

*your creative* DNA

## Chapter 3

In my early years in New York City, I studied with the choreographer Merce Cunningham. Merce had a corner studio on the second floor at 14th Street and Eighth Avenue, with windows on two sides. During breaks in classes, I watched a lot of traffic out of those windows, and I observed that the traffic patterns were just like Merce's dances—both appear random and chaotic, but they're not. It occurred to me that Merce often looked out of those windows, too. I'm sure the street pattern was consoling to him, reinforcing his discordant view of the world. His dances are all about chaos and dysfunction. That's his creative DNA. He's very comfortable with chaos and plays with it in all his work. My hunch is that he came to chaos before he came to that studio, but I can't help wondering if maybe he selected the place because of the chaos outside the windows.

Of course, when I looked out those windows, I didn't see the patterns the way Merce did, and I certainly didn't find solace in their discordance. I didn't "get it" the way he did. I wasn't hard-wired that way. It wasn't part of my creative DNA.

I believe that we all have strands of *creative code* hard-wired into our imaginations. These strands are as solidly imprinted in us as the genetic code that determines our height and eye color, except they govern our creative impulses. They determine the forms we work in, the stories we tell, and how we tell them. I'm not Watson and Crick; I can't prove this. But perhaps you also suspect it when you try to understand why you're a photographer, not a writer, or why you always insert a happy ending into your story, or why all your canvases gather the most interesting material at the edges, not the center. In many ways, that's why art historians and literature professors and critics of all kinds have jobs: to pinpoint the artist's DNA and explain to the rest of us whether the artist is being true to it in his or her work. I call it DNA; you may think of it as your creative hard-wiring or personality.

When I apply a critic's temperament to myself, to see if I'm being true to my DNA, I often think in terms of focal length, like that of a camera lens. All of us find comfort in seeing the world either from a great distance, at arm's length, or in close-up. We don't consciously make that choice. Our DNA does, and we generally don't waver from it. Rare is the painter who is equally adept at miniatures and epic series, or the writer who is at home in both historical sagas and finely observed short stories.

The photographer Ansel Adams, whose black-and-white panoramas of the unspoiled American West became the established notion of how to "see" nature (and, no small feat, helped spawn the environmental movement in the United States), is an example of an artist who was compelled to view the world from a great distance. He found solace in lugging his heavy camera on long treks into the wilderness or to a mountaintop so he could have the widest view of land and sky. Earth and heaven in their most expansive form was how Adams saw the world. It was his signature, an expression of his creative temperature. It was his DNA.

Focal length doesn't only apply to photographers. It applies to any artist.

The choreographer Jerome Robbins, whom I have worked with and admire,

tended to see the world from a middle distance. The sweeping vision was not for him. Robbins's point of view was right there on the stage. Others besides me have noted how often Robbins had his dancers watch someone else dance. Think of his very first ballet, *Fancy Free*. Boys watch girls. Girls then watch boys. And upstage, the bartender watches everything as if he were Robbins's surrogate. His is the point of view from which the ballet's story is told. Robbins is both observing and observed, safely, at a middle distance.

It helps to know that Robbins grew up wanting to be a puppeteer, and I think this way of seeing the world—controlling events from behind the scenes or above, but not so distant that you cannot maintain contact with the action on stage—pervades almost everything he created. I doubt it was something he chose consciously, but in terms of creative DNA, it was a dominant strand in his work. Check out the film of *West Side Story*, which Robbins choreographed and co-directed. The story line is famously adapted from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*—in other words, it's not his own. Yet even with a borrowed plot, you still see Robbins's impulses coming to the fore, imprinting themselves on the drama and the dancing. Nearly every group scene involves performers being observed. Jets watch Sharks, Sharks watch Jets, girls watch boys, boys watch girls. This is not how Shakespeare did it. But it is Robbins's worldview.

Other artists see the world as if it is one inch from their nose. The novelist Raymond Chandler, whose Philip Marlowe books like *Farewell, My Lovely* and *The Long Goodbye* are classics of American hardboiled detective fiction, was obsessed with detail. He works in extreme close-up, a succession of tight shots that practically put us inside the characters' skulls. The plots of his stories are often incomprehensible—he believed that the only way to keep the reader from knowing whodunit was not to know yourself—but his eye for descriptive detail was razor-sharp. Here is the opening of his first full-length novel, *The Big Sleep*:

*It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, mid October, with the sun not shining and a look of hard wet rain in the clearness of the foothills. I was*

*wearing my powder-blue suit, with dark blue shirt, tie and display handkerchief, black brogues, black wool socks with dark blue clocks on them. I was neat, clean, shaved and sober, and I didn't care who knew it. It was everything the well-dressed private detective ought to be. I was calling on four million dollars.*

Chandler kept lists of observed details from his life and from the people he knew: a necktie file, a shirt file, a list of overheard slang expressions, as well as character names, titles, and one-liners he intended to use sometime in the future. He wrote on half-sheets of paper, just twelve to fifteen lines per page, with a self-imposed quota that each sheet must contain what he called “a little bit of magic.” The “life” in his stories was in the details, whether his hero Marlowe was idling in his office or in the middle of a brutal confrontation. No long-distance musings on the state of the world. No middle-distance group shots. Just a steady stream of details, piling one on top of the other, until a character or scene takes shape and a vivid picture emerges. Up close was Chandler’s focal length. If some people like to wander through an art museum standing back from the paintings, taking in the effect the artist was trying to achieve, while others need a closer look because they’re interested in the details, then Chandler was the kind of museum-goer who pressed his nose up to the canvas to see how the artist applied his strokes. Obviously, all of us look at paintings from each of these vantage points, but we focus best at some specific spot along the spectrum.

I don’t mean to get too caught up in observational focal length. It’s one facet out of many that makes up an artist’s creative identity. Yet once you see it, you begin to notice how it defines all the artists you admire. The sweeping themes of Mahler’s symphonies are the work of a composer with a wide vision. He sees grand architecture from a distance. Contrast that with a miniaturist like Satie, whose delicate compositions reveal a man in love with detail. (It’s only the giants like Bach, Cézanne, and Shakespeare who could work in many focal lengths.)

But that's the point. Each of us is hard-wired a certain way. And that hard-wiring insinuates itself into our work. That's not a bad thing. Actually, it's what the world expects from you. We want our artists to take the mundane materials of our lives, run it through their imaginations, and surprise us. If you are by nature a loner, a crusader, an outsider, a jester, a romantic, a melancholic, or any one of a dozen personalities, that quality will shine through in your work.

Robert Benchley wrote that there are two kinds of people in the world: those who divide the world into two kinds of people, and those who don't. I guess I've always been one who does.

I have issues with ambiguity, preferring my distinctions to be black or white. I don't like gray. That's how I am. I recognize, of course, that some people do like gray. (I also recognize that I'm doing it again—dividing the world into two kinds of people.) Thus, I am always making these clear distinctions in my work, my daily routines, my colleagues, and my goals. Dancers are either acceptable (great) or not (everything less than great). Producers are either good or evil. Colleagues are either committed or missing in action. Critics are either my friends or enemies. The polar distinctions can go on forever.

If one set of polarities defines my creative DNA, it is the way I find myself pulled between *involvement* and *detachment*.

I shuttle back and forth from one extreme to the other, with no rest in between. And I apply it to everything.

