

# a night of duets

Friday October 22, 2021 + Saturday October 23, 2021



## **boléro procedures II: lec/dem/fan/fic**

choreography via SECT, inc.

text/performance: Josie Bettman

sound: Lavinia Eloise Bruce

## **Abundance**

Created by Sylvie Hayes-Wallace

Special Thanks to:

David Walker

Juli Brandano

Steve Hayes

Meredith Kelly

Renee McCafferty

Jim Cummins

Diane Germaine

Maureen Bloomfield

Elissa Schpero

Eleanor Antin

Kelsey Isaacs

Maxwell Lee-Russell

Chris Kraus, Kevin Killian, and Kathy Acker

The poem Solstice Moon was written and read by James Cummins. It was published in *Then and Now: Poems* in 2004 and is dedicated to Cheryl Wallace.

## **13 False Starts**

Choreography by Juli Brandano in collaboration with Amelia Heintzelman

Performed by Juli and Amelia

Music by Tommy Martinez

## **Junket**

Choreography by Sharleen Chidiac

Performed by Sharleen Chidiac, Jade Manns and Owen Prum

**Thank you to Lawn for production assistance  
and to all the residents of 464 for making this night a reality.**

**boléro procedures II: lec/dem/fan/fic**  
EXCERPT OF PERFORMANCE TEXT BY JOSIE BETTMAN

\*\*\*

M

I'm always doing the musing, never the muse.

I

Right, and I'm the dance, a living choreographic thing.

M

The place where these roles break down, that's where the dance lives—

I

Ugh, when I hear you talk like this I wonder if when we end rehearsal you just go lie down in a coffin and think about the dance until the next time we work together.

M

Thanks sis

3.

SO my followers MAY BE WONDERING WHAT I've been working on since I haven't posted in a while. I'VE BEEN VERY CONFUSED AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT lately I've been writing fan fiction about my own life. This text takes the perspective of One of My Followers-- OOMF, as in: "OOMF is so annoying, I keep seeing her in public and I have to pretend that I don't think she's a loser"

So this girl is obsessed with me, writing a fan fic of my daily life. But it leaves her empty, she finishes writing like, "why am I always so alone and insignificant at the end?"

For me, it's thrilling to escape being a muse.

5.

Seeking a way to work through the obsessive hopes I have for the piece. Reality cramps my style, I would rather have it glossy, up on that grand delusion stuff. I can trick myself into trying to do something if I detach from reality, ego trip a way out of myself.

To have fans is useful, being like a mass-marketed doll, useful--given that all dolls are recognizable, they have fans--packaged up concept, persona, and image.

In order to do fan fic the obscure figure shifts into the terrain of the iconic. Fame rushes in to rescue from rejection, the void. Barren void shrink-wrapped within longing for fame, naked with desire to be seen--see me, pick me.

6.

Trans offers the veneer of unreality. Getting clocked is just like being a famous person in public, an unreal girl living in a surreal world. Clocked by their fans, the girls dance parallel dances, webbed together through continuous citation, enacting trans, a fan fiction of gender.

She writes fan fiction of her own life, self-observation re-situating her perspective of what's real. Fan fic charts the metadata, theorizing about what came to happen, what could have happened, all while citing from within the domain of the original text.

7.

In this case, the fan fiction cites the terrain of a dance, so it's not a narrative but rather a timeline, an inventory of what continues to happen. The life world of the dance continues alongside the everyday:

I

I'm sad that when the piece ends, we're not together, we're doing separate things.

M

The outside eye wants us to continue in unison, but we resist unison to an extent.

I

Sameness begets more sameness. It also invites comparison, a favorite instrument of self-harm. I compare myself to you and I realize I'm behind the music, I can't catch the step, I'm left behind. I find my moments for self-pity. The dancers bow, gesture, walk backstage.

OK

period

applause blah blah blah.

8.

The dance however continues to hover around them at a slight distance. The dance, though stepped away from, is continuous, autonomous, keeps dancing. Life continues, the dance reverberates. The whole life world of the dance continues alongside the timeline of everyday life.

After a dance, its metadata proliferates, spawning dances. The metadata is made up of discrete points that map out a continuous negative space and that's where the dance is. The continuity fanatic chases this negative space (shape), her reward for doing the same step over and over again. Fan kick, it's hard to know if the dance exists, better do it again, but it's never the same. Continuity fanatic has a hard time finding a fix.

