

Wasíscanbe

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Introduction

“And I’d Swim to the Sun”, these words courtesy of Cee-lo Green are the definition of possibilities and imagination. And somewhere in between the two, I begin to know what inspiration can be. My intent is not to show you, rather to share me. This form of writing won’t be traditional by any means, yet it is a meeting point where my intuitive thoughts and physical writing can merge. The longest moment I will ever experience is this one right here. And as this moment happens in the past, present and future, invaluable experiences direct my path and shape my understanding. Sharing random thoughts and experiences on, in and through time allows my mind to flow how it naturally flows without trying to conform to the rhythm of my mouth or conventional expectations.

Time-travel was the focus of my interest. Now it is the vehicle of my journey. As I travel back and fourth, in and out, jewels of knowledge are acquired. I’ve seen balance through time, I’ve seen honor through time, and I’ve seen G.O.D. through time. I see balance as a result of the processes that we practice through out life. Patience, discipline, care, understanding. I see honor as a result of taking accountability and being aware of our progress. And I see G.O.D. as a result of embracing your journey and ‘Gaining One’s Definition’. The sharing of my experiences and my perspectives are reflections of how I view inspiration in and through time. Whether times with my family, inspiring song quotes or realized self knowledge, whether past, present or future, time has its place in everything. *What was, What is, What can be!*

Lay of the Land

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"Trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquility"

