

SITE DANCE TRAKINGS

III

MOVEMENT FOR AN ENVIRONMENT

Dancers: Susan Sgorbati
Agnes Klausz

Musician: Roger Cowan

Vibes: Gary Fitzgerald
Barbara Woodall

PRIMITIVE Rocks

EGYPTIAN Steps

ITALIAN FOR TRESS

CLASSICAL statue

NEBRASKA woods Behind statue

AFRICAN LAWN

CHAM Lovers

CUNNINGHAM Jettie stones

IMPROVISATION Tent of stones

TALK. FLOWERS MOVEMENT

ENERGY PLANES sidewalk Foot

POSES UNKNOWN steps

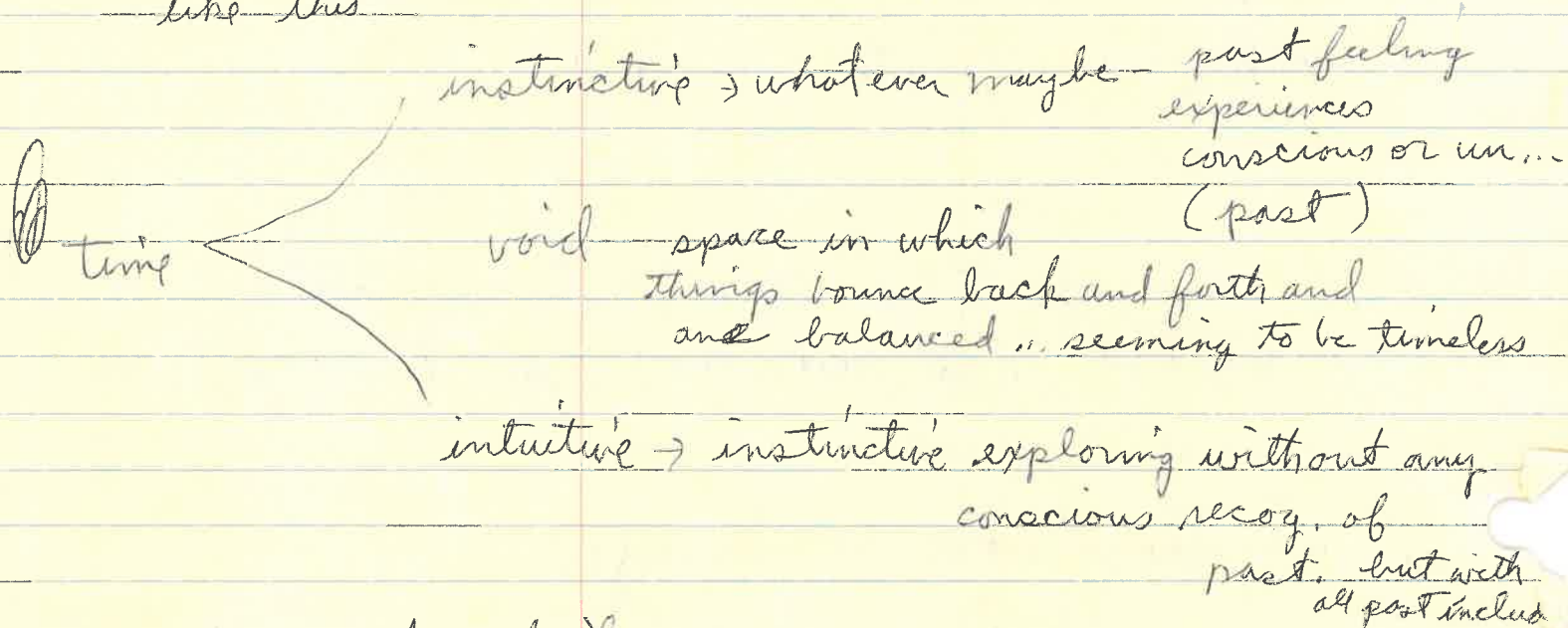
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Please join Susan Sgorbati for a lecture at 2:30 in The
Wintergreen Student Center, Philadelphia Museum of Art

Sue

wanted to tell you something that came to me
as I was leaving there., but by the time I got
to the truck it left words,... by the time I got a
pen to write it almost left again... something
like this