The gestures continue to work on their bodies, though these girls don't know it, they go about their business, a trace of every movement repeats as a dance step. Continuity fanatic senses a field of potentiality floating just above her body outline, chases this.

The phantom gestures, their continuity, results in the need for finding aids, metadata to map out the network of parallel dances. Continuity fanatic is onto something: the dance extends into past dances, simultaneous dances, future dances.

5.

I

Maurice Béjart's Boléro?

M

Yeah what about him? But wasn't it that other guy Maurice's first?

I

Yeah, Maurice Ravel. actually it was my piece also, he made Boléro for a ballet I did in '28. But I loved you in Béjart's work. What was it like to do that piece?

Those arms, the pulse, naked desire, you had this power--

M

Which train are you taking? We can talk about it.

I

Would love to see you back up on that red platform sometime.

M

I liked the view from up there...

**ABUNDANCE**  
TEXT BY SYLVIE HAYES-WALLACE  
\*\*\*

ABUNDANCE SEQUENCING:

Grey highlights = part of writing for script to be read

Yellow highlights = interspersed with interview with my dad asking him questions “portraits of women”

Pink highlights = still images that mark a new section, like blinking eyelids, generally paired with half a second of black screen

Blue highlights = notes about/ tangential ideas

Green highlights = editing notes

Olive highlights = to do

Teal highlights = portraits of women conversations with my dad

\* = general placement done

Numbers= scene/idea/cluster/chapter, etc.

Still image=blink, mental reframing

**TO DO / TO SHOOT / TO RECORD:**

1. me talking to my dad about holiday ritual of starting over, letting go of the sadness around the holidays OHIO
2. Ingesting ashes OHIO – could it work with Renee speaking over this?
3. movement—hand fluttering outside of window in Cape May? Moving hands through sand? Hands through Ocean? CAPE MAY—this could go over portraits footage
4. Go through archives/ mom’s dance notes and fragments, etc.- is there a use for this ephemera? SUNDAY
5. Test out version without black screen

-embryonic shot?

-underwater?

-moving echoes and or mom’s other dance notes

-picture of face with lopsided eyes and allergic after affects (August 8 2021)

-beautiful image of flowers outside of Spring Grove

-(abundance is not always what you think it is, abundance can be sickness and hurt and not dying and learning from hard things and pain and darkness)

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Sections 1-3 are all kind of intersperse-able within each other- they are all the opening, but order is not entirely sure

1. Audio clip of me orienting myself around her in cemetery “I think if I just cross this line I will get to her” paired with ocean footage \* trying to find her in the vastness of the world, trying to orient myself around her always, everywhere. She has become my environment, or just a part of my everyday life

-Mom dance photo B+W movement 2 interspersed into movement of the waves

-picture of my mom I found for sale on eBay Should this go elsewhere? Where would this make sense

2. Jim reading \* paired with flower exchange

-Picture of my chest with my CW necklace on, picture of the tangled Jewish jewelry on my neck \*  
-onion photograph \*

3. Me spelling out dedication- paired with video footage of purple room- orienting myself, talking to myself

[dedicatedtocherylwallacewithlovefromyourdaughtersylviaeruth (spell out) \*

-flash picture of me as a kid looking into mirror \*

4. Me describing mom and then me describing myself paired with insane running footage on Cape May Beach  
- SLOW PACED try edits 2-5?

**Sugar Coated Reality:** What is it to be full? Entireity. To be a whole person—a whole lifetime? A bow on top, a silver lining. At capacity, up to the brim. Ready to explode out of joy and happiness. Contentment. Darkness. Everything and all you could have wanted. Aware and unaware. Bliss but not too blissed. They said god is coming and she is bliss, but what is that? What is sugar-coated reality? How does one get there? **WHAT AUDIO FITS HERE?**

**\*GO THROUGH ANALYSIS RECORDING OF ME AND E TALKING ABOUT BEING A WHOLE PERSON- insert portions here?** Maybe even ask her blatantly if she has anything to say about this?

**portraits of women:** if I were a food what food would I be? Paired over blurry video of leaving cape may \* **TOO GLITCHY?** Replace w upstate woods? Walking through forest? Driving through spring grove?

-refind running videos in spring grove

-picture of POSSESSION t shirt (?)

