

Hi!

Hello, my name is Bob. You're absolutely fantastic and I would love to work with you.

Well, I'm a theater director and artist. I make work for the theater.

Howdy.

I'm known primarily as a visual artist working in the theater.

I did ten premieres in twelve months last year.

I don't know exactly why.

I'm Bob Eye, the Joker Maan.

I work in the largest theaters in Europe and with the best actors.

I did plays that were seven days long; I did plays that were 24 hours long;
I did plays that were 12 hours long; I did works that were 30 seconds long.

Ten days ago I was painting in Milan. A week ago I was talking to La Scala. I just spoke with Marguerite Duras on the telephone.

I was just there yesterday. Not in Waco, but in Houston.

I'm a visual artist and I'm very concentrated on *looking* at the stage.

You'd have to come and watch me do it.

I had no idea I was going to have a career in the theater. I did not plan it.

I'm not a philosopher or an intellectual. I'm an artist. Most artists don't understand what they do, and I don't think we have to. Other people do that better - they understand what I do better than I do.

I draw pictures. I don't draw meanings. The audience creates the meaning.

Frequently people ask me what my work is about and usually I say that I don't know, but I can usually tell you how I go about making a work for the theater.

Hmmm...

A lot of the words we use in everyday speech are like that - just "hmmm."

A couple of weeks ago, I decided I would see how far I could get one day just saying hmmm - you have a certain license to be mad being an artist. I didn't annoy too many people. I got through the day.

I keep going back to it.

Hmmm...

That is really dumb (laugh)

OK, let's go on.

I've spent most of my life indoors, in theaters. I want to spend more time outdoors.

I have to make a decision as to whether to continue working in opera. Right now, I want to get back to creating new works.

My career is turning full circle.

And now in saying something, something introductory to get something settled or someone adjusted there is going on and getting started. ON WITH THE SHOW! as they used to say in the days that I like to remember driving through tunnels when people used to waltz. And when they square-danced. And when they sat in drawing rooms and played pianos gently to themselves. Then it all changed. Some one got an idea. Things were - no, no I won't say it but, then I see pictures and in the flood of encoding of the detail the voices of beasts the power coming over the walls through them memory as they do slicing the onion the man into (his) particulars and appearing as they do on the trail of a voce singing a void asserting a beach dissolving through his ears of the cave.

I'm American.

I don't want to be an expatriate.
I'm an American, and I want to keep my American roots.

Here you have to be grateful they let you in the door. Welcome to America, Bob.

Most of our verbal structures do not allow me to convey all the things I'm thinking at one time. I can be thinking about five things at the same time, but I can communicate only one at a time.

An Absolut. On the rocks. With just a twist of lime - not squeezed.
Leave the lime in the glass... please.

I don't play an instrument and I can't read music. I'm very instinctive.
My pieces usually end up very precise, but they start out very intuitively.

If we can set up a situation where we have the kind of freedom the mental state.

Like while I'm talking to you now like I'm thinking about when you're talking to Mary or talking to Sarah or having dinner, oh we are going through lots of different things are going through my mind while I'm still talking to you.

I don't want to speak. I hate speaking. I want to DO. I want to go straight from doing to being received. I don't ever want to know why. If you know why you're doing something, don't do it! And I don't mean that that it's easy. Just don't do it. If you know why you are doing something, let it go! To repeat, if you don't know why you are doing something, nor how you think about it, DO IT!

I'm going to make a little drawing for you quickly, then I must go.

I'm very old fashioned.

My head became like a TV, switching from thought to thought like flipping a

dial from channel to channel.

Black/White

Black

Black/White

Black

White

It's secret - dark allies in the dead of night.

Hmmmm...

(Charlie, something is not right in this relationship.)

I don't know, and I don't want to know. I think there's too much emphasis on knowing what you want to do. Maybe you know when you're seventy.

That is really dumb! (laughter) Thank you.

You can't explain theater, you have to experience it.

This is the situation... now... do you have a minute?

Time becomes space here.

We're still at the lake but now it's night and a metal tower rises out of the water.

It was almost like a spirit or something had just passed through the room - that was unnoticed too, I mean or noticed but not visibly noticed.

I am looking out the window now and I see a contemporary building. Next to it is a building from the eighteenth century and over there is a building under construction. I see not only the present but also traces of the past and premonitions of the future.

