

treat carefully
and no one by me

Dear person holding this paper:
The following words you are going to read
have been written several times.
First in an automatical writing then on
a more clear layout and trying to make
my words readable... Then, asking for
sense, for movement... Some of the things
that stayed out has to do with the
legitimacy of several thinkers or ideas
of being a cult as well as some
personal stuff... it is being edited
several times...
And now the following pages are
excited to find you.
In most pages, you will meet some
images. Please, keep them on the paper
move them around if you wish to
make reading possible.
Once, you are done please be sure
all the images are on the right
place/page. You can check the index
in case of doubt on the last page.
This is full of touch.

All quinn...

HOME

STAY HOME

Sun is coming through the windows and the living room is quite quite warm. There are paper wrappings all over the table as traces of an ongoing activity, some wrapping paper in a chair and lots of newspapers and books on the little table at the center of the room... My WhatsApp just rang, my niece just answer to a previous message I've send her yesterday. My partner had rearrange some plants and they look pretty in the window. He is in the other room. A room that has many papers lying around the desktop, sweaters on the bed and a yoga mat lying on the floor.

I can say that the place in which I am is a lived space. A living place. Inhabited. Full of materialities and objects that goes from one place to the other. The papers will go to other places. They might even travel to other countries. Like this paper on its way to Portugal. No one knows where this paper comes from before being here... We don't know exactly the future of the papers we hold. In the evening, we open the windows. The air feels fresher or am I becoming romantic on how well this situation might be for the ecosystem? If there has been a period of time in which we are aware of the consequences of movement is now. Movement it's precious, meaningful... Let movement matter. Movement is happening.

As an artist, I am still confronted (and will be for a while) by the ethics of this situation. I feel there are lots of layers implied into this. Some of these layers are more graspable and wordy and others are staying more ghostly, as something flying around, that we can't and might never name. Let it be. Let it stay.

STAY.

STAY HOME.

Within the field of choreography, I have been asking myself: "WHAT IF I AM HERE?" What if this is THE PLACE? Stay here, let the situation to unfold something... of the action, of the situation... to be with movement, and places... to stay... to be with movement, acknowledge the immanent... stay in a movement, acknowledge the movement. For instance, the movement of this writing. A movement that goes and functions beyond the words that we here. Motion comes in, qualities might crystallize, meaning is just one more movement of the many things that are happening now. Suspension, agency (?), affect.

MATTER.

Again.

Be where you are and don't be where you are not. Your neck muscles are ~~tense~~. You might need to send some air to it.



Again.

AIR.

Air ~~flows~~ through me and out of me. Air ~~flows~~ through me and out of me... air as a particle... a gathering of particles... particles that we share... Air as a connector of the common. No borders, no frontiers, no difference.

A friend just wrote me a WhatsApp. In Barcelona they can hear the birds where before they could only hear cars. They can smell the air. They can breathe. Let's see it this way: while we stay, people can breath. At least, people breaths differently. The sky is clearer. While we stay, the place unfolds differently. Places still exist without us. Even an abandoned place is something. going somewhere ... is moving ... building what are we constructing from where? From here, home is still something + ongoingly on its way. Staying.



Unfolding
staying means, also, to allow things. ~~Allow other things that doesn't go through me.~~ other things. To be aware of movement on different scales. This mere context reveals, to most of us, the ~~comes~~ affects derived from whichever kind

Dancing, ~~via many scales~~, as an invisible attention that brings forward particles, sensations, ... thing that brings forward particles, sensations, ... absence ... Dancing its here and gone. Dancing with the fluctuation of attentions. I am here. And this here is already different. I am here.

HOME.

PAUSE. now is time right now? Time not necessarily having (or giving me) a sense of direction. Suspension.

PAUSE

Belonging rarely means being.



I've been asked to send a 2 minutes video on one of my works. I am also editing a dossier to send to programmers. Does any of these makes sense? Did it make sense before?

it make sense before?
Today I've had a meeting with someone I've
met on a gig. It was
that our bosses encouraged
one way or the other.
There are many people
There are many things
are still up
even if I am
even if I
alone.
alone.