-Khalil Gibran-

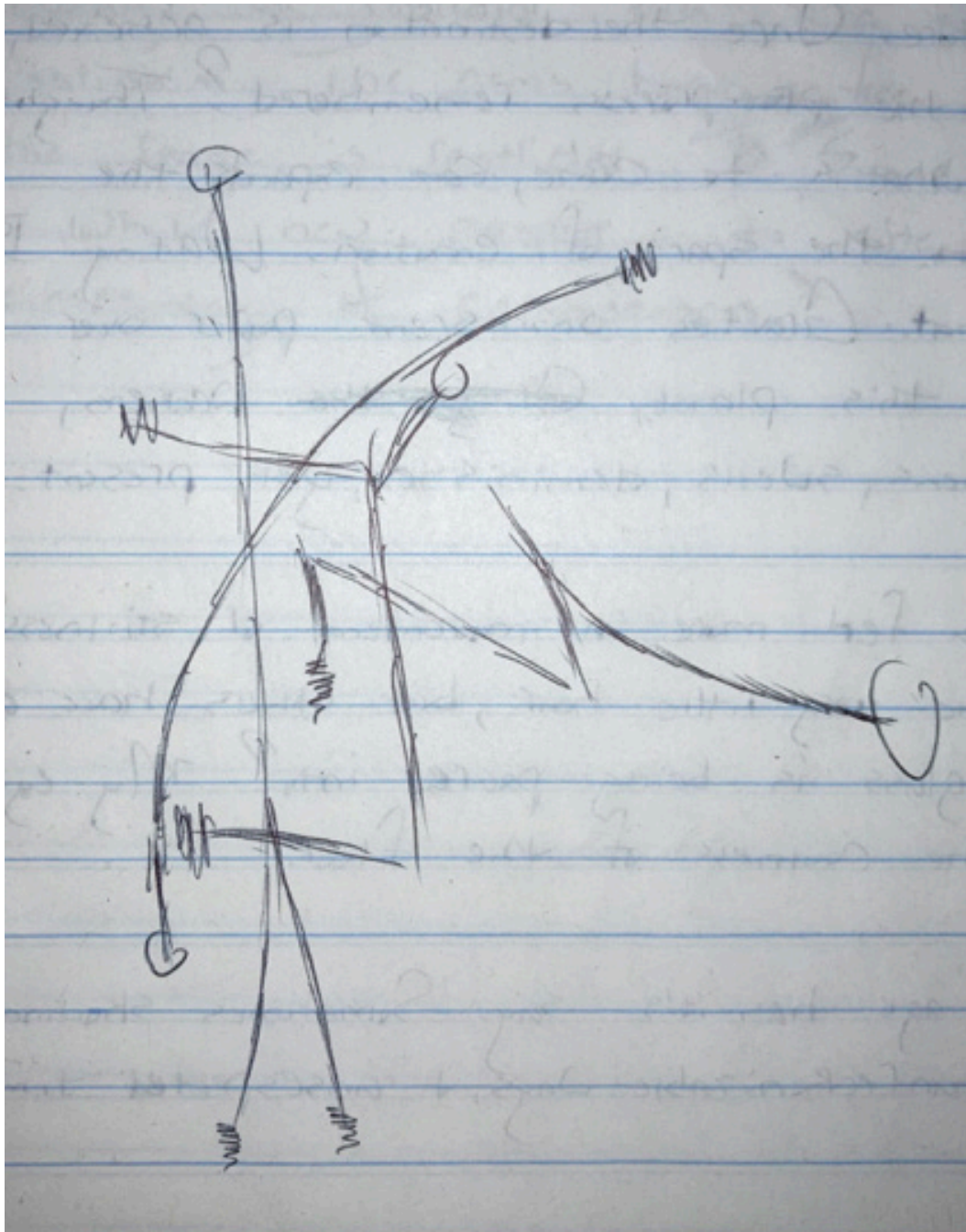
Continuum

I'm thinking about what will be felt in the future. Once the destination is achieved, how is the process remembered? Thoughts about what is to come expands the space of emotion. Waiting! But for what? Gravity's omniscient power over all on this planet weakens, strengthens, swells, diminishes, it is never not present. Are you felt more in movement or stillness? Energy in opposing directions. There is a constant searching for what is in constant motion. Submission to the process of revisiting the beginning. And it extends at every end. What is seen? What is felt? Here or somewhere else?



Change is happening so much these days. Feelings of restraint even in a slow continuum. The arms become free, yet the range is restricted. Sound adds a whole new perspective to sight. Like tools that have always been there, now becoming primary. A reimagining of circumstances. I don't think I am allowing things to change, they just are. Some of these things I don't want to change, but is this a part of the process to submit to.

Crossroads of Time



.....Crossroads

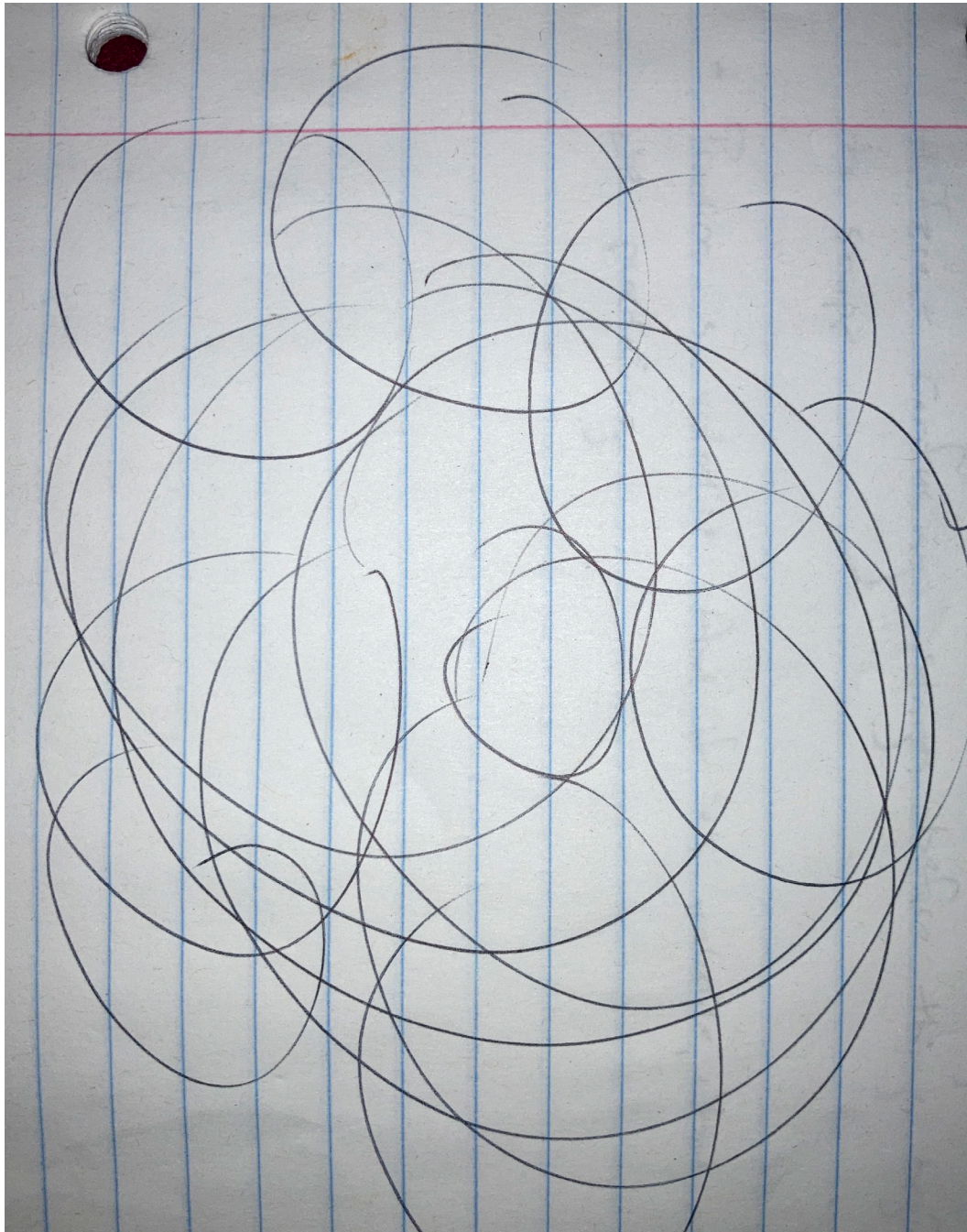
To totally change a direction of travel takes effort.

