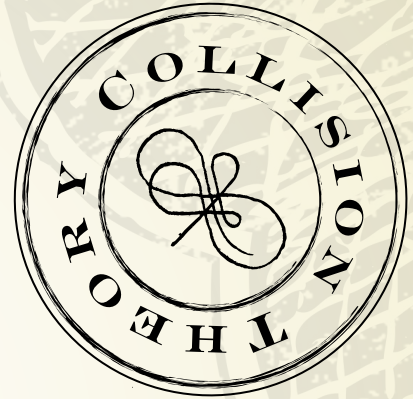




COLLISION THEORY





For Kirby

Stars collide.
Intertwined.
I am so grateful.
I have never looked back.



Photo: Hayley Young

Collision Theory was a year-long series of dance and music performances, letters, fashion shows, bacchanal parties, quiet dinners, films and photography that took place in my hometown of Seattle.

The events were eclectic. They had different moods, looks, artistic mediums, locations, scales and proximity. But there were constants: the performers, the movement vocabulary and the songs.

I was searching for intimacy with my audience. My vision was to use a year of artistic experiences, social gatherings and continued correspondence to cultivate a shared bond. My hope was that by the end, the performers would know the audience by name (or at least by face) and the collective memories cultivated along the way would create a subtext of belonging.

The intimacy accumulated naturally. We shared ourselves as we know how – through creating and gifting our art. And slowly our audience became familiar to us and to each other. We gravitated toward easy interactions and friendships were forged. As our audience returned again and again, we asked that they share their own stories. Soon, anonymous audience members became real people. Richard felt the tides of the Sheboygan River as a child, Amy's first Braeburn apple tasted like a miracle, and Maureen has not felt the sensation of going fast in a long time. Mack, Corine and Chloe are a beautiful family often seen together, and Lane listened to The Doors when he was young and always thought he would die before 30.

This book is as abstract as the Collision Theory project itself was. It is a collection of lyrics, images, stories and letters. They are disparate, incongruent, distinct. The ties that bind them together are the people who experienced and created these artifacts along the way.

Collide. I love the word.

Em - By the count of 10 we will all arrive
off going to arrive

COLLISION THEORY TIMELINE

PAPER TRAIL

June 17 & 18, 2012
On the Boards
Intimate performances
and letters written and received.

EMERALD CITY

October 15, 2012
Baby&Co., Jill and Wayne
Donnelly's boutique
Adornment, aesthetics and how we
present ourselves to the world.

REUNION

September 28, 2012
10 degrees
A pop-up gallery of
correspondence and
budding relationships.

RAUCOUS BACCHUS

December 15, 2012
Oola Distillery
The means, desire and
opportunity for wildness.

TIP OF THE TONGUE

February 2, 2013
Richard and Barbara's house
Sweet, salty, sour, bitter
and umami.

DREAM BRAIN

March 7, 2013
West Hall in Oddfellows Building
Films, visions and
subconscious fantasy.

VIEWFINDER

March 28-30, 2013
Suyama Peterson Deguchi
Cameras and personal
points of view.

