



dancersgroup /ONSITE presents



**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
**Brontez Purnell, Cecilia Marta, Erin Mei-Ling Stuart, Eyla Josie
Moore, Jefferson Joseph, Jesse Hewit, Joanna Haigood, Jose
Navarrete, Laura Arrington, Lisa Ferretti, Melanie Cutchon, Shakiri
Hudson, Rami Margron, Rashad Pridgen, Rashidi Omari, Robert
Henry Johnson, Sherwood Chen, Sophia Wang, Tossie Long, Wayne
Hazzard and Zakiya Harris**

A project of



dancersgroup /ONSITE

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 with murals 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, they are losing their space on Valencia in the coming months....

He Moved Swiftly... is in this 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 easy, that thread called "remembering." That experience of returning to the house sold, repainted, 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.

There are things that I can't remember and things I will never forget

By Amara Tabor-Smith

The summer that I was 14 years old, I tagged along with a good friend of mine to a dance class with a teacher that she had been told was really good. I had just started studying dance in high school that previous year but not too seriously at that point.

We climbed the stairs at 32 Page St. and entered the studio to a classic scene; brick walls, hardwood floors, mirrors and a room full of dancers stretching on the floor. I took my place on the floor in the back row with my good friend and began to stretch a little. About 5 minutes later, a beautiful black man with a perfect bald head, flowing white pants and an air of divine elegance entered the

room, headed for the stereo and picked up an LP while saying, "let's get started". In that moment I thought I saw god.

That day I began my journey to become a dancer, studying and dancing with this man until the day he died. That man was Ed Mock.

There are things that I can't remember, and things I will never forget. I remember his intense and sweaty dance classes that made me feel so high I couldn't sleep at night. I remember his deep, calm and sultry voice the way he would sing as he walked down the halls of his dance studio, his mischievous laugh his beautiful hands, his bowling shoes spray painted green, that he loved to drink sherry and that everyone loved him I remember his beautiful dancing and how, as poet Jessica Haggdorn described him, "He moves across the floor like a panther in a tuxedo" I remember how he loved music Archie Shepp, Billie Holiday, Laurie Anderson, Emmy Lou Harris, Grace Jones, Abbey Lincoln, Nino Rota, Clubfoot Orchestra, Marvin Gaye, Alberta Hunter and of course, Nina Simone.

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 Skeecher's I remember that Ed loved the fried chicken from Virginia's Hickory Pit BBQ joint on 16th St at Valencia that would later become Picaro 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 soon be hard 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 sad anymore 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 Godfreida, Mr. Bojangles and the many spirits that would dance through his body make him sing - dance naked and tell sensual, bitter, hilarious, naughty outrageous truths I remember how he loved so many touched so many how he had a special table at Zuni Cafe where he 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 left and if you slow down close your laptop - stop texting and put your cell phone away you will see **that he is everywhere....**

About Ed Mock

Beloved Master Choreographer/Teacher/Performer Ed Mock (1938-1986) was an adventurous innovator, and no holds barred, unorthodox, soul-baring, conjurer performer who excited, amazed and consummately entertained and moved audiences all over the world. Recognized as among the Bay Area's most influential artists, Ed Mock played pivotal roles including Founder of the Ed Mock Dance Studio (1978-1982), and Artistic Director of Footwork Studio (1983-86); Director and Choreographer of Ed Mock & Dancers; and Hoodoo Master Modern/Afro/Jazz instructor at studios throughout the Bay Area. A playful and demanding dance teacher, Ed Mock turned out hundreds of highly professional dancers. In addition to these roles, Ed's varied career included performing and training with Katherine Dunham, Jimmy Payne and Gloria Unti.

