

ON THE FIFTH DAY: a reflection
By Mirela Carbone

I want to dance. After some years dedicated to teaching and directing and to choreographing which translated minds, views, unconscious states, transmitting to other bodies my emotion in movements and dancing personally some old choreographies, I suddenly feel an intense desire to create for/by myself.

One day I decide and enter the empty room full of ideas motivations; after one hour I realize that I am going in circles searching something else so as not to begin investigating the theme I proposed to work on. I store everything thinking that it is not my day of inspiration. The day after I come back and begin repeating the ritual. Time passes and I am still going about the place, always finding something else to distract my attention. On the third day my motivation changes, I concentrate seriously and after an hour I find myself with the eyes fixed in a spot on the wall. On the fourth day I cry in the same position...

Panic of entering a process of creation and not being able to succeed? That my creativity may be forever paralyzed? That I may run out of ideas? Faded inspiration? Not being able to discover new movements? Repeating myself? Being unable to propose anything whatsoever? And worst of all, have I lost passion? All those fears arise in me ghosts that haunt my mind, freezing me inside. The woman observes the girl in stress.

Some people think that in those most difficult moments, those most conflicting times, one creates best. On the other hand there are those who believe on has to enjoy tranquility in order to create. Others still say that in order to create one must be illuminated, inspired. Is there a special moment?

Having experience does not demonstrate in practice that when trying a new creation you are going to succeed, that you know all the ways, that you have a methodology for the process that the realization will be clearer. Understanding your emotions and inner states is something so complex that it may torment and annul you. What does reason have to do with creation?

In countries like Peru, where your survival depends on hard work in several different spaces so that you may achieve some economic stability, where financial support is non-existent from either government or the p[ri]vate enterprise, where the dance public is still very limited, where the schedules for rehearsals are always complicated by the fact that all of us have thousands of other things to do in our jobs, studies or private lives, all those things added to your own fears provoke an earthquake when it comes to creating. When you starting thinking about a new production the whole world comes down on you and the only thing you can do is get depressed and paralyzed.

The models that come to us from abroad, the explosion of information existing today, the demands for competence, the need to be a productive machine, to create in order to answer certain demands from the only client in commercial events, to impose ways for purely economic ends, being in show so as not to die in a demanding and ungrateful society - all this makes up a dramatic picture that seems an exaggeration as we read about it. I wonder how far those inconveniences can compromise our health, stress and contaminate us?

However, that is our reality. And despite this daily bombing of problems we keep on working and believing that better times will come. And we worry about education, its diffusion and research. We keep discussing and asking for acceptance, reflecting so as to discover new solutions ... We go straight on, but how? Contaminated and stressed out? Is it possible to transmit through our creation a need, a truth, given our present state of being?

This reflexive cry comes as I heart it constantly around and live it in my own body. We know that it is extremely difficult to develop our dance, that it is hard to keep communicating with our inner world. What a great contradiction for a dancer who is supposedly, as Marguerite Yourcenar states

in her *Safo de Fuegos*, "[a] Hypnotizes creature, with too many wings to inhabit the earth and too carnal to be in heaven..." - as she refers to an aerialist Safo. The trapeza for the local dancer is only the danger which secretly becomes the tamer of his heart.

The eternal search for new ways that dance offers is a wonderful excuse to develop a more personal look at it. The need to proceed is immense, that is why it always comes to me on the fifth day in this empty place, and despite my incapacity to survive in this wrong system I place myself in the same ubiquitousness of yesterday, sitting and fixing my gaze upon a spot... a muffled cry hopes to hear what my internal voice says. Sometimes I don't know what I mean to say, since I feel the need to say something is covered in clouds. Little by little this occult truth comes out, until I can face it clearly; I take possession of my secret and the girl now relaxed enters into this woman.

My passion is alive; I have a lot of it, so much that I believe I forgot about love. Maybe I should allow myself to fall into somebody's arms, as in the tale of the Golden Smiles, in which an old man, too tired from traveling, fell asleep in the old cavewoman's arms, and was caressed all night until the morning broke and he woke up as boy.

Sometimes weariness makes you blind.