I look above and I see clouds changing. An airplane crosses. On the street I see a man walking and a car passing. All of these events happen simultaneously and at different speeds.

The first act is really about waiting. Little things are moving all the time.

When I was I was I was in second grade the teacher had - she said - but - and then she was asking everyone what they wanted to be when they were big - I don't know what, just somehow it came out, I said I wanted to be the king of Spain - I don't know where that came from or what it, but it's - and I remember she didn't like it and I was and I just I was somehow very confident even in saying it.
Before that, I really didn't know what to do with my life.

My tardiness irritated my father.

Without light there's no space.

I'm interested in communication. In what happens when we try to communicate with people we call senile.

When the body is slowed down, the brain waves operate at another frequency,
and we don't know very much about this frequency at this time in history.

The fact is, I don't really understand my own stuff. Artists very seldom understand what they are doing. My work is a mystery to me, and I feel that words only confuse people about my work. I don't wish to mystify people. It's best not to say anything at all - it's best to remain silent.

David Berkowitz, the "Son of Sam" murderer said once, "I just want to have a normal life and go to school and have a girlfriend." Me, I just want to have a normal opera and tell a story and work at La Scala.

We are moving at a crazy rate now - I think that's good, but sometimes we have to slow down.

One of the things we're losing now and again is that we don't have a sense of danger. We don't have a sense that if I make a wrong move or at any moment something is going to happen. It's about that. But it could happen any second. So it's how you listen all the time. It's not tense enough .
All your body. You have to ... Even when you move your head like that it's very important. It's the way we listen. It's like painfully listening all time.

The world's a library.

Think of time and space, and the tension that exists between these two lines. Space for me is something that's horizontal and time is something that's vertical, something that goes into the cosmos and goes to the center of the earth. And it exists in all works. It's in the construction of this table or that chair or this building. If you want to conduct Lohengrin; if you want to stand on the stage and sing; if you want to sit in a chair - to me it all has to do with these two lines and the tension that exists between them.

I wonder what's gonna happen when people can understand the words.

On the surface there has to be something accessible. The mystery is on the surface. Underneath it can be complicated, about a million things. The surface has to be about one thing first. I think something is missing in a work where everything is explained.

You have to always be present in theater. There's always a continuum, always one line.

Most theater is speeded-up time - everything is concentrated. It's hard to stand off and think. Of course, it's hard to think any time during the day. That's an adjustment too - we're not used to having time to think, as audiences or actors. In my pieces everything is slowed down. If it's going to take me five minutes to pick up a spoon, first of all it's going to be painful just to control it. But what happens with my awareness of my body as I do it?

In my plays, audiences evidently blink more. But blinking changes our perceptions, and that's what I want. Interior images become more mingled with exterior images - it's as if you're in a semi-sleep state. That's interesting too in terms of visual communication.

If only theater could be like that, I thought, without the falseness and emotionalizing.

I think that one of the greatest discoveries of our century was the splitting of the atom. It is the splitting of the mind. The splitting of the atom takes place in our mind.

I think it's very necessary to get lost.

Space cannot exist without time. Light in my work functions as part of an architectural whole. It is an element which helps us hear and see which is the primary way we communicate. Without light there is no space.

I hate therapy. I don't want to change the world. I don't want to change the world. I don't want to change the world with my theater. I hate the idea of even knowing something. A baby knows everything. (short laugh) A baby knows everything. At birth, a baby dreams. What does he dream? He dreams? Socrates says that we're born knowing everything. It's just the uncovering of the knowledge that is the learning process.

And so often I can't hear. Because what I'm seeing is interfering. And I can't see because what I'm hearing is preventing me from seeing. And we hear and we see as blind people and as deaf people and as hearing and seeing people all the time. This man is blinking his eyes, so for split seconds perhaps he is seeing interiorally.

There are some anthropologists who believe that people danced before they talked.

Everything is so accessible these days - like you turn on the radio and get Beethoven.

So the most important second in theater is probably the last second. Because you can do many things before that but with the last second you can cancel all of that.

Just one thing going on, always.

Rules are made to be broken! You should not believe anything too much. You must always contradict yourself! When you turn left, think that you are turning right.

If you think of it like molecules that are breaking apart, if you understand it that way, if you know the situation is changing - it isn't that, and it isn't that. It's many things or nothing. But to fix it is,

perhaps, a lie.

