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## Cristy Chandler Senior Thesis 1996

Cristy Candler

*Loyola Marymount University*

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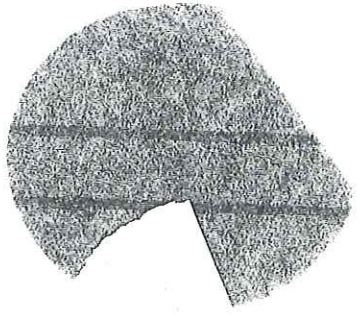
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*Cristy Candler*



Cristy Candler Senior Thesis 1996



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# THEME AND INTENT

I remember having visions of what I wanted to create long before I knew how it would manifest itself. Granted, my concept has evolved quite considerably from the first original thoughts I had creeping through my head. However, I still believe that some of its beginning state lingers in my choreography and hints at what I was getting at throughout the dance.

Images of color and confetti scraps were strewn randomly in my thoughts. I envisioned blurred movement, figures running, flashes of great red and vibrant blue. Echoing laughter and recognizable sounds of people I knew, objects fading in and out. It was something of a hallucinogenic dream state. I knew it was vague and rough around the edges, but I also knew what it was that I longed to capture.

I believe, sadly that I am constantly living in two opposing time elements, neither of which are productive. One foot is always in the future, while my mind remains lodged in the past. I never feel as though I am experiencing this moment exactly, to its fullest in the present. This very essence of what is happening right now (and has instantaneously vanished!) is lost somewhere amongst all my convoluted noises of tomorrow. It is fear of the unknown that grips me. What will happen if...?! What will tomorrow bring? How can something totally out of my control control my life so extremely? Because I can not rest assured and know in all certainty the outcome of every situation, I am left fraught with anxiety and worry. I sound like a severe neurotic, obsessive-compulsive control freak! My lack

of control over the future is not a disease. Mostly, I consciously choose to accept what happens and carry an umbrella. That, and talk to myself a lot. I know that what the future holds is beyond me. And that is exciting and exhilarating as well. Frightening, too. I know that a certain amount of worrying is healthy, and frantically trying to predict my future is futile. I am a recovering worrier.

My Achilles heel, really is clinging desperately to that menacing thing called THE PAST. It has gotten me into a lot of hot water, plenty of dark corners, and otherwise ghastly deep holes. My stubborn claws are firmly embedded because it is concrete, unwavering, done. I can base my whole life on what has happened, and live dangerously through those reflective eyeglasses. The past, unfortunately is comforting in that it will always be there. It is something I can whole-heartedly depend on, and that is amazingly reassuring. Yet, I know that this is irrational thinking. How can I possibly expect to accomplish anything in life with such static thinking? It is not an extreme case of Cristy's mental state. She doesn't walk around believing she got lost somewhere on the train to California three years ago. Nor is her mind distilled by dreams of some calculated plan for the future. Cristy attempts to follow those cliched mottoes of living life to the fullest and Carpe diem stuff. She believes, honestly that she healthfully understands how to appreciate life. Only when abruptly bombarded with the thought of graduating college does Cristy doubt her grasp on the concept of time.

Suddenly, everything has come to a head. Where will I go? Where the hell have I been? Who am I and is there meaning to this

crazy life? And then I understand that I have been doing what I have always wanted to do, living life to its fullest. Too busy and involved in what is happening NOW to worry about yesterday or tomorrow. But where has it all gone? What happened while I was so busy living life?! Perhaps I sound like a perfect schizophrenic, coexisting peacefully with four separate minds. But I have been feeling that this last year in particular has really flown by me. Where was I? Busy. The time just slipped effortlessly from my greedy hands. And while I was busy clutching this intangible, clever force, it slid out the back door without a sound. Now I am staring at the last few moments of my precious college career dumbfounded and duped. Foiled by the one thing I tried to let go of! At least I have a couple snapshots....

... So, my life whirls by. How can I possibly catch it? I decided that would be the direction my choreographic work would take. A representation of my life here, and more specifically my life at Loyola Marymount University. What a new way to rightly capture what I felt had so secretly slipped by me! It intrigued me because making a dance about a culmination in my life seemed so much more real to me than dusty photographs or fuzzy memories. But could I do it?

I didn't want to get too self-absorbed in the precious details of myself. I didn't want to focus on the intricacies of Cristy's daily life at age eighteen. It was more about the important things I remembered then, what I thought about that time in retrospect, and how I am different now. The dance wasn't based so much on one particular occurrence, but more of how those collective experiences

affected me and in turn, how they came to be a part of who I am today. I wanted to create a living photo album that I could turn the pages of. It would be a living, breathing collage- in terms of both movement and concept with overlapping memories, thoughts of today, and questions about tomorrow. I attempted to stir up the boundaries and barriers of time, past, present, and future. I longed to see each enmeshed equally in my soup of life.

The mind is a gyroscope-essentially moving toward a place of balance and equanimity but constantly shifting and changing in response to what is going on around it.

"So, you go here?"

"Mmm hmm."

"What's your major?"

"Dance."

"What?"

"Dance is my major here."

"You mean, like, strip dancing, lap dancing, or something...or do you mean, like dance, like sorta on your toes?"

The other major issue I was attempting to tackle in my piece was more about dance itself. I have spent four frustrating years trying to explain to the average Loyola student what in fact my major really was. Finally realizing it was a complete exercise in futility, I would give up and mumble something about "having a psych. emphasis" and change the subject. Why is dance looked down



upon?! I work just as hard as any student here. Come to think of it, as I scan the sunny campus, I think I work harder! I have personally interviewed some of my "non-artist" confidants to find that their day consists of going to three classes, doing some homework, and then for the majority of their time, "socializing" at bars. This is not a pity cry upon my soap box to point out how often I am slaving away in technique classes or learning new steps in night rehearsals. I am merely demanding to know why this is such a foreign concept to the rest of the world. Ignorance of dance stems from our society's outlook on the importance art as a whole. Art is generally disregarded as something of a lesser value in our world. We have become so handicapped on the idea that making money is all we need to survive, art is secondary.

So, I am back at the sheltered Disneyland of Loyola wanting people to understand what I do and why I devote my life to such a trivial thing. Dance is my work. It is what I hope to be doing for the rest of my life as a serious profession in some way or another. I hope to create art everyday, in as many ways as I can. In Freidrick Nietzsche's words, "We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced once." Dance is my outlet, I explain to my business major friends. It is what I need to be doing, or I feel incomplete. When I don't dance, there is a void-something missing from my life. Physiologically, I feel slothly, unmotivated, sedated, lacking in energy. Emotionally, I feel moody, restless, confused, irritable. Less endorphins are being released through the body, so that a feeling that is less than pleasurable is more likely to erupt. I am thoroughly convinced in the privacy of my own mind that dancers,

athletes, and artists who find an outlet for their energy are far more emotionally healthy than the average Joe Shmoe. I see the difference in the majority of the student body here. Mainly, because people don't have a medium to express themselves openly, they resort to drinking or "partying" to oppress their feelings. Ignoring emotions by stuffing them down and appearing "social" leads to massive emotional turmoil and festering. Artists are encouraged to use their emotions for fuel, or to work through them in the process of art as a form of therapy. Even if I had the time to drink myself into oblivion every weekend, I don't think I'd want to. I tried to explain this need for dance in my life to friends majoring in accounting. They didn't get it.

The issue I wanted to confront in my dance was the importance of dance. I wanted there to be something for everyone. Someday, I hope dance will become a universal and respected art form admired by the world. I want art to be exposed, on every living room wall, shuffling in every one's feet so that they know that to be an artist is something of great skill and talent. Why is dance so inaccessible to mainstream society? Why can't it be simultaneously entertaining and artistic? We need to bridge the gap between life and dance . It should not be so intimidating and alienated from wondering onlookers. Why do people feel that they can't approach art? What makes it so unattainable and elitist? I think it is when art becomes too private and intellectual so that the audience can no longer relate. When it becomes an inside joke to the creator himself, and not an expression meant to be shared with others. How can I make my dance invitational to everyone? How can I offer something real

to each person in that house without compromising myself? I think that the artist has an obligation to himself and to the audience. Art must convey a personal message, and yet engage the outside viewer as well. If people were merely entertained on the surface level when watching my dance, then I fulfilled my obligation to the average viewer. If audiences found more underlying statements and intentions, then they have understood my obligation to myself. I leave their interpretations of what it all means up to themselves.

# THE AUDITION PROCESS

I had pretty solid idea of who I wanted to use for my piece this year. Because much of the choreography would require technical skill and quick learning, I wanted to find competent dancers with distinct personalities and character. They would be very diverse in nature, but able to create a balance in their differences. I was certain I wanted to employ Holly Johnston, Yvonne Watkins, and George Ashurst. These three dancers could walk into a room and turn heads. Their mere presence alone spoke of energy and magnetism. But who would be the fourth or fifth dancer?

My audition process gave me a lot of answers. I taught one swirling combination that demanded strength and technique. Balances in precarious positions, a turn that melted into another, and the ability to make a human noise were all part of the 32 count phrase. I was looking for clarity, execution, and concentration in dancers, but a sense of who they were as well. All three dancers that I clearly had in mind could not make the audition. This was actually helpful because I could see more people I had not considered for my choreography. I watched each group dance. Kelly Parker, a young sophomore glimmered with beauty! She was graceful, fluid, focused...I was entranced! She headed the top of my list as one of the final cast members.

The other dancers executed the movement well, and for the most part, I was pleasantly surprised at how easy the audition process had been. It was a great experience for me to explore all my options and really test out as many dancers as possible. When I left the studio that night, I had not closed my mind to any dancers there.

That was a great feeling to have so many choices before me, and not feel like I had to pick and settle for less. Every one seemed to be highly enthusiastic about my choreography and hopeful about working with me, as I was with them. That was a positively unspoken understanding of mutual respect.

*Erin*

# PICKING DANCERS

I kept two out of three dancers that I was planning to use. George's life became too complicated to follow, especially because he was not in school. I was extremely disappointed that he refused to work with another dancer I was considering, James Crouch. I felt cheated that I had to *decide* over the two men, but I understood it would be pointless to try to work with them both. They could hardly be in the same room together. Because James was at the time, enrolled in school, taking technique classes daily, and also noticeably more enthusiastic about my work, I finally chose him. Kelly was also a definite pick. I loved watching the way she moved and threaded each step tactfully to the next. And while I was thoroughly impressed with the dancers at the audition, I stayed with Holly and Yvonne because I just couldn't envision anyone else with such captivating personalities. Working with seniors would be important also; they would understand my separation anxiety as graduation rounded the corner.

I knew I had chosen the most technically efficient and capable dancers from the lot. I respected and admired their qualities of dance, and knew each would be an asset to my piece.

I also had hoped to keep the cast racially diverse because I wanted to emphasize individuality and uniqueness. I didn't want it to be a dance about women, or men...it was about people...life.

