courageous today than yesterday or tomorrow
maybe this is the little window I jump through before it closes
Decisions are made in split seconds...
As today it feels writing about dance could turn to dancing in writing
So what I would like to share with you is a little excerpt of my unpublished story "Tales of A Nordic Mind"

The text is based on my storyline and inspiration for my upcoming creation for Danish Dance Theatre which will premiere in January 2018 with (working) title "Tales of A Nordic Mind".
I am very happy and grateful for the opportunity to create a new work for Danish Dance Theatre under direction of Tim Rushton. I worked as dancer at Danish Dance Theatre for Tim and to now return as choreographer is something quite strong to me. When somebody believes in your work and gives you a chance, it is very encouraging.
"Tales of A Nordic Mind" will tour in a double bill through Denmark alongside existing work of Didy Veldman, another Dutch choreographer, for whom I danced in the past and whose work I admire.
I am really looking forward to start creating in the studio.

While thinking about the work these lines came to me a few months ago...
They are only starting point and one aspect of a kind of film I have in my mind, the choreography will take its own road and write its own story :-)

Sincerely,
Wubkje Kuindersma

Tales of A Nordic Mind

*(unedited unreleased version /
excerpt)*

by © Wubkje Kuindersma

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INTRO

she walked in a whisper
like nobody would notice her anyway
but I did
she was not to miss
her elegance wrapped around her
like a cocoon
carrying her beauty on the inside
rather than on the outside

I wanted to follow her
but something told me
to sit and wait
patience is a friend
who brings jewels in return

and yes with the breath
of another unspoken word
she turned around
and looked at me
or maybe rather beyond me

green ravish eyes
untamed
yet so in place
connected to something
if only I knew what

with the air of a butterfly
she passed me
as if I was not there
yet something in me
told me she had noticed
me all along

I decided to not move
and just stay
waiting for her to return
all I heard was the echo of her steps
resonating inside my hands
and before I knew it
I was writing..

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CHAPTER 1

the distance to the house
was only a few meters
yet some days they
seemed unbearably long
like never-ending stones
repeating themselves unnoticed

where to go
if the road is embracing itself
like the world is hiding
its truth
beneath a layer of pretend

how to unravel
these beauties
if nobody really sees
what they are

to share the treasure
of an unripe fruit
knowing the taste
will be brilliant
if only one trusts the process
of growth

nobody seems to care about
these things here
not even the stones
only the birds
seem to remember
the joy of their freedom
spreading their wings
like an unspoken thought
setting it free
to become what it ones was

the house a safe harbour
yet sometimes
a prison

so fine the line between these
unknown
like a layer of glass
holding the truth
only to unfold in ones face
if one really dares to look
closely

reflecting
mirroring
transparency

to look beyond
is only about stretching ones
mind
but how to stretch
if everyone / everything seems
frozen?

my breath will give me the
answer
breath on glass
glass on breath
if only one could see
what really was beneath

some days I could watch
the steam separate itself
like a cloud spreading itself
across the ocean
crying its tears
into never-ending waves

in a matter of moments
I would stop existing
waving my story
into the world
like the song of a bird
spreading its wings
on the melody of the world

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