

TRISHA BROWN:
SO THAT THE
AUDIENCE DOES NOT
KNOW WHETHER I
HAVE STOPPED DANCING

Edited by Peter Eleey
Essays by Philip Bither and Peter Eleey
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis

ELEVEN INCIDENTS

Over the course of the past year, Trisha Brown has returned to her *It's a Draw* series of large-scale works made on the floor, isolating what she calls "incidents" of particular interest to her and excising them from the larger pieces. As her contribution to this publication, she created what she called "some drawings about drawing," eleven incidents made by destroying the originals and leaving us with only inconclusive snapshots. While the drawings were made to be cut up, Brown composed them with an eye to their integrity as large works, and yet, she noted, "when you crop [those markings] down, they lose some of their starkness and clearness as figures."

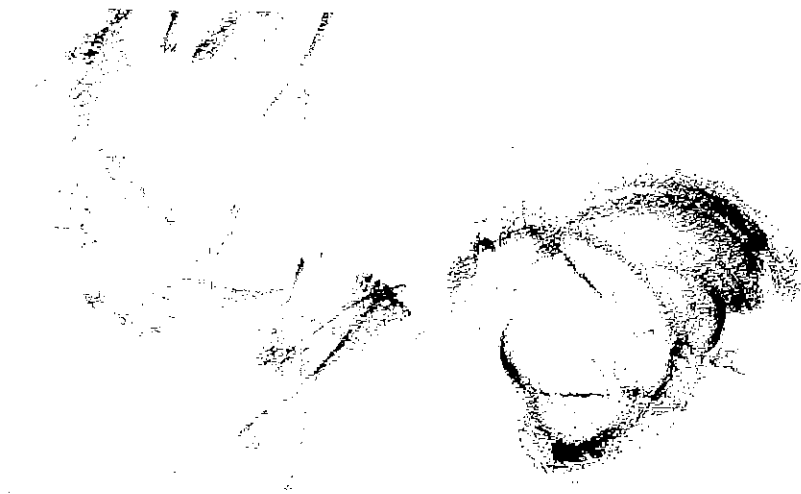
These incidents represent a significant new development in her practice, yet reprise one of the central productive tensions in her work at large, reasserting a limiting structure onto an improvisation. In this manner, the technique is comparable to Brown's use of video recording and editing to compose her dances, but also to the manner in which the *It's a Draw* series challenges our ability to "read" her choreography from the marks on the page. Presented together as they are here, this series of incidents provides a rudimentary field guide to the topography of Brown's drawings and her general dance vocabulary; taken with her spare comments about each of its elements, it offers a unique view not only into the artist's process but also the mystery inherent in what occurs between her body and the paper beneath her.

—Peter Eleey

It felt like having tar on my foot, and turning, and trying to create white striations also. Turning on my heel, with my toes loaded up—a "whorl."



It was really dense making it, maybe three whorls on top of each other, moving out, making their centers separated. I call them "10-inch overlaps." You don't need to necessarily know it is a whorl. The overlaps have their own counting system; there are three of them altogether. This one looks like I kept turning on my heel. It was probably cleaning the bottom of my foot for me—two, maybe three turns in one spot. On the left it is as if a curtain was pulled back, and you don't know where it went.



The first of the overlapped whorls. I tried to reconstruct how I got in and out of them, but I couldn't, because they were too overlaid. Skidding off the road with black tar all over the page. Everything is truncated by the cut of the paper. It's got a lot of dusty marks. I'm churning on this one.



TRISHA BROWN

Almost invisible whorl. It takes a good position in the mix. It's a ghost whorl.

Dark
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turn
get
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of a

A blue whorl with three toes. It's special. It looks very much like a bracelet. You get the topside of the bracelet, which has three jewels on it, and when it hits the bottom, it looks like it scoops in the opposite direction, where it finishes out the full evidence of a bracelet. I don't know how I did this; I might have been falling.

Half
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