

Performance of JANA HAIMSOHN in 'de appel', Amsterdam. November 13 1976.

Amsterdam nation

damn good city

open eyes

sweet inspiration

please I need it

Wies said "I hate lines"

so up the lines but shit there's a wall behind

sweet inspiration

please open too mee please come thruu mee

please I need it

I need it to compleete this pieeece

"dance" they said and so she didn't

dance

the trouble is I don't know how to dance

the trouble is I don't know how to speak Dutch

the trouble is I don't know too much

the trouble is I don't know Nederlands

the trouble is I can't dance

the trouble is I don't know how to sing

the thing is I can't sing

does that ring a bell in your larings

gong

the song ain't done the same for the Dane

ain't sung so much by the Dutch

I be telling you lies

making tries at simplicity

giving up on virtuosity

I learned a few things in Germany

+ Denmark

like the trouble is I don't know how to make art

no little wonder-woman emerged so smart

in the pants

the trouble is I can't dance

hey the trouble is I can't prey

the trouble is I can't read or write

20 - 20 vision? uh uh honey

no clear sight stone-blind at night

mental collision

manic panic retract restrain

the trouble is I can't indulge

can't abstain

the trouble is I can't think

can't quiet my mind

check out this specimen of the animal line

the trouble is I'm way behind

the trouble is I can't protect myself

the trouble is I can't open myself

those functions have atrophied beyond belief

the trouble is in coping with myself

the trouble is I'm feeling mediocre in myself

the trouble is enveloping myself

the trouble is I'm uninspired

the trouble is I'm undesired

the trouble is I'm tired

the trouble is I can't say no

yes

the trouble is this soulful unrest

the trouble is I can't love

can't give it away

the trouble is

hey

nothing

hey

nothing

hey

hey here I am at De Appel
 from N.Y.C. "the big Apple"
 to Stichting de little de Appel
 and I'm a little lady
 "miniature woman" he said
 as we crawled out of the back of the bus
 me about 14 years at the time
 but of course I lied
 me with bazooka hanging out of my mouth
 been kissing him up good
 ready to devour that man
 David Clint

 or Clinton
 oh shit I wanted him
 but I thought, who the fuck wants a miniature woman?
 but it's been some time
 I've reconsidered the scale situation
 in terms of consciousness
 I'm a giant of my former self
 little woman little places
 little time to get together

 ness

but I'm not depressed
 at lack of volume

I feel voluminous
 this anatomical district
 cannot restrict me anymore
 what's more or less?
 what's more
 I can distend
 I know more no more pretend
 I'm growing 6 feet tall
 though my body's staying small
 I'm gonna expand myself
 I intend myself

 to be
 somebody
 who's happy
 you'll see
 you'll see

I see it's not blunt reality
 that's limiting me
 not a matter of size
 depriv

 ing me
 of equal opportunity
 I'm looking towards self-determination
 and I see they're my strings
 at the end of my limbs
 and it's me on the pulling end
 and still I know to wait
 to reorientate from being recalcitrant
 to wait for that inspiration
 needed for motivation

needed for the present adaptation
 of presentations
 of additional past glimpses
 that I seem to have missed
 calculated

ms.

pieces of past

pieces of ass

in nine times five meter spaces
minute places

9 x 5 environmentally concise

minute moves

in small space

divide

9 x 5

meters

can't easily delineate such space

necessitates

no stretch-out dancing

stasis-step in-place glancing up

Wies says "I hate lines"

so up with the lines

but still there's a wall behind

but O.K. for its smallness

I dig on the interest

De Appel 5 x 9

with minds + mine

extending past the lines + rhymes + ritual

finger smacking hand clapping

room to move your ass

in nine x five meter minute spaces