THE FINALE

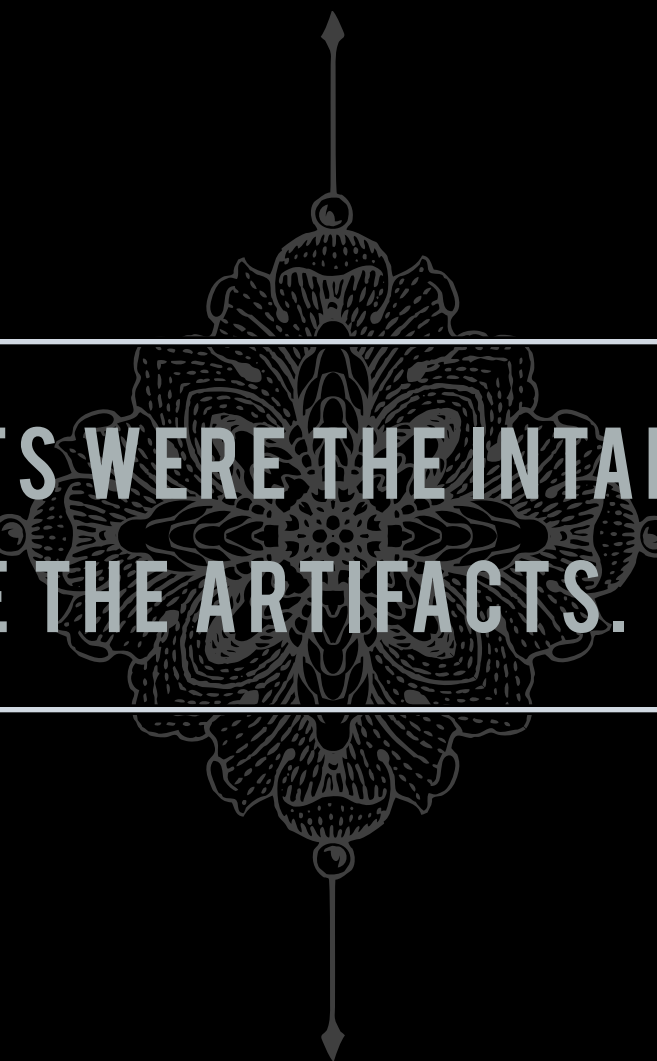
April 18-21, 2013
On the Boards
Dance, music and memories.

Collision Theory can only occur when the suitable particles of the reactant collide with each other.
Successful collisions have enough energy at the moment of impact to break the preexisting bonds and form all new bonds.

Photo: Christian Hansen



**THE EVENTS WERE THE INTANGIBLES.
THESE ARE THE ARTIFACTS.**



Slow Piece by KT + Ivory

in-ter-tuned the stars co-ride
 in-ter-tuned the stars co-ride
 red-ex-pand con-tract white du
 red ex pand con-tract white
 light sand (once the moon)?
 and light I sift trough sand once the moon
 ec ho ec ho ec ho for mha night ar

He rolled a barrel of flowers off the clock and got a misdemeanor.
 He rolled a tire down a hill and got another misdemeanor.
 We all rolled tires down that hill.
 That's why the building had holes in it.
 That's why you always looked up the hill before walking by.
 One should expect rolling tires.
 — Ivory Smith, composer

Ivory Smith

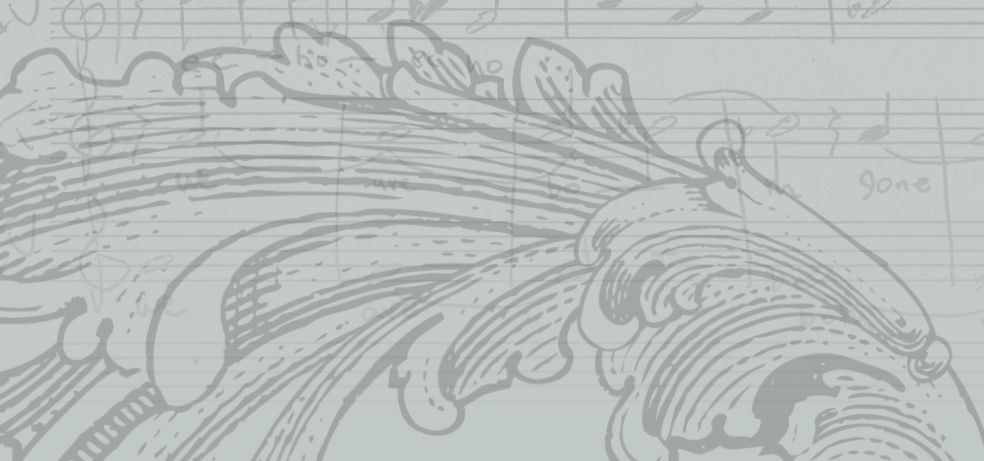


Photo: Hayley Young





Photos: Hayley Young



Nothing matters any more. I knew what I wanted. Now I only feel possibilities swelling - 10 foot swells. 20 foot swells. All around, the tumultuous sea of infinite joy threatens to engulf me. All is well. If I die - All is well. There is nothing to fear, because I am overwhelmed with love. I love this pen. I love the unknown. I know I will feel forever... in this moment.

