



a magical forest

introduction

images

movement

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In *The magical forest: Manifestations of the unconscious in fascia* the audience was invited to roam through a mature pine forest by themselves. The pine forest served as an archetypal landscape for a surf below the threshold of consciousness, to look for the magical creatures within us who serve us, ease us into movement and may have a mind of their own. These magical creatures did not constitute an alter ego, but rather an „under ego“, in as much as they did not represent shadows, but instead tracked playfulness and multitudes – not necessitating to display individual creativity, but following tracks sourced from the kinesthetic and haptic senses.



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The woman without face

I always related this 'character' with the deepest part of the subconscious which stores the fear, because when people were around me, that was the feeling that I could have from them most of the times.

Vivian Medina

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Weaving connections with the universe without and within – melting into the moment as it melts into the soil. I am a shepherd of a herd of moments, weaving connections to the universe of a spider. I am a spider of a horde of trinkets caught in my attention, weaving connections to the universe of the body.

Defne Erdur

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Puck

During the first rehearsal of the forest piece I took Puck out for a walk. Puck, in turn, took me out for a run. As a result, I found myself embodying three states: standing, walking, and running. The three states offered me to engage with the forest in three different ways, each impressive in its own way. Standing, I had the opportunity to see the forest. I would observe the floor of the forest first, then lift my gaze to see the bark of the tree, and finally look at the tree tops, and through the tree tops the sun, or the clouds. Trees drew me in. In response, I found myself hugging them, then picking up the broken branches and acorns from the floor of the forest and lifting them up towards the tree tops, as if in offering. Overwhelmed, I finally started singing to the trees.

Pavle Heidler