THE NO-SHOW SCRIPT (melon, fainting, velvet, steamy sofa bliss)

Christy Sheffield Sanford

<div id="melon" style="position:absolute; width:687px; z-index:60; left: 73px; top: 29px; visibility: hidden;
height: 1562px; align:absolute middle"><!-- melon Statement -->

Solo mit Sofa, coreografia e danza di Reinhild Hoffmann, 1977.
German dancer, choreographer. Image of endless cloth extending from a sofa— <wbr>
voluptuous away. Is she tied or simply timid? ~~ Seeing a sofa abandoned in a wooded lot, I want to pose there,
voluptuous as the nude in "The Dream" by Rousseau.

<div id="fainting" style="position:absolute; width:720px; z-index:120; left: 35px; top: 870px; visibility: hidden;
align:absolute middle; height: 853px">

<!-- fainting Statement --> Sofas on the side roads. Not an omen, more like a message. A sofa inserted into the landscape gives me pleasure, fantasies, suspense. A white leather sofa with carved, white wood feet— <wbr>> speaking to me from a yard. Who seduced whom on this slick seat. It came from a home with many chihuahuas. </div>

<div id="velvet" style="position:absolute; width:620px; z-index:20; left: 71px; top: 28px; bgimage; bamsofa;</p> background-image: url(bamsofa1.JPG); layer-background-image: url(bamsofa1.JPG); border: 1px none #000000; visibility: hidden"> <!-- bliss statement --> In <i>Pioneer!</i> the sofa was a primary set device. One minute a hand was snaking across the velvet seat toward Jo Harvey Allen, the next minute sofas were piled high for an ascent on the North Pole, then they became a phone booth. Domestic bliss? Hardly. Domestic hell extending into the environment. A great dramatic comedienne, Jo Harvey was in turn sexy, earthy, cruel and crazed.</div> <div id="steamy" style="position:absolute; width:720px; z-index:7; left: 35px; top: 800px;</pre> align:absolute middle; height: 853px; visibility: hidden"> <!-- steamy Statement --> Up the street in a used furniture shop, is a fainting couch. A day bed of steamy memories. Emerald brocade in a diamond pattern with tortured swan on one arm. A woman clasps her forehead with one hand. I want to know everything that happened on this bed. </div>



screen grab from Hoffmann dance performed by Ovsyanick

style="position:absolute; width:687px; z-index:60; left: 73px; top: 29px; visibility: hidden; <div id="melon" height: 1562px; align:absolute middle"><!- melon Statement -> Solo mit Sofa, coreografia e danza di Reinhild Hoffmann, 1977 German dancer, choreographer. Image of endless cloth extending from a sofa— <wbr>>clinging to a woman pulling away. Is she tied or simply timid? ~~ Seeing a sofa abandoned in a wooded lot, I want to pose there, voluptuous as the nude in "The Dream" by Rousseau. </div> style="position:absolute; width:720px; z-index:120; left: 35px; top: 870px; visibility: hidden; <div id="fainting" align:absolute middle; height: 853px"> <!-- fainting Statement --> Sofas on the side roads. Not an omen, more like a message. A sofa inserted into the landscape gives me pleasure, fantasies, suspense. A white leather sofa with carved, white wood feet—<wbr>>speaking to me from a yard. Who seduced whom on this slick seat. It came from a home with many chihuahuas. </div> Digital manipulation of screengrab Reinhild Hoffmann choreography, danced by Ksenia Ovsyanick