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MORE THAN MEAT JOY

Carolee Schneemann

WITHDRAWN

COMPLETE PERFORMANCE WORKS & SELECTED WRITINGS
Edited by Bruce McPherson

DOCUMENTEXT 1979

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My grateful thanks to all the performers and technicians whose participation brought the work to realization, and to those associated with us in generously providing space & materials. Thanks also to those artists, critics, writers and photographers whose responses were confirming and spread the intention of my work.

I had hoped to be able to devote more space to the network of friendships where so many areas of concern were shared and developed. This could only be touched upon in the individual works, and in the snapshot collages.

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for Bruce McPherson

preface

The edge of a tornado ripped through Sidney, Illinois in the summer of 1960. I was a graduate student in painting at the University of Illinois, living with James Tenney (a composer and pianist studying electronic music) in a ramshackle country house surrounded by trees. The tornado toppled our favorite Tree of Heaven, which crashed down on the insubstantial back roof. Its wide limbs blocked the wooden steps and pathway into the field. My attachment to particular trees is animistic and I was desolate over this destruction. Our cat Kitch, then four, quickly discovered that she could walk directly out her open kitchen window onto the tangle of branches and make a new and efficient journey down towards the stream. It is all ridiculously simple, but that is how and why I decided to use the fallen tree and flooded-out rock walls, the mud and broken branches, as an "environment"—a labyrinth—for a group of friends to proceed through one Sunday afternoon. I made a drawing of a possible course, the elements to encounter, and instructions based on what Kitch was doing: make a self-determined set of pathways around and through the obstacles, evolving the sorts of motions and actions which the obstacles propose; make contact with mud, water, high grass, the stream, the fallen tree; proceed from east to north to west and meet at the rock pile for a cook-out. The only "rule" was that no one outside of the journey was to observe the passage of others. Except myself—I returned to my small work room to watch through the window.

The week after **Labyrinths,** Liz Hiller, an actress and one of the participants, gave me Artaud's **The Theater and Its Double:**

> Beside this need for the theater to steep itself in the springs of an eternally passionate and sensuous poetry available to even the most backward and inattentive portions of the public, a poetry realized by a return to the primitive Myths, we shall require of the **mise en scene** and not of the text the task of materializing these old conflicts and above all of giving them **immediacy;** i.e. these themes will be borne directly into the theater and materialized in movements, expressions, and gestures before trickling away in words.

In my work the significance of Artaud became linked to the theories of D'Arcy Thompson, Wilhelm Reich and Henri Focillon—for example, Focillon's statement that "substances are not interchangable, but techniques penetrate one another, and at the moment of their doing so, interference tends to create new substances." This book is about that work in all of its unsystematic processual variety.

from The Notebooks 1958-1963



Jane + Stan Brakhage



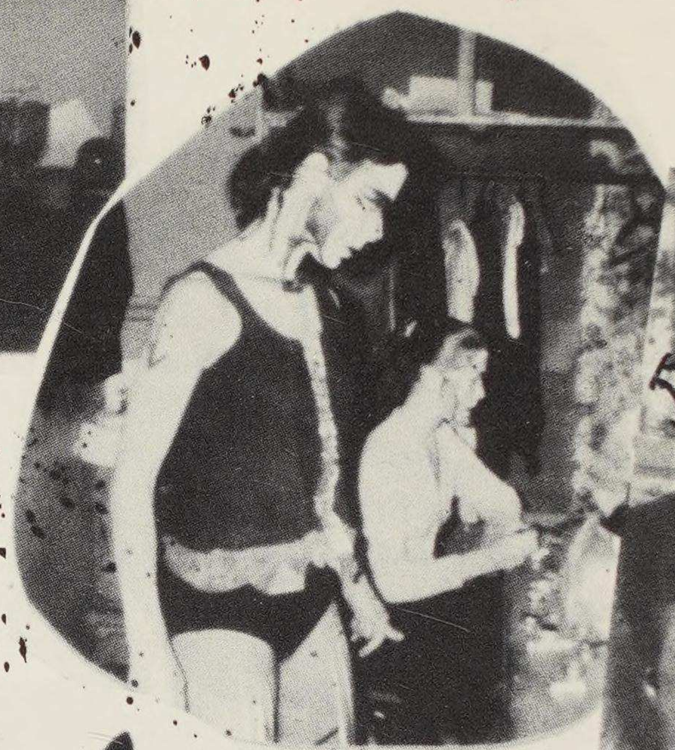
Marvin Hayes



J+C



Kitch



Yvonne Rainer



Jim Ruggles Arrigo L.M. Sigurdjonsson



J. G. P. G. M.

Tone Roads



Stan + Jane + in Illinois



with Ruggles

Jim G. Phil Carl Mal

I assume the senses crave sources of maximum information; that the eye benefits by exercise, stretch, and expansion towards materials of complexity and substance; that conditions which alert the total sensibility—cast it almost in stress—extend insight and response, the basic responsive range of empathetic-kinesthetic vitality.

If a performance work is an extension of the formal-metaphorical activity possible within a painting or construction, the viewers' sorting of responses and interpretation of the forms of performance will still be equilibrated with all their past visual experiences. The various forms of my works—collage, assemblage, concretion—present equal potentialities for sensate involvement.

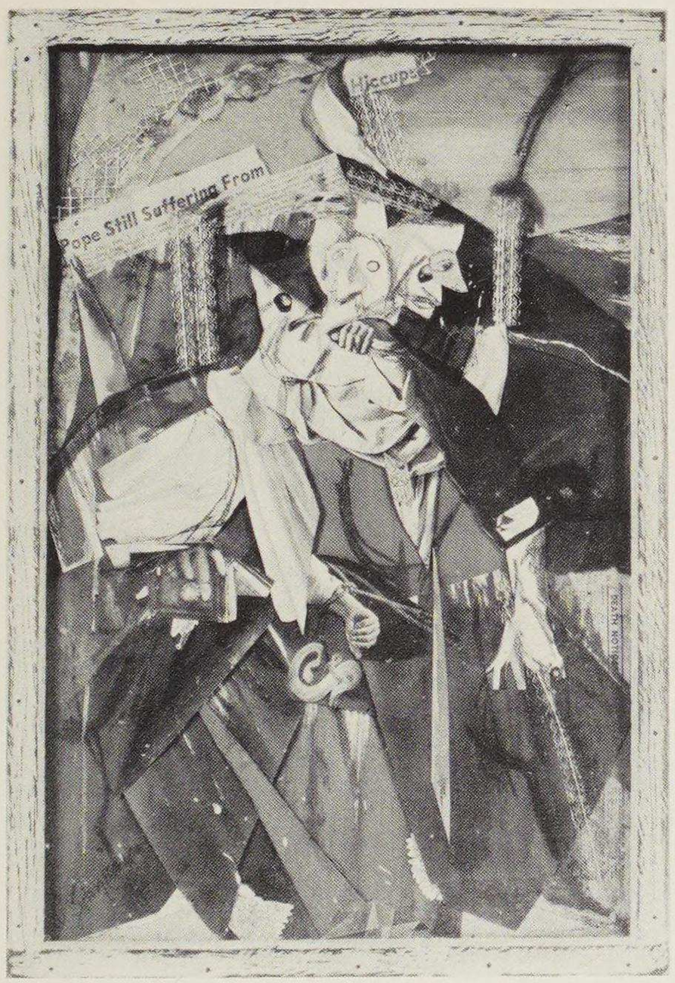
I have the sense that in learning, our best developments grow from works which initially strike us as "too much"; those which are intriguing, demanding, that lead us to experiences which we feel we cannot encompass, but which simultaneously provoke and encourage our efforts. Such works have the effect of containing more than we can assimilate; they maintain attraction and stimulation for our continuing attention. We persevere with that strange joy and agitation by which we sense unpredictable rewards from our relationship to them. These "rewards" put to question—as they enlarge and enrich—correspondences we have already discovered between what we deeply feel and how our expressive life finds structure.

Anything I perceive is active to my eye. The energy implicit in an area of paint (or cloth, paper, wood, glass . . .) is defined in terms of the time which it takes for the eye to journey through the implicit motion and direction of this area. The eye follows the building of forms . . . no matter what materials are used to establish the forms. Such "reading" of a two-dimensional or three-dimensional area implies *duration* and this duration is determined by the force of total visual parameters in action. Instance: the smallest unit variation from stroke to stroke in a painting by Velasquez or Monet; by extension the larger scale of rhythms directing the eye in a painting by Pollock—this which is shaped by a mesh of individualized strokes, streaks, smudges and marks. The tactile activity of paint itself prepares us for the increased dimensionality of collage and construction: the literal dimensionality of paint seen close-on as raised surface . . . as a geology of lumps, ridges, lines and seams. Ambiguous by-plays of dimension-in-action open our eyes to the metaphorical life of materials themselves. Such ambiguity joins in the free paradox of our pleasure with "traditional subject matter" where we might see "abstract" fields of paint activity before we discover the image of King Phillip II astride his horse (Velasquez) . . . or a rush of dark arcade concavities from which we learn, by his flying robes, that a saint is in ascension (El Greco).

The fundamental life of any material I use is concretized in that material's gesture: gesticulation, gestation—source of compression (measure of tension and expansion), resistance—developing force of visual action. Manifest in space, any particular gesture

All dates are completion dates.

All works collection of the artist unless otherwise noted.



Pope Still Suffering 1954
First collage: paper, cloth, paint. 11½" x 17½"

acts on the eye as a unit of time. Performers or glass, fabric, wood. . . all are potent as variable gesture units: color, light and sound will contrast or enforce the quality of a particular gesture's area of action and its emotional texture.

Environments, happenings—concretions—are an extension of my painting-constructions which often have moving (motorized) sections. The essential difference between concretions and painting-constructions involves the materials used and their function as "scale," both physical and psychological. The force of a performance is necessarily more aggressive and immediate in its effect—*it* is projective. The steady exploration and repeated viewing which the eye is required to make with my painting-constructions is reversed in the performance situation where the spectator is overwhelmed with changing recognitions, carried emotionally by a flux of evocative actions and led or held by the specified time sequence which marks the duration of a performance.

In this way the audience is actually, ***visually*** more ***passive*** than when confronting a work which requires ***projective vision,*** i.e., the internalized adaptation to a variable time process by which a "still" work is perceived—the reading from surface to depth, from shape to form, from static to gestural action and from unit gesture to larger over-all structures of rhythms and masses. With paintings, constructions and sculptures the viewers are able to carry out repeated examinations of the work, to select and vary viewing positions (to walk with the eye), to touch surfaces and to freely indulge responses to areas of color and texture at their chosen speed.

During a theater piece the audience may become more active ***physically*** than when viewing a painting or assemblage; their physical reactions will tend to manifest ***actual*** scale—relating to motions, mobilities the body does make in a ***specific*** environment. They may have to act, to do things, to assist some activity, to get out of the way, to dodge or catch falling objects. They enlarge their kinesthetic field of participation; their attention is required by a varied span of actions, some of which may threaten to encroach on the integrity of their positions in space. Before they can "reason" they may find their bodies performing on the basis of immediate visual circumstances: the eye will be receiving information at unpredictable and changing rates of density and duration. At the same time their senses are heightened by the presence of human forms in action and by the temporality of the actions themselves.

My shaping of the action of visual elements is centered on their parametric capacities in space. In performance the structural functions of light, for instance, take form by its multiple alterations as color—diffuse, centralized, (spot and spill) mixture, intensity, duration in time, thresholds of visible/invisible. The movements of performers are explored through gesture, position and grouping in space (density, mass), color and their own physical proportion.

The body itself is considered as potential units of movement: face, fingers, hands,

toes, feet, arms, legs—the entire articulating range of the overall form and its parts.

The performers' voices are instruments of articulation: noises, sounds, singing, crying, commentary on or against their movements may be spoken; word-sound formations are carried forth which relate to, grow from the effect on the vocal cords of a particular physical effort they experience. The voice expresses pressures of the total musculature so that we may discover unique sounds possible only during specific physical actions and which provide an implicit extension and intensification of the actions themselves.

The distribution of the performers in space evolves the phrasing of a time sequence: levels of horizontal, vertical and diagonal or the need for larger rhythms carried visually by an independent figure which moves in relationship to the overall environment—shifting dimensions, layers, levels. Every element contributes to the image. The active qualities of any one element (body, light, sound, paper, cloth, glass) find its necessary relation to all other elements and through conjunction and juxtaposition the kinetic energy is released.

My exploration of an image-in-movement means only that its realization supercedes (or coincides with) my evocation of it. This is *not* a predictable, predetermined process: in the pressure to externalize a particular sensation or quality of form other circumstances or "attributes" may be discovered which are so clear and exact that the function of the original impulse is understood as touchstone and guide to the unexpected. "Chance" becomes one aspect of a process in which I come to recognize a necessity—the way to unpredictable, incalculable advances within my own conscious intent.

1962-63

From a letter to Jim, written in a Museum.

My love I found two lovers: dancing stone each other. (A guard laughed to another; "there's a young lady copying a new way to do it in an old way".) I was drawing. Drawing on an embrace of forms: rolling, halting gestures of combination, of meeting. Complete, secretively convoluted, clearly tenuous: that something is happening, has happened and occurs again . . . uniquely, samely extending the mystery it conceals. An embrace emphatically conceived and lucidly sexual. What evolution of forms performs before the senses, repeats and then counters motion so that the figures hold all possible in stone space. I can find us, hear our hours of love, years enfolded, . . . (Shakti and Shiva, Bengal, Pala period)



Portrait of Jane Brakhage 1958
Oil on canvas 46½" x 31½"

Elsewhere: extensive compilations of gloom; shadowed light shafting art objects, frou-frou dying eternally—a provincial museum . . . rank leftovers, agglutinations . . . bad breath, heavy appetites. The Arensberg Collection is not enough to save Grace by—the Impressionist Collection is, but it has been shipped off to the Modern. (My little sun and shadow, a tiny watercolor study by Picasso for Les Demmoiselles which flies out of Cézanne's clear-eyed bathers.)

Ah, a Pontormo of a de Medici—strange, strange a door opens behind the looming, robed torso, a compelling head. Three fine frescos (a tiny Pieta of glowing strokes . . . made of glass) and the Titian where the seated Archinto peers through a curtain.

19 March 1958 Philadelphia



From Pontormo Drawing 'Nude Male Figures'
1957
Oil on canvas (incised layers) 32" x 45½"

When I was fifteen, a teacher with a surface regard for my temperment advised me to study the Expressionists . . . Kokoschka in particular. My eyes moved to Cézanne; the rigor of the action of paint in space was nowhere more demanding than in his works—my longing for the richness (engulfing all preconceived notions about what was an expressive image) and extensiveness of natural forms took courage and challenge from his experience. At this time D'Arcy Thompson's writing enforced my intuition to really build sight on natural forms and conditions. From childhood—without any break—I felt myself a part of nature; saw the world as animate, expressive, alive and sometimes responsive to my own desires; but always the natural world was intoxicating, giving my senses information which freed emotions for personal relationships which might one day have the rich wheeling of unpredictable qualities. My sense of my own physical life and of making things within the life were always united. I began to draw before I could speak and never stopped drawing.

1963

Earliest Drawings. Learning, all learning—the curve of the buttock as moon pushed to cloud. Learning remembering as the image opens worlds concrete, sensuous. There is no manipulating. I have been needing to retain, regain a beginning; the unwilled sight of sense, palpable being—an emergence of my own world forms free in the space of their expressive determination, of their desire to give light.

Drawings done when my first room maintained the clarity of its borders, of boundaries. Such drawings showed dramatic happenings! Before I had language I regained the changes of the first room with pencils and crayons on thick leafy tablets. The dramas developed in sequence: on the first page two vertical lines foretold a stage, cutting the paper plane into curtains. The second page: the two vertical lines were placed further apart; painfully in anticipation of subsequent revelations! By the fifth page a banana-like formation appeared beyond the boundary of opened curtain—a hand! The hand would fitfully grow on rapidly turned pages to find its body. The central dramatic action began. The pencil lines found the body a personality, knew its character. From the line of "stage right" another figure would develop and *the intensity of these presences grew over the pages in proportion to "their" desperation to manifest my expression.* The desperation drew on its recognition of illusory self; that a banana hand was not, could not become the alley arm from which it hung, nor the "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow the house down" teeth which gnashed in a pencil lead head. One figure could attack another in space; in a fury of excitement the elements claimed space (through another twenty pages) and the sequence accelerated with an enormous mouth—a wavering moist sun, a toilet bowl, a cup of milk—until the lines pulled from left and right again vertical through four pages flipped over and over, to be drawn to a close.

Form is Emotion. The materials I use in a painting-construction or a concretion evade their usual utilitarian context; deflecting, reflecting, expanding relationships—these materials become ambiguous as prehensile tools. I work towards metaphors of sensation; a dramatization of loss and recovery, of movement in time and space. I want to find my work endlessly renewable, vitalizing the present but no longer the lineage, linkage between desires sought and fears captured.

My concretions provide for an intensification of all faculties simultaneously—apprehensions are called forth in wild juxtaposition. My eye creates, searches out expressive form in the materials I choose; such form corresponds to a visual-kinesthetic dimensionality; a visceral necessity drawn by the senses to the finger of eye . . . a mobile, tactile event into which the eye leads the body; a picture plane as dimensional as dream is, or landscape. Perspective is the over-all immediacy in which each area partakes of every parameter open to it. Horizontals, verticals, pressure, tortion, pulse and color move to sustain an image as a habitation.

The body is in the eye; sensations received visually take hold in the total organism. Perception moves the total personality to excitation.

Insight is a result of sensation's creative action on our capacity to experience and discover functional connections.

(We are a part of nature and of all visible and invisible forms.)



Quarry Transposed (Central Park in The Dark)
1960
Construction: masonite panels, wood strips, photo of N.L., red glass pitcher, nails, wire, paper, oil paint. 57" x 34¾" x 4"

Movement of the immediate present: "the human mind is only an executive organ of investigating, living plasma feeling out its environment"...W. Reich. *Organomic Functionalism, p. 291.*

1960-1962

That the friendship of men, boys is involved with masteries; the friendships of girls, women with mysteries. Substance for women of what you are: their alert curiosity for one another is personal. Men meet over what they do, the friendship itself balanced competitively: what will provide substance of friendship and who shall dominate, direct its passage. The figure of Hermes, dream-slowed motion eternally running, sprinting forward, movement of arms and legs bridging to future time. In the phase of friendship his hands carry scrolls, machines, messages. But with my women it is a confrontation—very direct and immediate of time present on which we then bring to bear movements of time past, future, spun from our experience. (Also a turtle slow, blinking image for a man, plodding, even will-lessly but ineluctably Forward. And the men care about what one another do while the women have a proportion more toward "Who are you" and "how are you that.")

This smidgen from conversations between J. and myself, about our friends, the friendships. That I become infatuated with women, they interest me to a degree that men do not. The men tending to bear bludgeons in private, close conversations, the staking of territories with this forward time sense I mention. The women share an arcana, a flesh sympathy and appreciation often; sharing our work within the world and the unique efforts we make there as material shared between us. The women themselves as material. Also—women relax together, while sexual excitation is a basic and alert measure between men and women.

1962



Tenebration (to J.T.) *1961*
Oil on canvas: paper, wood strips, cloth, photos of Landowska, Brahms, Beethoven.

I don't work with "chance methods" because "method" does not assume evidence of the senses; chance is a depth run on intent, and I keep it open, "formless." "Chance method" is a contrary process for my needs and a semantic contradiction which carries seeds of its own exhaustion in its hand clasp of chance-to-method. Method as orderly procedure, way to classification, arrangement—like a bag into which gestalten insight allows chance to

---

pour: what might happen, possibility, unpredictable agent, unknown forces . . . so corralled, netted, become a closing in. Depth run of it—"chance," is way of necessity to surface and tentacled riches are not captured by method.

Process with material/image leads exploratively, spontaneously. Change, recognition and insistence with discoveries *is* field of action. Visual-kinesthetic sources are not abstract-theoretical conceptions for my process. In bearing. Slug and release—fling it out and pull in the nets: expect to be surprised.

(Notes on the day Lolita Le Brun was sentenced.) January 1962

ABOUT CLAES OLDENBURG'S *STORE*

And one night did they say how they would like a big yellow cake to eat; and in the morning did she say "I don't know what to wear, I wish I had a ruffled blouse green gold and blue-black." So did he then envision to merchandise wishes, to pioneer an emporium of material banalities, fantastic from the pressure of actualities—not available—and of dreams exceeding the reality of existing objects. Yes! he did.

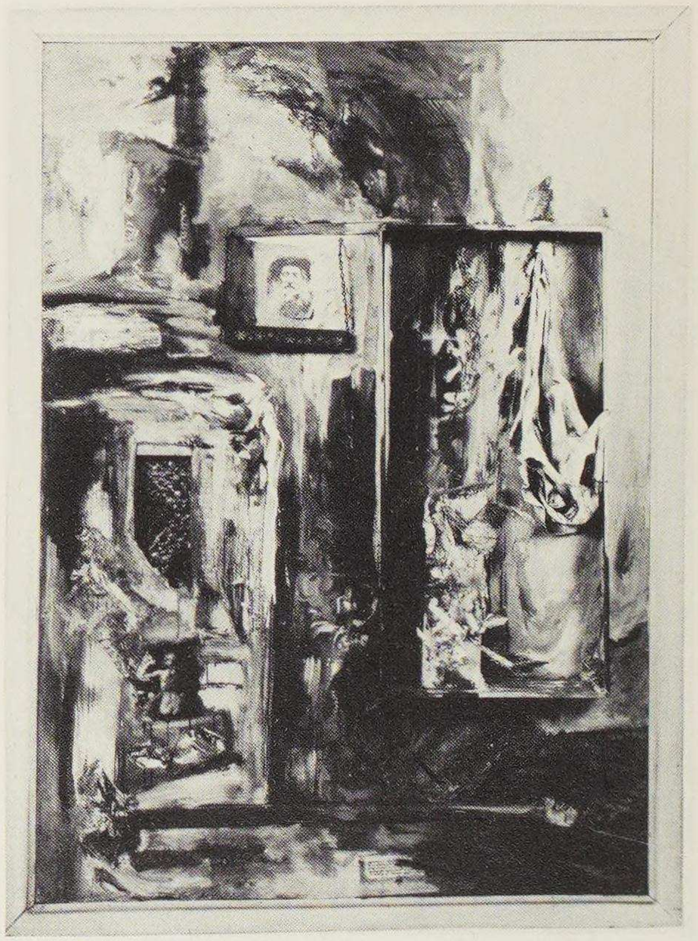
And the storehouse of mind play had absorbed life stores. The substance of necessity to be plaster and paint; to be tactile, sensuous, palpable with roaring color glosses. So began an enterprise which would startle, shake awake a world of objects transformed in shape, texture, taste and aroma.

Slapping, patting, kneading, twisting, chopping gave dough and cloth, flesh and metal, sugar and leather spontaneous, surprised cast. Cakes and pies, brides and flags, shoes and socks, suits and blouses astounded themselves emerging from an ordeal by paint. All grew larger than that precedence in worldly life which named them and by which we recalled them.

The tribal unit united amidst these relics which delighted their eyes.

If we had stretched out full length in Rauschenberg's "Bed," we found none of Oldenburg's clothes were anybody's size; each cup-cake and lamb-chop doubled bite-size its generic sister. We performed the wonders of body following eye's journey from minute slippery steps over enamel cleavings into brittle growth by which we felt the great brown jacket fall onto our shoulders.

If we went to the Store hungry, we left it belly full. If we were threadbare when we entered we departed skinned with glowing stockings, unmatched shoes, helmets and bathing suits. In our pockets transpositions of happy rectangles elicited candy bars, combs,



Sir Henry (Sir Henry Taylor 1800-1886)
1961
Construction: masonite panels, plaster sculpture, underpants, swing, glass, photo of Sir Henry Taylor by Julia Margaret Cameron, photos of nudes, glass, oil paint. 54½" x 39" x 6½"

---

prizes. What we needed we found.

(After: real cakes amazed us with their obtuse doughiness, their pallid colors which could never refract light, their soft compliance to be eaten up.)

Then did she say, "what do we wish to see next?" And he said "something more ancient, more private."

(Ambiguous and simultaneously persistent, insistent on their immediate nature. These objects state that we change; stretch and contract our own shape and size in appreciation of them.

—Can you say "brown suit"? NO say BROWN SUIT

EYE journey: Oldenburg—flat footed sensuousness. Direct, visceral; always enlarging upon and evading the intellectual structure which marks base, strata, for departures kinesthetic, psychological and painterly.

March 1961



Partitions 1962
Ink & tempera. (Unperformed, for cubicles in a gallery space). 10" x 7"

Vertical table legs pound into horizontal tops; supporting planes, stable leverage—or search out their pressure on the floor—definition of ground and grounding always a beginning again, against. How a strip of wood plays recession and a plane-of-advance to its adjacent surface, being active with minute variations. . . light, marks, smudge, streak. The body moves through eyes recall, claim and disposition of its own measure (journey) in space.

GESTURE IS BOTH IMPLICIT AND EXPLICIT ACTION: STRUCTURAL FORM AND ACTUAL ACTIVITY.

Gesture is the envelope of unity; contains the impulse uniting various parts of an object or scene; assumes the dominant rhythmic forces. Gesture is three-dimensional in quality; it is neuro-muscular: remembrance and recognition are linked to basic kinesthetic identification. Gesture is in the spine; it is intangible and cannot be grasped without feeling it. First we feel the gesture of an object, then we may describe it.

Physiology of the Dancers

With the dancers I find two channels of movement occur:

1. a naturalistic attitude of the body in actual space.
2. involvement from ***within*** the body as projective space.

Gesture speech (theory of Sir Richard Paget) that the muscles of tongue and throat adopt a

position in conformity with the muscles with which an act is performed.
Instance: gripping, reaching, pulling, and mouth simultaneously grips, reaches, pulls.
Then vocal response to body action—choral commentary; the implicit sound gesture and the conscious vocal release on physical act/gesture; here tension of performance and response (evaluation and perhaps psychological frontage. . . "what do you think of what you've just done". . . so the dancers are free to rejoice, complain, protest, assert!)

I want the dancers to reach for extremes. The material I present requires breakthroughs in intensity, in emotive location. . . strong feeling for concentration on new movement. . . or familiar movement performed as if it were uniquely present for them. This demands resources of available psychic energy which may never have been called for before in their dancing.

Their bodies are capable of feats; in so far as possible they are—as a group—inquisitive, adventurous. Grounded in their implacable and moving traditions they scent clearly the forms which they must search to break clear of past traditions. It is not enough to see this necessity; only a few are held by an emotion desperate and strong enough to carry them through. Their own needs are in process; my visions of movement often upset them—they cry "impossible" just as a traditional cellist does when instructions call the bow to the bridge! I have to be able to perform all I ask of them.

Some of the dancers are armored vocally or facially; there may be particular body movements which are psychologically difficult for them to enact, but they are prepared to provide for such circumstances, while facial movements or vocal sounds can present areas of severe expressive dislocation. In *Chromolodeon* for the ending sequence of chicken cluster rehearsals were, in the beginning, set around ten minutes screaming together. I would begin and one by one those who were able would join in until the throat was open, flexible and the ears did not rebel at "chuckchuck, skreiiicckkh, chipppppchieepp, EIIIIIIIIchummm, chuck chuck chuck turptruphtruph". . . .

1963

WHAT IS A DANCER a dancer has dirty feet, a dancer has poor little tight pants—ankles and feet are sticking out; a tight little top—wrists and hands and neck sticking out. Reaching for (new) heaven, pounding the floor. . . sweat beads across the forehead, a cheek muscle twitching.



Partitions 1962
Ink & watercolor. 7" x 10"



Partitions 1962
Ink & water color. 7" x 10"

A dancer bends, ass covered taut in stretch nylon; neatly folded balls and prick, sculptural breast mounds, pussy humps. They used to be encased in black . . . then pink, white . . . rainbow dyes until their second skins became stenciled, decorated like wallpaper with toes, fingers and head escaping flesh shards.

Expressionless faces—the body was their expression. Feet remained bare, bottom blackened.
Their eyes reached into space without touching it. They were alone. The distance between "art" and life. Space was anchored in their bodies, space was where they felt their spines. They didn't realize a radiator behind them equaled their mass, asserted verticals against their legs.

I want a dance where a body moves as part of its environment; where the dancer says Yes to environment incorporating or says No transforming it . . . . where that choice is visual as a dancer is Visual Element moving in actual real specific dimensions. I want a dance where dancers can fall, can crash into a wall; aim movement beyond their line of spine INTO space, into materials, into each other—projective, connective! A dance where dancers can fart, can start and stop, are aware of the impulse, the necessity by which they move and its implicit diminution or contrary flow. A dance where dancers can leave the performance . . . and return . . . or not return.

1963

I say "I use materials" but I often sense that they use me as vision from which they re-emerge in a visual world which could not speak without them. At the same time in the art world today people often say "I'm only interested in what is *useless.*" The Fro-Zen, the expanse of slight sensation, the twist to existing conventions: not to be shocked, disturbed, startled, not to exercise the senses thoroughly . . . to be left as you were found, undisturbed, confirmed in all expectations. Not what is "useful" but what moves me.

