



# **SOMATIC CHOREOGRAPHIES**

SPACES OF ENCOUNTER  
ART, COMMUNITY AND TERRITORY

2025





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**NEW YORK  
BOGOTÁ**

2025









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**NEW YORK** MARCH 22 - 30  
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Somatic Choreographies is a collective process of creation, originated from the desire to open paths across divisions and separations - between South and North, Indigenous and Western communities, young and elderly generations - and to immerse ourselves in a deeper listening and connection with the Earth. Our bridge is the body, its affective and symbolic association with relational objects, writings, drawings, photographs and videos, as well as the encounter between inhabitants of the Hudson Valley, New York [USA] and the Páramo de Sumapáz, Bogotá [Colombia].

This emerging experimentation shapes itself through art exhibitions, performances, talk circles and other aesthetic and poetic devices. Somatic Choreographies has been conceived and organized by artists and educators Andrea Frank and Oscar Moreno Escárraga:

“We see life as movement, as a sensitive expansion of all that exists, infinitely interconnected through vibrations and energy flows that resonate beyond the human; we convene a series of somatic experiences that are embodied knowledge, and that open the horizon to other kinds of potential futures -evolutions that inhabit us here and now.”



**Ângela Borda**







## Funiculus

The thread that connects the ovum with the placenta, a cord that unites, the search is to return to the mother in the action Funiculus, performed in Choachí. A fabric with two needles, a technique, a sound that has accompanied me throughout my life. The trigger was to create a piece of care. I started out by learning how to knit, with phrases like “let go, flow, let the thread pass smoothly through your fingers, don’t think, let it become natural...” And stitch by stitch, a process that at first seemed very romantic became challenging and overwhelming. Therefore, I decided to delegate the technical task and asked my mom for help. She immediately accepted and continued the knitting. She experienced the same thing, feeling the pressure of the task, and asked for help from her mom, my grandmother, to continue with the work. After a couple of days, she returned the fabric to me. It came back and I, now more connected, finished it.

In the territory, with the idea of caring and motherhood in my mind, I stood in front of a tree I had noticed from afar, and there I felt the weight of the mothers. I felt the need to complete the cycle, to return to the great mother all the care, what she has given me, what she has given us. For some reason, delivering that energy, that shared time, those thoughts embedded in that fabric, felt like an alchemical process that transmuted that energy. With deep love in front of the tree, I thanked, gave in silence, honored, and said goodbye.

The knitted thread came out of me. Then I wrapped it around the trunk of the branch. While I was there, after witnessing the healing, I decided to leave it there as a sincere symbol of offering and giving, a gift of gratitude.





**Beatriz Buitrago**







## Interconnectedness

Reunion. Grouping. Compilation. Link. Rope. Fastening. Fique. Nature. Memory. Territory. Forest. Countryside. Escape. Cave. Cavity. Pelvis. Walking. Climbing. Shitting. Dancing. Fucking. Transforming. Red sack. To carry with plastic. To eat microplastic. Artificiality. Petroleum. City. Trash. Concrete. Smoke. To contaminate. To somatize. Inflammation. Snapping. Knots. Pain. Patriarchy. Prejudice. The -isms and the -phobias. Mud. Ointment. Rituals. Flesh. Weavings. Pathways. Earth. There, a sequoia. Here, a frailejón. Another tree and its soil. Paper. Bureaucratic documents. Stone walls. Rocky mountains. Memories and tales. Network expansion. Mycelium. Elongated roots. Grounding wire. Support. Gravity. Planet. Home. Survival. Endurance. Resilience. Stability. Life. Spine. Nerve. Waterfall. Fierce movement. Womb. Well. Fishbowl. Uterus. Sacrum. Exit. Creek. Leg. Extension. Veins. Drizzle. Mist. Skin. Thermal shock. Intense cold. Shivering. Adaptation. Warmth. Comfort. Vital energy. Ancestry. Intermediaries. Convergence. Time. Time is running out. Exhaustion. Introspection. Emotionality. Creativity. Externality. Dismantling fortifications. Rebuilding. Healing. Setting up bridges. Integration. Spontaneity. Ephemerality.







**Paulina Durán**







## Wrapping up daydreams

My body becomes a territory of memories that traverse it,  
wrapping themselves up in a Borracheros' blanket full of reveries.

