This film is presented with Open Captions, Audio Description, and Closed Captions.

For more accessibility options, allarts.org/pastpresentfuture

A zooming sound bursts forward

Animated logo for All Arts flies onto screen

In black and white, two dancers soar from aerial points in their manual wheelchairs, clasp hands, release, to sail off screen.


Major funding for the Past Present Future Festival is provided by Rockefeller Brothers Fund and other funders
For the full list of funders, please visit the All Arts website.

Text: In 2020, All Arts invited three choreographers to work with filmmakers of their choice to explore through movement and film what the concepts of past, present, and future meant to them during an unprecedented year.

Introducing the Past Present Future Festival.

Fade to black

Text: “Societies never know it, but the war of an artist with their society is a lover’s war.

And they do, at their best, what lovers do,
which is to reveal the beloved to themselves and, with that revelation, to make freedom real.”

Text, James Baldwin, The Creative Process

AUDIO DESCRIPTION (AD):
Tree-covered coastal mountains come into view,
the city stretching out beyond, the sky hazy in the distance.

:marimba chimes echo chords
:synthesized electronic :chords build

Fade to black

Then, close-up: knobby, moss-laced branches
of a heritage oak.

24
00:01:17,377 --> 00:01:20,380
Kate: :distorted and distant
Devon will get some exterior

25
00:01:20,380 --> 00:01:23,016
shots just to locate where
the project takes place.

26
00:01:24,717 --> 00:01:29,489
Alice: One of the things that's
interesting about this whole
rehearsal process

27
00:01:29,489 --> 00:01:33,893
Alice: is that we're not
revealing where we are.
~not revealing where we are

28
00:01:34,000 --> 00:01:37,000
AD: Title,
One Plus One Make Three
The oak's multiple trunks
fused into one.

29
00:01:37,500 --> 00:01:40,433
Alice: Like, Devon captured
the beginning, and like

30
00:01:40,567 --> 00:01:46,339
Alice: it's this kind of roadway
that's su-surrounded in mist
Alice: and, you know, there's a cyclist

Alice: who shoots through the space.

Alice: who shoots through the space.

:whir of bicycle wheels

AD: A narrow, shaded road.

Alice: It's every film trope of

Alice: how the trees arc up over the road.

Alice: How the mist works.

Alice: How the mist works.

~and then how the...

Alice: I keep saying it's filmic
Alice: I keep saying it's filmic
~but of course it's filmic!

Alice: in the way that it's

Alice: in the way that it's so surreal, but actually,
~it's so specific

Alice: coded in filmic language

Alice: coded in filmic language
--and it's real.

Alice: coded in filmic language
--and it's real.
~and it's real

AD: Peeking through arches of the tree, then an arm arcs into the air, softly
folds back to the dancer's body.
JH: Arm slowly lowered. Balanced
AS: Arch...on bough.

49
00:02:21,541 -- 00:02:23,443
Two black dancers
on their bellies,
JH: Curled on bough, eyes closed

50
00:02:23,443 -- 00:02:25,378
cheats raised, eyes closed.
:high piano notes alternate
AS: Breathing in. Arms behind.
AS: Head diving down.

51
00:02:25,378 -- 00:02:28,581
Jerron lowers his body as
Alice's arms soar upwards,
:hollow wooden marimba
:notes resonate

52
00:02:28,581 -- 00:02:30,016
her head lowering.
:plucked notes fall like rain

53
00:02:30,016 -- 00:02:31,651
The mass of oak limbs, towering,
reaching to the clouds.

54
00:02:31,651 -- 00:02:34,721
Now three dancers planted
within nooks of the many trunks.

55
Alice: It's this incredible embodiment of the tree.

Alice: suddenly filled with dancers.
AS: Fold body to the tree.

~uh, suddenly the tree is alive
JH: Recumbent against tree.

AD: The three dancers stretch, fold, curl,
~uh, what kind of tree is, like
AS: Supported. Look up. Surprise

AS: Soft embrace of
AS: the trunk of the tree.

Laurel, a white dancer— the third— lying along
LL: Reach. Clasp. Relax.

a massive branch, reaching down.
:intentional upward
:music progressions
She grasps Alice's hand as Alice shares weight with Jerron, intentional upward music progressions.

balanced on one knee.
AS: Grasp. Reach.
AS: Holding on.
AS: Sinking to ground.

The three melt and settle to stillness.
JH: Dissolving to ground.
JH: Atop Alice and Laurel.

The image evaporates.
Now, the tree.
soft synthesizer melody

The view tilts up from the brown-grass-covered ground.

to try to take in the tree's enormity.

Brightly-lit, pale sky.
Fade to black.

Part One: The Present

Alice: It is...November, 2020

Alice: It is...November, 2020

~broken apart

AD: A panel of opaque windows, a huge studio, lights hanging.

Alice: It is in the middle of the COVID pandemic.

Alice: It is in the middle of the COVID pandemic.

Alice: The world has broken apart.

~broken apart
AD: Alice, in N95 mask, wheels in from backstage.
AS: Wheeling in.
AS: Pushing, rhythmically.

Alice: We’re in a bubble. We’re following COVID protocols.

AD: Cat, the rigger who is white, steps out of an aerial work platform as Laurel wheels in to join Alice.
LL: wooden boards squeak

AD: A marley dance floor, a lowered aerial dance bar at the center.

Jerron walks in behind rows of gear and supplies,
JH: Revealed.
JH: And then, strident.

