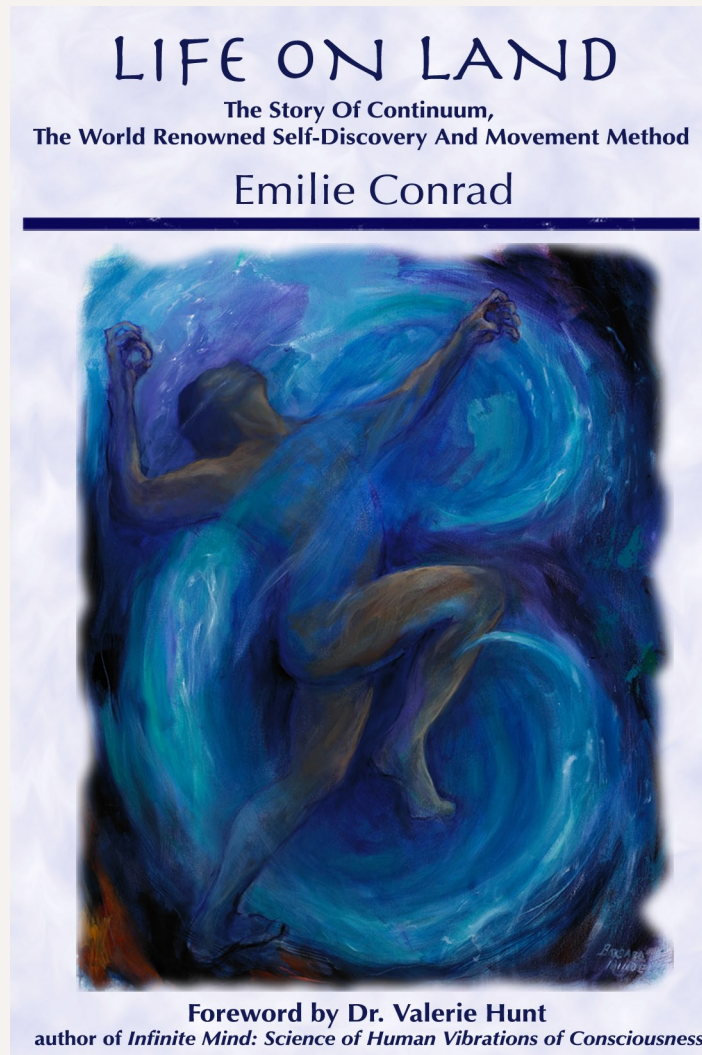


**"THE FLUID SELF" AN EXCERPT FROM  
Emilie Conrad's Magnum Opus  
*LIFE ON LAND***

**Available MAY 2007!**



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Excerpt from

*LIFE ON LAND: The Story of Continuum, The World-Renowned Self-Discovery and Movement Method* by Emilie Conrad  
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# THE FLUID SELF

## Excerpt from *LIFE ON LAND*

by Emilie Conrad

Technically speaking, our bodies are not exactly ours. What we call a body is an open-ended experiment, the present result of billions of years of an ongoing universal *process* that is in constant flux, arranging, re-arranging, and experimenting as new formations come into existence. The continuum of life on land takes place within the galaxy and humans alike.

As human beings, we are an accrual of many life forms that have been shaped by our oceanic origins, still pulsating as the intrinsic world of our organs, our connective tissue, our nerve fiber. Our forms have been designed and redesigned, unendingly adaptive and innovative.

We learn to crawl, to stand, to move forward through the savannas, the mountains, the cities, outer space. This stabilized creature called human, what is it? Can we ever know?

The fluid presence in our bodies is our fundamental environment; *we are the moving water brought to land.*

The human body has been spiraled from the vortical tendency of living water, an extension of the primordial ocean, appearing separate but maintaining constant resonance. We are in perpetual resonance with all fluid systems *everywhere in the universe*, functioning as an undivided whole. I say that this fluid expression resonates with our galaxy in ways that our limited form of development probably can't know—or doesn't yet know. As organisms of

intelligent life, we may be interacting beyond the familiar levels of our awareness....