PAUSE

SENSE

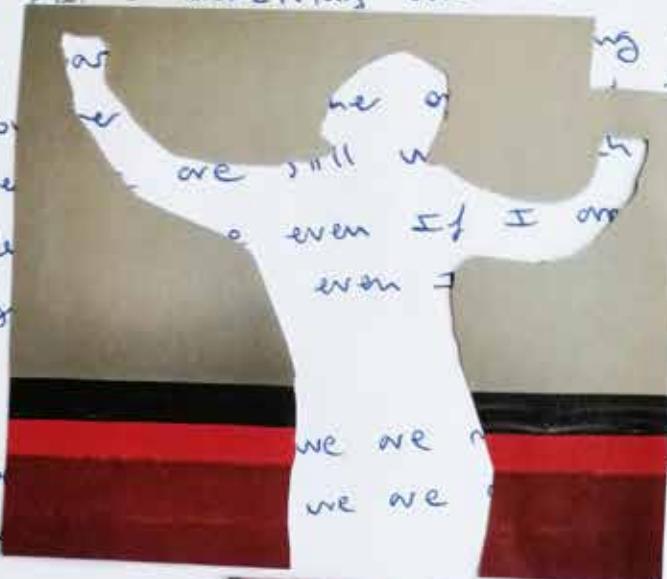
we are in many places
we are in many times

Movement
Again.



A photograph of a handwritten page. The text discusses movement, affect, and embodiment. A small photograph of a person in a room is visible on the right, and the number 36 is in the bottom right corner.

where the ~~is~~
Dancing with spaces, architecture, breeze, texture, weight, digestion,
light, darkness, air, nerves, clouds, sounds...
I rarely move alone.



Dance can find me in the force of invocation. As a force towards a wish, a desire hope, that is subtle and, most times, silently moving and sinking in. COMING.

sense movement unfold from where you are. spot movements in 360° degrees. Change perspective and keep changing perspective. sense the different dimensions. project ... imagine ... give space.

It is happening and yet gone. where we were it's gone so the beginning of this letter it's also gone.

HOME

STAY HOME



If you can. There are houses that are dark, others that are tiny and others that are bright and full of space. There are houses that are empty while people are trying to find an affordable place to live. Houses with ten people in very little space or houses with two people with plenty of space. Houses with bugs and houses with pretty flowers in the sky.

There is hail/snow falling from the sky. generators is relaxing. we don't know exactly the future of the us. change place.



st

STAY. When a task/rule comes into sight many implications arises. staying so might make you wonder about the possibilities of doing so and to reflect on how to create conditions for staying to context in information to right the app. What do you an

ction or, ction.



IMAGES

- NOT THERE (0)
- NOT NAMING THE COLOUR OF MANY TENSIONS (2)
- NOT HOME ON THE INTERNET
FRIEND CAN HEAR
DANING OF CLOUDS
AND WATERS (4)
- LEAVING THE THEATER
FOR A LIGHTEN
SOMATIC HOME
ATTEMPTING A HOLE (4)
- HEARING THE VOID
WHILE THERE IS GROWTH
IN THE SILENCE
AWAY OF THE WHEEL. (3)

Carta de Quim Bigas

trata esta carta com cuidado e segue, página a página

Querida pessoa que segura esta carta na mão:

As palavras que vais ler foram reescritas várias vezes. Primeiro numa escrita automática, depois numa estrutura mais clara, tentando fazer com que as minhas palavras fossem legíveis... depois, procurando sentido, movimento... Algumas das coisas que ficaram de fora desta carta estão relacionadas com a legitimidade do pensamento de autores ou ideias sobre aquilo que é ser um convidado, assim como algumas questões pessoais... esta carta foi editada várias vezes.

Agora, as páginas que se seguem estão entusiasmadas por te encontrar. Na maioria delas, vais encontrar algumas imagens. Por favor, **mantém-nas sobre o papel. Mova-as sobre o texto, se quiseres, para tornar a leitura possível.**

Quando acabares, por favor, confirma que todas as imagens estão no seu lugar/ na página certa. Podes confirmar no índice que se encontra na última página, caso tenhas dúvidas.

Tudo isto é repleto de sentido e toque.

