



Weathering

Durations of Soft Detail

A Companionate Reader for *Weathering*

Written by Dages Juvelier Keates, Jesse Zaritt, and
Faye Driscoll

We Are So Close

Dages Juvelier Keates

"How has the hot breath of the earth, the battering of its rain, the reprieve of its gentle snows shaped my own sinews, my gait, the ebb and flow of my own bodily humors? Duration, spread across my skin with the slow sweep of the seasons. Like these trees, we are all, each of us, weathering."

- Astrida Neimanis And Rachel Loewen Walker

Our bodies are weather systems – the contractions of wind in our breath, the translation of sunlight into sugar in the plants that become food, the rivers are in our bladders, sluicing forth hormones and medications into wastewaters, filling future aquifers. We are made of time, from the minerals of our bones to the salinity of our teardrops. We are not merely "in" the world, in weather: we are of it, we make it. As intra-active agents,¹ ongoing, ephemeral archives of what is and what has been, we belong here.

1 Karen Barad, *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*

And our belonging extends to modify, amplify, minimize our reach into the world: eyeglasses, underwater sea cables, drone bombs. We extend our affects through prostheses: fear extends through my arm to become a firearm. Desire tip taps my fingers on the keyboard, shaping the search of the algorithm that feeds that desire back into me. We are an ecology of biological and technological alterities, touching worlds in and out of existence.

Weathering is a group work in which the space between bodies is peopled with absences. Someone else was here. The imprint of loss makes its mark; the clay-like residue of a life that has been, that has touched and been touched. A life in the shape of a body, and we can't tell where and when it begins and ends. That ambiguity cuts both ways,

into presence, and into grief. Grief can also be generative in how it opens up a sixth sense, a sense of what it is to be present with what/who is no longer here. Perhaps we can grow this sixth sense to meet the moment of the sixth extinction.²

2 Elizabeth Kolbert, *The Sixth Extinction: An Unnatural History*

We are living through the collapse of the climate as we know it. This process will continue and accelerate throughout our lifetimes. It is the horizon for all thought, action and cultural production. Pandemics, ocean acidification, massive wildfires, rampant extinctions, deforestation, and crop failure are the most recent catastrophic symptoms of this collapse. Yet, why does the climate crisis feel so distant, so abstract? Is there no indication that anyone is panicking? What would it take to get us in touch with what is happening?³

3 "We know the (ecological) catastrophe is possible, probable even, yet we do not believe it will really happen."- Slavoj Žižek, *Living in the End Times*

Philosopher Timothy Morton says, "we are starting to trust that we are in a catastrophe, which literally means a space of downward-turning. It's much better to think you are in a catastrophe than to think you are in a disaster. There are no witnesses to disaster... Catastrophes involve you, so you can do something about them."⁴ We do not stand outside, we are not passing through, nor do we control the symptoms of this downward-turning. The word "symptom" comes from the Greek roots *sin* (together) and *pipto* (I fall). Symptoms allow us to perceive where we are, a catastrophe is a disaster we can feel: we fall together as our world falls apart.

4 Timothy Morton, *All Art Is Ecological*

What if instead of trying to block our situation out we let it all sink in- seep in? *Weathering* amplifies our perception of details in duration, in proximity, and in the multiple, often spongy tubes and routes of connection that bridge distances. Aesthetics have a crucial role in making the slow violence of the Anthropocene visible. Through proximity to the bodies pluming on the platform, moving glacially,

intricately, and all at once, we experience scale shifts that clarify the stakes of presence, palpably and tactilely.

We are touched into existence. It is the bodies of others, in proximity, that define and constitute the so-called subjective site of the self. Enclosed in a permeable kinesthetic skin sac that touches both ways, we perceive the world through movement. These gestures accumulate, touch us back. As ongoing, sensate ephemeral archives, the haptic is alive all the way through, from tip to tail to nail, through fascia, neural net, memory. Our skin is guessing, like a blanket brained with microfilaments: where do I begin? Where does the other end?

