

iteration 1.

(solo)

(for what is my work now but a series of objects and lettres)

Im sitting in a chair

i pop a die into my mouth and

spit it across the floor

i stand up and push my chair away

and walk to the die

it reads 4 (general)

i shout "1 2 3 4 ! "

i fall on the ground

and begin the dying/saving score

i conclude by saying

" this movement did not mean anything i came up with it whenever late wednesday night early thursday morning it is what it is "

iteration 2.

Chili by Lafawndah starts playing

" this piece is called this is how i dance "

"this is how i dance because i don't know how to dance"

i bite an apple and put it on the table

"this is how i dance when i go to sleep"

i lay down and fold my arms

"this is how i dance when i wake up"

get up

"this is how i dance when there's music playing"

i stand still

"this is how i dance when there's no music playing"

two step

"this is how i dance when there's no music playing"

i stand still again

"this is how i dance when there's music playing"

i dance

Iteration 3: , today im beginning the opposite way

i go over to the computer and put techno music on

i go out into the middle of the room

i am looking straight ahead of me

i stand for a long time like that

begin small gesture phrase

i fall asleep

i wake back up

i start jumping
im out of control

iteration 4 again:

i go over to the computer and put techno music on
i go out into the middle of the room
i lay down
the beat is thumping umping umping umping
i begin telling the futility poem
the two states that i move through are laying down and jumping as high as i can
some pattern decides the transitions between states
starting with longer durations in each and concluding with impossible small transition time
up down up down up down up down updown updown
updownupdownupdownupdnhonuopdnwudopwondduodwopdndpodnpodpdopodnpdoodd

the futility poem:

can i help you? i think i could but im late for class, im sorry maybe tomorrow, i could help you
well i guess i could stop right now but im not im keeping walking because i think about helping
and all it does is make me feel like i am in fact not doing anything at all.

iteration 5 : "im giving up"

i sit down
whoever im sitting across from i make eye contact with
"is it alright if i look at you for the next three minutes?"
if they say yes
i hold their eyes the whole time
i spend three minutes slowly walking towards them
bushel hyde is playing

iteration 6 :

" what color are you ? "

i put down a piece of large white paper
Music for 18 musicians by Steve Reich starts playing
i set up a timer
i start with the person opposite me
i say
"what color are you and why?"
i continue this way around the circle until in the end i have a snapshot escence
of the room in color

iteration 7 :

remains to be seen