1963

HORMONES CIRCLING

Something happens. I cannot foretell! THE HEAT WELLED UP over all thought, tided into substance—no consciousness beyond the interchange of body heat and



"Mink Paws' Turret" *1962*
Flyer for first retrospective (1939-1962), NYC. Printed paper.

atmospheric heat. (Who dies without leaving sign of a last fleet thought. . . a mark of feeling until the instant could no longer recognize body's sound; the high leaping of brain passing over body's protest and complaint.)

So in my sleep an image offers itself from sensation and is accepted for narrative journey shorn of source (his leg heavy over my own: an image of. . . bureau drawers; the sheet twisted beneath my foot: skyward flash, light incorporating a pair of dancers pulling a wagon past the place where I dress in burnt paper scraps.

Flesh shake a hand to thought: blood radiant,
bedeviling, churned by passage, changing chemistries,
traveling mysteriously to touch into the "past," to
light a light darkened over that child's bed. . . to reset
the bird (firmly) on the window sill.

DIRECTOR! WHO IS IN CHARGE?

. . . . . here come estrogen, adrenalin. . . . . "evinced by such easily measurable factors as changes in temperature, in basal metabolism and blood sedimentation rate". . . . . progesterone, pituitary, thyroid. . . . . again look! headed to CALCIUM and a shot of peristriate in the corners! RELEASE. Shade flapping stubbornly. . . no, there is no wind, oppressive, hushed. . . a storm slow in coming. . . or the GRAPE ARBOR, or the texture of the wicker bassinette—(that desolate place).

Wheel turning. (Possibility of total recall.) Reviving various sensory and motor experiences. "In the mental (brain) processes that go on between some stimulus and some response, we may arouse an image or memory of an earlier stimulus or experience."

Subject to Recall

The past informs itself freely: building is harkening. I rest against a total mosaic of experience and below, beyond the six points of recognition.

Glandular function stimulated by para-sympathetic at one time, by sympathetic at other times. When I write the sympathetic dominates: central tension high, streaming from periphery to center, "away from the world, back into the self": wrote Reich.

Or,

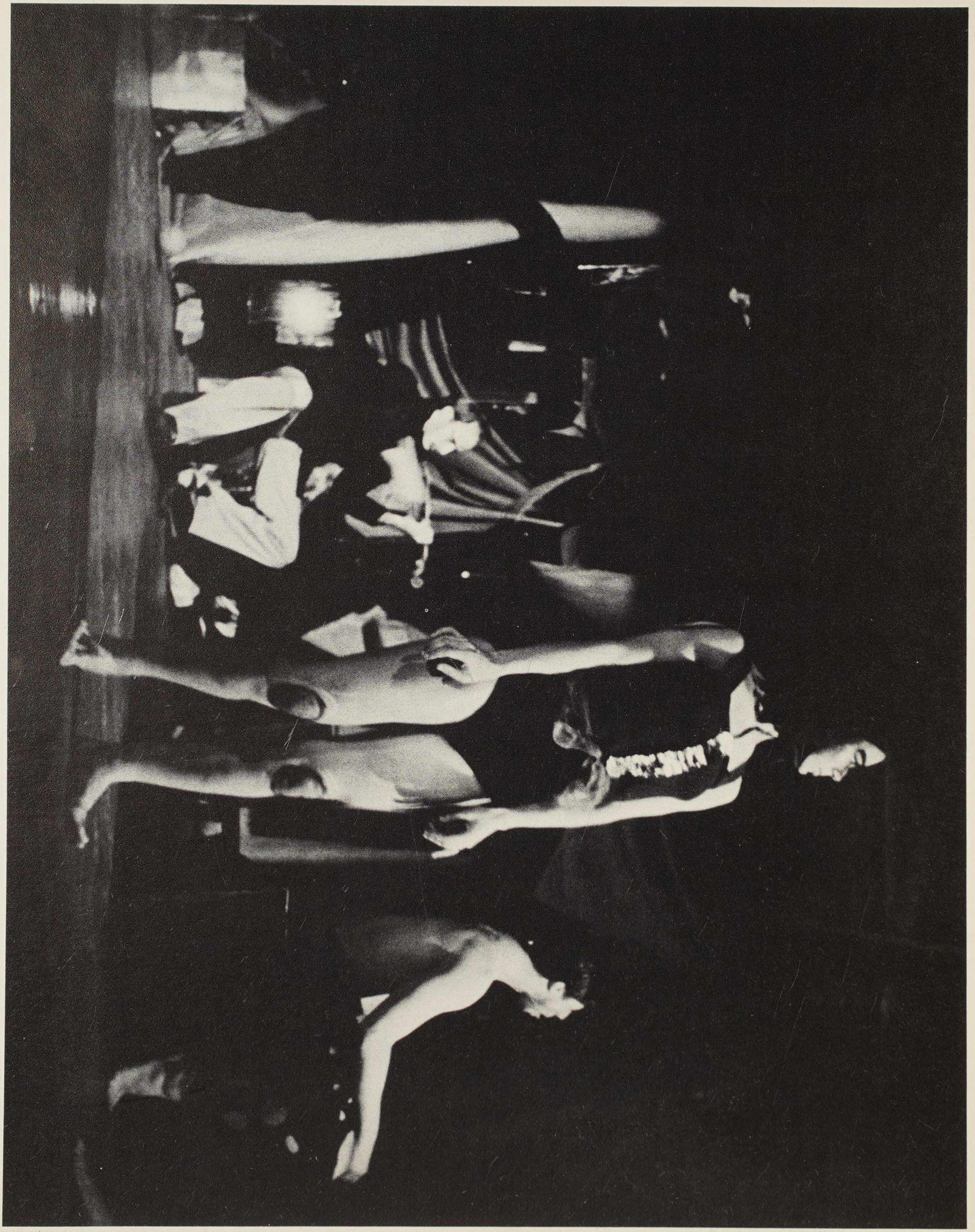
Epstein's study of epilepsy: that particular brain tissue which receives impression of terror may be altered by the reception of the experience; normal neural tissue may be altered by reception of painful experience and provide for later appearance of such an experience as "repetitive mental product."

Hormones circling endlessly—for "Love of God"! (Olaboga) Try and catch 'em. . . that is keep up to 'em. Tyrannies begin in the flesh. As they say: "No wonder!", meaning: "ALL WONDER"!

July 1963



Leo Choplin



Steve Schapiro

GLASS ENVIRONMENT FOR SOUND AND MOTION

May 1 2 1962 Living Theater NY

An evening of performance at The Living Theater was organized by Philip Corner and Dick Higgins. Philip invited me to take part, to explore movement, sound and visual conjunctions. My concept was that the environment would determine, and at the same time transform and integrate any action or gesture of performers and audience: an enlarged "collage," to break up solid forms, frames, fixed conventions or comprehensible planes, the procenium stage and the separation of audience and performer.

I collaged the stage with broken glass: mirror glass, safety glass, fused lumps of glass drilled and hung in clusters in varying planes across the stage. Shards and clusters of glass, some shrouded, some visible, were set so performers would produce sounds by striking against them as they moved. Large broken mirrors were positioned to reflect and refract portions of the performers' bodies.

My instructions were intended to allow everyone to find and develop personal motivations by immediate contact with materials and each other. Philip collaborated on the sound "score," extending his "Soft Materials" sound piece, which also occurred between the other events on stage, into the anteroom during intermission. Malcolm was a free agent, moving from stage to audience and back, playing a violin. I worked three high-powered flashlights both from the stage and the audience area, bouncing light through the performers' motions into the mirrors and into the eyes of the audience—drawing with light.

SCORE

Props

hammers to smash the wired glass, to sound on glass nails—to be hammered in across the stage, to be scattered a long bench electric fan baby carriage large pink plastic ball a long pole with silver strips gourds bells violin trombone large cardboard box a chair high intensity flashlights

Sounds and Motions

All movements have the potential of creating sounds with the glass environment. Improvisations develop by attention to one another in which exchanges, duplications, initiations of actions are experienced as interrelated and mutually informing.

Performers write out lists of possible actions, spatial positions, interactions, work with props and forays into the audience. Props and objects as well as actions and positions are switched and exchanged—repetition, variation.

Durations of improvisation in "Soft Materials" and "Display" are controlled by the overhead stage lights (worked by Billy Linick). Actions are arrested when the lights go off. Each black out functions as a scene change, though a performer might simply shift from one leg to another. The changes are as discrete or extreme as each performer decides they should be. Billy scores the stage lights to go on and off in rotating sequences. No one group of lights will be on for more than three minutes; black outs do not exceed thirty seconds.

Basic Movements, Characteristic Sounds
Notes to performers conceived for the particularities and contrasts between types; each seen as vivid, distinctive.

Judy: small, round, compact, unself-conscious, innocence and efficiency of temperment. Graceful, calm.
Arlene: pressure outwards, controlled wildness, poignant energy—to be "pleasing", vulnerable, a radiance.
Yvonne: pressure inwards, strength, intensity; not to be "pleasing"; concentration, a severity, explosive.
Judy, Arlene, Yvonne; a slow shuffling walk—bend forward, fall onto hands, walk on hands, fall onto floor. Rest, rise up on hands, straighten back, slow shuffle walk, bend forward, fall onto hands, etc....

Costumes (light shadow reflection)
Judy (clown ballerina): red rose cheeks, enlarge eyes, whiting on face.
Arlene (shadows): blacken neck so head "floats"; sew dots of silver foil on black leotards—specks of light; black dots on cheeks.
Yvonne (seismograph): stripes of black grease paint down middle of face, arms, sides of bare legs; strips of silver foil around torso, down back.
Andre (satyr): black leotard pants, bare chest.
Philip, Malcolm (wandering musicians): normal clothes, black shirts or white; blacken eyes, cheeks.

Soft Materials
Judy seated on bench. Yvonne enters with shuffle walk, flaps arms, makes the sound "umbah, umbah, UMBAH." Judy, spinning, reaching, touching out, sits down (hums). Repeat. Arlene contracting and expanding as she rolls into a ball and flings arms and legs wide, exclaiming. Yvonne standing still turns head, bending, exhaling; vocalize muscular tensions. Andre, prolonged, sustained efforts: push-ups, a repeated phrase on trombone from a fixed position, extending tongue at a mirror. Exclamations. Arlene rolling on her back slowly, back and forth from behind the drapery. Philip on his back; holding trombone, slides slowly forwards; breathes, coughs into trombone. Malcolm from stage to audience, through the aisles, walks on empty seats playing violin. **Black out.** Judy takes Malcolm's violin, plays it ineptly while spinning in wide arcs. These arcs impinge on Andre doing push-ups; he rolls into Arlene, they embrace and roll across the stage into drapery and

at The Living Theater
Tuesday and Wednesday
May 1st and 2nd, 1962

Two Dangerous Women

Dick Higgins

Lette Eisenhauer
Florence Tarlow

soft materials

POEM FOR CHAIRS, TABLES, BENCHES

La Monte Young

POEM FOR CHAIRS, TABLES, BENCHES

La Monte Young

display

AN ENVIRONMENT FOR
SOUNDS AND MOTIONS

Carolee Schneemann
with Philip Corner

Judy Ratner
Yvonne Rainer
Malcolm Goldstein
Arlene Rothlein
Andre Cadet

POEM FOR CHAIRS, TABLES, BENCHES

La Monte Young

INTERMISSION

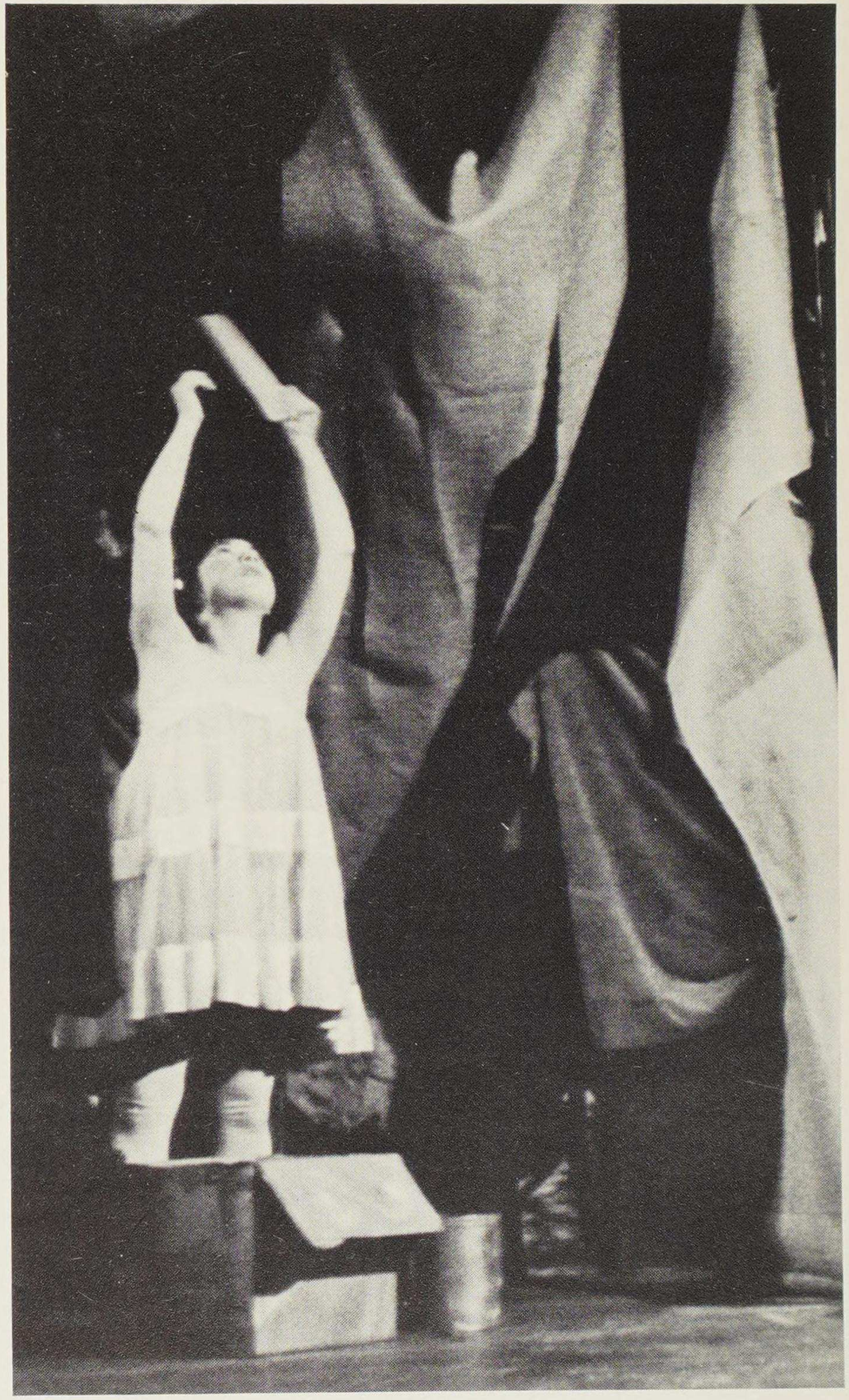
mirror

Lecture on Where to Go From Here

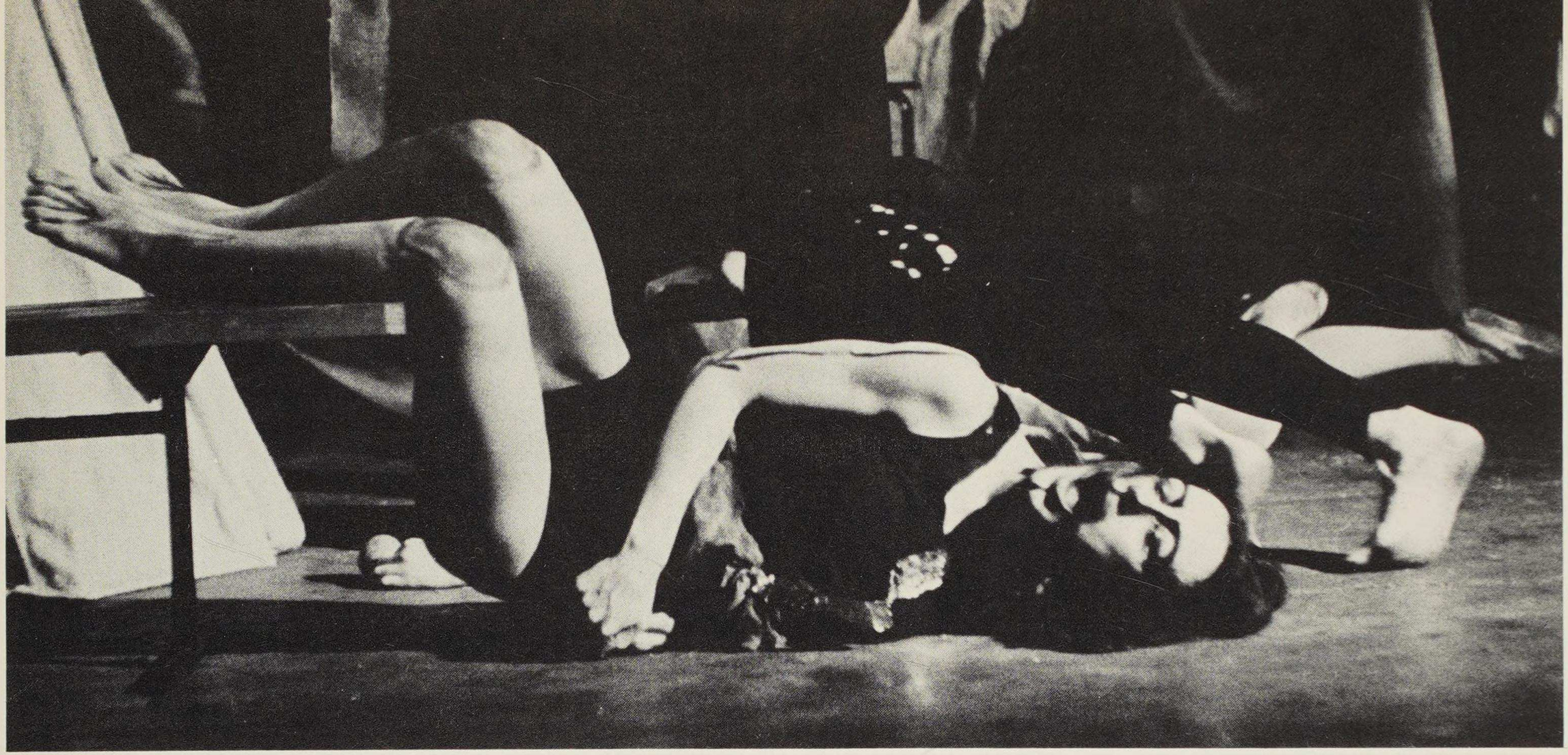
Philip Krumm

By permission of Generation Magazine
Some Supplement by Philip Corner

mirror



Steve Schapiro



Steve Schapiro

back out. Andre takes trombone from Philip, plays it directing notes to bits of hanging glass as if to bounce the notes, sets off resonance; Malcolm responds to the timbre of clinking glass and trombone with staccato strokes on the violin. Yvonne throws out her arms, swings torso, bleats. **Black out.**

Display
Everyone walks around asking "what's next?" Arlene goes and sits among the audience. Judy puts her head in the cupboard box and beats her fists on it. Yvonne lies on the floor, extending arms and legs, shrieks. Arlene rolls the silver pole over her. **Black out.** Nails are hammered in across the stage; gradually one person replaces another completing the task. When the last nail is hammered in place everyone becomes still. Malcolm walks on the empty seats among the audience, plays one sustained note on the violin as long as possible. Philip on stage facing away from the audience, into a mirror, whispers long sustained hiss into the trombone. **Black out.**

Mirror (I)
Judy wheels Arlene back and forth in the baby carriage, doing movements of expansion, contraction on her knees. Judy's legs are wrapped in foil; as she spins the foil falls off tangling around her feet, she continues spinning. **Black out.**

Philip stands in the foil striking the hanging glass with the violin bow. Arlene dumps over the baby carriage. Judy spins back and forth carrying an electric fan, hitting against the glass. **Black out.**

Mirror (II)
The movements are slow, prolonged. The only source of light is from the flashlights which I work from the audience area. In rhythmic sweeps and arcs, and fast on-off bursts, fragments of bodies are spot lighted, still or in motion. The light strikes mirrors at different levels within the stage, blinding the audience; performers' gestures and reflections of the audience are momentarily arrested in the beam.

BANANA HANDS

Original score 1962
Revised score 1969
Performed March 23 1970 New Milton Drama Center The Castle, Winchester, England

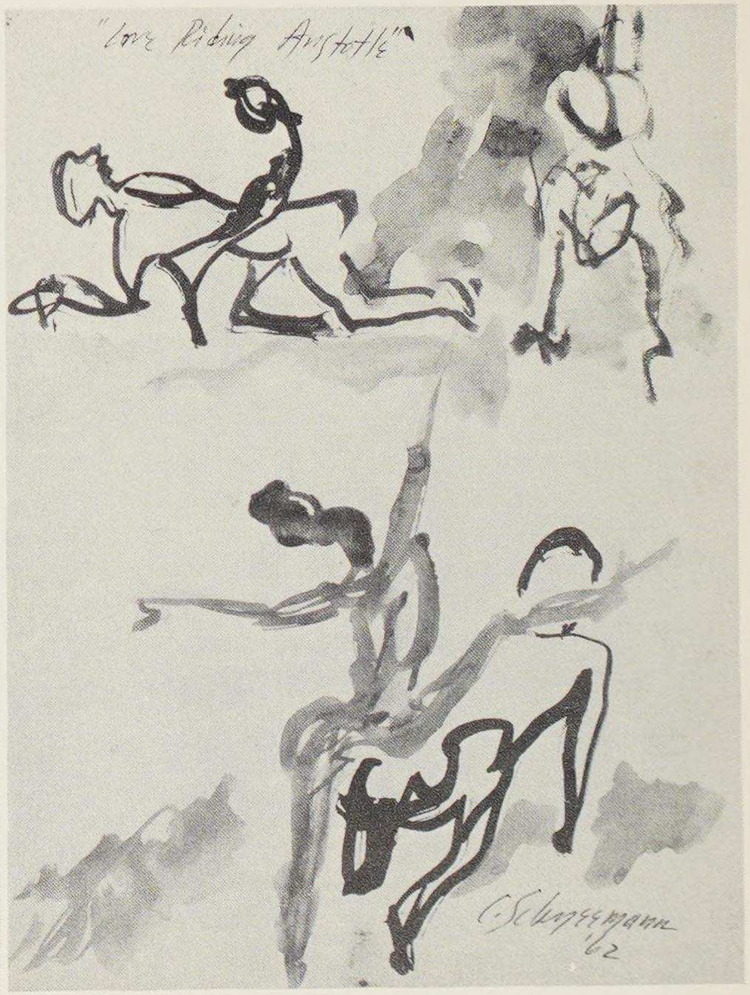
A creation of the world/of the senses: water, fire, mud, snow, wind. For twelve performers with extensive props: ape suits, barrels, masks, draperies, fans, hoses, ropes, a trapeze. Sound score calling for "Roll Out the Barrel," circus music, rock 'n roll, train noises, screams, dialogue.

An obsession in the form of drawings, notations, moving imagery during my first two years in New York; it was never performed. At the time of its conception **Banana Hands** must have been too much for me to produce. In 1970 the second, edited version (1969) was presented by a children's theater group in London.

Re-reading the original script I see elements of a personal iconography, including childhood fantasies, which would appear in **Chromelodeon, Meat Joy, The Queen's Dog, Cooking with Apes,** and to some extent **Water Light/Water Needle.** Lormay Boo and Pete Jo were the names I devised at about age four for the female and male genitals. They appeared in the guise of invisible human friends for whom I madé tea parties. The derivation of the name "Lormay Boo" is from the French children's song I later understood to be "Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques . . . dormez-vous"







Score (1962)

dedicated to Valda Setterfield and David Gordon

I. Divisions and Rubble

PRELUDE:
Who is that swinging a starry sky: Michael of Central Park. Mary in storm shadows arranging pebbles. Black...blue-black. Flicker lights begin—stars stabby. A spot—white light—searches out Michael. He stands trapeze stanced, self-absorbed within a sea of confetti stars. He peels a banana. All else in darkness.

He eats the banana...so slowly. The light finds him: flame feathered fur, a Urangatang of an Ape. Mary the same.

The painful music
Rolling barrels: The Red and Blue Fat Men...rolling barrels at random. Music: "Roll Out the Barrel"
The Painted Girls run after, at random, conflicting directions, cover space hungrily, distractedly.
Banana peels thrown through the air. Plenitude of garbage or flower peels.
Lights dim on peels falling every which where?

Glimmer of white: The Sheet Which Falls.
The Painted Girls inundated: choreographic struggle of bodies under sheeting—lights plays convolutions. Rocks. Landscapes.

The snowfall falls. The fat men are crawling in and out of barrels. Love rides Aristotle through the audience.
Simultaneously: Red Light.

Screen of Cloths, Screams of Cloths: ripping, tearing—improvisation out of sight.
Sorrow to fabrics.
Wind: The Painted Girls are blown about. Sound of rain into white noise: ear shatter.
Lormayboo runs through blowing screens of cloth...sound increases. Cries from audience: "Cut it out! OK, OK, quit it!"

Black out—ominous
suspend time of space

ENTRANCE:
The 19th minute. Circus Twist Music.
Michael and Mary by trapeze determine their actions: what to play.
Turning lights—kaleidescopic and full strength. (A headache.)
The large entrance formation: stoic thighs. Crevasse Hoar as door all jump through from behind where are raised stairs.
High music: Applause.
Jumping as they can, tossing balls, banana peels: Lormayboo and Petejo, Love and Aristotle, Two Fat Men, The Painted Girls... tumbling, falls, steps of forgotten dances. A clumsy bunch.

Love and Aristotle drag on the small false stage. Lormayboo and Petejo fall (are pushed) into it. All others freeze.
Lights out.

The waltzing couple, treading on audience hands & feet; five times in and out of audience until they are "shot" by people in the audience holding play pistols. At the same time the girl on the Zebra is crying "gallop, trot, faster, jump jump": Zebra performs all this while remaining in one spot. Song: "Pencil, Pencil, Pennsylvania". Dervish girl wrapping and unwrapping herself in whirls across stage in grand american flag: "Stars and Stripes Forever" comes in over football song.

BANANA HANDS:
Lights up: slowly pulsing green-gold. Silence. Growing electronic sound. Apes and others watch the false stage. (It is necessary to have a stage to destroy it!)
Lights
the closed curtain
lights out
lights on
the curtain opened one inch
lights out
lights on
the curtain opened three inches

lights out
lights on
the curtain opened six inches
lights out...repeated eleven times or until the parted curtains reveal:

s.l.: a banana hand—
propulsive, static.

s.r.: glimmer of
paper knife

Thus emerging Lormayboo and Petejo.

II. **The Power of Indulgences**

Petejo and Lormayboo in their stage. Draperies blow, flashes of white light bleach image, cast shadows played. (A Haiku, a delirium...solemn, slow creation of sexual attributes).

Sound: Illinois Hog Market Report and trains coupling.

Love rides Aristotle through the audience.

Lormayboo raises yellow banana hand, collage-face forward: the face has never been written on. Petejo presumes inscriptions. True and false innocence. He extends green banana hand holding circle breast and carefully pins it to her dress; faces forward, smooths his moustache. Breast, belly, fur. Slowly. Now they turn, formal motions.

The fat men are rolling their barrels through the audience;

they crawl frantically in and out of them, they switch barrels.

Petejo and Lormayboo shifting hands-dance—one to the other. Whisperings. Spots circle them. Sound of cat howls rises over Hog-Train sounds. Petejo raises the cardboard knife. Lormayboo's arms rise in butterfly shape. She turns away, he follows behind the hollow stage...THE PURSUIT: through the audience, where they will, random and sustained.

Lights out.

Flickering spots over Michael and Mary, beneath their swing

they ape a drama of desire: very fast in flicker lights.

Petejo chases Lormayboo into false stage...collapsing. Lights out.

Michael and Mary.

Petejo stabs Lormayboo with luxurious, grandiose gestures. Love and Aristotle, the Two Fat Men, stand by to squirt her with red paint. She dies. She awakes—a fit of giggles. Petejo and Lormayboo and the Fat Men begin a wrestling match as the lights dim. Love and Aristotle and The Painted Girls grab the small stage, drag it away kicking at the wrestlers who lie where they fall.

PICNIC:

Love and Aristotle lay a cloth around the fallen wrestlers; the Painted Girls carry on picnic baskets and generously pile bananas, herrings, sausages, tin cans, etc. on the cloth. Slides projected above the picnic area of Illinois horizons. Sound of Hog Market Report and trains coupling. Lormayboo and Petejo, Michael and Mary, Love and Aristotle, The Painted Girls, and the Fat Men eat. They eat quickly and slowly, they pass things and grab things as they talk continuously.

The sheet falls over them.

They continue eating under the sheet.

Lights out.

January-December 1962



BANANA HANDS!

A Pudding Mix and Media Event for Some English Children

London 1969

(adults admitted only by o.k. from a child)

Unsolicited comments have come to our attention from people who have Not Even Seen Banana Hands: evil and foul, peww (fwhew)

"Banana Hands!" is rated "worse than X, we will try for Y or Z."

"It is obscene."

From a jockey in Kent: "Bloody awful, bloody outrage!"