Some might say, even a decision. I feel like timing is

the culmination where time and travel meet. The effect of something in your control collaborating with something out of your control.

A choice is made and the ride begins again, until the next possible crossroad. Maybe there is no next crossroad and we've crossed all that we will. That's the beautiful yet terrifying thing about life. Because even when you're choosing your poison/medicine, others are doing the same. But there's no telling in what directions our choices will send us. I once heard that the only difference between a poison and a medicine is dosage. And both can replace the other depending on the situation. Good times in our lives possibly driven by bad ingredients or tough times possibly there to teach us a lesson. Similar to the crossroads, even if you have your own tactics, life has its own plan. If the tactics align with the plan, even in the smallest of ways, consider yourself lucky.

Overlapping Time Loop



.....Was, Is, Can Be

I can't tell *where* one circle ends and *where* another begins. Nor can I tell *when* one circle ends and *when* another begins. Maybe there's just one circle, revealing itself over and over again in different ways. Maybe in different times and spaces. I think I like the latter, just one circle. Sometimes we go through changes that have profound effects, and some have very insignificant effects. Most of the time, these effects aren't felt at the moment of change, but spread throughout different planes of existence like taking a time machine to the past and changing something, or to the future to pre-experience. Except we are the past and the future, void of the time machine. We are here, we are there, we are everywhere. We are then, now and what will be.



)=read right to left
(=read left to right

Imagine This

I hopefully give impossible impossibilities
Foundation would pretend forever occasionally
Missing time cultivates sublime possibilities
“Imagine (What was, What is, What can be) This”

The future is great inspiration for the present, And the present for the past, and the past for the

.resides Ember Yasmine Laila where place that to back get to trying time my spend I .future

Playful energy, boundless energy, but most of all, boundless possibilities. Thank you for

.growth towards path the sets morning every to start reoccurring A .ember this reigniting

Noticeable or not noticeable: Growth! I wake up, 400 activations, an orange, a banana and a

