



*rosemary hanna  
myron molsdrecht*

*Swish hall  
April 29 & 30  
8pm*

# LAST YEAR'S SHOW

## HOW DO WE KEEP ON DANCING?

CRANE & CROCODILE'S SISYPHEAN ATTEMPT TO PICK UP THE PIECES

**dance+ text**

*rosemary hannon*

*&*

*miriam wolodarski*

**lights**

*del medoff*

**music**

tchaikovsky, duke ellington, queen,

the books, basiani ensemble, pauline oliveiros

additional text mick mouse and luand por sumedho

*video/audio editing*

*miriam wolodarski*

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## **HOW DO WE KEEP ON DANCING?**

1. put on a show
2. deal with reality as it is
3. shake it off
4. rely on formality
5. practice dying
6. drink coffee
7. skate on thin ice

We made a piece last year, and we wanted to remount it, but after what happened, nothing makes sense anymore. Rosemary kneels by the window, Rosemary sits on the floor. There's a rustling in the hallways, and a fear of things to come. Who will knock on my door, today, tomorrow? I am naive and anyhow, it's impossible to understand everything one should. Not everyone understands that, which is incomprehensible to me. It's another thing I don't understand. I would let the ants come and go forever, if we could just be in peace. Subsumed by your own panic, frozen, floating, the teeth are bared, saliva foams around the mouth, the eyes close or half-close, and a foul-smelling fluid is secreted from the anal glands. The stiff, curled form can be prodded, turned back, over, and even carried away without reaction. The animal will typically regain consciousness after a period of between 40 minutes and 4 hours. In 1937, Pablo Picasso painted his famous Guernica, to call attention the atrocities of the Spanish Civil War. When pressed to explain the elements in Guernica, Picasso said: "this bull is a bull and this horse is a horse. If you give a meaning to certain things in my paintings it may be very true, but it is not my idea to give this meaning."

What are our words, more than standins for the thing itself... (things to catch the conscience of the king) Distraction, lethargy, something that's deep deep in the well (Murakami bird) afraid to go in the well without my baseball bat, distraction keeps me out. what's in there? Is it the thing that makes me sleepy? Antediluvian anti-diluvian drought propaganda. How much do we care, or just how? Om mani padme om, help me to force things into submission. It's not just cynicism it's part of the dharma (little d.) everything is part of the dharma (little d.) little god sees everything, all the world's a stage, and killing the conscience of the king, and so on. If i can feel the eyes of god, is that good? If i can feel how everything is part of the dharma (little d.) Even if its blood and guts and puke and terror, and how delicate I am, how sheltered, easily irritated and defensive- and yet, this is the only horse I have to ride: into battle? If I stop thinking that I am I, suddenly my finger is a thick pudgy mass enervated randomly, twitching pointlessly, a disgusting lump. But something is there that is disgusted. Revulsion is the foot of meditation but not the end of it. I am revulsed, I am embarrassed. I think about Palestine. That's exactly it. Dancing to/past the newspaper: privilege writ large. Rasko Mocnik speaks about Time the West, of what parades as general, universal, canonic, the measure against which the peripheral, the provincial is to be measured - what was long ago was emancipated from its own history, from any history, for this is why it can be imposed as 'general canonic' and the measure, because it is a-historical. Speaking about space, one speaks about the Baltic and Space. The 'timeless' West is presented as non-space. (Between the 8th and 11th centuries, my Viking ancestors raped and pillaged their way around the Baltic and North Seas. Theirs was a slave economy. On the other hand, free women enjoyed fair conditions: a married woman could divorce her husband, and it was also socially acceptable for a free woman to cohabit with a man and have children with him without marrying him, even if that man was married. There was no distinction made between children born inside or outside of marriage. Women had religious authority, were artists and rune masters, merchants and medicine women. After the introduction of Christianity, these liberties gradually disappeared. Christianity did not condone the enslavement of Christians, but the practice of enslaving Pagans continued until mid 14th century.)