85
00:03:53,967 --> 00:03:55,000
AD: an orange fabric mask.
Alice: But we're here
in a bubble making art.

86
00:03:55,000 --> 00:03:57,971
Alice: But we're here
in a bubble making art.
:laughs

87
00:03:58,104 --> 00:03:59,906
AD: Work tables near
the dance space.
:alternating marimba chimes

88
00:03:59,906 --> 00:04:02,375
AD: We look directly at
each dancer lit by sunlight

89
00:04:02,375 --> 00:04:04,844
through the windows:
Laurel, Alice, Jerron.
JH: Serene facing.
JH: Looking forward.

90
00:04:05,111 --> 00:04:09,282
Alice: I am seeing
Laurel and Jerron for the
first time since March.
JH: Turn to respond.
Alice: We haven't done this since March.
LL: Check the rigging--

Alice: We haven't done this since March. Um, and even if you're doing your,

LL: Lever, spin, press, spot.

Alice: you can't maintain six hours of tough dance work on your own every day
AS: Wobbly, jerky, lift. Flight?

AD: Alice, hooked to the aerial point, floats. Laurel holds her wheelchair. They twist.
AS: Anchored. Slowly ascending.

AS: Feeling weight.
AS: Spinning. Dizziness.

Alice: We're working with aerial equipment,
LL: Free the mat --
And now...and crash.

Alice: you can't rig that necessarily and be on it for six hours a day.

AD: With each twist, they rise, both now aloft. ~and be on it
AS: Turning. Turning.
AS: Hand to knee. Weighted.

Cat takes notes, holds a controller
AS: Raising arms. Looking up.
AS: Nervously checking equipment

to raise and lower the aerial point.
~voices overlap
AS: Nervously checking. Spring!

Alice touches down, untwists.
:rubber bungees squeak
:droning synthesizer intensifies

Jerron, on his belly, leans, slaps his thigh.
:slap against thigh
Standing, Cat buckles a belt around his waist.

JH: Waiting. Cat surrounds.

clamps cables to it.

:metal carabiner clicks

Alice: So we're here.
It's November 2020,

:metal carabiner clicks

Alice: and we have this kind of glorious month of being together making work.
:electronic tones alternating

Alice: Mm. Unreal.
~of being together making work
JH: Lilting.
JH: Feet mirrored by marley.


JH: An arch, tripled.
JH: Straight leans.

AD: Suspended in the air,
Jerron rolls.
:rubber bungee stretching
Feet touch down, and he springs himself up. 
:metallic equipment against cloth

Sits, twists to the ground, a leaf on a breeze. 
JH: Springing upright turns, JH: grasping harness

Kate: I have so many more questions for you, but I think it's good that we just chip away at it every night, instead of, you know... 
Alice: Yeah, yeah 
JH: absorbing, welcoming ground

Kate: all at once. 
Alice: Yeah, yeah. That sounds good... That sounds good.

:offscreen voice: Marker plastic snaps twice
The director's slate claps.

Windows are a mix of frosted, textured glass and clear.

Light pours in as Laurel and Alice duet in the air, their masks off.

The dance plays in slow motion, the view orbiting around them.

Together, they trace a circle through the air. Laurel sits upright holding one of Alice's hands.

Alice floats on her side, her other hand clasping Laurel's wheelchair. LL: Focus
Their wheels spin from the force of their bodies turning.

LL: Complex system of metal and flesh

Laurel tilts Alice further,

gripping hand over hand along her wheelchair.

LL: Spinning

Rows of seats are tucked away, Cat observing thoughtfully

from her wooden stage-side table, a slight smile.
LL: No up, no down.

Alice now almost fully upside down as Laurel grips her wheel,
LL: No up, no down.
face still with focus as she tilts onto her side,

the spin continuing.

low marimba chimes resume alongside intensifying drone

A gallon dispenser of hand sanitizer on a table.

Alice and Laurel both release one hand to grip marimba chime harmony

the cables they are suspended from.

Alice’s wheel rests on Laurel’s lap.

Then, release.

Cat, the rigger, unfolds sets of tumbling mats, vinyl and velcro brush, crunch
Velcros them together, secures them with sandbags.

:sandbag thuds

A new day, the dancers return to rehearse.

Alice: So, here's a question, like, how does a, a piece of, AS: Thoughtfully wheeling.

Alice: how does a work come into being?
AS: Thrumming bungee.
AS: Checking wheels.

Alice: Some choreography is top-down.
JH: Caring for another.

Alice: Some choreography, AS: Belly to floor.
AS: Wheels up.
AS: Thumbs up. Fear.

Alice: every motion of every finger
LL: From gravity to the air
Alice: and every position
and every look

Alice: is crafted by
the choreographer,
LL: Give and take.

Alice: but, in the course of --
AS: Anticipation.
AS: Feeling the rub. Flight.

Alice: Man, no, I've been
doing this since...2005??
AS: Haul down on bungee.

Alice: -- um, most of the pieces
I've been in since then
have not been that way.
AS: Pull down on bungee. Bounce!

Alice: And so, the dancers
themselves, particularly
in modern dance,
AS: Land. Chest lifted, Ecstatic

Alice: and contemporary, like
post-modern dance, um,
JH: Warming in coil. Synchronous
JH: deep upright circles.

00:07:17,136 --> 00:07:23,000
Alice: the invitation is for
dancers to be creators
in the process.
AS: Kneeling. Lurching.