Quim Bigas

CASA

FICA EM CASA

O sol atravessa a janela e a sala está ~~bastante~~ bastante bastante quente. Há pedaços de papel sobre toda a mesa como pistas de uma actividade em processo, alguns papéis rasgados sobre uma cadeira e muitos jornais e livros sobre a pequena mesa no centro da sala...

Acabo de receber uma notificação do whatsapp, a minha sobrinha acabou de responder à mensagem que lhe enviei ontem. O meu companheiro reorganizou as plantas e elas ficam bonitas perto da janela. Ele está no outro quarto. Um quarto que tem vários papéis espalhados na secretária, camisolas sobre a cama e uma esteira de yoga no chão.

Posso dizer que estou num espaço vivido. Um espaço cheio de vida. Habitado. Cheio de materialidades e objectos que vão de um lado para outro. Os papéis irão ocupar outros lugares. Talvez até viajar para outros países. Como este papel a caminho de Portugal.

Ninguém sabe de onde veio este papel antes de chegar a mim... não sabemos exactamente o futuro deste papel que tenho nas mãos.

À noite, abrimos as janelas. Sentimos o ar fresco... ou estarei a ficar romântico sobre como esta situação pode ser vantajosa para o ecossistema?

Se há período em que devemos estar conscientes das consequências do movimento é agora.

O movimento, é precioso, significativo...

Deixemos o movimento ter relevância.

O movimento está a acontecer.

Enquanto artista, continuo a confrontar-me (e assim será por um tempo) com a ética desta situação. Sinto que existem várias camadas implícitas nisto. Algumas destas camadas são mais compreensíveis e palavrosas e outras permanecem mais fantasmagóricas, como algo esvoaçando à nossa volta, que não podemos, talvez nunca, nomear. Veremos. Deixemo-lo assentar.

FICA

FICA EM CASA

No campo das práticas coreográficas, pergunto com frequência a mim mesmo: “E se eu ficar aqui? E se é este o lugar?”. Ficar como uma oportunidade para revelar algo... da acção, da situação... estar com o movimento, com os lugares... ficar imanente... ficar num movimento, reconhecer esse movimento. Por exemplo, o movimento desta escrita. Um movimento que vai além e funciona para além das palavras que aqui estão. O movimento entra, as qualidades talvez cristalizem, o significado é apenas mais um movimento no meio das muitas coisas que estão a acontecer agora.

Suspensão, agência (?), afectação.

Matéria.

De novo.

Está presente onde estás e não te detenhas onde não estás. Os músculos do teu pescoço estão tensos tensos. Talvez tenhas de enviar algum ar para ele.

De novo.

Ar.

Ar ~~traves~~ através de mim e fora de mim. O ar ~~traves~~ através de mim e fora de mim... o ar como uma partícula... um conjunto de partículas... partículas que partilhamos... O ar como conector do comum. Sem barreiras, sem fronteiras, sem diferenças.

Um amigo acaba de escrever no WhatsApp. Em Barcelona ouvem os pássaros onde antes apenas conseguiam ouvir carros. Conseguem cheirar o ar. Respiram. Vejamos desta perspectiva: enquanto ficamos, as pessoas podem respirar. Pelo menos, as pessoas respiram melhor. O céu está mais limpo.

Enquanto ficamos, os lugares revelam-se de outras formas. Os lugares continuam a existir sem nós. Mesmo um espaço abandonado vai para algures... está em movimento... construindo algo.

Que estamos nós a construir, aqui, onde estamos?

Daqui, a casa continua a ser algo para construir.

Continuamente a caminho.

Ficando.

Revelando.

Ficar significa também permitir coisas. ~~Permite outras coisas que não vão através de mim.~~ Outras coisas. Estar atento ao movimento em diferentes escalas.

Este novo contexto revela, para a maioria de nós, as consequências e efeitos que derivam de qualquer tipo de movimento.

Dançar, como uma acumulação de movimentos e atenções através de vários corpos... como uma coisa invisível que traz partículas, sensações... ausência... A dança está aqui e já se foi. Dançar com a flutuação de atenções. Estou aqui. E este “aqui” é já diferente. Estou aqui.

CASA.

PAUSA.

Como é o tempo agora? Tempo não é necessariamente ter (ou dar-me) um sentido de direcção. Suspensão.

PAUSA

Pertencer raramente significa ser.