Weathering lives in the questions of how we feel close enough to touch and be touched by the moment, by the momentous. Perception changes in relation to proximity; the further off a thing is perceived in time or space, the more crude and abstract our thinking about it, and the less likely it seems to happen. When we think about things right here, we use details. What is closer feels inevitable, what is further feels less likely. The immediacy of somatic sensation draws us back from the abstraction of disaster and makes it real, as catastrophe.

We can reimagine our corporeality as the locus that can draw the future to the present. The tool of our attention is the body and our bodies are made up of each other. In rehearsal, Miguel said, "the chaos in my body organizes into something harmonic and into something that is no longer me." Together, we are climate, water, soil, bones, storms. We become wind, dirt, spore, rain. The weather is humidity inflaming our joints, lightning charging the air we breathe, frost biting our skin. *Weathering* acts as a presence prosthesis for tenderizing the senses, an

5 Donna Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*

affect attunement portal to wet complexities. The work trains us to thicken our attention, to stay with the trouble.⁵ To render the world sensible, we need to come to our senses.

ATTUNING ANTHROPOSENSIBILITIES

As I read *Weathering*, I am thinking about species deafness and species anosmia. I am thinking about how one of the symptoms of coronavirus (neo-plague of the Anthropocene, from the perverted sacrifice of wet markets and acid oceans, our greed for racoon dog flesh) is anosmia, or the loss of smell.

Smell literally comes into you. It is one of the two "chemical" senses that materially alter you. We feel smells enter us, impinge upon us, invade us and then do something to change us chemically. Once they land on our olfactory bulb, we have no choice but to absorb them. As such, in the hierarchy of the senses, scent gets rendered "primitive," racialized, gendered, and situated in the anatomical systems imagined most leaky: the digestive, the reproductive.

We cannot shut down our sense of smell.

It is said that smell is one of the earliest senses to develop in the womb. We smell our way out of the feeling of separation and back to the parent's body, to the milk that flows from one generation to another, to a sense of what was before the rupture. The Garden of Eden was lost when Adam and Eve used their senses of sight, sound, touch, taste to self consciously snatch from the world. They saw, heard about, touched and tasted that forbidden fruit, but they did not smell it. Thus olfaction is considered a gateway back to the garden, a space of unbroken consciousness.⁶

6 "... the longing to re-establish total union never quite goes away. We all share a desire to recover the lost paradise of uterine existence, when we were warmly housed inside the body of another, when there was no differentiation between the loved object and the self, no separation and therefore no possibility of need or loss." Olivia Laing, *Everybody: A Book about Freedom*

Anosmic folk may accidentally consume rancid food because they can't sniff out spoilage, and may also be unaware when they are breathing toxic or smoke-filled air. The smell of blood generates bloodlust in some, fear in others. We can smell each other's anxiety. We smell desire. We smell our way to our mother's breast shaping the fernlike unfurling of the cervical vertebrae. We literally get into each other, molecularly, materially, in ways that make matter. Its loss is meaningful.

If we cannot feel close enough for impact, we feel more alone with each other and on the planet. How much is the Anthropocene a kind of species sense loss?

We cannot shut down our sense of hearing.

We did not evolve "earlids", because audition is central to proprioception, and with it, our physical survival. We respond faster to a sound cue than to a visual one: it takes our brain a quarter of a second to process visually, but we recognize a sound in a fifth of that. We can hear the ticking of a watch 20 feet away and endure the screaming of the subway, the jackhammer. We are, in fact, very auditorily sensitive, while navigating our way through an increasingly cacophonous world.

Our bodies evolved to hear within the range of bird song, indicating waterways, trees, food. We can hear where we can survive, where these feathered dinosaur descendents seed the earth from above. In New York City, we can no longer attune to the songs of Carolina Parakeets, Labrador Ducks, Passenger Pigeons, Eskimo Curlews. Listening is a practice of sensitization to place. We hear that we are here.

As Faye said in rehearsal, "listening is our ongoing score." In *Weathering*, sound and breath can't be

sourced to just one body. We aren't sure where it comes from, where it goes, to whom it belongs, how far it extends. Whose voice is that? Whose breath? The sonic world billows within and around the entangled performers: elegiac, mantric, repetitive. It is a requiem to the lived body, the body of the beloved, the absent, the body in the act of killing itself and its context.

