
Selva
Tidal Wave
by Rosana Ribeiro/Selva on the immeasurable force of our watery bodies

Tidal Wave

Concept, Choreography: Rosana Ribeiro

co-creation with
Performance: Jadwiga Mordarska, Jin Lee
Dramaturgy: Verena Pircher Rehearsal Assistance: Melissa Ugolini
Music: Peter Kastner Voice: Laura Baruch, Rosana Ribeiro
Costume Design: Sara Chéu Lighting Design: Cristovão Cunha

A production by Selva
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Tidal wave is an intimate duet between two female performers where we witness a microcosmos - through every breath, every cycle, they create a meditative connection between them, diving into a rounded, non-directional, goalless and boundless existence, seamlessly moving between holding and being held, containing and being contained, while also accumulating powerful cyclical forces – an overdue expression of bodies recuperating their voices and spaces. The audience is taken aboard this hypnotic motion, sitting in a close and embracing view of a circular stage.

Primordial
[prahy-mawr-dee-uhl]
Phonetic
(Standard) IPA

Adjective

1) constituting a beginning; giving origin to something derived or developed; original; elementary. primordial forms of life.
2) Embryology. first formed.
3) pertaining to or existing at or from the very beginning. primordial matter.*

*Source: Dictionary.com

Do you remember being born?

Unfortunately - or perhaps fortunately - you almost certainly don't.

Leaving the womb is one of the first and most profoundly shocking events any mammal experiences. For approximately nine months, us humans float in warm amniotic waters, cushioned in the uterus, nourished through the umbilical cord, completely cared for. A state of belonging and being held that we never quite experience again - and yet, one we seem to long for throughout our entire lives.

In stark contrast, we are born into a world ruled by patriarchal systems of domination and power hunger - a world that often leaves little space for care, softness, or mutuality. And yet, deep inside - in our bodies, which themselves mostly consist of water - a memory remains.

In the sweat on our upper lip after a wild, celebratory dance, in the salty tears sparked by a moment of tenderness, or in the warmth of a hug, when we can sense the other person's heart pulse nutrient-rich blood through their veins: if we pay enough attention to those sensations, we are reminded of water's all-encompassing, nourishing presence.

IF WE ONLY COULD WITNESS
HOW MANY BRIDGES
ARE CONNECTING US
WE WOULD SEE OUR OWN REFLECTION
IN EACH OTHERS WATERS

GROWING BY ACCEPTING

AS ABOVE SO BELOW

~ SUPRISING ~ UNGRASPABLE ~

~ UNPREDICTABLE ~ STILL ~

~ SHAPELESS ~ JOINTLESS ~

~ GENEROUS / DANGEROUS ~

~ SINKING ~ FLOATING ~ DIVING ~ FLOWING ~ BOILING ~ MELTING ~ STEAMING ~ SPINING ~ OVERTAKING ~ POURING FREEZING ~

Drawing/Notes: Jadwiga Mordarska


IF WE COULD WITNESS HOW MANY BRIDGES ARE CONNECTING US WE WOULD SEE OUR OWN REFLECTION IN EACH OTHERS WATERS.

Water does not belong to any one land, it moves freely, belonging everywhere and nowhere. By its very nature, it resists ownership. It resists exploitation. It reminds us that we are droplets in a larger body, interconnected, in constant flow and motion.

But what happens when water - like the marginalised and colonised body - is controlled, tamed, and exploited?

What happens when rivers are forced into canals, when lakes are drained, when the human-made climate crisis destabilises entire ecosystems? What happens when bodies are silenced, instrumentalised, and pushed out of balance?

Spine of Memory

It may be because water holds memories.

In the forest, I stand in the rain,
letting it fall through me,
until I slip beneath myself,
into the hushed chamber of the unconscious.

There—under an orange glow—
the ground is soaked, the air trembling.
A creature waits:
headless, its spine the mind,
its spine the heart, the nerve, the pulse.
To look at it is to taste danger.
Yet I know:
it is mine.

It moves like a lion in slow circles,
then bends to the gentle rain,
presses its body to the drenched earth,
and rests.

As a child I ran,
hair shorn, wild among boys.
They looked at me and said, Dangerous.
A girl must not be that way.
So the world turned its back,
and I buried that child
in silence.

But I remember.
That child is the marrow of me,
the spark that makes me rare.

Nameless one—
sometimes I watch you from afar,
and with a tender ache I whisper:
Until we meet again.

Poem by Jin Lee

Even so, water holds immeasurable strength. Small ripples, pulsations, and waves can accumulate into something vast: a tidal wave. A tidal wave is both an immense oceanic force, stirred by unseen seismic activity, and a metaphor for an overwhelming emotional current. Both can crash through structures once thought immovable. Both can be expressions of resistance, reclamation, return.

To reclaim our watery bodies, the womb, the land, the resources that have been dominated for too long, is to acknowledge the undeniable entanglement between environment and human bodies.