Pediram-me para enviar um vídeo de dois minutos de um dos meus projectos. Estou também a editar um dossier para enviar a programadores. Alguma destas coisas faz sentido? Fazia sentido antes?

Hoje, tive uma reunião no Skype com alguém que conheci num trabalho. Foi bom e confortante saber que os nossos corpos se encontraram pelo menos uma vez, de uma maneira ou de outra, continuamos juntos.

Há muita gente comigo mesmo quando estou sozinho.

Há muitas coisas comigo mesmo quando estou sozinho.

PAUSA

SENTIDO

Nós estamos em muitas pessoas mesmo quando estamos sozinhos.

Nós estamos em muitas coisas mesmo quando estamos sozinhos.

Movimento

De novo

Movimento da “multiplicidade”. Fenómenos com uma certa capacidade de nos afectar.

Capacidade de afectação. Fluxo... no seu caminho.

Enquanto dançava hoje livremente, senti o movimento das coisas. O corpo a revelar-se, a flutuação dos meus modos de atenção... estar num vazio... apropriando-me disso e deixando-me ir. Estou aqui, estou a mover-me nessa situação. Sentir é acontecer com sem necessidade de racionalizar... está a acontecer por ter um corpo que é limitado e ainda assim infinito nos seus modos de sentir e de ser afectado. A dança é o vazio que eu preciso de habitar estes dias. Uma dança que me tem permitido estar com o ininteligível. Com o fluxo dentro da alteridade e da autoconfiança. Ninguém sabe para onde a dança vai, mas nós estámos a dançar. Ficar. Dançar.

Com espaços, arquitecturas, brisas, texturas, peso, digestão, luz, escuridão, ar, nervos, nuvens, sons...

Raramente me movimento sozinho.

A dança pode encontrar-me como uma força, uma invocação. Como uma força para um desejo, uma esperança subtil e, na maioria das vezes, movendo-me silenciosamente e afundando-me.

CHEGANDO.

Sente o movimento ~~desdoblando~~ relevando-se a partir do lugar onde estás. Detecta movimentos a 360 graus. Muda a perspectiva e continua a mudá-la. Sente as diferentes dimensões... projecta... imagina... dá espaço...

Está a acontecer, mas já se foi...

Onde nós estávamos já se foi, então o início desta carta também já não existe...

CASA

FICA EM CASA

Se puderes.

Há casas que são escuras, outras são pequenas e outras são luminosas e cheias de espaço. Há casas que estão vazias enquanto pessoas tentam encontrar um espaço em conta para ~~vida~~ viver. Casas com dez pessoas num espaço muito exíguo e casas com duas pessoas com imenso espaço. Casas com percebejos e casas com bonitas flores à janela.

Há granizo/neve caindo do céu. O som é relaxante.

Nós não sabemos exactamente o futuro das casas que habitamos. Muda de lugar.

FICA

Quando uma tarefa/ regra surge, muitas implicações emergem. Ficar pode levar-te a pensar sobre as possibilidades de fazê-lo e reflectires em como criar condições para ficar **para todos**. Ficar pode revelar aspectos do contexto **em que vivemos**. Ficar pode dar-te informação **que suporte algo para além** da acção ou iluminar **o oposto que só pode ser sustentado pela acção**. O que nos fazem as regras?

IMAGENS

- LÁ NÃO (0)
- NÃO NOMEAR A COR DE MUITAS TENSÕES (2)
- A CASA NA INTERNET NÃO (4)

UM AMIGO PODE OUVIR

DANÇA DAS NUVENS

E ÁGUA

- DEIXANDO O TEATRO (4)

POR UMA ILUMINADA

CASA SOMÁTICA

TENTANDO UM BURACO

- OUVINDO O VAZIO
ENQUANTO HÁ CRESCIMENTO
NO SILENCIO
LONGE DA RODA (3)

Letter by Quim Bigas

treat carefully and go one by one

Dear person holding this paper:

The following words you are going to read have been written several times.

First in a free-flowing writing then in a clearer layout, trying to make my words readable...

Then asking for sense, for movement... Some of the things that stayed out have to do with the legitimacy of several thinkers or ideas of being a guest as well as some personal stuff... it is being edited several times...

And now the following pages are excited to find you.

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This is full of touch.