00:07:23,209 --> 00:07:24,844
AD: They kneel, each entwined

00:07:24,844 -- 00:07:26,746
AD: in coils of barbed wire.
AS: Circle. Sway.
~the structure, and...

00:07:26,779 --> 00:07:30,650
Jerron: I had always really
wanted to be an artist, um,

00:07:30,650 --> 00:07:34,056
Jerron: and it's curious because
I do think that an artist
AS: Upside down. Upside down.

00:07:34,056 --> 00:07:37,056
Jerron: has to have
a certain amount of,
AS: Turn...to embrace.

00:07:37,056 --> 00:07:43,329
Jerron: um, oh gosh, confidence
:nervous laugh
AS: Hanging. Holding the wire.
AS: Folding the wire.

Jerron: and, like, assurance in who they are and what they can bring to the table.

Jerron: For me, artistry was really just the ability to make,

Jerron: just put things into the world, um, from my perspective.

JH: Receiving a gift above you,
JH: Rejecting a mantle
JH: ferociously.

JH: Burrowing into it.
JH: Nestles, break off

Jerron: But I recognize that what's, what's true for me is true for a lot of people.

AD: Alice, suspended, dances with Jerron who burrows through
JH: body absorbed

00:08:06,453 --> 00:08:07,453
~and even if what's not explicit

00:08:07,453 --> 00:08:09,455
AD: coils of barbed wire.
AS: Pull arm. Shared weight.
AS: Create spin. Pulling wheels.

00:08:09,455 --> 00:08:11,624
AD: Alice and Laurel, clipped
to each end of a bar,
AS: Reach. Hand in hand. See-saw

00:08:11,624 --> 00:08:14,193
AD: clasp forearms and spin,
the take flight.
AS: Pull up, Pull down.

00:08:14,393 --> 00:08:18,368
Alice: What you see here
in our process
AS: Body emerging from behind.

00:08:18,368 --> 00:08:22,368
Alice: is that Wired
is being made,
LL: Cling, catch the momentum

00:08:22,368 --> 00:08:28,040
Alice: it's being made in a kind
of cauldron of process where
AS: Hand...to head.
AS: Push. Love...Hate.

176
00:08:28,040 --> 00:08:34,046
Alice: the dancers are contributing and I'm contributing and the composers are contributing and it's not me

177
00:08:34,046 --> 00:08:38,584
Alice: saying you do this you do this, you do this, you do this.
LL: Drop...and throw.

178
00:08:38,584 --> 00:08:42,058
Alice: It's this kind of mish-mash of raw commitment.
LL: Carefully embrace

179
00:08:42,058 --> 00:08:45,058
LL: Loose...and linked.

180
00:08:45,058 --> 00:08:52,665
LL: Arch...becomes a lever.
Alice: You know, we have, we've passed this kind of 19th century genius solo creator model.

181
00:08:53,132 --> 00:08:55,234
AD: In the air, they see-saw as they spin.

182
00:08:55,701 --> 00:08:58,204
AD: Back on the ground.
AS: Falling back.
:flutters of marimba notes overlap

183
00:08:58,204 --> 00:09:00,139
AD: Laurel on her back,
legs intertwined sensually

184
00:09:00,139 --> 00:09:01,774
AD: through Alice’s wheelchair.
AS: Pull wheel.
AS: Sling through, swing through

185
00:09:01,774 --> 00:09:04,844
AD: Alice tips back, raising
the V of Laurel's legs,
clutches the soles of Laurel's
feet, one finger at a time.

186
00:09:05,311 --> 00:09:08,714
Laurel: I enjoy partnering.
AS: Carve, sit up.
AS: Reach. Spin. Turn.

187
00:09:08,714 --> 00:09:11,617
Laurel: I am not
a huge fan of solo work.

188
00:09:11,617 --> 00:09:13,886
Laurel: It's not my
key artistic interest.

189
00:09:13,886 --> 00:09:17,623
Laurel: I enjoy partnering and ensemble.

190
00:09:17,623 --> 00:09:19,959
AD: In the air, duets.
AS: Drop fall.
AS: Drop. Fall. Soft touch.

191
00:09:19,959 --> 00:09:22,061
AD: Laurel out of her chair, clasps the underside of Alice’s wheelchair.
LL: Wheel...Hand.

192
00:09:22,395 --> 00:09:31,003
Laurel: I love the way that one person plus one person can make something truly new

193
00:09:31,003 --> 00:09:35,741
Laurel: that is not quite the product of either -- :rubber squeals against metal
LL: Line...Laughing.

194
00:09:35,741 --> 00:09:38,811
Laurel: or you could sum as one and one make three.
AS: Resistance. Fear.

195
AD: They sway; Laurel holds tight, Alice is lifted higher by the cables.

AD: until Laurel's legs are straight, and she begins to ascend too.
AS: Yanked! Arch...

AD: Together, they twist. whirl of voice and breath

AD: Now, sunlight flooding the studio, Fall...release.
voice yells: Ah!

AD: Alice tumbles into view from above, fingertips barely fluttering marimba notes

AD: alighting before the bounce pulls her back up.

On her belly and knees, arms extended,
wheelchair above her, Alice’s body in stillness as the cables pull her backward along

the shimmery black dance surface

Widens her arms as she rises into the air.

Now, wheels have touched down.

She rolls forward, and as she and her reflection beneath her

near the edge of the dance floor,

she tips onto footplates, jumps once,

before flinging her body backward into a roll.
Again, she rolls backward, arms in an expansive pose,

the setting sun leaving the studio in a falling dimness.