From a brewer in Camden Town: "The bloody thing had no beginning, middle or end, far as I could see."

From a mother in Highgate: "If I had any idea of such goings on I would never have let Charlie come all the way down the hill."

"A disgrace to British parents which they cannot afford to miss." **Evening Star.**

From a performer, 11 years old, "My participation in **Banana Hands!** was the most creepy thing ever happened to me, **EVER!**"

What is a "de-rehearsal?" That's how you learn to perform in **Banana Hands!**

"Schneemann is a monster of unquenchable perversity: the authorities should never let her near children." A father, Kensington.

"Jolly good show." **Sunday Times.**

"Sure, I like a bit of good clean fun...but what was the meaning of all that flying about in the air?" Petticoat Lane, Butcher.

Michael and Mary, the Apes
Four Fat People
Lormayboo and Petejo—our hero and heroine (in reverse order).
Crawling Feathers—eight or ten of 'em.

(Parts are inter-changeable on demand: continuity will be sacrificed to emotion.)

"I can't understand what drove normal young people to behave like that"; a mother.

"Mind you, actually I was more excited than when the Luftwafte fell on our roof."

From a gravel crusher in Bushy Park: "Bloody cheek muckin' about so."

"Mind you, I wouldn't want them put away." A ticket taker, Circle Line.

"Bleeding awful"—Northumberland gate keeper.

From an Oxford Don: "I rather felt it's rather bizarre fetchingness brightened a rather melancholy stretch you know..."

This is the way my mind is working this morning anyway... how is yours going? But first of all we must agree to have a director; when the whistle is blown, everything stops.
When we feel most enchanted we will be correct.
Each participant will have a chance to do what they are best in; then they will do what they are worst in...
(You guys (chaps) are really nuts (batty)).
Running, saying: Oh no Oh yes
Leave Me Alone Leave Me Alone
Leave Me Alone
I won't I won't I won't

Elements will include: earth, sky, stars, water, fire, bananas, rope, barrels.

"Makes Democracy safe for us." **The Guardian.**

"I believe in realizing realizable potential...perhaps that is what they are aiming at." Public School Mistress, Mayfair.

"These kids won't be dropouts—they can't get any lower." **Daily Sketch.**

"Dreadful little cannibals, I'd say." Jellied eels vendor, Piccadilly.

"Rubbish!" "Rhubarb!" **Daily Mirror.**

Two phonographs will be available during the play and will be used one at a time or simultaneously. Records should include: "Roll Out the Barrel," "Playmate Slide Down My Cellar Door," "Why Don't We Do It in the Road," "Hey Buffalo Bill" (also known as "Hey, Bungalow Bill"), "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

A Tape-recorder for a tape of animals feeding at the zoo would be good.

If possible the children will learn to make their own slides and will organize the moments of their projection.

Props: 4 Burlap sacks
many pounds of newspaper
2 rope swings
2 whistles
1 large pink blanket
1 paper dagger
2 wooden barrels
a lot of feathers
several dozen bananas
ketchup
hamburgers and buns

Costumes: feathers, masks, funny old clothes, 2 small ape suits, 1 white dress, a black suit, 1 moustache (or a few?), a paper yellow wig.

Prelude: Wonderful music. The stage is dark, the curtains are open. Twinkling little lights begin. Michael and Mary, two Apes on their swings against a starry sky. They swing gently and make gentle ape sounds. Below them we see a big lumpy pink blanket spread out. All the children are hidden under this blanket which almost imperceptibly begins to lift as the children take hands, slowly rising, circling. As the blanketed circle shifts we see they have been covering a big pile of bananas. One arm reaches out of the blanket, grabs several bananas and hands them up to Michael and Mary. They chew contentedly, laconically. The blanket shifts about in performance area, quivering a bit. The stars go out. In the dark the curtains close. The music stops.

Children with flashlights appear in front of the audience; they shine these lights onto the closed curtains which begin to part slowly, slowly, slowly. Inch by inch, the curtains part, nothing is seen; terrible suspense. (Suspense music? noises very low in the throats of the lighters?)

In the flashlight beams we suddenly see on each side of the curtains a pointed shape!

The curtains continue to inch open and we can identify a dagger peeking from behind one curtain, a finger peeking from the other. Bit by bit we see the arms, then the bodies of Lormayboo and Petejo. She is dressed in a big, white dress; he is in a black suit. Their faces are papier mâché masks: his is sinister, with a droopy black moustache; hers is innocent with huge eyes. For hair she has a fall of yellow paper curls.

The stars come back on. Michael and Mary on their swings watching.

Petejo begins a slow motion pursuit of Lormayboo around the stage. It is like a dream. As they move, four children (who have left the flashlight group) come onto the center of the stage dragging two huge sacks. They signal to children in aisles for a change of music and for slides to begin. From the sacks they dump out two other sacks and

Hampshire

R. M. MARSH, M.A.,
County Education Officer.

THE CASTLE, WINCHESTER. Tel.: 4411.

Please quote: CM/ACT/JS Your ref.: Telephone enquiries to: Mr. James Ext.: 469

Dear Miss Schleeman, 3rd April 1970

Sorry you were not able to get to the production of "Banana Hands" at the New Milton Drama Centre on the 23rd March. It was an interesting performance which took about three quarters of an hour. The audience were seated in squares and rectangles, with the action taking place amongst them and between them, ... rather as the attached plan. The performers were the junior section of the local Youth Theatre Workshop. That is to say young people of about 12 and 13 years of age.

The proceedings were somewhat as follows:-

The cast rushed in and busied themselves talking individually to members of the audience, asking where they had come from and why they were here etc. The producer then called them to their places to start the play. This they refused to do, giving various criticisms of the play. After some argument an amicable settlement was made. The cast were to do anything they thought they were best at and then they would do the play. They proceeded to do what they were best at. A member of the cast nearest to me mixed and baked a cake, out of the corner of my eye I saw a conjurer and out of the other eye an explosives expert. That being completed the producer called them to order. Again they refused, giving more criticisms of the play. Again a settlement was made, this time they were to do what they were worst at and then they would do the play. They proceeded to do what they were worst at, mine was a ballet dancer. I was so involved in holding her up that I could not see what else was going on.

At the end of that there was another argument, the cast still refusing to do the play. They agreed to take a vote amongst the audience. The audience voted to see the play. A metal framework was uncovered showing two monkeys hanging around. The others got under a sheet and hands emerged throwing bananas at the monkeys. From then onwards things went more or less as indicated in your script. The ultimate crime was throwing rubber bananas to the monkeys. There was some confusion about the sentence but I believe the guilty party was thrown to the monkeys.

My two favourite moments came from the young people stuffed with paper. One went along my row planting real daffodils between our feet. A second followed watering the daffodils. A third followed picking the daffodils. This led to argument and argument led to fight. One tore paper out of another and there was a terrible scream. Amidst terrible cries of hatred and agony the two tore each other to pieces.

What was not accomplished in the time available for rehearsal was the mixed media aspect of the work and there were no slides, films, placards etc. Purely the work of the cast and some music specially composed (if composed is the word) for the occasion.

... A cheque for £2. 12s. 6d. is enclosed, as agreed with Mr. Shields.

Miss C. Schleeman,
17a, Belsize Park,
LONDON, N.W.3.

Yours sincerely,

Ron James

All communications should be addressed to the County Education Officer.

County Adviser for Speech
and Drama.

mounds of crumpled paper. (Banana mound and paper mound). They dress each other in the sacks which have holes for their feet to stick through, and frantically stuff the sack-clothes with the papers. In this way, they become the Fat People. Being so stuffed they can do wonderful movements. They explore the possibilities of pushing each other over, falling, bouncing, rolling, shoving; finally falling off the stage (if it is not too high!). They may continue to roll, bounce, carry one another about in the aisles.

During de-rehearsals we will study the way spontaneous communication, messages, information, cries and calls can work with the physical actions.

Lormayboo and Petejo reappear gliding slowly; perhaps they have switched roles with two others; in which case they have a different quality indeed. The Feathers have been released among the audience. They wear bands of straggly feathers tied on their heads and hands: they crawl slowly through the audience tickling their legs.

Petjo catches Lormayboo in a slow embrace; she never struggles! He holds her away from him and stabs her gently with the paper knife. She sinks to the floor. Does she make any exclamation at all? Michael and Mary, having observed the proceeding, jump from their swings, scurry over and pour ketchup on her, making excellent ape noises.

The Feathers run in and out carrying paper plates full of hamburgers and buns. Michael and Mary have spread the pink blanket and placed Lormayboo on it. She may give them directions as they do this: "Don't knock my hair off... you're hurting my ankle, smooth out my skirt," &c. The Players settle down in a circle around "the body" for a picnic and discussion. Slides of animals eating in the zoo.

They must decide if a murder has been committed. "We must fit the punishment to the crime!" Yes. First you must have a crime! The nature of the crime will be explored. Who is guilty? Of what? Is Petejo a killer? Is Lormayboo a provoker? Why don't they switch roles?

Lormayboo and Petejo stand up and exchange masks. They sit down and join in the discussion. Perhaps the crime is that one of the Fat People pushed another too hard, or stepped on a Feather accidentally. Is the play real? Or playing in it?

At any rate they agree to find someone guilty of some offense or crime and they plan a punishment. The punishment must be agreeable to the one to be punished. In de-rehearsals they will explore various possibilities from which they now select one on the basis of its imagery or drama.

By this time there may be a lot of grabbing and pulling. The Fat People will surely be about to lose their stuffing, the Feathers, their feathers. There may be a lot of screeching.

The Fat People will leave off to go and roll in their barrels. "Roll Out the Barrel" is put on the phonograph. They will end up rolling barrels through the aisles as "the punishment" is brought to its conclusion.

The audience will be given the bananas to eat.

Jolly good show rhubarb there's only one England G.B.H. fairy soap it was

NEWSPAPER EVENT

January 29 1963 Judson Dance Theater NY

Spine (Arlene Rothlein)
Legs/Face (Ruth Emerson)
Shoulders/Arms (Deborah Hay)
Neck/Feet (Yvonne Rainer)
Hands (Carol Summers)
Head (Elaine Summers)
Fingers (John Worden)
Free Agent/Crawling (C.S.)

for eight performers
a few benches, stools or small chairs
a pile of newspaper stacked at least four feet high

Not long after the Living Theater collaboration Yvonne and Arlene invited me to join a group of dancers who were meeting to explore new ideas and processes which had originated for several of them in the workshops of Bob Dunn. Jimmy Waring offered the use of his studio on Second Avenue, and various people assembled to share experiments and work together. Valda Setterfield, David Gordon, Elaine Summers and her husband Carol Summers (a painter), Deborah Hay, John Wordon (an actor) and Lucinda Childs were among the people I remember in our first sessions. (And soon after, Barbara Lloyd, Trisha Brown, Steve Paxton, Fred Herko, Ruth Emerson and Judith Dunn).

I was too self-conscious and unpracticed to perform publicly but participated in the workshop experiments and felt no restraint as a painter who had in effect enlarged her canvas, to prepare movement events based on the physical qualities of the others present. I was intrigued by the particularities of the performers in the group; I thought of them as a sort of physical "pallette". They inspired the Body-Parts of **Newspaper Event.**

Movement, exercise, physical work, dancing were always a part of my visual sense of things; I needed to feel my body as active, responsive much as the eye was. I was a devoted square dancer when we lived in Vermont; and I discovered in high school that I saw better before I painted or drew if I warmed up to music—(usually Bach). When my early Kinetic Theater works were first reviewed in the press and I was described as a dancer, I was annoyed, believing that the visual density of the works was the logical outgrowth of a painter's sensibility—and this was obviously different from that of a dancer's.

After a few months in the Waring studio Yvonne and Steve Paxton arranged a concert at the Judson Church; the workshop now met in the gym at Judson, a much enlarged group assembled. By the end of our first six months based at Judson other visual artists joined us from time to time: Robert Huot, Chuck Ross, Bob Morris, Robert Rauschenberg.

Newspaper Event was an experiment I presented to the group while we were still in the Waring studio. It built on improvisational and physical contact ideas begun in the **Environment for Sounds and Motion.** Aside from the visual emphasis, the crucial deviation from existing performance investigations had to do with

introducing risk, uncertainty—reliance on reactions and inter-relations which could be immediate, impulsive and sensitive. The dancers had been developing randomizing processes, chance methods, and natural movement, where each person tended to realize instructions or tasks as an independent, self-reliant unit/entity. I wanted touch, contact, tactile materials, shocks—boundaries of self and group to be meshed and mutually evolving. **Newspaper Event** was a first attempt to provide specific instructions through which contact and improvisation could activate neglected thresholds of awareness. Individuals would create their own activity and its momentum, while responding to and incorporating the "intrusions" and unexpected conjunctions with others. Any particularized area of focus could be absorbed directly into a collective unity. There was no underlying basis of abstract structure or rule, no pre-determined movement patterns. Unpredictability permitted the audience to respond exactly **as and when** we were responding.

I was thinking of an organism interchanging its parts (phagocyte). I noted five principles: 1) the primary experience is the body as your own environment. 2) the body within the actual, particular environment. 3) the materials of that environment—soft, responsive, tactile, active, maleable (paper. . . paper). 4) the active environment of one another. 5) the visual structure of the bodies and materials defining space.

The specified part or parts of the body indicate a source of concentration from which all other movements would arise; the source of emphasis, of internal focus and projective insistence, was to determine all functions or actions in relation and contrast to the overall movements of the body. Phrasing, duration, repetition, the "scale" of gesture, would all be improvised within the centralized and overlapping movements generated by the instructions. The ruminative, meditative attitude evoked in working concertedly, in making something with the hands seemed a basic sensory value rarely explored publicly. The activity of each performer with the materials of the environment was undertaken in personal terms of invention, concentration. Resistence or lack of interest was a personal option as well, to be discovered then and there.

SCORE

The overall shape is circular, centralized. Lights focused only into the performing area with no spill by the audience. The profusion of newspapers is sculptural—a varied ground on which/with which the bodies are active. The audience is seated in a curve on the floor. The back wall facing the audience must be considered visually in relation to the performers and newspapers. It could have objects, signs, words on it. The performance should not take place in a room of textured, strong colored materials; it should not be performed on a procenium stage. It could be performed outdoors in the grass, or in the snow.

Entrance
The seven performers carry cartons of newspapers. The Free Agent carries on the benches, small chairs or stools; these are placed toward the rear and center of the performing area (triangular apportionment). The seven performers unfold and throw newspaper cascades in the central area, fast as possile. Thickest amount of paper in the center, then outward toward the edges in a circular sweep. Cartons are thrown off to a side. (Every portion of the floor they will use must be covered with papers).

INSTRUCTIONS

1. SPINE. You need to disappear in a horizontal effect. You strive for this physical illusion: 1. by contrast—from vertical, assertive stances to horizontal positions, limp to rigid. 2. by willfulness—flatten yourself under newspapers; find someone who will roll over you; stretch out over others, becoming as flattened as possible. When you speak it is clear and spontaneous.

2. LEGS-FACE. Your effort is to become horizontal in space. a) propulsion b) suspension c) the impossibility of it. All you can muster for a struggle against gravity. Chairs, benches to be used as you will. You may attempt to elevate yourself by climbing on someone and balancing across their back and shoulders. Punctuate your physical efforts with facial expressions which comment on your actions. Do not ignore the illusory possibilities of your effort.

3. SHOULDERS-ARMS. You have a refrain to use in any way: "I'll huff and I'll puff" or "huff and puff." Use this as an extension by breath or voice of actual energy exerted. (Quiet motion, quiet "huff & puff", etc.) Walk around, crawl a bit... follow someone...you feel lonely ("huff & puff"). If you see someone trying to fly assist them. You can be helpful. Sometimes you feel like running a little. You could stand on your hands. You are a link in space between various performers; find and be aware of the



Al Giese



Al Giese

tension between self-absorption and your alignment/juxtaposition with others. Work towards extremes in variation of gesture coming from shoulders and arms, (sometimes very intense, outward in impulse—almost grotesque).

4. NECK-FEET. Push newspapers around until you've made a shape to stand on (pinnacle, ludicrous proportions). Become as small as you can be—then as large. A monster in fact. ENGULF someone...something. Lie down to rest. Then repeat the above. Energy compression is your focus and how you release gesture in space, the spacing between your actions; concentrate on specific area of generation...neck and feet, where you are.

5. HANDS. Make yourself a little something to wear from the newspapers. Move about until the object is completed. Wear it. Roll across the floor until you encounter an obstacle. Stop. Make something else to wear. Roll across the floor...stop...when you've made an article you can hold it up and say "that's beautiful." Hands and Head should interrelate their dressing, crawling, rolling.

6. HEAD. Same instructions as for HANDS: make clothing, wear it, roll. But your refrain when an article is completed is, "I need breakfast" or "I need some breakfast." Concentrate on your head as movement source—all its variations, as counterpoint to your hands.

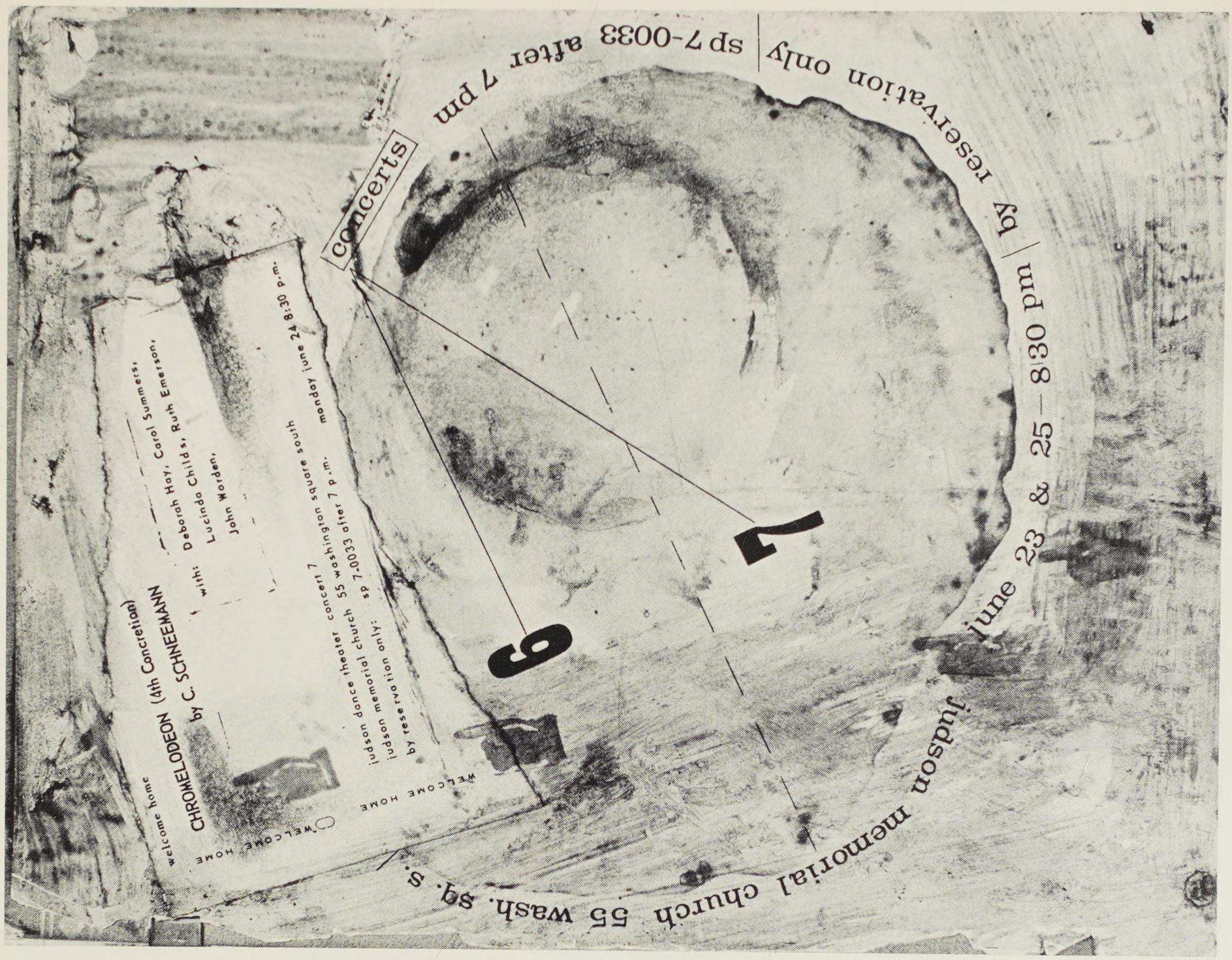
7. FINGERS. This day has been endless. You can be good to yourself; you should be indulgent. Do not move about as the others do. Sit by yourself; make a little something amusing from newspapers... do not show it. If anyone comes too close you call them "you little prick" or "you dumb ass," in an impersonal way. Your world remains private; sustain introspective quality. Your fingers are almost constantly moving; your body shifts slightly—its own balance re-positioned. Explore finger gestures as representation for your character, feelings....

8. FREE AGENT. You know the piece should not exceed ten minutes; you have a watch and a whistle. You have several small flags of your own country. Sit on the floor by the audience and watch carefully. There will be a time when you will see the necessity to plant a flag on a performer getting high into space; anticipate this...crawl as fast as you can with the flag in your mouth. If you are too late plant the flag on another performer—quietly, discretely. You are like a slow line in space tipped with color. Return by another route, still crawling (slowly) to your watching place. When the energy diminishes for the others, blow your whistle and slowly crawl forward into the group. Touch each one to signal the conclusion of the event.

The performers need not know each other's parts when they rehearse.



Robert McElroy



flyer: Alex Hay painting, collage C.S.

CHROMELODEON

June 24 1963 Judson Dance Theater

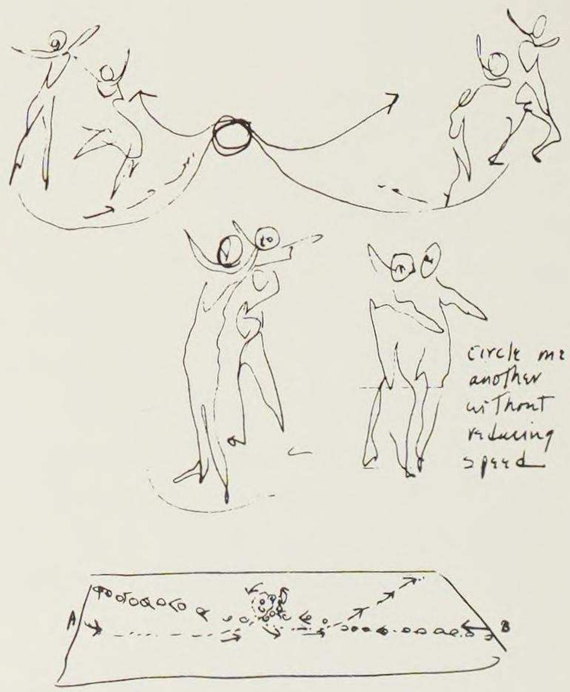
This was the most completely "scripted" work before **Meat Joy**—the movement sequences were based on diagrammatic drawings of criss-crossing patterns, and were coordinated to layers of sound and lighting changes. "Chromo: combination of forms, colored vision. Chromatic: having notes not included in diatonic scale, admitting notes marked with accidentals."

The texture of the work is contrapuntal. The movement is a set of object equivalences, consisting of three sorts:

a) Spins, leaps, pushes, runs, whirls: all from and returning to center points. These spiral patterns have a correlative in the body's balance on its central axis while at the same time its energy is released, spun like a centrifuge. A toy top (in which a handle is pushed down like a piston against the weight and balance of the top) was the precise object correlative for the movements: the "tops," "whirling," and "struggle-to-rise."

b) Set against, cutting across these gyroscopic movements is the silent, dark, heavy slice of "the pursuit." Debby's squeals and shrieks were aural equivalents to the final sounds evolved in the "chicken cluster." The pursuit motions reiterated the centrifugal movements, but pulled them all into a single line: two performers facing each other, focusing and tracing the energy.

c) The chicken cluster is the resolution of the piece: conceived as a rooster solo for Yvonne Rainer (and inspired by her **Three Seascapes**), it became a group movement when she dropped out of the work. Chicken cluster pulled in, and tightened all the open lines, curves, the momentum of drops and leaps; straightened the body axis down into the fixity of feet taking all spatial information from the ground.



Barrel organ ("nickelodeon") music and the Aria Duetto of Bach's **Cantata#78** were collaged live by Jim from three tape decks, both during rehearsal and performance. During one rehearsal Ruth and Cindy had climbed into the choir loft and began to play the church organ—we discovered they could manage a wonderfully crude and sonorous four-hand version of the **Em Fugue**, and it worked perfectly for the performance. The third tape was made by Jim: a computer-generated bass pulse, like a heart beat; a unifying and consistent thump or clunking which acted as a bridge between the bass ranges of the barrel organ and Bach.

Allusions to old movies are an obvious aspect of **Chromelodeon**: the use of flickering lights and exaggerated running, the melodramatic pursuit by a wolfman after a heroine trapped in a sensual dream of inevitable capture. The barrel organ music refers to the music played in movie houses to accompany silent films, and with the movement it evokes circus bigtops and ice skating rinks.

SCORE

Darkness. Noises from the balcony: banging, clanking. Electronic-tones tape **Dim vertical light centered.** John appears in the balcony, drops horizontal poles hung with costumes, hats, cloths to the floor; additional pile thrown down. Carol at edge of curtains. Barrel organ music, low. . .rises into collage John calls to him, climbs over balcony onto his shoulders—Carol spins him quickly off, runs to pile of materials. John follows. They are in colored underwear, proceed to dress themselves from clothing on the floor (all smeared with paint and singed or scorched). Barrel organ **Flickering light.** John and Carol exit running (exaggerated slow motion). **Back lighting, golds and blues.** They return dragging an open crate—Debby and Cindy (wearing underwear) are half-hidden among various cloths and blankets. Men slowly dump crate contents onto the pile of materials. Ruth

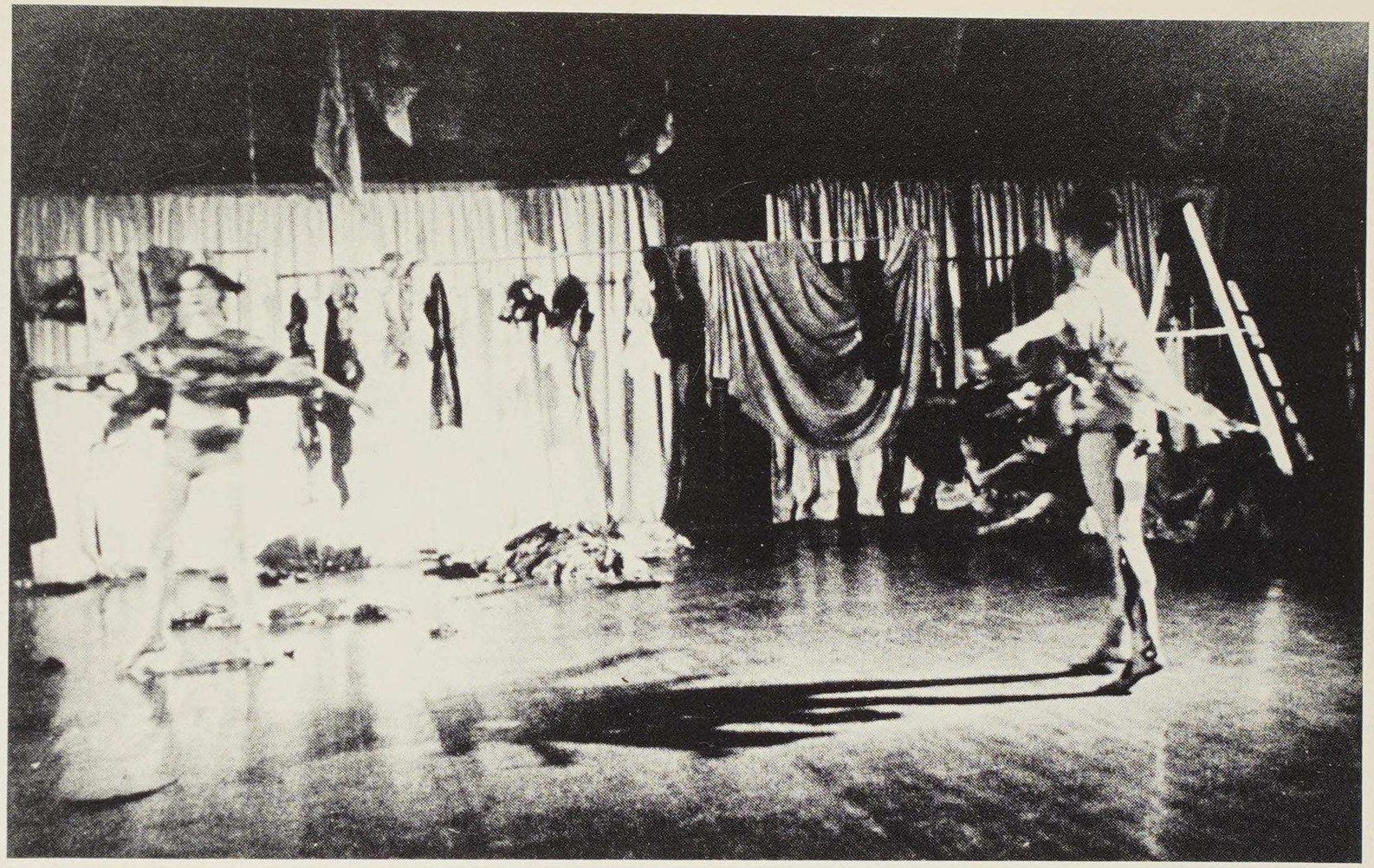


Giese

enters with a ladder, positions it on right, exits. Debby and Cindy dress themselves while emerging from the pile. John and Carol sort and handle additional fabrics on the horizontal poles above and behind them—their motions are short, frantic, they run back and forth. While dressing, Cindy and Debby begin to talk, and paint each other's legs.