Born in Chicago, Ed began performing as a boy on the tables in his family's pool room, tapping out steps for the customers. He was an all-around high school athlete, but he devoted his life to dance because as he told an SF Examiner reporter in 1980, "I just love body movement, it was all just movement for me, and sports was just a function of that. I just was always aware of my body in a sort of a dance sense. I never try to tell anybody it's an easy life, but not a day has ever gone past that dancing didn't make me feel good emotionally and spiritually". With no formal dance training, Ed began performing in Chicago nightclubs, an experience he always described as having an indelible imprint on his style. "I mean you're dealing with people who are drinking" he said, "so you have to entertain."

In his mid 20s, he began training with such Chicago dancers as Jimmy Payne, Anna Nastif, but eventually decided to move west to San Francisco. He worked for three years in a training program for teachers under Gloria Unti at the Performing Arts Workshop, and followed that with a stint at ACT where he taught and performed. He also appeared sporadically in the Jon Hendricks' musical, *Evolution of the Blues*, which ran for five years in a

Broadway Theater in San Francisco. Ed eventually got his own teaching space at 32 Page Street and local dancers started flocking to him. "Oh, I know, I attract those crazies," he once said. "Those ones that are just mad for dance." An Ed Mock dance class was exquisite torture. He could be withering his tongue, and he drove his charges sometimes unmercifully, but since his goal was so obviously to achieve perfection, his students kept coming back. And he had the gift of being able to always find the right moment for a joke to break the tension, causing the class's energy to soar that much higher.

As a performer, Ed knew absolutely no bounds. His companies, including the Ed Mock Dancers and The West Coast Dance Company, were known for their tight, well-drilled fluidity and their jazzy insouciance. But it was as a solo improv performer that Ed reached his zenith. He had a stock cast of characters, including "Sister God Freida," a street-person Jesus freak who would flash from angel to devil in an instant and excoriate the audience for its sins. He could change personas almost as fast as his feet could move and he simply dared audiences to keep up with him. In 1980 and 1981, Ed went to Florence and Venice at the invitation of the Italian government to perform two of his pieces, *Festival of Fools* and *Black Mischief*. Italian audiences, it was reported, were thrilled. Ed was elected to the Bay Area Dance Coalition Hall of Fame (posthumously in 1988). "All I'm doing is using my craziness to show you an element of your own," he told the SF Examiner in 1980. "As an artist, you have a duty to comment on these things if you have the gift to do it". Ed had the gift to an inordinate degree, and he had an unsurpassed love and reverence for his medium. "See, there's nothing harder than dancing," he once said. "It requires an incredible one-mindedness, and that's the thing about it you just can't top.....But that's also part of the excitement of it, taking those risks. You just have to stay out there, barking at the moon constantly. When the spirits visit you, you have to say, 'Take over spirits....When you have those moments, you can do anything.'"

Ed Mock taught and performed up until weeks before he died from AIDS-related complications on April 25, 1986. He was 48.



Ed Mock - Photo by Kim Stolper. Text adapted from Burr Snider's obituary of Ed Mock (SF Examiner, April 27, 1986) For further infomation about Ed Mock, his work, and his legacy please visit Amara's website at deepwatersdance.com.

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Performance Schedule

Be guided through the full performance or drop in anytime. The times below are estimates. Follow @dancersgroup on Twitter for up-to-the-minute location updates. #freedanceSF #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 Pianos - 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 spot of Virginia Hickory Pit, 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 Shakiri

JOANNA'S SCORE (June 21, 22 Only)

Joanna Haigood and former Ed Mock company members

AFTER YOU'VE GONE...

