**Score for Joanna Kotze**

there is a room.  perhaps it’s a kitchen or a living room.  perhaps the room is just empty.  the walls are thick white plaster.  the air carries the smell of the dust and the moisture almost as if it has dimension.  the room is cool even when the outside is warm.

perhaps the room is too small.  the room is too small.

has the room been used recently?  it’s hard to tell.

how far would one have to travel w/one’s body to move from one wall to the wall?  not far enough for a dancer.  dancers like open spaces, where the constraints are marked on the floor.  this room is like a swimming pool where one hits ones knuckles on the far edge after just a few strokes.  the sides are rough and this hurts.  each time this happens it’s a surprise.  one knows in one’s brain that the pool is short, but one is still caught by surprise as this space makes no sense for a body. a body engaged in this kind of horizontal activity.

how many people are in this room?  it is inhabited by different people at different moments.  it gets crowded easily.  it can be full with one or two people. it can be empty with five or six.  or.

what do people do in this room?

why are they there?

where is the door?

where do they go when they leave?

slapstick. boredom. pratfalls. pain. intimacy.

it is a place where expertise is of no/little use.  but still one tries.

Shelly Silver

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