Gold/white lights fan out from above. Wearing singed yellow and blue "capes," the women are stood up by the men and turned to spin off into dervish whirls, enlarging their area, making whirring sounds. **Fast changes of bright lights, many colors.** Barrel organ collage...into Aria Duetto. (The whirls: arms pumping in and out, centrifugally). John and Carol drag out a huge pyre of brown paper to the side of the ladder. Ruth enters with a violin case, climbs the ladder, and hands down make-up jars to the men, who are sitting in the paper. The men paint each other's faces, then legs, with quick, intent strokes. Ruth goes to the clothes pile and takes off her leotard (a 1930's bathing suit underneath).

Cindy exits whirling through the center curtains. **White lights, centered.** Debby falls whirling, continues spinning slowly on the floor until she "runs down." Cindy enters walking backwards and turning: to begin writing "LOVE," "LILLY," and other words with her body and a long yellow ribbon: sharp and linear—



Robert McElroy



Robert McElroy

verticals, horizontals, diagonals against the floor. She announces each letter while chewing gum; collapses after completing a letter. Collage and Aria Duetto, low...fading. Carol runs with a large blanket over to Debby, covers her, says "Now go to sleep, you're good as gold, you're my girl, I want you to dream..."; he moves away distracted several times during what follows, always returning to Debby, patting, pulling, uncovering and covering her up again. John completes streaking his own face. Ruth returns to the ladder. Barrel music, low behind collage tape. **Steady blue light.** John moves to Ruth, brings her from the ladder, and "pushes" her off into grand jetés across the area; he beats time and yells "Grand Jetty!" When she reaches far right, **lights out.** Ruth runs back in the darkness, joining John in the paper pyre, which they make into a "house". **Lights.** Aria Duetto. They watch Cindy. John is seized with nervous confusion, gets up. Ruth exits. John begins to run back and forth, his cap and pants are slipping off; he turns, runs, slips, reaches finally for an overcoat to throw around himself, and exits. Immediately he returns pulling Ruth.

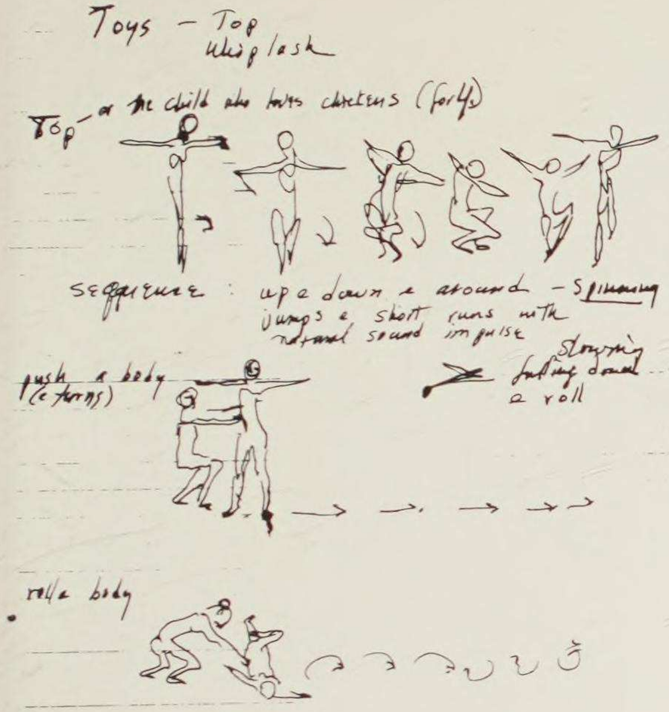
Bright to soft, slow tonal shifts—rose, violets. As Cindy completes her letter writing, John begins "turn-body" with Ruth, soon joined by Carol. (Ruth in stiff angular positions as the men turn her over and over, sometimes lifting her, shifting her, resting, consulting, turning her again.)



Al Giese



Al Giese



Barrel organ. **Spill light around ladder.** Cindy handstands over to Debby, uncovers her. Together they rise slowly underneath the blanket; twists and turns over to the ladder. Fade out.

John ties blue silk strips onto Ruth. Carol calls Cindy and Debby in Japanese. They come down from the ladder. Carol, John dress Cindy, Debby from the hanging clothes, adding scraps. Carol begins counts in Japanese numbers loudly; John quickly spins Cindy, Debby and Ruth into "tops" which wobble and twirl (feet close together). Barrel Organ. John and Carol sit on the clothes pile clapping, calling. The wobbling tops collapse, John and Carol slowly re-group them together—**dim spot light**—cover them with a massive red blanket.



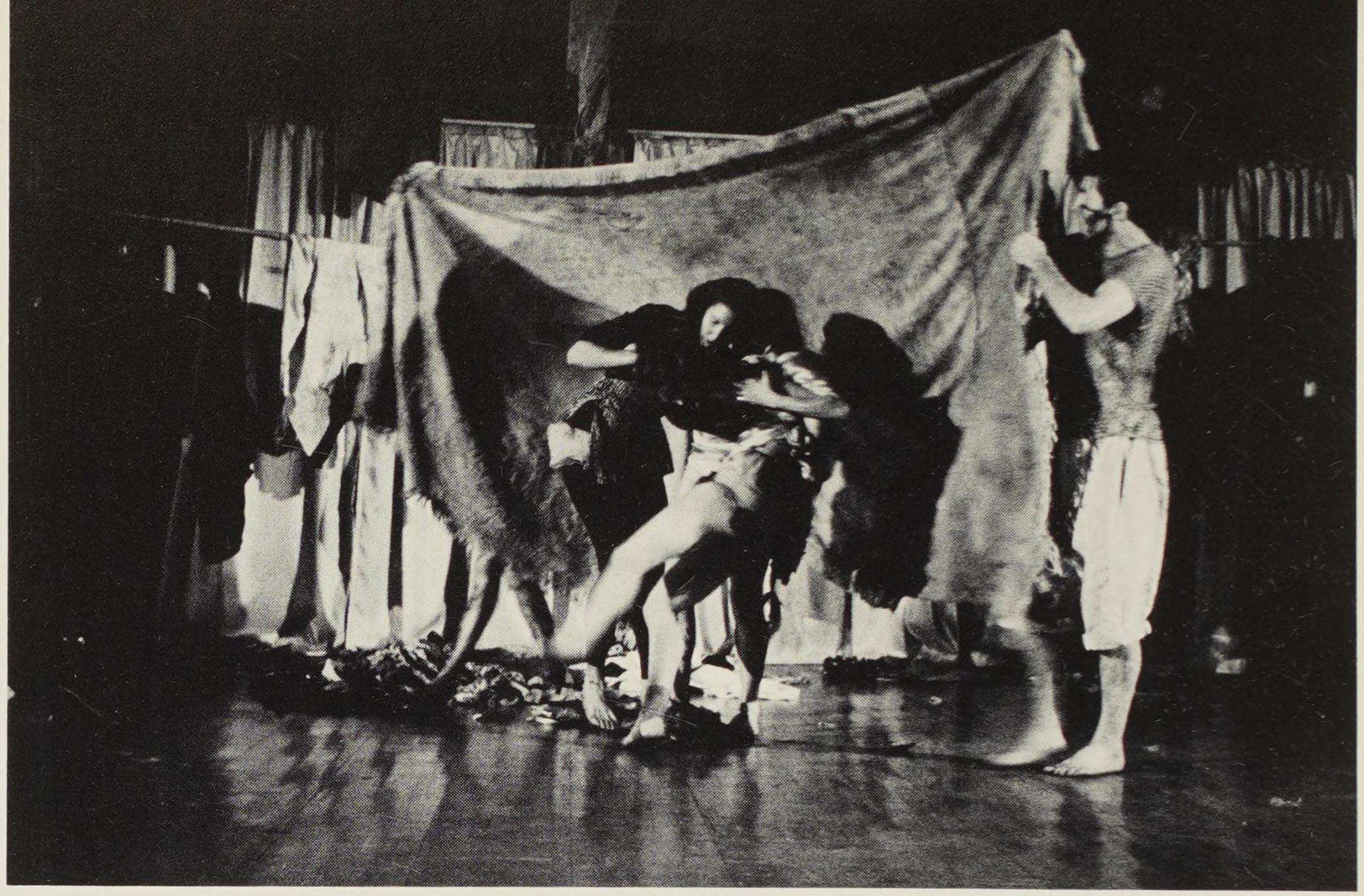
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Silence. **Masked spot light.** Struggle-to-rise sequence. The women, hands on shoulders, push each other down and up like pistons, pushing to rise. The men are pushing them down from outside the blanket. Choking, coughing sounds. The swaying struggle continues; eventually men become entangled, the blanket covers them, the struggle reverses, and as the men try to rise the women push them down. **Black out.** Exit all.

Ruth and Cindy re-enter left, in darkness, and carry a lantern to top of the ladder. Barrel organ low They climb up into the balcony, begin to play Bach Em Fugue. **Balcony spot.** They play "together," syncopating the organ (open valves) to the barrel organ tape. John enters right, carrying food in an American flag "apron"; throughout the next sequence he watches the movement as he methodically eats.



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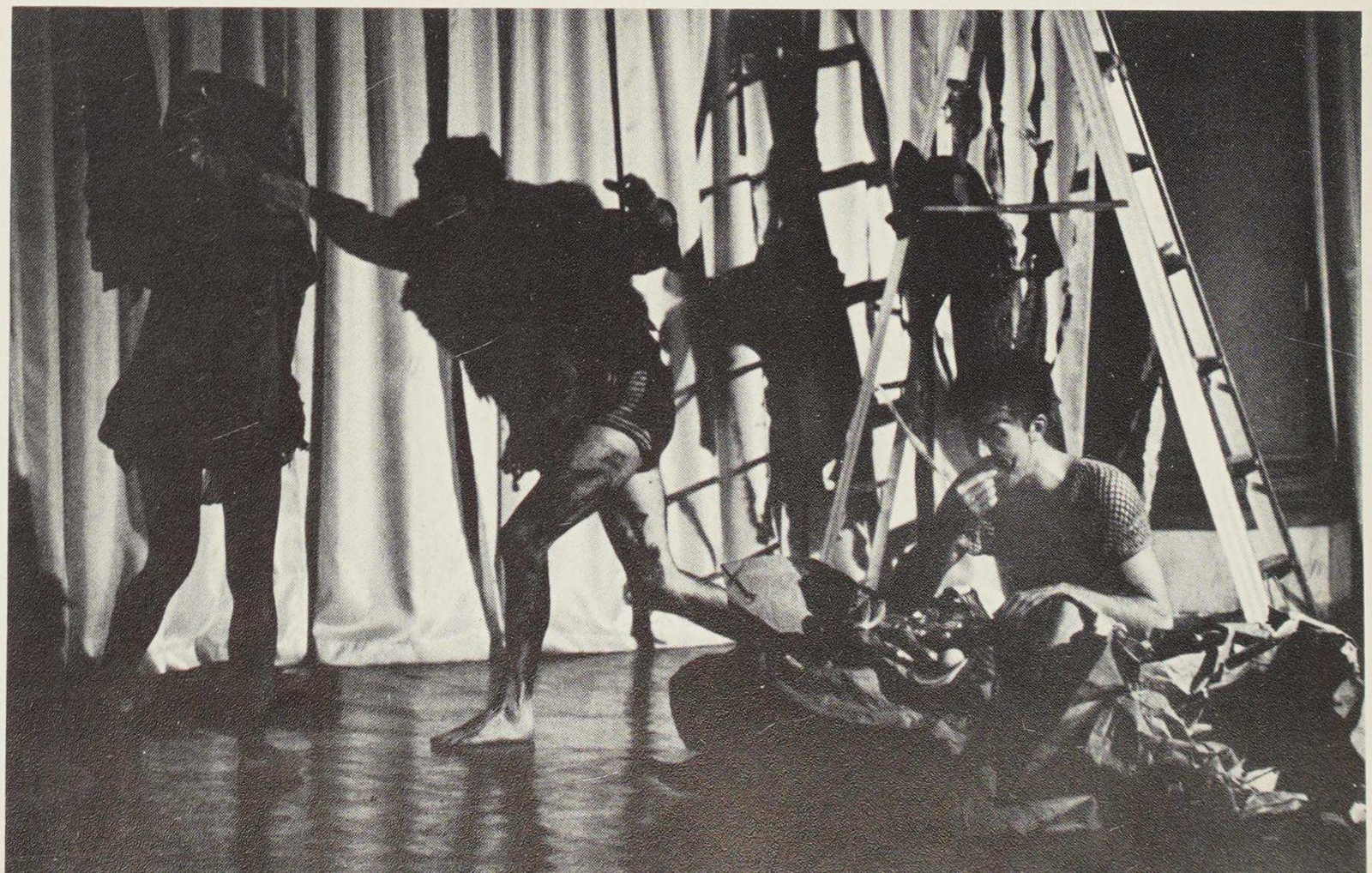


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The Pursuit. **Dim, ominous flickering light from side towards center.** From between the center curtains Debby appears, in alarm, walking backwards. She is pursued by Carol (wearing a "wolfman" **cape and fur scraps).** Em Fugue fade out **Slow dream. He "surrounds" her,** motion barely visible as they advance through space. An "endless" walk circling across the floor—she faces him throughout. Suddenly drops to her **knees...retreats backwards, staccato,** stands, walks backwards, drops to her knees...Carol arms raised—monstrous, growling, grunting—**lights up, slowly, colorless, diffuse**—nightmare pursuit; she shrieks, slows, Carol catches Debby on his side and over his back: swinging, growling, her legs wing out from his back, shaking. Debby repeats unvaried shrieks. Falling forward on his knees, they drop over in rolling, entangled, single form...separating, she rolls past him, gathering momentum, both roll through the back curtains. Rolling, she reappears first—he rolls in pursuit, over her, almost into the audience. He lies over her—silence—rise up, sink down together...slow rolls facing each other, back to the clothes pile.



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Lights slowly up—magenta and yellow—**to flood center stage.** Carol takes off cape and furs, puts on shirt, slowly removes Debby's clothes. Collage and Aria Duetto. Dresses Debby, choosing from the hanging array.

Intermittent mix with collage. **Debby is dressed and standing. Carol leaves,** returns with a small bench, wnich he places upsidedown near her feet. **Bright shifting golds and yellows.** He puts her inside the bench, and begins to push the bench. He stops to change her position, and pushes again. All very slowly. They hold eye contact and discuss the movements. With Debby like a statue, the bench is pushed in a full circle around the performance area.



Al Giese



Robert McElroy

When John has finished eating he rises and distractedly flings peels and crusts into the audience. **Bright yellow, green, blue.** Ruth and Cindy enter in bizarre tutus of curtains, making grande jetés twice around the floor, to John upstage. Music fades out. John calls out through a megaphone, reading from a list of ballet steps. (Midwestern pronunciations). Cindy and Ruth figure out what he's saying and perform these precisely, one at a time, while John imitates their steps:

reel levy (relevé)
tan do (tandu)
change meant (changement)
pass de cat (pas de chat)
pass de ducks (pas de deux)
please (pliés)
tour jetty (tourjeté)
balancey (balancé)
brush sess urbley (brush cesseurblé)
pass de burry (pass de boureé)
coupy (coupé)



Al Giese

Barrel organ collage fade in, with Aria Duetto line. **Carol and Debby begin "chicken cluster"—attempting to become chicken-like from the feet/claws up, emitting squalks (natural to arched diaphram). Lights dim slowly.** Cindy follows. **Spots center, blue, green, yellow. John reads four more ballet steps. Ruth follows.** Cut Aria Duetto line. **John reads five more steps, then follows.** Collage fade out to silence. **Random contact. All chickens. No exits. Lights out.**



Al Giese

LATERAL SPLAY

November 19 20 1963 Judson Dance Theater NY

An event repeated throughout Judson Dance Theater Concert #13, within an environment by the sculptor, Charles Ross. Ross had made a mountainous slide of steel folding chairs which flooded one corner of the open floor up to the balcony. This sculptural pile remained a constant while during the collaborative works a variety of metal scraps and odd props were introduced: bed springs, steel bars, ropes, brooms. Performance works consisted of solos, duets, teams and a massive tug-of-war. The thirty participants included dancers, writers, painters, musicians, actors, sculptors.

Lateral Splay functioned as an explosive and linear refrain, a propulsive jet of movement cutting through the sequences of other works and the materials of the environment. It involves a maximum expenditure of directed energy; in rehearsals we practiced with the sense that the runners were particles bombarding space. Four basic runs were made at highest speed by twelve runners:

1) backwards run (spot direction by turning head from side to side, spine straight)
2) forward run (head high, free, intense, clear forward focus)
3) low crawl-run (knees bent, relaxed shoulders, arms swing)
4) turning run with falls (turning as you run, sharp falls, rise immediately, continue turning run, or after fall choose another run)

The audience was seated in wedges forming a complete circle around the floor space. Three times during the evening the Lateral Splay runners positioned themselves behind the audience seats and unexpectedly shot out across the floor. Runs were also done in the balcony over the heads of the audience where steel sheets had been laid, making tremendous thundering noises as the runners passed over them.

Rules to Performers included: SPEED—fast as possible. DURATION—long as possible; any action taken to exhaustion. DIRECTION—random. VARIATIONS—climbing, swinging. PERFORMANCE—stylized, severe, maximum energy in runs; collision embraces are natural, abandoned.

In order to stop a run the rule was to collide with an obstacle. The obstacles were the walls of the church, the audience, the steel girders, the mountain of chairs, and the other runners. When collision occurred, the runner had to meet the obstacle at full speed, merge with it, and fall down. Rests lasted until the impulse

Violent, expulsive energy—a single impulse. Inspired by/in reaction to the formality and grace of certain works by Merce Cunningham.

For twelve to fifteen runners in a large open space. The spectators should be seated in a circle or semi-circle cut through by several aisles. Balconies, doors, or low windows which might lead into the main room will be used by the performers.

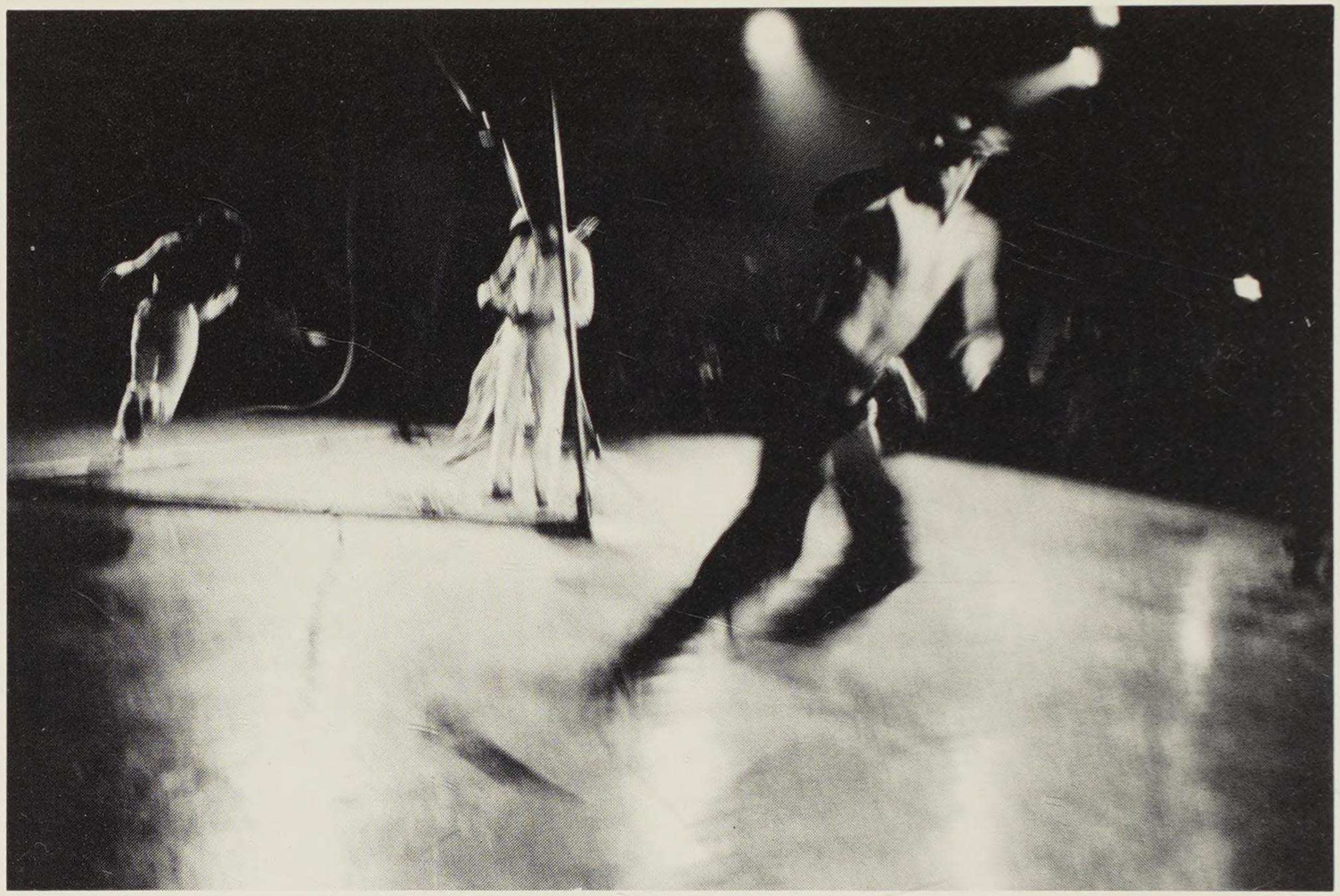
Clothing: big sweat pants in various colors, worn low on the hip. Men are bare chested. Women wear small tops which leave midriff exposed. (During a rehearsal for the Judson performance I had imagined soft lengths of colored material to be tied around waists and legs; the next morning I found a carton in front of my loft filled with long strips of blue and green velvet.)

to run again. Because the runs were exhausting, the sequences could last for only three minutes.

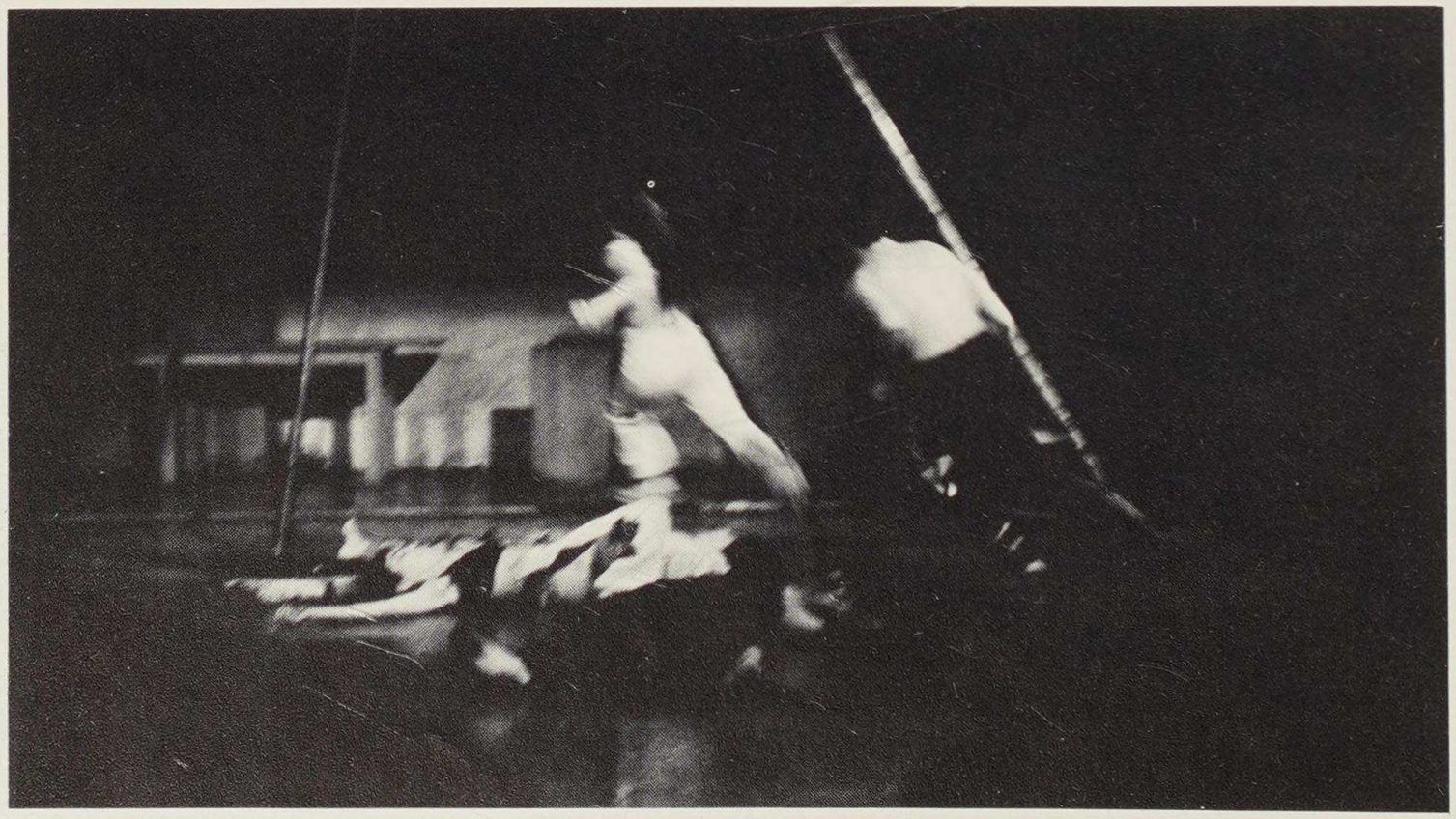
Variations on the rules were realized in the following ways:

"Begin with **any** of the runs until you encounter an object, wall or other performer. At an encounter you may 1) switch to another run; 2) drop down immediately and rest; 3) you may gain a rest by colliding with another runner intentionally, grab them (support them, **they** will be off balance) and fall down in an embrace. They cannot get up until you get up. Then you begin one of the runs again at maximum speed. 4) If someone collides with you accidentally you may grab them, fall in an embrace and rest. 5) If you run into any resting performers you may fall down by them and rest also. 6) If you run up against a wall or an object you may engage in some maximum energy activity until you fall down under or by the object to rest. Remember, a person who has fallen down to rest counts as an object and you may direct your run towards them to gain a rest or engage in a maximum activity with them. Whatever you do to them, they remain relatively passive, or they jump up and begin another run."

I was convinced that proper concentration—an instantaneous yielding on impact, rather than resistance—could prevent us from injury.