Site: ABADA-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

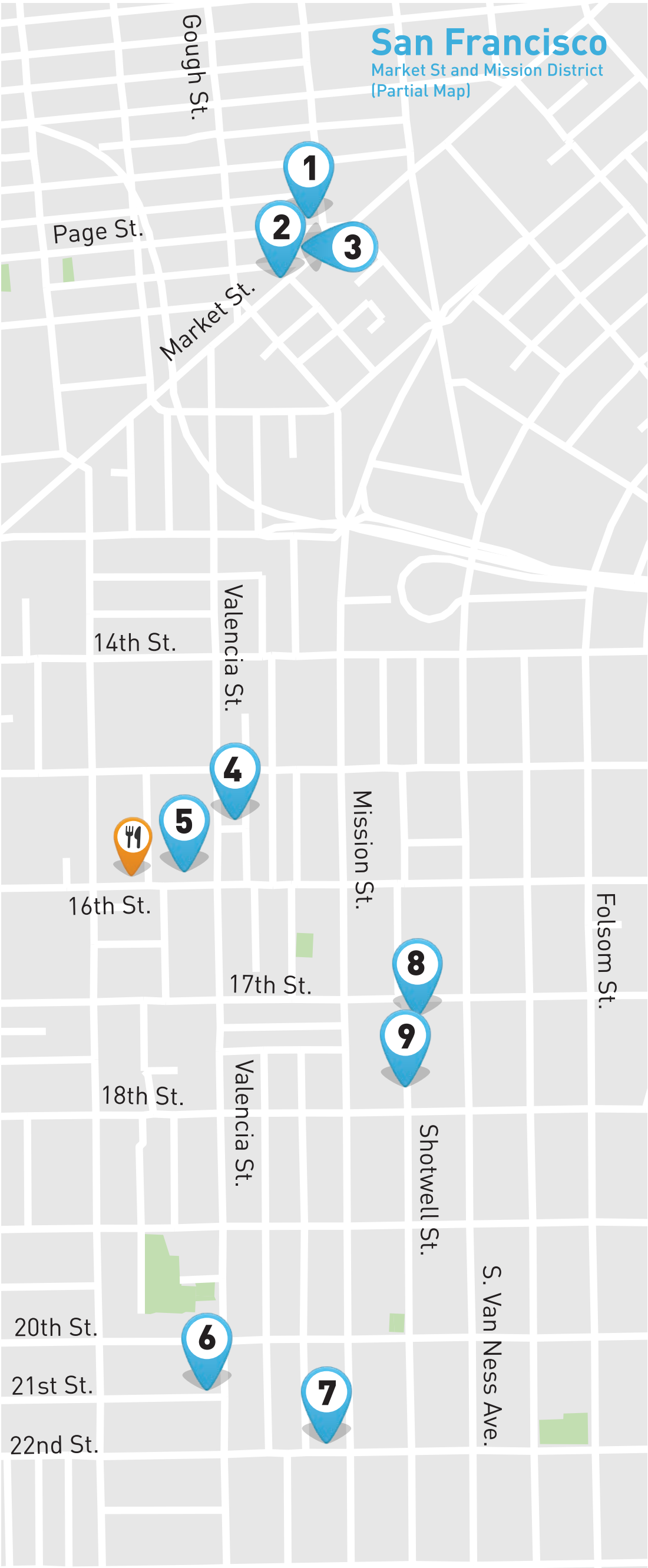
HE WALKED SWIFTLY: ED IS EVERYWHERE (8:25pm)

Shotwell Street- btw 17th & 18th Sts



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 Bonnie Kamin

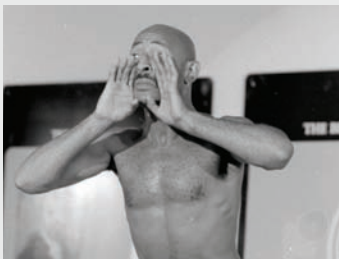
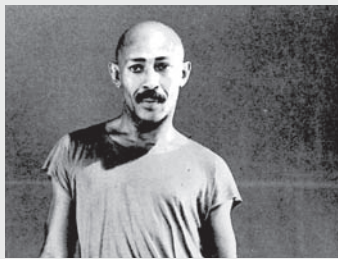


Photo by Kathy Sloane.



Fire come for me.

By Marvin K. White

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

This my door. I paint it red. Red 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 sit and read my bible and rock. Car horns blowing for everybody but me okay cuz 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.