My cast list went up on a Thursday. I did not have to wait until Friday to discover who would be dancing in my piece. The energy and excitement of the four made me that much more eager to start working. It was going to be a fascinating adventure!





Clay

JAMES. You are  
The Peter Pan  
of Reality,  
with  
wings for feet.

Brimming

Bubbling

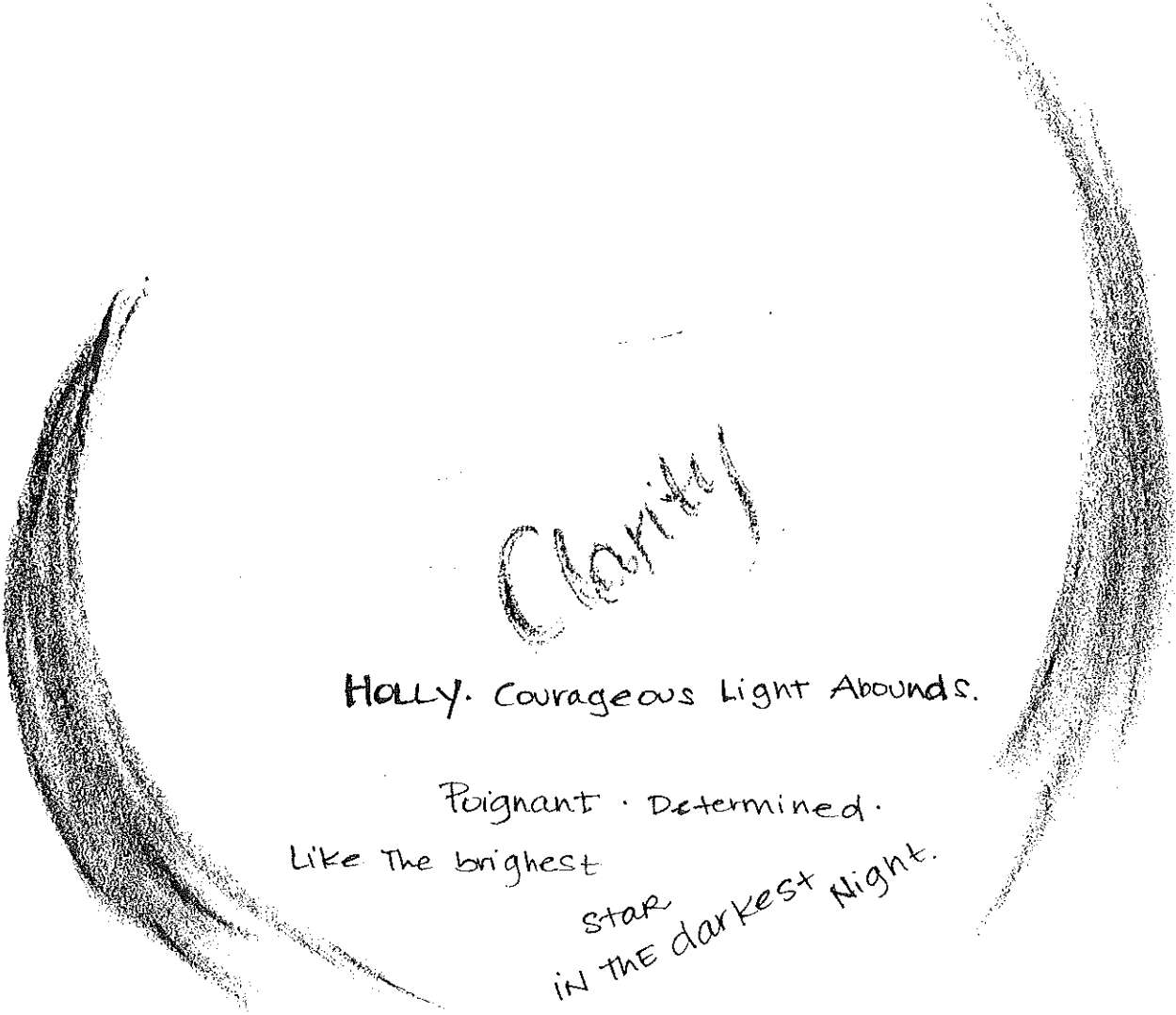
Hardly containable, highly contagious.

Always aflight



Climbing dreams, leaping

Boundaries.



Clarity

Holly. Courageous Light Abounds.

Poignant · Determined.  
Like the brightest  
star  
in the darkest night.

Unwavering. Decidely direct  
Piercing space with crystal accuracy.

# Presence

WONNE · she  
steps onto  
the stage...  
and beams.


Power

STRENGTH

Light radiates  
From

your shining eyes...  
"speakeable lips"  
electric fingers

Your  
life force  
is illuminating.



KELLY: you are the  
eased ocean  
never hurried.  
never ungraceFUL  
never ending

Seamless...timeless...  
underwater  
current that swishes this way and that...

Unraveling ribbons...  
MUSIC  
DMM  
Serenity.

# **THE REHEARSAL PROCESS**

Rehearsals began on Thursday evenings for an hour and a half. That never seemed like enough time to teach new material, go over corrections, and run the dance more than once. I was constantly racing with the clock. However, we somehow got a lot accomplished in that short time, and I would actually walk out of the studio with a sense of completion. I know that if I hadn't spent an enormous amount of time working on my choreography alone, we would have never gotten anything done. I saw this lack of preparation starting to happen in other student pieces I was cast in. If the choreographer is not thoroughly prepared with small-term goals in mind, the precious time of the dancers is wasted. We then play "catch up" as the dreaded deadline approaches. I think there is nothing worse than frantically trying to change some major movement backstage before the curtain rises. How does the choreographer expect the dancer to create art when the mind is busy trying to remember that new lift? I kept this in mind, as we trudged forward with new choreography. I had to make lists of all my movement with confusing floor plans, spacial patterns, and directions for each dancer so that we could move ahead. I would work by myself whenever I had a spare moment, be it in scheduled studio space at school or the minuscule kitchen floor in my tiny apartment. Often, ideas would come to me as I drove furiously through L.A. traffic, daydreamed in lecture classes, or brushed my teeth before bed. It got to be an all-consuming project that I constantly pondered over. I started to carry a sketch pad with me at all times, so that I could jot down flashes of brainstorm that came to me. I remember jolting out of bed at three a.m. because I had a better idea for the jump James does on

Yvonne's back. I was obsessed. The scribbling phrases and hazy chicken scratch in my notes are not all legible, and I can barely make out some of the cryptic designs. I only included the random thoughts as a reference point to look back to, reminding me of how much this dance has transformed since its birth.

My rehearsals were surprisingly quite productive, and we finished the dance far in advance of the deadline. That was a relief! It helped if we went section by section and worked sequentially through the dance. As noted in my journal section, some rehearsals were more frustrating than others. I found that the dancers had some trouble with my movement signature, and that it took longer than anticipated for them all to understand the choreography. I expressed these frustrations to my wonderful mentor, Diana MacNeil. She understood and saw the difficulty I was having. Through her guidance, the dancers began to adapt more readily to the "strange" and "hard!" (according to them) motions, as we deconstructed their origin and initiation. It was quite a learning process for me. I began to see how I could let go of and accept the different ways in which my movement was transforming, and still keep some of the main ingredients that I deemed important. My rehearsals started to become a canvas for each dancer. I found that I was leaning more towards their strengths and capabilities than merely what I could do well.

I know what each dancer's strong points are, and I finally chose to highlight that aspect instead of struggling to make them all look exactly like me. Every movement I gave looked entirely different on someone else. I had to get as close to my original idea as

I could and then accept the rest. I decided as the piece neared the end, that each dancer was coming through as an individual voice and I needed to be sensitive to that. In the beginning stages, I was not interested in focusing on who each dancer was, or what emotional state they could evoke. I simply wanted their inherent qualities and personal quirks to shine through, as I believe my dance did as a whole for me. I remember Lisa Sutton exclaimed after the first showing of the student works, "That screams 'Cristy'!" It does? I thought. How fitting that the work captured "me", when I was not so bogged down trying to make it a statement about myself.

Each dancer, I came to realize had a specific moment that was solely their own. Whether it was a staged and deliberate solo I had created, or more subtle opportunities that were not so obvious, Holly, Yvonne, James, and Kelly all found their personal voice. I saw it in every performance, when my attention would suddenly zoom in on one person. And yet, no one individual overpowered another or upset the balance in any way. My dancers had the power to speak with the singular body, and then together as a collective unit.

JAMES It was the perfect opportunity to say what I wanted to with his facility. Appearing on stage in a modified version of "drag" was his specialty. I didn't have to give much direction to such a natural performer. He loved the idea of lip synching to disco tunes and flying out on a rope. James was completely into his character at that point, and I knew that was what he needed. That section, especially is when I remember giving up a lot my control to let things unfold as they would. It was always a thrill to see how he



would shock me next! Wigs, high heels, embellished choreography. I felt at that moment, the dance was really his.

YVONNE was not famous for her flawless ballet technique, so I left out the impossible extensions and pointed feet. Her talent was power and presence. I knew she would succinctly capture the essence of what I was after. The section of her solo concentrated on great moments of magnetic stillness. How alive and churning could one be inside while the figure remained balanced and poised. Her kneeling was a source of foundation and decided rootedness. She had to pluck her stubborn fists from the ground as seasoned weeds in a garden. She had to balance like a light beam, finding the delicate tension between control and passivity.

KELLY is all about the beauty and fluidity of the movement. You can see if Kelly does not understand a transition between steps, she will falter and become confused. Only threaded smoothness makes sense to her. Kelly effortlessly whipped into serene turns and falls to the floor. Her dancing is like a spell. The solo is about carving through space, exploring different levels, and finding the spiral quality as one descends. She said she was dizzy.

HOLLY exudes personality and character. She began every section of the dance as a leader, which comes so naturally to her. Her dancing is focused, intentional, and clear. She was a primary focus throughout the entire piece.

I think that each dancer contributed more than they will ever know. I gave them the plate, and they piled on the buffet. More and more movements became tailored to what they could do, and how it looked on them. I was thankful that I could surrender some of my

ideas while remaining true to the choreography to make the dance work. I saw in parallel rehearsals of my peers that they were unwilling to see that the movement did not work on another body. A lot of my movement inventions were challenging, and I stuck with the vocabulary that I was adamant about. The two sections that come to my mind were the opening segment, and the women's trio. Plenty of whining and complaining filled the studio. "I can't move the way you do, Cristy," someone would counter. "How do you DO that?" was a common question. Diana and I would find various solutions or suggestions, realizing that more pairs of eyes could help detect the problem. I came to realize how invaluable she was to me at these trying rehearsals. Sometimes, it was only a matter of making them do it, and practice so they would not forget. She stepped in as the authoritative teacher who knew precisely what to say and how to get them to work. As a fellow peer to my dancers, I found it much harder to ask for what I wanted. Diana reminded me to not be so nice all the time, and really scream for what I wanted. I didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. Because all of the other stresses of being a dancer mounted on our shoulders, we were edgy and sensitive to practical feedback. I knew this, and could feel it in air. I had never worked with so many friends and people that existed outside the dance studio as well. It was difficult to put all of our baggage down at the door to rehearse fresh.