When we see a newborn, essentially we are looking at the movement of water made flesh. We are seeing a fluid system meeting the vibrational field of the Earth, where an elegant exchange begins to take place. As this exquisite system adjusts to its new atmosphere, a gradual stabilizing occurs. Liquid grasps, eyes focus, experiments are made. The baby rolls, thrusts, jerks, flails ... trying out the best possible sequences to ensure survival on Earth.

The very nature of stabilizing impels the fluid system to coalesce; giving the support that is needed to become functional. Fluidity consolidates as new requirements are met. Our oceanic memory pales as the demands of life on land become more immediate. All is forgotten, except for the primordial characteristics of our intrinsic environment: our muscles, bones, and fluids, and the air that moves in and out of us.

Humans can be seen as undulating messengers from the stars. Our bodies contain the memories of all that has been—a historical record of the original swirl, residing now in our fingertips.

No matter what anyone says, no matter how many mouths drip with “theories,” we basically have no idea why we have arrived. Some say we are the mistakes of a primordial coupling that took a mutational curve and *voilà!* Here we are, a wandering species.

Spinning through the galaxy, frozen drops of chemical codes plunge into the primordial soup and melt into the heart of this vast coupling. Like the sperm swooning inside the egg, we meet our heated destiny with our frozen spaceships ... our iced-up tears.... We land, sink, and become one with the Earth.

We (as bodies) parallel the cell as our watery beginnings resonate with a larger field of planetary and universal intelligence functioning in us both locally and non-locally. The layered, interpenetrating complexity of cellular life can be seen as similar to the internalized functioning of a human being.

I tell you that we are thousands of wave motions that converge to form what is now being called a “body.” Water is the medium of our deliverance. Form travels through us, leaving its bio-morphic imprint. The intelligence of unfolding form is encoded in our system.

When I speak of fluidity, I am also referring to the idea that what we call “body” is not matter but movement. Movement is the fundamental reality. In my view, the “body” is a profound orchestration of many qualities and textures of movement—interpenetrating tones of fertile play waiting to be incubated.

What I see as “body” is the movement of creative flux, waves of fertility. The cosmic play that we carry into this atmosphere still intrinsically pulsates.

We can be seen as a fluid unfolding of an innate intelligence. It is the same intelligence that is guiding the sperm and egg, the same intelligence that created the membrane of the first cell, that directs stem cells to differentiate, the intelligence that moves galaxies and iguanas. We inhabit a sea of intelligent life beckoning us to enter.

I see our “bodies” formed by the liquid of our first cradle. Our early watery environment shapes and gives us its secret. This is our first home, our “primordial field.” The fluid in our cells is our birthplace, our memory of the creative matrix in which all life is summoned.

*I cannot tell you enough—words speak thinly of the reverberations of our umbilical tie to our planet. Unspeakable and private, our hearts are made full as all boundary slips from us. As I dwell in this bloom, I can feel the waters of my eternal ocean beckoning to me*

*with sweeps of wave motion.... My head disappears under water, my hands become a blur, my "body" is permeable, and my skin no longer wraps around me. I am this water. I am these waves.*

*This moment is informing me. I am filled with something I cannot name. Private. Silent. Feeling. Breath is very tiny now—barely there as the ocean moves and I am free. The gills of my ancestor's quiver, the snouts of my forebears become moist, my claws grip and release. All blends once again into waves.*

All forms derive from waves that are shaped by liquid destinies ... messengers from the stars ... cosmic gushes moving on Earth, sniffing snorting pawing, and then the water form plays on water in it, *as it*.

The interior life remains true to its watery mother. The amphibian human continues to stabilize itself in its new environment, testing out new strengths and capacities as it wiggles its way into its new world. Each movement brings about an identity of body.

From liquid pulsations come stable thrashings; little reflexes awkwardly begin humming; and from an atmosphere of oceanic waves a bud becomes a leg. As each limb becomes increasingly more stable, adjusting itself to its new atmosphere, a body image begins to sketch out.

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The “shock of arrival” creates a kind of amnesia—a blank.