Peter Moore

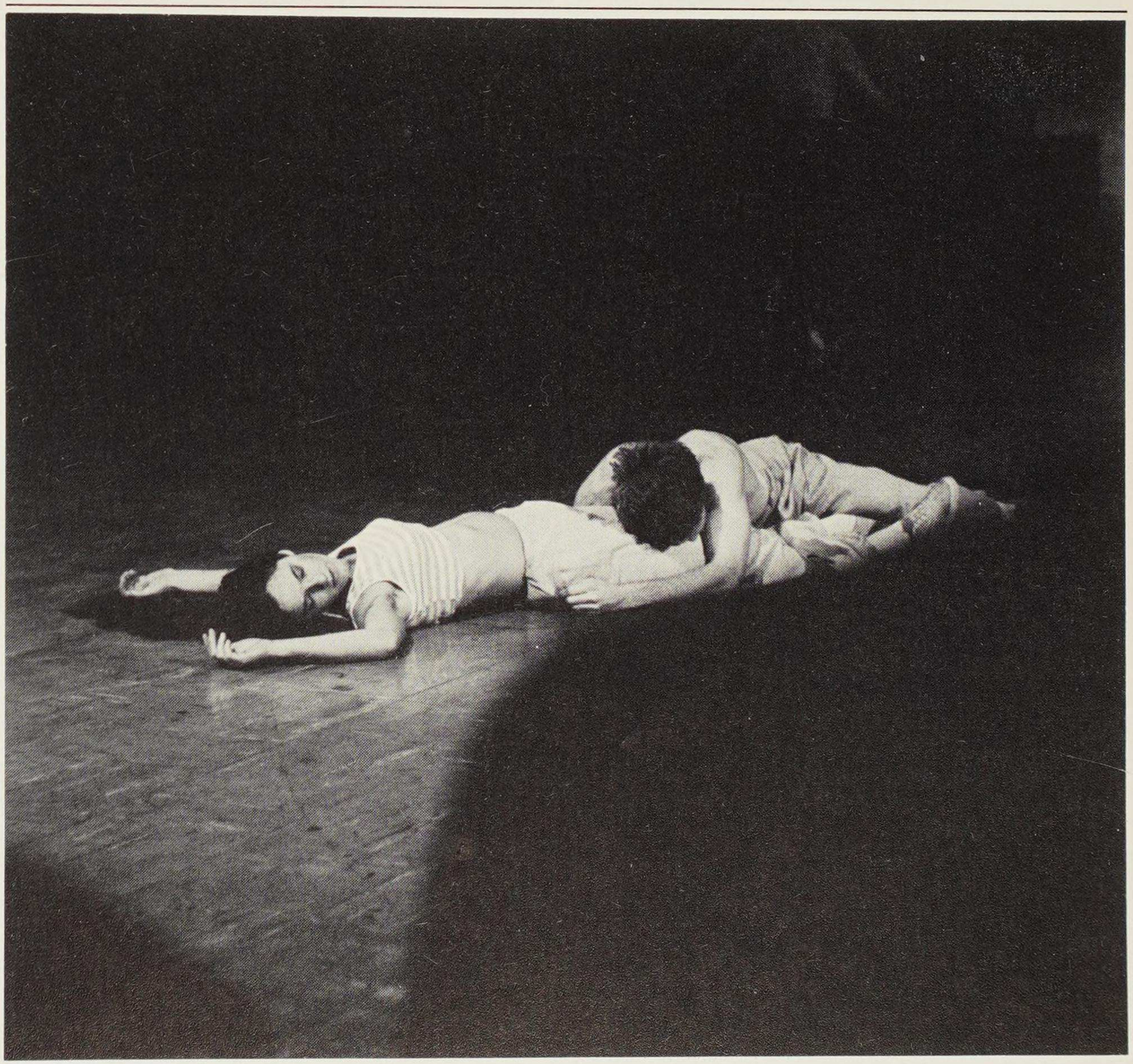


Peter Moore

Several special exercises were necessary to secure peripheral vision and spatial memory: **a) blindfolded in a close heap, keeping constant bodily contact, we crawled over, under and between each other's arms, legs, bellies, backs; b) blindfolded we walked alone through the space of the church, exploring the performance area, balcony, halls, closets; c) open-eyed fast walks, constant directional shifts with awareness of every other person moving.** These exercises enabled us to absorb the sense of one another's physical presence as part of a unitary organism, and to slowly assimilate distances of the spaces which would be compressed in the runs. The speed of the blindfolded walks increased gradually as we felt familiar with the dimensions and variations of architectural space. Another exercise, "Grabs and Falls," which recurs in many of my works, began here. Two people knees slightly bent, feinting, just out of arms reach, concentrate on the weight and shifting position of the other's torso, until one person takes the dominant impulse to pull the other down. The point of the exercise is to lose any sense of opposition or resistance when grabbed, and for the grabber to take an instantaneous responsibility for their mutual fall, spontaneously directing the musculature and weight of both. Exercises of collision and impact were practiced over and over again until we actually felt secure and free crashing into one another.

Performers:

Judith Dunn	Larry Siegal
Deborah Hay	Tony Holder
Deborah Lee	John Quinn
Elaine Summers	Jerry Howard
Sally Gross	Alex Hay
June Ekman	John Worden



Peter Moore

LOOSELEAF

January 21 1964 Judson Dance Theater Workshop NY

June 8 9 1966 Bridge Theater Festival NY

A brief "didactic" eating-event made around a text composed from earlier essays and notes about perception, the body, along with thoughts about my transitions from painting to environment to performance. Two identical sound tapes were played, one slightly in advance of the other. Each tape is a superimposition (with shifting dominance) of the texts being read with racous music of Harlem teenagers, singing, drumming, chanting. Jim and I recorded the high school students at the invitation of a friend, the writer Naomi Levinson, who had said if we really cared about new music we should hear these kids.

Looseleaf was organized as a set of discrete interference patterns, requiring the audience to choose between contrasting and antagonistic audial and visual material. It was performed only once. Performers: Mark Brusse, Philip Corner, C.S. The following actions took place for the duration of the tapes:

I wear an apron. I bring a card table into the performance area; a trunk, a large mirror. The table is set upright. The trunk dragged behind it so that when the mirror is propped against the trunk, the table is perfectly reflected in it.

I bring a stand to the left of the table; place it ten feet away. On the stand I place: a table cloth, napkins, paper plates, knives & forks, candles, glasses and a pitcher of water, and cakes.

I attach a whistle to the apron band; it has a long chain.

I bring two chairs to the table.

Philip and Mark come to the table from the audience; they sit down.

The tape begins.

I set the table. Lights are out. I cover the table with the cloth, place candles, napkins, cups, utensils. Then I bring a plate of small, gooey, many-colored cakes to Philip and Mark. "Here are your cakes." "Thank you."

They eat slowly, vacantly. At first they use the forks. Then they pick up pieces of cake with the knives.

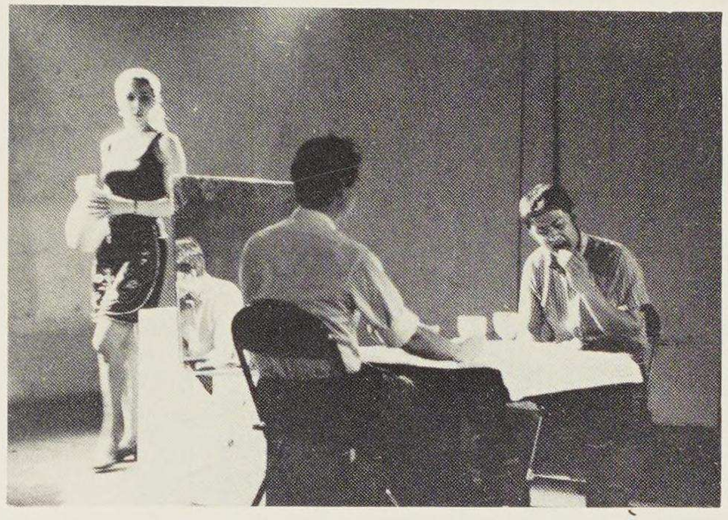
They finish the first plate of cakes and I come to take them from the stand, where I wait attentively, with a fresh plate of cakes.

I ask them if they would like some water. If they do I bring the pitcher and fill their glasses. At any time they may ask for more water or more cakes.

The second plate of cakes they eat with their fingers; absorbed & quiet, they pay no attention to one another. (The candles flicker, their images waver in the mirror.) They are a little messy; some icing gets on their chins and cheeks. They like that feeling. They stick their fingers in the cakes. Their tenor remains reflective, quiet against the din of the tapes.

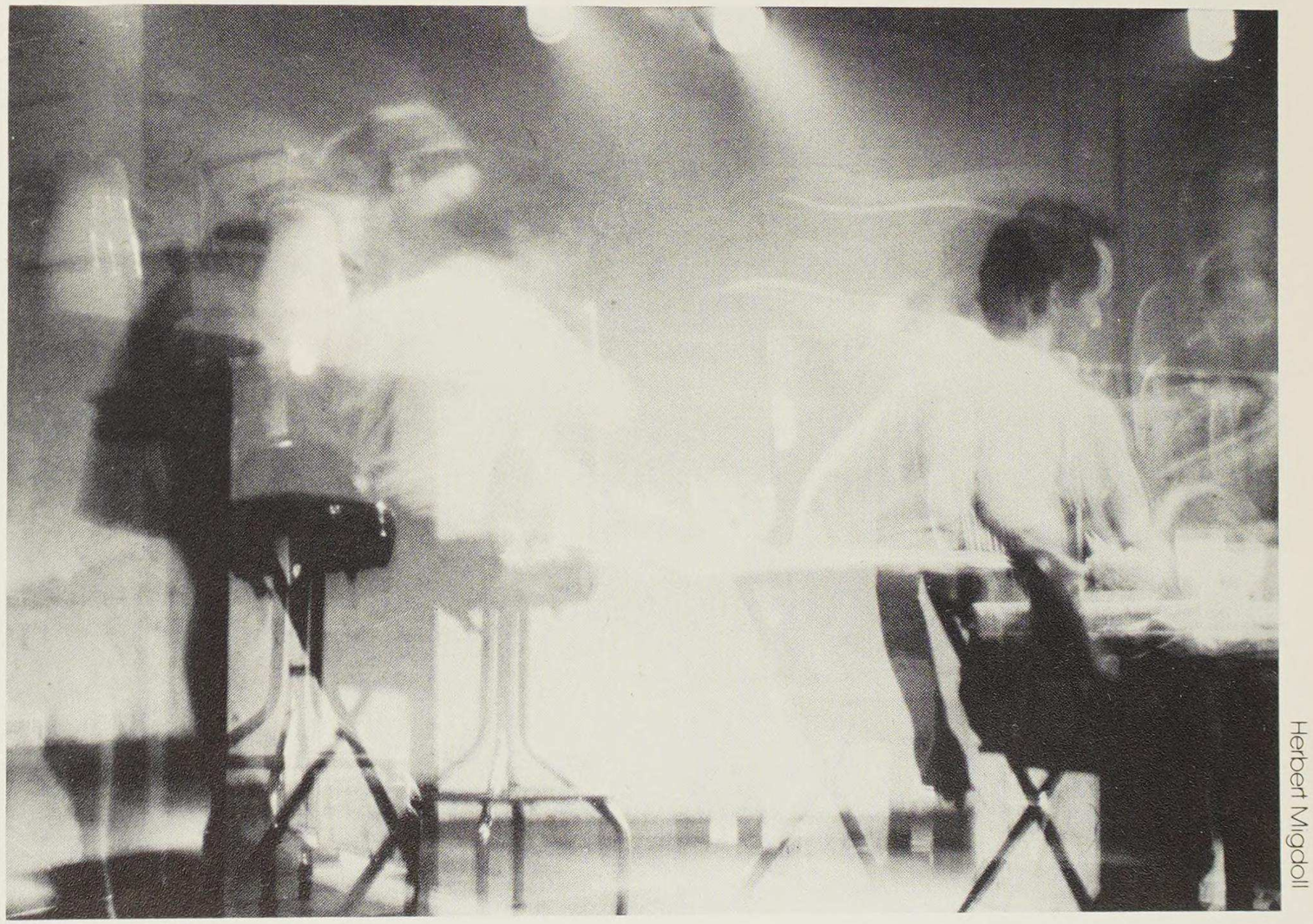
I bring the third plate of cakes. They can barely stand to eat cake. They put their fingers in the cakes and break them apart. They put some cake in their mouths. They take filling on their fingers and slowly reach across the table and smear, streak, smudge one another's faces. Slowly, each at his own pace. Back & forth, stop & start, accepting the gestures impassively, openly.

The tape stops. They wipe their hands and faces with the napkins. They leave. I walk to the table and blow out the candles.





Charlotte Victoria



Herbert Migdoll

EYE BODY

December 1963 NY





In 1962 I began a loft environment built of large panels interlocked by rhythmic color units, broken mirrors and glass, lights, moving umbrellas and motorized parts. I worked with my whole body—the scale of the panels incorporating my own physical scale. I then decided I wanted my actual body to be combined with the work as an integral material—a further dimension of the construction...

In December of '63 I was encouraged by my friend Erró (the Icelandic, Paris-based painter) when I told him I wanted to do a series of physical transformations of my body in my work—the constructions and wall environment. I thought the ritual aspect of the process could put me in a trance-like state.

Covered in paint, grease, chalk, ropes, plastic, I establish my body as visual territory. Not only am I an image maker, but I explore the image values of flesh as material I choose to work with. The body may remain erotic, sexual, desired, desiring but it is as well votive: marked, written over in a text of stroke and gesture discovered by my creative female will.

I write "my creative female will" because for years my most audacious works were viewed as if someone else inhabiting me had created them—they were considered "masculine" when seen as aggressive, bold. As if I were inhabited by a stray male principle; which would be an interesting possibility—except in the early sixties this notion was used to blot out, denigrate, deflect the coherence, necessity and personal integrity of what I made and how it was made.

In 1963 to use my body as an extension of my painting-constructions was to challenge and threaten the psychic territorial power lines by which women were admitted to the Art Stud Club, so long as they behaved **enough** like the men, did work clearly in the traditions and pathways hacked out by the men. (The only artist I know of making body art before this time was Yoko Ono.)

The nude was being used in early Happenings as an object (often an "active" object). I was using the nude as myself—the artist—and as a primal, archaic force which could unify energies I discovered as visual information. I felt compelled to "conceive" of my body in manifold aspects which had eluded the culture around me. Eight years later the implications of the body images I had explored would be clarified when studying sacred Earth Goddess artifacts of 4,000 years ago.





photos by Erró





from The Notebooks 1963-1966







I can remember orgasm, the tree rustling at my window, a particular woven blanket and the crib I was in where my own experience of my body sensations gathered. I decided my genital was my soul . . . that is what my parents' explanation of soul led me to believe. Soul was "true and most perfect, when the body died the soul lived in the stars" . . . the soul was some essence of being! Conscious!

1963

Principle: one in need is assisted by the other . . . most imminent need—no matter how slight—is one provided for . . . in this way we never "leave" one another.

1963

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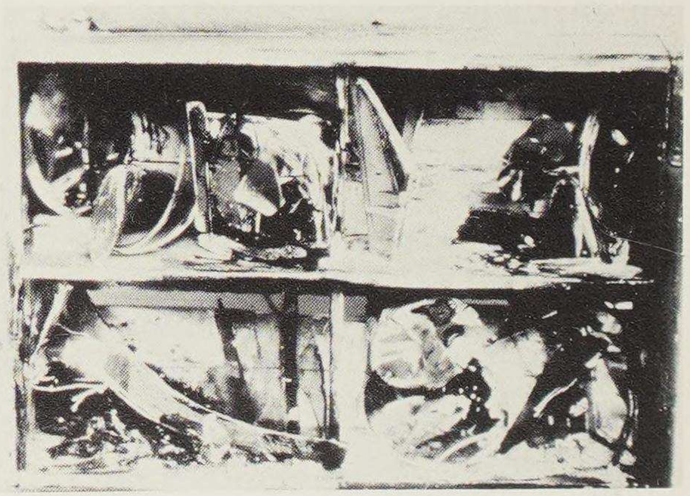
our relation to Nature—(my work and Brakhage's)

while I've not worked microscopically, smallest open eye unit activates full range of actual eye activity; scale in our works rooted in natural phenomena, visual immediacy as I find no where else.

Duration (Zukofsky pointed out in "Northlight" and other boxes) is that of landscape; compressed, transformed—the total vitality of any one area to another. . . . Blue vesicles: basic organic shape force, direction of life energy pulse. Bion the simplest notation of a rhythmic impulse (stylized in Paisley, ancient Eastern gold ornaments, flower, tendril, hair, nostril, navel, cunt, mushroom flange cock head, flute, mandolin, scrolls, scripts, cello, guitar, basket! And a cat stretches, a monkey leaps, a bird darts upward.)

(Exceptions to note: hard edge patterns, tactile reductions . . . . out of finger into the mind, systematic; impulses of reverential severity—to be put away from nature: Aztec, Nigerian, Mayan . . .)

Take arrowhead, horn, tooth, half-moon, yin-yang, take a snake! Take basic stroke of hand nerve pulse to brush, eye to hand, paint to canvas as related, integral organic rhythm: Monet, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Pollock, Joan Mitchell. Event. Particle of universe action. Microcosmic movement building a world moment by moment, motion by motion!

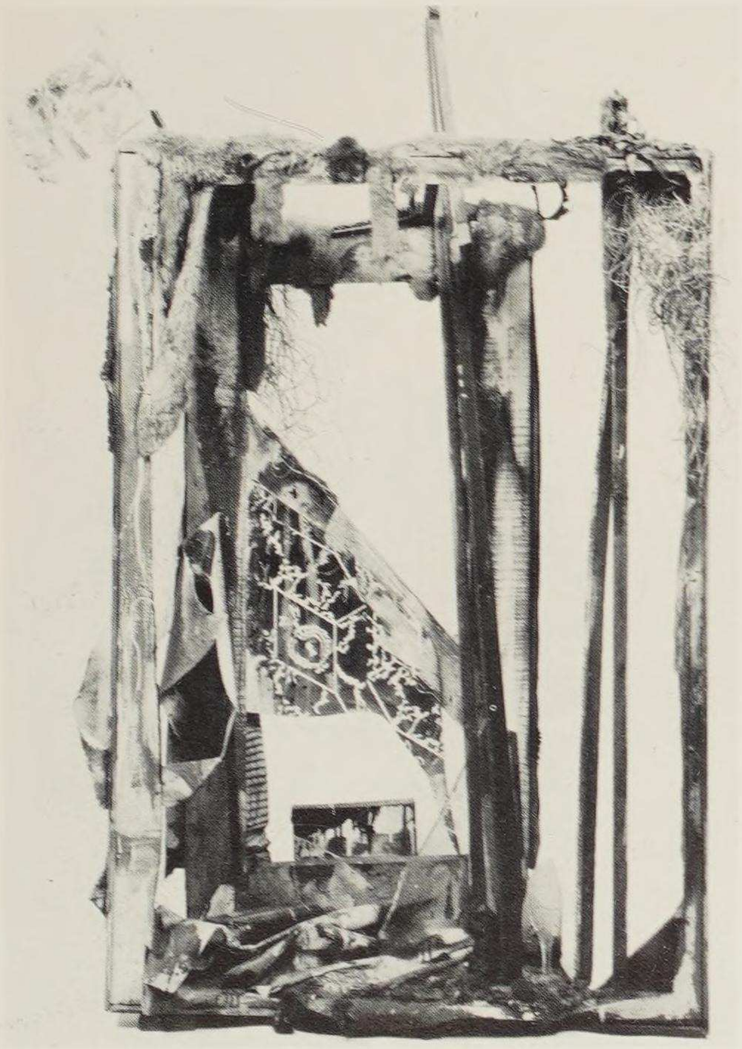


Northlight 1962
Construction: wooden box, clocks, mirrors, glass, oil paint. Private collection.

Fluid energy shapes immobilized in Ainu, Jo mon comma shaped jewels and sculptured figures. Take Crete! Serpent of Aesculapius protector against disease! The cure and curve of Lotus, Lyre, spiral instruments, adornments. Keep us on our way as one with what we perceive.

1963

Our lives themselves as material, stuff for our art or our lives as art containers/or life the way we shape or discover it being a form of art, the happening an intensification of our actions in life. The distinctions here swinging between intellection/perception/action.



Colorado House *1962*
Construction: wood, mirrors, glass, bottles, fur, gloves, cut up oil painting, oil paint, flag. 45" x 32½" x 17½"

It is not a part-time, compartmentalized (studio) activity: it is as if we are launched in some wondrous banal boat whose very motion transforms the landscape it moves through.

Notice this insistence on Motion. We cannot capture, hold a moment (impressionism), repeat the moment's verbal content (theater), capture the action itself (futurism): we intensify the perceptions of change, flux, and release them in juxtapositions which grind in on the senses.

It is intimate and intense. Happenings: raw, direct, no intermediate crafting, fabricating. Kaprow's works stream mythic, socially edged by ritual process; Oldenburg's are netted in private memory as environment through which we re-focus, discover strands of our own past time-relations; strong cultural and nostalgic roughness. Whitman's performances the most interiorized, tactile, plastic-poetic, evolving a less specific time-space than Oldenburg's. Whitman leaves the audience as discrete, perceiving agents; Kaprow physically engages them, moves them in a mass of linear participation. While Oldenburg uses the audience as physical material, packed in around, surrounding, holding the frame on an irregular rectangular performance-environment. Hansen's Happenings are loose, rangey, arbitrary, open to impulse; the audience hangs raggedly to anticipations, shifting conjunctions. (And Dine the first man to use explicitly personal material—his psychoanalytic tape, uncensored self-exposure . . . just the voice in the dark. The audience didn't approve of that much actuality! A turning point for me. He had stripped it all down to bare desire, anger, the lived life. Audience didn't get it or couldn't stand it.)

Image—Whitman
Atmosphere—Oldenburg
Concordance—Kaprow (audience/participant must agree to his procedures)
Restraint, slowed durations, collectivity—Dewey
Social action, aggression, attack—Lebel
Comic strip, populist Americana—Grooms, Gross
Guilt and transfiguration—Vostell
Sensation and memory is tactile, plastic, palpable for painters—not verbal, musical or conceptual. Sensation and memory evade the grasp of traditional media.

Note for *Fuses:* cut Greek white seduction into turning backside. . . .

"The trouble with Yoko Ono's pieces is that she wants to make you feel what she felt, to feel like her, and I don't think I want to do that," said Higgins tonight.

December 1965

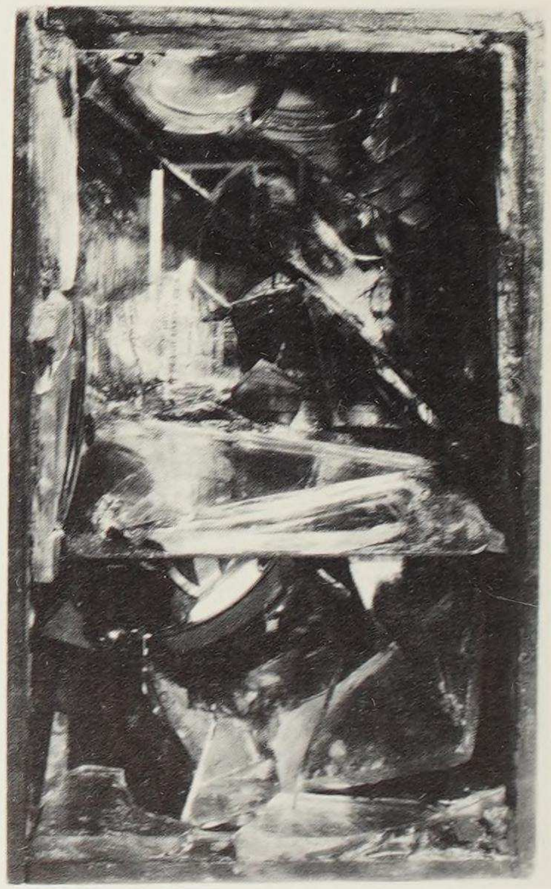
Capacity for expressive life and for love are insolubly linked; that was my understanding when I taught; saw immediately facing the individuals in a class what their chance for expressive work was and its direct relationship to their social/sexual and emotional life

1963

Sexual damming is expressive damning.

Do not assume that what you think is "natural" for you is just. He says "what she expects of me is not natural for me!" She said "things he wants to do with me seem unnatural!" How they fear sensation, pleasure; starvation drives them to an embrace which is a shadow to expression they repress.

When I said LOVE I meant EROTIC love; deep transforming bounty one imparts to another reciprocally; it assumes. . . all! To celebrate, illuminate respect, tenderness, trust, passion and regard. . . to joyfully put all we are into one another's hands. . . all contact, touch, expression possible, desired.



Romer's House (for Julia Smolinski *1962*
Wooden box: metal, mirrors, glass, oil paint.



One Window Is Clear—Notes to Lou Andreas Salomé *1965*
Masonite panel: photos of Salomé, Rilke, Nietzche; cloth, recording tape, paper, gloves, canvas, oil paint. 69½" x 47½" x 4"

These women are fastidious: the living beast of their flesh embarrasses them; they are trained to shame. . . blood, mucus, juices, odors of their flesh fill them with fear. They have some abstracted wish for pristine, immaculate sex. . . cardboard soaked in perfume. Many of them imagine that in giving birth they abandon themselves to flesh life— drugged and desensitized as they may be. But they've been taught that here is their physical worth, moon fed, streaming process. . . let the gift of the child ennoble and redeem the intricacies of their bodies.

Your own language calling you to change and assert your deepest personal image addresses you by *inclusion!* (Ever say: "Woman and husband"?) *"Men* should be freed, healed, and cured, not adjusted" (McClure). Is inclusion an emotional generosity? How can you even know? ("*Men* revolt outside in Universe World Air by acts of personal nobility; they refuse themselves as usable articles or objects." McClure.) Are you still turning to Freud as sexologist—he who at the end of his life admitted (from the patriarchal summit he struggled upon) 'woman. . . it is true I have always dealt with them in terms of men.' Or, Jung who raises his arms in benediction over *I Ching* where the world is tipped topsyturvy, where the sequence of earlier Heaven or Primal Arrangement is broken, where moon which was the second daughter becomes the second son! Then when we asked the *I Ching* to speak about itself. . . what we saw had occurred in its life as a book: our form endlessly falling asunder and coming together again.

1963

IS it too dog or too loved? ?
Is IT more delicate after you've loved?
Is the DOG too delicate *or* beloved?
Is it too—delicate to be loved?
Is it too dog to love?
Is it too love to be dogged?

1966

Vision is not a fact but an aggregate of sensations.

I want evocation—SPACE (a place) between desire and experience

1966

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these Americans
hard, stiff, cold, repressed; brutality and sentimentality
moving into icy psychic technological "cool"
when they are falling in love they can be beautiful; they are full
of hope and fearful emotion

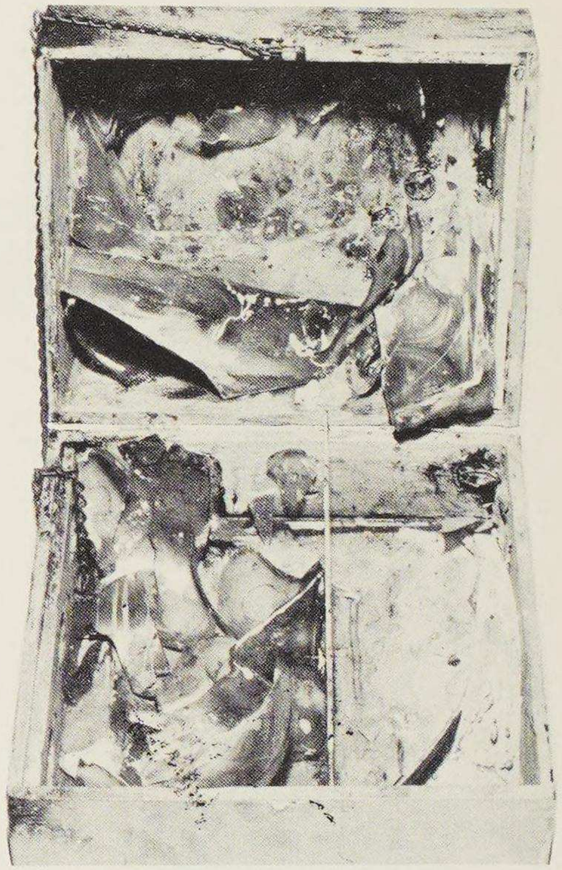
they do not have charm; they do work with charms in the world
everything dies under their hands and they don't know why

they blame secretly and indulge themselves in substitute/second-
hand pleasures

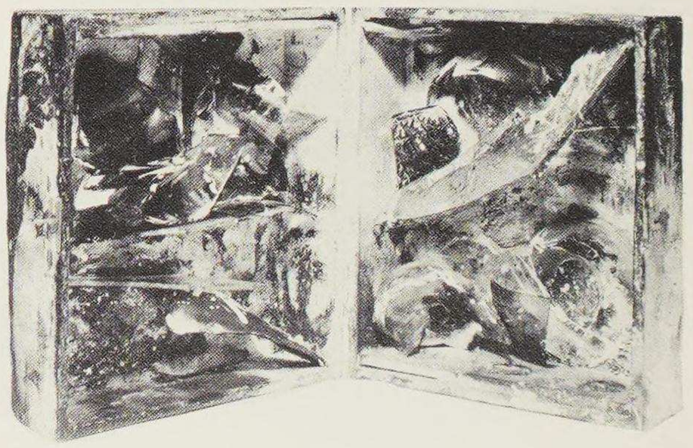
they have energy for work and materials; but they are not loving, abandoned, childlike and convinced that joy can be in them. Cut off in their emotion their relations to materials, objects and each other become brittle; they keep moving; they are accepting of what surrounds them lacking interior self-confidence to change and be changed. Giving, going over feeling is most difficult—they enjoy masks, costumes, festivities which reveal them slightly. They are hot or cold—they do not stream in their flesh. Many stream in their mouths, out of their mouths; and so they confuse shit with material, shit and sex; excretion with excess gifts with taking—that is losing essence, so bewildered are they as to what essence is in them. They manage certain intellectual breakthroughs; they are never dumb; they are stupid about their own natures. But then, cosmopolitan Nature is remote, antique. . . perhaps for sports or specific periods of play and pursuit of health or frail dreams mixed with glamour.

Wild things/wild life confuses them, makes them uneasy: bugs, birds, snakes. Mud, dirt and dust discourage their control over the world—In this way their insecurity increases; they are guilty, cast-out, and full of anger and impatience. And this obstructs their pleasures. Egoistic, guarded, jealous of their effectiveness they feel crowded in their need of one another; they proportion and ration contacts; they measure and judge endlessly, narrowly, they even frighten themselves and wonder why; being distrustful and distrusted; open and naive. The myth, the dream which they do not meet.

1966



For Yvonne Rainer's 'Ordinary Dance' *1962*
Fire Series (controlled burning): burnt wood, glass, mirrors, paint.



Darker Companion *1962*
Fire Series (controlled burning): burnt wood, glass, mirrors, paint.

from Diary 1965: Memoranda

Lively irony that I developed theater to do for me in moments, what I wanted words to do infinitely: to provide compression, spring-board to senses.... Very complicated... evades statement....being surprising to me, but I know the experience I sought to *hold* with words I now use gesture-action to release...where vision can move most freely.

