HE MOVED SWIFTLY BUT GENTLY DOWN THE NOT TOO CROWDED STREET

ED MOCK AND OTHER TRUE TALES IN A CITY THAT ONCE WAS...

A 5-HOUR TRAVELING DANCE-THEATRE-PERFORMANCE TO CONJURE A LEGACY

June 15, 21, 22 & 23, 2013 - 3:30pm
Multiple locations in San Francisco
FREE! - Info at dancersgroup.org

Conceived by
Amara Tabor-Smith
In collaboration with
Co-Director, Ellen Sebastian Chang,
Music Director, Dr. Anthony Brown,
Poet, Marvin K. White,
Video Artist, David Szlasa

With performers/collaborators

A project of
Support from:
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He Moved Swiftly... is a site-specific performance conceived by Amara Tabor-Smith about the life and work of choreographer Ed Mock. Traveling through multiple locations in San Francisco, Tabor-Smith conjures the spirit of Ed: a black, gay artist whose untimely death from AIDS in the 1980’s left a lasting impression on her and many of the region’s most important artists. Together with a cast of over 35 local artists, Tabor-Smith prepares to tackle questions of legacy, lineage and collective memory.

Delicate Threads Make a Strong Web
By Ellen Sebastian Chang, Co-Director
When your grandmother dies you mourn the loss, but when your grandmother’s house is sold you mourn the forgetting.

If you haven’t been to the Community Thrift Store on Valencia and Clarion Alley, please go by there. You may or may not have noticed it: it is the pink building on the side. Maybe you know or don’t know that they donate a percentage of their profits to local organizations. Maybe you know or don’t know that they are losing their space on Valencia in the coming months...

He Moved Swiftly. Is it in the vein of what you may or may not know – it is in that thread of loss, of death, but more importantly that most delicate thread, the one that breaks so easily, no words of remembering. That experience of returning to the house sold, restoried, new furniture and no one knows your Granny lived there and the biggest loss of all is when they seem not to care that she did once live there.

This work is personal for Amara and for me, Ellen.

Amara asked me to edit her poem about Ed. I refused on the grounds that this is the time to just let somethings be from your open flooded heart.

I remember being one of his many dancing children that spent most of their lives in his dance studio because San Francisco was affordable then. I remember sitting on the fire escape of the women’s dressing room in his studio at 32 Page St. The day we had to move him out of there.

I remember him teaching at Footwork Studio on 22nd and Mission upstairs from what was once Leeds shoe store, now Serehters.

I remember that Ed loved the fried chicken from Virginia’s History Pit BBQ joint on 16th St at Valencia that would later become Pizzeria Restaurant.

I remember when he got sick with AIDS.

I remember him talking about how the city was changing and his prediction that it would one day seem he had been for dancers to survive in this town.

I remember when Ed died.

I remember when many dancers died.

I remember not being able to feel any more just numb.

I remember the first dot com wave and how Dancers’ Group/Footwork lost their studio on 22nd and Mission, a space that had also once been Arthur Murray’s dance studio so long ago and many families and artists lost their leases right and left and were displaced from the Mission and then I remember Ed and Sister Godfrieda and Mr. Bojangles and the many spirits that would through his body make him sing - dance nailed and expressed and needle, hilariously, naughtily outrageous truths.

I remember how he loved so many touched so many how he had a special table at Zuni Cafe which would hold court and never pay for a meal or a bottle of wine.

I remember how much he loved to dance.

This dance journey is in honor of remembering place, lineage and a very magical man whose spirit never seemed to slow down close your laptop - stop texting and put your cell phone away you will see that you are everywhere...
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Performance Schedule

Be guided through the full performance or drop in anytime. The times below are estimates. Follow @thetruegroup on Twitter for up-to-the-minute location updates: #dancesF #edmock

1. THE SEANCE BEGINS (3:30pm)
   In front of 32 Page St

2. WINDOW SEAT (4:00pm)
   Zuni Cafe - Corner of Market St and Rose Alley

3. ROOM FULL OF BLACK MEN (4:15pm)
   Salle Piano - Across from Zuni Cafe on Rose Alley

4. GHOST DANCE (4:55pm)
   Sparrow Alley, Valencia St btw 15th & 16th Sts

5. WHEN THEY DIE WE EAT CHICKEN (5:20pm)
   16th St @ Valencia St at Picaro Cafe, Former seat of Virginia Hickory Pic, Ed Mock’s favorite BBQ joint

   35 MINUTE INTERMISSION (5:40pm)
   During this time the spirits of Valencia Street will parade from 17th St to 21st St

6. TELL MY STORY/RIDE MY HORSE (6:15pm)
   Corner of 21st St and Valencia St- Former site of Botanica Yoruba and Sandinista meeting house

7. IN THE SILENT SPACE
   By Shakin

   JOANNA’S SCORE (June 21, 22 Only)
   Joanna Haigood and former Ed Mock company members

   AFTER YOU’VE GONE...
   Site: ABADÁ-Capoeira (Formerly Footwork) - 3221 22nd St @ Mission St

   SECOND LINE (7:30pm)
   Walk together to ODC Theater

8. MIGHTY REAL: THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EPIDEMIC (7:50pm)
   ODC Theater - 3153 17th St

9. HE WALKED SWIFTLY: ED IS EVERYWHERE (8:35pm)
   Shotwell Street- btw 17th & 18th Sts

10. PICARO RESTAURANT
    During intermission we encourage you to stay and eat at this restaurant that has been family owned and operated since 1982

Ed Mock
Beloved Master Choreographer /Teacher/Performer (1938-1986)

Photo by Bonita F. Ramen. Photo by Kathy Ikene.
Fire come for me.