I surrender to the fragility of matter, where a symbolic veil  
blurs the boundaries between dreaming and reality.

Every leaf on my skin is a trace that begins to weave the past,  
I cease to be myself becoming a blanket, a veil, a shelter.

Little by little, the blanket comes loose, revealing lost images  
that get into mi heart in a spiral shape.

Traces of an identity in constant dissolution  
bear witness to a fragility that, although ephemeral, endures in its own right.







**Valentina Facundo**







## Adjacent memories

In the heart of the mountain, ancestral spirits wander. It is enough to walk and feel the pulse of its vibration to discover the life that lies within its depth. With subtlety, the heart opens; and with it, the gaze expands, revealing a world where every being holds a meaning that transcends its visible form. To closed minds, they are nothing more than animals or inert matter, but those who know how to listen understand the majesty of their teachings.

Names resonate with meanings beyond the ordinary. Echoes of lived experiences that become legends, dwelling in places scarcely explored. There, in the hidden corners where few have set foot, memory unfolds like a map of symbols and signs.

The search for the essential is, in itself, an act of faith. Something waits to be found, guided by spirituality and the legacy of those who came before us. Along this journey, adjacent metaphors emerge—invisible threads weaving improbable connections between the present and the past. They are traces of a memory that endures, slipping through the cracks of stone and the whisper of the wind, waiting to be heard.

At times, that memory belongs to someone who is no longer here, yet their essence lingers in what they left behind: in a word that resonates at the precise moment, in a shadow stretching at dusk, in the earth's vibration when touched with reverence. Their absence is not oblivion but transformation.

In the mountain, every crevice is a threshold, every sound a vestige, every breath of air a sign. We search, sometimes without knowing what for, yet with the certainty that something awaits discovery. And perhaps, in that revelation, we will not only understand those who came before us but also discover ourselves, reflected in the echo of their footsteps.







**Mariana Falla**









## **Resprout: return to the placenta**

We stopped getting born at our homes, losing the tradition of burying the placenta: a physical and symbolic representation of a place or territory to which we are tied to through our entire lives, a place which we always return to and which we finally come back to when we die. The earth, the mother.

My grandmother used to tell me the story about her birth, her siblings' and children's births, until we grandchildren were born in hospitals and biological "waste" such as the placenta was incinerated. There is nothing holding us to the earth, no place to return to, we are new generations stripped of belonging.

Faced with this existential doubt, I made a relational object with a shape similar to a placenta, elaborated with a real palm weave, a handmade technique to make hats in Guamo, Tolima, the place where my family originates from. After this, in a symbolic act, I find a place in which to bury it, not as a mortuary act but as a birthing. Sprouting from the earth to live, a symbolic placenta that belongs to a place on Earth to which I can return.







**Michael Feliciano**







## Opposites in resonance

In the heart of the forest, where the Moon Mountain is bathed in mist and the water whispers its breath in the twilight, a being finds itself torn between two worlds. With meditative steps, it gathers fallen branches—silent witnesses to the passage of time—to craft a transformative object that crowns its very essence. Born from the heartbeat and reaching towards the infinite sky, this artifact delves deep into the realm of bodily experience, tracing energy centers that connect mind and body, and standing as a bridge between the organic and the synthetic, between the utilitarian and the poetic.

Its structure—an intricate fusion of intertwined branches, a delicate veil, plastic bubbles capturing the very breath of the air, a shell evoking the infinite in the union of sea and earth; and copper, the conduit of vital energy—transforms into a vessel of dualities. When activated by a piece of ceramic, forged with the force of a clenched fist, the object emits sounds that echo with ancient resonance, awakening an inner process that turns matter into lived experience.

With its red eyes that reveal the unknown, the monstrous, the sacred, and the terrifying aspects of nature, this enigmatic symbol invites us to explore the harmony between the external and the internal, between the heights above and the depths below. Each element vibrates in an eternal rhythm of cause and effect, balanced by opposing forces, reminding us that life reinvents itself with every breath of the cosmos.