A despair with language re-enforced by its social-sexual action. When I am saying what I see, men find it difficult to hear that *I* say it—they take it away, use my words as their own because a female source of illumination registers negatively....(not so with Jim, of course), but very often *they need what I say* but not from me—a peculiar withdrawal, (absence) or aggressive twisting to what is most possibly fine and fat as interchange—two people speaking *to* (not "at" or away from) one another. To some extent this also occurs in regard to my Happenings, Kinetic Theater pieces. So—definitely—in its brief new life here—a man's enterprise, that I get a sort of wavery regard, as if my work is a vagary, dismissable, *because* my aggressions, anxieties are not those the male community recognizes, prizes.



Fur Wheel *1962*
Construction on lamp shade base: fur, tin cans, mirrors, glass, oil paint; mounted on turning wheel. 19" x 19" x 11½"

you can't tell an idea STOP i'm not ready for another idea yeats—you can ignore it put it out of your head but a real impulse insight zooming in try and stop it you'd be mad or to stop voluptuous mad will organic desire lust superimposition dream breaking yr eyeballs open never mind

all the things this generation has individually discovered, defined, hewn, structured as unique, personal, will become a spectrum of interchangeable elements, freely available and subject to new uses and certain commonplace understandings.

what we want we want everyone else to have a chance at—it insures our gains, affirms their importance, gives us an enlarged "community." WE've pretty much got sex cleared into natural, intense, flow exchange; we're working on pot, LSD and "black power" which will mean a liberation of old white-spirit energy and the clarification of sick white autocratic ambivalence towards woman.

1964

BE PREPARED:
to have your brain picked
to have the pickings misunderstood
to be mistreated whether your success increases or decreases
to have detraction move with admiration—in step
to have your time wasted
your intentions distorted
the simplest relationships in your thoughts twisted
to be USED and MISUSED
to be "copy" to be copied to want to cope out cop out pull in and away
if you are a woman (and things are not utterly changed)
they will almost never believe you really did it
(what you did do)
they will worship you they will ignore you they will malign
you they will pamper you
they will try to take what you did as their own
(a woman doesn't understand her best discoveries after all)
they will patronize you humor you
try to sleep with you want you to transform them with your energy
they will berate your energy they will try to be part of your
sexuality they will deny your sexuality/or your work they
will depend on you for information for generosity they will
forget whatever help you give they will try to be heroic for
you they will not help you when they might they will bring
problems they will ignore your problems a few will appreciate
deeply they will be loving you as what you do as what you
are loving how you are being they will of course be strong in
themselves and clear they will NOT be married to quiet
tame drones they will not say what a great mother you would
be or do you like to cook and where you might expect under-
standing and appreciation you must expect NOTHING then
enjoy whatever gives-to-you as long as it does and however and
NEVER justify yourself just do what you feel carry it strongly
yourself

1966



Hat Stand *1965*
Object: wood, glass. Private collection.

From a letter to Jean-Jacques Lebel, February 1964, responding to an invitation to create a "happening" for Lebel's Festival of Free Expression:

There are now several works moving in minds-eye...tentatively identified as MEAT JOY, and DIVISIONS AND RUBBLE;...MEAT JOY shifting now, relating to Artaud, McClure, and French butcher shops—carcass as paint (it dripped right through Soutine's floor)...flesh jubilation...extremes of this sense...may involve quantities of dark fabric and paint drawn from performance area outward into audience to become inundation of all available space—action and viewing space interchanged, broken through. Smell, feel of meat... chickens, fish, sausages? I see several women whose gestures develop from tactile, bodily relationship to individual men and a mass of meat slices. Specific sequence of collision and embrace...a rising, falling counterpoint to bodies...very dark (very bright). Hand-held lights spotting color cover movements.

My work can take substance from the materials I find...this means that any particular space, any debris unique to Paris and any "found" performers...would be potential structural elements for the piece. I've been working a great deal with the Judson dancers for love of their non-dance movement and their aggressive, expansive interest in changing the very physical traditions which have given their bodies extraordinary scope and strength; and my pieces impose space relations for them, provoke personal responses which will work inclusively with any chosen or found environment. I do not require or want any specially predetermined "set-up". What I find will be what I need.



MEAT JOY

May 29 1964 Festival de La Libre Expression, Paris

June 8 1964 Dennison Hall, London

November 16 17 18 1964 Judson Church NY

Meat Joy developed from dream sensation images gathered in journals stretching back to 1960. By February '64 more elaborate drawings and notes accumulated as scraps of paper, on the wall over my bed, in tablets. I'd been concentrating on the possibility of capturing interactions between physical/metabolic changes, dream content, and my sensory orientation upon and after waking: an attempt to view paths between conscious and unconscious organization of image, pun, double-entendre, masking, and the release of random memory fragments (often well-defined sounds, instructions, light, textures, weather, places from the past, solutions to problems). I found the transition between dream and waking, envisioning and practical function, became so attenuated that it was often difficult to leave the loft for my job or errands. My body streamed with currents of imagery: the interior directives varied from furtive to persistent: either veiling or so intensely illuminating ordinary situations that I continually felt dissolved, exploded, permeated by objects, events, persons outside of the studio, the one place where my concentration could be complete.

The drawings of movement, and notations on relations of color, light, sound, language fragments, demanded organization, enaction, and that I be able to sustain the connection to this imagery for an extended time—through the search for space, performers, funds, during painstaking rehearsals, the complexities of production down to the smallest details—all to achieve a fluid, unpredictable performance.

Meat Joy has the character of an erotic rite: excessive, indulgent, a celebration of flesh as material: raw fish, chickens, sausages, wet paint, transparent plastic, rope, brushes, paper scrap. Its propulsion is toward the ecstatic—shifting and turning between tenderness, wildness, precision, abandon: qualities which could at any moment be sensual, comic, joyous, repellent. Physical equivalences are enacted as a psychic and imagistic stream in which the layered elements mesh and gain intensity by the energy complement of the audience. (They were seated on the floor as close to the performance area as possible, encircling, resonating.) Our proximity heightened the sense of communality, transgressing the polarity between performer and audience.

In precisely determined patterns, vertical, diagonal and horizontal shafts of movement and lighting cut through the overall circular structures of **Meat Joy**. The popular songs occurring throughout most sequences are "circular" in their

thematic and rhythmic three-minute disc-spun durations, and they introduce a literal, istoric time—popular "ritual" sound centering the sensory flow. Tapes of Paris street sounds were superimposed: the cries and clamourings of Rue de Seine vendors selling fish, chickens, vegetables and flowers beneath my hotel window where I first composed the actual performance score. These shouts dominate a layering of traffic noise, and displace the songs' recognizable continuity, interfering with their associative range.

Certain parameters of the piece function consistently. Sequence, lights, sound, materials—these were planned and coordinated in rehearsal. Other components vary with each performance. Attitude, gesture, phrasing, duration, relationship between performers (and between performers and objects), became loosely structured in rehearsal and were expected to evolve. For instance, "The Paint Attack" was rehearsed as a **projective** exercise with brushes and dry sponges: the actual paint, fish, chickens, hot dogs introduced during performance came as a visceral shock.

Lighting is keyed to the larger rhythms of the work—sound and action—by washes and sudden concentrations of strong illumination on energy clusters. Here again, within certain determined bounds (I knew when I needed, for example, "a muddy light in a pool over there which then turns to diffuse gold" or in another place, "something blue and wet-looking with a blast of green") the lighting and sound technicians were free to improvise. They followed formal cues but had to be able to make choices relating to energy shifts of both performers and audience. Four black-outs were used to compact or shatter sequences, to insert a **blank** in which perception is halted and the imagery settles into the mind.



Harold Chapman

Seating audience, with Ben Vautier. Free Expression visual exhibit in background.

As the audience enters, the tape of "Notes as Prologue" begins: a collage of my voice reading the written notes formative to **Meat Joy** (so that the work is verbally revealed before it begins, including discarded unrealizable imagery), beginning French exercises (from a book titled Look and Learn and a dictionary), a ticking clock, the noises of the Rue de Seine.

MEAT JOY NOTES AS PROLOGUE

Voici la tête d'un homme
DREAM WORK February 14th 1964 Images from Jim's dreams (I'll form it this way to theater)
Voila la tête d'une femme
a couple enter darkened room slowly as if on ice together lifting off each other's clothes gliding gestures they lay each garment on the floor carefully repeatedly until they are naked they take covers from a bed & continue covering the floor when it is covered they lie down together on it & begin a slow embrace rolling

TRAVAIL / TRAVAUX voici les hommes TRAVAUX FOUS
SCENARIO GREY FILM no black & white
si loin proche voici l'homme TRAVAIL / TRAVAUX /
extremes of grey a permeation the train angled rush slow slow & wild against the skin heavy thick figures rushing in the darkness from above to an entrance myself from below towards that platform (others pulse by me) they are the soldiers my arms are full of hard boiled eggs I shift them as I run reach the platform move onto the steps

TRAVAIL / TRAVAILLER / TRAVAILLEUR / TRAVAILLAIT
THROW OUT THE DOG murky particles of grey
/ TRAVAILLONS TRAVAIL DUR
clarified to the rotting wide porched house a very brief set to image of it open swung porch details of debris (childrens toys-household implements-carriages-wheels-broken posts-clothes-rags-cords-rusted metal) flow around the door across the steps & fan out over the front yard two tall feathery trees the light does not increase a small figure moves out the door a child holding a round shape in her arms she heaves it quite suddenly forward it flies off the porch into the yard at our eyes the small dog unwinds in the air THROW OUT THE DOG THROW OUT THE DOG

les yeux sont dans la tête cette femme a les yeux ouverts j'ai les yeux ouverts je suis engagée dans c'est que j'ai besoin de
UNDER HIM circle of the balls slow
de boire le droit doit être faux cette femme a
rush down the legs up the cock cock of love
les yeux fermés il faut que j'apprenne un bon français cet
follow its head into arch of hairs all as I do see him
homme a les yeux ouverts j'ai les yeux ouverts FICHEZ MOI
when he raises on his arms over me the belly
LA PAIX / FOUTEZ MOI LA PAIX il a les yeux fermés
circle & muscle ridges bounding it leading to a sky
VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE j'ai les yeux ouverts quel voit?
of chest close on arm muscles precise as apples his neck
elle me voit je la voit elle a les yeux FICHE LE

CAMP / FOUT LE CAMP elle a les yeux fermés elle ne voyait pas elle ne me voyait pas je parle difficilement le francais un homme a deux yeux j'ai deux yeux voici mes yeux

In March

A SOLO FOR MEAT JOY
tearing hair / painting self / slipping falling over plastic cloths / fall into a water trough // jump up running wringing
il emportera les souliers ecoutez-moi regardez cela
hair // slide turn smearing body with grease
vous me suivez? ça c'est chouette ça me plait les
turning rocking hair/head thrown back
mains sont sales les mains sont propres cette serviette est sale
& forth done until collapse

je l'ai dans la peau
ça me rappelle je ne vous oublierai pas quelle est la fonction du nez cette femme tient une fleur à la main

or beating on garbage lids cans interminable
elle sent la fleur quelques fleurs sont parfumées
figures crawl very quickly over the floor lights flash before them

elles sentent bon d'autres fleurs n'ont pas de parfum
raw meat raw fantasy not as things are wished but
voici de l'herbe l'herbe n'a pas de parfum il sent bon
how they feel no justification / no impulse censor no explanation

the nude flips like a fish

ces fleurs sentent bon voici les cochons
1. wrapped in rags bang the fish around frantically as if to smash if & then suddenly sit brush hair back legs open take a cigarette & smoke 2.
voici des cochons j'en suis marteau je suis marteau
take a fish & slowly follow the contours of the reclining nude with it tenderly sustained the nude jumps up grabs the fish & frys it all gather to eat (the fish is dipped in paint) they are naked
quelques cochons sont propres vois la page un deux cinq des cochons sales ne sentent pas bon ils sentent mauvais
half-naked in rags splattered with paint bright glorious & worn

voici de la fumée il y a de la fumée qui sent bon cet homme fume une pipe torque / tort / avoir tort / toupion touret / tournée d'autres cochons sont propres bien
end with clearing cleaning washing each other closely packed
tournée voici les noms des couleurs vert / bleu / blanc
dull light one two men carry a woman to table for painting lay her out on plastic Claudia in apron with a basket (tran-
/ rouge ELLE EST BETE ELLE EST BETE rouge /
sitions) with a flashlight to collect the chickens & fish & to replace them

jaune / vert / bleu / blanc / gris quelle est la couleur de l'herbe
ROLL CALL

et des feuilles au printemps l'herbe et les feuilles sont vertes au

& the vision which cannot be repeated I take vision
printemps je suis prête quelle est la couleur de cette
not as fact but as an aggregate of sensations I want
jeune fille
evocation space & place between desire & experience

(and blow it open!)
high sound—go to—
low sound—go to—
screech . . . go howl . . . go
a very short work of smash conjunctions NO BUILDING
painted figure: utterly shaped in silence TENSEGRITY
call it Lateral Splay?

Interception; transformation of intention / impulse Action with materials: gesture from activity of tearing pushing gluing rumbling ripping rubbing scratching spilling

tiffany glass mexican glass broken in layers did someone say SIN or SORROW? corn on their doors & wreaths pumpkins on steps ancient connecticut tribes which observe the ritual having lost the original commemoration of fervor & appeal now decorating the passage of impassive months spread secure in the regulated observance of haunting pleasures our house old/fierce/forlorn/stone/staunch /forgotten abandoned where no one wants to live ugly piece
assistants give paint in various containers fury of throwing hurling non-determinate color / aim / direction of impact the figure charging thru alley aisles

a tray of substances soft & cake-like balanced fast movement & the tray slips off his shoulders the objects fall over the audience movements of rising falling contained between heap of debris & an immense saucer of water body wrapped in rags strings cords

ces lèvres sont rouges le ciel est bleu
IN THE PYRE
they drench me with sponges full of paint they drench all the women all the women are drenched with paint we throw the sponges we grab the sponges we drench one another

oser / ôter est jeune quelquefois quand le soleil se couche ôté ôtez-moi cette épine du doigt les belles choses nous font plaisir quand elle se voit dans la glace elle est belle Mona Lisa ête-vous belle peser petite mon petit elle a un sourire pourquoi ce sourire pourpre vous êtes belle? quand elle sourit elle ne fait pas de bruit fait des phrases pis piscine à peu après tant pis plaindre se plaindre voici un beau tableau par Léonard de Vinci s'il vous plait

MEAT & PAINT

painting of sex of each other by couple (interlude section myself bandaged head cut up the chicken stand over it on my lap between my legs matter of factly) build to amore-paint inundation close focus inward / mirror behind

this feels better
for my right hand now
it may be alright from from
or this is better is this better I get more turn or pace
why it is better I don't know but it is better than this is
try this
a fine point is dreadful
a gold point is rigid
after a couple hours

cela est certaine Lisa est-elle belle cela n'est pas certain
from certain sequences marked new york march 1964
couple painting exchange mixture figures charging thru alley aisles slipping
1. woman hacking plucking throwing the bird
2. tearing hair / painting self / falling running rocking
poissons policier polisson pollen
group 3 the fish banging smashing follow a body's flight wild pig meat slapping caressing rising falling between heaps of debris naked bodies all wash in bowls drying each other closely packed dull light banging on

j'ai mon idée de beauté se moucher il a son idée de
garbage lids hammock painted figures painted
beauté nos idées de beauté ne sont pas sûres miroir mouchoir
at water guns begin clothing stapling to floor

mouvement Lisa est-elle belle il n'a pas de mesure pour la beauté sourire de femme mouvement est-ce que la femme est belle cela n'est pas certain les plaisirs et la

NAKED MATERIALS TEARING INSTRUMENTS—POWER TOOLS CONSTRUCTION—BUILT IN PERFORMANCE: GLUE PAPERS DOWN INTO STANDING PANELS: RUB ON THEM RUBBINGS GLUING PAPERS & RUBBING: BLOOD / SEX CONCRETELY: THE CITY / THE BODY SUCKING PULLING IN GRAB HOLD

douleur sont des sensations voilà des plaisirs voici des plaisirs ensuite la balle il est au bord de la mer il est couché sur le sable il entend le bruit de la vague et il regarde la mer voilà des plaisirs il prend un bain simple simplement impresse nager plaisir

MEAT JOY (certain instructions)
The images are realized by a process which unites visual obses-
et un concombre sans encombrement encombrer concombre cul
sions and spontaneous physical action.
encombrer
The sequence developed by my partner and me will be counterthrust in their relation to actions of the other performers. We should provide a focus which brings to *extremes* the qualities of the other performers—extremes of intensity, in the range of speeds and actions—from dream frame slow motion for virtual frenzy, and in concentrated presence.

essai étable étalon le plaisir et la douleur sont des sensations
étaler le plaisir le plaisir et la douleur
The focus is *never* on the self, but on the materials, gestures & actions which involve us. Sense that we become what we see, what we touch. A certain tenderness (or empathy) is pervasive—even to the most violent actions: say, cutting, chopping, throwing chickens.

apprendez on pose le doigt sur un objet on a des sensations
on a une sensation de toucher de chaleur et de froid cet homme touche un morceau de bois avec ses doigts attirer

Series
upper torso evolutionary naked covered with dark paint
ce bois est sec ce bois est dur
smeared lower torso work pants rolled up shave legs
FEET FOCUS under curtain or plastic
3. debris pile on which I perform eye/body
les objets ne font pas plaisir
4. spreading of clothing
5. meat/ running / slapping against self & objects
6. kissing rolling couples to exhaustion
7. sewing & being costumed
8. leg choreography in debris
fleuves nous font plaisir un attrait cet attrait nous
9. sponge drench
attire cet attrait nous plait nous ne cherchons pas plus
10. running tray of objects falling involvement slow motion random juggling
loin nos desirs peuvent nous changer
11. painting wrapping then the painted ones roll together
12. blowing bubbles
13. bouncing balls
14. from the balcony lowering cloths & materials plastic
15. the love paint exchange
16. the chickens / hacking / plucking / tearing hair / painting self / rooms / falls
17. naked bodies all washed in bowls drying each other
18. banging on garbage can lids
19. crawling
20. hammock bed figures / jumping / painting at / water guns
21. the fish dance on the self / or / the nude following contours
22. performers behind plastic staccato touching
23. group under within plastic rising falling angular musculature
24. figures wrapped in plastic like presents rolling &
effréné effrénées ce regard égarer égayer égide églantier silence
jumping running
silencée à demain église mais nos désirs peuvent
25. reclining lovers the independent space
nous changer il y a certains désirs qui sont plus forts que d'autres

26. women on boards

le bébé voit le chat et il voit la balle il a le désir de prendre le chat il a le désir de jouer avec la balle lequel des deux prendra-t-il si son désir de prendre le chat est plus fort que son désir de prendre la balle il ira vers le chat il est allé prendre le chat crasser nous désirons les choses qui nous semblent bonnes les désirs ne sont pas toujours bons nous pouvons avoir les idées fausses cuir cuire cuisine cuisinier cuisse il pense à sa balle cuistrerie il donne un bon coup a sa balle dessous
FEET FOCUS
curtain slightly raised stage illuminated choreography for feet
destinée destrier désir il a le désir de jouer avec la balle
debris pile drag on from which & in which I can perform eye/body
upper torso naked covered with dark smeared paint
workpants rolled up to knees shave legs
remove the pants turn back white flesh bottom
detaper le chat de jouer lache lache si son désir de
against dark naked top wash between legs
prendre le chat doucement douce doux homme doux-amer douleur douloureux ce qui sent bon douzieme n'est pas toujours bon droit droitement drôle drôlement avoir droit duree
painting / slow / rising / painting / exchange / mixture /
quelle est la fonction du nez
rising & falling / hacking the bird / plucking the sections / then throw down

cette femme tient une fleur à la main elle sent la fleur
quelques fleurs sont parfumées elles sont bonnes d'autres fleurs n'ont pas de parfum voici des cochons quelques cochons sont sales d'autres cochons sont propres un nez énorme eh bien moi je suis ils sont mauvais il rappelle l'image de la montagne j'ai un ami le ciel est bleu
le ciel est bleu quand il fait beau quelques nuages sont gris
les hommes de son genre sa pine est belle il fait plaisir
est-ce que le soleil est jaune quelqefois le soleil se couche
oui ses lèvres sont rouges j'ai annoncé je suis préte
M. Poubelle
the focus is *never* on the self but on the materials gestures & actions which involve us sense that we become what we see what we touch a certain tenderness or empathy is pervasive even to the most violent actions cutting
le plaisir et la douleur sont des sensations silence voici
chopping throwing chickens for instance
des sensations à demain elle se lave se seche il touche avec ses doigts enrobage on trouve un trou

bring sewing things / running instructions / slow motion / random pattern / juggling slightly / whistle blows
Fixe! je suis flambé flamberge flamber flaminage
all center on Chris who still running much catch / hold on to the meat pieces
flâneur flatter flèche fleur flétan fleurir fleurissant fleurage fleurir fleuve floche floss fois

Cast

CENTRAL MAN and CENTRAL WOMAN: hold the focus, are the main energy source.

TWO LATERAL MEN and TWO LATERAL WOMEN: perform as complements/ doubles.

INDEPENDENT WOMAN: sets up a private world on her mattress at perimeter of action; she joins the others during "men lighting women under plastic."

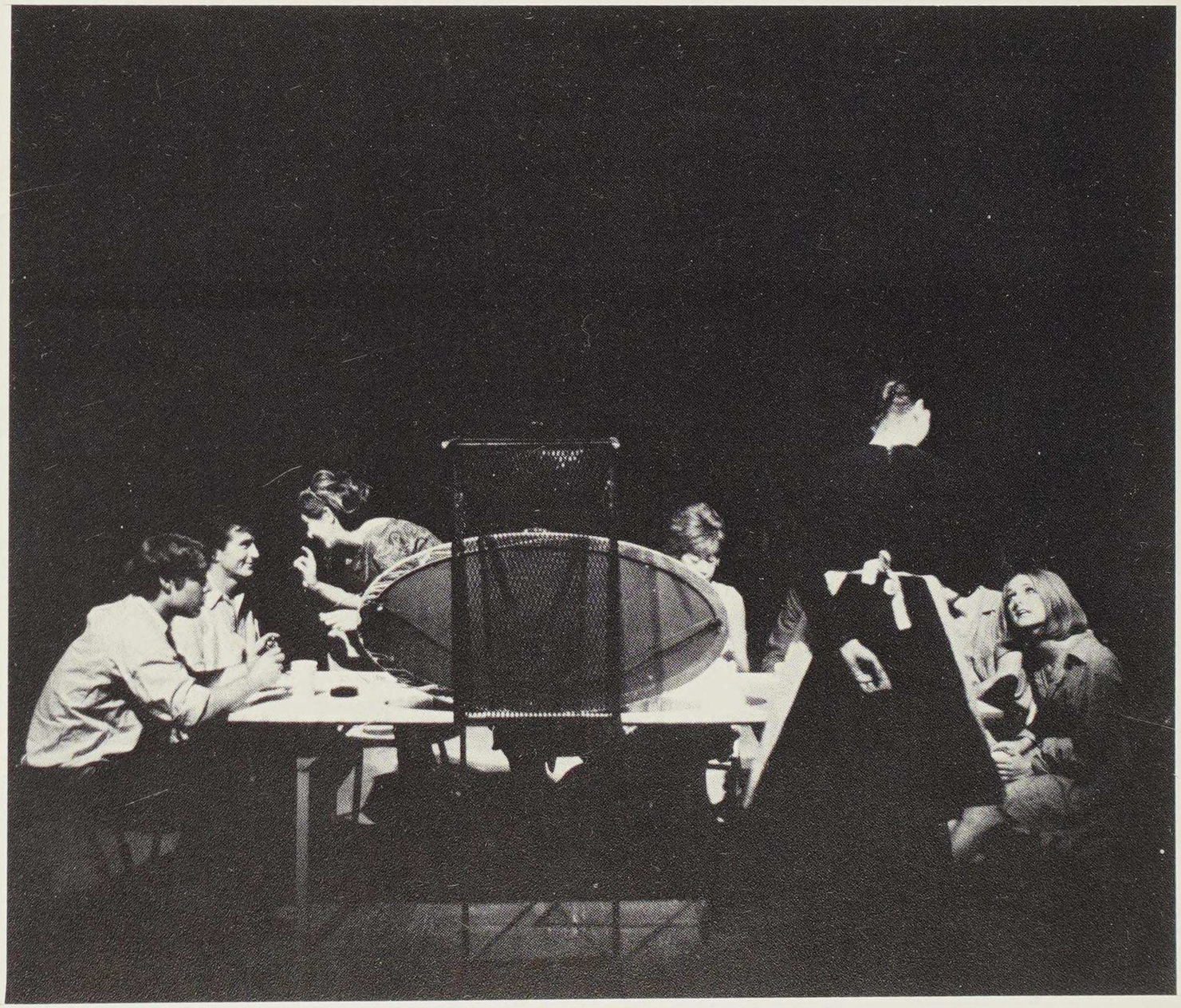
INDEPENDENT MAN: joins Independent Woman from audience.

SERVING MAID: functions throughout as a stage-manager-in-the-open, wandering in and out of the performance area to care for practical details (gathering discarded clothing, spreading plastic sheeting, distributing props, allocating fish and chickens, etc.). Her matter-of-fact actions are deceptive, since cues and coordination of material & sequences often depend upon her.

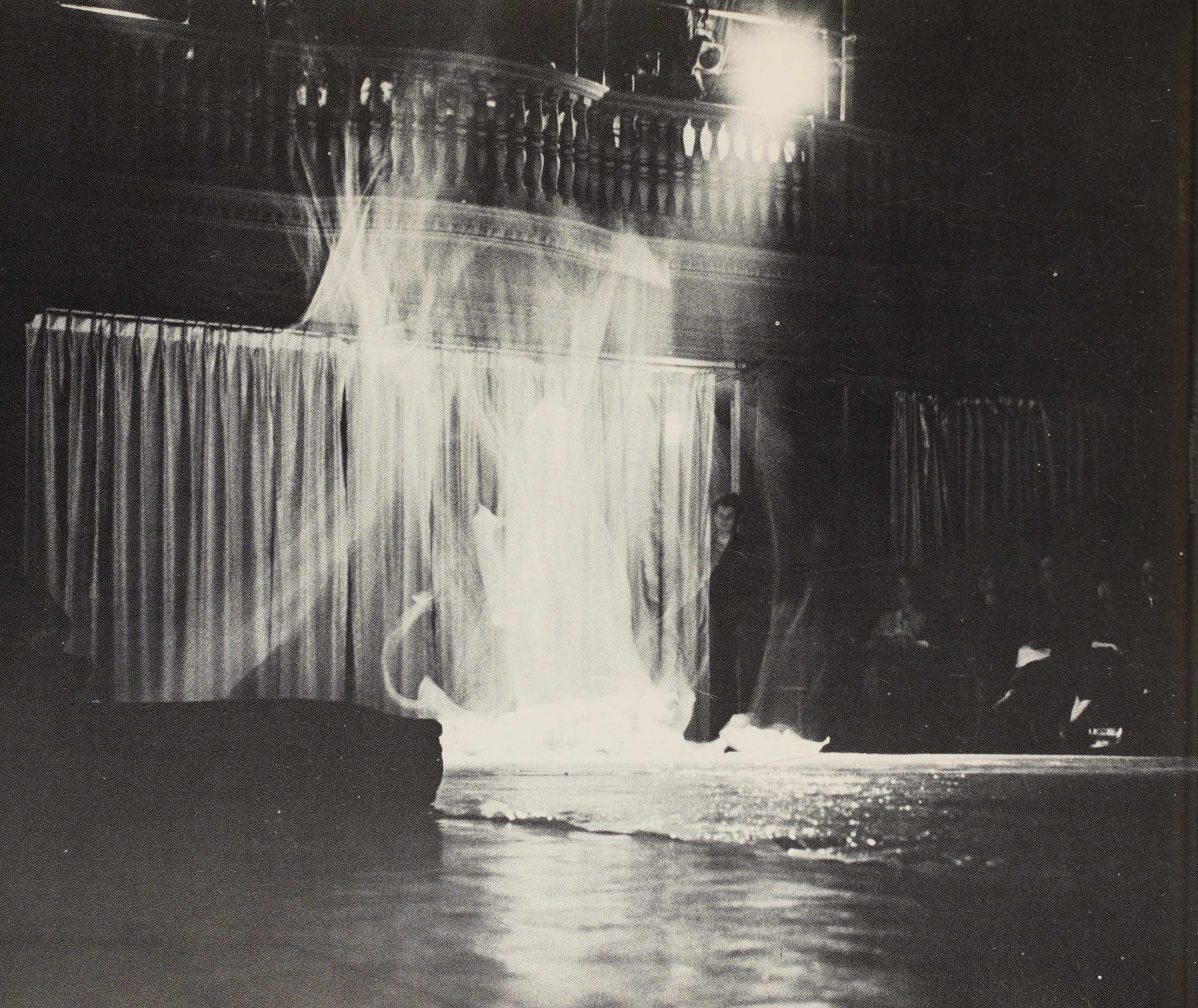
Clothing color is coordinated with lighting. Independent Man arrives dressed in street clothes over bikini pants. Other men wear work clothes over bikini pants. The women wear bikini pants and bras covered with stringy, colored feathers. Central Woman enters dressed in blouse and skirt. Independent Woman wears a kimono over a bikini covered with scrappy tiger fur.