,funny It's .doing am I ever what into herself inserts she as ,proud be would Laila think I .smile

as I watch a video of her dancing, doing specific moves, it breeds inspiration and vision into

she ,video the in doing is she what ,time same the at and ,lens my effects She .skin my

learned from being around me. Who influences who? Is she the past, present or future? Or

is possibilities see to enough wide and open imagination An ?future or present ,past the I am

where I want her to live. Void of fear to try, consumed by desire to pursue and master.

myself elevate to ,France in here being for reason very My .me on work do will her on work My

for her. To acknowledge impossibilities, but not submit to them. To remember where you've

.action and knowledge of process endless That .forward move to continue but ,from come

‘Fiery Flower Born at Night’, that is the definition of “Achieving the Impossible”

“Love’s Deceit”

Pleasure turns to the pain,
Of the lessons learned from the strain,
Of the questions burned in my brain,
About whether love is humane in its touch,

My Take: The feeling of love that is good has turned to pain. Heartbreak teaches so many lessons through pain. Even in this form, love is worth it!

These thoughts are like salmon swimming upstream in the tears of your deceit,
Fighting the current hurt that kills more than is created,
By the chaos of our intertwined emotions,
Chaotic because the anchor of Eros’ arrow has been plucked from the vessel,
Of my undying infatuation,

My Take: Understanding of a love broken can be difficult, maybe impossible. Fish swimming against the current, and as emotions run, no sense is made of this love lost. The Greek god of love and sexual desire has been ripped from what was once so passionately craved.

Separation not as simple as the distance between us,
My mind no longer possessed by the demons,
That had been the overseers of my enslavement to your lies,

My Take: To be apart is connected to more than the physical. Yet, possibilities arise when away from a person and their lies.

The seeds of these lies rooted so deeply,
They’ve cracked the foundation of what we once shared,
Allowing the faith in us I had sealed inside to gush out like a river,
Ripping the image of our future together from my thoughts,
As violently and as brutally as if it were a child,
Being taken from his mother’s arms,

My Take: The love and everything connected has been forever affected by the lies. And after the love was gone, so was the thought. Separating what isn’t meant to be apart, the pain of this loss is unbearable.

I'm left surrounded in darkness,
But I refuse to be swallowed by it,
My loneliness like the night air, invisible to the eye, oblivious to the touch,
In its cold uncomfortableness,

*My Take: Fighting against the abandonment. Fighting the submission of pain.
Yet, still aware of the uncomfortableness.*

Yet if I could do it all over again,
I'd do it in the same skin I'm in,
To lay down and let love die,
Just stay down and let love lie, Nah Nah not I,
I'll stay round and let love fly,
Even though I have seen its darkest form, deceit,
Nothing else could taste this warm or feel this sweet.

*My Take: If I had the chance, I wouldn't change anything. To submit to
the pain of love is not an option. In fact, I'll wait to see its journey.
Even though the possibility of pain exists, there is nothing else like love.*

Poem: Big Rube

Translation: Gary W Jeter II

Everything happens for a reason...

I agree. Everything does happen for a reason. At the same time, I think that most people don't or won't see or acknowledge the reasons that are very clear and objective. When I hear people say everything happens for a reason, I think of the past. I think of the natural order of time and the causes and effects that exist. Time and existence move in one direction, forward. As something happens, that event is saved in time, forever! You can't change it or even erase it. But you can look back and reflect on memories of that event because it happened. You can learn from the past, you can regret the past, you can be affected by the past, you can even try to repeat the past, but you can't change the past. Most of the time when people say everything happens for a reason, it's in relationship to a loss or something bad that has occurred (past). Yet, there is an internal thought process that says, the reason or reasons will reveal themselves in time. And to add on top of that, a yearning for a reason that gives a sense of peace and acceptable understanding. As one waits and looks to the future for understanding, they chase an infinite number of possibilities, in the end subjectively choosing which possibilities they want to apply to the past. And when this happens, the real reason is ignored and true understanding never matures.