As she reaches the nadir, her chair tips back slightly.

Her hands clasp the cables above.

Cat sets pieces of equipment on the floor, metal gear clanks against the ground.

and we return to Alice rehearsing another day.

Folded over herself, she slowly unfurls, rubber-soled footsteps on marley floor.
takes a turn, heads across the dance floor, 
:marimba chimes overlap

219
00:10:46,145 --> 00:10:47,980
wheel turn by wheel turn.
:rubber wheels
:pivot against vinyl

220
00:10:47,980 --> 00:10:50,583
Stops, leans forward onto hands and knees.

221
00:10:50,583 --> 00:10:53,586
The view is tight on her focused face as she is again drawn
AS: Body forward.

222
00:10:53,586 --> 00:10:56,822
backward, her chin and forearms slipping across the floor,
AS: Touch...ground.--

223
00:10:56,822 --> 00:10:59,325
eyebrows raised in fierce concentration.

224
00:10:59,325 --> 00:11:02,261
Lifts her head, flashes a sly grin before setting down
AS: Being dragged.
her cheek and being pulled aloft. AS: Fingers swirl.

00:11:04,163 --> 00:11:05,464
She twists. AS: Turning.

00:11:05,464 --> 00:11:06,632
The cable lowered slightly, AS: Wheels up.

00:11:06,632 --> 00:11:08,901
and her hands pedal across the floor.

00:11:08,901 --> 00:11:11,337
AS: Stroke ground.

00:11:11,337 --> 00:11:13,806
AS: Pull...swipe...pull...
AS: resist...grip.

00:11:14,240 --> 00:11:17,210
Kate: electronically distorted] What do we need to know about disability and access?

00:11:17,643 --> 00:11:19,545
AD: Alice on a single mat, sticky fingers squeak against marley flooring
panel lights close on either side of her.

Grips the cables.

Alice: The first thing I think the nondisabled world is going to think about is that the wheelchair becomes

Alice: a choreographic object when actually it is not.

Alice: It is my body, and it is not a prop, it is not a tool, it is not a device, it is not an extension of my body.

Alice: It is my body.

AS: Bounce. Turn. Spin.

AS: Arch. Dive. Touch down as Alice is lifted, twirls,
droning synthesizer tones

00:11:44,003 --> 00:11:45,638
her face lit with a smile.
distantly: ooh,
the camera’s coming out!

00:11:46,405 --> 00:11:48,741
She continues to sway
two feet above the ground

00:11:48,741 --> 00:11:50,576
as she picks up
the camera and gear.
heavy breathing

00:11:50,576 --> 00:11:53,145
Another day, she is high above
and being lowered.
metallic clicks of
descending rigging equipment

00:11:53,145 --> 00:11:54,747
Now, Laurel sits on the floor,

00:11:54,747 --> 00:11:56,582
grips Alice’s wheels
above her head.
rubber wheels thunk

00:11:57,249 --> 00:12:02,955
Alice: But my choreographic
thinking, which is shared
by Laurel and Jerron,
Alice: is how do we fully live into impairment, into disability and how do we choreograph

AS: Turn. Fall back.

Alice: the maximum expression of impairment and disability?

AS: Swing through.

AS: Hurtle forward.

AD: From the ground, Laurel pushes Alice, a pendulum.

~so those voices overlap

LL: Pause. Lever--

Laurel: Dance as the expression, ~two, three, okay.

LL: catch; change the momentum.

Laurel: Dance as the expression, ~dance as...

Laurel: Dance as the expression, ~dance as...

~dance as...

Laurel: the artistic
cultivation and expression

254
00:12:34,019 --> 00:12:37,289
Laurel: of the body
is in many ways
LL: Careful...press--

255
00:12:37,289 --> 00:12:39,992
Laurel: ideal for
the disabled body,
LL: feel the weight.

256
00:12:39,992 --> 00:12:44,296
Laurel: because we inherently
have something different to say.

257
00:12:44,296 --> 00:12:48,770
Laurel: Now. I cannot compare,

258
00:12:48,770 --> 00:12:51,770
Laurel: having never
been nondisabled, uh
~cannot compare,

259
00:12:51,770 --> 00:12:55,500
Laurel: what it might be like
to dance in a nondisabled body.
LL: bound--

260
00:12:55,500 --> 00:12:56,742
AD: Laurel walks her hands
across the floor,
LL: Creep?
chair and body
aloft, spins, glides.

262
Alice and Laurel apply makeup using handheld mirrors:

263
Alice, eyeliner;
Laurel, a dusting of blush.

264
The two, now both in the air,

265
swinging gently,
stage lights illuminated.
:distorted splashing water

266
Alice: The goal here is not to sort of set in opposition,
AS: Pounce. Bounce. Stretch...

267
Alice: but to see how the field of dance for disabled artists is expanding;
AS: ...release.

268
Alice: how it can grow,
AS: Pounce. Bounce. Stretch...
Alice: to really live out a perspective where disability is not incidental,
AS: Pounce. Bounce. Stretch...

Alice: but it is a part of a culture and aesthetic in itself.
AS: catch. Turn. Seek...connect.

AD: Back and forth, they rock and float :overlapping marimba chimes

until finally meeting each other's grip.

