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## Thoughts of Sorts

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### **Abstract**

My multi-media daily practice of dancing, drawing, and writing is a generative space that does not buy into the idea and pressure of productivity. It has been over four years since I started this daily practice, which I began on June 21, 2017. I engage this practice to process. It is a practice for processing “things” such as texts, theories, daily situations, and our current time, informed by sensations and feelings. What has emerged for me in this practice is how every aspect of it — the dancing, drawing, writing, music, silence, camera, space, time, cats (yes! my cats sometimes dance with me), and life — plays a role. All of these things are in conversation with one another, and they inform who I am, my becoming. Lately, I have engaged this practice as a methodology. That is, I have used it to excavate and re-connect with the Chilean national dance, a dance form that I used to practice when I was a child in Chile. However, for me, this practice is much more than that. These writing and drawings are from me, about me, and extensions of me — my thoughts of sorts.\* And, they are my gifts to you.

### **Keywords**

reflections, refractions, traces, daily practice, art

\* The title is inspired by, and taken from, Georges Perec’s book of the same name: a collection of essays that explores the everyday.

April 4, 2020

from the nebulous  
the ether  
emerges a phantom  
a dream only now remembered  
only now recognizable  
and  
that's it  
that's the way forward  
the path meant to be  
taken  
or perhaps it was only a déjà vu  
nevertheless, the tingling comes  
and you proceed

April 8, 2020

I'm reminded of the ocean  
that salty liquid that leaves stars on your skin  
and a stickiness that is both unbearable and  
joyous because you know, I know, I got to swim,  
dunk my head, relax, maybe ride a wave  
the sun in my eye as I float  
the sizzling of my skin as the sun touches me more and more  
the smell of coconut – the sunscreen  
away, so far away  
I'm nostalgic for a time that is many times,  
for a place that is no place  
and all because I danced  
in a basement

April 13, 2020

the days seem to disappear before  
I can even register them  
I am continuously faced with  
a lived ephemerality  
a lived evanescence  
these daily traces are all  
that remain  
a reminder of what I've  
forgotten

April 22, 2020

doubling  
 involving in time  
 the timing couldn't  
 be better  
 multiplying takes  
 time  
 double it by  
 folding in  
 half  
 then in half again  
 and again and  
 again and again  
 until you're so  
 involved, so folded  
 in that you come out  
 the other side

doublings are creases  
 in time, not projections

April 25, 2020

there's always a story to tell  
 in a kiss  
 in friction  
 in a meal  
 a story,  
 waiting and wanting  
 to be heard



May 2, 2020

a leafy monster emerges in time  
 the pencil crayons and paper have  
 a pedagogy of their own  
 a pedagogy of patience, layering and  
 allowing for spaces, gaps, in-betweens  
 the leafy monster emerges to teach me  
 about growth and decay, vibrance and rot,  
 cycles and transitions  
 it stares at me in silence  
 I hope I've learned the/my lesson



May 5, 2020

it was through imagination and sensation  
 that I was able to bear witness from afar  
     to be there from a distance  
 I cannot remove or discard what  
     has been incorporated, what I've read  
     and I don't intend on claiming those  
     as my own  
     I'm just trying to contend with  
     the mine that's not mine, or  
     the not mine that is now a part of me

May 9, 2020

echoes  
 ripples  
     affected  
 uncertainties lead to  
 moving  
 reverberations  
     choices  
 all to try and be free  
 to find the margin of  
     manoeuverability  
 but cracks lead to new  
 spaces/enclosures  
     follow the breadcrumbs?  
 feel the ripples  
 hear the echoes  
 sense the reverberations  
     then let them go  
     let yourself go  
     be affected and affect

May 14, 2020

the race was never there  
 the competition didn't exist  
 I made it all up  
 we made it all up  
     perhaps now I can relax  
     and rest

May 17, 2020

abeyance...  
...to dance the spell of my own creation

holding on to our practices of making time speed up  
does not create more time, just momentum  
towards a future we don't understand  
we believed progress was containable  
we believed in progress  
and now, we're in a much-needed suspension

May 20, 2020

a changing landscape emerges  
or rather a landscape that was already in  
transition becomes apparent  
when you tune your awareness to the movement  
when you turn towards the movement  
you can't search for it  
you can only sense it and try  
to focus on it  
don't bother trying to grasp it  
because it's ungraspable  
fleeting  
evanescent  
transient  
it is and was and will be  
always already out of (your) reach

May 31, 2020

suspended and lost  
in trajectories  
of thoughts unfolding faster  
than I can process  
a process  
of traversing at the speed  
of neurons firing  
of connections and gaps being made  
all I really know is  
that I'm processing  
and perhaps I don't even know that  
because my awareness is split  
but I can feel the process of processing  
I feel suspended and lost

June 12, 2020

the hunger, the hunger  
to feed  
and swallow  
take it in  
all of it  
taste it and swallow  
chew it  
or let your saliva  
break it down into a  
paste  
then swallow  
take it in  
and digest  
the hunger, the hunger  
will come again  
to feed  
but you'll know what  
to do

June 16, 2020

finding a way forward  
sometimes only requires  
remembering the paths  
not taken  
a different orientation  
leaning a different way

June 19, 2020

meet me in the fork in the road  
so we can walk down the path together  
meet me in the lair below  
so we can ride out the tempestuous weather  
meet me where the fire-souls go  
so we can drift through dreams like a feather  
meet me somewhere no one will know  
the memory that has us tethered

June 21, 2020

I can't find the words  
 they're around me  
     buzzing  
 but I can't seem to  
     focus on them  
 this is this moment  
     and the next might hold  
     something different  
 but for now I'll have to sit  
     in the confusion  
 between numerous trains  
     of thought  
     and find my place  
     in the swirl  
 perhaps it wasn't words  
 or a word I was looking for  
     but a feeling  
     tranquility



July 2, 2020

frames  
 the stories they tell  
 aren't the stories they hold  
 stilling movement  
 framing scenarios  
     fantasizing containment  
 the illusion of the frame  
     a window  
     looking out to interpretation  
 things don't stay so neatly  
     packed, packaged, framed  
 the frame breaks  
 and the stories spill



July 23, 2020

this interruption was necessary  
 we needed to do this to keep going  
 ruptures are openings  
     and if we open together  
     if we open up together  
     then we can go through  
     the rupture, the crack





## Author biography

Born in Santiago, Chile, Sebastian Oreamuno is a Toronto-based artist, educator, and researcher whose artistic and academic interests trace the connection between movement and memory, (im)migration and diaspora, the participatory body, popular culture, and multi-media practices. Sebastian holds a BA in Psychology from Simon Fraser University (Vancouver), an MA in Dance from York University (Toronto), and he is currently working on a PhD in Dance Studies at York. His Master's project investigated the relationship between men and pointe work, a practice primarily associated with ballerinas. Sections of this project have been published in *Contingent Horizons*, *Performance Matters*, and *Dance Collection Danse: The Magazine*. His doctoral research explores how movement participates in the summoning of memories, particularly in the context of Chilean migrants in Canada. Sebastian is currently developing *Fragmentos*, a multi-media project that explores the fragmentation of self through the imposition of assimilation, with documentary filmmaker Juan Pablo Pinto. Sebastian is also a co-founder of *Untitled 37*, a multidisciplinary arts collective that engages "steeped" practices as a way to question "panic-production."