 foil, a platform $48^{\prime \prime} \times 80^{\prime \prime}$ raked, a flat, a hammock, a
$38^{\prime \prime}$ metal chain, a padlock and key, a plate of clear glass, a hand brush, a one-pound bag of soil, and a hammer.
The dialogue, a tape of a broadcast of the NFL championship game between the Cleveland Browns and the Baltimore Colts, was edited by me to include specific movement of the players described by the narrator of the game. I also included in the tape a list si the names of the players, and occasional interludes oi rock-and-roll music between sections of the dance.
The dance had four sections. In the first section I used the pole lo indicate the rise in volume of the excitement of the spectators responding to the suecess of the individual players in the game, I raised the pole vertically at the pitch of loud sound. Then I pointed the pole down so that the tip made contact with a piece of tinfoil which I dashed around the rim of the raked platform in a frantic manner, finally forsing the piece of foil up the side of the flat in a jagged path to the extent of my reach with the pole. In the second section, I attached myself with chain and padlock to the end of a hammock, the other end being secured to the flat. I moved in a semicircular arc, my weight supported by the hammock, to execute in slow motion the action of a runner racing in to catch the ball, fumbling and being overturned. I accented his fall with the bang of a hammer on the ground. The third section was a dialogue given by me dressed in a winter coat about the fact that there was no third section. It was in fact a gap and I went into theoretical reasons for dealing with the gap. As I did, I also mentioned some ideas for the section and why they were not realized, as well as some bits of informotion about the nature of a football helmet which were pure speculation. The final section of the dance was performed on the raked piatform. I stepped into a pile of dirt which I had emptied onto one and of the platform, brushing the excess diagonally forward, laving a path of footprints until all the dirt had been used up.

Lucinda Childs, 1973 (reprinted from pock exam "Lucinda Chills: Portfolio, which fist appeared in Artforum, February 1973; used by permission)