Stay with me for a moment... Say I walk out of the grocery store and head to my car. I open the back door and put my groceries in the backseat, I close the door, open the front door, get in the car and start the ignition. The front of my car is facing out so I have an easy exit. As I go to pull out I see that no cars are coming, so I give the car a little bit of gas. As the car takes off it goes backwards and it hits the car parked behind me. At that moment I look down and see that I mistakenly put the car in reverse. After meeting with the police and getting insurance information from the driver of the other car, a week goes by and I get an estimate from the insurance company. The total that I have to pay out-of-pocket is \$6000. After I go over the numbers with my wife, we notice how tight things are going to be financially for a while because of this, she says "there's a lesson to be learned in this", "everything happens for a reason."

The Reason: I put the car in reverse instead of drive.

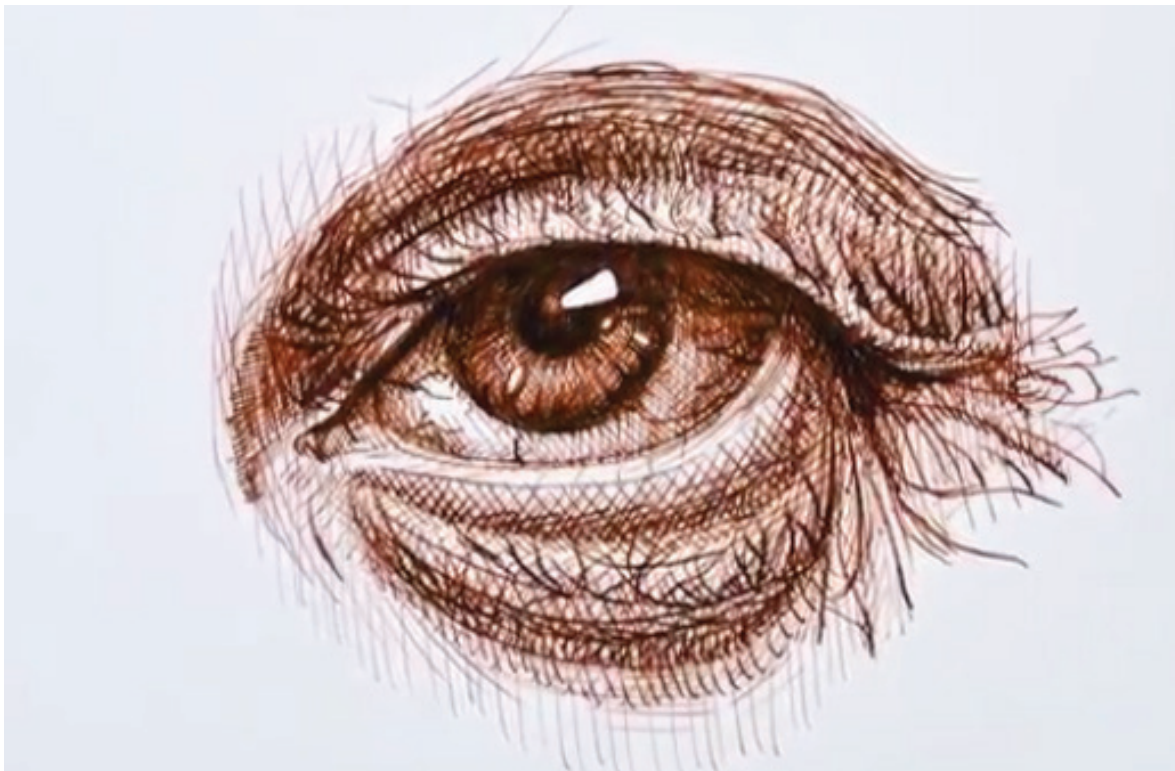
Something a little more serious and personal... 15 years ago my uncle Freddie got into a motorcycle accident. He was riding down the street, and at the intersection of a red light a car from the perpendicular street ran the light and crashed into my uncle. He flew around 50 feet off of the bike after he was struck. He was taken to the hospital with serious injuries, and ended up with serious brain damage. His life has been changed forever. He can't do the digital advertising work he used to do because his mind is not what it used to be. My uncle's wife, my Aunt Nakia, has been listening to the words of encouragement and support from friends and family for years as my uncle recovers. One thing I heard consistently over the years that many people said to my aunt is, "Freddie is truly blessed, remember everything happens for a reason". When people say these things, it sounds as if they are talking about a specific reason that has yet to come for why this has happened to him. Which then can become inconsistent, because how can you already be blessed by something that has yet to happen?