Them pictures my brothers and his kids, my sisters and theirs and my children. Never knew how noisy our family was til I put all they pictures together on that wall. Sometimes they get to laughing and I think “Lord, they loud” but then they start drinking and arguing and I think, “Lord, they really loud.”

But they company. Like my rug is company. Like my curio cabinet company. Like my church shoes and hat company. Like my stove company. Nobody said company had to be somebody. Sometimes I aint got nobody. So Mr. Mop and Ms. Broom sit with me. Pots and kettles sizzle and whistle at me. Fire on the stove is mean old thing. Seem like all it know is nasty songs. Seems like all it do is lean towards the window like it 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 clinks and clanks than warmth. Last night I felt 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.” Wall feel like it trying to sweat my pictures off.

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

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

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

Me? Rocking. Red door? Jesus. Red door? Jesus.

Four dead at the Miramonte at 25th and Mission June 21, 1978.

Three at 1737 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 aint scared. I been hearing sirens for years. My number 646. Say so on my door. All numbers mean you gotta turn comin’. My purse 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 door like Jesus. You want this place so bad? You gotta come through me.



Participating Artists

Lead Collaborators
Amara Tabor-Smith- Lead
Collaborator/Choreographer/Performer
Ellen Sebastian Chang- Collaborating
Director/Dramaturg
Dr. Anthony Brown- Music Director
Marvin K. White- Poet
David Szlaza - Video

Performers/Collaborators
Brontez Purnell, Dave Abrams, Erin Mei-Ling Stuart, Eyla Josie Moore, Frances Cachapero, Jamal Hamilton, Jesse Hewit, Jonathan Campbell, José Navarrete, Laura Arrington, Lisa Ferretti, Marc Scruggs, Melanie Cutchon, Rami Margron, Rashidi Omari, Robert Henry Johnson, R. Jefferson Joseph, Shakiri Hudson, Sophia Wang, Wayne Hazzard and Zakiya Harris

Artist participating in selected dates
Cecilia Marta (June 21, 22 & 23)
Joanna Haigood (June 21 & 22)
Rashad Pridgen (June 15, 21 & 22)
Sherwood Chen (June 21, 22 & 23)
Wayne Hazzard (June 21 & 22)

Musicians
Fredrick Harris- piano, percussion
Richard Howell- saxophone, flute, percussion
Tossie Long - Voice

Production
Costumes- Rene Walker, Dana Kawano
Lighting Design- Jose Maria Francos
Additional Sound Design- Gabriel Todd
ODC Installation- Laura Diamondstone,
Amara T. Smith
Production Manager, Graphics - Ernesto Sopprani

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

Special Thanks
ABADÁ Capoeira & Marcia Treidler, Bonnie Kamin, Dana Kawano, Elnah Jordan, Jean Kusz, J’amal Hamilton, Jose Maria Francos, Kimi Okada, KT Nelson, Lisa Ferretti, Marc Bamuthi Joseph, Micia Mosely, Nina Berg, Pearl Ubungen, Bonnie Kamin, Picaro Restaurant, Salle Pianos, Simo Neri, Veronica Aiken, Brenda Way, Deborah Vaughn, Joe Goode, Blanche Brown, Robert Moses, Sara Shelton Mann, Kimi Okada, KT Nelson, Pearl Ubungen, Viracocha, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, and the generous R&M/ODC Commons dance community.

Photo Of Amara T. Smith By Ana Teresa Fernandez

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 Was 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 as collaborative and innovative as the creative process. 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, Shae Colett; Program Director, Michelle Lynch; Administrative Assistant, Elizabeth Chitty; Bookkeeper, Evangel King; and interns, Erika Burg and Jana Griffin

Board of Directors: Mary Armentrout, Aleta Hayes, Jaycfl Labio, Dana Lawton, Erin Mei-Ling Stuart, Robin Nasatir, Farah Yasmeen Shaikh, Patricia Svilik and Wayne Hazzard

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