Americans don't really know too much about what's going on in the world. You'd have to drop a bomb in the middle of LA before they'd know anything was going on.

A Japanese would never cry. Crying would happen inside.

They say a baby is born dreaming. What is it dreaming of? A couple of years ago, a journalist asked Jessye Norman what was her favorite recording. She said: Martin Luther King, when he said "I have a dream."

We think we have to "make something," "create something." No, it's already there.

In a Broadway theater they almost always tell you at the end what it's about: I haven't seen that many Broadway shows, but I did see Death of a Salesman, and at the end Kate Reid was very upset when Willy Loman died.

I felt like saying "Relax, lady!" We knew it was gonna happen! When I bought my ticket, it said: Death of a Salesman. It's all tied up in a little box with a string on it.

Interpretation is for the public. Present it to the public so that they can interpret the work. So ... you're like the audience, you're a reflection of them. We don't tell them what to think. We invite them to get an exchange of ideas. We don't say, "This is it." Instead we say, "What is it?" And people will have many different interpretations.

It's okay to get lost. It's okay to let the audience go ... They can participate with their own response. Then theater can be noble. Then it can be like a pine tree standing in a forest.

It's not important that you think of it that way I think but what - what happens is a conglomeration of all those things that are on top of each other.

I was at a table in Berlin - I don't know - some time ago, some while ago.

You have to start with stillness.

I'm sitting here: All right, go! Put the camera on! Go! (acts out something) That's nice. So then, that's OK now. Let me go back and do this again. OK. I sat here. One, two, three, four - got up. Let's count it and analyze what I've done. It's all notated.

And then you have two. Then you have three. No, you have two and four. And then you have have have. I've forgotten. I know that these added up to be even numbers, that these added up to be even numbers; these added up to be odd numbers, these added up to be odd numbers.

I sit down and wait until words come to mind.

(Eyes open. Four short laughs.)

I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops.

Door opens slowly.

A shadow grows slowly from doorway of house.

You pause seven counts ... Smile at five ... Dissolve the smile in three seconds. Turn the head in four seconds. Pause in four, turn back in five.

Repeat that line seven times, with five, then six, then seven, then eight second intervals.

Your count's off.

I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops I think the eyes should close when the whistling stops

Hmmm...

I was born in Waco, Texas, not in East Germany.

It's in the center of Texas. I remember something about my mother when she was "young." I was about eight years old; she was on the phone, she must have been talking to a friend: "I don't know what Bob's doing but I know that he has a ton of projects!" (laughs) And my father said to me: "You do too many things. You should do things one at a time. You do too much." People say that to me today: I do too much, I should take the time do carefully do this and then that. I believe that it's always been in my nature to ... to have projects and to do many things.

Before my mother died she was in a coma for six weeks. How do you talk to her. How do you talk to a baby. What happens when people of different social stations talk to one another. You have to start with stillness.

More and more people are turning into themselves. They are, what is called, interfacing. You can see it in the subways, where everyone is bunched together, and nobody is looking at anybody. What they are doing is signing off. They have to, because there's so much overload. I mean, somebody gets stabbed right in front of us, and we don't even see it! It's because we have turned off - we have interfaced, and become autistic. It's actually a means of survival.

People sitting in subways; they turn off the sound, which is excruciating; it's excruciatingly loud. And they focus on the interior. There could be a murder in front of them and they wouldn't see it, because the reflection is interior. They blink their eyes for the fraction of a second - they're dreaming and there is this interior image. We are functioning on this level all the time.

It's hard to stand off and think. Of course, it's hard to think any time during the day.

I'm still this little boy from Waco, Texas, still fascinated with the idea of going to this space where something extraordinary can happen.

Dr. Dan Stern, an anthropologist, has done some extremely important work with films of a mother picking up a baby. Now, in film there are twenty-four frames in one second, so approximately one each twenty-fourth of a second. Stern enlarged each frame so that you could become aware of completely different things than you do watching a simple action at normal speeds.

The trick is to keep it superficially simple. Theater has to be about one thing first, then it can be about a million things.

Most theater deals in speeded-up time, my plays try to slow it down, to make people more aware of what happen say, in the moment it takes to blink your eyes.

Often I take much more tiiiime than one would normally take to do something. I ... slow ... down, and then sometimes Ispeeditup.