We are built by interspecies impact, created by a shared shape of lived experience. We are vulnerable to the complexities of this contact, feeling horror and horniness, tenderness and terror, nurture and neglect, often simultaneously. We look inside each other for a touch, a taste, a glance of the eternal; we seek to be moved by, reborn in, and disappeared into the other. Relational contours mold our porous ecologies the way asteroids have mottled the soft skin of the earth. *Weathering* invites us in, to take a longer, closer look, to develop a sensibility, to be in presence, to not know what's going to happen. And to be together, as transcorporeal accumulations of touch, of exchange, of wind, even when circumstances literally take our breath away.

The following text was created as part of the early dramaturgical dialogue between Faye and Dages, questioning where the body is and how far it extends. Working with found texts describing acts of sex and violence, we gathered lexical descriptions of bodies blurring into other bodies, from warscripts to ancient theater to vintage pornography. What follows is Faye's response to this initial research.

Chariots of Flesh

Faye Driscoll

It's so dark
We move through the forest by touch alone

Once into position
Everybody waited

The drum in my ear
goes
thrum
thrum
thrum

Wait
You say

We gotta crack into this dark sky
Come on
Let's
Get her

Pregnant

And just like that we are full

Illuminated

With dawn

Shit, bile, piss, puss, wax, tears, snot
I want to squeeze you in further and further

We are still

Fog moves all around us
Our breath pulses in lavish orgasmic puff plumes
How dare you come into us
You slutty yawn
You chew your mouth around
Try to tackle her down
Too late
Yawn spreads
Cracks jaw after jaw

Without consent

Sweat, saliva, heat, greed

We move forward
The twins let their hair fall loose
Slide shimmer past shoulders to ASS
Vain bitches
Each bit of length
Each year of life
Why does it hurt so bad to behold that which has
not yet been sliced?
My laden hands
Fumbling
Fondling
Touching everything
Through an old rusty kitchen knife

I gasp as he starts moving again
Crushing her against the creaking shelves

We freeze
Genitals buttocks and navel are most certainly
outside but I remain inside

Very near did cannon balls come to me

We've been trembling in the trench for
Days?

Weeks?

Years?

Lifetimes?

Despite thick fog

I am overcome

By the smell of your clean shaven skin

Face, eyes, gaze, nose, mouth, fear

I try to pound you out but you latch onto my arm,
wrap your leg around me and reverse position
You try to pound me out but I latch onto your arm,
wrap my leg around you and reverse position

We are desperate to know the outcome

Desperate to know the outcome

Desperate to know the outcome

Fingerprints drag

Across glass

Tap tap tap

What's gonna happen

Oh, iphone oracle?

All of you always porous pouring

My breasts are swollen with milk

A new mother who has left my babies behind at
home

I am nestling gazelles and young wolves in my
arms suckling them
Sucking
On a jolly rancher

I can't put my finger on it

Hence, when able to attack we must seem unable

I need to know where we stand
I sit you down to try to speak
To what it is
That is
Between us
Your eyes glaze
I need to know where we stand
Your eyes
Droop
Shut
You
Drool
You can't remember your name
Your face is somewhere around my waist
Lips kissing her stomach
Hands grabbing his hips
Bursting all over with giant nipples
After
Worried you hurt me
You lean over
To see if i'm alright
But I like a wounded animal leap up and grab you
around your throat with my one good arm

Guts, phone, piss, puss,
carbon emissions, asshole

Their weight is on top of me
Closed eyelids contracted sphincters
We close up their skins of fawn with writhing
snakes that lick their cheeks
Soon there are more hands on me and my own
hands stray onto others
Some ghastly messes
Forms in the bottom of the trench
Blinded
You have to lie down
You can only grope your way out
When you leave I know what it is to be a man
without legs
I know for a moment what phantom limbs feel like

Pussy, dick and balls

You are looking in the mirror shaving
I am sitting on the toilet brushing my teeth
You say
My parasites are now living in you
Thank you?
I say
But it sounds like
Dank goo

My rusty kitchen knife hands find your face
between them

Pollution covers mountains
Birds bump into glass
She is in agony but won't give in
I drag the twins hair up from drains
Pluck its casual smear from pillow cases