I recall painfully rechoreographing and REchoreographing the duet section between Yvonne and James. We tried different partnering, weight sharing, lifts....nothing worked. It always looked awkward and uncomfortable. Both dancers do not easily melt into

anything, so it was painstakingly difficult to mesh them together. It was something of a love duet, a suggestion of relationships I have had, am having, and will probably continue to have. The main idea centered around someone I had met my freshman year and then continued to see for the majority of my college career. James dashes in suddenly to jump on Yvonne's back. She is motionless as he slides down her pole-like body. He turns away, hurt from rejection, as she touches his shoulder. Her comforting does nothing to alleviate his pouting, so in frustration, she turns away. He follows, ready now to forgive. It is an exhausting cycle of hurt feelings and petty games. Who gives in, who is sorry, how much does that person really care? The games go on and on and there is never a winner. It was not until I finally explained what the movement was saying that both Yvonne and James understood. Being truly fulfilled and connected to someone is quite rare. They could both relate to the incessant mind games and back-and-forth sense of timing. He finally leaves, but so caught up and self-absorbed in his own rapture, accidentally knocks Yvonne to the ground in mid-exit. Typical.

# THE CALENDAR

# JANUARY 1990

LAWRENCE THESIS  
Schedule

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	31				

LMU classes resume  
POSTER  
Carne - Fac Concert  
Carla - Stu Con  
  
CLASSES  
BEGIN  
  
THESIS CLASS  
2:40-4p.m.

MY  
REHEARSAL  
5:30-7p.m.  
WORK WITH  
MUSIC.

STUDENT  
DREOGRAPHY  
MEETINGS.  
RAISING  
FOR  
CONCERT  
10p.m.-7:30ish

Thesis CLASS  
2:40-4p.m.

MEET WITH  
GARY  
ABOUT MUSIC  
10a.m.  
BRING CDs  
and  
INSTRUCTIONS

MY  
REHEARSAL  
[DIANA  
COMES NEXT  
WEEK]  
Clean beg.  
Section  
up to ♀ trio

PRESS RELEASES  
Faculty Concert  
- DRC  
- LMU  
  
MEET WITH  
GARY AGAIN  
1p.m.  
Briefly.  
GO OVER  
FADES  
26 OVERLAPS

Superbowl

Invite adjudicators  
for Student final  
showing ?  
  
DANCE  
Free-write  
DUE in  
SEN. THESIS









# FEBRUARY 1996

Schedule

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				MY REHEARSAL 5:30-7p.m. DIANA COMES! SHE cleans!		
				1	2	3
	(Rose comes to Hollys Rehearsal 7-8:30p.)		MANDATORY MEETING FOR DANCE DAY! 6-7p.m.	Create new chor. 2:30-4p.m. MY REHEARSAL 5:30-7p.m. FINISH DANCE! Yea!	2nd MEETING MENTOR and STU. CHORE. completed!	RIVERSIDE Rehearsal! 12-4p.m.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
				MY REHEARSAL 5:30-7p.m. DIANA COMES 6-7p.m. impt. transitions and notes!	RIVERSIDE tech. 8p.m.	RIVERSIDE w/ Stephanie performance! 8p.m.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	FACULTY FINAL SHOWING 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. - All Choreographers - Eileen Cooley - Gwynne Clark - Gary Bonner	POSTER DESIGNS COMPLETED  RUN MY piece after MODERN 2:30-2:40p. For memory sake.		perform/ video my piece for Lisa's Graduate video program. 2-4p.m. Bring shoes! 22 rehearsal 5:30-6:30		DANCE DAY Fundraiser 10-1p.m. teach jazz class
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	Judy LETTERS of invitation to concerts - prospective students - LMU faculty	Judy LETTERS of invitation to concerts - Alumni		COSTUME FITTINGS COMPLETE  My Rehearsal 5:30-7p.m. DIANA COMES cleaner than 29 ever before!		
25	26	27	28	29		



# APRIL 1996

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				4th MEETING MENTOR and STU. CHORE. completed!	Easter	Easter
	1	2	3	My Rehearsal 5:30-7p.m. FINAL performance notes - cleaning	5 	6 
Easter	Easter	FINAL STUDENT SHOWING on stage - 4:00 - flyer to press		Gary - final tape/stu con  My Rehearsal 5:30-6:30	Maxine - student program  Deadline FOR Bio. and intention statement	Student Tech
7 	8 	9	10	11	12	13
Student Tech 4-5:30p. M' tech. DIANA COMES to help! lights look good - No 14 rope...	Student Tech	Student Tech	Student Tech	Student RUN 5:15 pre-makeup 6:00 meeting 6:10 warm-up 6:45 makeup 7:00 CURTAIN	Student RUN 5:15 pre-makeup 6:00 meeting 6:10 warm-up 6:45 makeup 7:00 CURTAIN	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Student DRESS 5:15 pre-makeup 6:00 meeting 6:10 warm-up 6:45 makeup 7:00 CURTAIN	Student DRESS 5:15 pre-makeup 6:00 meeting 6:10 warm-up 6:45 makeup 7:00 CURTAIN  Rope is up! ☺	Student DRESS 5:15 pre-makeup 6:00 meeting 6:10 warm-up 6:45 makeup 7:00 CURTAIN	STUDENT PERFORMANCE 6:15 pre-makeup 7:00 meeting 7:10 warm-up 7:45 makeup 8:00 CURTAIN  (a little shakey) 	STUDENT PERFORMANCE 6:15 pre-makeup 7:00 meeting 7:10 warm-up 7:45 makeup 8:00 CURTAIN  (better) ...strong! but rope fried by lights... 	STUDENT PERFORMANCE 6:15 pre-makeup 7:00 meeting 7:10 warm-up 7:45 makeup 8:00 CURTAIN  (even better! Focused) 	STUDENT PERFORMANCE 6:15 pre-makeup 7:00 meeting 7:10 warm-up 7:45 makeup 8:00 CURTAIN  (perfect... Fun... sad...?) Curtain 27 Call 
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
MAYBE SENIOR NIGHT						
28	29	30				

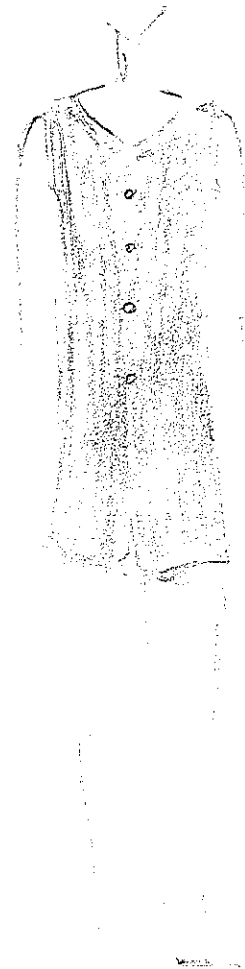
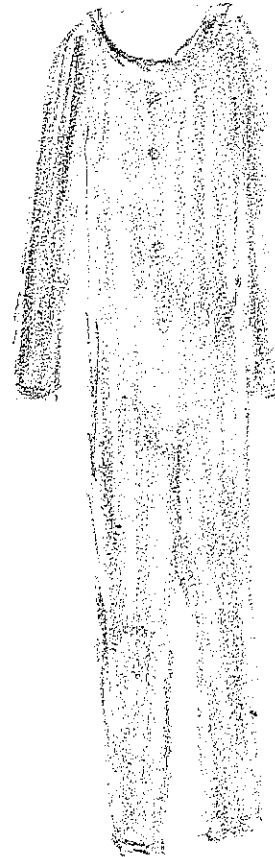


# COSTUMES

The costumes I had imagined for my piece had to be functional and somewhat uniform. I flirted with a million ideas, from the most extravagant and outrageous dresses to simple leotards and biker shorts. I was not sure if James would agree to wearing a dress in all seriousness, and that would be another political statement altogether. I knew that I wanted the dancers to look pulled together and similar in some way but with a definite sense of the self as well. What would not distract the audience from the movement? Would the details of the choreography get lost in elaborate, flamboyant costuming? Should I go overboard in a parade of pink feathers and ruffles or keep it paired down and simpler for the sake of the eye. Since my dance was taking on some sort of comical idea, I could get away with almost anything. James could appear decked out in complete drag queen attire, adorning fake eyelashes and theatrical hair pieces. Then I would have to deem the others as distinctive characters, and I did not want this to become a circus ring for laughs.

I chose to stick to basics and find something that could be easily danced in. Continuing my unexplained theme of underwear from the previous year's concert, I decided to costume my dancers in union suits of varying colors. They were very functional, freely movable, and slightly humorous. Originally, I had thought they would resemble something of a jumper or romper. The final product miraculously worked anyway as more of a pajama statement that I liked as well. These costumes, as I had intended did not place my dancers in gender roles, age groups, or character stereotypes. This freedom gave the audience more liberty to make up their own story-

line or conclusion to the dance. The costumes were mainly for function, to clothe the body. But once my dancers appeared on stage, I couldn't help but fall in love with the saggy backsides, the wrinkled knees, the way they looked like they had just woken up. It was different and endearing all at once. I based the color choices on what I thought looked best with their skin tone and where they stood in relation to each other. The colors themselves were exactly what I saw in my dreams. It was a spectacular kaleidoscope of red, green, blue, and purple.



4 variations of casual suits

Costume Sketch  
Amita Bhatia

MUSIC

I began with some ideas I had researched from musical composer, John Cage. He believes that, "The material of music is sound and silence." Any sound? According to Cage's formula, "Any sound is noise, Music is noise, and Noise is music." I wanted to explore these concepts of sound with the correlation to movement. Which was first? Did sound and/or breath help, alter, or disservice the movement? If there was breath initiation, was the movement fuller, richer, more successful to the dancer? What happened to my dancers when they were suddenly faced with the verbal medium.

The rehearsals that concentrated on breath cues and sound inserts were very educational for me. I found what each dancer was willing to do, and then what sounded just silly to them. Using the voice was an entirely new approach! Inhalation and exhalation were prime elements interspersed throughout my choreography. The movements that accompanied these breath rhythms were that much more fulfilling! Blowing on the ledge of the fingers, sniffing as the hand wiped the nose, gasping as they balanced in suspension. I was extremely excited to utilize both sound and movement simultaneously, and thought that they successfully enhanced one another. The sounds the dancers made individually, some strange and humorous were all their own. I was intrigued to learn as well that Yvonne Rainer, a favorite artist of mine had begun her choreography this way. "From the beginning of her work, Rainer has used the human voice in dances. Her own first solo ("Three Satie Spoons") began in silence; Rainer then began to emit beeping sounds and then words and phrases of no particular consequence." Having read this, I was more certain than ever that sound needed to be incorporated in my work.