The Reason: Someone ran the red light.

There can be a confusion between why an event happens, and searching for something to bring meaning to that event. Searching for that meaning isn't a problem at all. It can be a driving force that lifts and expands your expectations and values of living. But what happens if you never find that meaning, especially if you are trying to attach it to an event that has already occurred? Does that event become meaningless? I say no... Mainly because meaning can exist in any form. And anyone may or may not grasp that meaning. That meaning becomes specific to each individual in relationship to an event.

Not to further the debate, but just to play devil's advocate against myself... if I'm saying that when you speak of the future, you're speaking of many possibilities, entertaining an uncertainty of what is to come then maybe one could say the same thing about the past. It wasn't just the obvious thing that caused the event, but the many things that caused the many things leading to the event. I guess at the beginning and end of the day, meanings and reasons are in the eye of the beholder...

... But what if the beholder is time? What is time's assessment of the meaning of certain events? And what if time's eye has become warped? For whatever reason, does that perspective mean anything in relation to the event? This beholder exists pre, pres and post. It is constant until it isn't. If time is the beholder, then infinite possibilities come into play. What time? Who's time? Where in time? Aging is time, and this is also reflected in the eyes. 20/20 becomes a relatively distant thing, and distance can become unrecognisable. Yet, things are seen that only age allows. There's an old saying that says, 'a new broom can sweep the floor, but an old broom knows where the dirt is.'





The Wisdom & The Knowledge

I wonder what my daughter will think when I tell her that we met twice before she was born. She will probably look at me like I'm crazy, but it's true! My wife and I decided that we didn't want to know the sex of our baby so it would be a surprise! A beautiful journey of unknowing that we traveled together. When my wife was 4 months pregnant I had a dream about my unborn child. And in this dream was a baby girl. And when I looked at her, she looked back at me with a smile. 'Till this day, even though it was a dream, the feeling of joy is unforgettable. 3 months later I had another dream about my unborn child. And again, in my dream was a baby girl. And not just a baby girl, the same baby girl! In this dream she was a little bit older than the last. And when I looked at her, she looked back at me and smiled, but with a little sass this time. I remember waking up smiling, and even though our child wasn't born yet, I felt like I kind of knew. Yet at the birth, I was still surprised and amazed as she entered this world.

The Understanding

The memories of my dreams travel with me. And in those dreams was my daughter. Before she was here, she was here, because I am here. Is time governed by existence or is existence governed by time? The perspective changes how the balance between the two are distributed. The communication is what was, what is, and what can be. I am humbled by the *what was* because for me it existed in two different realities and continues to give me joy. I am welcoming to the *what is* because submission to it is how I truly honor the present. And I am inspired by the *what can be* because it proves my dreams are reality. Because what is the present, if not yesterday's future and tomorrow's past?

Blue-Sky Language

Below is an expanding list of verbal motifs, used to re-direct traditional interpretations of language used in dance. I use these words to open up imagery and continue to unlock the next level of discovery. These essential ideas spill out from my experiences and pour into my class. Concepts of essence and translation journey through methods of personal exploration.

Surgery - To dig deep and break down the methods of thought and physicality.

Method - A synonym for technique: used to open the lens and possibilities for an individual process of figuring out.

Extension - A lengthening concept, not a compression. This happens with all body parts, not just the legs.

G.P. - Gravity's Plié. Gravity affects the entire body, at the same time. We change the distribution.