SCORE

As the audience is seated, the performers enter carrying a long table, chairs, trays with make-up, cups, brandy, water, etc. The table is set facing the audience, close to the entrance-exit area. They wear old shirts and robes over their costumes; they face the make-up mirror, their backs to the audience. The "Notes as Prologue" tape recording continues for twenty minutes during which the performers sit casually at the table, completing their make-up, sewing last feathers on, smoking, drinking. The tape ends. The audience is restless. The table is carried away. **BLACK OUT.**



Tony Ray-Jones



Lateral Men climb to balcony. Lateral Women lie down in audience area.

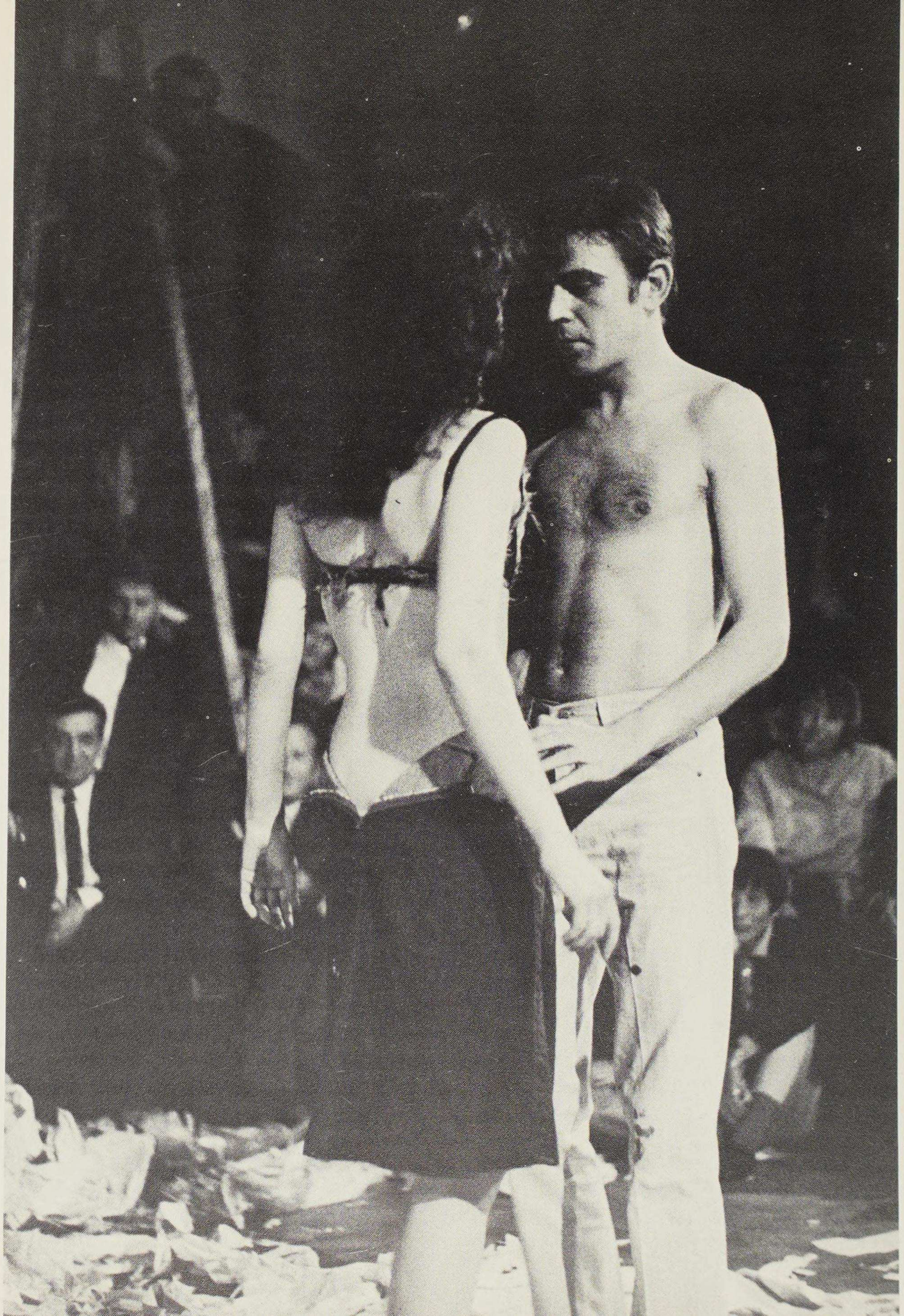
Narrow spot from balcony to floor below. Rock'n'roll Rue de Seine tape at full volume. "Blue Suede Shoes."

From the balcony Lateral Men drop crumpled lengths of paper into central spot light. Slow fall of paper mounts to crescendo making the central pyre **five feet high.** Music begins when first paper has fallen.

Low light fans into center. "Tutti Frutti" Street Sounds.

Lateral Men slide down rope from balcony, cross floor to find their partners (lying in audience area). They pull them out by their feet, lift and carry them to positions in front and to sides of central paper pile.

Central Man and Woman enter from under balcony, begin Undressing Walk—slow motion. **Soft spot, following.** She walks backward; no more than a few paces apart, their eyes on one another. Undressing occurs as a series of rhythmic exchange motions, one after the other, a pause in between. Only one hand at a time is used in a clear, sustained, slow reaching to the clothing of the other. If the action of undoing a button or pulling a skirt free takes more than a few moments, the action is left uncompleted; the other takes a turn. As they walk each article of clothing removed is dropped slowly, clearly.



Harold Chapman

Side lights to Lateral Men beginning Body Packages. The women rest on their backs where they have been carried; their arms remain free as the men slowly walk into the paper pile, select a few large sheets, and place them on the torsos of the women. Street sounds. They pile up a fat mound of paper and tuck it around the hips, some vertically up over their shoulders. "From Me to You." When the Body Package is sufficient each calls to the Serving Maid: "Rope!" A length is brought for each, and they tie the papers at the women's waists. Each man walks away, breaks into long, circling runs of approaches/feints to his Body Package.



Peter Moore

Dull amber-gold light.
Independent Woman walks in from the audience several times, bringing her mattress, tea set, pillows, books, cakes, and oranges, and sets up her space at the edge of the audience (their feet nearly in her bed).

After several feints, Lateral Men skid at top speed by Body Packages (like skidding into first base), gather the women in their arms and in unbroken motion begin Body Roll. "Baby Love." Their actions are not precisely coordinated; each pair has a particular speed and direction to their rolls (one cutting space laterally, fast; the other with short, slower rolls in eddying circles). Street sounds. If they roll into each other or the Undressing Walk or the audience, they stop, rest, shift directions.



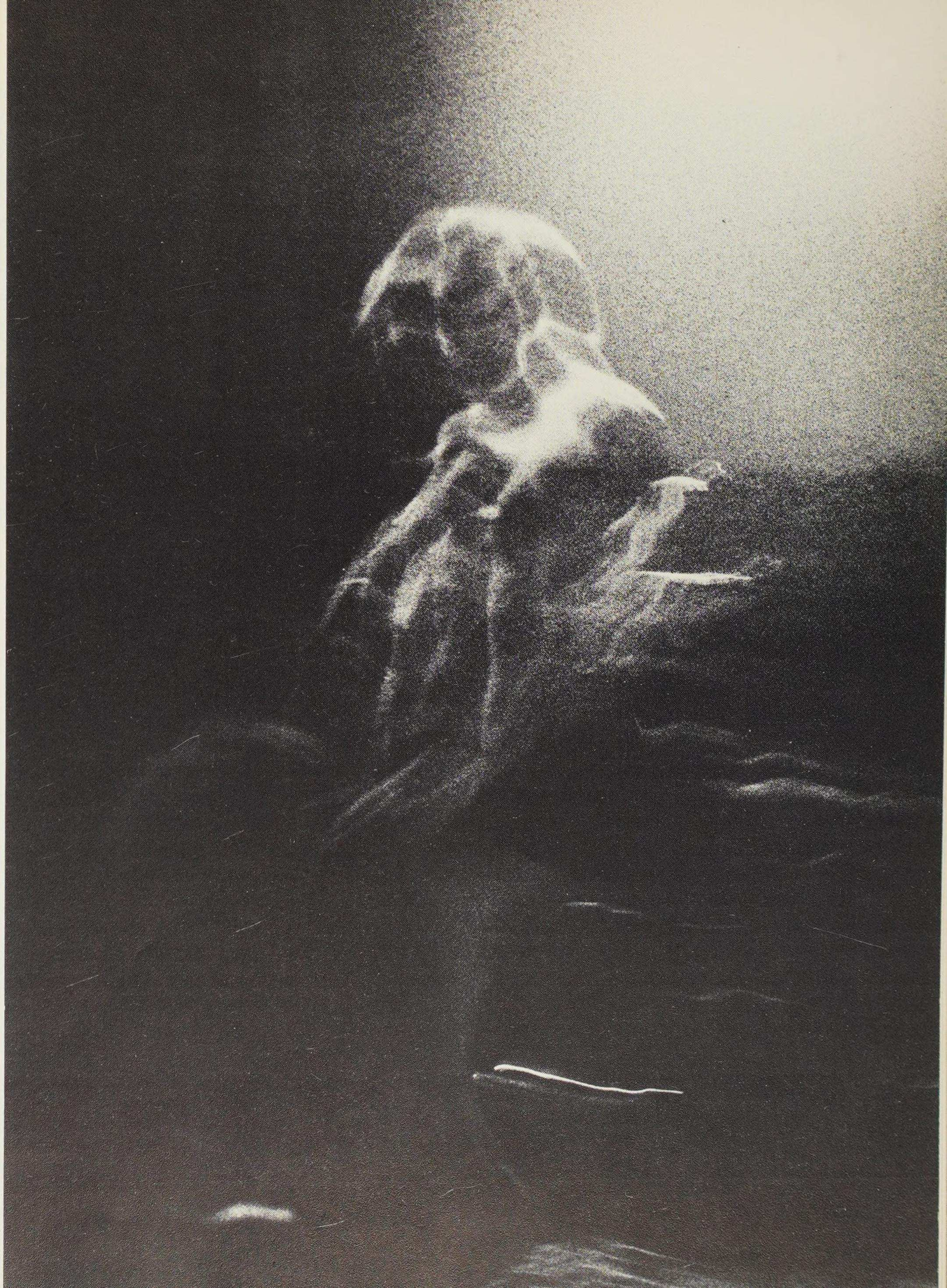
Al Giese

"Where Did Our Love Go" (Cue.) When they wish, each man stops, raises his partner to her feet. Papers flutter and spread; he adjusts the papers attentively, goes down and takes her on top of himself, begins the rolls again. Street Sounds. Or he may rise onto his knees and lift her to hers: they stretch arms out slowly and exchange slow pushes, bending back as far as the push propels them. They embrace and roll.

Central Man and Woman, now undressed, exit. **Brief BLACK OUT.**

Enter Central Woman, who hides in center paper pile completely covered. Street sounds. Serving Maid with flashlight walks about gathering discarded clothing. Independent Woman continues to eat, pour tea, shift things about her space. "That's the Way Boys Are" Central Man sits in audience on the floor opposite the pyre. Lateral Couples lie where they were at BLACK OUT, resting.

Diffuse gold light.
Lateral Men carry women forward close to the pyre. (The women are acquiescent, relaxed.) The women are placed on their backs, their legs tucked up against their chests. **Brightening light.** The men then run to and from the central pyre carrying armfuls of papers, which they drop and spread over the women. They are brisk and conscientious (and do not expose the Central Woman).



Cheney

Street sounds **Independent Man** comes from the audience; he walks slowly to the Independent Woman and speaks, asking if he may join her on the mattress. "Baby Love."

He carefully removes his jacket, shoes, and pants, and settles onto the mattress. She offers him tea and cake. They read something, talk, play a game of bouncing oranges on their stomachs and then exchanging them by bounces.

When the Lateral Women are completely covered with papers, the Lateral Men rush to the central pyre; rummaging, they find the Central Woman's feet, which they seize pulling her straight up into the air.

"From Me to You." **Raised on her hips beneath the paper, she immediately begins Leg Choreography—legs moving as if dancing upright, walking, pedaling a bicycle, etc.** Street sounds. The Lateral Men quickly pack the loose papers down around her hips to expose the legs; they run around the pile punching and hitting loose papers into the center. They return to their own partners, repeating these actions, and then crouch down to watch the three pairs of legs they have set off.

Flickering amber beam follows Central Man. Central Man comes slowly, deliberately from the audience, across floor to central pyre. He seizes moving legs of Central Woman and drags her out of the pyre, papers



Al Giese

streaming behind her. He lifts her into an Awkward Hold, moving across the floor.

Lateral Men slip off their outer pants and jump into the pile of papers; they lie flat on their backs, hips raised, buttocks touching the women's buttocks. They scoop and scatter papers over their heads and torsos until only their legs show: Leg Mixture.

Central Man comes parallel to the paint table, suddenly drops Central Woman. "Anyone Who Had A Heart," street sounds. They freeze, look at each other. She raises her arms slightly. He grasps her hands and jerks her up as high in the air as he can, taking her weight against his chest. He shakes her long and violently until they fall over onto the paint table. He has fallen on his back, she on top of him. **Soft spot light on paint table.** Very slowly she slips off him, crouching to reach under the table with one hand, and pulls out brushes and paint bowls. She rises, moves toward his head, and begins Love-Paint-Exchange. Slowly painting his face, chest, arms, thighs, sex, feet, legs, she moves around in back of the table.

"Wishin' and Hopin'." Lateral Men stand up, begin running jumps across floor and back into the pile. They then leap over the women, between short circular bursts of running. Street Sounds. The women, still with their legs in the air slowly swiveling, complicate the hurdle they make.



Al Giese

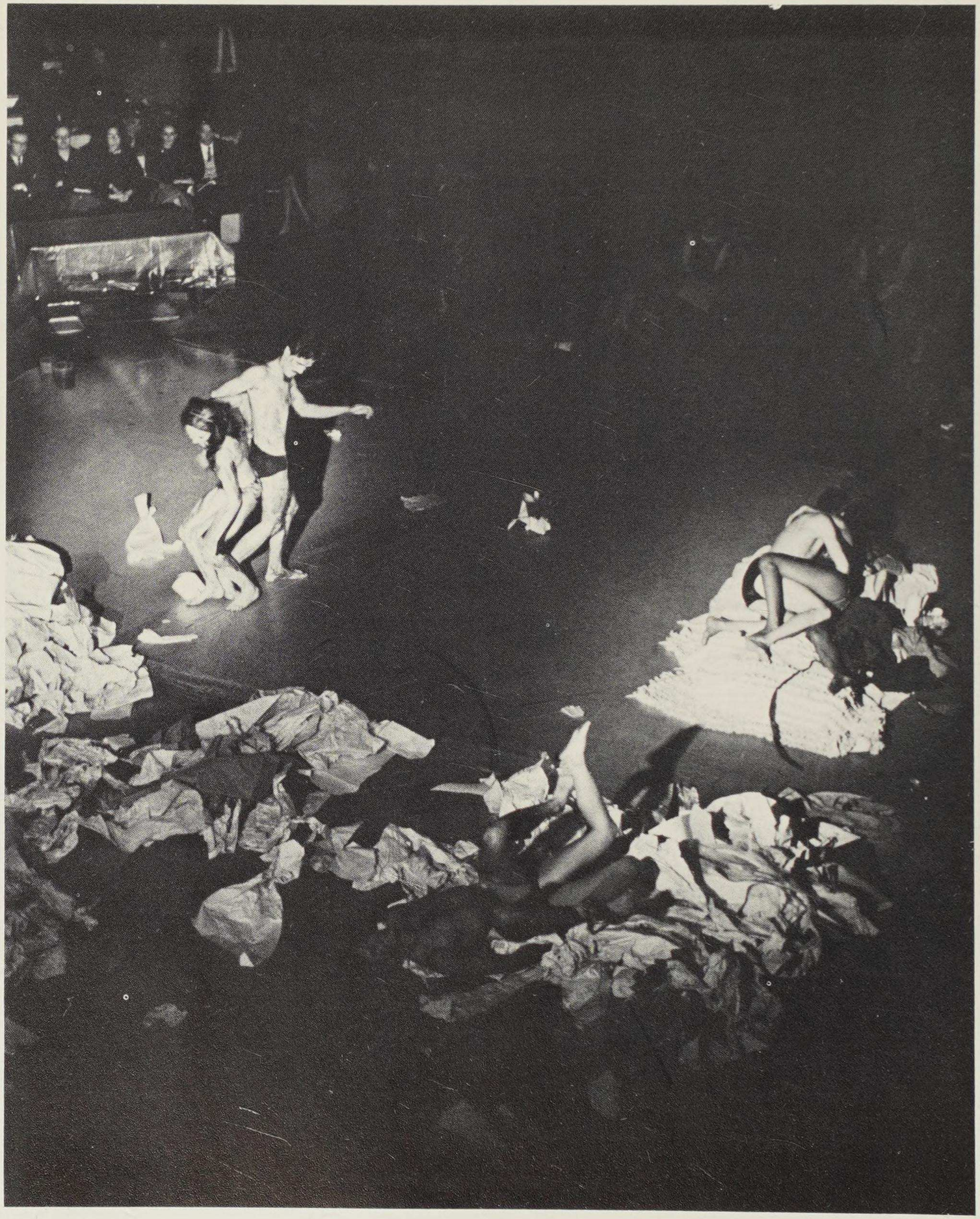


Harold Chapman

As the Central Woman comes around the table painting his legs, the Central Man sits up, reaches for the paint brush in her hand. He drops his legs over the side and begins gently painting her face; then, slowly standing, painting her body. "My Guy" She takes another brush and bowl to exchange body painting. Street Sounds. "That's the Way Boys Are." Gathering speed across the floor (where the Lateral Men still run), they drop brushes and bowls, mix wet paint on their bodies directly, surface against surface, twisting, turning, faster and faster. Exit. **BLACK OUT.**

(Lateral Couple exits. Serving Maid hands out plastic sheets to the women; flashlights attached to cords are given to the men. She then enters bringing one plastic sheet to the Independent Couple, and gathers up brushes, bowls, & clothing. Lateral Women and Central Woman enter performance area. There each covers herself with a sheet, arranging themselves into a roughly triangular formation. The Independent Couple cover themselves, remaining seated.)

Silence **Flashlights only.** The men gradually release the flashlights into widening arcs. This proceeds into very large slow patterns of movement. The lights are red and blue. The men coordinate directions and rhythms as they stalk in wide circles: faster light arcs; variations of vertical, horizontal, diagonal patterns; as high as possible, over heads of audience, as low as possible, with sudden shifts of light



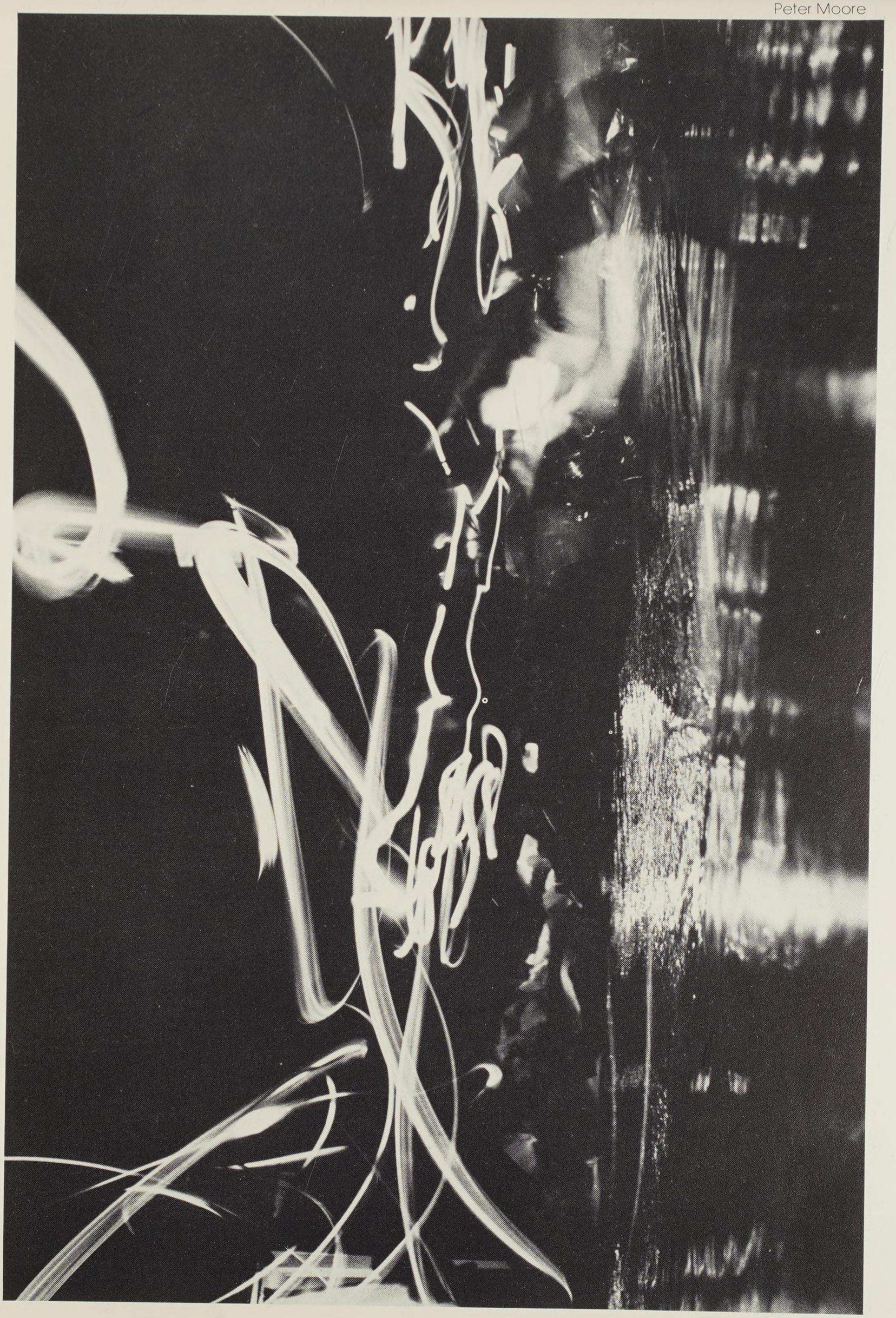
Peter Moore

Harvey Zucker





Cheney



shafts back toward the center. They come closer together—staccato light as they pull in the cords; drop quickly to their knees, fanning into Alarm (starfish) Positions. Wrist movement light. The Women begin slow, angular movements, shaping plastic with elbows, knees, feet. Independent Couple perform a variation of this together. Rustling in the dark—men move to crouch and light fragments or details of moving forms. Abruptly, back and forth. Movement subsiding as women slowly move under sheets into the center of the floor; men crawling on their stomachs, closing in, flickering lights on/off into the plastic. All figures are now grouped closely together. They lie still.

"Non Ho L'Eta." **Slow central lights.** From this pile the performers call for "Rosette"—the Intractable Rosette: a sequence of attempts to form the women into sculptural shapes which can move as a unit. Street sounds Men gather the women into a circular formation, back to back. All improvise. "Non Ho L'Eta." Street sounds. Women link arms and legs; the men may tie their legs with rope, arrange them lying down, sitting up, spread-eagled, rolled in a ball, and then try to move them as if one solid structure (star, wheel, flower, crystal). "Maybe I know" Street sounds Each time the "unit" fails and falls apart: all shout instructions, suggestions, advice, complaints. "My Guy" Street sounds. But each time the women are set and the men begin to move them, they roll apart, lose balance, fall over. The men may choose



Massal

The Tree as the final arrangement: here the men stand the women up, raise their arms and hands over their heads touching together in the center. Each man stands against the grouped women, encircling with his arms as many as he can. They all try to move as a free-wheeling circle (impossible). All fall over and lie motionless.

Full light. "Non Ho L'Eta." Serving Maid enters, carrying a huge tray of raw chickens, mackerel, strings of hot dogs. Street sounds. Slowly, extravagantly she strews fish, chickens and hot dogs all over the bodies. "My Boy Lollipop" Street sounds. Wet fish, heavy chickens, bouncing hot dogs—bodies respond sporadically; twitching, pulling back, hands reaching, touching, groans, giggles. "Where Did Our Love Go" They sit up to examine their situation. "Baby Love." Street sounds. Individual rules are evolved: slips, flops, flips, jumps, throwing and catching, drawing, falling, running, slapping, exchanging, stroking. Tenderly, then wildly. All are finally inundated with fish, chickens, hot dogs.

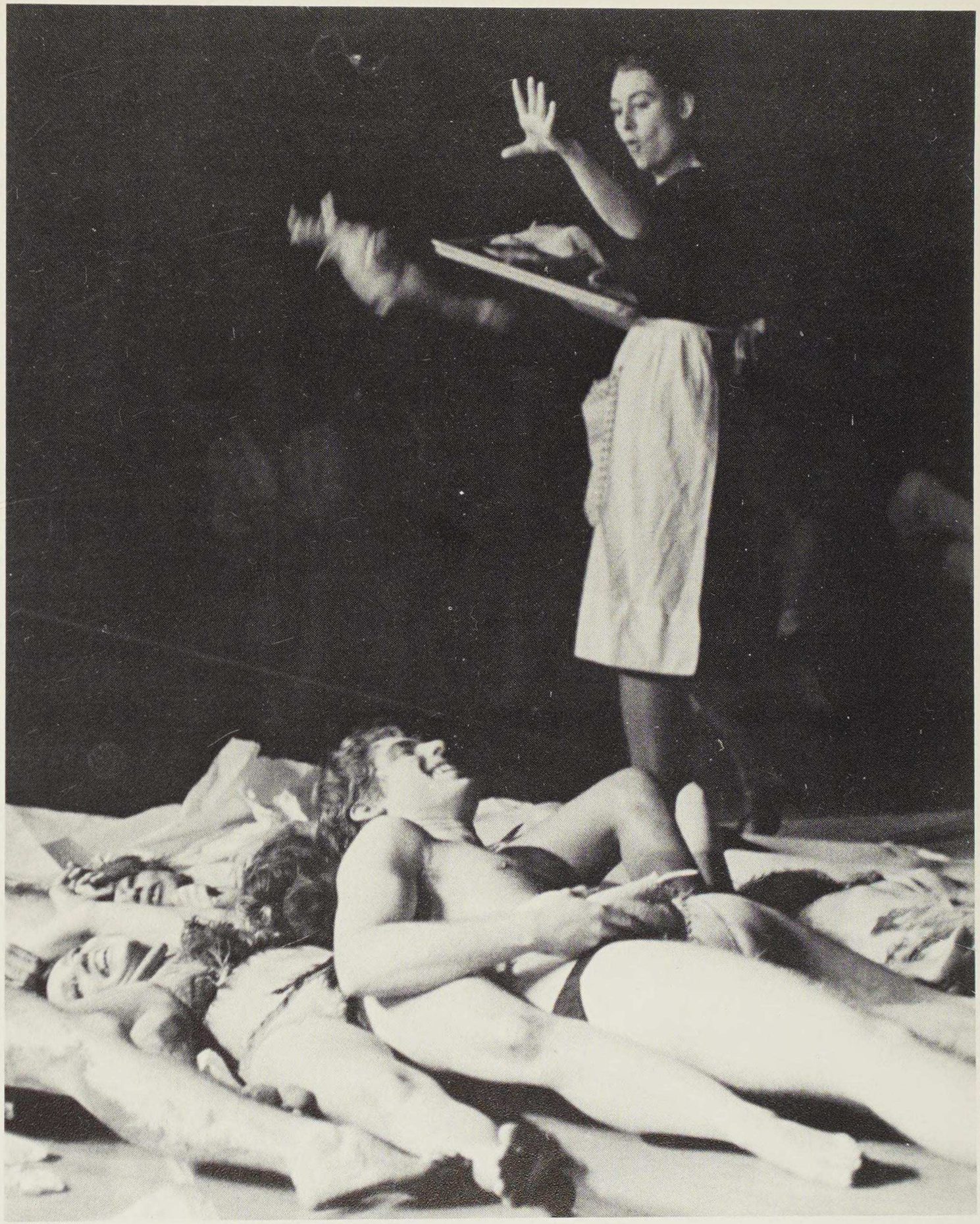
"Bread and Butter." Street sounds. A call goes out for "hats." Women again are propped in a circle, back to back. Serving Maid brings plastic scarves and hairpins. Each man makes a secure but wild hat for a woman. "Anyone Who Had a Heart." Street Sounds. A call goes out for "paint." Serving Maid hurries back with large green and orange buckets full of colored paints, brushes, sponges—these she



Al Giese

distributes among the men. "That's the Way Boys Are." Street sounds. Deliberately, with care, each man paints a brilliant linear face on a woman (in the Egyptian style). Then each man thoughtfully paints a woman's body; faster and faster, through three thousand years of techniques, they continue to cover them with paint: stroked, streaked, thrown, hurled. The women may smile amused at first. "I Only Want To Be With You." They watch the movement of the paint until finally they are yelling, howling, twisting, turning, trying to rise slipping and falling on the splattered plastic flooring. They retaliate, throwing buckets of paint over the men. Each man grabs up a woman and carries her out over the littered floor into the paper pile where everyone buries everyone else as the Central Woman yells, "Enough, enough!" **BLACK OUT.**

Time: 60-80 minutes.