COLLISION THEORY

PAPER TRAIL

- Establish personal connections.
- Keep track of everyone.
- Learn names.
- Get addresses.
- Continue correspondence.
- And so it began.

DP



Each matter spoken or unspoken, unspoken is precious in its awkwardness, like spending a cross-country flight with a stranger asleep on your shoulder.

- Sarah Lustbader, dancer

Sarah Lustbader

I don't feel weird

6/8 lead in - 4x

G A

Rhythmic - I don't feel weird - 24x

C D G G A#↓ C

I don't feel we--e ----ird - 2x

6/8 break - 2x

C C F A↓

Make me feel weird - 2x

C D D C D D

I'm not sore, I'm not tired - 2x

C C F A↓

Make me feel weird - 2x

G A

Rhythmic - I don't feel weird - 12x

D# F A# C A# F D D# D F A A# E↑ F# F G

I'm not so--re, I'm not ti--red. I don't feel weird. Make me feel weird.

G A

Rhythmic - I don't feel weird - 12x

C C F A↓

Make me feel weird - 2x

D# F A# C A# F D D# D F A A# G A# D D D CA

I'm not so--re, I'm not ti--red. I don't feel weird. Some-thing please exhaust m-e -

1x

C C F A↓

Make me feel weird - 2x

A letter we received in answer to a question we posed during Paper Trail inspired us to write a song. And so it goes.

EMERALD CITY

High fashion, dance, live music.

A boutique-turned-performance space.

We had fun.

A lot of fun.



I'm finding a longer invisible line between my tailbone and my heel.

I'm looking past my leg, reaching my head out from underneath me. I feel dozens of eyes on me. I lock onto the gaze of a man with icy blue eyes.

These eyes are familiar. I've seen them at another show. I find a sense of comfort in our laser beam focus. I keep moving, and in that very moment I realize I am in love with the space that's been created for me in this man's eyes.

- Emily Sferra, dancer

emily sf



Photos this page and next: Hayley Young



COLLISION THEORY

Dear Steven ~
 I am forgetful. Or negligent, or hyperactive, or lazy, or some damn thing. It's a frustrating way to live, and I've found that the best way to cope with this affliction is to write everything down. Well, almost everything, that is. Recently I was pawing through an old notebook and I found some things I'd like to share.

Many of these are quotes

"I eat Club Sandwiches all the time and I'm not even a member. I don't know how I get away with it." Mitch Hedberg

"When I was a boy I layed in my twin bed and wondered where my brother was" Mitch Hedberg

"It's always 'when you're with me, you're killing me, when you're not, I'm dying'"

Some of them are pretty funny

"The things you love are as stupid as the things you hate, and are easily interchangeable"

"How old would you be if you didn't know how old you were?"

Some of them are just interesting ideas

"Subatomic particles are nothing but strings vibrating at certain frequencies. Electrons, Proton, etc., are nothing but notes. The laws of physics are, in a sense, the laws of harmony. Chemistry is the melody, the universe is a symphony of vibrating strings, and the mind of god is cosmic music vibrating through eleven dimensional hyperspace." Michio Kaku

Writing things down is the only way I could remember any of this. Do you have a journal, or keep old letters? We'll be having a get together on Sept. 28th at 8:00pm at 10 degrees (on union between 12th and 14th). This is your invitation! Perhaps you can bring some of those old letters or a journal of some damn thing. Hope to see you there.

Some of these are serious

I met a girl named Andrea tonight. She was so drunk she had fallen and was floundering in the wet grass half way under a bush. She was bleeding, and when I helped her up a piece of her skin came off in my hand. She smelled like whisky and couldn't stand on her own, so I pretty much carried her back to her apartment. There were 2 keys on her ring and she tried to open the door with both of them about 6 times. I offered to try, and soon had the door open. She clung to my arm almost desperately. "I really like you, you're an amazing person" she said. But I left her standing just inside the door, safely home. As I walked away I'm pretty sure I heard the loud thump of her hitting the deck. I'm very thankful for this interaction. I feel good being back in Seattle. I hope that her faith in people is stronger because of this, I hope her faith in men is stronger. I know that my faith in myself is taking a turn for the better.