-trying to possess and become a part of someone else, this isn't all negative- like Renee's text, literally becoming, absorbing, aligning with my mom in the deepest most permeating ways. Wearing her confidence, living with and in her, her with and in me. She is literally in me and Mim and Liam and Leo. She is a part of me. **EXPAND**

include possession definition:

Possession is:

Wanting to exist with utmost control. **Trying to possess and become a part of someone else.** I read that when Kathy Acker died Kevin Killian stuck his hand in her ashes and ingested her as a way to continue her genius. Possession is the condition of having or owning something, something that is owned or possessed by someone, the crime of having something that is illegal (such as a drug or a weapon), the act of having or taking into control, control or occupancy of property without regard to ownership, ownership, something owned, occupied, or controlled : PROPERTY, domination by something (such as an evil spirit, a passion, or an idea), a psychological state in which an individual's normal personality is replaced by another, usually a more evil, demented one. **It isn't all negative. Like Renee said-absorbing my mom in the deepest most permeating sense, living with and in her and her with and in me, held tightly, as if something to wear. She is still in me and Mim and Liam and Leo.**

CONDENSED:

Wanting to exist with utmost control. I read that when Kathy Acker died Kevin Killian stuck his hand in her ashes and ingested her as a way to continue her genius. Possession is the condition of having or owning

something, something that is owned or possessed by someone, the crime of having something that is illegal (such as a drug or a weapon), the act of having or taking into control, control or occupancy of property without regard to ownership, ownership, something owned, occupied, or controlled : PROPERTY, domination by something (such as an evil spirit, a passion, or an idea), a psychological state in which an individual's normal personality is replaced by another, usually a more evil, demented one. Trying possess and become a part of someone else-what Renee said-absorbing my mom in the deepest most permeating sense. Living with and in her and her with and in me, held tightly, as if something to wear. She is still in me and Mim and Liam and Leo.

1 min 9 ish seconds?

~  
“Killian dipped three fingers into the jar and licked them off his hand. Ingesting her ashes was a symbolic means of reincarnating some of the dead hero’s genius”

Excerpt From: Chris Kraus. “After Kathy Acker: A Biography.” iBooks.

living with and in her and her with and in me

5. INGESTING SOME ASHES? While describing the witch t shirt of my mom’s (voice overlay detached from visual), witch t shirt, Segway to what Renee told me about my mom’s clothes GO BACK TO OHIO TO FILM somehow unite this with the possession T shirt then go into Renee segment

[“Sylvie, did you know that I went to the doctor visit with your mother when she first learned she had breast cancer? It was one of the most profound moments of my life. I hope that’s okay to share with you. And also that your mother taught me more about dance and the teaching of dance than anyone else. It was her passing that allowed me to understand I had to take what I learned from her and pass it forward.

Before she died I always took a backseat because she was so brilliant but after she passed it felt as though that part of her filled my body and I became empowered. It’s hard to explain but it was big. Like she gave me permission to take what I learned from her and own it.

Again, I hope that that’s okay to share, with what has to be, very tender feelings for you. One last thing. I always wear some piece of your mom’s clothing when I’m in a teaching situation and I need confidence. Or just want to feel empowered.”]

~My mom had this big white t shirt- It was huge and she wore it long and baggy past her waist. She only wore clothes that allowed for- comfortable movement- usually loose pants and Asics paired with some array of mismatched socks. This one shirt had a square cropped image drowned within the big white fabric like a room inside of a room, or like a labyrinth somehow enclosed in embryonic fluid. The square was like a memory-a black and white realistic photograph of four witches sitting at a table with a Cottage-like interior, or a barn. Their positions were very last supper- fully frontal with olden day clothing. When she wore it, it was like wearing a hallway of woman across her chest, like a snapshot of another world, or a made up image inside one’s head. I remember being scared of it when I was small- embarrassed that she would wear such an uncanny image around in our otherwise normal lives.

