

Editor Note



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Open Score: Resonant frequencies

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Sometimes labels outlive their usefulness. Sometimes containers that gave a seed a safe place to grow begin to burst their seams. That moment, for me, is now.

I remember the feeling of excitement and motivation, the spontaneous urge to create a way for the geographically scattered dancers who were exploring the seed of contact improvisation in 1975 to stay in touch about their experiences. From the beginning, we would also share reports about other bodies of work and artists involved in like-minded pursuits. Crosscurrents.

Fast-forward (slowly) 40 years to find a veritable, almost impenetrable, forest where a few saplings once stood in an open field.

From the many seeds that were strewn into the quietly explosive, generative, degenerative, and enormously fertile period of the 1960s and '70s in the dance and movement field, large territories and landscapes have evolved—contact improvisation being only one of them. In making *CQ* over the years, I've found myself figuratively and literally running (a bit like a hamster) from one expanding territory to the next, collecting materials to share among us.

But something has been missing for me over these last few years. What, if anything, I've wondered, connects these practices? What is *CQ* following now? Is there a singular “we” that reads, writes for, is engaged with, *CQ* now? I'm beginning to think Not.

And it's a thrilling thought.

As we were reading submissions for this issue of *CQ*, the pieces began to strike me in a new way. One was from a teacher/maker/improviser who works in somatic, image-rich, and performative realms, and articulates his thoughts and practices with clarity, intelligence, poetry, and wit. Another works in environmental, performative, somatic, and pedagogical arenas; another with social, racial, cultural,

political, contact, and improvisational concerns. I could feel my inner label-hamster give up, heaving breathlessly—feel her drop out, fall down, and suddenly be lifted off her little feet, above the categorical differences where all the passionately engaged individual voices resonated. A harmonic, if you will. Where the many different engagements in embodied intelligence—in play, research, dancemaking, and jamming, each one unique in its combination of genres, materials, and intentions—are connected, vibrating sympathetically, each and all of them working *from* the body, *with* the body, and *through* the body.

In this moment of micro-epiphany, I started to experience the many accumulated tags, labels, defining membranes, around the areas of work—this kind of dance, that kind of somatics, this kind of improvisation, that kind of science—dissolving, shearing, becoming more and more permeable. Not gone completely but porous, in communication with each other. I could feel my mind open and my heart stream; I was touched on conceptual levels, aesthetic, human, linguistic, sensational. This means YES for me.

What is thrilling me now from this glimpse of resonance across labels is a paradoxical connectivity between a very wide range of embodied practices with no center, no singular form or language. With fluid definitions and hybrid combinations of materials, individuals are pursuing their lives and work, taking their best stab at making sense of a complex, promising, and disturbing world.

I am excited about what we are doing together. I hope *CQ* can catch this gust of powerful, engaged, embodied, and ambiguous wind and sail into a new level of “sharing the dance,” co-creating and using whatever “vehicles for moving ideas” we can muster for the task.

Nancy Stark Smith