They glide through the air, clasping each other's forearms,
pulling closer before releasing and both drifting out of view,
fingertips trailing along the ground.
AS: Watch
Jerron, in white shirt
and tights, floats
JH: Held barely,

00:13:47,159 --> 00:13:49,628
an inch above the ground
in a harness,
JH: one foot touches.

00:13:49,628 --> 00:13:52,064
gripping an aerial cable as
Alice and Laurel look on.

00:13:52,431 --> 00:13:55,167
One foot bent, anchored,
he takes a slow turn,
JH: Suspended twists,

00:13:55,167 --> 00:13:58,237
head tilted back, one arm
curled tight to his chest.
JH: breaths in circles.

00:13:58,604 --> 00:14:01,273
Shown in slow motion,
he makes soft turns,

00:14:01,273 --> 00:14:03,542
sways in the harness,
then arcs backward,

00:14:03,542 --> 00:14:06,879
his body a rainbow inching
ever forward on his toes.
He dives and tumbles, toes, thighs skimming the floor as distorted airplane flying overhead

the tender bounces and swinging arcs of the cable are driven

by his gestures and the shifting of his body. marimba chimes become stronger

He skates backward, his body stiff. JH: face embracing the ground

Then on his side, hovering, he is curled into himself, one arm trailing.

Then on toes and one hand, tilts and looks upward. JH: Prolonged breath JH: towards the sky,
He reaches slowly up, 
grabs a cable 
JH: chest elevated, arm reaches.

00:14:26,632 --> 00:14:28,567 
and launches into 
swinging again.

00:14:28,567 --> 00:14:30,002 
Dives toward the floor. 
JH: Undulating bounce,

00:14:30,002 --> 00:14:33,005 
Then, still in the harness, 
in glow of the the setting sun, 
JH: Arms formally placed.

00:14:33,005 --> 00:14:35,641 
stands, leans into the cable 
until it carries him downward.

00:14:35,641 --> 00:14:37,943 
Arcs his arm, looks 
to the dance surface.

00:14:38,444 --> 00:14:39,445 
Snap to black. 
:distorted airplane 
:flying overhead

00:14:40,000 --> 00:14:42,000 
Part Two: The Past

00:14:42,314 --> 00:14:44,116
Back in the studio, a different day.

Jerron dances out of the harness: feet land on marley floor. JH: A shock.

Jerron: I think that my weapon is to be an artist because I'm creating things that aren't there.


~and so, you know, ~it frees the self.

AD: His dance is sweeping turns, extension of one arm.

Jerron: Like when I get into the studio I feel very secure, JH: Inhale, face held.
Jerron: um, I feel very keyed in to my role and to my value.

AD: In a harness, he runs in large circles,
JH: Running away in circles,
JH: pushing the air,

nearly taking flight with each step.
JH: tapping the surface.

A full wall of bright windows beside the dance floor,
:footsteps running on :sprung marley floor

light shimmering on the marley. And then, flight.

Jerron: I look deep inside of me and ask, What are they interested in?

Jerron: What do they, what do they want?
Jerron: Why are they inviting me? Like, that question circulates, er, and

~why are they inviting me ~that question...
Jerron: that's how I bring out what I bring out.

~and that's how I bring out ~what I bring out.

AD: His body continues tracing the large circles.

They slow. Jerron bends back, pulling the circles downward
JH: Arch back, until...

until he touches ground, then back into the air.
JH: absorbed into the ground.
:

sharp intake of breath

Jerron: And actually I'm just really interested in assigning legibility
Jerron: assigning a, a, a scholarship and a legacy of movement to the things that have
JH: Being led by a pull,

Jerron: been called excess and been called too much
JH: finding the spin...
JH: ...losing the spin.

Jerron: you know they, they land in history, y'know.
JH: Flight.

AD: Another day, Jerron dances solo, leaping, diving,
JH: Upright and searching,

legs scissor blades slicing.
JH: Extreme leans and recoils;
JH: a break.

Stops and holds his gaze over one shoulder.

Now, the three dancers each
attached to their own cables:

328
00:16:05,998 --> 00:16:07,733
Alice and Laurel
in their wheelchairs,
:metallic chimes
:alternate and flutter

329
00:16:07,733 --> 00:16:09,668
Jerron in a harness
around his waist.
:metallic booms alternating

330
00:16:10,102 --> 00:16:12,004
In a tender embrace,
Laurel and Alice
AS: Grasp. Hold...turn...wait--

331
00:16:12,004 --> 00:16:13,939
drift slowly through the air.
LL: Early morning--

332
00:16:13,939 --> 00:16:16,475
Laurel's cheek eases
down onto Alice's head.

333
00:16:16,842 --> 00:16:18,377
Sitting upright, floating.

334
00:16:18,377 --> 00:16:21,113
Clasping forearms, one bounces
and rises as the other sinks
LL: Catch, spin. Sequence...
downward, never touching the ground.
AS: Upside...weighted.

Alice, upside down, locked in Laurel's gaze.

Laurel upside down as Alice clings to her,

and they drift.
AS: Soft turn, spin.

Laurel reaches back to take Alice's cable.
LL: Boing!

They twist solo, both their cables suspended from one bar.
AS: Pull frame, climb, lift.
LL: distorted sand pours over metal

Mid-air, they take each other's hands,
LL: Throw the torso,
LL: keep it moving.
no ground beneath them.
LL: Circles become swings.
AS: Contact: connect.

343
00:16:40,599 --> 00:16:43,135
Back on the ground,
still connected to their cables.
:cavernous, echoing
:pops and clicks

344
00:16:43,135 --> 00:16:45,237
Laurel takes a
gentle turn in place.

