Dance-text

Start in factory:

Stretch, movements close to the floor. Mic next to ball.

The actresses light the tree and lie under a big blanket. The one with the brown bushy hair may be slightly retarded or does she have a speech impediment or a light sexy cerebral palsy? The actor hovers with his friendly, reddish bulk. And unlike your language, which moves you further away from the bodies you want to touch with yours.

Stand up, pick up ball, little run to the next station.

At the lobby: Crawl, like a bear push ball with head, on back, lie breathing with the ball kick legs in the air, fetal position. Up. Constructivist geometric motion to stand. Hold up ball. Project. Music, Stefan can play with voice, but not too much. By projector:

Now the 20th century is empty. It lies there like a large, dead, cold seashell. I pick it up and hold it to my ear what do I hear?.. Old man walk, sing (mic): Alone in the apartment she draws circles with her fingers over her face in the mirror. Snake movement. mic: Spirits work to make small holes in the body to escape. Give you bad breath. Up, hold ball triumphant: She throws her paintings and clothes off the balcony. Ball down:: Low hovering movement: She spawns little slimy replicas of herself allover, in the vases, glasses and dust. (hard S's) Elevator go to floor 1 A Lie down. Up. Face wall make a little shake, push back with hands, pick up ball go back, spinning ball. Walk backwards spinning ball. Spirits live in bodies that have been locked or frozen. Bottles on the sea floor; exercise balls, shells.

Then back down: Stand with legs akimbo leaning on elevator wall. *The actresses' language bring them closer and closer until their bodies are touching.* It is almost like a manifestation against a certain *convinced alienation. It is the loosening of tongues and screwes. A steady engine of voices, humming, purring, clicking; like the sound of gambling, dice shaken, cards shuffled, bic lighters, bottle-caps ...* Make side to side ball roll movement. *Ladies, if you are on your moon day and cannot do an inversion.. Position with ball.* Sing wiener waltz : Black as Mud with soft movements and light delay.

Drop ball, hands out in clownish exasperation. All my deepest pleasures are so tiny, shallow and dumb. Sparks. Traipsing around in the dark, attached to the body of a man. Destruction is social. You tubing! Silvery the Fear, Putrid the Hope. No hope, No fear! Kick ball.

Get in eleveator

Upstairs.

Back down:

When elevator doors open sit on ball and do the gyrating core.

Roll out of elevator.

Fold down into collapse. Stand up, lean forward, shout: *I did what I had to do; I took off my shoe, and threw it at you!*

Ball alignment

Zombie dance:

Light Show.

Take a strangers arm as you light lanterns and say:

On the island we would fall asleep in a heavy, heady way and wake up anxious at around 3 am. Then pull ourselves out of the bad feeling and smoke cigarettes on the terrace or watch an old comedy until sleep came over our backs again. Wake up at 10 with room in our hearts. Get to bench. Josef:

Song in hebrew

Move around couch area, bear movement, slow stretches. Crab.

Kantstrasse

Chocolate sits flume specked thick behind the

throat's pocket,

She shows me a typical book in the Antiquarian's

window:

The Composers and Their Sicknesses

Volume I.

Ah! I struggle against the winds of change.

What should they want from me?

How the greatness of music howls

And forces me out.

We have arrived in Vienna.

All this has to be cleared away, cleaned up and destroyed. She never asks any man to use condom when she goes out. It all has to be destroyed.

(Leigh is cooking a roast lamb full of fresh blood and we drink Loire wine with a tan color.(Brain deadness. It is very cold outside.) A memory from the night before: my bare arm held snugly by one in a wool coat, much bigger than mine. Continue. Is this image an expression of the poverty of my emotional imagination? Or a single nerve spasm from the burnt out electrodes of my chemical hangover.)