The music that I chose for this piece needed to be layered and complex. I was searching for something that could capture the feeling of multi-dimensional levels through sound. I also knew that I wanted to collaborate with Gary in some way. The idea to use several cuts of music came to me in my sleep. By utilizing very different styles of music, I would hopefully be offering something for everyone in my piece. But more importantly, fading in and out and overlapping music could create the texture I was after!

I was extremely happy with the way the music selection and creation came about. Working with Gary was a pleasant learning process, because I had to be so detailed and decisive about the cuts and timing. This helped in being definitive and clear to my dancers in rehearsals as well. I appreciated the fact that Gary was interested in my work. He offered on his own to make me a reel-to-reel production of the music so that I could use it in future performances! Thank you!

The music I selected for each section was highly personal and meaningful to me. The lyrics, mood, type, and tone all played a significant role in capturing my four years here. There was a natural progression from spunk and vigor, love and relationships, femininity and power of women, to energy and celebration, and lastly growth and maturity. I think that both the movement and the music worked in harmony together to create this developmental theme.

I remember approaching Judy immediately after the showing of my (then untitled) piece in the grave adjudication process. She looked energized and felicitous as she commented, "I feel like I am walking through a hotel of rooms. Your dance keeps opening and opening more doors." I thought that this was a great image. As if you opened a door to find another one. You pulled that handle to discover another door. The rooms of doorways were infinitesimal!

# LIGHTING AND SETS



Sets and Lighting were taken into consideration quite some time after I had completed my dance. As things were becoming more and more complicated, I thought it best to keep it simple. In retrospect, I was really satisfied with my lighting. I thought the lighting designs did not take away or distract from the dance in any way, which was my biggest fear. The ambiance was only enhanced by the powerful blue tone during Yvonne's solo. I could detect audible "oohs" from those sitting near me when the wash of impressive color spread along the stage. It was a beautiful setting, and I would have thought so even if it weren't my creation. Yvonne suddenly seemed to be crouched at a river bank in the light of the midnight moon. I was amazed that lighting could alter the scenario so significantly. The final section was framed by a welcoming violet hue. In many books of aura colors, it is said that violet is the color of visionaries and future goals. I thought that this was ironically apt for an ending to my dance that searched onwardly towards tomorrow. It was also visually pleasing to the eye.

I didn't think that I was ever going to get a rope to swing out onto the stage. I never held my breath, expecting it to happen. So, it was a miracle when I finally saw it dangling from back stage during tech. runs! I was thankful that the technical director, Mark McLaughlin had helped me see my vision through. I was much more optimistic of what could be possible here at LMU after that feat. I hope that student choreographers continue to explore as many creative ideas with sets and props as possible. It would have been very easy for me to give up out of fear and never find out if James could swing like a monkey. I am grateful I stuck with my concept and gave new meaning to creative entrances!

# THE JOURNAL

*I chose to include both journal entries of my personal life and raw notes from choreographic ideas. Some of it is difficult to understand, as they were mainly meant for my thought processes and clearing of the mind. However, I think that they are an integral part of my piece and who I am as a whole. Some entries can easily be related to the dance, while others are random thoughts and feelings that indirectly add to my senior thesis project.*

## SUMMER IN NEW YORK:

i miss those wailing crys in the dead of night  
not that i ever heard them...but i knew they were there..  
singing me to sleep so i could wake to the same screeches come  
morning.

it was the grey building sides and history-curbs that i loved to  
call mine-all mine.

i pounded the pavement so steadily there. it was all routine and  
schedule and business with purpose and no questions like here. for  
three months i called it home. that giant metropolis that welcomed  
me and five thousand others-  
we had direction.

## YOU

were my childish grin that smirked back at me day in and day out.  
we had too much fun being little fools-how we tugged at the blanket  
of adulthood and committment.how you hated that responsibilty of  
being you-me wee were the great innocents, content to lay in bed  
and count the shooting stars that soared above. rolling as if in fields  
of hay, golden like our strands of hair that meshed together and got  
tangled. sometimes i wanted to rip my locks away from yours, wake  
up from that tossing yellow dream world and

stand.

but i liked the giggling nights of your drunken stupor, you sang so sweetly in my shell ear.

finally, i longed for you to share the blanket-spread it out evenly so we were both warm in our sanctified bed. but, i grew cold-shivering in the dead of night, wondering when you might wake up to wash the sheets.

are the rose stains still there?can i have them-those pinkish blotches that mean i love you . they are my lasting memory of your unselfish child heart.

October, I think...

i have to  
pull the cradle away from my ear  
because the sound of your senseless whining makes me  
wince in madness.

i check my pulse often lately. to see how much i'm living.  
i check my pants often lately. to see how much i'm bleeding.

temptation makes me think of slapping my pale arm  
find a vein and soothe the screaming.  
if i injected sweetness, everything would be okay.

and i could be pretty in that hollywood sort of sense.  
i could live the fast-high-addiction, ride it out as long as it could take.  
smeared black eyelinerswollen lipseasy disposition.  
glamorous, i say. and we could stay up all night getting skinny and  
rich.

i would be so thin.  
so thin.  
my arms unable to lift themselves to fly.

10/29

*i didn't know if i should call you. i mean, maybe all this drama is  
just the moon tides manipulating my salt and mushy heart.  
i'm sure i'll  
be over it soon  
i think it's more  
the idea of things going on, continuing - as time always  
does. i already miss  
the years i've had here.  
the strange people  
that have passed through,  
never stopping by again. it's so odd, this pipe  
of dreaming and waking for class on time.  
i keep going, day in and day out  
and all of a sudden i look around and its all over, behind me.  
i guess i miss those stupid things we did, dancing around beers and  
dress up and fraternities and basketball games and high school-like  
events and familiar faces and drunken eves and being young and  
smiling at the girls i didn't even like and crashing in your bed with  
seven other boys laughing and horsing around and studying as if it  
was the thing to do and feeling like a college girl and ripping my  
pantyhose and kissing you wildly and renting movies and singing  
along to rock n' roll and kidding with your rommates and xmas  
dinner at reading and those parties at 82nd and shuffling around in  
the living room and*

*realizing now that i can't get those...things...memories back..they're  
gone and past and moved on. i guess i miss them the most.*

NOVEMBER 27, JOURNAL ENTRY

looking back, i think it's been good.  
real good. i come home- and it really is- to  
windows: three to tell me hi and the latest with the wind.  
i feel only, that my life is passing so quickly.  
and yet, when i turn to speak to it, it can never sit still.  
i try like a calm parent, wanting to patiently know the truth.  
she only squirms and twists, leaving me guessing.  
panicky. wondering where she goes and how she slides by...  
what are you doing? i say. Frantically looking for more hours  
in a day, only to leave me lulled to sleepless nights and  
unmanaged time schedules that cry for my minutes that i don't  
have. it's o.k. though.

i like the crazy moon and car rides at night. i can visit some  
stars i would not normally see, if i remember.

but best of all, for all the maddness in my life, i get to dance  
by myself to the drum of my  
solid heart.

semester recount. Fall 95.





february 5,1996.

i saw the moon last night, swollen and orange, pasted against the  
black construction paper like a giant circular sticker.

she followed me home as i drove

through the fog, hovering and peering over my chromium shoulder.

for a moment, i lost myself. i forgot the problems and people i was to  
dodge tomorrow. the situations i was supposed to fret over.

wring

my hands

in make belief grief and guilt and angst.

she made me forget

for a second.

february 20, 1996.

the month has flown by, as usual...everything just flashes before my eyes, as if i have nothing to do with the life that continues on in front of me.... and no one is a part of it. like a soul-mate that sees every particle of my essence. that is strange to me. just me. i am my only witness that looks on in discriminately. observing. remembering. wondering. thinking.

this month has been unusually difficult. bad auditions. strange encounters. struggling dancing. confusing future. no career. i am lost and alone. my bed is empty and cold. i never seem to get warm. not even when i finally fall asleep. it's just a chill i somehow ignore for a few hours to rest in peace. and then the alarm screams and i wake to another grey day. too early.... not enough sleep.... same old obligations and drudgery. people float in and out. at the safe kinesphere, not too close, not too far. just like i want it. and i proceed with the day. indifferent. wanting change. not asking for it, or getting it. wondering where my short life has vanished to. wondering if i will ever have a firm grasp on it. or do i just rise to the same alarm clock morning after morning? i hear it's blaring reminders. i will myself to wake from my surreal world. when can i relax? i think i need a vacation. and am really looking forward to spring break- except after that, i know that means serious dance concert time!

i must go to bed now. i never get enough done in my day. and we didn't even have rehearsal tonight. there is so much to do! when will i manage me life- my time- my bank account- my priorities-my diet- my health- my everything!!!!aaaccckkkkk!!!

## Feb. 20-montholove

you think i will someday-soon fall into those  
brown arms, trusting you will catch before i  
hit the hard cement and  
scrape my cheeks with blood and pebble.  
every day this happens.

i find cajoling nets below me.  
and yet i somehow slip between the cracks  
and plummet into an endless  
night of unsaving p i t .  
when will i learn? when will i find resolving certainty in another's promises?  
sometimes, i think i have when i search those  
golden irises. but they smile back at me in self-absorbed oblivion.  
they long to see my blue ones, but get caught up in their own reflection.

why are you in love with every walking goddess? it is madness.  
And i would  
rather leave you in your pre-occupied lust that consumes every pore  
of your overworked skin. it is my jealousy and need to be herand  
herandherandherandherherherherherhehrehrehrrherherhehrehrehrrherhewrfthe2\$.;/.1q3w4  
gn.?  
so have lunch with her tomorrow. and call the other one in s.f. and write her on the east  
coast. and tell this one i said hi. and don't forget that one there.....  
While you're at it,  
put me on your drawn-out list of whorish trash who hopes to be the one to change your  
pathetic life by fucking your brains out. (although i am proud to have never gone so  
foolishly far).

push. pull. it is a never-ending, dream-like wrestling match with no winner.  
who will give up first?