345
00:16:45,237 --> 00:16:47,439
A dazzling smile as
she completes her turn
AS: Reach...Laughing.

346
00:16:47,439 --> 00:16:49,408
and catches Alice's attention.
AS: Joy.

347
00:16:49,408 --> 00:16:52,578
Alice returns the smile,
shoulders rise with laughter.

348
00:16:53,679 --> 00:16:56,415
Swinging together in the air,
arms crossed and holding both

349
00:16:56,415 --> 00:16:59,985
hands, then holding only one as
they float in and out of view.
AS: Hold, and held.

350
00:17:01,086 --> 00:17:02,454
Piercing sunlight.
:marimba notes
:flutter and overlap

351
00:17:02,454 --> 00:17:05,991
Now solo, Laurel turns slowly
LL: Swing

352
00:17:05,991 --> 00:17:07,593
wheels on the ground,
arms extended,
coming softly to stillness.
LL: Timing

353
00:17:07,593 --> 00:17:09,895
Then she crosses
the floor on her hands,
cables holding her chair
LL: Reset--

354
00:17:09,895 --> 00:17:11,997
in the air, takes the cables
in hand, launches
into turns and twists.
:metal equipment clinks

355
00:17:12,564 --> 00:17:15,834
Laurel: Wired is an experiment.
LL: Miss. Again?
LL: Miss...Together!

356
00:17:15,834 --> 00:17:24,943
Laurel: Wired is an experiment in, and for, disabled dancers.

00:17:24,943 -- 00:17:33,519
Laurel: So, in its very naming, Wired is meant to invoke

00:17:33,519 -- 00:17:38,023
Laurel: a sense of danger.
LL: Pull...Perfectly bound,

00:17:38,023 -- 00:17:40,893
Laurel: This idea...
LL: Pull...Perfectly bound,
LL: Perfectly balanced.

00:17:40,893 -- 00:17:42,330
Laurel: that you could be harmed

00:17:42,330 -- 00:17:44,096
AD: Laurel swings, twists,
~All dance requires...

00:17:44,096 -- 00:17:46,330
AD: as she travels the length of the floor.
~All dance requires...

00:17:46,330 -- 00:17:53,372
Laurel: All dance requires emotional vulnerability on the part of the performers.

00:17:53,372 -- 00:18:01,647
Laurel: The ability on the part of the choreographer to cultivate and elicit vulnerability in the piece.

00:18:01,647 --> 00:18:07,486
Laurel: and the ability on the part of the performers to offer and portray it.

LL: constant tension--

00:18:07,486 --> 00:18:10,789
AD: Gently shifting her hips, Laurel initiates circles.

:metal, rubber and skin
:squeak in concert

00:18:10,789 --> 00:18:12,758
She leans head and arms to the ground,

00:18:12,758 --> 00:18:14,793
body in the air, a spring.

00:18:14,793 --> 00:18:18,430
Wheels grounded, she turns, a soft caress of the cable.

00:18:18,430 --> 00:18:19,965
Then tips, and is carried up.

00:18:19,965 --> 00:18:21,867
Moves carefully on her hands.
Laurel: We are well trained; we are physically conditioned for exactly this work.

Laurel: The moments that look risky? We craft those for you so carefully.

~we craft those for you...

Laurel: The moments that truly are risky -- that's often where we're hiding that vulnerability.

AD: Upside down, Laurel, a pendulum swinging in and out of the bright stage lights.

A fade to black, then a different day

back in the studio, sunlight pouring in.

overlapping marimba chimes
With her footplate on the ground, overlapping marimba chimes

leaning forward, Laurel hangs, steady, still,

turning in a slow, tight circle

while gripping cables in each hand.

Sits up, then leans till she nearly touches down.

She arches backward, and momentum carries her

to sitting upright again.

The view spins softly around Laurel

as she hovers, motionless.
In his harness, Jerron walks across wooden hollow rhythmic clicking

the dance space on a diagonal as Alice sweeps backward, JH: Strident forward, JH: being led by a pull,

one arm extended and folding onto herself. JH: a leg may drag.

They both lean forward, limbs long and reaching. AS: Constrained. Reach. AS: Stretch. Fold.

Alice turns. Jerron is pulled back. AS: Dive down. Spiral. AS: Turn...and climb.

He continues to reach, lunge, and pull, AS: Rest...look.
as Alice dips backward
and rises again.
AS: Observe...collapse.

Laurel sinks back, is held by
cables under her shoulders,

eyes closed, serene.

The view turns to reveal

Alice lying on her belly,
wheels spinning.

Laurel's hands come
to take her wheel rims.

Slowly turns her wheels
to pull herself back up.

Jerron relaxes into his harness,
sitting upright,
bouncing gingerly.
All three continue to explore floating, turning, and feeling stillness as the stage lights highlight the contours of their bodies and their hair.

Eyes closed, Alice circles, tips back on her wheels.

Out of her chair, encircled by barbed wire,

Alice begins a turn as Jerron, also encircled in wire,

Ashley: Watch, curious. Then continues overlapping marimba chimes.

Out of her chair, encircled by barbed wire,

Eyes closed, Alice circles, tips back on her wheels.

Out of her chair, encircled by barbed wire,
metallic barbed wire
cracks against marley

412
00:20:26,458 --> 00:20:27,926
She falls to her belly.
AS: Rest, stay.

