

Editor Note



Curtain Book, photograph © Bill Arnold

This is the sound of one page turning.

Profound lessons often live in the small label-less experiences of body and mind, sensation and attention, which embodied movement practices regularly provide.

For instance, the epiphany I experienced during Bonnie Bainbridge Cohen's transitional fluid exercise last fall. After a long time resting on our backs in the timeless comfort of the cellular fluid, Bonnie suggests that we shift our focus to the fluid passing *through* the cell membrane—the transitional fluid—and move, go, change. Doesn't matter where. Just go. And then after a short rest, again release the holding in the membrane and go. Go without knowing where to. I believe I felt the tiny gates of "needing to know" soften, open, and I went through.

Often when I lead a practice of the Underscore, a structure for improvisation, I remind everyone to pay special attention to the end of engagements, particularly those dances that have been especially absorbing—and to *not* use that moment of "end" as an opportunity to leave the dance floor or get a drink of water but to linger there, streaming through the gap, alive and alert, and to notice the state you've been delivered to from your last dance. Breathing and present in your senses and sensations in that open moment, see what happens: what attracts your attention, what appears in your experience, what impulses arise, and what happens to, with, and through you next. It's a mystery moment, and a challenging and often delightful discipline to observe.

I'm observing the gap now, as *CQ* sheds its biannual skin and opens into new formats, into cyberspace, into collaborations with new artists in new forms, continuing to make opportunities for dancers to connect, tell their stories, articulate their ideas, and document (and dream) our dancing lives.

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Thank you, to the gap between pages, chapters, lifetimes, breaths—a chance to do nothing, be still, look around.

I dive into the space that opens between words now, supported by my suspension of disbelief, my faith in the unknown, while plummeting headlong, with the full weight of the past speeding me down; momentum, a first love, with me as I fall into the future.

The magazine you hold in your hands is the last *biannual* issue of *CQ*. It's also the membrane between the past—34 years of publishing your dance and improvisation voices—and the future—imagined, full of promise and unknowns, fresh, arriving. For our plans, see elsewhere in this issue; for the reality, come with us—write, read, participate—and see what happens next.

—Nancy Stark Smith