JOURNAL ENTRY FOR FEBRUARY 24, 1996:

*boys on my left side. boys on my right side. boys in the middle and you're not here.  
tumbling.....i didn't know our love was so small.  
couldn't stand at all.*

*days progress and i am ambivalent to its passing consistency. supposedly, i whispered, "i love you, b" three times in the heat of passion. ! i highly doubt it, since those words never flowed easily from my lips, drunk or not. maybe it was merely repressed emotion that i longed to express. yet, i have hard time believing that one too. i dunno... maybe i still do? did i ever?! who fucking knows. i was slightly tipsy that thursday evening. and confused and worried. and horny. and sleepy. and intoxicated with everything around me.*

*it's been a muddling week or so. i can barely remember the date, or where my check book is. caught a lite sneeze.  
i haven't thought about bobby in a long time. or spoken with him. guess he's given up calling me. which is a relief and well- needed break, but sad too. i guess i kinda miss his ...something. i don't even know what it would be!? who knows. i am just throwing up my hands in wonderment. i give up- trying to understand people, change them, figure them out, satisfy them, help them.....i am just reacting to your acting. that's all.*

*monday seems so far. i was puking my brains out, alone in my toilet bowl with solemn tears to comfort me. it was pretty pathetic. i don't even know how i got so ill. i have been eating really badly lately. i am scared to buckle down and get serious about fitness and health. i have no idea. maybe it's my way of not facing the future- the upcoming concert. the graduating and not knowing where i will be. scary. i have a right to be frightened. but i can't be living in denial. hoping that day won't come. and then being shocked when it finally does.?!?! that's crazy! ug. facing reality. my favorite. i am supposed to go out tonight. and i really want to get wild and dance, but i can't get motivated to step in the shower. o.k. i will write more when i return home. i don't want to drive over to robert's house but he invited me. i would rather sleep ontop of all these random clothes strewn across my bed. they would keep me warmer. every time i*

wake up there, after only a few hours of sleep, we are far apart. alone and in our own worlds. i think i remember waking up in bobby's arms when we slept together. but maybe i am glamorizing it. ? i know i reached out to him when i did peek my eyes open. but i knew him better. so i think i will sleep in my own bed tonight. and sleep in until i feel like waking up! NOT setting the alarm! what a concept! o.k. time for shower! more later.

so, we ventured out. it's now 2:30 something, and i am just so happy that i don't have to wake up for anything tomorrow!!! i can't explain how thrilled i am to sleep in!! and in my own bed. i know if i went to robert's i would be uncomfortable and uneasy. and not well-rested. i need this desperately. to just be in my own space!!!! with no real commitments tomorrow. a

when we finally got to the club, we stood outside for half an hour. what a waste! it was cold, and ange and i were losing our wind. so we left. it was better anyways. but i didn't feel like getting in my car again and driving all the way out to hollywood AGAIN! exactly where we had just come from!!! plus, i really wanted to sleep at home. even if it IS a shitty night's sleep! at least i will be in my own bed!!! he got so mad. practically hung up on me with all kinds of attitude. i can't deal with this drama. am i your girlfriend? do i have ANY obligation to you? so, you are disappointed and hurt because i didn't come over so you could get off. we just rendezvoused two days ago!!! isn't that enough?!? thursday, we spent ALL night heavy-mauling and i got no sleep as usual. and i don't want this to become a regular pattern. we live our lives, and then i drive forty minutes out of the way to kiss and take off clothes. no. where are the long walks and coffee conversation? i only see you in between classes at school...or in your bed. that is not much of a relationship. like i will give in soon and fuck you. i am worried that i am starting to become a little attached and that's not good. i need to keep you at safe distance because you are bad medicine. not what i need in my life right now. but i don't want to give you up and just be friends....or big time lovers, girlfriend/boyfriend. it's a no win situation, i guess..... but you are so demanding and dramatic! why can't things be simple? who knows... you're just bitter because i didn't drive the fuck out there, which is a bitch in itself. if your rommmate was there, it would be a different story. oh well. why am i wasting room typing this shit out? they are fleeting worthless thoughts about a schitzo.

*i guess i care, but i just don't want a relationship right now. someone who cares about me is cool. who wouldn't want that? but all the shit that comes with it, is not worth it. worry, jealousy, hurt, disappointment, nervousness, angst, etc... and on and on. i really don;t need to list them all, i've already been through it!*

*so, it's almost three now. and i am sitting by candlelight, appreciating my time alone. i love being here alone and NOT in some (near) stranger's bed. thank God for keeping me here. i am content. and need the restoration. feels like everyone wants me at THEIR house, when i have not spent enough at mine. everyone is so demanding, fuck. i wish i could write music. maybe i will learn the guitar. how to play it. i am sleepy. and sick of boys. i have had it up to here. thursday, w and r both tried to play me, i guess. and it was quite annoying. i hate that lmu scene. but whatever. there are way too many thoughts going through my head right now. i can't keep up with them, and record them all.....i am interested in w but he won't call me. ever. guilt and i maybe i'm jsut not he's type. and he is not interested. o.k. whatever. it wouldn't work out anyways, and maybe he just sees that clearer than i do. our personlities clash. in every sense. and we would kill each other with the tempers and rage. plus, he is too uptight and stiff for me. i need a rebel rocker who doesn't dig black chicks, and try to be black. it's ridiculous. i find myself being envious of yvonne because of robert which make NO sense to me. i can't compete with that, nor do i want to. it's a different lifestyle. Anyways..... too many thoughts.....maybe i will meet someone during vacation. i am looking forward to a break!!! maybe i should dye my hair red temporarily? i am bored. have to study tomorrow. am very sore. time for sleep. it's a crazy world. and i can't really explain because my hands can't keep up.... too much thought. not enough words in the dictionary.*

*my world. it's the only looking  
glass i've got.  
and sometimes i'm wondering  
if it's so wrong.  
(maybe just severely convoluted).*

*i keep warm by my small blow heater.  
it fires on my back,  
and i wish it could envelope me. swallow me whole.  
keeping the entire me warmed hot chocolate.*

*tomorrow i will not eat anything.*

*i hope*

*the starvation is a method to my madness. and i will  
be all the clearer afterwards.....3:04a.m.*



3-3-96

it's march now. i refuse to believe  
the element of time and  
how it  
speeds by me.

i am trying to  
avoid your  
phone calls.  
but we somehow find a  
way to keep dragging  
out the  
tension and pain between us.  
i hate your arguments, and hold the phone away from my ear.  
when i bring it back, you are still  
droning on  
and  
on and  
on and O N about wordless meaningless senseless bullshit.  
i hate your voice  
and it's dumb questions.  
"do you miss me?" it implores.  
i wait for the silence to crackle.  
you are the  
shoe that doesn't fit me anymore.  
my stomach is knotted in  
to a thousand tiny tangles i can't unravel.  
it makes me sick  
and i double over in anguish.

3-22:

my arms dangled listless over the bed, as if separate entities blowing  
in the breeze.

i can feel the air sifting between my fingertips.

glazed over.

you made me numb. astranged from my body and soul

nothing fazes

this disconnected figurine.

and then i come to. the eyes adjust to black and attack.

throat festers.

i scrape the skin off my thighs

hoping i will soon hit bone.

that tender flesh on the inside

is for you.

APRIL 2nd!

*the run of the concert went really well. i didn't fall, thank God. and everything went smoothly. i was in heaven on stage and suddenly remembered why i love dancing. at one point, i was spinning in my solo while looking up and realized that i was no longer in the theater, staring at lights. it was a connection to something greater- bigger. like the night sky and even heaven. i didn't see ceiling, only vast sky. it was a great epiphany.*

*i truly enjoyed myself on stage performing. it felt so great to be there. especially in stephnaie's when we were all connected and concentrated. the first and last nights were absolutely amazing. like a controlled rollercoaster. i am so grateful that the whole event went really well.*

thank God i forgot  
about the concrete, cement, and exit signs blaring over the doors.  
finally, all  
i could see were the welcoming  
yellows of light and fading black.  
and i knew you were somewhere up there  
watching down in studied  
awe. the concerned attention was endearing.

it was as if there was only you and me in that night.

MY DANCE IS NOTHING WHAT IT USED TO BE ... BUT I'M O.K. WITH THAT ...

It's already March. Late March. St. Patrick's Day. And tomorrow we resume school. It is the last quarter of my life as a student. I am going through a major transitional period in my life as I am trying to prepare myself for the real world. I have passed it off for so long as just being "the student" I am amazingly frightened by this new world. Now I can't just tell people I'm "studying" or "in school" and leave it at that. THAT WAS my occupation. That WAS my life, my purpose, my direction so that when one inquired, "What do you do?" I simply respond "I'm in school." How easy that is. How simple and comfortable and irresponsible. I can understand why one would prefer to remain "in school" for as long as possible. Firstly, no one judges you after that first pressing question. "In school" is an all-purpose answer that shuts everyone up. I still have time and future to make a career and be successful, so you never know. Secondly, anyone and everyone can be "in school" so that the majority is trying to become educated just like you.

Being a student means not having to get a job, pay the bills, do your taxes, budget your money, worry about your future (unless you are almost out and thus wondering what the fuck you're going to do next)

MARCH 20<sup>th</sup>

O.K. enough stressing about my future and life for 1 night. I am so scared, I am beside myself. There are so many ambivalent feelings attached to graduating and leaving school. I am a basket case - and we haven't even resumed school yet.

Tomorrow begins the last leg. Spring Break is over! The last one. I am disappointed it's over. I could have used another few weeks of R;R on the beach in Mexico. I'm so glad I went. It was one of the best experiences I've had in awhile. Now, back to dumb school deadlines - papers, assignments, tests coming up.

And we start teaching this week.

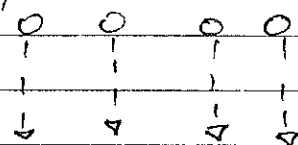
And stupid trivial boy problems are on my mind. I am thinking about this one boy on the trip. I like his wit and sense of humor. I think I broke up w/ Robert tonight. He is more of a headache than I need. So much noise.

I am considering going back to New York for the summer. Mom is talking me into it. I dunno.... Well, see... O.K. I am sleeping now

I hope sore throat is gone tomorrow and the toilet clears up!

Maybe Holly should  
make  
a larger  
set?

Try slow walk  
fund from U.S.



One person breaks  
out w/ signature  
momt (from intro)?

bring information on job placement

**Performing:**

get an agent

make a portfolio/temp. composite sheet

## **SENIOR THESIS**

**4-6 dancers**

**male and female**

**incorporate voice and breath and sound**

**people's personality coming out through their voices**

**singing songs**

**collaborate with Gary on a musical score**

**more primitive, more drums, natural sounds**

**Maricel**

**Yvonne**

**George**

**Jennifer Mac Gregor**

**Carrie**

**Holly(?)**

**James**

## Senior Thesis Choreography:

- !! \* 1. Ask Judy about rope as prop!!
2. Meet w/ Gary. make new work tape
3. Teach y i j duet
4. Add phrase for women
5. Putting j in - Rope
6. Organize last section = shapes
7. make up phrase for Holly

1. Pulp Fiction

TRACK #1 00:14 (after dialogue) - 1:35 (start fade)

2. Portishead

TRACK #4 00:00 - 1:07 (fade) ["it could be sweet" → fade]

3. Tuck and Patti

TRACK #6 00:10 - 00:41 (fade)

4.

