

**RECORD
TWENTY
TWENTY**

**SAN FRANCISCO
AERIAL ARTS FESTIVAL**

**ZACCHO
DANCE THEATRE**

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www.zaccho.org

MAKING A RECORD

These are unusual and historic times we are living in and for many of us, one of the most difficult years of our lives. Managing my sorrow, anger and fear has been a challenge at best but I am buoyed by the countless acts of kindness and generosity, the courageous activism, and the extraordinary creativity that has emerged from every corner of the planet. I wanted to record this time in a meaningful way and in community with others. I invited a group of outstanding aerialists and my dear friend and longtime collaborator Mary Ellen Strom to join me in building a group reflection of our experiences.

The prompt was simple: send video material of dances or movement that you feel best speaks to how you feel at this moment; choose a site that inspires you and that aligns with your feelings and that you have access to during the Covid restrictions; use your mobile phones, or whatever camera that is available to you. Mary Ellen and I then responded to the artists' material and created a film that tells a collective story. Walter Kitundu provided a gorgeous music score to get us started and Melanie DeMore, Marco Castelli, Marcus Shelby and Lauren Weinger offered beautiful pieces to complete the circle.

My heartfelt thank you to Jason, Lindsey, Veronica, Terry, Julia, Laine, Xochitl, Alice, Jo, Beth, Deon, Joana, Pamela, Wanda, Amelia, the Bolinas Museum and all my collaborators for the many gifts they shared with me along the way.

Joanna Haigood



JASON SPAN



Music: *Phonoharp in 7* by Walter Kitundu

Big thanks to my parents Ben Girvin and Kayla Thorntonto for allowing me to use their backyard, and to my friends David Span Jr. & Willie Mae Span for helping me with the setup and filming.

LINDSEY BUTCHER



Music: *Re-collections* by Lauren Weinger
Camera: Mark Morreau
Special thanks to Jonothan Campbell

My chosen setting for this film - a rock split in two by a Rowan tree - was a place I only discovered during my last week of being up in Glenesk, Scotland, where I spent the UK lockdown period. It stands out in the landscape as a testament to survival.

Being tethered to this rock by a rope in this landscape, is for me representative of my 'shelter in place' experience; that of anchoring to a place of isolation for safety and of being forced to slow down.

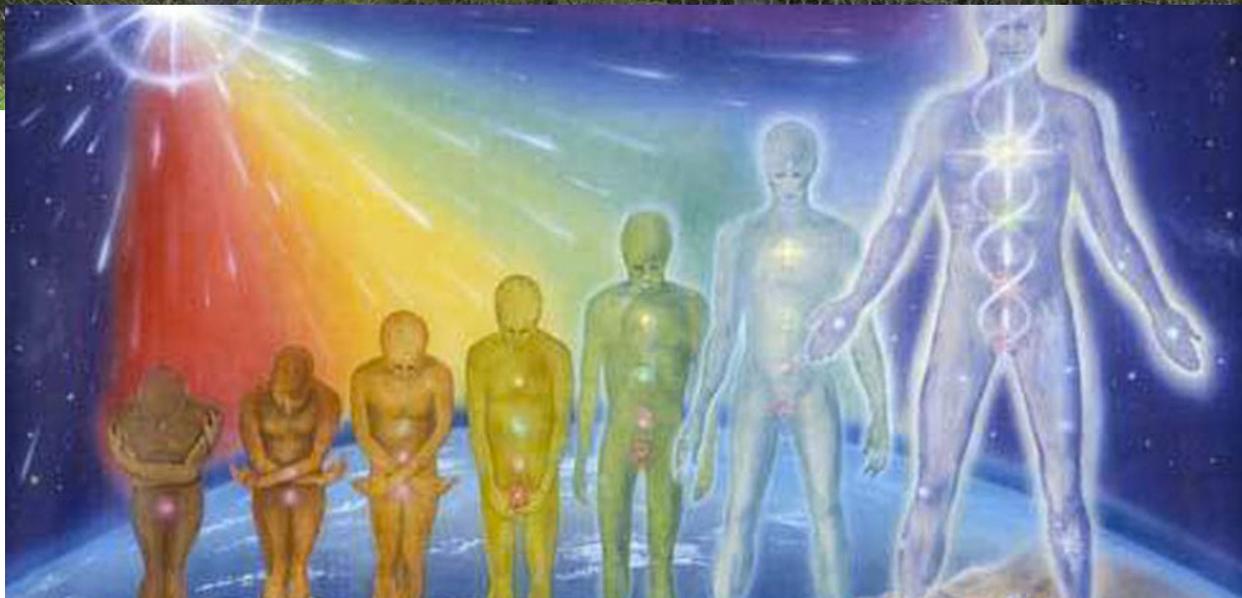
My personal lockdown became (as for many others) a valuable time for reflection, for noticing what was important for my own growth and well-being, for actively resting and having time