I think one of the dilemmas we have in the United States is that we've never been invaded. We are in a country that's boundless. We know no borders. If Saddam Hussein or Muammar Gadaffi were to drop a bomb in the middle of New York City we might know where those countries are, but I think until then we're really never going to know where the borders are. And it's about that realization we want to scream.

We live in this isolation and ... since we are naive in the sense that we don't know boundaries ... we live in this huge space and ... that shows in our paintings, our art, our culture, our tourism. You see tourists in restaurants. They have no idea that another culture might co-exist there and ... Americans are very naive and ... that's very beautiful in one sense ... but it's also embarrassing. That's well, that's where we are at now.

It was beautiful when King said, "I have a dream," and walked off the stage. People were applauding who didn't have a dream. There was no curtain call.

Democracy leaves the stage, but then she appears for a bow.

My father was a lawyer. He was mayor of the town. My mother came from an orphanage. She was ... rather severe. My father was more open. They weren't really interested in art.

Frankly, I could never express myself in words. In school, it was even more difficult. And I always had trouble reading. I used to be very embarrassed about that.

In 1967 I met a man who was at Columbia University and he was the Head of the Department of Psychology. He made over three hundred films of mmm mothers picking up babies. The situation where a baby would be crying, and the mother would reach for the baby, and pick up the baby, and comfort the baby.

On the surface there has to be something accessible. The mystery is on the surface.

The simplest line is the most difficult. Because you see everything, it's the most exposed. I once tried for two years to design a dress for a young woman, with a straight line and a curved line, that would be very sexy when walked, but standing she would be draped in fabric. It was so difficult to do.

In America we're so conditioned by television. The public is so conditioned for immediate response - Broadway, television, most theater we see is a series of one-liners. You know you have to laugh here, you have to cry here.

I was a bit strange. My sister was more outgoing.

My father told me I should get a degree in law.

My mother always said to me, "When they ask you to jump two feet, jump four."

A friend of mine, an anthropologist at Columbia, is working on a study of babies from the time of birth to the age of three weeks, with cameras and stopped-action film. The baby cries, and the mother leans down to pick him up. What we see with our eye is the big movement, the mother loving the baby.

I used to do things in the garage. My grandmother was in them. And there was a girl that lived next door to me and she was in them and I did them in a garage and let's see, one piece I remember one piece we did, we had this big metal garage door that went up and down and uh ... my grandmother was sitting in a chair and I think she was sewing with a machine and the door

goes up and down I can't remember ... I think I was sleeping ... I can't remember ... I remember my grandmother was dressed ... and this girl that lived next door to me was dressed in a floor length fur coat and was walking quietly around the room. It must have been before I was in the fifth grade .. in the fifth grade we moved to another town ... maybe I was eight.

The reason we work in theater is to ask, "What is it?," not to say what it is.

For me, it's always been important to go on the stage. The stage is something special. The way you behave must be different. The stage is not a private place.

And it's a forum! .. and what's important, once in this forum, is to ask a question.

Most theater tells you what to think. My work should be seen as poetry. I ask the audience: "What is the point?"

After five minutes, one of the mothers screamed, "Mothers should take their children off the stage." Afterwards, my father said, "Son, not only was that thing absurd, it was sick."

I remember the neighbors came ... people came ... and my mother was very helpful in getting people ... I was always involved in projects .. I had a coca cola stand ... I made \$30 in the summer ...

It's very curious, when you slow down the film and you look at it frame by frame, what we see. In eight out of ten cases, the initial reaction of the mother in the first three frames is that she's lunging at the child and the child (acts out reaction of fear). The next two or three frames she's something else. The next two or three frames she's something else again. The next two or three frames something else again. So that in one second of time it's very complicated what's happening between the mother and the child. And the mother is horrified when she sees the film. She says: "But I love my child! I am going to the child to comfort the child." But it's not so simple. So that, frequently, when we try to say illustrate a text with gestures or pictures as an actor or a director of a play, it's a lie.

If you have this news broadcaster, and he's saying Qadaffi drops a bomb on New York and eight million people are dead, the text is so powerful that we don't look at the man and his movements, and what he's doing could be very strange. If I turn the audio score off, and this man's waving his arms wildly, and I play Mozart, my god, it's very strange what this man is doing and I can see it. And if I take the text and put it with you writing at the table I can hear it better.