I assume that consciousness, in some form, is the essence of physical structure. Of course only physical entities that have the capacity for sensation, memory, and communication can describe their conscious experience. But other animate or even inanimate matter may have some form of immediate experience, all be it, much simpler than our own.

Stay up, Rock out, Get down, Swing Low, Sean Tomerlin

- Sean Tomerlin, dancer



Handwritten notes on the right side of the page, including:

- ni 69nd f 69796nd "20W"
- When you're not, I'm dying"
- "How old would you be if you didn't know how old you were?"
- nothing but strings vibrating at certain frequencies. Electrons, Proton, etc., are nothing but notes. The laws of physics are, in a sense, the laws of harmony. Chemistry is the melody, the universe is a symphony of vibrating strings, and the mind of god is cosmic music vibrating through eleven dimensional hyperspace." Michio Kaku
- Do you have a journal, or keep old letters? We'll be having a get together on Sept. 28th at 8:00pm at 10 degrees (on union between 12th and 14th). This is your invitation! Perhaps you can bring some of those old letters or a journal of some damn thing. Hope to see you there.
- Stay up, Rock out, Get down, Swing Low, Sean Tomerlin

RAUCOUS BACCHUS

A carnal carnival in a distillery.

A madhouse with over 200 guests.

Live music and dance of all shapes and sizes in every corner.

We asked for more.

Risk more. Want more.

Reveal more. Request more.



No Words. Still blinking. No Air.

The stars are dangling the moon is still there. Voices drizzle away eyes blinking in darkness. Why couldn't I have collided with the stars instead? Or perhaps the sun.

- Molly Sides, dancer

Molly Sides

SOUNDTRACK TO A YEAR

Original Collision Theory songs
by KT, Ivory and Scott

RAIN BEATS DOWN

It was nocturnal the year it started.
She woke up early, standing still.
Watch the garden, the mist is ragged.
You shift your gaze, you look to see.

Dressing quickly, tongue touching cheek.
She's walking fast, up the path.
A huge bright spider walks cross her feet.
Eyes open wide, the rain has started.
(repeat from top)

The rain is pelting, pouring, flushing, stinging.
Sky opens wider, you wash your hands.
Your thoughts are frozen, you think you see her.
In a shiny flashing, you know her name.
Heels clicking, clicking, she's gaining speed.
But the rain stays with you, and her hair is dry.
Your chin juts forward, your heels sink downward.
You glance behind you, the garden's drowning.

Drown
Drowning

I HAVE THIS FEELING

Huge bright spider
Change your name
But the bite is still the name
Capture, prey, air, breathing, birds, lizards, silk, spinning (repeat)
I have this feeling that if you get closer
I might think you are very small.
I might get worried that you are very small.
I have this feeling that if you get closer
I might think you are very small.
Like a fly on my eyelashes.
I might get worried that you are very small.
Then I would capture you
And take you
Outside

I WATCH YOU INHALE

Looking up, looking up (repeat)

Your heart hard to forget (repeat)

I watch you inhale, I watch you inhale, I know you will, I know you will,
I watch you inhale, I watch you inhale, I know you. (repeat)

You twist your ear, I know you pretty well, you twist your ear, I know you pretty well,
you twist your ear, I know you pretty well, you twist your ear, I know you pretty well,
you twist your ear.

Clinking sound rocks in glasses, clinking sound rocks in glasses,
clinking sound rocks in glasses, clinking sound, sound, rocks, I know you well.

Your words are hard to forget, especially when a hundred letters read
Your face is hard to forget, especially when a thousand photos sent
(repeat)

Your heart is hard to forget (repeat 4x)

You twist your ear... (repeat above)

CUPCAKE

There is something that is really important that you do right now.
There is something that is really, really important that you do for me right now.
If you could just do this very important one thing for me right now,
I will be extremely happy –
In the future.

And the next time I see you I will really, really, really like you.
A lot more than I like you right now.
If you can just do this one little thing for me.
It has to be perfect and if it's perfect then I can tell you straight up.
I will really, really, really like you a lot more than I do at this moment in time.