**María José Flóres**







## Musa Agave

The night came with its eternal sleep  
along with the blurred presence of the muse,  
the muse of everyone, but no one understands  
Because she, secret and mysterious,  
never reveals the answer to the origin of life.  
Death settled into the frail skin of the banana tree,  
after a long time submerged in the water  
releasing its sweetness,  
at the mercy of another fragile skin, gentle and light.  
With sleep came the Nard scent  
flies  
traces of the other  
flies again.  
To rot slowly, waiting for white fireworks.  
To rot slowly, watching what is believed  
as death.  
Rotting slowly  
when you can't do much anymore,  
only be a shell.







**Cielo Esperanza Neme**









## **Invocation. Three acts**

### **Act 1**

And there it happens, on the peeling skin of a broken wall,

It tears apart through a silent scream, lighting a small life  
that makes its way to the fate of bustle and oblivion.

Life emerges from the barren bowels of ruin.

Tiny roots clinging to the dust of the earth rise up against the oppression of cement.

## Act 2

I'm on the road,  
The fresh air and the wet earth smell  
take me away from the city.  
I'm on the road  
And the skin of the trees,  
Those barks clothed by moss and lichen.  
Stands everywhere.

The whisper of falling water,  
Reminds me that life does not stop.  
The falling water,  
Burnishes the rocks, stopping for an instant.  
The falling water,  
It lodges life in the stones and the trees.

Tree, stone, earth and water; Light and wind,  
Are witnesses and accomplices  
of the miracle of life.





### Act 3

I hear the call,  
The spirits of Earth have told me,  
To return, to return to the essence.

Nature is calling me,  
She wants me back,  
I don't understand.  
Sometimes I get lost,  
Sometimes I don't know.

Nature calls me,  
She asks me to take her  
To where she no longer dwells.

Earth, water, air, fire,  
Have been given to me  
My hands hold them  
My hands will carry them.



**Adriana Pachón**





## Ephemeral I cried my faith

Human corporeality as a social and cultural phenomenon, shaped by its context. The rites of interaction in which the struggle for survival becomes increasingly significant. The body as an important element of identity, as temple and territory, loaded with representations in which constructed images addressing a past and a present are filled with poetics of pain and fatigue

In contemporary society, the body is subjected to a series of tensions and pressures that profoundly affect its well-being and its ability to function. Pain and fatigue have become constants of daily life, and it is common to hear people complaining of being exhausted, stressed and depleted. The body becomes a machine that must run endlessly, and any sign of weakness or exhaustion is seen as a failure. But fatigue and pain are not only physical, they also have a psychological and emotional component. The shadow is the part of the personality that contains our darkest and most repressed aspects. Pain and tiredness can also be a manifestation of the shadow that resists being recognized and accepted.

In this sense, Albert Camus' myth of Sisyphus also becomes relevant: Sisyphus is condemned to push a rock uphill, only to have it roll downhill, forcing him to start all over again. This endless cycle of effort and failure is a metaphor for contemporary society where people are trapped.







**Luis Páez**







## **Sleeping with rice hulls**

To sleep with you is to sleep on top and inside of you.

You are an extension of me.

My clothes are filled with your bark, the same one that once protected you.

Your soft grains remind me of myself.

When I sleep on top of you, you overflow and depart from your sack.

You expand so much that you leave the pillow empty, and I end up sleeping with you only.

From my stomach to my skin, from my skin to my clothes, and from my clothes to my hands.









**Sara Upegui**









## Hidden underground

From the first cells that emerged in the primordial oceans to the complexity of the organisms that inhabit the planet today, there is an invisible thread that connects everything: the need to see itself, to perceive itself, to be aware of its own existence.

Cells multiplied not only to survive but to create living mirrors, reflections of themselves that could become immersed in the image of what they are, and at the same time, in the vastness of what surrounds them.

Every living being is an expression of this search. Eyes, antennae, the senses that evolved over millennia are not just tools to navigate the world, but windows through which life observes itself. To see is not just a physical act; it is an act of connection. When an animal gazes at the horizon, when a flower leans toward the sun, when a human contemplates the stars, life is perceiving itself, recognizing itself in immensity. It is as if the universe, through us, could finally immerse itself in its own image.

That is why, in this somatic action, I decided to bury parts of myself dispersed in my drawings and photographs. Watch me watch you, and strive one day to be a part of yourself.













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**Spaces of Encounter**

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