A hand clenched into a fist
Fingers pressed against each other
Everyone is partying
You say
The back of one thigh crossed over the front of the
other
One foot resting on the other
Pieces of shell flew within two feet certain of my
head
It feels so good to party again after so long stuck
inside
To bump and to grind
I fall with a thud
My armor
Clashes
Upon me
Your pelvis rises
As if seeking something in the air

sweat, semen, milk, spit, blood

I do not want to startle anyone as I come upon
them out of the fog
Thinking I am the enemy
Pundits predict the future
Make the future make
Wildfires of
Outrage and
Anxiety
We are desperate to know the outcome
Desperate to know the outcome
Desperate to know the outcome
They first drew back the heads of sacrificial animals
I spit frothy toothpaste into the toilet

It was deep, warm, and very wet
fluctuating traces of caresses, memories of silk,
wool, velvet
My fingers were all but sucked inside
She takes me to her perfumed breast
Laughing as she cried
Lip against lip
Tongue against palate
Teeth touching teeth
Wrenched backwards
Your face a mask of pain

We link our hands around his neck
A scent-laden breeze fills the cavern of my mouth
Pressing for release
Luckily we are not stuck in a perpetual yawn
Rolling and rolling through us forever
Slutty Yawn always moves on
How far did she travel from?
How ancient is her roil?
I shove you all the way across the cage and into
the fence
They come and pull us apart

In feeling if they were alive
 Their hands would be plunged into a gory mess
 of flesh
 We encountered loose limbs too
 You push me face down
 Then, in ecstasy, like a colt by its grazing mother,
 with flushed cheeks and the spells of Aphrodite in
 his eyes, we are climbing down dark, vertical wells,
 descending endless ladders and inch-ing along
 damp crawl ways, to low underground rooms
 My ass is raising itself up
 When you leave I know what it is to be a man

without legs
I know for a moment what phantom limbs
feel like

Their weight is on top of me
I want to squeeze you in further and further
Closed eyelids, contracted sphincters
She wants to watch your face
He wants your sweat to drop onto me
The back of one thigh crossed over the front of
the other, one foot resting on the other
Pieces of shell flew within two feet certain of
my head
She took him to her perfumed breast, laughing
as she cried
You cut yourself shaving

Fingerprints drag
Across glass
Tap tap tap
What's gonna happen
Oh, iphone oracle?
It's hard to grasp

I fall with a thud, and my armor clashes upon
me
They first drew back the heads of the sacrificial
animals

I do not want to startle anyone as I come upon
them out of the fog, thinking I am the enemy

I gasp as he starts moving again, crushing her
against the creaking shelves

Striking there she wounded him and ripped through his splendid skin, and drew the spear out again

She takes her wrist and holds it back against the wall

But let me catch you in this land of mine! It came through your left cheek just below the jaw bone and exited out my right cheek, taking nearly all of our upper teeth and gums as well as most of the lowers.

I'll stop his pounding with his wand and tossing his head. I'll have his head cut off his body! There is numbness in my mouth. I thought her tongue was gone. I put my hand in the opening and was relieved to find it intact. I feel the rough satin strands of his hair against my sensitive inner thighs. Skin on skin becomes conscious, as does skin on mucus membrane and mucous membrane on itself. You bury your face in my breasts. She drags your head up by the hair and bites your lip. We link our hands around his neck. I reach out and draw you to me our faces are inches apart. It is visible: wear and tear, scars from wounds, calluses, wrinkles and furrows of former hopes, blotches, pimples, eczema, psoriasis, birth-marks. They start tearing at your shirt, pulling at your waistband. It flows through my lips and I say, now I roll the sun upon my tongue and it neither burns nor scorches. I shove you all the way across the cage and into the fence, they come and pull us apart. Handle with holy care, the violent wand of god! We are an elite force, closing our eyes rolling onto our bellies. All heads turn outwards in different directions, listening. Losing and finding each other, sometimes leaving each other, then coming together again, in risk and pleasure. I await you. I await you. I am cutting my nails.

