

Recollections Worn

[Live Stream Performance]

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Topic

Music and movement performance

Keywords

generative movement; digital music; dance; theatre; Poetic Narratives

Abstract

COVID conditions have afforded us an altered sense of time and space. Our days, weeks, months and now years are becoming elongated. What were momentary noticings of place in relation to self, amidst the business of our lives, has transformed into a lingering attentiveness.

I am now learning how to dwell in the sensorial abundance of place and am

delighted to do this with my dance/theatre character LUG. LUG, with a trailing overcoat, weathered suitcase and shapeless hat has been the silent conduit for my ever changing narratives of displacement, longing and belonging for 18 years. This particular LUG has explored the rolling coolies of the prairie province of Saskatchewan and conjures this sense of timelessness and loss coupled with a glimmering of hope. Wordsworth's *Journey Renewed* echoes the tone of these narratives; "Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay. The drooping mind of absence."

This collaboration with Scott Morgan's soundscape and Wordsworth's *Journey Renewed* integrated with the movement, explores this sensorial timelessness with our suspension of the world as we knew, and invites an arrest in our habituated relations with space and self.

Requirements

The work will be shown through livestream both with a 4 minute film and a 5 minute live performance/demonstration and then opening to comments and questions.

A large screen for projection of the livestream would be ideal.

Journey Renewed

by William Wordsworth

I rose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-
breeze;
And for their sakes, and love of all that
rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering
nest;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his
breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections
worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay;
Glad meetings, tender partings, that
upstay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows
sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting
thorn —
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

(The 28th poem of *The River Duddon*,
1820)