I will take you out for cupcakes. And you can have the bigger cupcake.
When normally, I want you to have the smaller version of that sweet thing.
But listen.
Listen, because I've been asking you for a long time now.
I've been asking you the same question in a lot of different ways and so far, we haven't had a small agreement.
What do you think, we're getting closer.

Just look at me, don't look me in the eyes but look at me
anywhere else
Look down
Look at my chin

HEADLIGHTS

Headlights, so bright (repeat 8x)
I'm in the backseat, close my eyes
You drive too bright. I ask why
Do you feel like a machine?
Have you heard anything from her, at all?

One more day on this white page
The ship and wake on open space
(repeat)

Headlights, so bright (repeat 8x)

Do you feel like a machine?
Have you heard anything from her, at all?

One more day on this white page
The ship and wake on open space
(repeat)

Headlights, so bright (repeat 4x)
Your heart is hard to forget (repeat 4x)

You twist your ear... (repeat above)

SAD CITY

Forget your name.
There are no names.
This is a never-ending stream of winding tales pushing into ruined buildings.
Broken hearts.
Drink the warm story waters and you're starting to steam.
Complicating the mix. And brewing trouble.

Black smoke, broken hearts, even though the skies are blue
North of night and heart of blue, brewing under sea of you.
Standing by a mournful sea a never-ending stream of trouble (repeat)
My smoky sadness is starting to steam.

I have forgotten your name.
You have forgotten my name.
You have forgotten your name.
I have forgotten my name.

Ah ah....

SHINING NIGHT

fingers clasp
hands draw near
hearts all whole
shadows clear
this shining night
made shadows bright
hands drawing near
complete the sphere
complete the sphere
hands draw near
complete the sphere
half moons
perfect circles
shadows holding back spheres
this shining night
made shadows bright
hands draw near
complete the sphere
hearts all whole (repeat 3x)
this shining night
made shadows bright
fingers clasp
hands draw near
hearts all whole
shadows clear
complete the sphere



Scott Colburn, Audio Wizard



What does your map look like?

This is being read to you.

I avoid eye contact.

I'm jealous of birds but I
will not dig getting insects
in my teeth when I acquire
my wings and take off.

My map does not
provide directions.

But there is every scar.
If you know your history
then you are never lost.

Markeith Wiley, dancer

Markeith Wiley





TIP OF THE TONGUE

A dinner for 20 people.

Taste, sound, smell, sight and touch.

Conscious, present, alive, connected.

Indescribably exquisite food from Chef Tyler.

M E N U

AMUSE BOUCHE

Taste – consommé of matsutake mushroom and herbs

Sound – Aaron's childhood mushroom story

Image – Nisha's Northwest mushroom floral composition

Movement – Interactive welcome toast + duets

FIRST

Taste – kusshi oyster with sunchoke mousse, Meyer lemon, crème fraiche and horseradish

Sound – water sounds played through individual headphones for each guest

Image – oyster /river rock/ water glass vessels

Movement – vessel creation + headphone placement movement vocabulary

SECOND

Taste – crudo of kanpachi with marinated beet, avocado, pomegranate dressing and finger lime

Sound – drone into slow song

Image – pomegranates on platters with avocados, beets and limes

Movement – tactile exploration and painting with food

THIRD

Taste – warm salad of mushrooms, Hokkaido squash, foie gras, black grape and truffle

Sound – Ivory's collage of Northwest woods sounds (headphones)

Image – mushroom arrangement brought to center of table

Movement – fawn dance (Mol, Em, Jul) + headphone dance repeat

FOURTH

Taste – steelhead trout with green apple, fennel, smoked steelhead trout roe and fine herbs

Sound – Ivory's collage of river and apple stories from guests

Image – low light, luscious apples

Movement – candelabras placed by Markeith, Sean; apples strewn on table by Mol, Jul, Em

