

Audio Summary: My Whys is an audio choreography with musical backing composed and created by Hannah Miller of The Moulettes.

The music track incorporates cello, vocals, synths, found sounds and cellola - a unique 5-string cello-viola hybrid with 7 sympathetic strings, which gives it its resonant sound.

The backing track provides pace, detail, moments of tranquility and supports Kat's performance.

My Whys

[A low level vocal buzz and soothing hum]

**I don't really care for small talk.
I crave... authenticity.**

[Trilling vocalisations building in volume, sounding more like a group of voices]

**I want to showcase radical care, community,
Radical love.**

I don't really know how it can be cliché;

[Low pitch strings and high pitch vocalisations build to a small, angelic crescendo]

**when every rippling, bubbling, angry, emotional, hysterical,
overwhelmed sinew of love, tension, frustration, doubt, shame, joy.
Bordering maniacal, frenetic burst
Of being
Is what wants to find its way through.**

[Ticking drum beat begins, syncopated kick drum and a head nodding string motif]

Spending years fawning

Being the good patient...

good pupil...

good person.

[Ticking drums with high pitched vocal flutters bringing uplift and peace]

Dance movement

artistic space

creativity

offered freedom and agency

**In a way which my strongly socially conditioned
being was able to consider as freedom.**

[Low pitch cello strings and gradually increasing vocal detail join]

**And now, thirteen years down the trial / trail
I'm actually considering freedom**

**Not just in a spiritual bypassing of reality
Not just within dance studio bounds.**

[Music drops out as Kat quickly reads the list, the sound of a small rocket taking off
comes in at the end of the sentence]

**But in a disability justice, restorative, anti-capitalist, anti-ableist,
western hierarchies of animacy are white patriarchal colonial
nightmares kinda way.**

[A spinning, ticking wheel. Wind blows. A pulsing beep. Bird sounds. Lilted strings.
A rhythmic drum and plucked strings join to ebb and flow with Kat's speech pattern]

I *bow* my head to the spoked wheel.

I *bow* my head to the spoked wheel, of shame turned pride.

I *push* down on the spongy mud guard

simultaneously a brake

and am prideful, once again, for a decision well made.

[The rhythm slows, lower, quieter strings]

I curl myself on the edge of a cushion

Enjoying the moments of tangential support.

Reaching for the ground, finding a familiar reach, tip.

I ponder the bitter betrayal

which your isolationist fearful silence

portrays and wish your release.

Tipping, pain in my side, balance collides

...back to the moment.

[Gentle strings and some bird song accompany this section, which begins fast and slows as Kat progresses]

**Bow 234 Twist 678
Push Curl Reach Tip
Release 67 Sit**

**Bow 234 Curl 678
Queer 234567... Straight?**

**Push Curl Reach Tip
Shame Twisted Stand Sit**

Rest 234... Breathe 678. Applause... 234 Love 67 Hate

Tip 234 Bow 67 Wait... Applause 234... to the wheels 6 7 8

[Moody synth with ghostly breath and birdsong]

**Wheels remain unyielding.
The opposite and reflection of ableism, simultaneously.**

Dualistic

An acrobat between sitting and standing

[A ticking beat and syncopated bass with synth adding suspense]

**Acrobat,
The kind that no one is expecting.
A dance between functionality and fatigue, form and function,
fitting in and finding ways.
Feet on and off the footplate
Ground to the floor**

**Pusssshh Uppp
Does my pelvis have enough for a transactional conversation with
gravity or am I immediately back to my seat?**

**Yes! Oh good – quick, orientate to standing – scan floor, find
flourishes for grace.
Swing legs out.**

**Precise balance calculations with weight and tension.
Teetering moments of anticipation
Involuntary shaking down of reality
Endless bounds**

[The beats fade out, to a heartbeat drum and low hum synth]

None of it really encapsulates

The tearing

Guilt

Love

Enjoyment

Tension

Grief

Twisting

Lust

Frustration

Sheer joy

ANGER

Torment

Overwhelm

Dysregulation

OF LIFE

[In silence]

**After holding myself in for so long, without realisation
will I ever find the courage, the space, the capacity,
the space, the moment to let it all out?**

[Rhythmic strings bring us into a tranquil garden with bird song]

**I *bow* my head to the spoked wheel of shame turned pride.
I *push* down on the spongy mud guard
simultaneously a brake
and am prideful, once again, for
a decision well made.**

[Soft string strums and complimenting synth]

**I curl myself on the edge of a cushion
Enjoying the moments of tangential
support.**

**Reaching for the ground, finding a familiar reach, tip
I ponder the bitter betrayal
which your isolationist fearful silence
portrays and wish your release.**

[Silence]

**Tipping, pain in my side, balance collides
Back to the moment.**

[A ticking beat]

**I circle, press, tip, hang my butt up in the air,
give my weight, build a balance,
hold my wheels weight**

**And enjoy the diverging symmetry which
encapsulates perfectly and idiosyncratically
the very interaction of my being with society.
Whilst society disdains, mocks and belittles
these wheels in their own right – before
I pit my flesh against their structures.**

**And so then, are these wheels to be pitied more
than the bodies they hold?**

**Or are they simply the perfect metaphor and dialogue to
illuminate disabled folks relationship with the world.**

[The ticking of a spinning wheel builds up from the end of the sentence]

**Smushing my face into the footplate
brings me back [kick beat drops] to this moment**

[Kick beat with synth trill echo
and harmonising high pitch vocal
embellishment joins a ticking beat]

These are My Whys.

**The complex, hurtful, difficult, traumatic, painful,
prideful, loving, confusing, overwhelming diatribe
between myself, my body and
the world.**

[A string overture soothes
and replaces the beat]

**Can spin to macro imagining,
endless wonderings and yet
be forced back to this present
position in the blink of an eye.**

[In silence]

By the time frustration's impulse has made its way to the surface, its intensity has somehow simultaneously increased while subsiding and fading unrecognisably away from the ferocious lava out of which it appeared.

That in the possibility of expression potential disappears.

**In the pursuit of palatability
can authenticity ever remain
true?**

The tight rope of artistry

[Calming strings, bird song
and low hum, occasional vocalisation]

**Let yourself rest dear
Release into love
Late night musings, let them be**

**Encase your body love
May it never fear
Those who understand
and long to hold you dear**

[String strumming. Two voices, Kat and her father, Nick Ball]

**In the bombs of Liverpool you learned fear from your mothers milk,
And so those who follow after you must find their way past
the trauma of mindless violence [strings fade out], and the false security
of terrified silence; pull ourselves past your fight and flight
And fall free**