12 / <sup>1:30</sup> 01:42 - 2:32

00:48

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\* overlapping? - especially from DISCO to TUCK & PATTI

\* SIDE B has correct order

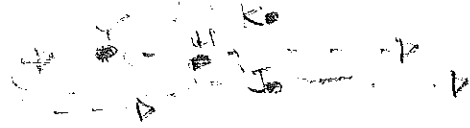


## Notes for piece:

1. fix Holly's intro.
2. Do leg skate transitions to Pulp while walking.
3. make transition to Y:J left smoother
4. clearer on ♀ trio canon - all do it together

NOTES FOR DANCE

Running pattern before /s/  
Solo - more overlapping!

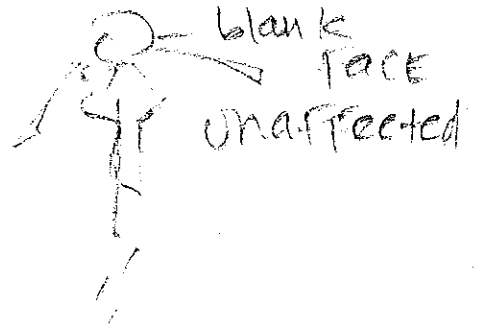


Y suddenly  
emerges thru

Y - struggle - deeply rooted feet  
into ground - like plucking flowers  
out of the soil - don't let hands move  
until ready to twist!

You are searching for yourself  
Unprepared for the final point thing  
to make you used -

You are unaware that he's  
over on your back



## Notes from opening night:

1. Holly - make finger openings stronger - clearer, slower in btwn
2. Sounds - good - audible - just quicker starting
3. Don't touch down before ski jump
4. Kellys look front sooner for astich jumps
5. Good - James fall
6. Good - shakes - play it up - have FIN  
Feel like you're on drugs - tremble EVERYWHERE
7. Yvonne needs to be seen more in spacing
8. Holly clearer on intro. - look confused -  
Don't die there - or save energy
9. I don't speed up "guns" or "searching"
10. let head lead up - good - -
11. James work out exit
12. Come in sooner
13. Yvonne run to him - clearer
14. ♀ tri - good - spacing - tight is good  
Keep pushing floor roll part
15. Head still needs to be stronger
16. hand on hip - all at same time
17. Good intro. - James'

Jump?

- Kelly still slower on canon repeat
- ~~Hand~~ ~~up~~ Vegas part
- ~~Use~~ ~~key~~ serious on modern part

ENDING GOOD! beautiful  
KEY!!

Change bow to individuals  
Smile - have fun!!!


Brainstorms for piece:

enter from houses, walk down aisle, CLIMB  
up onto stage

everyone helping the other out  
[i.e. foot step, hand up, pull up ...]

crazy (Lenny Kravitz) dance w/ Strobe light

as if in a surrealistic disco hall

- pause → in Holly pose 

rt. hand beats chest (open palm)

lf " to reach rt. diagonally ==

head drops w/ sigh (audible)

Men start → arms start swing

♀ Canon after

end just neutral,  
staring at  
audience

Lenny Kravitz - "Rugama go nut way?"

Porti Shead

Alanis Morissette - a capella

piano concerto

Peter Gabriel

TO DANCE IS HUMAN... NATURAL · DANCE, CULTURES, AND SOCIETY.

Talent Shows

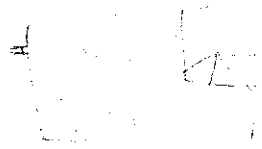
The School Play

Ballet Studios

Radio Shows

Summer Camps

I pull up  
my sliding pink  
leg warmers and ease  
my fresh feet into the  
slippers. We all bustle  
into the hot room, giggling  
girls with protruding pink  
tummies. I always hated  
the pink, the stuffiness, the  
rules. But I loved the way I  
felt like a princess. the way I could do



POINT FEET

- / FAST ON TURN (double for feet)
- / HOLD SWIMMING LONGER
- / FASTER TRANSITION &&
- / SHAKE LEGS MORE
- / GUNS JAMES
- / HANDS Y
- NO PREP INTO PIGGY BACK
- J HIT Y

K ON CENTER

- W VEGAS
- move out
- FACES ON CHEESEY
- \* HOLLY WAIT ON TRIP

# SENIOR THESIS :

10 minute maximum

Cast of 6-8 dancers

incorporating song/voice and dance

Holly

George

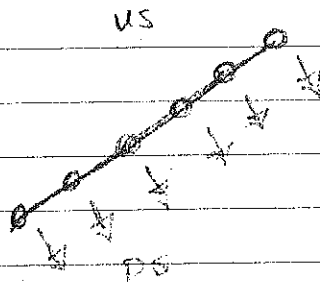
Yvonne

James

Brian Stone?

C

(7 breath-gasping (together))



in unison  
then in wave/cannon  
then stop in place

o duet

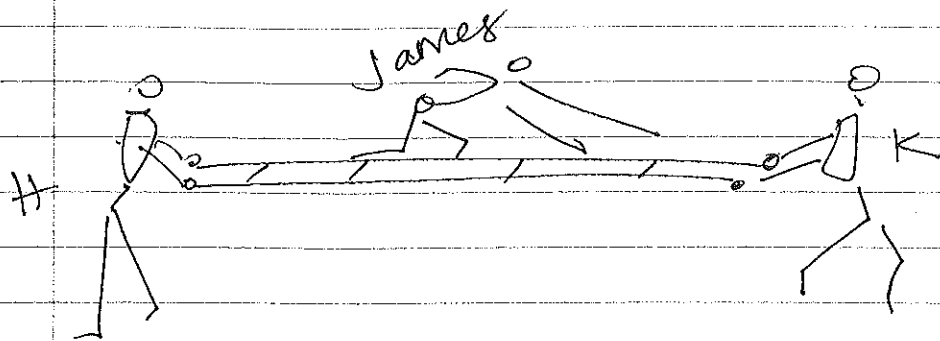
o solo

o ensemble

Noga - throw body w/ flailing arms  
to torso over to jump - ensemble

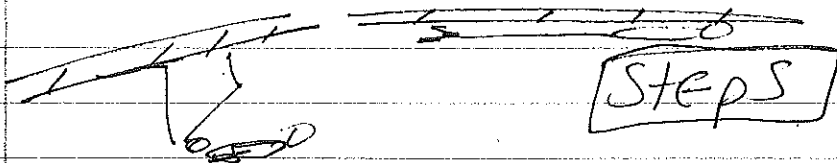
- women's right - their oppression and struggle
- relationships between men & women - how they can be so compatible and still speak 2 different languages
- the exploration of movement accompanied by voice, song, breath - and how that changes/influences/ affects movement
- exploring femininity and masculinity - how they differ reversal roles (i.e. men w/ fem. munt, women w/ mas. munt)
- partners changing partners and how that varies?





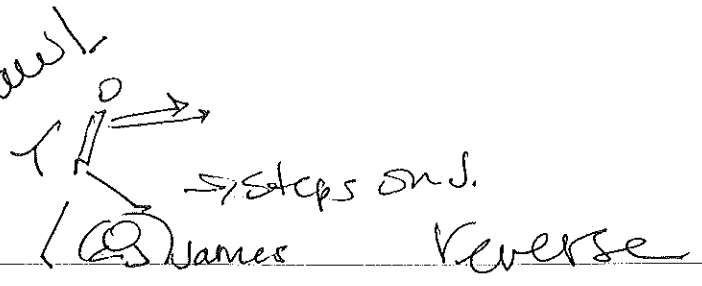
~~Yes~~ on diagonal?

Crawling through - Getting stuck

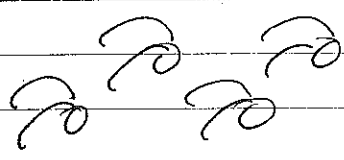
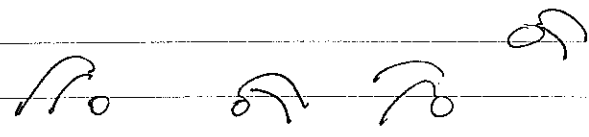


hip roll - pivoted  
on the

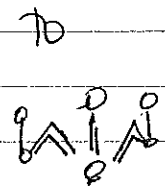
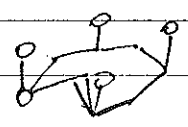
one accidentally bumps another - he/she mistakes that for serious hit - hits back → huge brawl



to ladder

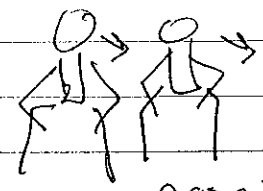
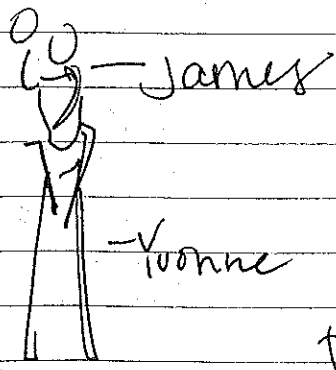


"shhahh!" when legs swing on ground



to water ballet configuration

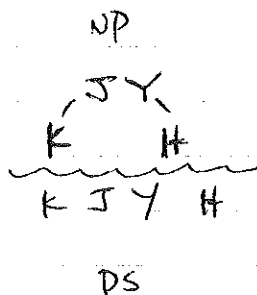
to doggie paddle back rock



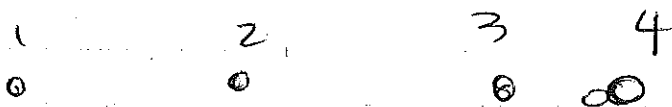
Gaze in unison look of togetherness

James is enthusiastic, hopeful look of an excited puppy.

He slowly becomes exhausted, slumped on V's back - V becomes excited/like



- leg quiver ft. arm flails, lf arm same close in.  
 like clam, fingers spread on "aahh" & head roll to ft.  
 legs still shake → arms 1/2 time improvl. around  
 → back turn on slide in IT



to ft. hip (w/ arm<sup>ft.</sup>), lf hip - ft. arm crosses under  
 to lf. diagonal point → then lf. to ft. diag. point  
 to ft. hand on look-out to arm circle - (w/ hip SL  
 w/ flexed palm to ↓ over head.

knee spin to wrap to roll s.ft.  
 the lf. → fall - roll back to big hop (focus down)  
 and freeze.

James solo



All turn & flail arms to

Kelly

Running  
 Pattern

Yvonne, Holly, James? → Partnering?