to revel in the natural environment; to witness the sheer springiness of Spring and the changing seasons and the small details revealed within my vast panoramic view; of moss and rock, lichen and bark, the colours, textures, light, the tranquillity and wild, raging beauty of this land.

As with the Rowan trees' local symbolism of a portal, the rope also denotes the pull between here and there; my remote, chosen place of lockdown and my home in the city, alongside my previously crazily full work schedule and the quieter space but equally full, rich environment in Scotland, of tether and release, safety and danger, of life and death.

Key words I used to describe my experience were nature, survival, and connection. These still stand and I would add resilience and witness.

VERONICA BLAIR



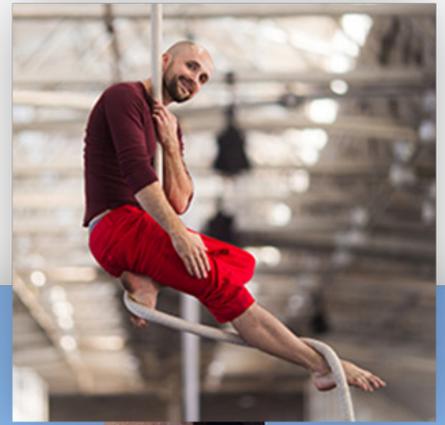
Music: *African Bars*
by Walter Kitundu
Camera: Orlando Torres

FENCE 1
Contemplation
Hopelessness
Resistance

FENCE 2
Rage
Anger
Contemplation
Acceptance

FENCE 3
Adaptation
Fearlessness
Faith

TERRY CRANE



Music: *Sunrecord* by Walter Kitundu
Camera: Morgan Sobel

Amidst a time of time of great division, I chose to work on a bridge I love, as a symbol of connection and freedom.

The Reinig railroad bridge connected the Pacific Northwest with the wider world. Primarily used for lumber transport for many decades, the railroad grade winds its way from Puget Sound through the foothills of the cascades where I grew up, across the middle fork of the Snoqualmie river, and eventually into the mountains. It includes a section that burrows through the sheer rock for two miles, the longest train tunnel in the world, an ultra dark, and utterly deserted place that's good for a walking meditation while the world is ravaged by a global pandemic.

Growing up I always envied the bravado of the high schoolers who jumped off this bridge,

though there were (and continue to be) regular tragedies resulting from it.

No longer a functional pathway for coal-smoke billowing trains, the Reinig bridge is part of a rails to trails conversion. It's a platform to see into the green heart of this area. In the post-industrial suburbanization of the timber town I grew up in, the Iron Horse trail as it was once called, has become the John Wayne trail, named for the pioneers who colonized the NW. Little mention is made of the Snoqualmie nation, a group of the Salish people who made their home here for millenia.

Today, for me, the bridge is my own, a rusting mass of angular geometry on which to play, a safe-ish way to get in the air, which tomorrow will be suffused with structure fire smoke. One thing I take from this year is to enjoy the freedoms the universe offers, small ones, like a deep breath, or the sight of a rustling cottonwood, or a wicked place to hang a rope.

JULIA TAFFE



Music: *On the Wings of Grace*
by Melanie DeMore
Camera: Colin Zacharias
Created on location at Florencia Bay,
within Yuuḷuḡiḡatḡ traditional territory
on the west coast of Vancouver Island.
Made possible by funding from
The British Columbia Arts Council
through the generosity of the Wosk Foundation

I filmed the driftwood dance on a beach near my home in traditional Yuuḷuḡiḡatḡ (Yuu-thlu-ith-aht) territory on the west coast of Vancouver Island. I have visited this tree from time to time over the years, noting its drifts, turns, and new settlements during the biggest tides and storm cycles. The 45 minute walk to where it can be found has become somewhat of a pilgrimage I take, knowing everything is always going to be different.