Quim Bigas

HOME

STAY HOME

Sun is coming through the windows and the living room is ~~quiet~~ quite warm. There are paper cuts all over the table as traces of an ongoing activity, some wrapping paper on a chair and lots of newspapers and books on the little table at the center of the room... My Whatsapp just rang, my niece just answered to a previous message I'd sent her yesterday. My partner has rearranged some plants and they look pretty in the window. He is in the other room. A room that has many papers lying around on top of the desk, sweaters on the bed and a yoga mat lying on the floor.

I can say that the place in which I am is a lived space. A living place. Inhabited. Full of materialities and objects that go from one place to the other. The papers will go to other places. They might even travel to other countries. Like this paper on its way to Portugal. No one knows where this paper comes from before being here... We don't exactly know the future of the papers we hold.

In the evening, we open the windows. The air feels fresher, or I am becoming a romantic about how well this situation might be for the ecosystem?

If there has been a period of time in which we are aware of the consequences of movement, it is now.

Movement, it's precious, meaningful...

Let movement matter.

Movement is happening.

As an artist, I am still confronted (and will be for a while) by the ethics of this situation. I feel there are lots of layers implied in this. Some of these layers are more graspable and wordy and others remain more ghostly, as something flying around, that we can't, and might never, name. Let it be. Let it stay.

STAY.

STAY Home.

Within the field of choreographic practice, I often asked myself: "WHAT IF I AM STAYING HERE? WHAT IF THIS IS THE PLACE?". Staying as a potentiality to unfold something. Of the action, of the situation... to be with movement, and places... to stay immanent... stay in a movement, acknowledge the movement. For instance, the movement of this writing. A movement that goes and functions beyond the words that we are here. Motion comes in, qualities might crystalize, meaning is just one more movement of the many things that are happening now.

Suspension, agency (?), affect.

Matter.

Again.

Be where you are and don't be where you are not. Your neck muscles are ~~tense~~ tense. You might need to send some air to it.

Again.

Air.

Air ~~throw~~ through me and out of me. Air ~~throw~~ through me and out of me... air as a particle... a gathering of particles... particles that we share... Air as a connector of the common. No borders, no frontiers, no difference.

A friend just wrote me a Whatsapp. In Barcelona they can hear the birds where before they could only hear cars. They can smell the air. They can breathe. Let's see it this way: while we stay, people can breathe.

At least, people breathe differently. The sky is clearer.

While we stay, the place unfolds differently. Places still exist without us. Even an abandoned place is going somewhere... is moving... building something.

What are we constructing from where we are?

From here, home is still something to construct.

Ongoingly on its way.

Staying.

Unfolding.

Staying means, also, to allow things. ~~Allow the other things that doesn't go through me.~~

Other things. To be aware of movement on different scales.

This new context reveals, to most of us, the consequences and effects derived from whichever kind of movement.

Dancing, as an accumulation of movements and attentions via many bodies... as an invisible thing that brings forward particles, sensations... absence... Dancing is here and gone. Dancing with the fluctuation of attentions. I am here. And this here is already different. I am here.

HOME.

PAUSE.

How is time right now? Time is not necessarily having (or giving me) a sense of direction.

Suspension.

PAUSE

Belonging rarely means being.

I've been asked to send a 2-minute video of one of my works. I am also editing a dossier to send to programmers. Does any of this make sense? Did it make sense before?

Today I've had a Skype meeting with someone I met on a gig. It was great and reaffirming to know that our bodies encounter each other once and that, in one way or the other, we are still with each other.

There are many people with me even if I am alone.

There are many things with me even if I am alone.

PAUSE

SENSE

We are in many people even if we are not aware.

We are in many things even if we are not aware.

Movement

Again

Movement of the “manyness”. Phenomena with a certain capacity to affect. Affective capacity. Flow... or in its way.

When I was dancing with my silly dance today, I felt the motion of things. The unfolding of my body, the fluctuation of my modes of attention... being in the void... taking in and letting go. I am where I am and moving with that situation. Sensing is happening with without my need to rationalize... it is happening by having a body that is limited yet endless in its modes of sensing and being affected. Dance is the void I need to inhabit these days. A dance that it is allowing me to be with the ungraspable. With the fluxus within otherness and self-reassurance. No one knows where the dance goes yet we are dancing. Staying.