FIFTH

Taste – prawn, clam, sea urchin and pork belly with braised radish, Brussels sprout

leaves, mustard seed and miso

Sound – "floating sky, floating sea" pre-recorded without lyrics

Image – reconfigured tables, new seating arrangement

Movement – sit down and eat with the guests, talk about a memorable meal

LAST

Taste – black sesame sponge cake, coconut tapioca, pineapple, basil

Sound – Ivory / KT sing "floating sky, floating sea"

Image – coconut snow

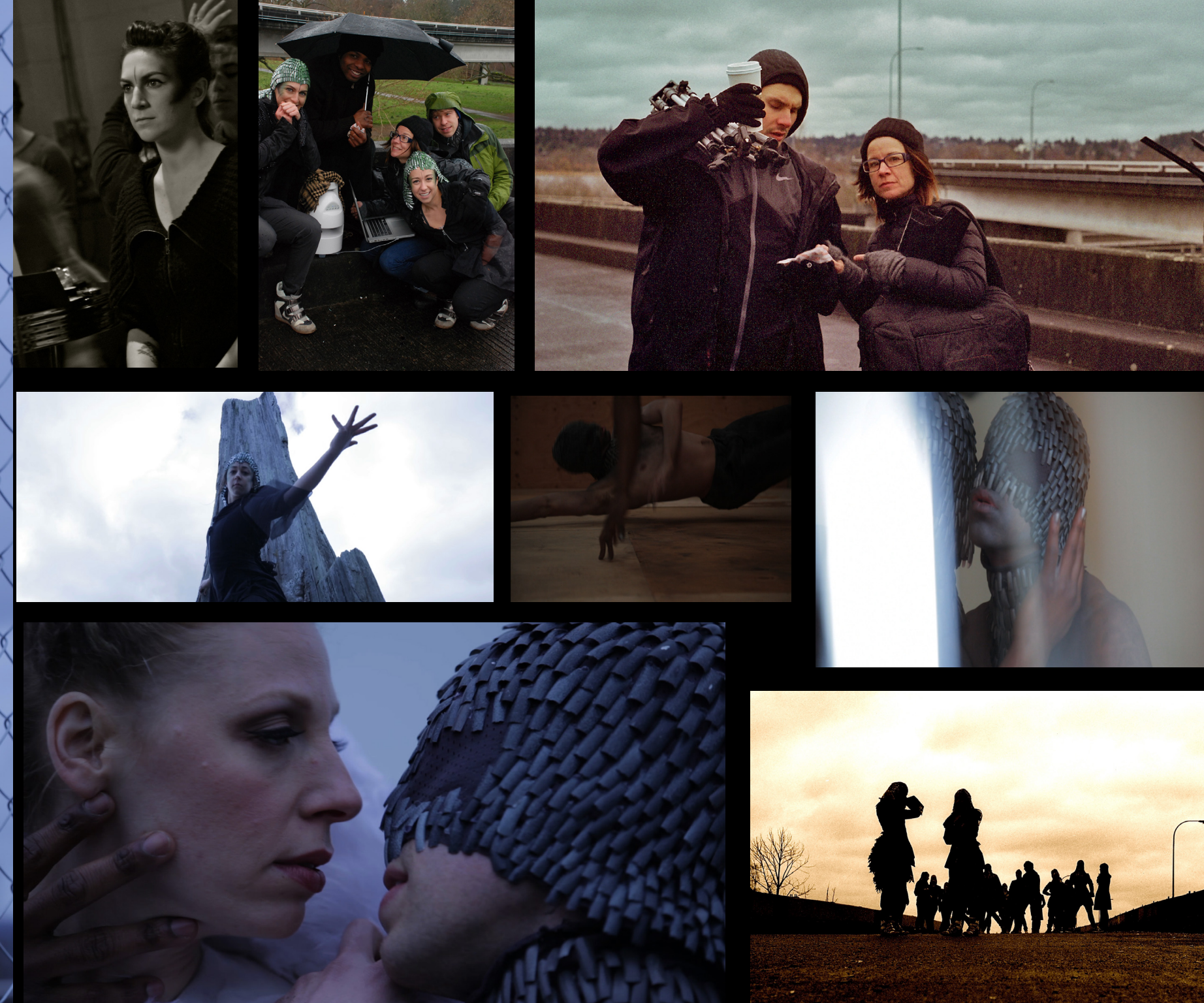
Movement – dancers sprinkle coconut over guests and on tables



Photo: Linas Phillips

DREAM BRAIN

We made two videos over the course of the project. Then we showed the videos over popcorn, cocktails, and conversation.





