

The work required to move the walker from position x to infinity

Where B is the body, T is time and t is what we do not know

B : Walk with me through this space for as long as you like, however you like

T : Walk in me, this space, however you like

t :

B : The position from which we take the first step is already both determined and undetermined. How do we begin? And where do we lead or are moved into alteration, transformation. What we know

t :

B : is that we will not get lost

t :

T : There cannot be a first word, or a first step. But the rules were there, before

B : The rules mark out a trace where the steps already exist before they are taken, the walk already in the standstill

t :

B : I spell my way forth, and despite the fact that I follow certain rules, the possibility exists for infinite potential transformation

t :

T : I change despite certain rules, spelling forth the possibility for "exist" and follow potential infinity

t :

B : What do the words we do not utter do with the words we utter

T : What do the steps you take do with the steps you do not take

t :

B : I follow the grammar, move within a certain syntax, so that all that is outside of it will appear,

providing me with a space from where to grasp what is not the space. I wonder: how can we utter that which is not the space without it becoming the space? Walk on what is not floor without it becoming the floor

T: You wonder: how can the steps you do not take still be taken?

t:

T: The steps as a border, an event horizon, between what we understand as something and what we understand as nothing; we cannot see the steps you do not take other than as the steps you do not take, and yet they are there, like a dark matter

B: And yet the words are there

B: And yet a dark matter is there as the words

t:

T: And yet I am

t:

B: I am continuously in relation to what I am not, and that is what makes me possible. You cannot see what I am not other than from what I am, and what I do: we cannot see the wind, but we can see what the wind does

T: The trees move

B: I walk

t:

B: Look at how I happen the space

t:

T: like an intimation, rather than the utterance. How can you scream so still

t:

t:

B: ...

t:

T: That which is lost

t:

T: while you keep transforming steps to words

B: Let me go

T: Keeping on going grammatically and counting carefully in order to expose the system as such

B: Keeping on not losing oneself

t:

B: Losing oneself, and keeping on spelling oneself forth as the border between what we do know and what we do not

t:

t:

B: That I do not

t:

B: That

t:

B: Where does pain go in a closed system?

t:

The text takes its departure from Mira Mutka's project "Gait", which through walking explores the relation between dance, energy, cosmology and language