

Hello, good morning, good afternoon—whatever time it is where you are—and welcome, again, to **SLEEP AND HER BROTHER DEATH**, the now-monthly bootleg screening series from bed that invites us to watch films, videos, and other clips, that, of course, we could all just as easily watch on our own.

(We likely won't, tho, which is why we're all here...)



During our summer break,* I thought about **beginning, again, again**—a sort of *feeling* that named the first program, which is not only the feeling of a *fresh start*, but also of all the things that make the *fresh start* necessary...

This month, I'd like to point past this screen, again, to The Cinematheque, and invite everyone, again, to [DIM Cinema on August 21 at 7pm](#), for Laure Prouvost's **The Wanderer**—it's our friend Michèle Smith's final selection for DIM, on what would have been her birthday. Bring a friend, we'll raise a glass after!



But today, at this sort-of beginning—a new moon, at least—I'm thinking about more, again, and I chose two clips that speak differently about “more” and about “again”: Jim Lambie's 1998 video **Ultra Low**, and documentation of a performance of Trisha Brown's **Accumulation**, first performed in 1971.

These two works “accumulate” differently, but as progressions, both test our curiosity and endurance—as the dance has a soundtrack that we may recognize or guess at, I suspect that the video may ask more of our patience.

(YMMV—obviously, *I* love length created by repetition, again, and again, and again...)

Why do I say that the video will very likely test our patience? I mean, it was made in 1998, and by then and by now are we not very used to and still very much *enthralled* by not very much happening over a very long time, and only a very small difference between “start” and “end”?



I mean, *I hope so*.

As I said at the **beginning, again, again**, for **SLEEP AND HER BROTHER DEATH**, I'm interested in imperfect pairs—two clips that don't necessarily *know* about each other, but that may nevertheless *be* or *feel* related.

Ultra Low is a new-to-me video, one of those that I started and couldn't stop—I couldn't figure out the scene or the gesture or really anything about it, and like Nam June Paik's **Zen for Film**,^o which I have also only ever seen not-IRL, I sat, watching, mesmerized, as long as it took. And then I watched it again.

And online, it's mistakenly titled *Ultratow*—a non-

* sleep and her brother death went [fishing](#) in July, 

word that I looked to for meaning, and found none, as I watched these points of golden light *rise, fall, gather, overlap*, all in silence, occasionally illuminating some shape that is *other than the points of light* but less specific, and as I watched, my mind turned to *bootleg* as *shady*, as in *semi-darkness* or *crepuscular*—and then I watched it again.



The opposite is “a *clean, well-lighted place*”, if you will—a *legitimate* reference with a hangover history,* which, of course, is apt for an art gallery.

In this case, I mean both the Seattle Art Museum, the site of this version of *Accumulation*, but also Catriona

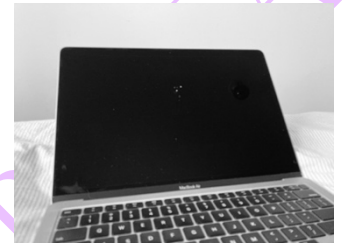
Jeffries, five years ago, at a different *new year*, when, [at the invitation of Janice Kerbel](#), a member of the Trisha Brown Dance Company came to perform this dance, twice, and though I saw it only once, at the preview, it was enough—it has been on my mind ever since.

But what does that even mean? I’m not a dancer, so it’s *on my mind* instead of *in my body*, and it’s barely on my mind because after the bent arm and wrist rotation I can never remember the shape of what comes next. Since that first time seeing this dance IRL, and being mesmerized, I have watched, not-IRL, as many versions of *Accumulation* as I have found: danced by Trisha Brown,

danced by her company, danced by admirers in bedrooms, dance studios, stairwells, danced for the camera, danced for an audience, danced in silence, danced with Talking and Watermotor, even danced on the floor in the much-longer and later-dated-so-oddly-titled *Primary Accumulation*, and, even, like that first time IRL, danced with “Uncle John’s Band” by The Grateful Dead—so danced *buoyantly serious*.

It’s (almost) this dance that we’ll watch today, and I am still just as mesmerized—watching the dancer *extend, contract, build, go back*. *Unfolding*, the dance holds self and other, time and space, and while there could be much more to say

about this, for now I’ll keep it brief—“*like the morning sun you come / and like the wind you go...*”



Jim Lambie
Ultra Low, 1998
ubu.com/film/lambie_ultratow.html



Trisha Brown
Accumulation, first performed 1971
‡ this version by the Trisha Brown Dance Company, February 15, 2016, as part of *In Plain Site* at the Seattle Art Museum
youtube.com/watch?v=7kdi4UFzB5w

~~~~~  
whoa-oh, I want to know /  
where does the time go  
~~~~~