To Hold And Be Held

Jesse Zaritt

Eyes closed, back arched, elbow in mouth (is it hopelessness or ecstasy that you feel?) the weight of a stone, the perfume of herbs crushed in your hand, a taste of orange, a sip of water, bodies shine with moisture produced both through exertion (sweat/tears/drool) and the generous application of glycerin. The real and the artificial, the actualized and the representational fall into each other. What is important is how it looks *and* how it feels, how we read feeling through the touch of our eyes, the eyes of our skin.⁷ *Weathering* is trying to pressurize our senses, to make us feel through a cacophony of sense production, a synesthetic cornucopia of bodies and stuff, the human and the nonhuman pressed together – everything at the edge of ecstasy and collapse.

7 Juhani Pallasmaa, *The Eyes of the Skin: Architecture and the Senses*

There is an acute sense of risk embedded in what the performers are being asked to do: bodies fly through space to crash into each other on a constantly spinning platform, juice and sweat and dirt– various wetness-es underfoot, slipping and falling, splitting your focus between vocalizing/ harmonizing and running/pushing/falling, twisting too much, holding someone else's body up above you past your capacity to endure the force of their weight... and then there is the fear that comes from being exposed; the barriers of training and polish and distance are all stripped away. You can't hide behind your dance technique, you can't avoid the penetrating attention of the other performers, the director, the audience– your own attention to yourself. You can't avoid yourself! It is all too slow or too fast, too intimate, too close, too wild, too demanding. The work is too hard and there is always more to negotiate, some detail (a note Faye gave you, a request a fellow performer made of you, a personal directive you are trying to fulfill)

that you forget, or that arises in your consciousness as an urgent reminder in the middle of doing the thing you are doing.... Ultimately, there is no way (to succeed?) to fulfill the limitless terms of the choreography. You can only be present for what is asked of you. You have to surrender to the densely layered, uncompromisingly interdependent tasks that shape the work. You have to let yourself be seen by yourself and others through your striving and failing, in the glory, fragility and abjectness of your aliveness.

Weathering engulfs me. It is totalizing. It feels eerily close to the extremes of my lived experience. I know what it is like to try so hard, to feel too much, to fail to hold it all together, to face the storm of the present rushing into the future while colliding with the past (what I did before, what I must do now, what will happen next). I know what it is like to attempt to maneuver through this time-storm with finesse and care and resolve and resilience. I know what it is like to want to be seen and to want to disappear at once, to be both a model subject (a lovely human, a good dancer) and just a fleeting part of a larger energetic dance, to find and lose myself in relation. I know what it is like to hold and be held by others.

In *Weathering*, there is no singular hero, no star soloist - every performer occupies both the center and the periphery of the work at all times. Even as my attention rests for a moment on one performer's action - *flower petals falling crushed out of Cara's hands, Shayla's face as she lifts her head and scans the space, James applying lip balm* - I am aware of the churning activity around them, the wild intricate gear-like coordination of everyone moving at once. In theory, I know that everything I do impacts and is impacted by the world around me. Nothing happens in isolation. Yet, I forget this. And often, performance helps me

forget this. I get to rest my eyes on the singular emergence of excellence, celebrate someone's rare and unique gifts, let one body rise up out of the sea of all of us and claim the spotlight. This mode of attention celebrates the individual; it makes me want to produce my own individual dance and have others celebrate my selfie self. *Weathering* reminds me that brilliance is always produced through collectivity. My power comes through the field of relation that produces me and to which I am bound.

This is one of *Weathering's* central lessons: the only way through the crisis of being alive is to pay attention deeply and humbly to a constantly shifting relational matrix of mutual aid, mutual pleasure and mutual suffering. How beautiful and how triggering to witness both the fractalization and exaggeration of this lesson. It is inspiring (we can do this! we can make life within the chaos of this time!) and also horrifying(?)/sobering ("There is no end to what a living world will demand of you"⁸). There is no end to detail. And there is no end to the intricate, demanding processes of my body; I am bodying all the time. I move in constant relation to others; I must consider the ethics of care, of exploitation, of love - the labor of our interdependence.

Glossary

The following glossary of keywords that cluster around and surge through "Weathering," written by Jesse and Dages.