In theater you have to set up a situation where people can both hear and see. You must try to create a sense of "I see this and I hear that" and what happens is that in the mixing in the head, something else happens.

I think naturalism is a lie. It's killed the theater.

Give me some vodka and I'll tell you who's to blame.

When I was growing up, it was a sin to go to the theater. It was a sin if a woman wore pants. There was a prayer box in school, and if you saw someone sinning, you could put their name in the prayer box, and on Fridays everyone would pray for those people whose names were in the prayer box. Smoking a cigarette was sinning, too. I couldn't wait to get out.

Somehow I became aware of paintings.

Most of my plays focus on a single critical moment in a person's life when something snapped; that moment is slowed to let the audience see a stilled life - almost like a painting, to see time on many levels.

Time constructions around a moment in history.

I show various things that people would do every day. You see someone contemplating and someone walking in a forest.

This space in back of your head is more important than the space in front of you. For once let it be more important. Be noble. Stand as Hamlet.

You have to be able to say the text in a way that one can think about many sorts of things. If you say it in such a way that you must pay attention to every word you'll go crazy because one thought doesn't follow another thought logically. One thought can set off many thoughts. You have to

sort of float with the situation.

Smile at the wrong times.

I called my father. I told him, "You won't believe this, but 2,000 people are sitting in this theater every night. There's not a word in the play, and they sit there for seven hours in silence. I want you to come see it. "Waal, that's mighty nice of you to invite me to Paris. But I don't think I can make it this year. But if you're doing one of those things next year, let me know, and maybe I can make it..."

Today, there is an increase in autistic behavior. The pattern of artists, of many people, is becoming autistic. You might call autistic what Gertrude Stein did with language, with words, with sounds. It's the repetitiveness and the obsessiveness of it all. Of course, autistic people are usually institutionalized. But autism simply means that one is daydreaming. If a child wants to go to the window and watch the sky change for six hours, that's considered autistic behavior. Well, I believe in autistic behavior. I believe in alternating it, but also in reinforcing it.

We are moving at a crazy rate now - I think that's good, but sometimes we have to slow down.

In concert in Paris I saw Marlene Dietrich seventeen times - I went every night. And it's different than Liza Minnelli. She never sweats. She's not going to show you how difficult it is to do any of that stuff.

Jeez, she's a star.

How do you measure the space between these two fingers?

She was seventy three years old - older - holding her arms up for so long. You try doing that. It hurt. She cried every night at the same moment. She just blinks an eye. She doesn't even do that much.

Well, the lady simply knew how to stand on a stage. And she could walk on one, too. Maybe the most difficult thing to do is simply to stand or to walk on a stage. You have to learn it, you have to start from the beginning.

She had a very special way of expressing herself with her body and her face, separated from her voice. She seemed very distant, very cool - but her voice was so erotic. She said to me one evening: "The difficulty is to place your voice with your face."

Before my mother died, she was in a coma for six weeks. How do you talk with her?

Martha Graham said once that when you turn, the whole universe turns with you.

I'm going to make a little drawing for you quickly, then I must go.

I - I was wondering, I guess like where that came from - why did I say the king of Spain and what did that mean and had I ever - I remember the teacher not being pleased and I remember - also I - I was trying to remember what, was in my head - like did I really imagine myself being a king, or was it - I didn't think it was that, so much, you know - I mean, I thought it was another thing - and then, also - a thing I hap - left out. The thing also that happened, at that time I saw this picture of my head again, of this figure, of a big - of this beast was a - and for the first time like I saw like with when I thought of the king of Spain like I saw the figure - and, I had never. It wasn't me, no, it was just a figure - a character, like.

Charlie, something is not right in this relationship.

OK, I think we have to stop.

Well, in - in - it was - yeah. I - it was like uh - well, I don't know - I was always sort of like - it was totally unreal - sort of thing. It does, it gets - that whole black figure that black course - it's almost like uh I don't know, it seemed, I don't - I just don't like to talk about it because I say something and I think well there were so many other things that it means too - to say one thing maybe puts weight where it shouldn't be but, it seemed right (laughs). I sense that uh like maybe - later, you know - a couple of months from now I'm more able to easily say what it means, no I really shouldn't do this I should stay - like...