Dancing.

With spaces, architectures, breezes, texture, weight, digestion, light, darkness, air, nerves, clouds, sounds...

I rarely move alone.

Dance can find me as the force of invocation. As a force towards a wish, hope that is subtle and, most times, silently moving and sinking in.

COMING

Sense movement ~~unfold~~ unfolding from where you are. Spot movements in 360° degrees. Change perspective and keep changing perspective. Sense the different dimensions... project... imagine... give space...

It is happening and yet gone.

Where we were is gone, so the beginning of this letter is also gone.

HOME

STAY HOME

If you can.

There are houses that are dark, others that are tiny and others that are bright and full of space. There are houses that are empty while people are trying to find an affordable place to ~~life~~ live. Houses with ten people in very little space and houses with two people with plenty of space. Houses with bed bugs and houses with pretty flowers in the window.

There is hail/snow falling from the sky. The sound it generates is relaxing.

We don't know exactly the future of the houses that host us. Change place.

STAY

When a task/rule comes to light, many implications arise. Staying might make you wonder about the possibilities of doing so and to reflect on how to create conditions for staying **for everyone. Staying might unfold aspects** of the context **in which we live. Staying might give** you information **that supports something further than** action or light the **opposite that can only be sustained by action**. What do rules do to us?

IMAGES

- NOT THERE (0)
- NOT NAMING THE COLOUR OF MANY TENSIONS (2)
- NOT HOME ON THE INTERNET (4)

FRIEND CAN HEAR

DANCING OF CLOUDS

AND WATER

- LEAVING THE THEATER (4)

FOR A LIGHTENED

SOMATIC HOME

ATTEMPTING A HOLE

- HEARING THE VOID

WHILE THERE IS GROWTH

IN THE SILENCE

- A WAY? OF THE WHEEL (3)

Quim Bigas Bassart nasceu em Malgrat de Mar e vive entre Barcelona e Copenhaga. Trabalha nas áreas da coreografia, dramaturgia e processos de informação. Dedicase a desenvolver projectos que procuram revelar o sentido dos espaços através dos dispositivos da dança e coreografia. O trabalho artístico que tem desenvolvido nos últimos anos, quer numa estrutura de pesquisa ou em formatos pensados como um produto, utiliza diferentes elementos na construção de performances dedicada a contribuir e conceber encontros.

É professor associado na disciplina de coreografia na Den Danske Scenekunstskolen em Copenhaga.

Entre 2018 e 2021 participa no projecto europeu Dancing Museums em colaboração com a Fundação Miró (Barcelona) e o Mercat de les Flors (Barcelona). É também um dos artistas do projecto europeu More Than This, em colaboração com a Universidade Carlos III (Madrid) e Mateo Feijóo-Naves Matadero (Madrid).

Durante 2019, Quim estreou DV (Desplaçament Variable) no Mercat de les Flors assim como esteve envolvido numa série de palestras performativas sobre arquivos In DV (Desplega Visions). Continua a circular com os seus trabalhos anteriores MOLAR, APPRAISERS e THE LIST.

Quim Bigas Bassart was born in Malgrat de Mar and lives between Barcelona and Copenhagen. Artist working within the fields of choreography, dramaturgy and information procedures.

He is dedicated to projects that seek to unfold a sense of place through the dispositive of dance and choreography. The artistic work that he has been doing during the last years, either within a research frame or with more thought-out formats as a product, uses different elements or constitutions of the event in order to contribute and conceive encounters.

Since 2018, he is an associate professor on choreography at Den Danske Scenekunstskolen in Copenhagen.

Between 2018 and 2021 he is part of the EU project Dancing Museums, in collaboration with Fundació Mirò (Barcelona) and Mercat de les Flors (Barcelona).

Between 2018 and 2020 he is part of the EU project More Than This, in collaboration with University Carlos III (Madrid) and Mateo Feijóo- Naves Matadero (Madrid).

During 2019, Quim has premiered DV (Desplaçament Variable) in Mercat de les Flors as well as being involved in a series of performatives lectures around archives In DV (Desplega Visions). He also keeps touring his previous works MOLAR, APPRAISERS and THE LIST.