Smells Like Content  
The Books

Balance, repetition  
Composition, mirrors

Most of all the world is a place  
Where parts of wholes are described  
Within an overarching paradigm of clarity  
And accuracy  
The context of which makes possible  
An underlying sense of the way it all fits together  
Despite our collective tendency  
not to conceive of it as such

But then again  
The world without end  
Is a place where souls are combined  
But with an unbearable feeling of disparity  
Disorderliness  
To ignore it is impossible  
Without getting oneself  
Into all kinds of trouble  
Despite one's best intentions  
Not to get entangled with it so much

And meanwhile the statues are bleeding green  
And others are saying things  
Much better than we ever could  
As the quiet becomes suddenly verbose

And the hail is heralding the size of nickels  
And the street corners are gnashing together  
Like gears inside the head  
Of some omniscient engineer  
And downward flows the garnered wisdom  
That has never died

When finally we opened the box  
We couldn't find any rules  
Our heads were reeling with a glut of possibilities  
Contingencies  
But with ever increasing faith  
We decided to go ahead and just ignore them  
Despite tremendous pressure to capitulate and fade

So instead we went ahead  
To fabricate a catalogue  
Of unstable elements

And modicums  
And particles with non-zero total strangeness  
For brief moments which amount  
To nothing more than tiny fragments of a finger snap

And meanwhile we're furiously sleeping green  
And the map has started tearing along its creases due to overuse  
When in reality, it's never needed folds

And the air's withholding the sound  
Of its wellspring  
And our heads are approaching a density  
Reminiscent of the infinite connectivity of the center of the sun  
And therein lies the garnered wisdom  
That has never died

Expectation leads to disappointment  
If you don't expect something big, huge, and exciting then usually  
Uh  
I don't know, it's just not as, yeah

Bindisperiä Sopeli  
Baisani Ensemble

This world is of sunset color

This world is of sunset color,  
It becomes darker and darker.

What is our life,  
It will fly from us like a bird,  
Whenever, on our settlements,  
Grasses will be waving.

What is our life,  
It will fly from us like a bird,  
Whenever, on our settlements,  
Grasses will be waving.

Even those, who had long life  
had short indeed.  
Gun is eaten by rust, rust by ground,  
Man's heart by wound and sorrow....

Invisible death will come  
And disann you in seconds,  
What shall we take to that world,  
None has taken there anything...

Verse, I say you,  
When I die,  
You should remind of me  
those who stay here.

Those, like me will be singing you,  
Accompanying with Fandur\*,  
Everyone will be enjoying themselves,  
And I'll be lying in my grave.

ბინდიდისპერიას სოფელი

ბასიანი-

ბინდიდისპერიას სოფელი

ბინდიდისპერიას სოფელი,  
თანდათან უფრო ბინდიდება,

რა არის ჩვენი სიცოცხლე,  
ჩიბივით გაზავიფიხნდება [xჟ],  
ჩვენს ნასახლარზე ოდესღაც  
ბალახი აბიბინდება.

რა არის ჩვენი სიცოცხლე,  
ჩიბივით გაზავიფიხნდება  
ჩვენს ნასახლარზე ოდესღაც  
ბალახი აბიბინდება.

იმსავ მოკლე უვლით,  
ვინც გრძელად ეგონა იარა,  
თოფს ჟანგი მესკამი, ჟანგს მიწა,  
კაციც გულის - დარდი, იარა,

მოგა სიკვდილი უჩინო,  
ერთ წამში აგვერის იარაღს,  
ჩვენ რას წავიღებთ იმკვეცხად,  
სხვას არა წაუღია რა [xჟ]

ლექსი ამოვტვირთ ოხერი  
თორი იქნება ვკვდებოდა,  
და შენ კი ჩემად სახსოვრად  
საქაოას რჩებიოდა.

მოვტვირთ ჩემებრ სწორები,  
ფანდურის ზმამზე ვკვეცხორდა,  
ქვეყანა მზიარულობდეს  
და მე საფლავში ვლპებოდა.

