

The following six pieces are from the notebooks from two performances: "A Hundred Fishes," Winter 1991, and "The Unopened Letter," Spring 1992.

unbind

undaunted

women

wear

your

blood red

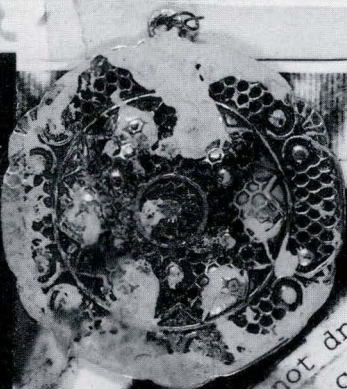
dresses

this is

no

time for

Camouflage

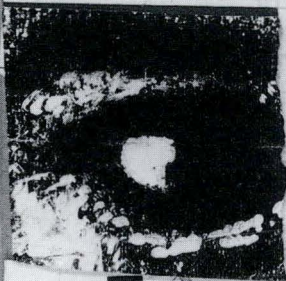


do not drape my body  
with corpses  
does not become  
me... does not  
speak well  
of you






LD EXPLORATION

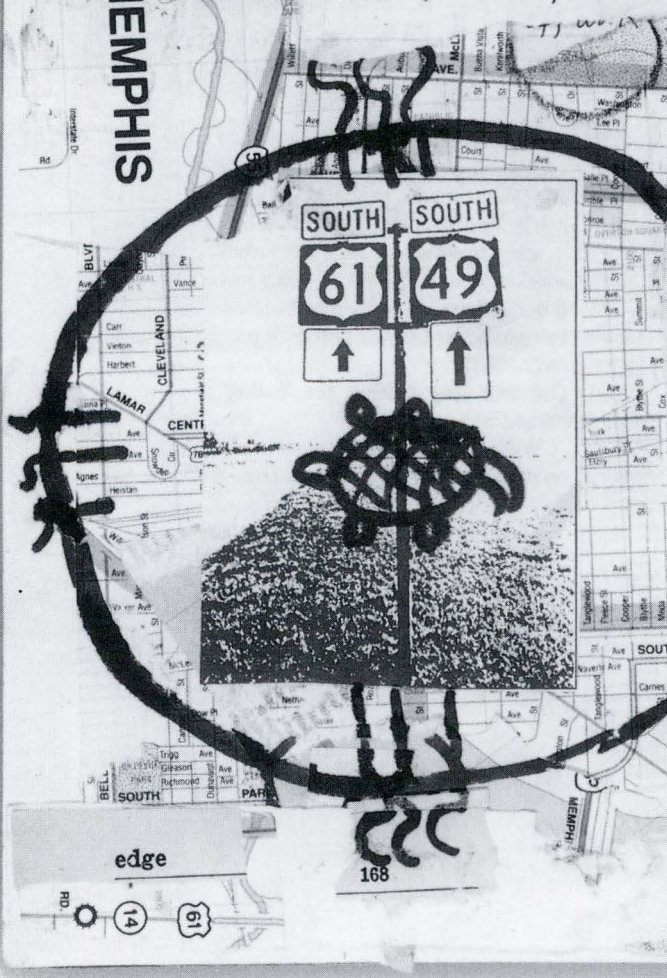


MEMPHIS

The night <sup>dear</sup> before we took 49 south to  
61 I  had a dream. This time  
it was a turtle. She was a  
cartoon turtle and the next day I  
painted her, like I saw her in the  
dream, on my bandana. Then Mike  
and I picked up Annie and we

left, map-  
less, in a  
truck with  
a faulty  
starter,  
in the  
middle of  
a tornado  
warning.

I  
intended  
to  
discharge  
my own  
history.  
it had  
too much  
power  
over me.



edge

168

effusion

ERSIDE



~~the farther away I~~  
got from home the greater freedom  
the Remove gave me. I was a fly  
on my own wall.

As for the devil - I have  
definitely had personal  
experience of him. He is not  
larger than life. Actual size  
is bad enough. He is not poetic,  
nor an angel in disguise.

He's something gone very  
wrong.

This trip was  
about going with  
the thing that drives me  
deep in passion and joy  
and pain and pity.

I thought maybe, if I could literally  
retrace the steps of Robert Johnson,  
a musician who told me ~~white~~.  
I was perfectly capable of falling  
apart. .... if I could take a physical, actual, literal  
trip I could encode, as it were, the process in my body.

I needed to get away  
from the war. The  
irony of being called  
UNAmerican for protesting  
through performance,  
the destruction of  
the planet & all  
who live here. Being  
Canadian, some  
folks felt I  
had no right to  
an opinion.

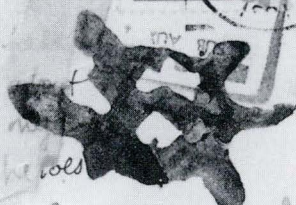
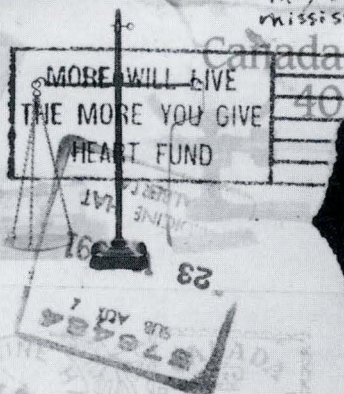


I chose to be influenced  
by the musicians I was  
introduced to in Memphis. And  
maybe I was hitching some-  
one else's personal mythology:  
it wasn't my story, but it had  
a shape and a texture  
and a feel I could  
recognize

so we lit some  
candles and a stick  
of Happy household  
incense, anointed the  
4 corners with Dr. Japs  
unhinging oil.

I stole  
courage and found  
her there, the  
turtle dead in her  
shell, in the red  
dust of the Crossroads

May 91  
Mississippi



SEE

SEE



Special Delivery  
Remise Per Express

MAY 27



ZINC  
BAUXITE

dug

GOLD  
SILVER  
URANIUM

b.1958

RUBBER  
SILK

Sharon Tate  
murdered  
Marilyn  
murdered

blasted

plowed

stripped

detoured

explored

time

isular

LINE

1st  
police

car  
accident

radio  
death

Uncle  
Georges  
wife

slashed

burned

Sprayed

TIME

1731

1732

1733

1734

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1800

27A

28

27

drilled

flooded

ground

mined

cradle

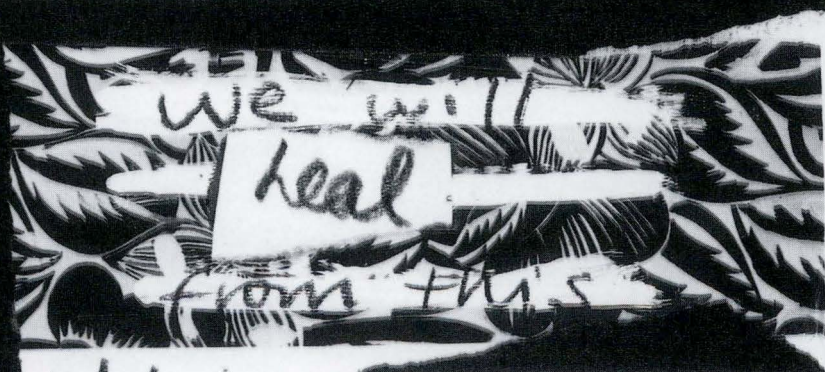
cradle

122

crate

Day of Week \_\_\_\_\_ Time of day \_\_\_\_\_

I do not  
know if



this is not  
for me to  
say.

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_