AFFECT:

"In positing that people in the Western world were once aware of the transmission of affect, and that we have been sealed against this knowledge by the deadening, passifying affects of modern times, I have implied that knowledge of transmission was once conscious, although that knowledge is now repressed."- Theresa Brennan

Our digital feeds are filled with speculation, much of it generated by author-less software. The social imaginary of apocalypse is fed by cinematic armageddons depicting various agents of word endings from aliens to AI to mushrooms to zombies. We consume all of this affect without registering panic or terror. Affect without intensity can be compared to the fatality of an illness without symptom to the unimportant but intense pain of a papercut. Affects are contagious. Is numbness an affect? Is empathy?

ATTENTION ECONOMY:

"Being in a place, being in an era, for instance an era of mass extinction, is intrinsically uncanny. We haven't been paying much attention..."
- Timothy Morton

Perhaps the dominant attribute of the attention economy is overwhelm. Too numerously connected, hyperlinked, we drown in conversational currents trending through social circulatory systems. 24 hour news cycles broadcasting disasters, proliferations of warnings, notifications, alerts have overstimulated us to saturation with often contradictory abstract data points. James

Bridle speaks of a New Dark Age: a world of ever-increasing incomprehension being built at an alarming rate. Overwhelm leads to more overwhelm, stimulation to saturation. Noise canceling earbuds in, virus wicking masks on. We numb out.

BEWILDERMENT:

In *Wild Things: the disorder of desire*, Jack Halberstam writes: "Bewilderment, the process of becoming wild by shedding knowledge (as opposed to becoming civilized by acquiring it), offers both escape and madness, desire and disorder." In a talk about the book he gave in 2020, he further explains: "Bewilderment is a system of unknowing" coming from the 17th century word *to bewilder* which he defines as "to lose someone in a wild place." Bewilderment offers an experience of "stunned curiosity" and the possibility of getting lost, a circumstance that he observes to be almost unavailable to many of us given the ubiquity of GPS/smartphones. Getting lost, unknowing, shedding certainty, wildness as an encounter with "things that refuse and resist order itself" – these are conditions that can provoke anxiety, but can also undo the narrow and confining habits of perception and behavior that shape our lives. Art that is made to unmake the world is bewildering, enlivening, unruly. It envelops you in a state of crisis, entering you into the disorienting/re-orienting/re-ordering terrain of an unknowable world. *Weathering* does this; it displaces, replaces and overwhelms me, asking me to let go of the world as I've come to expect it, to embrace unexpected possibilities of being and belonging.

CRISIS:

Faye's choreography generates conditions of crisis - not to antagonize the performers and viewers, but as an act of care. What tasks are going to propel this particular group of people to

most vividly activate their collective intelligence? What challenges will necessitate modes of deep, empathic listening that might extend everyone's attention beyond a preoccupation with individual well-being and self-management? Faye elevates what is at stake for the performers and for the audience; she agitates our collective nervous system: it is not just about moving slowly, but moving SUPER slowly while being asked to attend to a myriad of complex relational actions– time is put into crisis. The physical, visual, vocal and olfactory stimuli of *Weathering* produce a space in crisis: the work becomes a maze of lines of force and waves of sensation cresting/crashing through a compressed space, performers travel up to (and eventually through) the viewers– we are all too close to the action. How close can we get to one another before boundaries and borders are crossed? What might a crisis at the edge of a self yield?

HYPEROBJECTS:

The term “hyperobjects” describes events so massively dispersed through spacetime that they transcend our ability to conceive them: the Anthropocene, styrofoam, capitalism. Constituted by myriad discrete actions, like turning the ignition of a car, multiplied across billions of people, billions of times, hyperobjects become much more than the sum of their parts. Something has begun, and we are facing inevitable consequences too large for us to conceive, like a slow moving car crash. Global warming is the culmination of a whole shit ton of actions piling up, like microplastics in the intelligent bodies of seas, whales, grandparents, partner's ex lovers. Our bodies are soft durations made up of eachother: moving, winding, billowing ingatherings of meals, ancestors, viruses, heavy metals, intoxications, orgasms.

INDETERMINACY:

Watching *Weathering* I'm aware of an abundance of unlikely adjacencies: things that are impossibly heavy yet soft, movement that is indirect but insistent, something tangled that is also a pathway through. *Weathering* visceral-izes paradox.