Then I come out standing while the speech is being given - about my experiences - but I'm not as myself - there's like another layer over me - another man, standing there and then I announce the piece - it's very dead and -

it's sort of like starting out (clicks his tongue.) - it was like walking into my piece - I walked on - into this, this space - and sitting on the stage, the stage is empty - we've been now from a dark theater - and suddenly it's bright lights and we are on a beach and it's very, very bright - it's vacant and there's one seated figure, in black.

Now that I'm dead, what else do I have to do?

The reindeer are getting restless. There is a mechanical drummer.

Go home and dream about it now.

Where am I? What is this?

I'm American.

I have no ideas.

Just counting numbers all the time.

One can't help noticing the silence here. It makes such a thundering sound.

That's gone. It was something built for that moment. For that time.

Whatever I've said, keep it going or I'll forget what's in my head.

I'm going to make a little drawing for you quickly, then I must go.

Really, I just like pretty pictures. All these other things I don't know so much about. I just like looking at pretty pictures.

I like this play because it's so crazy.

I sit down and wait until words come to mind.

I'm not letting go ... yet.

This milk bottle is interesting to look at.

I look at a chair.

I have a respect for the integrity of each object on its own and I see them all as a part of an architectural whole.

I made this room with a huge window.

It's early evening. There's a door that opens. Light streams from the doorway. Then midnight.

Time becomes space here.

Yes, it - yeah -

I am looking out the window now and I see a contemporary building. Next to it is a building from the eighteenth century and over there is a building under construction. I see not only the present but also traces of the past and premonitions of the future.

I look above and I see clouds changing. An airplane crosses. On the street I see a man walking and a car passing. All of these events happen simultaneously and at different speeds.

What I do isn't arbitrary.

A shadow grows slowly from doorway of house.

Let's do it the way a soap opera would, let's do it with Noh choreography, let's do it like a sitcom. I want to keep contradicting myself.

I'm not a popular person at the Met.

What about the difference? The skin of the material, the meat of the material, the bone of the material. The skin being the surface, the largest, which is the most mysterious. The mysteries: what's it doing

beneath the surface? Then the second in time, the stronger dynamics, is the meat of the material. The third in time, the shortest in time, is the bone of the material.

It's hard for an American to get his work done in America.

I worked once in a hospital with paraplegics, quadriplegics and people with iron lungs. It was a hospital on an island in the middle of the East River in New York, where the patients were geographically isolated in addition to being paralyzed. They didn't have Junior League Women or volunteer people come into the hospital because it was very difficult to reach. The patients were people living on welfare. When I worked there, we raised money in order to bring television into the hospital wards. It was fantastic because we opened a window to the outside world for these people who had been isolated for so long. They could watch what was happening in China or Africa - even go to the moon with the televised space launchings. The television functioned as a window to the world for these people.

I jump into a cab. I get to the airport minutes before takeoff. I had already been late at the airport in Amsterdam, so I knew exactly what to do. I don't go to the ticket counter but go directly to the KLM supervisor's office. I find the woman and I say to her, "Can you help me? I am very, very late and I have an opening night in Berlin this evening. I have to get on the plane! And she says "Well! Ten minutes. I don't know. But give me your passport, I will see what we can do." So she calls someone on her walkie talkie and takes my passport. We make it. But I still have a change-over in Hamburg with two hours to wait. I get there and check in. I buy five postcards and a newspaper and go to a bar. I order a beer that I drink while writing my postcards. Then I go to the post office. I buy five stamps that I put on the five cards and I ask where I can post them. The woman who sold me the stamps says, "There is a postbox just outside." So I go to the postbox and send the cards. I go back to the bar and drink a beer while reading the newspaper. The plane is supposed to leave at 4:40. I notice that it's 4:20. "Oh, I better go." I fold the paper, look down at the bar bill and what do I see?: My five post cards! "But this can't be possible! I just mailed them!" (laughs) And then I look for my ticket which I can't find.! "Oh, my God! Tell me it's not true!" Buy yes, I have mailed my ticket rather than the postcards!!!