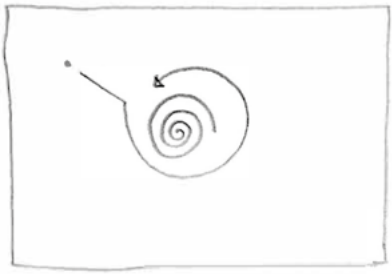
In Tidal Wave, we explore the permeability and boundlessness of water in opposition to rigid systems of control. We draw inspiration from Astrida Neimanis' "Hydrofeminism: Or, On Becoming a Body of Water" (2012), where she envisions new ways of holding and caring for one another - ways that are mutual, fluid, and sustaining.

"To follow our bodies of water align their rivulets and tributaries is to journey beyond the cleaving and coupling of sexually differentiated human bodies: we find ourselves tangled in intricate choreographies of bodies and flows of all kinds - not only human bodies, but also other animal, vegetable, geophysical, meteorological, and technological ones; not only watery flows, but also flows of power, culture, politics, and economics."

- Astrida Neimanis (2012)

Tidal Wave

Prologue - Ocean Drainage

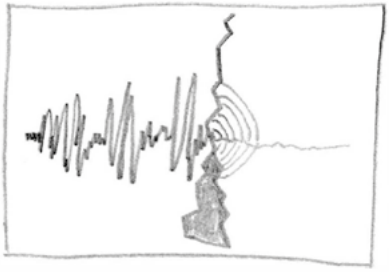


- Jin stands alone - emptiness, loneliness - powerful man in the world → walks to the ocean / shirt - creates a drain hole, inserts hand, abuses, claims the ocean
Children's book "The fate of fausto 🐶" & his faust
Many meanings - amniotic fluids? abuse of women at birth? placenta removal in uterus? death of somebody? wanting to bring them back?
delicacy of the hand in opposition to the force you need against a rigid power structure.

STEAM | HOT

Greed - EXPLOIT - PENETRATION

Scene I - Earthquake



- Jadwiga representing nature, embodies this force by puting on the shirt.
Wild, soft & free but constantly being tamed. or seduced by Jin. Still supports her.
Nature: water vs dams
Human & culture: toxic relationship
Suppressing due to fear of their power using someone for your own benefit.

Seduction leads to earthquake

RESTRICTED | FLUID | WET

SUBMISSIVE but nature destroys ~~[illegible]~~ power?

Reflection image - Jin sees herself in water → Jadwiga

shes an earthquake - begins to shake the ground of patriarchy

TO NOT ALLOW - TO RECLAIM - TO GAIN FORCE

Earthquake improvisation - allow the sensations of the body to take over - keep it improvised - every performance different

Drawing/Notes: Rosana Ribeiro

Scene II - Reset / Call to Action

Like an interlude the two bodies are called out of the ocean, they stand up - robotic sequence
(voice over shares a command -> personal stories, the action of being slapped, of body as an object, birth, water, sex, exchanging fluids)

emphaty, relatability arises - listening to inner voice

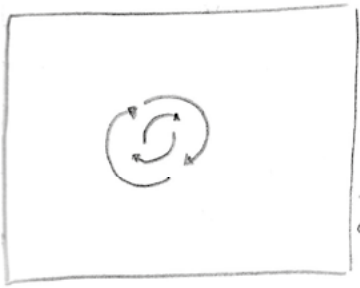
UNISON - DISCONNECTED GESTURES - FEET PATTERN - HOPPING BUNNIES THROUGH SPACE - TAKE OVER

Composition of syncopated rhythm movement to the voice - playful

MATRIX

STAGNATED | OVELWHELMED | BUBBLES
AUTOMATIC | BECOME HUMAN AGAIN | BOILING

Scene III - Vortex



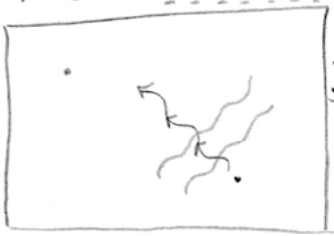
Inwards and outwards - magnets - attraction unity, to heal in connection, cycle
CYCLICAL FORCE unleashes something we cannot tame, breaking the dam
emotional outburst, lack of control, untam
Pulsation fuels the speed of water
-> Vortex building up from their comm
energy - middle of the room
Pulse, float, embrace, support

A suppressed force when supported could overcome and reclaim their body?

VORTEX BUIL UP -> GESTURES SEQUENCE -> SPINNING
-> cacophony of actions, emotional states stir up

DISPLACED | BEING STUCK | DISCONNECTED | TO SEPARATE

Epilogue - At the Shore



All their culture is on the ground and wet.
Jadwiga sits at the shore, witnesses sin being pushed by the waves.
Ripples, cicles, death at pathriacy, ? Soft destruction to create something new.
Bodies in water, Gaza, witness, transformation, melancholy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Somatic Practice: Experiencing Primordial Movement inspired by Manuela Mischke-Reeds

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