By Marvin K. White

Fire Come For Me
For everybody pushed out, physics by spiritually and economically from their homes.

This my door I paint it red I feel the sacrificial blood of Jesus. You come to my door you come to Jesus. You come in, you come in to Jesus.

That there is my chair. Rocking chair. I sat and read my bible and rock. Car horns blowing for everybody but me okay I rock and I go further rocking than anybody driving. My bible embossed. My name in gold. One day my name gone be silver and gold. No time too soon but soon.

They pictures my brothers and his kids, my sisters and theirs and my children. Never knew how noisy our family was till put all they pictures together on that wall. Sometimes they get to laughing and I think ‘Lord, they lived!’ but then they start drinking and arguing and I think, ‘Lord, they really loud.’

But they company. Like my rug is company. Like my cute cabinet company. Like my church shoes and hat company. Like my stove company. Nobody said company had to be somebody. Sometimes I just got nobody. So Mr. Mog and Ms. Broom sit with me. Pots and kettlez sizzle and whistle at me. Fire on the stove is mean old thing. Seem like all I know is nutty songs. Seems like all do is lean towards the window like trying to get out to somebody calling it.

I ignore it. Sometimes I turn it on and let it get all hot and heat my room when radiator got more dinks and clanks than warmth. Last night hit it in the floorboards. And I heard it out the window. Names always being called around here. Lovers, brothers, dealers and sometimes nobody at all.

Sometimes people just call out they own name just to know god hear them whether he answer or not. But last night they way they called it, was like I knew they names and none of them was name Jesus.

“We here for Toan Vu,” Feet feel like walking on hot sand.

“We here for James Gregory.” We feel like it trying to sweat my pictures off.

“We here for Zené Contreras.” Ceiling feel like its bout to rain way the black clouds gathering up there.

This is my rocking chair. This is my family. This is a picture of my daughter. This the flag that was on my son coffin.

“We here for Gunter Kausman.” My red Jesus door. My red Jesus door.

This my housecoat. This my lamp. This my vine I grew from half a Sweet Potato.

Company never talk back til now. Oven full of itself.

My empty pots boiling over.


There at 1332 Ellis, August 25, 1982. Another at 10 Sumner Street, April 19, 1982.

And another… May 8, 1984 at the Orlando Hotel.

Now they here for me. I ain’t scared. I been hearing sirens for years. My number 464. Say so on my door! All numbers mean you gotta turn comin’. My parsley on the floor! No. Hat on my bed? No! Horse shoe turned down and all my luck spilling out! No. Silverware dropped? Company coming. Hot and out of breath calling my name from outside and inside.

I’m a drk like Jesus. You want this place so bad? You gotta come through me.

About Project Presenter and Funders

He Moved Swiftly but Gently Down the Not Too Crowded Street / Ed Mock and Other True Tales in a City that Once War is presented as part of Dancers’ Group’s ONSITE program, bringing free large-scale dance performances to the public.

The commissioning and production of this world premiere is made possible by the Wallace Alexander Gerbode Foundation and The William and Flora Hewlett Foundation 2011 Choreographer Commissioning Awards Initiative.

Founded in 1982, Dancers’ Group promotes the visibility and viability of dance. We serve San Francisco Bay Area artists, the dance community and audiences through programs and services that are collaborative and innovative as well as practical. As the primary dance service organization for the second largest dance community in the country, Dancers’ Group’s many programs help artists produce work, build audiences and connect with their peers and the community.

Staff: Executive Director, Wayne Hazzard; Outreach Director, Shane Coletti; Program Director, Michelle Lynch; Administrative Assistant, Elizabeth Chitty; Bookkeeper, Evangel King; and interns, Erika Burg and Sam Griffin.

Board of Directors: Mary Armentrout, Aiko Hayes, Jaybird Lewis, Dana Lawver, Eton Mealing-Stuart, Robins Naselli, Farah Yusemeh Shawki, Patricia Sullivan and Wayne Hazzard


Participating Artists


Artists participating in selected dates: Cecilia Maron (June 21, 22 & 23); Joanna Halpford (June 21 & 22); Rashad Pittman (June 15, 22 & 22); Sherwood Chen (June 21 & 22); Wayne Hazar at (June 21 & 22)

Musicians: Fredrick Harris: piano, percussion; Richard Howlett: saxoophone, flute, percussion; Tossie Long: Voice

Production: Costumes: Rene Walker; Dana Kawa; Lighting Design: Jose Maria Franco; Additional Sound Design: Gabriel Todd; ODC Installation: Laura Diamonstein; Amara T. Smith

Production Manager: Graphics: Ernesto Soppani

Note: Blis as well as contact info about venues and collaborators can be found at dancersgroup.org

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Photo Of Amara T. Smith By Ania Teresa Fernandez

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