With my dancers, for example, I have an annoying need for proof of their allegiance to me and my projects. So I'm always running through a mental checklist to see if their work habits are as exacting as mine, searching with forensic intensity for evidence of their commitment. Do they show up on time for rehearsal? Are they warmed up? Does their energy flag when rehearsals break down or are they committed to pushing forward? Are they bringing ideas to the party or waiting for me to provide everything? These are my personal pop quizzes to gauge other people's involvement. I don't want them merely involved. I'm looking for insane commitment.

I'm no less strict with myself. I'm always taking temperature readings of my commitment to a project and pushing myself to be more committed than anyone else. At its extreme, I put myself at the center of a piece, even as a dancer, trying on the roles.

When I've learned all I can at the core of a piece, I pull back and become the Queen of Detachment. I move so far back that I become a surrogate for the audience. I see the work the way they will see it. New, fresh, objectively. In the theater, I frequently go to the back and watch the dancers rehearse. If I could watch from farther away, from outside the theater in the street, I would. That's how much detachment I need from my work in order to understand it.

This impulse comes naturally. I grew up in the foothills of San Bernardino, where there was no community to speak of, no neighbors and playmates. I watched movies in a drive-in theater from a distance. I was even distanced from my twin brothers and my sister, who were all younger than I. They lived at one end of our house, I lived at the other so I could be free to maintain my rigorous practice schedule alone. You could even say I was detached from my world by my schedule. That's why detachment is part of my DNA. I was born with it, and it was continually drummed into me thereafter.

Was it there from the start? Who's to say, but my mother told me that at birth I was a noisy, ill-mannered baby in the hospital. The only way the nurses could shut me up was to put me out in the hallway by myself where I could see everything going on around me. I quieted down instantly. Even then, I didn't want to be on the inside, crowded with other people. I wanted to be on the outside, watching.

For the longest time, I thought this dichotomy of involvement versus detachment was merely a template for my work habits. Immerse yourself in the details of the work. Commit yourself to mastering every aspect. At the same time, step back to see if the work scans, if it's intelligible to an unwashed audience. Don't get so involved that you lose what you're trying to say. This was the yin and yang of my work life: Dive in. Step back. Dive in. Step back.

It was how I saw the world—like being nearsighted rather than having 20/20 vision. I was stuck with it.



And then one day, reading Carl Kerényi's *Dionysos*, I discovered a broader context for these divisions. Involvement and detachment explained how I worked, but they didn't explain why I produced the work I did. It had always irked me that my dances shied away from telling a story, and when I tried my hand at a narrative-driven dance, the result was weak or unfocused. Why was that? Why was I better at one than the other? An answer came from the ancient Greeks, who had two words, *zoe* and *bios*, to distinguish the two competing natures I felt within myself.

*Zoe* and *bios* both mean life in Greek, but they are not synonymous. *Zoe*, wrote Kerényi, refers to "life in general, without characterization." *Bios* characterizes a specific life, the outlines that distinguish one living thing from another. *Bios* is the Greek root for "biography," *zoe* for "zoology."

I cannot overstate what a profound distinction this was. Suddenly, two states of experience were made plain to me.

*Zoe* is like seeing Earth from space. You get the sense of life on the rotating globe, but without a sense of the individual lives being lived on the planet. *Bios* involves swooping down from space from the perch of a high-powered spy satellite, closing in on the scene, and seeing the details. *Bios* distinguishes between one life and another. *Zoe* refers to the aggregate.

*Bios* accommodates the notion of death, that each life has a beginning, middle, and end, that each life contains a story. *Zoe*, wrote Kerényi, "does not admit of the experience of its own destruction: it is experienced without end, as infinite life."

The difference between *zoe* and *bios* is like the difference between sacred and profane. Sacred art is *zoe*-driven; profane art stems from *bios*.

I realize that these are just words. But they articulated a distinction that made my entire creative output clearer. Applying it to two of my choreographic heroes, Robbins and George Balanchine, I could appreciate in a new way the difference between these two men.

Balanchine was the essence of *zoe*. Most of his ballets are beautiful plotless structures that mirror the music rather than interpret it. They do not need language

to explain themselves, nor do they try to tell a story. Their content is the essence of life, not the details of living. Balanchine's steps and gestures are not specific—for example, a man miming the act of pulling out an imaginary chair for a woman or, more tritely, putting hands to heart to express love. People think his dances are abstract at first—where's the story? what's the plot? But their *zoe* qualities reveal themselves with powerful results. Balanchine's gestures and steps pluck chords in us that we cannot easily name. Yet they resonate. They seem familiar. That's the genius of Balanchine. In his movement he created a grammar that expressed congruencies between the natural world and our emotional world. Three women unbundle their long hair at the end of *Serenade* and we feel something, without attaching a name to it, because there is a common structure between the dancers' gestures and some gesture we remember that moved us.

Robbins, on the other hand, was pure *bios*—and brilliant at it. When he created a dance, he was always accumulating details about the roles—from what the characters would wear to whom they were sleeping with—and out of these details of life he would construct an engaging narrative. This is why he had such a crowd-pleasing career in the theater. (This is a giant gift. Mike Nichols tells a story about getting the musical *Annie* ready for Broadway. A scene that was supposed to be funny was failing to get laughs, no matter what Nichols tried. He asked Robbins to watch the scene with his practiced eye. Afterward, Nichols asked him how to fix the scene. Robbins surveyed the stage and pointed to a white towel hanging at the back of the set. “That towel should be yellow,” he said. “That's it?” thought Nichols. “That makes the scene work?” But he made the change and the scene got a laugh every night thereafter.)

As a man of *bios*, a master of details, he could tell a story that had, as a subtext, what Balanchine made a text of—namely, life.

One approach was not more valid than the other. The two men simply entered their work through different doors.

But I could see that everything I did was a duel between the warring impulses of *bios* and *zoe* in me. On the one hand, there was my ability to create

dances about a life force. On the other, there was my occasional urge to break away from this and create dances that tell a specific story. The first kind of dances came naturally to me, the latter required more of an effort. In my heart I am a woman more of *zoe* than of *bios*.

I suspect many people never get a handle on their creative identity this way. They take their urges, their biases, their work habits for granted. But a little self-knowledge goes a long way. If you understand the strands of your creative DNA, you begin to see how they mutate into common threads in your work. You begin to see the “story” that you’re trying to tell; why you do the things you do (both positive and self-destructive); where you are strong and where you are weak (which prevents a lot of false starts), and how you see the world and function in it.

Take the following questionnaire. If even one answer tells you something new about yourself, you’re one step closer to understanding your creative DNA. There are no right or wrong answers here. The exercise is intended for your eyes only, which means no cheating, no answers to impress other people. It’s supposed to be an honest self-appraisal of what matters to you. Anything less is a distortion. I include it here and urge you to answer quickly, instinctively. Don’t dawdle.

(To get you started, I give you my answers on pages 54 to 59.)

## Your Creative Autobiography

1. What is the first creative moment you remember?
2. Was anyone there to witness or appreciate it?
3. What is the best idea you've ever had?
4. What made it great in your mind?
5. What is the dumbest idea?
6. What made it stupid?
7. Can you connect the dots that led you to this idea?
8. What is your creative ambition?
9. What are the obstacles to this ambition?
10. What are the vital steps to achieving this ambition?
11. How do you begin your day?
12. What are your habits? What patterns do you repeat?
13. Describe your first successful creative act.
14. Describe your second successful creative act.
15. Compare them.