MARY ELLEN STROM AND LAINE RETTMER



Music by Laine Rettmer
Camera: Ben Lloyd, Andrea Merkx,
and Mary Ellen Strom
Dancers: Laine Rettmer, Honora
Carlsonstrom, Liz Ann Kudrna
Set: Ben Lloyd

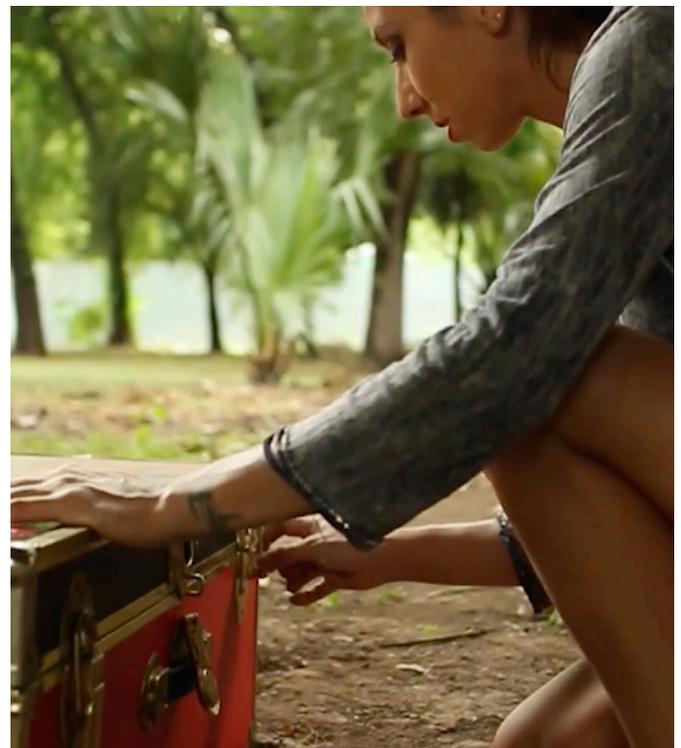


XOCHITL SOSA



Music by Walter Kitundu
Camera Travis Holland

My piece is about transition. This transitory piece in history and the transitions that are taking place for me personally. To be able to move forward and evolve, one must be able to let go of ideals that were once held to be true. One must carry the history of themselves and allow it to be the building blocks of a new form. Fear is so prevalent in the human psyche and it can often stall us. Fear of the unknown, fear of change, and most of all, fear of losing something you have worked so hard to gain. For myself I am setting aside my passion. Creating a different relationship with aerial and performance. This has felt like giving up on a dream, which in a way it is. But it is also making space for new paths and new experiences. I see this reflected in this country. It is time for change and transition, but people are scared. One must be willing to step aside so new paths can be created. Looking forward, I hope that this country can find the strength to transition.



JOANNA HAIGOOD



Music: *Blue Monday* by Marcus Shelby

September 2020. It had been a year of endless sadness. When the sky turned red, I fell into a stunned silence. I am still struggling to find the words.