Amnesia, together with our Adam and Eve story (our cultural myth), permits us to rarely consider the reality that we are composed mostly of water. Our shock permits us to accept and limit our understanding, and to not even know that all the interior movements of our bodies remain celestially oceanic in their essence. The undulations of organs, the web-like sea-anemone pulsations of tissue—a human being is aquatic, terrestrial, and celestial.

The core of human life is the inner sea that shapes us.

Our very limbs have been stroked and shaped by our liquid origin.

We lie in our amniotic cradle, the pulsations and signals of life sculpting another creature. Buds appear as the liquid pulsations bring forth a shape. The cues and chemical signals pulse and dance as the being is urged into form.

We are not separate from the fluid that spirals us as embryos. We *are* that spiraled fluid. Pulsating waves create the ocean behind all human activities.

In his book *Sensitive Chaos*, Theodore Schwenk points to the mysterious intelligence of water as it engages in the manifestation and dissolving of form:

*“ Is it not a striking phenomenon that in the midst of flowing movement forms arise, not through any differentiation in substance, but simply through the interplay of currents and their forces? This points to a formative principle based on the interplay of movements rather than on material substance. It is movement that takes hold of the substance and moulds it. Only through a true observation of these facts is it possible to approach an understanding of the processes, which leads to the creation of forms in the embryo; neither in matter alone, nor in the process of cell division is there a basis for understanding what is happening in this sphere.*

*Flowing processes are active in the growth of all organisms.*

*Through faster growth some parts protrude, others are held back through a suspension of growth or even dissolved again. In all stages of embryonic growth there is an interplay between forces of welling outflow and suctional inflow, by which respective shapes arise”.*

We are water beings destined to live on land on a mission that is unknowable.

Every organ and every system is bound with circulating water, not only enhancing direct functioning but always keeping its resonance with the larger body, allowing for unfolding events that defy the rules of logic.

God lives in us as a liquid presence. For me the message of God can be felt in the movement of water. The fluids in our cells are the liquid presence of our spiritual birthright.

We cry, it rains on Earth; we spring from this watery substance. A sumptuous world awaits us. God is not elsewhere.

The feeling is of a divine sensuality in which every cell is illumined; wet, in an embrace where there is no fear, no death, only the merging of an encompassing unbounded embrace in which human emotion becomes something else. God is not elsewhere but is moving through our cells and in every part of us with its undulating message. Perhaps its message is to bring love to this Earth; perhaps that is what it is trying to do. Its miraculous waters wash us, purify the ravages, kiss away our tears and loneliness. The substance of love radiating from every pore, this substance of the bursting stars and cosmic water, bestowing life-giving nutrients, but going so far beyond.

*Ah yes. I see it now. The hardening of our bodies deadens us to our home. We are no longer wet with love. Love, a mysterious substance, moves like undulating memories, caressing each organ, reminding us, oh bottomless one, without boundary, that we are part of this. We are not separated, we are still one.*

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*In the beginning the wind—wild with whirling perturbations, soft with tender caresses, strong with howls that roar through the heavens—sings into the primordial waters, creating massive storms, surging waves, vortical cones of cyclonic turbulence, and rearranging the mirrored stars as they messenger their light.*

*After many eons, the beginning of a species called human starts to make itself distinct from other species. Standing upright means those arms, once supports are now free, hands clench and unclench, and the magical articulations of the thumb make sharpening tools so much easier. This new creature—with its organs, circulating blood, all of its interior life, still undulating with its oceanic origins—muscles itself on land. But always, through it all, no matter what, its internalized fluid resonance continues to carry the message of the star-seasoned sea.*

*The human tongue begins to develop a unique shape, and from that the wind/breath can be articulated with sounds somewhat different than other members of the animal kingdom. Sounds, made by tongues, refine the resonating chamber of the throat; the jawbone perfects its function to sing of life; and the wind, the word, is now made flesh. Beginning as grunts and groans, yips and yucks, sound begets word. Bred by breath, sung by the wind, the word unfolds from the cavern of a human throat.*