# BRAINSTORM

2 men, 3 women

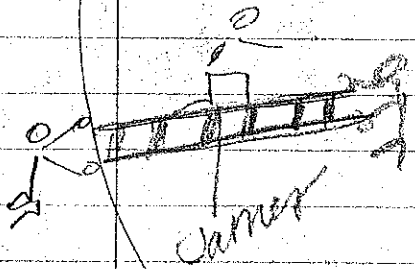
variations on costumes

couples 2  
gender communication

dialogue, text, dancers speaking/writing poetry

props = ladder, 2 steps  
personal growth at end

overcoming obstacles, leaning on others, love, growing, going thru journey individually and as cast of 5



climbing, going through, stepping up, getting over, coming down, discovering, finding route, surviving, realizing, growing up, coping, waking up

consistency





constricted in the face of acceptable womanhood

Christine Corley  
545 6977





to surprised at greatness  
and slowly backing up on diagonal  
James jumps on her back / piggyback style  
and they trudge 10 steps (5 for each)  
either DS diagonal OR straight DS.

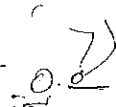
James slumps off to roll (on r. shoulder)  
to  Y balances on his feet  
w/ hips  if possible, she pulls him  
up, they keep hands together; windmill.  
4 steps back together, hinge with arms  
slowly coming up


Last Section =

All in canon, varying tempo, spatial design.  
Cane w/ Rt. hand across, white face  
up. st. → brings body around to lunge  
forward on lf. leg, leaning forward while  
arms come up by ears.

Rt. arm & leg both unravel;  developé up  
to TURN! left leg in back  
attitude, leaning slightly...

Lf. leg tucks under - to fall on  
diagonal to floor 

push, swivel or butt to horse click   
to upside down bridge - Audible gasp!

 - slice pie w/ Rt. arm down

STRAIGHT!! as feet flex; hips lower

Different timing...

### Rehearsal:

after Y's balance, she turns and J jumps on her back - walk forward 8 steps. He slumps off to B. balance, she comes off, pulls him up (to turn still attached?)

They step backward (4 steps) while hanging to "twist!" catch oneself. left leg swoops around (4x)

o Y turns & J trips her.

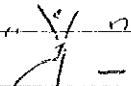
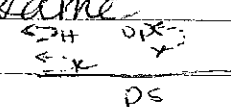
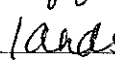
o K comes out - trips

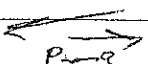
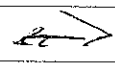
o H " "

[They do floor phrase]

→ L, R hands to <sup>crispy</sup> LEG swing trip  $\hat{e}$  to get to left butt cheek - then butt spin to horse heel click to roll over leg


Notes / Ideas about piece =

- 1) When running or clump down stage in Pulp Fiction, pick up speed, be tighter, and bend over w/ head still looking out!
- 2) after Y's balance  - she walks backward in a circle, K and H come on during same circle track - smaller from wing   
K?, H exit
- 3) James runs from off stage to Y's back - try hand grips
- 4) DO walk forward - J is shumped over Y
- 5) She leaves him off - he jumps - falls to back  Y lands over on him

to  - pull, pull, to change places 

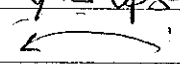
to Graham/Lewit. head roll looking up  
J's points - Y points w/ his finger - he collapses to floor  
she collapses - repeat pointing to stars

K (?) H - floor phrase.

 slowly bring up to elbow - push off

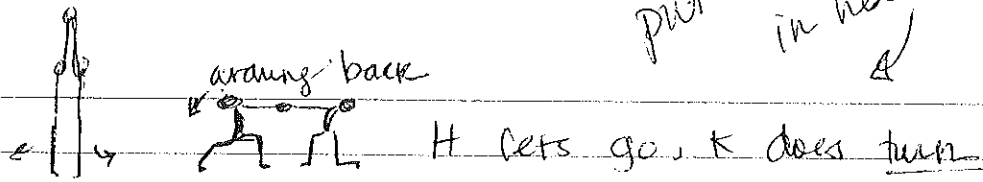
to butt spin (w/ legs extended)

to horse heel click

Y is upstage  
  
H K

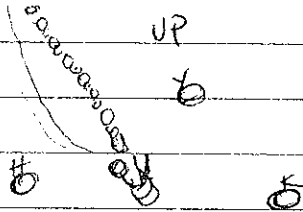


put " swimming?"  
in here!  
↙



come up to change hands  
K leaves - Holly does solo

to all 3 women H y K in unison  
w/ legs & arms



DS \* vs' comes in on rope

Duet  
Partnering

read you  
rib out  
shake shoulders  
down - extend  
arm

VISIONS d

melodie  
hypnotizing  
rhythm

Suddenly this  
summer...

repeating  
theme  
waterfall  
Circular  
Voices  
remember  
cello's

one begins  
2 ropes on  
either side of  
stage  
to swing & hold onto

roll up  
leg out (circle)  
hiccup  
fall to  
side - set up

Remember"

- now we were  
- used to be  
- how we've changed  
From The past

unison  
foot pattern  
w/ 22  
kms  
feet together

unitar

w/ cap  
short  
sleeves

purple

lifting

steps  
fresh feeling of  
steps  
signifying  
achievement  
of a new  
territory

Ô de Lancôme.

The number one

Eau Fraîche fragrance

in France.

holding  
hands  
while  
traveling  
in France.

LANCÔME  
PARIS

1" / 1 1/2" steps (small platforms)  
everywhere  
Begin on steps

use for part of traveling patterns

**POST CONCERT**  
**REFLECTIONS**

Because I was so caught up in the momentum of the concerts, I did not have much opportunity to record each night of performance. My thoughts and memories stem from what I jotted down on scraps of paper, and inserted into my journal.

I remember being mostly pre-occupied with my own emotional breakdown opening night. I couldn't even sit next to Holly at the dressing room table for fear of suddenly breaking into a fit of simultaneous sobbing and laughter. It happened anyway. I tried to apply my mascara, but it just became more disastrous as it ran down my hot cheeks. I did not know what to do with all of this bubbling emotion. How can I acknowledge those feelings and get on with my performance? Pull it together, Cristy! I was sure going to miss those lights around the mirror.

Everyone was noticeably antsy and restless with opening night jitters. I could feel the adrenaline and energy pumping through the green room. I started to feel anxious about my piece, as my mind raced through all the possible things that could wrong. I began to drill last minute reminders to my dancers. This was not the best tactic, I realized as a look of terror slowly crossed over James' face. The rope suddenly became an obstacle and we worried together of how it could fail him.

I watched my piece from the back of the house. My fingers were crossed, my body tense. The lights dimmed, Holly began. They looked nervous! I thought that overall, it was minorly successful as an opening night performance. I detected a lot of displacement and lack of focus. I even heard Judy whisper something about the amount of dispersed energy. James was noticeably late for his entrance into the duet. No one was conscious of another. The women had trouble catching James in a horizontal jump. It was disconcerting but understandable as the first night. I wasn't worried.

The following three nights of my piece were a joy to watch from the footlights. I realized more than ever that it was no longer in my hands, and I needed to trust my dancers wholeheartedly. I collected Holly, Kelly, James, and Yvonne before the lights dimmed again. We circled on-stage together, and I explained to them that it was their dance now. My complete faith and love was there as encouragement. I think they were surprised at my words. The curtain drew back and the dance unfolded. It was amazing to be that involved with a work, and able to witness it. I saw art being created before my eyes.

# MY PERSONAL AESTHETIC

When we explored each other's signature movement styles in our Senior Thesis class, I found many insights to my own dancing as well as my partner's. I think it all gave us a chance to understand our peers more deeply, and to appreciate their unique approach to movement. Some key words I recorded from my classmates notes about my personal movement style have helped me in further defining what my dance aesthetic is. They are mostly adjectives of what they saw as I improvised.

Balance. Dangerous. Off-balance. Like a monkey. Sustained! Direct. Committed. Like an eagle. "Going, going-switch directions!" Spinning. Accented. Hovering. Abandon and control. Anticipation. Mystery. Intriguing. Smooth. Natural.

I saw myself in each of these assessments, and agreed with the majority of responses. To define my personal aesthetic is a challenge for me. I find that I perceive what I am doing quite differently than how I see it later on video recording. How I see my movement in my mind's eye is nothing like the replication I view later. Some of that realization is disappointing, some of it is educational and enlightening. Studying oneself on camera is a real test in unbiased self-analysis and constructive judgment. If the negative criticism does not take over, it can be a fascinating learning process in self-exploration.

Leafing through journals and files from my studies at Loyola, I came across work I had done in Laban Movement Analysis. Asked to explore our movement preferences, I made some interesting discoveries. I wrote about my tendency towards spoke-like shape and carving, especially in the use of my arms. Free flow,

weightiness, and time variations were also noted. Both mobile and awake states were emphasized. I thought that I had a direct space effort and near reach kinesphere. I still agree with my findings today, and think that my overall style of movement has not changed much. I have grown significantly as a dancer, but I feel that is more in terms of performance qualities and improved mental engagement. When I came to Loyola, I felt that I already had a firm grasp on the foundations of ballet and modern technique. My movement preferences were previously sculpted and formed in my high school training.

I must also include what has come to be "Cristy movement" as a critical portion of my aesthetic. Since I have now grown up with my dancing peers for four consecutive years, they have come to know what movements are quintessentially "me". Anyone would tell you that simply put, I turn. I like to see the world in motion, constantly swirling around me. If I am revolving, I can not be concerned with one delicate detail. It is all a whirlwind, which ironically enough is how I feel about my life. The spiraling is comforting to me. It means I am busy. And finding joy and speed in pure motion. I can't understand why anyone would NOT want to turn. The danger is rapturous!

It reminds me of another personal favorite, balance. The entire concept of that suspension is finding a moment of stillness. What happens when you are at edge of a cliff, the top arc of a playground swing, almost falling over a boat? You hold your breath, widen your eyes, think about silence. That is how I feel when I am precariously positioned in dance, and in life.

Both turning and balancing, I think are about control and surrender. When do you hold on, and when do you let go? The viscera, abdominal wall, solar plexus are all at attention. The mind, on the other hand is lost in child-like awe. The legs grip at first, then finally trust the air that supports the body. Limbs tend to float happily in turns and balances, they are naive and peaceful in the bliss. It is the most exhilarating sensation I know. Turning and balancing remind me of the sheer joy in dancing, and the idea of being in love with motion.

I suppose that then would be the closest definition of my dance aesthetic. Turning and balancing with speed variations seem the most natural choices I make. Although my choreography incorporates many more movement inventions, I would say that this is what I most like to be doing in dance.



HER FINGERS SCRAPE THE CARPET

LONGING TO MOVE WITH THAT

SWEET LULLABY

SHE HEARS ECHOING

IN HER LONELY MIND.

IT IS A PRIMAL NEED TO OIL HER JOINTS AND LOOSEN HER BONES- THE DRIVE IS  
OVERWHELMING.

SUDDENLY, SHE IS SWAYING TO THE HUMMING CHIMES OF THE WIND.

IT IS NOT A STUDIED GRACE THAT SWEEPS UP UNDER HER FEET.

