



PHOTO: From Noa & Snow, Alix Eynadi / Alexander Meeus

Thinking is to be in motion

I often think about relevance and meaning in relation to art. Every year, when the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve, Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem *Ring out, wild bells* from 1890 is read live on Swedish TV (in a free rendition by Edvard Fredin). It's interesting to note how strikingly relevant a 129 year old poem can be. If a poem can maintain its topicality over time, so can music, imagery and dance. What we do today is history tomorrow. History can either live or be buried in oblivion. It's up to us to decide.

Danish Dance Histories 2018 (<http://www.danskedansehistorier.dk/map.php>) is a project initiated and organized by Stine Frandsen, Nanna Stigsdatter, Andrea Deres and Carolina Bäckman to give meaning to subjective stories over time. We are all carriers of memories – more or less weighty. Some to be written into official acts and archives, others to be forgotten. Contemporary choreographic art is often forgotten, since it is rarely documented or recorded. It comes to life together with those of us

who experience it. But these works can step out of oblivion thanks to a project such as Danish Dance Histories or through other ways of sharing an experience.

Ring out, wild bells gives voice to our longing for peace and humanity. The spring season at Dansehallerne gives voice to many different expressions, themes and propositions; the environment, democracy, social care, politics and/or the sensuous and the aesthetic. It's all there. In many ways it is about participation and the importance of cooperation. Sharing. I see a clear tendency in choreographic performative art to seek new formats to shape our common memories and experiences through sharing, but also by taking joint responsibility for the creative process; the audience as a co-creator through direct participation in these processes or by being an active, reflecting and sensitive public.

Art brings the past into contemporary life. By doing that we add to our consciousness and this process generates new thinking. The thinking moves through layers of memories. Sometimes they are sharp as a razor and unquestionable, sometimes diffuse and intangible. I guess that is what constitutes living...

We take with us the past into that which is coming. Spring is here - soon!

Efva

PS. Here are the six stanzas from the British poet Alfred Lord Tennyson's *In Memoriam (Ring out, wild bells)* that have become a New Year tradition in Sweden, but I must say I like the Swedish version better. Any way – here it is:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.