Manfred Schroeder



Giese



Al Giese



Robert McElroy (also: Al Giese, Tony Ray-Jones, Charles Rotenberg, Harvey Zucker)



Al Giese

Paris Cast

Carolee Schneemann	CENTRAL WOMAN
Daniel Pommereulle	CENTRAL MAN
Danielle Auffrey	LATERAL WOMEN
Romain Denis	LATERAL MAN
Annina Nosei	LATERAL WOMAN
Claude Richard	LATERAL MAN
Rita Renoir	INDEPENDENT WOMAN
Jacques Seiler	INDEPENDENT MAN
Claudia Hutchins	SERVING MAID

New York Cast

Carolee Schneemann	CENTRAL WOMAN
James Tenney	CENTRAL MAN
Dorothea Rockburne	LATERAL WOMEN
Tom O'Donnell	LATERAL MAN
Irina Posner	LATERAL WOMAN
Robert D. Cohen	LATERAL MAN
Sandra Chew	INDEPENDENT WOMAN
Stanley Gochenouer	INDEPENDENT MAN
Ann Wilson	SERVING MAID

The Songs (Collaged)

Blue Suede Shoes	Elvis Presley
Tutti Frutti	Elvis Presley
Anyone Who Had a Heart	Dionne Warwick
From Me to You	The Beatles
That's the Way Boys Are	Lesley Gore
Non Ho L'Eta	Gigliola Cinquetti
Rigazzi	Gigliola Cinquetti
My Boy Lollipop	Millie Small
Where Did Our Love Go	The Supremes
Baby Love	The Supremes
Bread and Butter	The Newbeats
I Only Want to Be with You	Dusty Springfield
Wishin' and Hopin'	Dusty Springfield
My Guy	Mary Wells



Al Giese



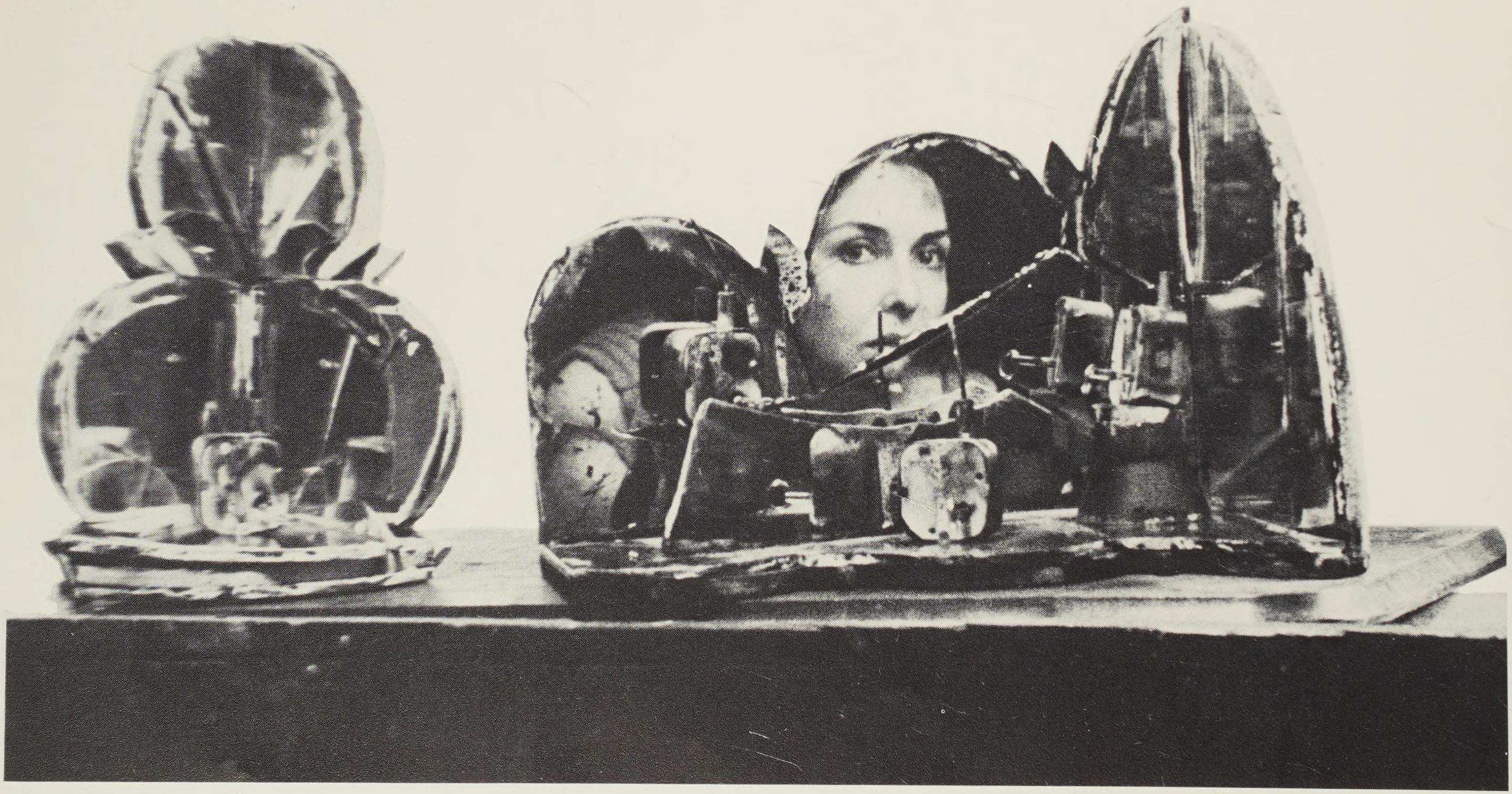
MoMA



MUSIC BOX MUSIC

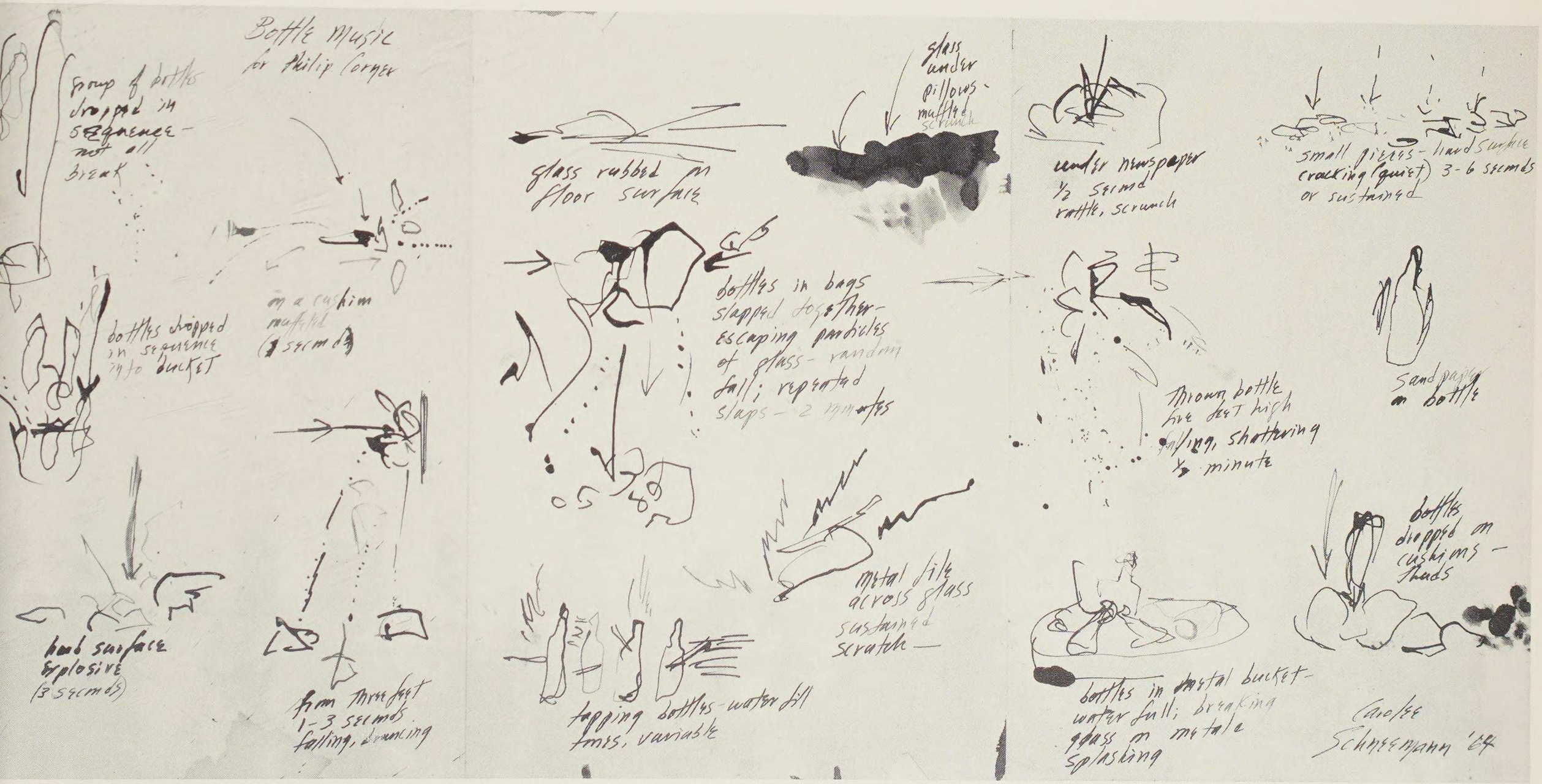
"Music Box Music" is my only portable sound sculpture: two three-sided "found" wooden forms covered with cut and smashed amber mirror glass, and holding four large wooden spools on which the music box mechanisms are set. (The housings were stripped down, wrapped in kerosene-soaked rags and set on fire. Resulting distortions to "Mary had a little lamb" and "Lullaby and good-night" were acceptable.) For a "performance" I carried the sculpture onto a stage, wound up the music boxes, and retired until the songs ran down.

April 4 1964 From Pitt St NY
April 24 1964 Tone Roads The New School NY
November 21 1965 Bridge Theater NY



Charlotte Victoria

BOTTLE MUSIC



THE QUEEN'S DOG

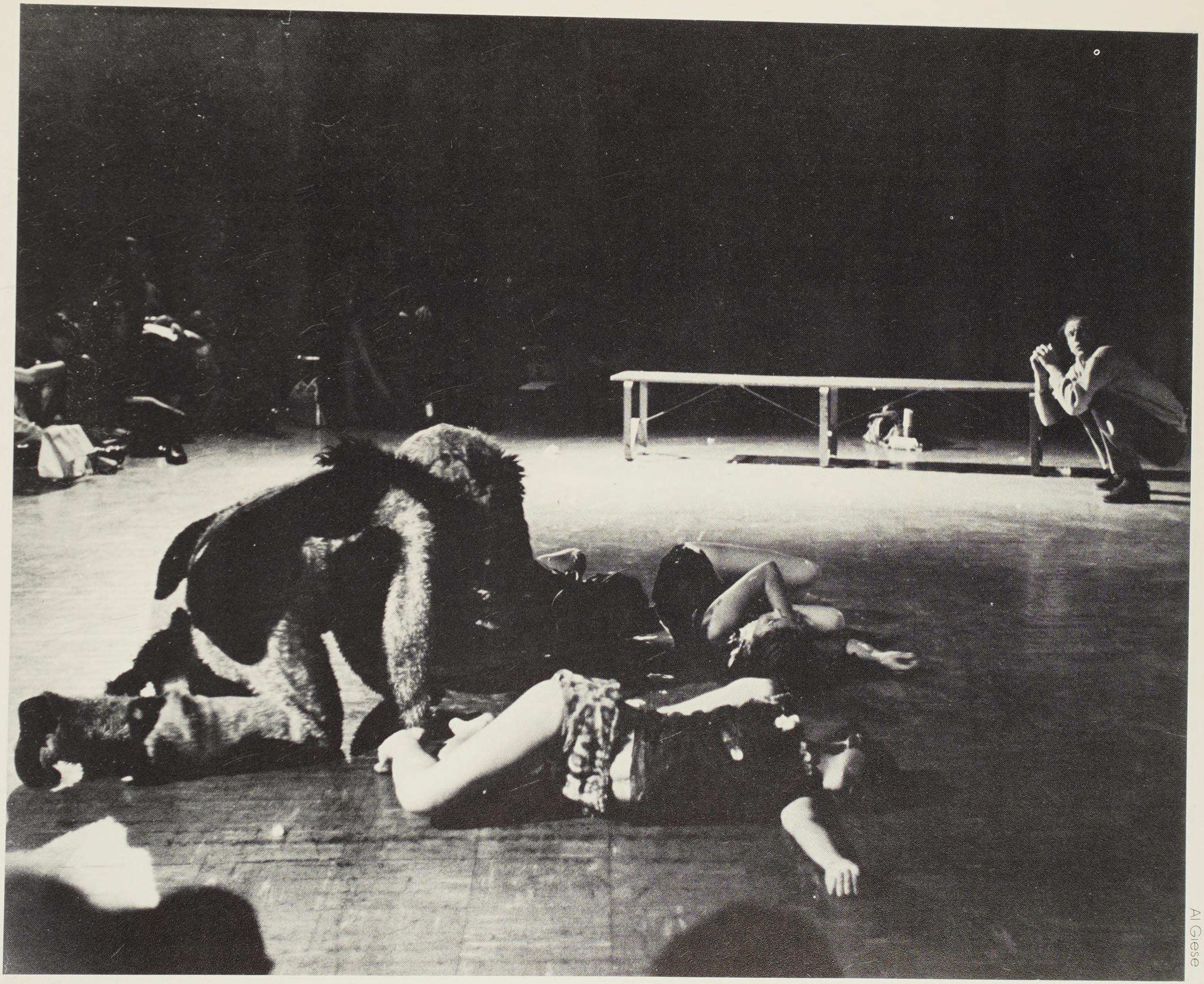
April 21 22 1965 Judson Dance Theater
NY

THE QUEEN'S DOG was a dream, transcribed directly into a drawing and notes. This drawing had a persistent implication that it be turned into a performance—to lift it off the page. All the actions were indicated in the dream; having fallen asleep to the chirr of crickets beyond the window, I later recorded that sound to surround the movement.

I asked Ken Dewey for the part of Director/Magician. He had recently returned from Europe where he had done original work merging performers, spectators and environments; he had directed his own performance troups for six years or more and now wanted to work on his own and to become more physically involved with movement. We thought **THE QUEEN'S DOG** movements would be quite direct and immediate; but Ken's personality and conception of the part altered it completely. I saw the Dog as the wandering, free libido of a robust, typically masculine "impressario" (with emphasis on "impress"); but Ken felt a separation and antagonism between the erotic context, the Director's actions, and the Dog as cohort and accomplice. Also, Ken was unwilling to produce howls and growls after foaming (forming) the three women, and he began to regard the Dog's actions with open hostility! Despite the instructions to the performers my original intentions were shifted in the collaboration.

SCORE

The director/magician sets up a bench and brings to it spray cans of yellow foam. He goes out of view and returns to the bench dragging the first woman, who remains upright. During the dragging and foaming the women are stiff but maleable. He applies foam to all concave body surfaces—methodically, concentratedly. Places the first woman on the floor, goes and brings on the next. Each time a woman is foamed and placed on the floor, the director growls and raises his arms over his head. Two women are foamed and piled together on the floor. They begin to rub and slide foamy areas of their bodies against one another. The director foams a third woman. A man in a dog suit crawls over to pile of women...begins to lick and paw at foam on them. Last foamed woman resists being put into pile and rubs, pushes on director.....Slowly the other women move onto, over the director....they push him down, cover him with foam (grunting, groaning, growling). The dog moves easily among them, taking pats and licks at will.



Al Giese

from an interview
with Philip Drummond London 1972

Sometimes, no doubt, your audience can't cope with the unexpected kind of freedom you allow them. What kind of responsibility does that place on you?

There are always special probabilities to take into consideration—they change from place to place (from country to country), they change within differing time spans. What I learn from an audience is also unexpected. The first time I did an event which was to be turned over to the audience it became a disaster. Allan Kaprow asked me to "direct" an event for audience called **Push and Pull** as part of Charlotte Moorman's Avant-Garde Festival (at Judson Hall), following an intermission after a John Cage piece. I requested the audience to use a forty minute break by going out to 57th St. to bring back soft materials with which to construct an environment of two rooms. The artists at the festival erected two three-sided rooms with windows cut in them while the audience was away. The next thing I knew someone was running up the back stairs yelling "There's three paddywagons out front and forty police coming up through the box-office." The audience had gone on a rampage, dragging trash cans from alleys, pulling hubcaps off cars, tearing at neon signs. To give people permission to do something we considered inventive and constructive was for them the freedom to attack the ordinary fixtures of their culture. They streamed back past the police—with whom we were negotiating a truce—with all this crud, and there weren't ten out of eighty able to cooperate on building anything at all. Or, if two people started to put materials together in some shape, five others would kick, slam, chop, tear it apart. There was one rather old woman in a yellow linen suit balanced on broken two-by-fours, just banging away with pots and pans and bits of debris. The artists were in terror. All the wild avant-gardists were huddling behind the stage wondering how to stop it. I finally had to black out the hall.

But isn't that how it should be? Or is at least bound to be, if you genuinely invoke a spirit of freedom and a certain kind of anarchy?

That sort of license wasn't my intention or expectation. What I realized I had to do was to find ways to sensitize people so that contact with each other, with environmental materials, was not an aggression but an extension of a sensitive, relational self. That meant I had to construct situations which they could destroy but that the destruction would be experienced in terms of primary feelings and an awareness of them. I began to consider the effects of sound, lights, the physical sensations of a space; what sort of tactile materials would induce physical interactions so that space would be examined as an extention of our own physical nature rather than a challenge or affront to it.

kaprow's
⊿PUSH AND PULL

3RD ANNUAL NEW YORK
AVANT GARDE FESTIVAL

JUDSON HALL (165 w 57 st)
AUG 25 - SEPT 11 1965

AUG 25 - PAIK action music

AUG 26 - ALL SATIE program

AUG 27 - ELECTRONIC music

AUG 28 - DANCE evening

AUG 29 - ENSEMBLE concert

AUG 31 - FILM night

SEPT 2 - POETRY program

SEPT 3 - JAZZ concert

SEPT 7 - CAGE "Theater Pièce"
KAPROW participation happening

SEPT 8 - HIGGINS choreographic theater
CAGE "Theater Piece"

SEPT 9 - CORNER compositions
KOSUGI events
CAGE "Theater Piece"

SEPT 10 - MAC LOW play
CAGE "Theater Piece"

SEPT 11 - HANSEN time-space drama
CAGE "Theater Piece"

"Theater Piece" performed by
corner · hansen · harris · kaprow
kosugi · moorman · paik · tenney

performances at 8:30 · tickets 99¢
& 1.99 · series 8.00 & 15.00 · on
sale at hall · mail orders: c moorman
judson hall · 165 w 57 st nyc

NOISE BODIES⊿

Week of Avant Garde Festival...Friday August 27th: electronic music concert, Jim's "Phases." Went up at 2 p.m., tangled pile of my clattering "costumes" for "Noise Bodies"; setting up for rehearsal, chaos—everyone running around, carting cables, testing amplifiers, speakers, dancers practicing...hollering for quiet. Good rehearsal; simple, clear shape of piece carries directly; but Jim resisting re-formation, definition of sequences. Helping Charlotte and Philip.

Saturday August 28th: heat blasted city; Jim practicing Ives songs. To Judson Hall 4:30 with last minute supplies. Beverly Schmidt and I go over lighting for our pieces. **Noise Bodies** so uncomplicated—just Jim & me—own body sound system. Crazy dressing each other in all the metal parts; hooking on the refrigerator tubes, ice trays, carburator vents around our legs...balancing the noise squeakers, flashlights, tea pot top "breasts"...Joe Jones rushes into lounge says Judith Dunn is sick and no sign of Lucinda! Beverly's "Interiors," and we're on! Moving in the black out, slowly the indefinable clanking, stacatto percussion of the metal costumes as we walk the length of the darkened hall...audience an intense mass, heat of them, silence...the two spots flash on—the audience roars. We begin to touch and "play" the sound of our "debris bodies." Furious, cacophonous exit totally concentrated on pitch and timbre of our strikes, moving fast through tripods, crouching photographers—applause over our din. Meredith, Yoko, Malcolm and Elaine useful comments, approval. We recruit Yvonne from the audience to do version of her "Satie" while we're taking off our debris. See the McDowell-Waring "Lecture-Demonstration" which is droll.

Sunday August 29th: Back to Judson Hall for the "Ensemble Concert"; Charlotte in usual frantic last minute preparations; ticket collector disappeared, singers and musicians warming up in barnyard chorus of polyphonic squeals, scales, tunings, runs, chords, screeches...Jim's "For Two Gently" by Charlotte and Paik....

Tuesday September 7th: Kaprow-Cage program. I direct "Push and Pull"....

Wednesday September 8th: First call from Paik—CONCERTS ARE CANCELLED! Shock & confusion, anger moves to a sort of relief—we'll be free of the mad, relentless work. But feel I have to act, am directly responsible. Alison calls: "do nothing"; possibility of a suit for damage to hall. Higgins speaks to me, says "keep your name out of it." Charlotte calls—says, "don't go to loft, stay in Jim's apartment, let him answer the phone"; she is with lawyers and managers of Judson Hall....

Actions performed on floor level

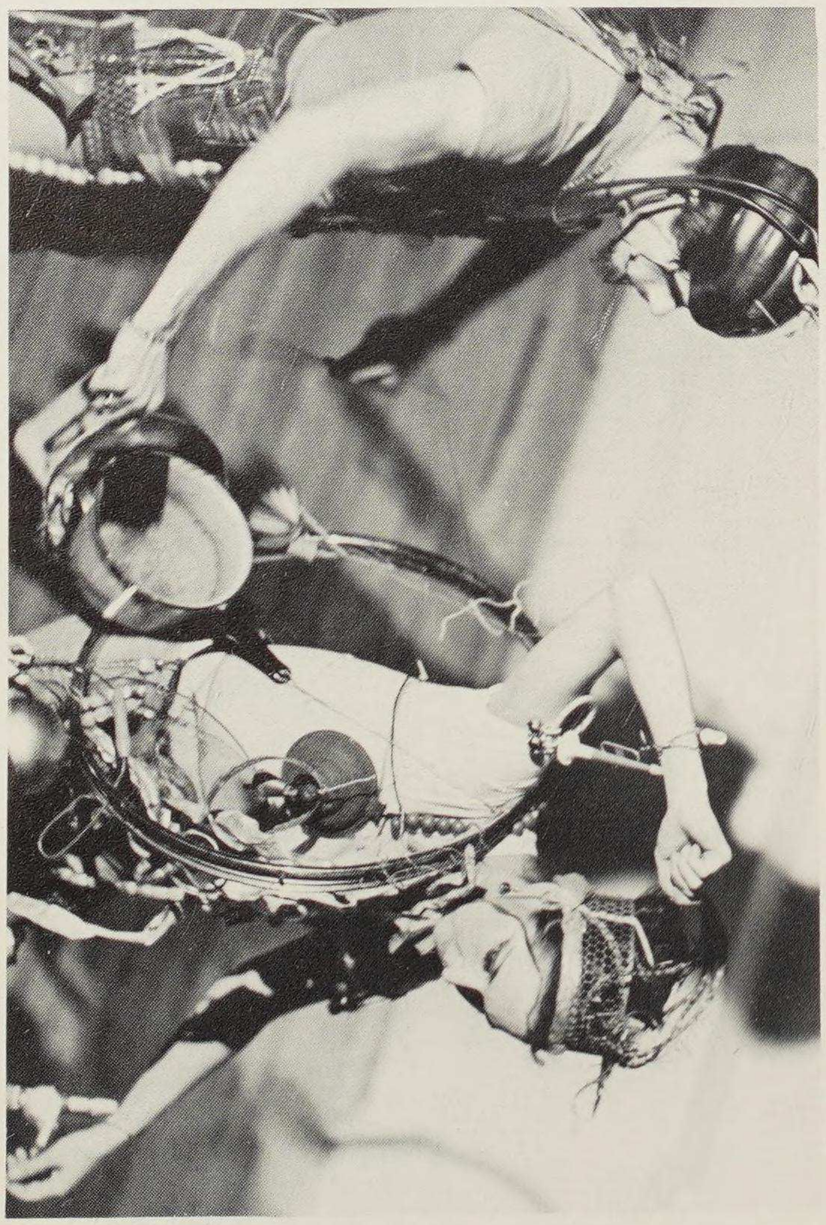
1. bodies completely costumed in sound making debris; penlights and squeekers on both of us.
2. in the dark we circle the space, lighting ourselves briefly (like fireflies); sporadic noises of the metal and squeekers.
3. slowly move towards each other in the dark, beginning very rapid (staccato) lighting of the debris.
4. circling about six feet apart; a spotlight goes on in the center between us.
5. keeping eye contact we each pull out a gear cable from the assembled costume parts (from an old car, they look like wands); constant circling of one another.
6. slowly reach out and begin to play each other, first very lightly striking the bells, then striking the tin cans; circling each other more quickly in rapid exchange of strokes; increasingly cacophonous: metal pieces clang and crash together as the speed quickens (percussive, rhythmic).
7. a spotlight suddenly illuminates a large suspended metal wheel (bicycle rim) of "junk"; we begin to interpose strokes on the hanging wheel between strokes on each other.
8. one lifts the wheel down and begins to spin it as the other is striking debris on the wheel; the wheel is thrown in the air, caught by the other, and amidst a crescendo of shattering noise and strokes we exit.

Charlotte Victoria

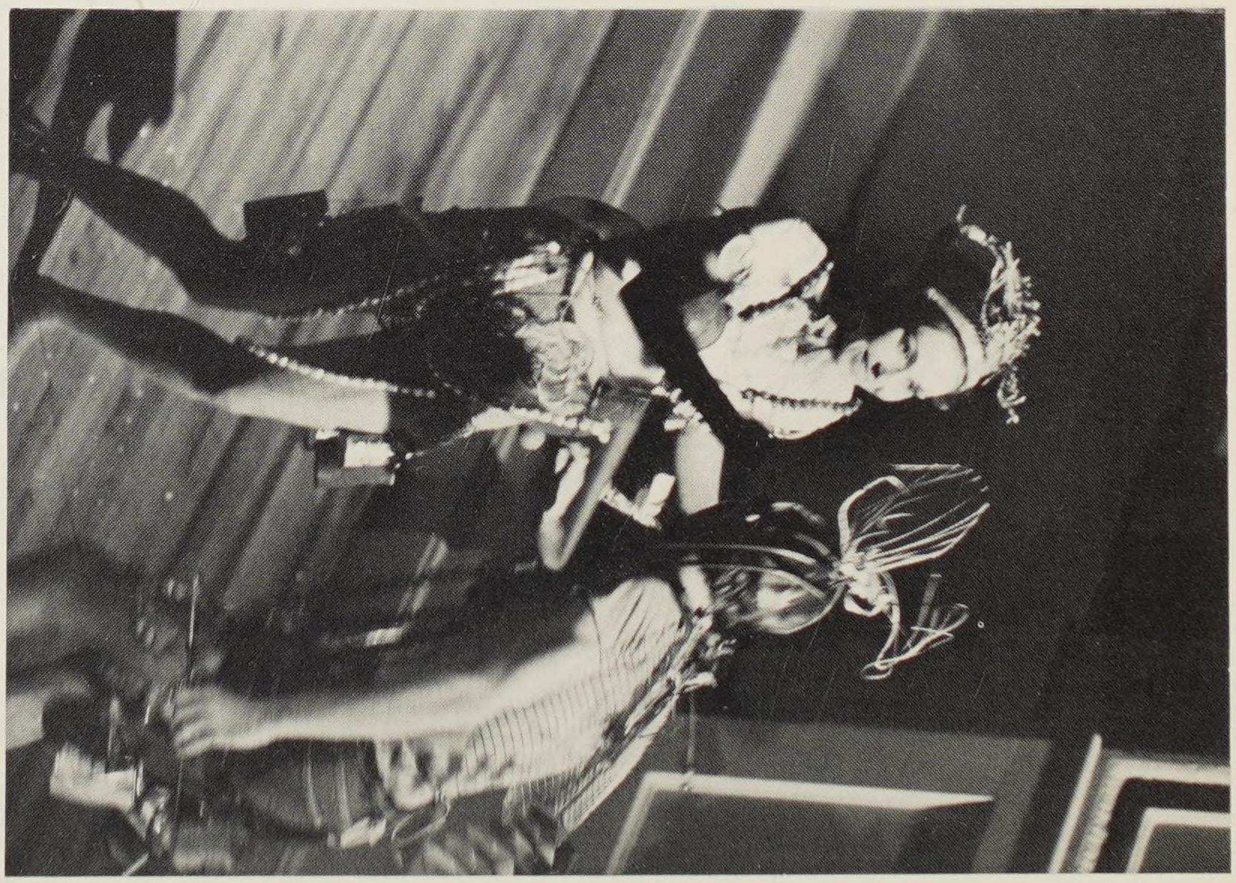


Charlotte Victoria





Peter Moore



Peter Moore



Alec Sobelewski