SHE DOES NOT CARE ABOUT IMPRESSING ANYONE WITH THE TRICKS IN HER BAG.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE CAN DO, AND CALLS ON THE MAGIC ONLY IN THE DEAD OF  
NIGHT.

THE FEET PRICK THE DIRT, WHISPERING SECRETS OF CATERPILLARS  
AND HOW TO MAKE MUD PIES.

IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN FIND THE  
DANGEROUS FOX THAT STALKS.

SHE WANTS TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN

IF SHE LEANS OUT FAR ENOUGH

BALANCES A LITTLE LONGER

TURNS UNTIL THERE IS NO BEGINNING OR END.

NEVER DOES SHE PLEAD TO GET OFF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

SHE WANTS TO GO FASTER.

TURNING. TURNING. TURNING.

IT ALL BECOMES A BLURRED HAZE OF ENDLESS MOTION.

AND THEN

AS IF STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, SHE ARRESTS.

ALL TIME STOPS AND SHIFTS SUDDENLY, LIKE THE BACK TRACKING OF  
AN OCEAN. PERMANENT AND GONE.

SHE IS NO LONGER PREDATOR

BUT METHODOICAL EAGLE, RIDING THE WAVES OF SOFT AIR.... RISING ABOVE THE LAWS  
OF PHYSICS, GRAVITY, TIME

AS BIRDS OFTEN DO.

IT IS HER FATED STRUGGLE TO FIND PEACE AMONGST THIS CRAZY WORLD.

SHE SPINS IN UNCONTROLLABLE FREEDOM. SHE SUSPENDS IN QUIET CALM.

THE INTERIORS, CREVICES OF HER BRAIN KNOW THIS PERPETUAL DUALITY.

IT KNOWS OF HER RISK DANCE.

HER MOVEMENTS SPEAK OF BEACH SAND, NIGHT STARS, AND CAT FUR.

THEY BEG TO KNOW THE ANSWERS OF LOVE.

AND RICHES OF POWER SHE HAS NOT EVEN FOUND IN HER POCKETS.

IF YOU NOTICED THE FACE, YOU COULD FIND A PLACID ARRANGEMENT

OF UNDERSTANDING

LONELINESS

POTENCY.

HER VITALITY LAY IN THE DANCE OF HER LIFE.

**HOLLY'S PERSONAL**  
**AESTHETIC**

*Holly rose from the floor and walked to the center of the studio. She thought for only a brief moment, and then ever so gracefully glided into an endless curving shape. The hands cupped the air, carving it like thick peanut butter. Her leg came off the ground to complement the shape, wrapping with the slow design of a bob sled.*

*The form twisted and spiraled long after she had left. It suggested an acknowledgement of both vertical and horizontal space. It was simultaneously curved and angular; juxtapositional of her body melting and yet defining the shape. I noticed this balance: clear and precise movements that were also flowing, languid, and "moved through."*

*Holly's disposition and facial expressions remained the same. A look of serenity and pure calm made me feel that she was interested but not surprised. Although the body changed direction and intent, she remained at ease and unwavering. I was more intrigued with her mind and thoughts, than the arms making designs. They seemed less significant.*

*She did not run, walk, or otherwise locomote beyond the transitions made. I wondered why, and expected more in that respect. Yet, I understand that in Holly's stature, she is completely comfortable with where she is (where ever that may be). There is no reason she should transport to another location because she did not think of it, and therefore it must not be necessary.*

*I also noticed that Holly took care of detail. The feet were arched, but not severely "prima-ballerina" pointed. The arms and hands were graceful and held, without being affected or forced. I*

*appreciated her attention and awareness that was not too understated or over the top.*

*Holly dug deep into the ground with a firm plie. Her legs pulled like taffy, resisting the high plane; welcoming gravity. I wouldn't say she was weighted, or earthy. I thought she looked more like an ice-skater, peacefully gliding along. (but that could've been the socks). Connected, but not married to the ground. Her movements are all about how she arrives there. There is a sense of purity and cleanliness. Clarity. Holly is spoke-like, while also carving through space. She is a toe-nailed moon against the darkest night sky.*

*I think that Holly is a definite direct and shape-oriented dancer. She concentrates mainly on the line, form, and design of her movement. I think it is a type of focused meditation for Holly. She seems like the most clear thinking being I can imagine when dancing. No one questions her motives in dance...or in life. She has the power to persuade masses.*

*mostly, I stare at her face. it is so intent*

*and spirited, you can not help but be transfixed.*

*the awareness is spellbinding... as if you could make*

*out the smallest cricket in the evening glade.*

*she is womanly- in all a woman could be.*

*demanding, vulnerable, coy, commanding, detailed, emotional.*

*and yet they are never contrived feminine traits that I would tire of.*

*her dancing is like the first morning cracks in a distant ice glacier.*

*so intricate and real, you are inspired by the sight.*

# CAREER PLOTS

For the next three years of my life I hope to be....  
....creating MORE art! I want to be extremely successful, naturally and able to do what I want artistically. I want to be making art, learning new things, finding real answers every day as I did throughout my college career.

I thought I wanted to dance professionally in a modern company. But more and more, I am beginning to resist the idea of being a "body" for someone else. Why should they have the authority to make mediocre art? Perhaps I will reconsider as rent bills pile up....

I want to do EVERYTHING! Especially in dance, but also in all the arts. I want to perform in musical theater productions, smile for commercial advertisements, dance with renowned modern companies. I want to form my own company, and develop my choreography in that venue. I want to be able to dance everyday and not wish I were somewhere else. I also want to sing, and act, and be in a band. I want to make it big like every other actor/model/waiter in L.A. (city of dreams). I want to be the one in countless thousands to get that audition and expose my talent. I hope to bring dance into the mainstream entertainment industry this way.

These are long-term goals. They are vague and somewhat lofty ideas of mine, but potentially attainable. In my short-term plan, I hope to be dancing on either coast (preferably west) in any job I can find. I want to stop being the "studio dancer" who only knows how to take class and more class. I long to perform as much as possible with perhaps such artists as Stephanie Gilliland, or Joe Goode here

while being employed in the commercial dance field. Other dance companies interest me, and I am open to numerous possibilities. I only hope that I can continue to further my pursuit in dance and the entertainment industry.



# *WHAT IS DANCE?*

**DANCE (dans) v.** To move rhythmically to music using improvised or planned steps and gestures. **dance n. dancer n.**

"Move rhythmically to music..."? I beg to differ with Mr. Webster's definition of the term. "...using improvised or planned steps and gestures."? How can this begin to sum up the meaning of dance? What *is* dance? I decided to search for my own answers.

Dance is the language of movement that speaks artistically and spiritually. Dance is communication through the human body. Dance rises up from the bottom of the toes and resounds out through the heart as a desire to be heard and known. It is what we must do when we can no longer sit still. As the famed Ruth St. Denis claims, "I see the dance being used as a means of communication between soul and soul-to express what is too deep, too fine for words." Dance is truth and purity in expression. Dance is artistic movement.

Defining dance has been a question in my mind since the day I set foot in the sacred space of the LMU dance studios. Never before had I thought to question what in effect makes dance dance or why it might be considered something less than an art form. But that, to an extent is how dance is perceived by society today. It is not the sophistication of painting, nor the popularity of music. Dance is viewed as foreign, perhaps even lusty. Because Western society is so uncomfortable with the issue of body, dance becomes something of a sin. How can we shake our hips without suggestiveness? Our culture is so bound by the controversy of sexuality, dance suddenly becomes

execute is done artistically. Everything dances. Children frolic, birds flutter, the grass sways. Aren't these all forms of dance? I would like to think so. But that point of view completely diminishes our standards for being a professional artist. If I was a subscriber to "everything dances" thinking, then why would I be cooped up in a stuffy dance studio every day of the week? Why would I train to become skilled and better at my art when "better" no longer exists? Professional dancers who have slaved away for their art are suddenly negated off the chart of being taken seriously. So, where do we draw the line?

I think there is a distinct difference between "dancing" and a dancer. A dancer has given blood and sacrifice to her work. Dancing can be leaves in the breeze. I think this differentiation is important to keep in mind when attempting to categorize dance as art form, and dance as recreation. It is the difference between humming in the shower and singing the national anthem at Dodger Stadium by yourself. The act can be performed by anyone, and it could be art. But the latter requires tremendous skill, training, and talent to be a substantial work of art.

*when i have nothing more to say  
dance says it.*

*i rely on the wisdom of dance instead of cerebral cognition to  
survive.*

*that is the force that propels me into atmosphere.*

*it is why i get up in the morning.*

*dance feeds on hungry ears.*

*it wants to be heard, and knows how to do it.*

*those contours of my ankles never lie.*

*they speak of only truth and unapologetic grit.  
my feet remember all the pain, and are not afraid to scream  
about it.  
the movement that is born from my body knows more than i  
ever could.  
its power in changing the world is limitless.*

# **CONCLUSION**

## AFTERTHOUGHTS...

so it has miraculously come to an end here.  
full circle, we have all reached the finish line together.  
I remember how this group of scholars began their new journey with frets  
of self-doubt and confusion.  
We may not have all the answers today, but I know we have stepped  
into being the dancing women ready for tomorrow.  
I am reminded of how frightened  
we were in comp. class, studying the formula of L.M.A., suddenly on-stage  
opening nights.  
And Judy with all her pushing and probing into our wondrous minds.  
We have accomplished feats we never thought possible -  
that sense of achievement has empowered us all beyond measure.  
Somehow, we have found the secret to living and dancing.  
We are all managing gracefully.

I will surely miss the comfortable house we've built together here.  
This fated class of dancing souls will forever be a part of what I am now.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?...

...the stories Judy would tell before nights of the concert...holding your  
match/angel card/ribbon/starfish/shell so tightly as she spoke? we were  
children around the campfire, sponges for her love and wisdom...the  
bedlam to find missing costumes, that left shoe, your lucky leg  
warmer...and warming up to the pulsing voice of Lady as you craned your  
sore knee higher...you could feel the magnetism spin through the wings,  
past the dancing ankles, and beyond the blue walls of the theater....Scott's  
signature limp walk when the air turned wintery...the madness of Diana's  
"game plan" that tortured us in our sleep...Carrie's laughter...Kyna's  
stride...Maricel's outlook...Yvonne's serenity...Ange's humor...Leah's  
honesty...Sacha's intelligence...Trishawn's nonchalance...Rachel's  
generosity...Cristy's drama...Holly's love.

Congratulations to the senior class of 1996!

Still, what I want in my life  
is to be willing  
to be dazzled —  
to cast aside the weight of facts

and maybe even  
to float a little  
above this difficult world.  
I want to believe I am looking

into the white fire of a great mystery.  
I want to believe that the imperfections are nothing —  
that the light is everything — that it is more than the sun  
of each flawed blossom rising and fading. And I do.

from "The Ponds"  
New and Selected Poems  
Mary Oliver