413
00:20:27,926 --> 00:20:31,363
They roll in unison, bodies reflected on the shiny floor.
JH: Searching, nestled in wire. JH: Twirling.

414
00:20:31,363 --> 00:20:32,898
Laurel rolls into view.
:barbed wire springs and snaps

415
00:20:32,898 --> 00:20:35,033
Jerron swoops out of his wire and kneels,
:metallic crunches :against marley and fabric.

416
00:20:35,033 --> 00:20:36,568
dives back into the coils.

417
00:20:36,568 --> 00:20:38,003
They continue rolling.

418
00:20:38,136 --> 00:20:41,807
Alice: The story of Wired is actually pretty simple.

419
00:20:41,807 --> 00:20:46,478
Alice: Um. Wired came about because I was in the Whitney,

Alice: and I saw Melvin Edwards' "Pyramid Up and Down Pyramid,"

Alice: which, if you don't know the work of Melvin Edwards,

Alice: you absolutely have to go and find out about him.

Alice: And this is a barbed wire sculpture.

Alice: And it, I like, I turned the corner and I saw this and I was like, "Oh my god." My world just stopped.

Alice: And then, months passed while I read everything I could about barbed wire.

Alice: And I understood that
Alice: barbed wire
as a technology,

Alice: is a
border-enforcing technology,

Alice: and that it divides
the ground, and it, you know
AS: Belly to the ground.

Alice: it divides us and them

Alice: and, I wanted to be able
to take this into the notion of
territory, and terrain, and
AS: Lift; hold wire. Rising--

Alice: surface, and the air and,
those things meshed in, you know
JH: Back tense. A noise
JH: beckons to turn the head.

Alice: those ways that kind of
wei-- kind of wild stuff happens
that's not really rational.

metallic echoes
~that's not really rational
AS: Drop; descend.

435
00:21:42,968 --> 00:21:44,536
: synthesizer chords
: rhythmically build and descend
JH: Soft grasp
JH: outward to nothing

436
00:21:44,536 --> 00:21:46,972
AD: Dancers lit by the stage lights and an illuminated orange wall behind.
JH: Quick head jerk

437
00:21:46,972 --> 00:21:49,174
Jerron stands and sweeps an arm up,
JH: Stretch arm joints below
JH: Alice, framed;

438
00:21:49,174 --> 00:21:52,444
Alice floats high overhead, wrapped in the barbed wire.
JH: return to a torso.
AS: Observing, holding,

439
00:21:52,444 --> 00:21:55,280
His hand flexes, runs down his side. He leans.
AS: Descending. Offering
AS: the crown of barbed wire.

440
00:21:55,280 --> 00:21:56,715
Alice hovers, lying sideways, slips the coils softly
over Jerron’s head.

441
00:21:56,715 --> 00:21:58,917
He spins, explores the coils, as she watches from above.
:barbed wire crackles
:against marley floor

442
00:21:59,184 --> 00:22:02,454
Alice: A-And then finally, we got to the studio; and we’re like okay...

443
00:22:02,454 --> 00:22:07,729
Alice: Here’s the structure, here’s the story, how do we begin to create?

444
00:22:07,729 --> 00:22:10,095
JH: Drastic spins, unhinged, as Alice looks on. Connect with metal, coil extends beyond,

445
00:22:10,095 --> 00:22:11,763
AD: Alice wraps one end of the wire around her legs.
:barbed wire resounding
JH: reaches, reaches--

446
00:22:11,763 --> 00:22:14,633
as Jerron dances, folds with the wire below. The three tumble, wrapped in the coils, arms folded

447
to their chests, legs out long.
AS: Tangled in wire. Descending,
AS: rolling, bound in wire.
:synthesizer chords continue

00:22:16,568 --> 00:22:18,770
They roll toward and
away from each other,
narrowly missing
collisions of bodies.

AS: Rolling. Escape the wire.
:chords building and descending
AS: Near miss.
:thud of hands and knees

The studio dark save for
the illuminated wall behind
and bright lights on the ground.

Their clothing dark,
they melt into
the black dance surface.

Still wrapped in wire,
moving out of the light into

the near pitch black, the three
crawl, lurching, lumbering.

JH: Panting.

454
00:22:33,785 --> 00:22:34,953
Fade to black.


455
00:22:35,000 --> 00:22:37,522
Part Three: The Future

456
00:22:37,522 --> 00:22:39,758
AD: Alice's face, wheels up behind her.
:hollow, rhythmic croak

457
00:22:40,659 --> 00:22:42,728
Alice: Ready when you are.
AS: Drag...look. Arch forward.

458
00:22:42,728 --> 00:22:44,730
Alice: Ready when you are.
:offstage voice: I'm ready.
AD: Closes her eyes, sets down her head.

459
00:22:44,796 --> 00:22:45,964
AD: The view from the floor.
:hollow croaking, like a frog
AS: Land on the ground.

460
00:22:45,964 --> 00:22:49,234
Alice, pulled ever-so-slowly away on her belly by the cables.
AS: Bounce. Pour.
Her hips rise, body folds to a V
Returns. Repeats.
AS: Crawl. Pounce.

Alice: I think the thing that's emerging that is maybe not clear is that:
metallic clang of wheels

Alice: this is the present.
depth, rich marimba
chimes alternating

Alice: And that a new future is being born out of this present.

AD: This time on her way back, hands slide
against marley floor

she slithers her body left and right.