Boids & Gurus & US  
\* music is Pauline Olivexiros' "Horse Sings from Cloud"

Mick Mouse

Luand Por Sumedho

So, here's my implementation of the boids flocking simulation  
which a million people have done over the years

the personal and the impersonal

the first rule here is alignment  
what each boid does is it looks to its neighbors  
its friends in kind of a small radius  
maybe about two or three body lengths

the ideals that we have  
all the identities  
so, you know, these kind of  
artificial selves

there's also a balancing force  
in that if they get too close  
to the other boids around them  
they back away, they avoid crowding,  
so you can see these look pretty realistic  
little fish swimming around each other,  
they like to be near but not so near.  
But because they don't care what direction  
they're facing right now since I've I turned off alignment,  
they're just kind of floating around.  
As soon as I turn that back on, it looks like they have a purpose.  
They're swimming, fast.

I am these very conditions.  
I am this body. This is mine.  
And if I operate from Sakkyaditi,  
what is the result?  
When I'm full of myself,  
my own views, my feelings, emotions.

Now they're fully random,  
they don't care about each other at all.  
I turn off the noise,  
they just kind of drift.  
They still care about getting away from barriers.

What is it like,  
this here and now.

What is the truth? What is real? I can't believe my thoughts and I can't believe the news. Disinformation. Loving reality as it is. This is it. This is it this is shit. I make it shit. I want to stop thinking about myself. I am the piece of the shit at the center of the universe. Meanwhile people are being tortured. Meanwhile in Syria. Meanwhile, a white nationalist plot to take over our government. Meanwhile, a beautiful dance studio for me to lie in. Truth and lies. Lying there lying to myself about myself. When will enlightenment come? What is this impulse to create and why am I so attached to it? So attached that I attack my own gall at trying to make something beautiful. Is that it? Truth and beauty. Elusive. What's happening in... I am not writing by hand; my hands are dirty and I'm not stopping. Keep writing with digital enhancement. Typo typography is generative and hilly, a vast landscape to traverse with lots of winding streams of consciousness. Stop, rewind, rescind the nonsensical oaths. Taken to be self evident: WE THE PEOPLE who are too big for our riches—we need a strong man and a spell correct and fake news. Elephants have death rituals, what about giraffes. I don't know any giraffe facts, even though I love them. They represent me. They are my representatives. WE the peephole peer in and say an incantation about reality as it is. THIS is enough. This it is it. I am freely writing about my shame at not being the best or even just as good as other people. I don't know what it looks like and it might be ugly but I'm not stopping. Its like it is almost necessary to have the challenge to prove some hater wrong. I can do this thing that is totally undefined but somehow I still don't measure up to. What of those lives not lived and the sadness of the hopefulness of youth; projecting future excitement then arriving in a bleak emptiness years later? Wow that must be the depression talking. I went to see a feel-good movie and I cried. I cried and I cried and all of the beautiful young hopeful people were sad to me, a foreshadowing of the impossible truth. Moonlight sonata? No, I don't know. Hitting the keys. Gingerbread houses with colorful candy icing. The noise that I can't locate. Radiato, Muffles. Light shine screen, blinding light. Crawling, I learned how to crawl didn't I? Without much problem as far as I remember. Picasso's battle of Guernica in wall scuff marks, the horror of war. The marking of marks, destruction. How to care for things? The bathroom door with the etching of an octopus character makes me think of alien intelligences and the octopus that escaped down a drain. Out out to sea with much limber curiosity. Planning? Intellectual capacity? Not giving up, not giving in to the powers that be. Go octopus! You know things I can't. The lips through the peephole talking about reality, then cut to images of Miriam holding her face in quick succession. The picture keeps changing slightly. Then me, I'm stretching, trying to get to the place where my nose can smell my left foot. Impossible! I've been shaped by 46 years of use. Miriam is being shaped by constant little text dings. There is receptive influence here. How to respond? The transitions were weird but I liked the stuff in-between. That's right the stuff in-