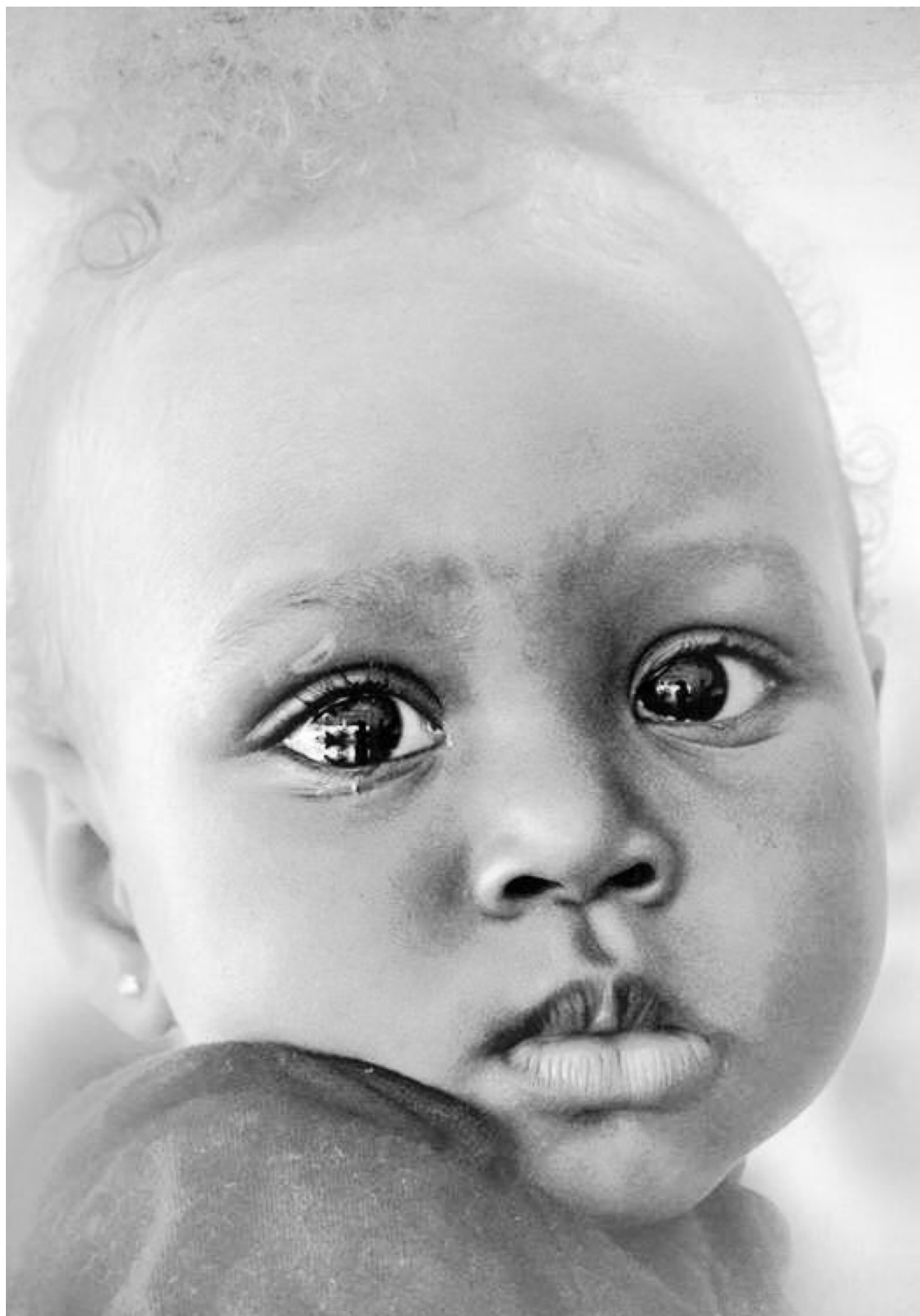
Contour - A molding from the inside out, arriving at a shape and beyond.

Blossom - A rippling through to show growth. (A flower that opens.)

Chillevé - That space between flat and demi point. (It allows for a floating groove.)

Perspective





‘Inspiration’

Her eyes are clear as tear water. Even though I see pain, her focus reaches to me with comfortability. The fight in her body language exudes will unlike any other I have seen. Through all my time in this world, this *present* is the clearest. She inspires me unlike any other. Inspiration anew. This moment never gets old, it's never too far, continues to spread and never dies.

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Images

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