ALICE SHEPPARD



Music: *Kora Build* by Walter Kitundu
Camera: Daniel Dulitz



JO KREITER

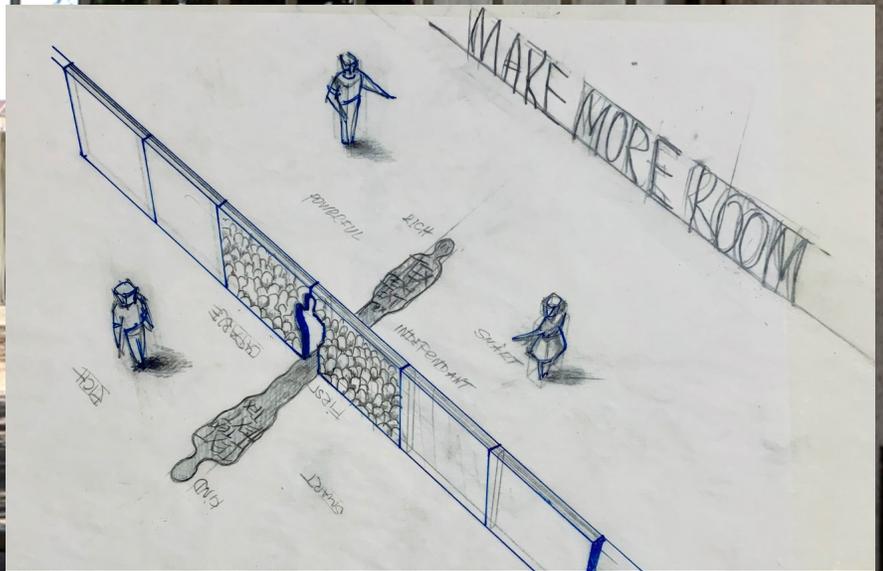


Music: *mum-ish* by Walter Kitundu

Green. Pane. Hold On
A door and a window
The spectacle of the pandemic, the fires, and a
national rebellion against anti blackness
I want to go small
The push of a door
The skinny panes of a window
Framing myself
In architectures already there and unaltered;
things fixed; things I can count on
How can these thresholds between inside and

outside support me as the world rages out of
control
How do I fit into a world made smaller by pan-
demic isolation
Green and Brick and More Green
This window gives me a place to belong, for the
slim moments I can hold onto its edges.
I'm on the verge of falling. With each perch I'm
not sure how long I can stay. Barely, I hold on.

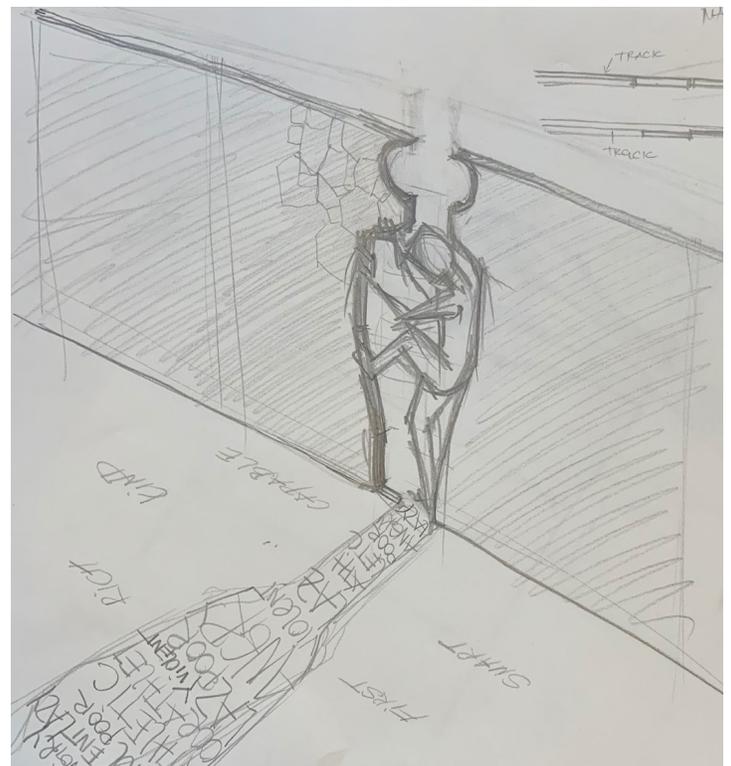
JODI LOMASK



Music: *Jazz Solo* by Anonymous
Camera: Nick Porcino

This is the design that I had just been working on when you invited me to participate. Both are called 'Make More Room' as in make more room for women and BIPOC to be themselves, not the narrow definition that is projected on them for their entire lives. In one direction, the participant sees only the shadow of what a woman can be. In the other direction, the participant sees only the shadow of what a BIPOC can be. If the participant pushes the walls apart, he or she can see all the qualities that he or she was not given room to be.

That is the feeling/situation I was trying to recreate when we went looking for sites in Oakland. We could not find two buildings that close together for me to push against, so we compromised with the gate and the two concrete walls.



PAMELA DONOHOO



Music: *Harriet Tubman (epilogue)*
by Marcus Shelby

Respectfully, running the next leg, I stand on
their shoulders
They are the cordes, the locks of my hair
...on my mind ...in my thoughts
These roots have been with me, before me,
they reside in me