16. What are your attitudes toward: money, power, praise, rivals, work, play?
17. Which artists do you admire most?
18. Why are they your role models?
19. What do you and your role models have in common?
20. Does anyone in your life regularly inspire you?
21. Who is your muse?
22. Define muse.
23. When confronted with superior intelligence or talent, how do you respond?
24. When faced with stupidity, hostility, intransigence, laziness, or indifference in others, how do you respond?
25. When faced with impending success or the threat of failure, how do you respond?
26. When you work, do you love the process or the result?
27. At what moments do you feel your reach exceeds your grasp?
28. What is your ideal creative activity?
29. What is your greatest fear?
30. What is the likelihood of either of the answers to the previous two questions happening?
31. Which of your answers would you most like to change?
32. What is your idea of mastery?
33. What is your greatest dream?

I devised this questionnaire because it forces us to go back to our origins, our earliest memories, our first causes. We change through life, but we cannot deny our sources, and this test is one way to recall those roots.

The better you know yourself, the more you will know when you are playing to your strengths and when you are sticking your neck out. Venturing out of your comfort zone may be dangerous, yet you do it anyway because our ability to grow is directly proportional to an ability to entertain the uncomfortable.

I've always admired the playwright Neil Simon. In economic terms and mass acceptance, he's probably the most successful playwright of the twentieth century. He wrote beautifully constructed parlor comedies that provided a laugh every twenty seconds. That was his gift, and it was a rare talent. I'm sure there are snobs who tried to dismiss Neil Simon as a joke mechanic producing a hit a year. I don't see it that way. I look over his enormous output—three dozen plays, a dozen original screenplays—and see a paragon of habitual creativity. More to the point, I see a writer constantly stretching. He pushed his talent more than most people appreciate. He didn't go against his nature and try to write dramas like Eugene O'Neill—he was too smart for that—but he was always injecting into his plays dark elements and serious themes that tested his abilities and made his audience stretch, too. Where his strengths for comedy could cover his experiments, his stretches, he knew he could go for it. There is a large gap in time and ambition between *Barefoot in the Park* in 1961 and the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Lost in Yonkers* in 1990. But both plays are recognizably Neil Simon. He had a good sense of who he was and how far he could venture beyond his comfort zone.

Another thing about knowing who you are is that you know what you should not be doing, which can save you a lot of heartaches and false starts if you catch it early on.

I was giving a lecture to students at Vassar not long ago. Working with the students' autobiographies, I invited a dance student, a music student who brought his saxophone, and an art student to join me on stage. I asked the dancer

to improvise some movement from a tuck position on the floor. I asked the saxophone player to accompany the dancer. And I asked the art student to assign colors to what they were doing. I admit I was constructing a three-ring circus in the lecture hall. But my goal was to bring the three students together by forcing them to work off the same page, and also to free them up to discover how far they could go improvising on this simple assignment.

When I asked the art student to read out loud his color impressions, everyone in the hall was taken aback. He droned on and on about himself, feelings he'd had, stories about friends. Not a word about color. Finally I heard "limpid blue" come out of his mouth. I waved my arms, signaling him to stop reading.

"Do you realize," I said, "that you've just recited about five hundred words in an assignment about color. You've covered everything under the sun, and 'limpid blue' is the first time you've mentioned a color? I'm not convinced you want to be a painter."

As far as I was concerned, this young man was in "DNA denial." I gave him a painterly exercise and he gave me a text-heavy response. A young man with painting in his genes would be rattling off colors immediately. Instead, his vivid use of language—limpid blue does not come in tubes—suggested that he really ought to be a writer.

It would be presumptuous of me to think I had him pegged for a writer, not a painter, after that brief encounter. But if I got him to re-examine what he's built for, then he was a step or two ahead of most people.

I had a similar moment in my early years as a choreographer. I was at my worktable making sketches of dancers and their costumes. As I leaned back to admire the sketches, there was a fleeting moment when I actually whispered to myself "I could have been a painter."

I wonder how many people get sidetracked from their true calling by the fact that they have talent to excel at more than one artistic medium. This is a curse rather than a blessing. If you have only one option, you can't make a wrong choice. If you have two options, you have a fifty percent chance of being wrong.

It's like a great high school athlete who plays football, basketball, and baseball equally well. If this athlete wants to continue playing sports at the highest collegiate level, at some point he will have to commit to one sport over the others. He'll weigh a lot of factors: what comes naturally to him, what does he enjoy the most, in which sport does he have a natural advantage over the competition in terms of size, speed, endurance, and other critical measures? But in the end the choice should be based on pure instinct and self-knowledge. What sport does he feel in his muscles and bones? What sport was he born to play?

In my case, I fortunately banished the "I could have been a painter" thought out of my mind as quickly as it had appeared. Maybe I did have a talent for interpreting the world visually. Maybe I did have a knack for creating visual tableaux that entertained people. Maybe I did know how to arrange colors and objects in space. All of these are skills from the painter's tool kit. But even then I knew myself well enough to realize that no matter how much I enjoyed making sketches, the painter's life was not for me. I didn't feel it in my bones. I would tell my "story" through movement. Gotta dance.



# exercises

## 5 You Can Observe a Lot by Watching

Yogi Berra said that, and it's true. Go outside and observe a street scene. Pick out a man and woman together and write down everything they do until you get to twenty items. The man may touch the woman's arm. Write it down. She may run her hand through her hair. Write it down. She may shake her head. He may lean in toward her. She may pull away or lean in toward him. She may put her hands in her pockets or

search for something in her purse. He may turn his head to watch another woman walking by. Write it all down. It shouldn't take you very long to acquire twenty items.

If you study the list, it shouldn't be hard to apply your imagination to it and come up with a story about the couple. Are they friends, would-be lovers, brother and sister, work colleagues, adulterers, neighbors who run into each other on the street? Are they fighting or breaking up or falling in love or planning a weekend together or debating which movie they want to see? The details on your list provide plenty of material for a short story, but that's not the goal of this exercise.

Now do it again. Pick out another couple. This time note only the things that happen between them that you find *interesting*, that please you aesthetically or emotionally. I guarantee that it will take you a lot longer to compile a list of twenty items this way. You might need all day. That's what happens when you apply *judgment* to your powers of observation. You become selective. You edit. You filter the world through your particular prism.

Now study the two lists. What appealed to you in the second, more selective list? Was it the moments of friction between the couple or the moments of tenderness? Was it the physical gestures or their gazes away from each other? The varying distance between them? The way they shifted their feet, or leaned up against a wall, or took off their glasses, or scratched their chins?

What caught your fancy is not as important as the difference between the two lists. What you included and what you left out speaks volumes about how you see the world. If you do this exercise enough times, patterns will emerge. The world will not be revealed to you. *You* will be revealed.

## 6 Pick a New Name

Imagine you could change your name. What would you choose? Would it be a name that sounded good or belonged to someone you admire? Would it make a statement about what you believe or how you want the world to approach you? What would you want it to say about you?

This is not just an exercise in “what if.” It’s about identity—who you are and aim to be.

I’ve always thought my creative life began the moment my mother named me Twyla. It’s an unusual name, especially when you combine it with Tharp. (Twyla Smith just doesn’t have the same ring, does it?) My mother had seen the name “Twila” in a clipping about the queen of a hog-calling contest in Indiana, and as she explained it, “I changed the *i* to a *y* because I thought it would look better on a marquee.” She had big plans for me. She wanted me to be singular, so she gave me a singular name.

