

I want to give my eye a rest that man will never forget.

↓ the life of him — get.

I

I want

I want to

I want to give

I want to give my

I want to give my eye

I want to give my eye a

I want to give my eye a rest

I want to give my eye a rest that

I want to give my eye a rest that man

I want to give my eye a rest that man
will

I want to give my eye a rest that man
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ACCUMULATION WITH TALKING PLUS WATERMOTOR, 1979

THE FOLLOWING TRANSCRIPT IS FROM A PERFORMANCE of *Accumulation with talking plus Watermotor* at Maison de la Culture de Woluwe in Brussels on November 1, 1979. I annotated lengths of silences between words by the number of seconds, and the circled numbers represent minutes of actual performance. The entire dance was twelve minutes and fifty-four seconds long.

.11 the first time 9 I performed this dance 20
it was four and a half minutes long 9 to the Grateful Dead's 5
Uncle John's Band ① 16 the next time 4 1/2 I performed this dance 8
it was fifty five minutes long 6 and in silence 33 ②
following that 24 I began talking while doing
this dance 5 as a lecture form 13 ③ I found that 3 I liked the fact
that I could not keep track of my dancing while talking 4 and vice versa 4
I am not 2 however 2 quite so sure about that tonight 53 ④
in that first lecture 4 in Paris 4 I said 4 that
my father died 2 in between the making 2 of this move 2 and that move 4 I was
amazed 5 that ⑤ my body had stored a memory in a movement pattern 49
in Boston a member of my ⑥ audience 6
told me 4 that this dance 2 reminded him 2 of a cat 2 1/2 drinking milk 2 in a
rural district 20 it was 3 at that moment 6 that I
realized 4 just how vast 3 are the liberties 2 with which 2 my audience takes
my ⑦ work 13 as time would have it 7 the doing of this dance
became less difficult 4 flat 4 and I set about 3 looking for 3 another
element 21 ⑧ in New York 45
that paragon of verbal activity ⑨ 6 I attempted telling two
stories at once 13 woops 11 this has happened before 5 it
is called losing one's place 17 there 4 1/2 found it 7 ⑩ A 3
Mr. Preble called from Aberdeen B Corky met me at the airport and on the way
into town A asked me if I would accept the distinguished alumnus award at my
High School B forewarned me that I might not have an audience 4 at my
lecture 3 A I accepted 4 B on the contrary 4 1/2 the house was filled to
overflowing A I asked my friends what can I say to these graduating seniors B
4 I came out and began this dance A two people said tell them to join ⑪
the Navy B 6 following that performance 3 a noted art historian 5 A I
decided to do this dance B 16 told me that most of the moves in
this dance occur on the right hand side of my body 4 and that an event like
this generally precedes an era of great chaos 5 A 15 ⑫ my problem
was I did not want to receive an award in my bare feet 7 and so 5 I
did this dance in four inch wedgies 22

Accumulation with talking plus Watermotor is the performance of two dances and the telling of two stories at once. I shift back and forth between these four elements according to impulse in performance. I never stop dancing. I do stop talking. The one dance, *Accumulation*, is stationary and consists of the methodical build-up of carefully chosen gestures. I begin with one gesture, repeat it about six times, add gesture 2 to 1 and repeat them about (*Watermotor* would cut in here) six times, add 3 to 2 and 1, et cetera. *Accumulation* had its own life as a dance prior to *Talking* and it was monumental in its simplicity. *Watermotor*, on the other hand, is the most reckless, ricocheting, high-driving piece of never-ending now you see it now you what is going on, although precise and sometimes poignant dance to date. It is erratic, emotional, unpredictable, and the opposite of *Accumulation*. Soon after doubling the stories, I knew I had to double the dancing to balance things. *Watermotor* was the inevitable inclusion. It was sitting there, new, only five performances on its own and those back-to-back with *Accumulation*.

The procedure for organizing the movement, accumulating, permeated the structure and changed it. The first addition was *Talking*. *Talking* while dancing is a ventilation system for my mind. It is explicit expression in a field of muted abstraction, a format in which to assemble some of the peculiarities of my experience.

Initially, the houselights were turned on so that I could see my audience, and I said whatever came to mind following a pause in which I asked myself, do you really want to say this. The audience and I were informed at approximately the same moment of the verbal content of the piece. I talked about what I saw, felt, thought, about them, about me, about dancing, and about making this dance. It was an experiment. If a muscle could talk, what would it say. Possibilities were strewn all over the place. A turn of the head provides a momentary view offstage then the gesture turns forward again to the audience. And there it is, a nest of memories of stage-right views from Rome to Boston and from 1972 to the present. Sometimes I mention what I see or what I remember of other sights or cancel the impetus altogether only to find it irresistible on the next revolution. Always there are two or three company members backstage holding me in calm eyes, waiting to see if I'm going to go off the deep end this time, take a new tack, or perhaps, as I've often feared, just unravel. I take their presence as an emphatic endorsement of my work and a demand for ever greater articulation of mind and body. In other words, I have two audiences, one innocent and in front of me and the other just over my shoulder and not to be taken in by last week's winsome line. Around Tokyo, 1976, the houselights were turned off, by accident, and I liked it. I liked the isolation; working in a cup of light in the theatrical void from the inside out.

In each performance, there are gaps of silence, times when I am taking inventory of my project. The silence suspends my intentions while the audience continues with theirs. I re-enter, claim the narrative, carry it for a distance, then drop out again, probably silenced by a flurry of actions or the ring of an enigmatic verb. With the addition of the second story (after ten minutes on the transcript), my mind spreads out to encompass all four elements, the dance whirs, details and nuance compound. The end comes at me, I race, we meet.

Quadrilemma creates an overload which subverts or re-invents the selection process. The form is imposed by the difficulty of the task and mediated by the pluck of the performer.