between the transitions. The interstitial to the interstitial. Transition points. Can I get from A to B without freaking out? Yes! 4 points. I don't remember what I was going to say next. 4 points for being in the moment, yah! You go girl. Then we get to the posturing and so much detail and shape shifting. That's when it doesn't seem so dire, the being shaped. We are plastic. Plastic. Plastics reminds me of that movie, the graduate? Plastics. Oil. Pipelines. Liars who value profit over water and sovereignty. Millions of votes millions and this is where we are. I remember baton twirling classes when I was young. Reflections on the window and the inside is projected on the outside and all the world's a stage. I can see you transported outside onto the roof. What is next I do not know and I pray like its church but it seems more like a performance this time. The ritual was always a performance with or without an audience. I can't write at the speed of thought or movement. Language cannot be like experience. Goals that seem unattainable under my own steam; writing, dancing performing, believing, projecting forward in time. Writing is now hidden behind the curtain like the great wizard of OZ. I don't remember the end of the story I just remember I don't think we're in Kansas anymore and there's no place like home. This seems like more than five minutes. Material— Formal, Nothing, Identities, Jump-cuts, Monsters, Practices, DANCING, dammit! The middle path is not the cool thing because what's cool is often more extreme. The space is not empty. It is full of swirling galaxies of stars and matter. It is surging in a riotous and continuous re-organization. Drifting into black. Disappearing altogether when I'm not facing the light at the right angle. Microcosms. What if the show were tonight? I wish I were faster, stronger, better, more beautiful, more virtuosic, blah. That's an excuse. What if the show were tonight. I would tell the audience that this is a time for dealing with reality as it is. The lights would flick on and off. I now stop because of fear. I have no thoughts this is really boring and I really want to think of something. Would I just stand there for a really long time? No, I'd be doing micro movements. And Miriam would be falling up and down and I'd be putting on my flag pants and then feel empowered to make big shapes. No, ugh horrible. Miriam is twerking on the floor and I'm running around flicking dust that nobody can see and there's a sound track of Jack LaLane talking about self-improvement and then David Bowie starts singing in Portuguese and I start trying to remember my Italian vocabulary. Andare. Andare in piedi. Wrong? Miriam starts with Jesus. Then image streaming and reporting. No, the whole thing starts with a repetitive reading of situation analysis that eventually slows down so much that it stops. Then Miriam is posturing and I'm in a slow-mo walk. Lights flicker. I need something hopeful. A long silence staring at the empty center, Miriam stands hunched by the door. A monster, a big hairy, scary monster enters. *Migliorare* – to improve that's it, it is all about shame and wanting social approval, so much of the time. *Migliorare*. What are you doing now? Catch yourself out of awareness. January first. A Mercedes parked outside the taqueria filled with 6 or 7 white wolves; must have been a sign. Was it a sign that I stepped in shit twice today, first I started and as I recited the instructions, I wanted to cry. Crying is a choice. I chose not to. I felt the sadness well up in me and a soft, sweet humanity came knocking, like nostalgia. I remembered Karen talking about crying at the rallies and at the airport. Then I was immersed in the immediacy of the experience of the room, the play of light and color and the sounds outside the room entering from the street and the room below. Then I tried to fit myself into small places. This time radical acceptance ad free available space, sazio libra navigating the dances of free space cluttered with the past and the post tension postal code this is where i live in the world gimme real some facts. There is a super void in space there is dark matter and dark energy there are physical laws that are often forgotten. Where is that thing I wrote about disappointment? I'm disappointed that I can't find it. It is difficult to be in a searching mode. Not feeling that there is a clear path ahead. I keep questioning everything. This is the middle of a moderate morass. And it is full of disappointment. Disappointment at aging and not feeling clearer. Disappointment about external validation. Disappointment that I'm still dealing with the very same elemental stuff inside myself that keeps me to myself.

// (MANNEQUIN)

2016

art and expediency.

power and money and shame.

trafficking in blatant and offensive stereotypes,

the Nutcracker generates 40 percent

of the annual revenue for NewYorkCityBallet.

Tea and coffee.

Two white ladies,

wearing chopsticks in their black wigs,

dance with index fingers pointed in the air.

over tea and coffee,

you develop a writing practice.

writing on paper is found to improve memory.

paper paper, Panama paper

better write on a screen.

on a computer you can go back and change what

you wrote, amend it without a trace.

one thing becomes another.

an ant crawling along the edge

turns into two ants.

Schrodinger's ant

ants carrying ants

the bodies of ants carrying the bodies of ants.

space and time thief from one other.

is there a future here?

is there a here now?

In Livingston Louisiana, The Laser Interferometer -

Gravitational-Wave Observatory senses ripples in

space time caused by the merger of two black

holes some 1 billion years before.

Five minutes is so short.

You wonder if this is what it will feel like

at the end of your life.