Bob

(double laugh) So I go back to the post office to see the woman who sold me the stamps and I say to her, "Madame, you won't believe this (!) but I put my ticket in the postbox instead of my postcards!! Do you know how to open it?" She says "No, the only one who can is the postman." I go back to the box which says "next pick-up 4:30." Well, maybe I can still get out of this. I run back to the Pan Am hall to the ticket booth and say to an employee: "Madame, you are not going to believe me, but I mailed my plane ticket rather than my postcards. But the postman arrives in FIVE minutes! Please hold the airplane. I have to get on. I have an opening night tonight in Berlin." I head in the other direction and arrive at the same time as the postman. I show him my passport and explain that I am really me and that I had slipped my airline tickets into the postbox thinking that they were my postcards. And he, he was completely confused, he didn't understand any of my story, he didn't speak English; and I, I don't speak German. I go back to the woman who sold the stamps and said to her: "please, come quickly, help!" So she comes out and explains to the postman, who gave me my ticket; I gave him my postcards. I run towards the hall and I got my plane at the last minute.

I wasn't sure what to do with my life. I just caught on, first in France, then Italy and Germany.

I told my father, "I've already sent you a ticket." "Well, I'll think about it." he said. Two days before, I still hadn't heard from him. So, I called his secretary who told me he planned to come.

He arrived at 11 o'clock and saw the performance that night. There was a party afterwards, but he said he wanted to go to bed because he was going back to Waco the next morning. Three weeks later he wrote me a letter that said, "Son, your play has great beauty and poetry."

I think mystery allows us time to dream. It allows for the knowledge within us to come forth.

Like listening to a kite.

I don't want to be an expatriate American. I met Man Ray shortly before he died and he warned me, "Bob, be careful. Don't cut your ties to your homeland. I did and I regret it." And I think he was right. As I was getting older, I realized that it became very difficult to go home.

Martha Graham once said that in her work she was charting the graph of her heart. In some ways, my drawings are like that.

Someone asked Albert Einstein to repeat what he just said. He answered, "It's not necessary that I repeat what I just said; it's always the same thing."

If you only make a little gesture, it will appear much larger because of all the space that surrounds it.

Well, it's important to be present every second and that's very difficult, questioning, moment-by-moment.

The result of a strange aptitude test showed that I had special gifts in mathematics.

I blame no one.

It just didn't happen in America.

I know myself well enough to know that if I stay in one place too long, I have to move on. I think I know more people now than in European cities than I know in New York. It's a very lonely life.

It's... a frustration. I don't want to be an expatriate but that's the way it is.

I'm in a room: it's got carpet, the ceiling is ten feet high, and at the far wall there is a red carpet, a table with a blue cloth, or something. Then the room begins to tell me something.

What doesn't interest me about most plays are the words, because they tend to demand too much of the audience's attention. They force us to follow what the actors are doing, which is a mental strain. And so often the emphasis of the words has so little to do with the authentic feelings being transferred.

When Romeo says he loves Juliet, it's very complicated.

I asked Nureyev if he remembered that night, and he said "I sure do."

No doubt about it, he's a star!

No, I haven't gotten to the ending yet.

You look at a face. Very simply it's a mask. Consider the way we think: it doesn't have a linear structure, a beginning, middle, end. It's illogical, isn't it? The whole stage is a mask for the head ... The stage picture is the mask for what we hear ... Listen to the text. It's filled with violence, tension; it changes all the time, like molecules; it can go in any direction. All this beneath the "beautiful" visual surface.

And that's more or less what happened, I guess.

He said, "Son, you must be making a lot of money." I said, "No, sir, it cost \$1 million and I'm \$125,000 in debt." He said, "Son, I didn't know you were smart enough to be able to lose \$125,000." I said, "Dad, it was easy." But that was one of the nicest things he ever said to me.

The depth is on the surface. My work doesn't have a future. A production is created in and for a moment, not for eternity.

I designed an apple with a crystal cube in the center. This crystal cube was meant to be a window to the world. I could reflect the whole universe.

Like watching a silent movie while listening to a radio play.

One sees in the beginning a triangle of light and a cube floating in space...
There is a big doorway with light coming out ...
The cube is small now, and it is turning as it floats ...

You pause seven counts ... Smile at five ... Dissolve the smile in three seconds. Turn the head in four seconds. Pause in four, turn back in five.

Can you imagine all this for something that didn't happen?

Do you want to know something ridiculous?

I ran into a brick wall. It makes a difference.

That's just something I feel.

Time becomes space here.

I'm going to make a little drawing for you quickly, then I must go.

I'll do it and you'll tell me.

This is the situation ... now ... do you have a minute.

Little things are moving all the time.

Just counting numbers all the time.

You count one, two, three, four ...

That is really dumb! (laughter) Thank you.