

I finally got the chance to partake in Matt Cornell's own brand of cipher where dancers bring their irrepressible grooving selves to the transient human enclosure. It was an exhilarating experience. I haven't improvised in a group setting for so long I forgot how in-the-moment, on-the-spot, ultra-present you become. As if nothing else exists except the reading of bodies and the pushing of limits in the earnest want to build a relationship that defies long term temporality and conventional categorisation. Last time I had witnessed Cornell's *Autonomic* cipher (which might've had another name/ incarnation) I figured the hip hop/ breaking origins still prevailed and wondered if Matt's cipher would hold up without a hip hop majority. Yes it did. The second evening's performance truly celebrated the individual body within its assemblage with audience members and virtuosos Kristina Chan and Anton as well as a pregnant Imogen Cranna amongst a whole slew of 'readymade' groovers from all walks of dance life joining in.