//

// (GOLD)

Dilma is impeached.

while Erdogan stays in power.

decidedly, we need a hero

with a horse and a pelt of bear.

with golden armor and a bloody sword.

or a hero with a suit and tie?

a hero with a soup ladle,

a hero with a dictionary,

a hero with a mop and a plunger.

you lose faith in the ability of art

to do what it means to, what it wants to,

rather than what unknown powers want of it.

you thought you were doing this one thing

but you were actually doing this other

or you weren't doing anything at all

you had no idea what you were doing

and nothing came of it.

looks good on paper

looks good on stage

"It's just a stupid dance," said Jonathan Burrows.

Boom Boom Boom across the floor.

it's sound of the satisfaction of people doing

whatever they want.

//(CROW)

two white ladies in flowing scarves

berkeley ladies in flowing scarves.

what's that bumpersticker listing philosophers

to be is to do

to do is to be

and it ends with do be do be do

frank sinatra

all our roles are appointed beforehand

and the rest is silence

-plus the hamlet quotes that haunt me

the readiness is all, and all

how can we deal with reality as it is,

things are what they are

only from certain angles

certain points of view

at certain times

to be is to do

the unconscious act

is a reflection of what is behind

we knew what we were getting ourselves into

this was on purpose,

and the future won't leave us alone:

the plans for correspondence,

the who's coming up the steps

the monster around the corner

the thing ascending the throne

//

//(AMERICA)

postcard to a future self:

don't have a headache

don't respond the way you did last time

something really bad happened.

think about it, the difference between something

really bad happening and something really bad

happening to you.

are you the person without the right document,

the person with the right document who was still

denied?

*Descaminado, enfermo, peregrino,*

*Pagaré el hospedaje con la vida.*

Do you have a crucifix, a wallet,

or any other thing that could be

mistaken for a gun?

thinking about death won't help you be

organized or effective.

then what.

fall asleep with a pencil tied to each limb and

see what happens.

we should learn in fast-forward

we should bend into a desirable shape.

we should learn to STAY, be here,

with our lack of confidence

and our not knowing what to do.

maturity: the certainty that you're no good

and it doesn't matter.

//

//(MONSTER)

document the effects of age on the invisibility of

woman. lean awkwardly forward,

one leg up like a dog pissing.

cut your own hair. look a mess.

turn 33 and don't want a pet,

much less a child. ask for a raise.

the Greenland shark lives for 400 years

and females don't reach sexual maturity until 156.

tell stupid jokes, cheesy jokes, pretentious jokes.

words in a fountain.

a fountain on a hot day. anxiety.

a fountain on a hot day.

flushing the toilet for aesthetic purposes.

when will the water run out.

what were we making?

what were we waking?

what should we do now?

it was hottest year on record.

We read books about the rise of Nazi power

while the Swedish Democrats

drove American lowriders

and told jokes about slaughtering Jews.

its hard to imagine yourself dead.

better imagine yourself dying

becoming full of time.

soft, and full of time.

The Bramble Cays Melomys went extinct,

the first species whose extinction was directly

attributed to climate change.

Be careful but not too careful.

You are going to die.

The dying language and the unconscious act.

You're not dead, you're alive.

How are you going to be alive,

knowing you're going to die?

The T-Rex could only run at 8mph.

Be careful but not too careful.

You are going to die.

an empty page. ( is a feminist page. )

THIS IS A TIME FOR DEALING WITH REALITY AS IT IS,  
NOT AS YOU WOULD HAVE IT BE.  
IF YOU REALIZE THAT IN THIS SITUATION YOU ARE THE RECEPTOR,  
NOT THE TRANSMITTER OF THE STIMULUS,  
YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF REACHING GOALS THAT SEEMED  
UNATTAINABLE UNDER YOUR OWN STEAM.  
IF YOU CONTINUE TO PERSIST IN FUTILE EFFORTS  
TO BE THE SHAPER RATHER THAN THE SHAPED,  
YOU WILL COMPLETELY MISS THIS UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

RECEPTIVE INFLUENCE, RESPONSIVE DEVOTION,  
SUBLIME SUCCESS IF YOU KEEP TO YOUR COURSE.