I held onto it, in a dresser drawer, maybe wearing it now and again around the house after she was gone- it was a big baggy shirt, especially as a kid, but I used it for bed or something. I needed to keep it, even if not to wear, but because of the significance I felt even then. When I was a teen I went through a “embrace my roots” phase, to feel closer to her, while simultaneously being a firm follower of the crop top fad. I began wearing this shirt again and chopped it up when I was close to twenty. At that point, amazed by how bizarre it was, I felt cool and connected to her when I had it on. As I moved around throughout the following years I got rid of it, thinking- why would I ever wear a seamless version of a shirt- modified to exist without a collar, or fabric to cover my stomach, or hems. Now that I am older and live in city, I wear big clothes to hide my body and feel more in control. I miss that shirt probably the most of anything I ever let go of. ~



CONDENSED:

My mom had this big white t shirt- It was huge and she wore it long and baggy past her waist. She only wore clothes that allowed for comfortable movement- usually loose pants and Asics paired with some array of mismatched socks. This one shirt had a square cropped image drowned within the big white fabric. A black and white realistic photograph of four witches sitting at a table with a Cottage-like interior, or a barn. Their positions were very last supper, with olden day clothing. When she wore it, it was like a snapshot of another world, or a made up memory inside one's head. I remember being scared of it when I was small- embarrassed that she would wear such a weird image around in our otherwise normal lives.

I held onto it, in a dresser drawer, maybe wearing it now and again around the house after she was gone. It was a big shirt, especially as a kid, but I needed to keep it because of the significance I felt even then. When I was a teen I went through an "embrace my roots" phase, to feel closer to her, while simultaneously being a firm follower of the crop top fad. I began wearing this shirt again and chopped it up when I was late into highschool. At that point, amazed by how bizarre it was, I felt cool and connected to her when I had it on. As I moved around throughout the following years I got rid of it, thinking- why would I ever wear a shirt without a collar, or fabric to cover my stomach. Now that I live in a city, I wear big clothes to hide my body and feel more in control. I miss that shirt probably the most of anything I ever let go of.

Sometimes I think of my life as a babushka doll as if my worlds could fit together perfectly all the chaos protecting itself and keeping the tiniest truest innermost me safe. My world, my thoughts, my world, my room, my apartment, my building, my block, my neighborhood, my friends, my bubble, my city, my coast, my region, my country, my universe

-Shot is very close up David just filming my face or my filming my face/ mouth tongue, just fingers in and out, fingering ashes, fingering mouth TEST THIS OUT

portraits of women: If I was a garment what garment would I be? Jealousy T shirt image (at the beginning of me asking my dad this question) THEN WHAT VISUAL?

Include jealousy definition

Jealousy is: To be hostile toward a rival or one believed to enjoy an advantage : ENVIOUS, intolerant of rivalry or unfaithfulness, disposed to suspect rivalry or unfaithfulness, vigilant in guarding a possession, feeling or showing an unhappy or angry desire to have what someone else has, feeling or showing unhappiness or anger because you think that someone you love (such as your husband or wife) likes or is liked by someone else, very concerned about protecting or keeping something

Maybe Jealousy shirt and possession can be interchangeable in sequence?

-flash picture of Mim and mom in car

portraits of women: If I were an appliance what appliance would I be? WHAT VISUAL? -VISUAL: still images from shit at my dad's house(messy shelves, piles of stuff, etc.

-picture of me in I love witches shirt (just of my chest)

portraits of women: If I were a room what room would I be? Paired with video of facades on Hamilton Ave. and?

-cropped image of mom on cannon as a kid ?

6. Me intensely, with a few cameras set up in different locations beating the shit out of "BOB" with my I <3 WITCHES shirt on
7. Me fingering / tracing going over grave

6 and 7 shots interspersed with each other?

portraits of women: If I were an illness what illness would I be? Paired with Bob's house running in circles \*

8. AUDIO me talking to my dad about holiday ritual of starting over, letting go of the sadness around the holidays

portraits of women: If I were a war what war would I be? Fireworks coming into focus, then Bob's flash in basement (first section), then fireworks after this?

Me looking in mirror at Donaldson with I LOVE YOU in mirror

9. Me singing "Here comes the sun" karaoke at Winnies, video is of screen \*- play through the whole song then after SUN SUN SUN HERE I COME begin reading thank you's **ASK MAX FOR HELP WITH THIS**  
**ADDING OF TEXT**

1 minute 21 seconds for acknowledgements. Divide that by how many people there are and add new name that often.

stopping and starting/ shifting (like as Kelsey described living in cities). This is like a reframing re-starting, re-adjusting, re-focusing, shift from still to moving to still to moving, like driving and hitting breaks or a train starting and stopping on the tracks

It is ok if people zone in and out of the movie, it will be dense and fragmented and maybe boring at times but this is what my experience of memory and grief and remembrance is