Alice: To say that this has been a lost year is actually not right.
Alice: I mean, it's been a reassess, reevaluate year.

Alice: Um. It's been a year of incredible personal growth.

Alice: um, and personal failure. Necessary part of growth.

Alice: um, and personal failure. Necessary part of growth.

So, I'm doing this...

Well, just a sec--

I'm not doing this

We are doing this

AD: Turns on her side as
the cables pull her back.
:hands sliding along marley

477
00:23:31,176 --> 00:23:33,278
Again, sliding her hands.
:hands sliding along marley
:muted boom

478
00:23:33,578 --> 00:23:38,583
Alice: We are doing this, because we have faith and trust and love for each other.
AS: Swipe, wipe. Hold head.

479
00:23:38,850 --> 00:23:42,020
AD: Lying on her back, Alice begins a tumble as
AS: Comfort. Protection.
AS: Push into bounce. Fly.

480
00:23:42,020 --> 00:23:45,600
the cable yanks her into the air and out of view.
:deep marimba chimes
:palms squeal across marley

481
00:23:45,600 --> 00:23:45,656
Crawls forward again.
:metal clicks of
:equipment and wheelchair

482
00:23:45,656 --> 00:23:48,727
Alice: Maybe it’s a love for the body, it’s a love for the wheelchair,
Alice: it's a love for disability, it's...


Alice: It's I--I, uh, I-- I don't know. It's all of those things, ehn. :deep marimba notes chime

AD: Alice soars, undulates from above, dives, crawls, :palms squeal

weaves her way back and forth, and spins as she bounces. :rhythmic croak

Alice: So, it's really unclear where we are in the process, because different things are
Alice: in different places of development...
~some things are stabilized

AD: The back wall illuminated purple, fuchsia, and white.

The director's slate claps.
:mark clicks twice
:rope whines

Alice tumbles out of the sky.
AS: Drop rough. Fall, stress.
AS: Arms flailing.

Alice: It still feels rich and ripe with possibility

Alice: um, it's not finished.
~um, it's not finished

AD: The cable tied around her waist, she bounces up and down,
resting as the cable pulls her up into the shadows.

and arms stirring with each descent.

Clutches the cable and spins quickly

as she returns to the ground.

Kate: So, wrapping up.
Last question.

AD: She lands, arms wrapped across her chest.


The smooth wet sand of a beach,
gray and tan boulders lining the shore. Small gentle waves roll onto the pale sand.


Sitting and kneeling on the rocky, sandy beach, JH: Sun-baked, brown toned, deep bow into arch, prostrate.

the three dancers dive and roll their torsos :calming synthesizer :notes resound

solo, then in duets. :electronic voice Kate: Why make dances?

Alice: I've always had stuff to say, um, AS: Touch, pull back. JH: Interlocked arms with Laurel
Alice: I've always wanted to be able to say it in movement.
LL: Familiar grip.
LL: Open, spiral, hook,

00:25:12,544 --> 00:25:15,814
Alice: So, I make dances,
AS: Arch into contact.
AS: Reaching, connect.
JH: Lines in the air

00:25:15,814 --> 00:25:20,919
Alice: because they seem to me now to be the most meaningful way
LL: take the weight

00:25:20,919 --> 00:25:23,822
Alice: that I can understand the world that I live in,
JH: Deep leans
JH: on sand with Alice

00:25:23,822 --> 00:25:27,192
Alice: my relationships to people, my --
AS: Planting, grounding. At home

00:25:27,192 --> 00:25:29,194
Alice: It is the most powerful way
JH: Nestled in crevices,
JH: holding each other.

00:25:29,194 --> 00:25:32,898
Alice: that I know to work
through certain ideas.
JH: Two faces exhale.

Alice: Like, certain ideas I want to work through in writing,
JH: Elongated, crinkled

Alice: but certain ideas can only be most fully realized in movement.

Alice: And those are very often questions that are just critical,

Alice: critical, I think,

Alice: critical, I think, to making a better world.

AD: Just at the water's edge, in duets, they share weight,

lean into and on each other, and dance,
the wet sand clinging
to them as they rock and lean.

Then, each holds a smile,
looking directly into
the camera for a moment.
looking directly into
the camera for a moment.

Returning to the dance,
Alice dips and raises her body
in concert with
the frothy waves.

She stops, contemplates.
Rocks at the shore from above.

A buoy in the Bay, the
Golden Gate Bridge beyond.

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A SAFETY THIRD PRODUCTION
DIRECTOR: KATHERINE HELEN FISHER
PRODUCER: SHIMMY BOYLE

FEATURING: JERRON HERMAN,
LAUREL LAWSON,

CATHERINE A. NELSON,
AND ALICE SHEPPARD

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: DEVON DONIS
EDITOR: JOHN WALTER
ORIGINAL SCORE COMPOSITION AND PERFORMANCE: VANESSA GOULD

CHOREOGRAPHER: ALICE SHEPPARD
CHOREOGRAPHIC COLLABORATORS: LAUREL LAWSON, JERRON HERMAN

DEAF CULTURE CONSULTATION: BRANDON KAZEN-MADDOX, MEL CHUA

SUBTITLES: BRANDON KAZEN-MADDOX & BODY LANGUAGE PRODUCTIONS

AUDIO DESCRIPTION: CHERYL GREEN

SUPPLEMENTAL DESCRIPTION: JERRON HERMAN, LAUREL LAWSON, AND ALICE SHEPPARD

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