If it’s a parent’s job to make children feel special, then my mother did her job well. To me, the name is fierce, independent, and unassailable. It can’t be shortened to Twy or La, and it doesn’t take a diminutive well. (I have a good friend who always adds an affectionate Yiddish “leh” to names, but “Twylaleh” is too much even for him.) It’s a good name to have if you want to leave your mark in the world.

More than anything, though, my name is original. It makes me strive for originality—if only to live up to the name.

I am not exaggerating the magic and power invested in our names. Names are often a repository of a kind of genetic memory. Parents, who are the arbiters of all given names, certainly feel the power; that’s why they name their children after ancestors (or themselves). They honor those who came before while connecting their child with his or her past. The hope is that not only will some of our forebears’ genes pass down with the name, but also their courage, their talents, their drive, and their luck. (We named our son Jesse Alexander, after my grandfather Jesse Tharp and my husband’s grandfather Alexander Huot, because we admired their work ethic and their skill at building things. I figured if their genes were funneling into my son, he ought to get the names that go with them. Interestingly, Jesse is happiest when he is building things.)

The essayist Joseph Epstein has noted, “A radical change in one’s name seems in most cases a betrayal—of one’s birthright, of one’s group, of one’s identity.” I don’t agree. In a sense it’s a commitment to a higher personal calling. And it’s not uncommon among creative souls.

The ancient masters of Japanese art were allowed to change their name once in their lifetime. They had to be very selective about the moment in their career when they did so. They would stick with their given name until they felt they had become the artist they aspired to be; at that point, they were allowed to change their name. For the rest of their life, they could work under the new name at the height of their powers. The name change was a sign of artistic maturity.

Mozart played with variations on his name for most of his life. He was baptized Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart. His father Leopold referred to him shortly after his birth as Joannes Chrisostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb. The young Mozart generally referred to himself with the middle name Amadè or Amadé (Gottlieb, Theophilus, and Amadeus being German, Greek, and Latin, respectively, for “lover of God”). But he made a significant change at the time of his marriage to Constanze Weber: In all documents related to the marriage (except for the marriage contract itself), his name is given as “Wolfgang Adam Mozart.” By taking the name of the first man, Mozart may have been declaring himself reborn, set free from the past. “Mozart’s constant alterations of his name are his way of experimenting with different identities,” wrote Mozart biographer Maynard Solomon, “trying to tune them to his satisfaction.”

The boxer Cassius Clay changing his name to Muhammad Ali is one of the great creative acts of the twentieth century. Cassius Clay was already the heavyweight champion of the world, but converting to Islam, throwing off the shackles of a slave name, and becoming Ali gave him an even larger identity for a much bigger stage. It helped make him the most famous person on earth.

Done wisely and well, a change of name can be a self-fulfilling prophecy. As Epstein points out, “Eric Blair, Cicily Fairfield, and Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski became, respectively, George Orwell, Rebecca West, and Joseph Conrad—the first to shuck off the social class into which he was born, the second to name herself after a feminist heroine in Ibsen, the last to simplify his name for an English audience. Yet how right those names now seem, how completely their owners have taken possession of them!”

## My Creative Autobiography

1. **What is the first creative moment you remember?** Sitting in my mother's lap at the keyboard, listening to notes.

2. **Was anyone there to witness or appreciate it?** I got lots of validation and feedback all through my early years, as most kids do when they're being taught something difficult and they have to improve every day. My piano teacher was always pasting "seals of approval" on my lesson books, everything from gold stars to black stars to decals of rabbits and other farm animals. What I really remember though is the sponge my teacher used to wet the decals and stick them on my lesson books. She kept the sponge in a little jar on the side of the keyboard, and as I played, I always had my eye on the sponge. That sponge was not only the symbol of my reward, it was the tool for administering it. I felt connected to it in a special way. I loved that sponge. And I loved my little blue books that contained all my stars. I still have them. So, yes, someone was always around to see my little acts of creativity.

3. **What is the best idea you've ever had?** To follow my own course in life and become a dancer, because dancing was what I did best. I wasn't as good at anything else.

4. **What made it great in your mind?** I went with my gut, not my head. Dance is a tough life (and a tougher way to make a living). Choreography is even more brutal because there is no way to carry our history forward. Our creations disappear the moment we finish performing them. It's tough to preserve a legacy, create a history for yourself and others. But I put all that aside and pursued my gut instinct anyway. I became my own rebellion. Going with your head makes it arbitrary. Going with your gut means you have no choice. It's inevitable, which is why I have no regrets.

5. **What is the dumbest idea?** Thinking I could have it all.

6. **What made it stupid?** Its built-in futility, given how I work. To lead a creative life, you have to sacrifice. "Sacrifice" and "Having it all" do not go together. I set out to have a family, have a career, be a dancer, and support myself all at once, and it was overwhelming. I had to learn the hard way that you can't have it all, you have to make some sacrifices, and there's no way you're going to fulfill all the roles you imagine. We thought, as women in the sixties and seventies, that we could change everything and remake all the rules. Some things changed, and some things pushed back. What makes it stupid is that I set up a way of working that was in direct conflict with my personal ambition. Something had to give.

7. **Can you connect the dots that led you to this idea?** I was a senior alone in a dressing room, next to a dance studio. I was in a discussion with myself, and it had been going on for four years, ever since my sophomore year when I left Pomona College to go to Barnard College in New York City (the heart of the dance world). I looked at my body in the dressing room mirror and, in that moment, I saw the potential for a dancer. As I was changing into practice clothes, I felt as if I were putting on a uniform, and I thought, "Yes, I want to join this team." That's when and how I made my life choice.

8. **What is your creative ambition?** To continually improve, so I never think "My time may be over."

9. **What are the obstacles to this ambition?** The pettiness of human nature. Mine as well as others'.

10. **What are the vital steps to achieving this ambition?** I often think of

myself as water flowing into a rock. The water eventually finds its way out the other side, but in between it seeks out every hole and channel in the rock. It keeps trickling forward, gathering force until it bursts out on the other side as a raging torrent. That's my career experience. I don't have steps or ladders. I don't improve in steps. I'm the water slapping into the rocks. I gather force and then . . . explode.

**11. How do you begin your day?** I wake at 5:30 A.M., head across town for a workout at the gym (for fourteen years with the same trainer, Sean Kelleher).

**12. What are your habits? What patterns do you repeat?** I repeat the wake-up, the workout, the quick shower, the breakfast of three hard-boiled egg whites and a cup of coffee, the hour to make my morning calls and deal with correspondence, the two hours of stretching and working out ideas by myself in the studio, the rehearsals with my dance company, the return home in the late afternoon to handle more business details, the early dinner, and a few quiet hours of reading. That's my day, every day. A dancer's life is all about repetition.

**13. Describe your first successful creative act.** When I was eight, living in San Bernardino, California, I was always forced to practice alone in my room. But I wanted human contact and some commentary on what I was doing. So I would gather the kids in the neighborhood and convince them to come with me into the back canyons where we lived, and there I would design theatrical initiations for the kids. This was my first creative act, my first moment of being a floor general and moving people around. My first choreography.

**14. Describe your second successful creative act.** Sixteen years later, my first concert, *Tank Dive*, 1965.

15. **Compare them.** They're the same. In both I'm organizing people in time and space with a ritualistic intent.

