

Transcript of *The Marches of Divine Chaos*

Part of *What Can You Learn From the Land You Are On?*

AUDIO DESCRIPTION:

This is the extended audio description version for the short film “Marches of Divine Chaos”. The film’s credits are as follows:

Credits:

Concept, Performance, Poem, Sculpture: Viv Moore

Videographer: Dave Wilson

Sound Design: Joseph Snook

Editor: Ed Sinclair

The narrator of the poem in the film is Viv Moore.

During the film Viv dances and moves in an early spring garden and yard. Viv is a white woman in her early 70’s with shoulder length wavy grey hair pulled back at the top. She wears black lace up leather ankle boots, grey capri pants, a blue floral-patterned shirt, and a turquoise lined sleeveless jacket with a pumpkin orange pattern.

Viv performs an interpretive dance of movement sequences. Her movements are repeated gestures in varying intensities. In one movement she brings her hands down from over her head one at a time as she stands with a straight back. She does the same with bent elbows and also as she sways side to side.

The film features close ups of tree trunks, and rocks surrounded by yellow grass and dried leaves. There are handmade colourful pixies, placed in some of the trees. They are palm sized and made of colourful cloth and yarn. During a quiet moment the camera is facing up towards a hole in the tree branches. She pops her head through it and faces the camera for a moment. Once she sits curled in a ball at the base of a tree. She moves her hands from her left to right as if transporting something from side to side. In the moment where we hear her dialogue, she is kneeling with her hands in dark soil. She then rubs the black earth on her face and arms. At the beginning and end of the video she drags a long narrow sword behind her along a stone garden path.

[The following is a transcription of Viv Moore performing her poem:]

It's where my soul lies; the geography that makes my heart sing
chaos, beauty and change
meadows, buttercups, snowdrops and lavender
canals sliced through the earth
ancient mounds and barrows of ritual or observance
gentle rolling hills, shifting into barren mountains
post-war air raid pockmarks I played on
slag heaps and black snot industry gifted me
eccentric personalities that moved me to love
flowers and gardens I will smell for a lifetime
pathways, lych-gates, meandering and tramping for breath and meditation along the hedgerows
tough gritty existence of workers who could only stop when others decided
underworld of Faerie, Goblins, Piskies and Elves who lived full-time at the bottom of my garden
layers of earth and ancestor bones, heaped together, mixed with swords, jewels and all treasure
map-churned from centuries of worm-moving
secrets of 16th century walls, priest holes and caves revealed upon dowsing or GPR
not-straight lines and roads with names that carry the oddities of word-play
mysteries of human occupation and colonization
rugged or gentle coasts that became Pirate or Privateer graves
crumbling cliff faces giving up their lifespan where humans jump off to a sort of freedom
smelting, coal-mining and gouging of gentleness to provide jobs
aroma of sips of tea inhaled by landscape savages for profit
holiday sand paddlers looking for pennies from yesterday's donkey rides
deaths of souls who are changed into 'no longer here'
graves with long-rotting flowers, willing to receive more bodies
dowsing of lines to gather and process elemental magic, charging and magnetizing the above, below and
around

crystals, soil, dirt, dust, rocks, plants, sand, coal and crock I dug up when I was 7
deaths of minds that change or linger

CREDITS INSERTED OVER BLACK:

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