"We are the proposers: we ask for your help. Please use this emptiness and fill it, for then we will feel full of meaning."

Lygia Clark, 1968, Nós somos os propositores.

A starting point for thinking about performance is to begin with emptiness, as a momentary goal. That emptiness from which the experience of the body can take place: an interior space that is connected to our exterior form. I don't dare write "having the experience of one's own body," but rather "being with it." For me, this emptiness is mobile: without a studio, I occupy borrowed spaces that require a certain abstraction to maintain my emptiness. The emptiness from where the exercise of letting things in and letting them go begins.

How long can I perceive that emptiness without filling it with meaning? By being present in stillness, in the face of emptiness, I sense the potential to reach the body's minimum phyla capacity - and fantasise with the maximum. For example when I try to look towards the sun in the middle of the day, the face can't resist the brightness, the eyes close and start squirting. The head moves, the hand reacts, the body prepares to protect itself. Improvising happens from sensing the range of possibilities that arises from presence, from the flesh into articulation, and is nourished by our political and subjective selves. In improvisation, we relate to the physical and metaphysical aspects of our presence.

It is said that looking directly at the sun and focusing your gaze on it burns the retina. In relation to the sun, looking at it confronts me with the fragile irreversibility of the matter that composes me. The sun is home to myths of gods, the great presences of life. It is an unreachable mass that centers the planets that humans want to study, extract, and analyze so that our existence has a way out of our self-destruction. Poetically and metaphorically, the sun marks the cycle of life: after today's terror, another day will come – hopefully, tomorrow's sun will mark the time to alter the course of yesterday's mistakes.

When researching performance, I generally find myself faced with two possible paths. Conducting a conceptual exploration, based on concepts that are supposedly there to help us define our ways of living in the world and reclaim the power of our experience and existence; working to question and challenge the values that these concepts imply by being critical of the field to which they contribute.
Or studying the dialectic of presence in an embodied way: I face the void, I let the idea of performance become more abstract in itself—or less known, less recognizable, letting go of my references.
In both ways, I work in a processual manner, creating relationships and perceiving and including the results of how doing what we do affects us.

It's interesting to overflow the control of concepts and narrative. A performance can be a catalogue of expressions. Performance does not necessarily owe usefulness—neither to its host nor to its audience. In my conception of making, it has to be an *object for affection* for the ones who make it, first.

And it's hard to stand firmly on the fragile ground of a performance that owes nothing to anyone. That tells no story and that still confronts all demands of being. Performance has the ability to build emotion out of nothing — and that can be the genesis of everything. What *is* important to me is that it becomes a meaningful process for the person doing it. That is my way of working.

This creates the chance to bring our intimacy into the performance — and vice versa. It's more likely that one begins to discover things about oneself in this exploration, where logic ceases to dictate our behaviors. We borrow things we used to do as children, we code, translate, infiltrate. That's when magic also happens. We are all of a sudden confronted with this strange thing that we do, that comes from an empty state, that we start to perform. As in many of my creative processes, magic happens by accident — and it is in these moments that subjectivity is activated, and we can follow and carry it through.

-   **Dudu Quintanilha**, Sun of tomorrow