16. **What are your attitudes toward:**

Money? Hate that I need it.

Power? Challenge it if you don't have it. Don't abuse it if you do.

Praise? Don't trust it.

Rivals? Bless them.

Work? What I live for.

Play? Work.

17. **Which artists do you admire most?** Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Balanchine, and Rembrandt.

18. **Why are they your role models?** They aspired, they approached, they matured. They passed "Go" more than once. Their work ended up light-years beyond where they started.

19. **What do you and your role models have in common?** Total commitment. I strive to follow their example. I try to emulate their staying power and constant growth. I am different because *I am a woman*. There is a big difference between how a male artist gets to live and what the world expects of a woman, artist or not.

20. **Does anyone in your life regularly inspire you?** Maurice Sendak. I talk to him every Sunday, and he always provides the best chuckle of the week. He's the only person with whom I can just *blurt*, uncensored. And he does the same thing. We're like two wicked children. It's a delight. Dick Avedon also inspires me because of his ongoing discipline, his ongoing ambition, his ongoing efforts at self-education,



and his ongoing grace. He has real ingenuity. Even when he's using old solutions he's still inventive.

21. Who is your muse? My dancers.

22. Define muse. That for whom you long to labor.

23. When confronted with superior intelligence or talent, how do you respond?

Enthusiastically. I can get there. Let's go.

24. When faced with stupidity, hostility, intransigence, laziness, or indifference in others, how do you respond?

Stupidity: Run, don't walk.

Hostility: Get nicer.

Intransigence: Push back.

Laziness: See Stupidity, above.

Indifference: Move on.

25. When faced with impending success or the threat of failure, how do you respond?

Success: With relief.

Failure: More work, *fast*.

26. When you work, do you love the process or the result? I love to study the beginnings of things. The first steps are the most interesting ones—when you're just beginning to find your way into a problem, whether it's artistic or philosophical, and when you don't yet know what you're trying to solve and how you're going to solve it. To me there's something very solid about the first time something is

achieved. I know when I'm working that the very first time I get something right it's righter than it will ever be again. I cheated on the answer: I love the process—all the time. I love the result—the first time.

27. **At what moments do you feel your reach exceeds your grasp?** I always, always feel that at the start. But you get lucky now and again, so I reach anyway. That's why I study beginnings, so I can deal with those fears.

28. **What is your ideal creative activity?** Dancing well.

29. **What is your greatest fear?** That I won't be able to do it.

30. **What is the likelihood of either of the answers to the previous two questions happening?** Possible and inevitable, in that order.

31. **Which of your answers would you most like to change?** Number six. Down deep, I still want to have it all.

32. **What is your idea of mastery?** Having the experience to know what you want to do, the vision to see how to do it, the courage to work with what you're given, and the skill to execute that first impulse—all so you can take bigger chances.

33. **What is your greatest dream?** To be paid on the same level as professional athletes and pop stars. This would mean I live in a world where dance is as popular as soccer or rock 'n' roll. If the luckiest people in the world are the ones who get paid for doing what they would otherwise do for free, I am already lucky. But I'm an optimist. My greatest dream is always to be luckier.

## Chapter 4

harness your memory

**When Homer composed** the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he was drawing on centuries of history and folklore handed down by oral tradition. When Nicolas Poussin painted *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, he was re-creating Roman history.

When Marcel Proust dipped his petites madeleines into his tea, the taste and aroma set off a flood of memories and emotions from which modern literature has still not recovered.

There are as many forms of memory as there are ways of perceiving, and every one of them is worth mining for inspiration.

Memory, as we most frequently think of it, encompasses every fact and experience that we can call up at will from our cranial hard drives. We all have this in varying abundance. It's the skill that lets us store away the vital and seemingly trivial data and images and experiences of our lives. I say vital and seemingly trivial, but I really don't distinguish between the two. To some people, vital information is their best friend's phone number. To someone else, it's

the lyrics to the “Catalog Aria” from *Don Giovanni* or Rick’s airport speech from *Casablanca* or a recipe for couscous.

I spend a lot of time worrying about memory. One of the horrors of growing older is the certainty that you will lose memory and that the loss of vocabulary or incident or imagery is going to diminish your imagination.

As a result, I try to give my memory a workout, training it to keep it sharp. When I watch a rehearsal or performance of one of my dances, I strive to remember the first twelve to fourteen notes or corrections I want to discuss with the cast without writing them down. That’s my limit—twelve to fourteen notes—which is nothing to sneeze at. Most people can’t recall much more than three notes in any context. Think about the last lecture you heard or business meeting you attended or book you had to read. How many of the important take-away points could you recall if you didn’t memorialize them in writing?

I don’t just try to remember the notes in an unconnected list; I sort them in my mind by category, remembering comments I want to make performer by performer, or scene by scene, remembering them by associating them with space, time, and music. The act of categorizing serves as a memory aid itself, as does ticking off the notes on my fingers. If I know that I have fourteen notes, I’ll be able to recall them through the associated muscle memory of the finger gestures as I count them out. I work a lot faster if I can walk into rehearsal the next day and rattle off my changes to the performers off the top of my head instead of consulting some pieces of paper. It also gives me authority. Think about the last time you were the only person in a room who remembered a salient fact. What did that do for your credibility at that precise moment? Memory has that power.

But thinking of memory only in this way is simplistic. It shrinks our minds down to the size and sophistication of a personal computer—a machine defined and priced by how much it can remember and how quickly it can retrieve information. Creativity has little to do with this kind of memory. If it did, the most creative people would have hair-trigger memories of photographic proportions, and our artists would all be found slaughtering the competition on *Jeopardy!*

Just because you can recite Shakespeare's sonnets from memory doesn't mean you have the poetic spark to write a sonnet of your own.

Creativity is more about taking the facts, fictions, and feelings we store away and finding new ways to connect them. What we're talking about here is metaphor. **Metaphor is the lifeblood of all art**, if it is not art itself. Metaphor is our vocabulary for connecting what we're experiencing now with what we have experienced before. It's not only how we express what we remember, it's how we interpret it—for ourselves and others.

When Shakespeare's Macbeth asserts in eleven quick lines that life is a "brief candle," that life is a "walking shadow," that life is "a poor player," and finally that life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," we take his meaning immediately because we can call up memories of candles, of shadows, of players, and of tales told by idiots. This is how lines written four hundred years ago connect with us today. They not only play on our memory, they rely on it.

Metaphor, as Cynthia Ozick writes, "transforms the strange into the familiar. This is the rule even of the simplest metaphor—Homer's wine-dark sea, for example. If you know wine, says the image, you will know the sea."

If all art is metaphor, then all art begins with memory. The ancient Greeks knew this: In their origin myths, they cite Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory, as the mother of the Nine Muses.

To fully appreciate the authority of memory, you need to appreciate the more exotic forms of memory lurking on the fringes. You remember much more than you may think you do, in ways you haven't considered.