MAGIC:

Poet CA Conrad speaks about magic as the result of practices of extreme presence; they write: "Magic is discovering how things bend and then bending them for results..." When I think of bending in the context of this project, I think of pressure, the extent to which (at first) you can't be anywhere but where you are as your flesh and bones press into each other and into the bodies of others, into objects and structures, as the attention of viewers presses against the performers, as the performer's bodies and the smells and images and sounds and feelings they offer press back into the bodies of those watching. I think about what pressure might yield beyond an excruciating awareness of the present. When does something—our joints, our actions, our coming together to see and be seen by each other—get pressurized to the point where something else is possible? When does attention get bent into an elsewhere or otherwise? What seemed solid and fixed is revealed as fluid, indeterminate, unfinished. In the case of *Weathering*, I'm aware of magic as something that produces the unresolvable, the irreconcilable - things that are beautiful and terrible at once. *Weathering* reminds me that there remain possibilities for life-making, world-making, world-breaking beyond what I think I know, what I've lived and witnessed.

READINESS:

Weathering asks its performers to always be ready for change. Executing the choreography requires hypervigilance— the ability to change direction mid-

run/mid-leap/mid-gesture, to shift either subtly or abruptly to accommodate the unpredictable and unruly forces of live bodies in performance. I perceive a connection, not a false equivalence—but a connection nonetheless to ongoing (both historical and contemporary) non-theatrical modes of hypervigilance.

Who might be carrying a weapon here and why?
What sudden extreme weather event might result in the need for immediate evacuation? Where are the exits to this room and how quickly can I get out if I need to?

What does it mean to rehearse catastrophe in a time where there is a constant narrative of crisis, calls for adaptivity and maximal availability, a time of no rest, no end to the rapidity of change?

TOUCH:

"There is no touch in the singular. To touch is always to touch something, someone. . . Touch produces an event." — Erin Manning

Weathering began with a preoccupation with touch—its absence, its necessity. As we started to research the sense of touch, we found it to be symphonic, a kind of catchall or periphery of that which we sense beyond the "five" historically categorized senses: sight, smell, touch, taste, and hearing. It's a super sense that proprioceptors, allowing us to know where bodies are in space, extending the skin. Proprioception is also called kinesthesia, from the Greek *kineo* ("I put in motion") and *aisthesía* ("sensation, feeling"). Kinesthesia is an antidote for hypoesthesia: *hypo* meaning "under" and *aisthesía* "feeling." Hypoesthesia is more commonly called numbness, and manifests as a reduced sense of touch or sensation, or a partial loss of sensitivity to sensory stimulation. In order to thaw the numbness of estrangement, we must melt and move feelings

a bit. Dancers have a lot of proprioception. Dancers possess the superpower of the sixth sense in this moment of the sixth extinction. Touch is thickly activated in *Weathering*, an advanced sense for rumbling with the realities of advanced capitalism.

TRANSCORPOREALITY:

"We make each other up, in the flesh."

- Donna Haraway

The temporary home of the body is always transcorporeal. Many species make a body, from the fungal networks in our ears to the demodex mites who crawl out from their eyelash burrows to romp on our faces at night, the human and non human are deeply co-imbricated. We are not discrete forms interacting, rather we are made from intra-actions. In new materialist formulation, the smallest unit is actually a set of phenomena, entangled forms expressed through co-creative relations, ecologies. The body (human, oceanic, planetary) has never been singular or autonomous: rather, we are intra-vidual. We are not who we think we are. In *Weathering*, we open the great maw of the corpus to take a longer look inside, catching a glimpse of the body as always multiple; entangled, unfurling open and into others.

Reading List

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CREDITS

This reader was produced through a two-year dramaturgical discourse with Dages Juvelier Keates and a multiyear collaboration with Jesse Zaritt. *Weathering* is a performance by Faye Driscoll made of bodies, sounds, scents, and objects. Ten people enact a glacially morphing tableau vivant on a mobile raft-like stage surging through the Anthropocene. Premiered at New York Live Arts April 6-8 & 13-15, 2023.

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