BETH CLARKE



Music: *JhApTaL* by Walter Kitundu
Camera: Matthew White

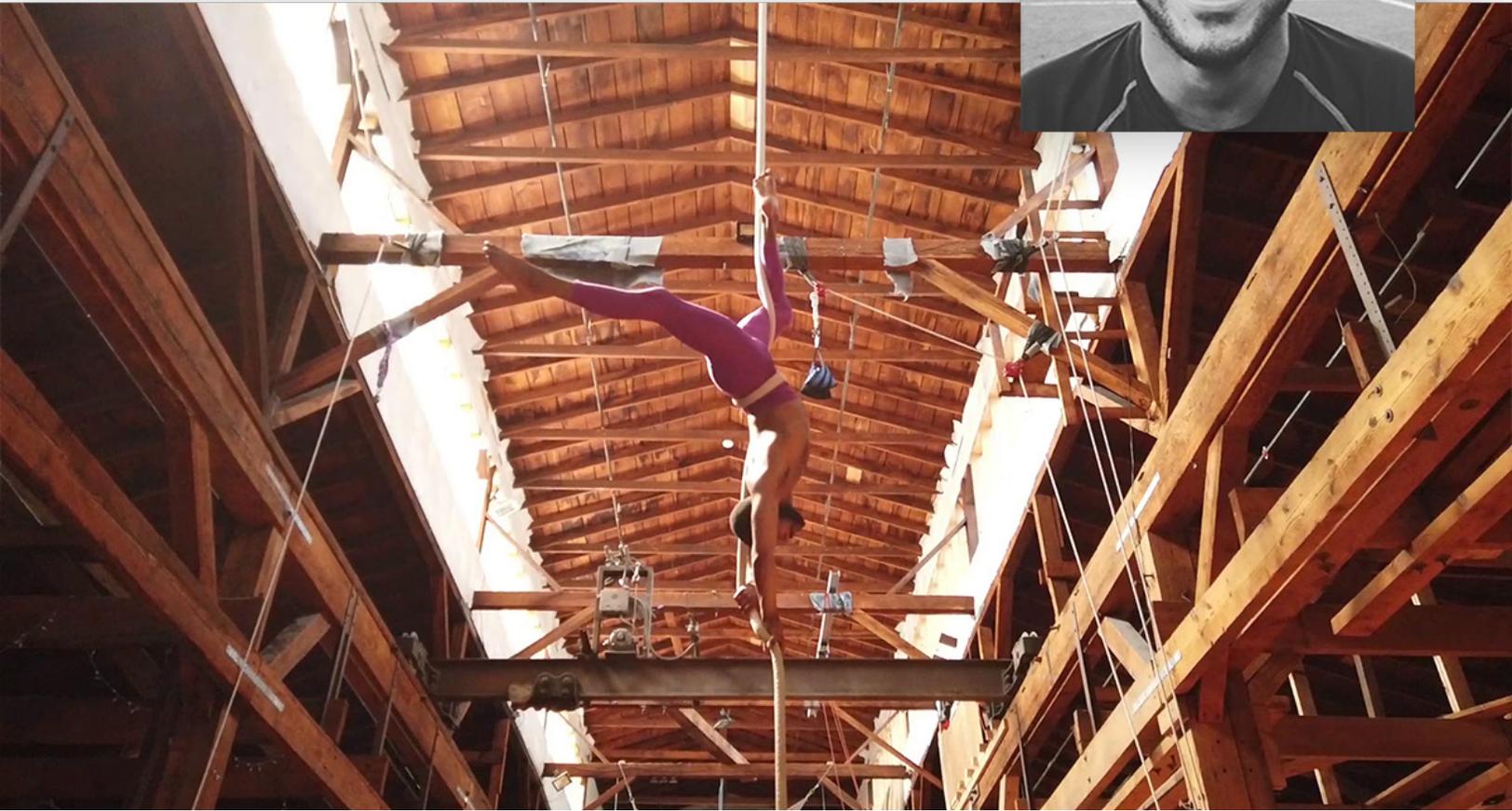
“Winded by my efforts to keep up or slow down, the turbulence of circumstance evaporates, and living is what’s left. We all inhabit this spiral; an inner odyssey in which we take our turn as the warrior whose taste for the fight dissolves into a need for ancient quiet. Some of us discover quite by accident or exhaustion that rising from the deep is our genesis, floating in the sun, our home” - From *Seven Thousand Ways to Listen* by Mark Nepo

My piece takes place on a spiral staircase in my San Francisco backyard. It sits on one of the highest peaks in San Francisco and is flooded daily

by thick fog and strong winds from the ocean. The land is the unceded territory of the Ohlone-Ramatush people.

I was inspired to use the spiral as symbolism for my personal and our collective growth. The main dramatic constant is up / down. A quality inside of this constant is surrender / persevere. What does it mean in the long term question of up versus down to surrender? What does it mean to persevere? How do we move up the spiral against the forces that push us down? Can we use down to come back up?