**Muscle memory** is one of the more valuable forms of memory, especially to a performer. It's the notion that after diligent practice and repetition of certain physical movements, your body will remember those moves years, even decades, after you cease doing them. In the dance world, muscle memory comes into play every day; we couldn't survive without it. Unlike musicians or actors, who have

sheet music and scripts to study, dancers have nothing written down. It's all in their heads and bodies. We'd have to start rehearsal from step one every day if our muscles didn't remember. What's amazing is how long dancers' bodies retain the information. Let's say I asked Rose Marie Wright, a dancer with whom I worked thirty years ago, to teach dances she performed for many years to another generation of dancers. If she demonstrates the dance without thinking about it, she will re-create each step and gesture perfectly on the spot the first time, as though she were a medium in a trance. That's muscle memory. Automatic. Precise. A little scary. The second time through, however, or trying to explain the steps and patterns to the dancers, she will hesitate, second-guess herself, question her muscles, and forget. That's because she's thinking about it, using language to interpret something she knows nonverbally. Her memory of movement doesn't need to be accessed through conscious effort.

Learning steps is only one demonstration of the muscles' intelligence. A virtuoso pianist is doing the same thing when he sits down at the keyboard and dashes off a piece of music he hasn't thought about in years. He has practiced and played the piece so many times in the past, that the memory has never left him. It resides in the parts of his brain that govern his fingers and his muscles, not the parts he would use to ponder this sentence.

Muscle memory has its uses in the creative process, perhaps more for acquiring skill than for developing inspiration. But it's useful nevertheless. I know one novelist who taught himself the craft of fiction by retyping the stories of his favorite authors. The act of typing someone else's words—rather than simply reading them—made him stop and think about how the author chose words, constructed sentences and paragraphs, arranged dialogue, and structured a narrative. In this case, the exercise is less about muscles and more about perceiving structures and harmonies anew—from the vantage point of the author rather than the reader.

Raymond Chandler and Proust went through a similar process when honing their very different crafts. Chandler believed Hemingway to be the greatest



American novelist of his time, and he wrote imitations of Hemingway's style to absorb what he loved about it. Proust went further, spending twelve years translating and annotating the writing of the English art historian John Ruskin. He also wrote a series of articles for *Le Figaro* imitating the styles of such nineteenth-century literary figures as Balzac and Flaubert.

It's no different from a young person sitting with a drawing pad in a museum copying a great artist. Skill gets imprinted through the action.

If there's a lesson here it's: get busy copying. That's not a popular notion today, not when we are all instructed to find our own way, admonished to be original and find our own voice at all costs! But it's sound advice. Traveling the paths of greatness, even in someone else's footprints, is a vital means to acquiring skill.

When I started out as a dancer in New York, I became obsessed with studying every great dancer who was working at the time and patterning myself after him or her. I would literally stand behind them in class, in copying mode, and fall right into their footsteps. Their technique, style, and timing imprinted themselves on my muscles.

That's one of the ways I learned to dance. I'm not sure how much impact it had on my choreography, because I didn't end up creating dances like anyone else. But, like a writer who writes more vividly because he has a huge vocabulary, or a painter who excels because of exquisite draftsmanship, I needed to hone my dancing skills in order to create. If I couldn't dance well, how would I have the authority to tell others how to dance, or know what a good dance was?

That's the power of muscle memory. It gives you a path toward genuine creation through simple re-creation.

There are more flamboyant examples of memory, such as **virtual memory**, which is the ability to project yourself into feelings and emotions from your past, and to let them manifest themselves physically. Actors do this all the time—every blush or flow of tears that's ever touched you in a movie results from a performer

who's learned to mine the past. Actors train themselves to travel back to that beach ten years ago and feel the temperature and the air, to find a link between then and now and use it to give detail and personal resonance to a scene.

You can even project your virtual memory into the future. Some businesspeople do this as an exercise in visualization, imagining the ending of a sensitive negotiation as a means to achieving the desired result. They remember what a successful deal feels and sounds like, and they call that imagery up, seeing everyone in the room smiling and shaking hands, then they retrace their steps to see how they got there, and how they can get there again. The flamboyant Cuban chess master José Capablanca, world champion through most of the 1920s, envisioned how the game would end and improvised his way to that point. The French ski champion Jean-Claude Killy, I'm told, was a master at this. If he was recovering from an injury and couldn't take his practice runs the days before a race, he would rely on his memory of the mountain and picture himself racing the entire course. He would do this repeatedly until he felt the course implanted in his muscles. This gave him the feel of success.

Then there's **sensual memory**, where the sudden appearance of a smell or taste or sound or color instantly floods the imagination with images from the past. One taste of those madeleine crumbs and Proust is suddenly embarking on his monumental *In Search of Lost Time* (previously translated as *Remembrance of Things Past*). We've all experienced sensual memory, whether it's the smell of oatmeal cookies hurtling us back to our childhood or the opening notes of a song that induces reveries (or nightmares) of who we were with the last time we heard it. This is potent stuff, and it's there to be used.

There's also memory that arises from your environment. Businesses, for example, are set up in a way that gives people far greater access to the inspirational power of memory than they realize. One of the more successful executives I know once told me that whenever he was feeling stale or creatively stalled at work, he'd read the contents of four- or five-year-old files. This seemingly mun-

dane act of poring through old correspondence and memos never failed to spark an idea or, at least, lift him out of his funk. The name of a forgotten colleague or customer would fly off the page of a musty letter and set his brain in motion. Like an actor doing sensory exercises, he'd picture the customer in his mind: what he looked like, how he talked, the reasons they met, the details of his business, the people they knew in common. The simple act of trying to recall the customer would open up a torrent of memories and associations. And in that torrent he'd inevitably find a useful idea.

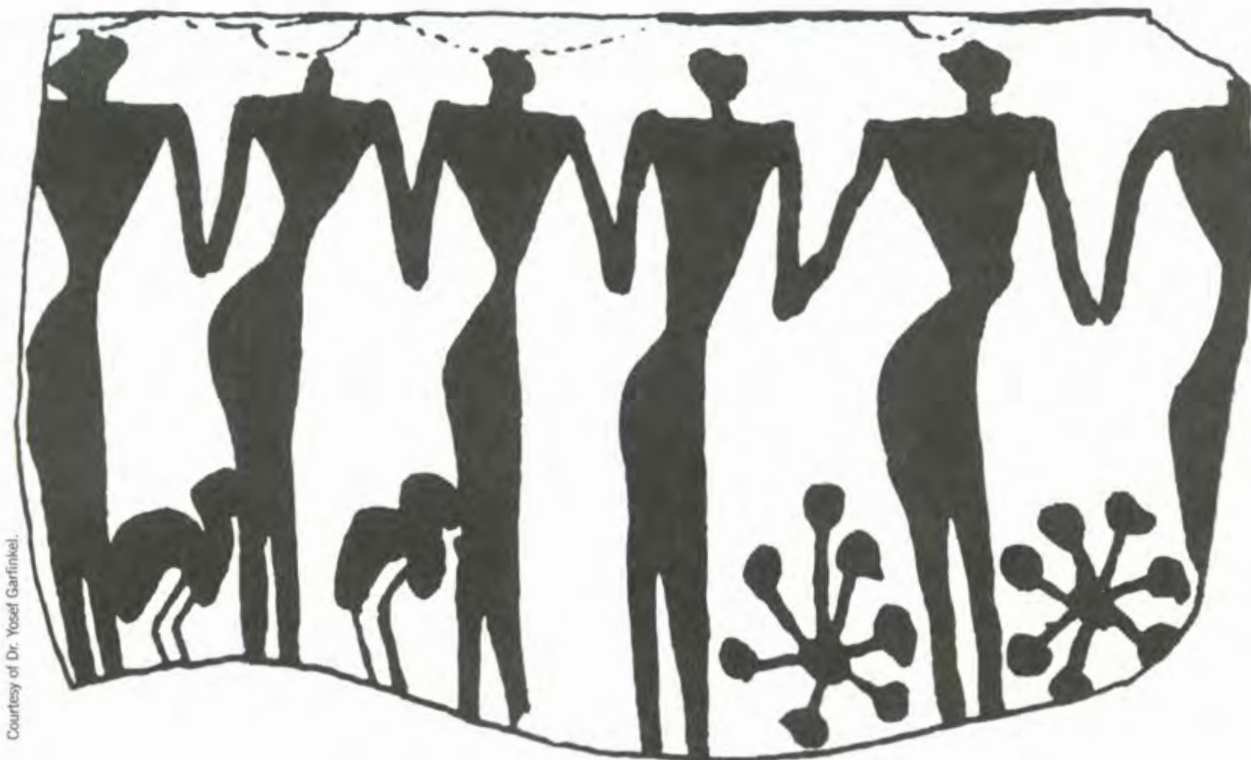
He even had a name for the space he was tapping into: **institutional memory**. As he told me, "Look, it's very rare to come across something truly original in a corporate environment. Most, if not all, of your good ideas are probably sitting somewhere in your files or are locked up in the brains of the people who have worked at your company for years. In other words, the good ideas are institutionalized. They exist and they're yours for the taking. All you've got to do is find a way to tap into them. To me, that means (a) digging through files and (b) really listening to the people who've worked here a long time. They know a lot more than anyone thinks. Hell, they don't even know how much they remember until you ask them."

