

**Huibhaye van der Werf_Kinesthetic Understanding²
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Written with Vivien Tauchmann - self-as-other-trainings**

Kiabi stood convincing at the fore. Projecting selective capacity. Feigning position. The newest guard on duty, the scantiest record. Weaving hands and elbows calyced and too small. For letters too large. Welcoming letters. Lacking admission. Extraneous wooden surface. Generic identity on offer. Spirit showing its shadow before turning the corner. The smell of coconut conditioner leaking fume left. Stirring up appendaged accessory.

Yet the surface in front stands chiselled and open. On it, movement and action. Un-specific to the foundation of this gap in the city fabric. Unsuspecting to the repercussions of this establishment. However, specific to the history of its privilege and wealth. That what has grouted out this space. This space a port, also guarded over by the neo-classic body of rule and score. Seemingly open in its access. Repetitive in its capacity. Never ending entrance. Unending thoroughfare. Unknown destination. Upholding the false pretence of its responsible consumption. Seen through the clouded clear windows of unrestrained depletion. Gazed upon by the still and mannequined movements of material desire. Distorted by the lens of entrepreneurial prophecy.

Yet, the pronouncement of politics, consumerism, racism, leisure, dereliction, loitering... speaking to the ongoing go. Yet, the hand turns. Yet, the foot taps and moves. Yet, a different score is laid out. A line is laid without signifying a marked track. Not in sand but on hard blue stone. Compressed calcite from the Ardennes. Like chocolate, as firm as it melting in the mouth. Cushioned under the feet. Forgetting every origin. Planting, harvesting, churning and turning and selecting. Over the backs of men and women. Reclaimed in the belly of ships. Placed on the scant thighs of market stalls. Captured now, with the lens of soft proximity. Produced, via hard distance. Like the fruit picked from trees once filling this crevice. This gap in time. The turning of the hand as all that is left to show our outsourced selection. Our limbs and extensions extended beyond our comprehension. Beyond our understanding. Hoping beyond our responsibility.

Let's look up from our smartness. Let's understand our movements. Their histories. Their current currencies.

We need new spaces. With new porosity and reinvented extension. New appendages to exchange and traverse. To offer free breadth and allow dissimilar movement. A fuller range of voiceless voice. The body's voice. Here. Now. Turning. Stepping. Reaching. Incongruent repetition. Opened up rather than built retained.

Our tongues may be stung silent from bittersweet history. Our feet unaware of the foundation offering them unaccountable access. But our hands and feet and hips and arms and fingers can now be revived again with new force and redistributed energies. New exercises for new knowledges. All with decisive reminiscence. Our eyes can be now turned upwards. From here onwards. Past now.