DEON FOX



Music: *Here* by Walter Kitundu



WANDA MORETTI



Concept and choreography by Wanda Moretti
Music: *My Venice* by Marco Castelli
Dancers: Simona Forlani, Giulia Mazzucato,
Francesca D'Agostino, Giorgio Coppone
Camera: Daniele Zoico

The idea is a nature that rebels and dominates humans, in particular is the lagoon of Venice, during the lockdown the force of water pushed everything away ... even tourists. Many of our islands are abandoned and even the island of Sant'Andrea where we shot the video is abandoned. Sant'Andrea is a small piece of earth in the Venetian Lagoon in Northern Italy and boasts the Sant'Andrea Fort, a fortress built in the 16th Century to defend Venice. The lagoons are the product of nature, since ancient times. At first they opposed the land, the water, and the tide; then gradually retreating the primitive waters, formed at the upper end of the Adriatic Sea a vast swamp, which sometimes submerged, was partly abandoned by the tide. The highest points were occupied, strengthened by art, and so Ve-

nice arose, formed of a complex of one hundred islands, and surrounded by one hundred others.

Marco Castelli composed this music specifically for our project. There are a lot of sounds of the Island, full of natural sounds, sounds of the water that beats on the stone, the cicadas that sing loudly, and the trees that enter more and more into the space of architecture. When I brought my dancers there we felt the need to be strong, and almost 'arguing' with nature and architecture is very powerful, maybe that's why I worked as you see in the video ... it is not easy to explain the instinct of creation.

I've loved that place forever because it is a mixture in balance and it is where we could enter into dialogue with the elements that are part of our identity. The architecture of Sant'Andrea is a bit like Venice, there are stairs that do not lead anywhere and move only the floors, there are windows inside, and stone walkways that are pure rhythm.



JOANA DIAS



Music: Hey Hih Huh by Walter Kitundu

My skin A minha pele

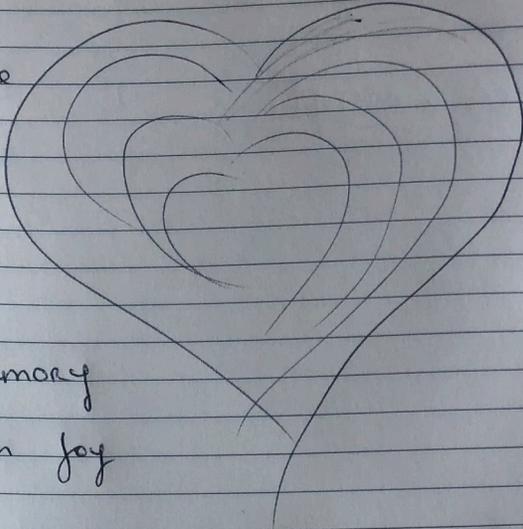
Racial Justice

Freedom

Identity

Body Memory

Black/
Brown Skin Joy



My heart beating
Relieved
Conscience
Contribution
Part of the change
It's always about
Love

a work

What have changed in my body and mind? Is this pandemic a call?
How do others see me, know of me? Does that add to what my identity is? How does all of this make me feel?
5 months, no aerial. How does my body/mind cope? How aware am I on the apparatus?

I have changed. I have to accept that. I saw that video. I have pain in my body and soul. I need to take action. But then I remembered I also have experienced discrimination. How do I heal? How do I help? How do I move?

I started loving my skin more. I realised it has written history in it and I want to know. I love my skin. I want to know the truth about it. Am I allowed to know?

Fish Island Circus - Space - WHITE BOX

Layers of my identity —> Portugal Angola

Brown skin woman searching to know about her identity.

"We are our ancestors, making them present." I am Joana.



AMELIA RUDOLPH



Music: *A stone in my pocket* by Walter Kitundu
Camera: Greg Bernstein and Amelia Rudolph
with production assistance from Peter Mayfield,
Nancy Mingus, and Ry Laby
Drone work: Greg Bernstein

Geophilia:

In the midst of a year of reckoning
We look for how to operationize love.
On the wind
faint, sweet, and possible.
Sparkling granite
crunching footsteps to
the same place
inside us, where we belong.
what we're part of,
what we're made of.
All of us.

Audio Description provided by Gravity Access Services

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