

Although I saw none of the Judson performances myself, the power of the place and the people who did things there held sway over me during the 70s. As both a choreographer and performance-goer, I needed to see something new. I started noticing that almost anything I found exciting could be traced back to Judson Church. In my mind Judson became a center for re-making dance history, a kind of paradise of experimentation, whose spirit and logistics and sheer intelligence ellude the scope of today's dance and art scenes.

After two years of work on The Judson Project, I am still intrigued by the questions that first lured me: Was Judson part of a larger movement? What were the outside influences? Why couldn't the combination of freedom and communality sustain itself? Are there no rules left to break? Instead of answering these questions, I find that they have become part of the evderyday issues in living and working. Perhaps Judson was, for me, more than a historic period that was my teacher: it has been more of an ongoing reminder of the depth of the questioning process itself.

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