

RUPTURE Program Note

RUPTURE is inseparable from the journeys that have given rise to it. It began with an acute calf injury which left me on crutches for my last full production (*Pulling the Wool*, 2004) and gave me the inarticulable experience of learning to walk again some nine weeks later. I recovered from this injury against the backdrop of a world that was also breaking. During the two years that followed, I found myself in India right after the Tsunami, New Orleans and Mississippi before Katrina, Berlin amidst the scars and construction of a once devastated city, Venice with its history of plague and architectural reminders of mortality, and Croatia performing in a munitions storage building for an audience that recently lived through civil war. Finally, I found my way back to NYC to finish the piece in a studio two blocks from Ground Zero, where I am reminded of the arbitrariness of being there, dancing.

Making the piece has been a pilgrimage of sorts, a chronicle of things breaking in different parts of the world, and each anatomical and geographic place on this journey has added to the content and meaning of the piece. *RUPTURE* is a vast stew of things cooking together, united by a common sense of shattering. It is a vehicle to channel the *feeling of now*.

RUPTURE is also a ritual, an invented requiem. When I found myself in Berlin in July 2005, dancing in a clear plastic cylinder to a video clip of the World Trade Center falling, it hit me that we are in need of exorcism, catharsis, mourning, memorial—ancient things that are absent from our contemporary lives or hijacked by institutions of power. As I rearranged cat litter and portable lights during two weeks of marathon performance improvisations, I realized that what I was really doing was transforming a pedestrian space into a memorial.

This product of many journeys is itself a journey. I am a girl scout, an Alice in Wonderland, a Dorothy who lands in Oz, a picaresque heroine cut loose in the world. I am many constantly changing people and I am one person. You don't need to try to understand it all. *RUPTURE* is like a feverish dream, a way of sweating out the present.

Jill Sigman

New York City, December 2006