Whether he knew it or not, the executive was on to something profound and slightly ironic. While most people in the workplace—and in the arts—think they have to be constantly looking forward to be edgy and creative, this man found that the real secret of creativity is to *go back and remember*.

Of all the forms of memory, **ancient memory** is the one that interests me most. That helps explain why this dispatch from Seth Mydans in the *New York Times* in March 2002 caught my eye. It was a story about the Cambodian dancer Sina Koy and how her homeland has influenced her life and art.

*“We believe our ancestors are watching us, even if we do not see them,” Sina Koy said. “It was because of the spirits of the ancestors inside me that I became a dancer.” Not long ago she visited the ancient temples of Angkor and studied the stone bas-reliefs where dancers bend and turn and float just as they do today on the broad bare stage of the practice hall. Seeing them, Sina Koy understood that nothing had changed. Everything that she does today was done then.*

I understand exactly what she feels. I once saw a news photograph of an ancient dance artifact. It was a pottery shard with a design showing a tribal migration that was believed to be the earliest known representation of dance. It gave me a twinge, if not a shock, of recognition. I felt as though I have that illustrated moment stored in me genetically or else I wouldn't be a dancer. That's ancient memory. This is not Jungian voodoo; it's real. This first graven image of these dancers gives me an intense feeling of déjà vu. The memory is not only ancient, it's ancestral. I felt proud. If you have ever danced in a group, those people on the pottery are your forebears.



Courtesy of Dr. Yosef Garfinkel.

This kind of notion is tricky to put into words, particularly when the memory we're dealing with is nonverbal and involves a physical movement. But I know there are many moments in my working day when I sit back and ask myself, How do I know that this particular creative decision on the dance floor, going from  $x$  to  $y$ , is right? What makes me so sure I'm making the right choice? The answer I whisper to myself is often nothing more than "It feels right." And part of the reason it feels right is that the move has been reinforced in us over centuries of practice. Every dance I make is a dive into this well of ancient memory.

In the case of the pottery design, the shock of recognition was so jolting that it gave me the spine for a new dance, in a process that went something like this:

The first thought that came to mind when I saw the ancient figures was the idea of migration. So I started thinking of a piece that would tell a story of people migrating from one place to another. Migrations move in many directions, but to the American mind raised on Manifest Destiny they move from east to west. So that westerly direction became the guiding metaphor for the dance: I would move the dancers across the stage east to west (or stage left to stage right as I defined it) and the audience would literally watch them migrate from one side to the other.

The notion of migration prompted images of people who were disadvantaged, politically and economically. After all, that's why people uproot themselves and travel great distances: They're escaping peril, suffering, and oppression. Thoughts of oppression led me to consider the blues as music for the piece, because blues is the signal expression of pain and suffering in our musical heritage.

All these thoughts sprang to mind in a matter of seconds. I was bequeathed a new dance, complete with story line and structure and music, simply by the ancient memory of the first dancers. It was exhilarating.

It didn't work out that easily. I spent hours at my worktable and in the studio tackling the first challenge—moving a group of "migrant" dancers across the stage in a vague approximation of the Conestoga wagons traveling across the

American West. I sketched. I fooled around with my coin exercise (see page 109). But no matter what I tried, I couldn't find a scheme to move the dancers interestingly across the stage. Everything I tried looked like I was rolling a lumpy human ball from stage left to stage right.

The music was no less vexing. I spent \$800 on CDs by Ray Charles, B. B. King, and Van Morrison and listened to them. Nothing clicked. Eventually a friend, seeing me lost in the blues, turned me on to violinist Mark O'Connor, whose bluesy, jazzy fiddle playing promised to be a perfect fit for my conception. O'Connor (bless him) had written a piece so sweeping and lush and romantic—ten times more Aaron Copland than B. B. King—that it could never be mistaken for the blues.

In the end, the piece, a fourteen-minute high-energy celebratory romp, now known as *Westerly Round*, bore absolutely no resemblance to my original notion. With the migration metaphor fallen by the wayside and the blues soundtrack abandoned, I gave up the sad story line as well. The only idea that survived and made it to the stage were the linked hands of the dancers. I used the hand-holding as a controlling image in the piece for three boys and a girl. If it felt right to the artist drawing the figures on the pottery, it felt right to me as well. Ancient memory was at work.

Once you realize the power of memory, you begin to see how much is at your disposal in previously underappreciated places. The trick is figuring out how to tap into it. You can't always wait for a photo of an ancient pot to appear in the Science section of the *New York Times* and jolt you into action. Sometimes you have to be proactive about mining the veins of memory within you.

Maybe it's because I was an art history major whose basic education was how to look, but I am magnetically drawn to images, whether they're paintings, photographs, film, or video. They are all lodestones of inspiration to me.

In my senior year, when I was torn between my art studies and a consuming urge to dance, I used to comfort myself by camping out in the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library.

I'm not sure what motivated me to do this. It wasn't as if I woke up one day and announced, "Okay, I'm going to look at dance pictures today." But I was an art student, looking at photographs of paintings and sculpture all day long and believing that everything in a picture was there for a reason. It was only logical that one day I asked myself, Why aren't I looking at pictures of dance? That's what I'm really interested in. So I did.

The New York Public Library houses one of the world's great dance archives. I asked the curator to bring me photos of the women pioneers of dance: Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham. I could read their movement vocabulary from those photographs, keeping what was useful to me and ignoring what wasn't. I would slide my hands over the plates, trying to connect with how they moved by how they looked frozen in time. It had nothing to do with their faces or makeup or clothes—nothing connected to their glamour or my vanity. I was trying to absorb how their bodies worked, taking their movement potential out of their bodies and imprinting it on my own, just as I did every day in class as I worked in the footsteps of great dancers.

