



Source: Amyas Godfrey, 'Tactics of insurgency',
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Tags: [corporeality](#)
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She says, What is this place? What is this airless landscape? She who is without a map or compass, without a guide: she who sees only arid infinite space in every direction. On the edge of something this vast and this strange, the impulse is to recoil, but the instinct is to move away calmly and slowly, afraid of the effect a startle might have, afraid of the impact of its echo across space. The only sure way to move is back. The only sure gesture is the careful retracing of wasted steps.

She says, What is this body? She who moves, silent, through airless space, silver and fluid. In such a body, movement is unlimited by failures of ability, of gravity, of strength. In possession of something this quickened, this alive, the impulse is to reckless freedom, to thoughtless flight. But the instinct is to careful control, to measured and muscular awareness, afraid of the impact of the body in freest motion, afraid to go beyond carefully treaded and measured limits. The only sure way to move is forward. The only sure gesture is the considered step.

She says, What is this heart? What is this clumsy graceless pulse that gasps in airless space? She whose pulse rises to the close surface of silent skin: she who is without a map of the quiet veins. Centered by something this relentless, this fragile, the impulse is to careful protection, gentle movement, but the instinct is to wild abandon, violent openness. Afraid of the useless atrophy of the silent unused heart, afraid, too, of the light of exposure, the only sure way to move is out. The only sure gesture is the reckless burst.

She says, Who and how, this place, this heart, this body? She who is without direction and, now, without fear: she who comes to inhabit this silent airless space like vital water, who opens and closes in time with her own embodied pulse. Given over to instinct, given over to measured risk, fear and fearlessness are indistinguishable. The only sure way is the only way: there is no other.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Jacqui Shine.