VIEWFINDER

A simple and serene gallery space.

Dance, sound and three cameras with
different points of view.

We danced for five hours a day and the audience
captured moments in time as they came and went.

THE BOND OF A BREAK

A collision of sorts through the floorboards.

Each step leaves a footprint toward the ground less known.

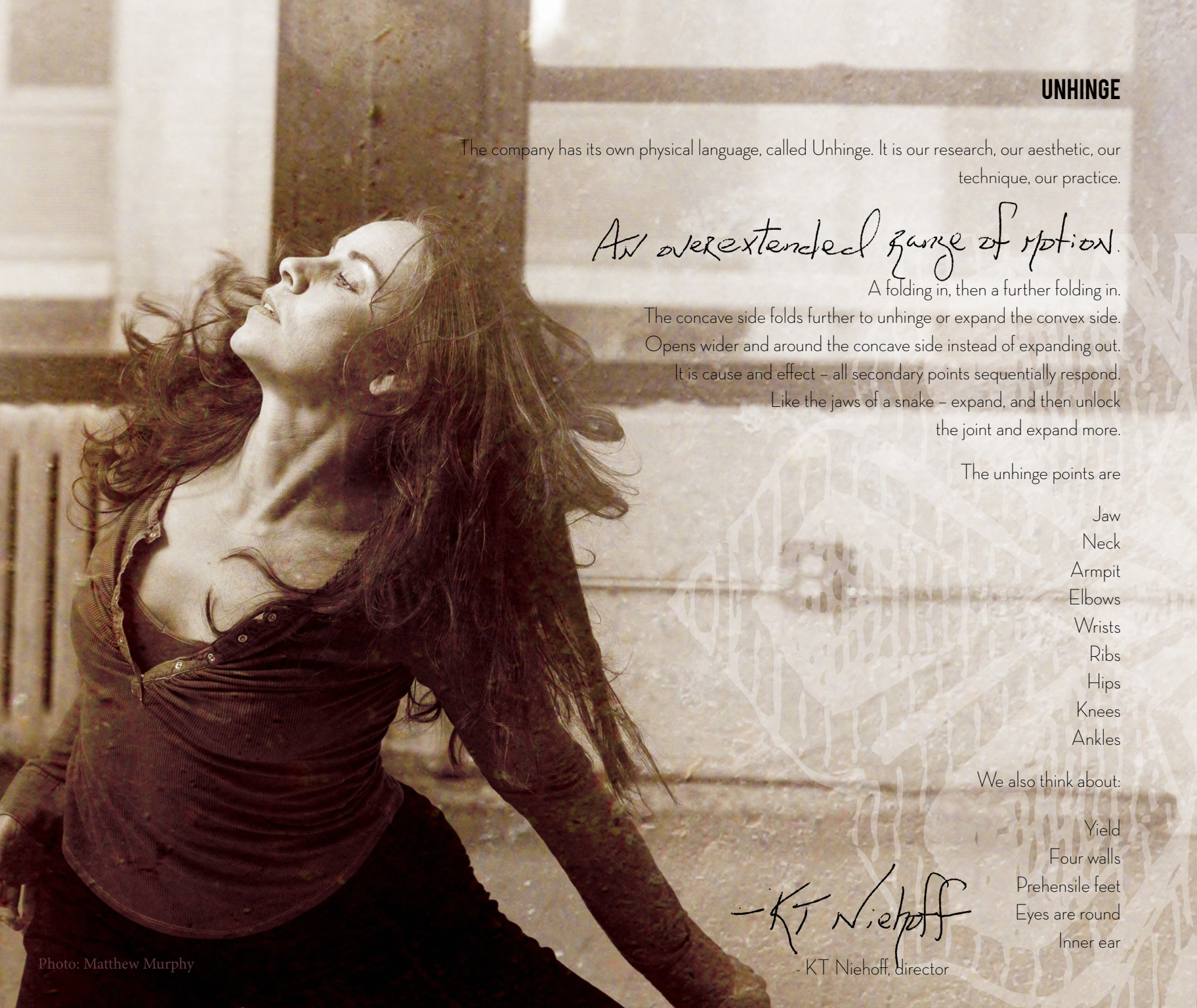
We all write, engrave, mark and dismantle the paper in our laps.