A famous picture of Doris Humphrey nude in a circle, though obviously posed, fascinated me because she totally lacked self-consciousness. I could clearly see what her body was doing and I could see what obvious relish she took in fulfilling that position in the circle. Her feeling of pride also imprinted itself on me. I would pore over a Martha Graham picture so intently that I could gauge the size of her footsteps or feel her body's tension as she torqued inside her costume.

If a picture is a memory captured, then these great dance photos helped me capture a new memory. The archival images came to me through my eyes and I absorbed them first in my brain, then in my body, and finally in my own memory. Once they were locked in me, I was free to call on them anytime.

If one day I was stuck, I could ask myself, How would Martha move? or What would Doris Humphrey feel like? I could harness their memory as easily as if it were my own, and use the things they were using to fashion my own solutions.

In a sense, I was apprenticing myself to these great women, much as Proust had to Ruskin and Chandler to Hemingway. A young friend of mine recently described an internship he was about to begin. He called the process “shadowing,” following around a mentor and learning from him. That’s what I was doing in the archives, shadowing my predecessors. This is how you earn your ancestry.



# exercises

## 7 Name That Muse

Here's an exercise in associative memory for you: below, I've listed the nine muses, those brilliant and charming and vexing daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne who held sway over the classical arts. You can remember them through fierce application of direct rote repetition, or you can attach to each some image or memory that the name or subject triggers as you look at the list. The latter works better; you might even find yourself honoring their mother by inventing a little memory aid or ditty—a *mnemonic*—to bring the nine names to mind.

|             |                              |
|-------------|------------------------------|
| Calliope    | Epic poetry                  |
| Clio        | History                      |
| Erato       | Love poetry and lyric poetry |
| Euterpe     | Music                        |
| Melpomene   | Tragedy                      |
| Polyhymnia  | Sacred song                  |
| Terpsichore | Dance and choral song        |
| Thalia      | Comedy                       |
| Urania      | Astronomy                    |

How would I remember the nine names? *Can clear, earnest effort make proper things total up?* That might help—the first letters of the nine words in that last sentence match the first letters of the names of the muses. But how do you associate each with her field?

The easy ones are Urania (sounds like the planet Uranus, hence astronomy), Polyhymnia (*hymns* are sacred songs), and Erato (*eros* means love). What do the other six remind you of? Can you connect them to their domains? And what types of memory do you use in calling forth those images?

Remembering the muses is no shortcut to creative bliss, though it will make crossword puzzles easier and classicists smile. And perhaps this nod in their direction will cause them to visit you when you need their help.

## 8 Trust Your Muscle Memory

For this exercise, you'll have to come up with a simple set of discrete moves. Don't worry if you've never invented movement before; you're testing your body's memory, not choreographing for Broadway. (And don't try to fink out by claiming you have no space. Push the furniture back. Create a small space patch and get to work.) Take a set of ten moves: for example, raise your right arm, lift your left foot, drop the left foot, pivot 180 degrees to your right on your left foot, drop the right arm. Putting your hands on your hips, bend forward from the waist, then straighten up. Now turn 180 degrees to your right on your left foot and scoot forward on both feet.

This is a phrase. Repeat it five times the first day, four the second, three the third, two the fourth, and once the fifth. Now don't do it for a week. But do think about it several times, picturing it in your mind during the course of the week. After one week, start the phrase by lifting the right arm. Now continue without thinking about what comes next. Let the body go on its own.

You may be surprised by how much you (or your muscles) remember.

Once you have seen the power of muscle memory, try this exercise: Flail about for ten seconds, and don't think about it afterward. Can you repeat your flailing pattern tomorrow? Next time, *do* think about your flailing. Play the motions back in your mind. Think about the rhythms, in real time, in your imagination. Now, tomorrow, see if you can retrieve this flailing pattern any better than the first. You are learning how to *train* your muscle memory, your ability to retain and repeat motion.

Your muscles are smarter than you think.

## 9 Mining for Memory in a Photograph

I'm always amused when people show me baby pictures. I love how much information and meaning, not to mention joy, they extract from a clumsy, poorly composed

snapshot of a four-week-old child's smiling face. In that face they can see a universe of inherited features and family resemblances—the eyes that come from their mother, the family chin passed down from a paternal grandfather, the brow and hairline that inarguably foretell premature baldness. Frankly, I don't see it.

It's another story when the picture involves me.

No picture has more resonance for me than this early snapshot with my mother. It helps to know the impact my mother had on my creative life, which in many ways was total and all-consuming. From naming me Twyla, to playing piano scales for me when I was three months old (to train my ear), to driving me thirty thousand miles a year



throughout my youth to the finest teachers in Southern California (so I could study piano, baton, ballet, toe, flamenco, drums, elocution, painting, viola, violin, shorthand, German, and French), she built me step by step for a creative life. It helps to be aware of this when you look at the girl, age two, in her short dress (obviously a dance costume, no?). It connects to much more than my early years. It hooks me up to an intravenous line of mnemonic fluid, explaining my identity and providing the source as well.

Let me tell you what I see in this picture.

I see a little person here, very excited about the idea of stepping out into the real world. A little shy about it, actually, which is why she holds only one of her mother's fingers. It's not as if there is a real person here yet. This person—me—is a bicycle with training wheels, a person in a suspended state of yet-to-be.

I love the two stones behind the girl, a perfect platform constructed by my father, suggestive of an ancient Greek amphitheater. Conceivably, this could be my first stage photo. Note the left foot slightly forward. It's as if the girl has stepped off a stage and is just beginning to address an audience.

I also like the mischief in the girl's face, head slightly bowed, eyes shyly turned up but looking straight ahead. There's a feeling of anticipation and curiosity here, as if she's standing in front of a door and is about to walk through.

There's also zest and dynamic energy in the girl. She wants to go.

I like the one finger of Mother's hand. It could be perceived as tentative, as if the child needs assistance. But I remember it differently. The one finger is about as little as I could hold on to without going solo. It's as if the girl is saying "I'd really rather be doing this by myself. But I can't quite yet."

I also like the period details: the short haircut (still stylish to me), the short dress baring dancer's legs, the shoes and socks cut off because they would lack finesse and destroy the line. As for Mother being cropped out of the picture . . . well, let's not go there.

This photo reminds me of how every young person grows up with an overwhelming sense of possibility, and how life, in some ways, is just a series of incidents in which that possibility is either enlarged or smacked out of you. How you adapt is your choice. In that sense, this photo is Darwinian: It's the origin of species. And I'm the species.

More than anything, though, to me, this is the photo of a girl standing in front of the door . . . before she kicks it in. It summarizes me. If I ever have an identity crisis, this picture will cure it.

Now it's your turn. Take a family picture, any picture, and study it. What do you see in it that is indisputably similar to your life today, to the person you've become? What is vaguely similar? What bears no resemblance or suggests nothing memorable? What ended up the opposite of what you see? Why these four different outcomes? Explain this to yourself. In doing so, note the people and events that spring to mind. What faces—relatives, friends, teachers, neighbors, nemeses, strangers, pets—appear unbidden? When was the last time you thought of these people? That's memory, and it's buried in everything you've saved, patiently waiting for you to dislodge it and, hopefully, use it.

It's like poring through your high school yearbook. Who can look at yearbook photos without a swell of such emotions as nostalgia, regret, isolation, pleasure? The exercise here with a family photo is much the same. The goal is to connect with something old so it becomes new. Look and imagine.