Here comes the sun is cheesily aligned with starting over, (NEW SUNRISE, SUN COMING UP, NEW DAY, NEW MINDSET) becoming a whole, moving past hurt and loss and trauma. By the end of the moving I am entering a new phase of life like a new day, sun rising to be more like a full person. Comparing my phase of life, doing analysis, becoming a whole person, a unified whole, to my mom thinking about her life as a unified whole, thinking of her life as complete as it was nearing an end

THEORY OF A GESTALT: maybe don't expand on this or it will become a literal description of what the video is? A gestalt portrait of being in the world and trying to see where you fit in, your place in the world

Writing: chaotically mixing facts, tangents, mental associations, DENSITY, kind of chaotic and confusing and hard to follow. Go with it. Jenny!

~NOT USED MISC~

At the end: read: BLACK SCREEN

The creation of "ABUNDANCE" (was) is supported by a grant from the City of Cincinnati. The creation was also made possible by the incredible dedication, hard work and creativity of my very special dancers. Thank you my friends and colleagues. You are beautiful!

They say that abundance is:

- a. a very large quantity of something.
- (in solo whist) a bid by which a player undertakes to make nine or more tricks. }

6. AUDIO AND ASK DAD ABOUT DIRECTIONS GETTING TO MOM IN CEMETERY OHIO



## 13 FALSE STARTS

TEXT BY JULI BRANDANO

\*\*\*

1.

A false start is when a runner moves before being signaled, ruining it for the rest. They fire the gun twice and everyone goes back to start. The human brain cannot hear and process the start sound in under .10 seconds.

2.

I've never seen the full length of "If you couldn't see me" (1994) by Trisha Brown but I think about it all the time.

3.

I've been watching the Red Sox all week. 9 dancers. My father and I text "wahoo" each time a run is scored. Sometimes the pitcher gets ready to throw the ball, does his preparatory ritual, nearly winds up, and then he steps off the mound for a timeout. It's too much, he needs a moment. In an away game, the audience will flip, boo, how dare you waste our time. We were ready, and for what.

4.

Duets are ripe with relationship metaphors, they can't help it. Lovers, sisters. You hold me, now I am you, we deserve each other, now we're alone. Tommy's on the sound. I am always in relationship to you and you me, even when you're out of sight.

5.

A false start is when the offense moves past the line of scrimmage or moves abruptly pre-snap. Everyone usually points or jumps excitedly when this happens, ha ha ha.

6.

In an interview recently, I spoke about dance without performance. I said something like this virus era has forced us to think about dance without the big show. I said it with urgency, with not-false passion. The venues, the meager budgets to fight over: when that's gone, we still meet up in the park, the studio, Sharleen's new place. It's all about showing up, our favorite thing to do.

7.

David Salle was married to Karole Armitage, the Merce Cunningham dancer. This, perhaps obviously, is my favorite False Start (32). She was run out of town by bad reviews, Salle says. He also says he thought dancers made painters look "solid, like rocks in a stream." "Her life was much more urgent and alive and crisis oriented." At the time that this was quoted, the two were separated.

8.

When a swimmer takes off before the starter gun, that is a false start. All swimmers have to get back on the ledge of the pool and start again. This, to me, is the worst kind of false start because they are wet.

9.

Amelia and I look a lot alike when we move. Not so much when we're still. I met her in a workshop with Chris Aiken. It was a MELT, maybe 2017.

10.

When I finally get around to thinking, it's clumsy, a bunch of stops and starts. But it's one thing after another. One of the false starts is an ending, that's just the way it goes.

11.

In hockey, a face-off violation is a false start. I think then they sub in some other player to take that spot.

12.

As a very superstitious woman, I feel it is important I tell you that I hate the number 13.

13.

1. **A** solo [exit]
2. **A** solo v. **II** [exit]
3. **J** solo v. **II** [peters to exit]
4. **A + J** duet of solo v. **II**. [exit]
5. **A** slide [exit]
6. **A + J** walk (with hold) [**A** exit]
7. **J** solo [exit]
8. **A** slides (with hold) [exit]
9. **A + J** walk (no hold) [lights]
10. **A + J** windmill to circle machine to slow bro [exit]
11. **A + J** The fall snuggle [exit]
12. **J** enters and does combo solo + no ground covered
13. **A + J** no ground covered [J exit, A peter]  
[lights]

**JUNKET**  
IMAGE FROM SHARLEEN CHIDIAC  
\*\*\*



