

BiP / WiP Transcript

Intro:

Hello everyone! My name is Andrew Pearson and I am the founder of Bodies in Play.

5 years ago, I had this idea that the word “dance” didn’t fully encapsulate the work I was making and the work I was interested in making. You can read more about that in program where I’ve copied the first Bodies in Play newsletter, but in short I started making some solos to try and better understand what a Body in Play is, and one of those solos turned into a quartet, and I choreographed a few other small group works along the way, and I’m very proud of the work made up to this point, but it’s always felt like there was some other element missing: Bodies in Play - it’s the plurality of that word that’s important. It can’t just be me, as the performer or director or choreographer in play, it needs to be a collective playtime. And that’s what we’re trying out tonight.

So! Welcome to Bodies in Play’s first ever Work in Progress showing. Or, as we like to call it, a BiP WiP!

First and foremost we want to give a huge thank you to our members who have made tonight possible. We think you are Very Important People... or, in other words, BiP ViPs!

As you’ve settled in we hope you’ve all enjoyed a yummy BiP Chip, or two, or ten, or maybe had a nice BiP Sip of wine, or simply enjoyed connecting with one another, because after all, tonight is mostly about relationships, friendships, kinships... BiPShips...

Now, before we take you through our exciting new BiP Trip, we musn’t Skip this little Quip.
What you’re about to see was made in a Zip.
We took just 20 hours, to get a good Grip
On what dancing to keep, and which moves we could Clip.
But we promise this work is more than a Blip.
Perhaps it will cause a curl of the Lip.
Or maybe your heart will jump, spin, or Flip.
We say this, of course, with no ego Trip.
But simply because we want to Equip
Your viewing experience with one little Tip:

What you see is correct, what you feel is just it.
What we’ve made is from us, but it’s our ownerShip.
In our metaphorical pool, let’s all take a Dip.
If even, for you, it’s just one fingerTip.
Into a world of play, we invite you to Slip,
So with no further ado, dancers, let ‘er Rip!

Effort on a Spectrum:

Is it laziness? Or has my body burnt out from constantly having to hustle? Constantly having to prove itself? Constantly having to have it? Be it? Feel it? Keep it?

What does it matter? It doesn't. Until it does.

Contradiction.

I want more moments of nothing. Surrounded by support. Love. Zero expectations. Escape to adventure. Joy. No worries. Universal compassion. Strength. Just 'cause.

Can you imagine?

Dear joints:

I wish I could figure out what's wrong.
Maybe it's not what's wrong, but what's happening.
You aren't wrong. You're incredible.

You bend. You crack. You soften. You support. And sometimes all at once.
You've got extra space in you which allows for all sorts of magic...but at times, needs to be tamed.
You're a lot like me.
Funny how I've never thought about that before.

For you I'll be tender, I'll be thoughtful, I'll be persistent and I'll be patient.
I'll listen more and do my best to get you proper rest.
I'll find a way to work through discomfort as long as you keep communicating.
In this moment, I'm a little frustrated with you but I promise my admiration still wins.

I love you joints.
Let's do this!

What does my body know?:

My body knows hard work and overdrive and exhaustion and fulfillment and soreness and creativity and extremity and pain and enjoyment and beauty although my brain has a hard time reminding it that it's capable of all of those things. For the past 5-6 years, my body has changed and it doesn't move the way I have been holding on to. So I get frustrated and judgmental when I don't see results the way I remember them. I get upset when my body doesn't maneuver and produce like I "used" to. My mind tells my entire self to not look in the mirror because that's not what you remember. Be embarrassed. Feel shame for how you've let your body transform. No mirrors. Ever. My mind and body have an understanding and a separation at the same time, in turn, it becomes difficult to believe in my entirety. My body knows comparison.

The ink on my arm // tldr: I got a new tattoo:

This man's music, specifically "In Colour" has gotten me through a lot of pivotal moments in my more recent years. It's the soundtrack to my first stage piece I've ever choreographed, it got me through breakups with friends and romantically, it helped with the worst comedown I've ever had and also just supports me when I feel happy and giddy I'm so happy I got it & I literally got teary eyed when I saw it done. Fun story: I was in Vegas with some of my best friends at the time and I was literally freaking out and crying and was unable to do anything. My friend yells out to my other friend "Play Jamie xx's album, trust me!" and they did and it literally saved me. There's literally nothing like the soundscape he creates, and the fact that we share the same birthday is the cherry on top. Luv u always Jamie.

Every time I close my eyes:

I see her.
I feel how it feels to be her.
Her calm competency, smooth edge, her melting kindness.
You might as well call her your highness.
She's so high. You can't touch her.
Easy to love. Bats off fear with a shrug.
And her smile.
Her smile could cheer up somber stadiums full of fans who watch their teams suffer defeat but she never plays games.
Or gets angry on bad days.
Her beauty within is this close to sin but not quite because it's perfectly placed.
I see her every time I close my eyes but can't quite be her.
To my demise.

What does my body love?

Cheese!

What are my super powers?

Kindness.

Who am I?

A powerhouse.

What does my body know?

Peace.

A hug makes everything okay.