I think that the space time action of
the center is when both instincts and
intuitiveness become somewhat equal
and that is why its a verbally non verbal
space. You know what you feel but can't
describe it. that's what happens when I respond
to your dance, its always also the point
time or whatever I work in. when you have
no feeling of past present or future. I
guess that energy is what should be the pres. &
one thing more I think it is always cons-
inconsistent and consistent. I hate to make.

a given because it is and isn't anyway
before I confuse myself to be there is that
space or time that exists. I noticed the
energy in the last dance and all the
pieces led me to this. ~~I think~~
~~that's why~~ Basta (enough)

Ron

when you think about it, it's all rather
simple but (Beth just said) "you have to feel it"

The Maker of Images

Have you heard the dumb one try to speak
Words form on his lips
His lips move
But no sound comes from his throat
Pity rests in his eyes
Consternation and defeat rest on the brow of the
mute one
He is like a great tree
Waving in the wind
His is a silence eternal
But can you not read the message in his eyes
More powerful than uttered speech.

Ivan Allbright

As far as I'm concerned there was no distinct beginning or ending to the occurrences that fall under the heading of Site Dance III

Afternoon of gray hanging clouds

Traffic sounds, animal and people sounds

We discussed ~~about~~ how unfortunate it was that there was no money for those of us who were truly occupied and content observing life.

Rain glitters. Breeze shimmers

Strollers, Bicyclers

Susan and Agi stood on a rock ledge. They were Egyptian Goddesses. Braided hair, elegant necks, bare arms. Ripples caught in their deep violet and rusty crimson tunics.

The dancers moved to and through different spaces in the garden. The music, cameras, audience followed.

Eras of dance history expressed. Timelessness, beauty, the spiritual, emotion expressed. Humor, too, two little boys noticed dirty feet.

Veils, bells, breezes and grace).

Shapes, flowing holds. Concentration. Geometric. Symmetric.

As far as I'm concerned there was no distinct beginning or ending to the occurrences that fall under the heading of Site Dance III. I can only write of it (them) using images and fragments and be frustrated that I can't record them all at once for that was and is how Site Dance III has been perceived in my mind. Nonetheless, here goes:

June 5, 1982. Afternoon of gray hanging clouds. Gray was Susan's friend too. Affiliated with the Philadelphia Museum of Art. [We were there, in the formal garden. Looked somewhat like a distended football field with fountains, statues, park benches, the Greco-Roman museum at the head.]

[Traffic sounds, animal and people sounds, Roger's music, more people sounds, especially an irate pink chiffon Italian wedding party (minus bride and groom). Especially the young black boys going through military steps. Two of them in greens and sunglasses, others in everything to a bright yellow sweat suit. Loud sounds came from a passer-by who yelled at the boys about becoming cripples and being fed cookies from overweight women.]

A photographer took it all in. Susan and Agi went over their choreography in street clothes. Gary videoed.

Ren handed me a leaf. [We discussed about how unfortunate it was that ^{there} was no money for those of us who were truly occupied and content observing life.]

Next day - dewy afternoon. Rain glitters. Breeze shimmers.
Back at the garden. June 6, 1982.

[Strollers, bicyclers. A small dog clung to a stick
with his teeth while his master swung him in circles.]

Videos and instruments setting up. Richard and Michael
ready with cameras. Gray introduced and welcomed
the gathering people to the occurrences. Site Dance III.

Traffic and people sounds. I didn't hear them much
save for a passing plane and screeching bike brakes.

[Susan and Agi stood on a rock ledge. They were
egyptian goddesses. Braided hair, elegant necks, bare arms.
Ripples Caught in their deep violet and rusty crimson
traicts.]

Roger played music. The dancers flowed into the music,
into poses, holding, flowing again. Apart as two, together
as one.

[The dancers moved to and through different spaces
in the garden. The music, cameras, audience followed.]

[Eras of dance history expressed. Timelessness, beauty, the
spiritual, emotion expressed. Humor too, two little boys
noticed dirty feet.]

[Keits, bells, breezes and grace.]

Tunics removed and sweat pants worn. Plants planted.
Moving fast, moving slow. A halting bike. Sidewalk
dancing. Bounce, spring, fly.

Quiet on the majestic steps. The policeman was watching.
Gradual flow of repetition to change. The dancer's
outfits coordinated colorfully.

[Shapes, flowing holds. Concentration. Geometric, symmetric.]

A breeze bottled through the tree leaves as the
dancers walked under it. Apart as two, together as one.