It is an effort to realize the effort of the particles.

A collision of dimensions, churches, childhoods, memories, histories.

- Jul Kostelancik, dancer





UNHINGE

The company has its own physical language, called Unhinge. It is our research, our aesthetic, our technique, our practice.

An overextended range of motion.

A folding in, then a further folding in.

The concave side folds further to unhinge or expand the convex side.

Opens wider and around the concave side instead of expanding out.

It is cause and effect – all secondary points sequentially respond.

Like the jaws of a snake – expand, and then unlock the joint and expand more.

The unhinge points are

- Jaw
- Neck
- Armpit
- Elbows
- Wrists
- Ribs
- Hips
- Knees
- Ankles

We also think about:

- Yield
- Four walls
- Prehensile feet
- Eyes are round
- Inner ear

-KT Niehoff

- KT Niehoff, director



Planning for

THE FINALE

The most formal.

A theater.

A humble request to have the audience sit down and witness us. A collection of memories filling the room with subtext and weight.

And so it ends.



COLLISION THEORY:THE BOOK

Writers/content wranglers: Amy Bosch and KT Niehoff

Design: Lyejim Kallas-Lewis

COLLISION THEORY:THE PROJECT

**Inception, Direction, Production, Choreography
and Music Composition:** KT Niehoff

Music Composition and Conceptual

Collaborator: Ivory Smith

Sound Designer, CD Producer and additional Music

Composition: Scott Colburn

Dancers/Movement Innovators:

Jul Kostelancik

Sarah Lustbader

Emily Sferra

Molly Sides

Sean Tomerlin

Markeith Wiley

Photographer:

Hayley Young

Cinematographers:

Christian Hansen

Linas Phillips

Sebastien Scandiuzzi

Light Designer:

Evan Ritter

Chef for Tip of the Tongue:

Tyler Moritz

Word Wranglers:

Amy Bosch (writer and creative thinker from start to end)

Rob Dalton (episodic project and event language)

Costume and Hair/Makeup Designers:

Lindsey Watkins

Ben Delacreme

Clothing Curation:

Jill and Wayne Donnelly of Baby&Co.

Logo design:

Lyejim Kallas-Lewis

Administrative Miracle Worker:

Annie McGhee

The Best Volunteer a Girl Could Hope For:

Ruth "Chonger" Haney

Special thanks to Kelly Sullivan, who was deeply involved in the early research of the project, and to Alia Swersky for her incredible talents as a guest performer and artistic guide.

Additional thanks to: the incredible cast and crew of Rain Beats Down, especially Stacy Paczan, my assistant director; ACT Theatre, Kurt Beattie, Alyssa Byer, Nichole Cochran and Carlo Scandiuzzi; On the Boards, Rich Bresnahan, Lane Czaplinski, Julian Martlew, Jessica Massart, Mark Meuter and Sarah Wilkie; Greg Stebbins; Oola Distillery, Kirby Kallas-Lewis, Jess Bartow, Neil Tiland; Suyama Peterson Deguchi, Emma Schultz and George Suyama; Barbara Johns and Richard Hesik; Case van Rij, Deborah Vogel; Cynthia Putnam and Mark Groudine; Fleurish, Nisha Kelen and Amir Klein; Mark Bradley, Milo Bradley, Kallyn Bosch, Josh Brevoort, Kim Colaprete and Chavi Hohm, Alice de Muizon, Jim Graham, Mott Green, Chad Griffin, Jody Keuhner, Hallie Kuperman, Craig Labenz, Corine Landrieu, Nancy Maisano, Mack Murphy, Zachary Paceb, Calie Swedberg, Rosa Vissers, and the countless other generous souls who helped us in ways large and small.

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