

OPENING

Jessie Young Ben Van Buren Yonkers International Press June 6-24-19

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Collaged text from feedback offered to ten students for their Making Dances 1 final studies:

by lailye weidman

So far, you have been a maximalist in your work. A highlight for me was the moment where you stood on the bench and swayed eyes half-closed caught up in the feeling of the moment then launched backward off of the bench I thought of a what it means to be conducted to be on a ride that you can't quite get off of to be compelled whipping through the spine stumble-fall into the circle When they held onto one another it evoked larger feelings Articulations of the hands and feet percussive movements that mark time big kicks and turn with the arms expansive It's not just what you are doing, but *how* you are doing it that gives it your voice By stepping closer they helped to hold the circle or at least acknowledge the circle you had cast and the work of inhabiting it

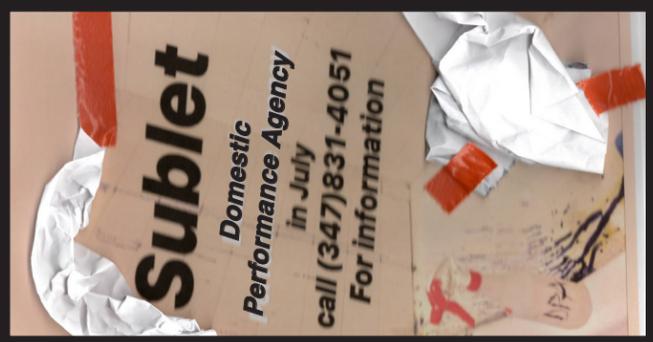
my brother. A tip away from exploding- happy to be in a space of explosions. Three stripes, light green shirt, crumpled paper dances. Folding, bending, snapping, moving like she wants you to catch it. Lets take a more circuitous route, I'll get to the end before you. Elevators. Up and down into the floor. If I barely know you how can you have an effect on this?

Rain, headlight streaks and neon puddles and glimmering droplets of dew and wet. Bright not sunny, its almost as if there is just shining and nothing else- is there a reflection of anything but the lights- the sparkles as clear as dust because of the witness of everything. I wish I could remember more clearly. This is my work. This is what we came from- be where do we go from here- from where- to where- with who- how. I know about this, you remind me. You remind me of things and places and people - the latter of which begin to feel inanimated, 2D, nothing but an aura of color. I soak it in, remember it, bathe in it, and remember again. This - this, which is different now- more antiquated- more vibrant with the now and all the hate that seems to come with it, the remembrance. But more the former than the latter. We keep going forward- soaking it in- glistering in it, drowning in it. We act as though we have another choice than to keep going. Do we? Of course not- trekking on- continuing on- blazing forward and trading anew. Into a horizon that would swallow you whole and birth you again all at once. Renew and rebirth and rebirth and renew. What comes next? Who do we rise as the next time draws near, daunting and comforting all the same. Dreaming of what is- remembering what was, realizing what is, too. The memory etched like puddles in my skin, but I want to dry them up before we begin.

Here we are, again, not being ignored but not being recognized either ---floating, existing, taking up space and invisible. We are seen but not looked at, encouraged but not supported, deeply invested in and for and of and with other people --- tied to them, rebounding off them, supporting and encouraging and seeing and looking at. But that leaves me --- us --- quiet. Lots of things to say --- and to say loudly --- but still, quiet. Operating quietly, not boldly, present but boxed in. Giving and giving and giving and giving and...and taking --- taking sometimes --- but not having much to take so giving something inward but only to sustain the giving and giving and giving and giving and...I'm not invisible but sometimes it feels that way...I'm present but I sometimes feel depleted, to fill the vacuum it is a matter of projecting outward --- back to her and him and them and you and sometimes me but then it is back to them and them and that and this. We ---my ego and I --- live and grow and exist and operate inside it.

A SERIES OF ART ACTIONS BASED ON THE NAMES OF EQUINOX FITNESS CLASSES

- by hadley smith
- Studio Cycling**
Rent a Citibike for one calendar year and park it on Bogart near the cement mixing plant by Chez Bushwick, the lock should be ludicrously insufficient to the task.
 - Athletic Conditioning**
Get ahold of a reel to reel and record yourself repeatedly saying "You're doing it!" and send it to an address randomly selected from a phone book found in a Pennsylvania phone book. So much of art is having the right materials at hand.
 - Precision Run**
Hop left to right to the varying rhythm of you, age 10, playing "Good King Wenceslas" on the piano which you recorded as a method of self punishment. Repeat for 6-9 hours, your sister should be seated across from you the entirety of the performance holding a gun,
 - possibly loaded.
 - True Barre**
Pay \$400-\$900 for the fabrication of a steel tube, ¾ inch diameter, 8 feet long and forget it at Marcos because he finally called.
 - The Sculpt Society**
This one involves a lot of paper mache and a FOIA request regarding CIA operations in Italy during the early 1970s. Otherwise, dancer's choice.
 - The Pursuit: Burn**
Relive my life between August 2017 - February 2018.
 - Power Yoga**
So many cults begin as creative endeavors, all you have to do is talk about making shapes with your body in a tone invoking revolutionary zeal.
 - Adrenaline**
Relive my life between August
 - Stacked!**
Building meaning through additive notions of materiality, presence, a storage unit in Queens (deep Queens)
 - Performance Cycling**
Self Explanatory
 - Master of One**
Dance to one song and one song only
 - Cardio Hip Hop Funk**
An esoteric explanatory practice investigating the rhizomatic nature of fungus present in the Russian Bath on E 10th.
 - Band Burn**
Once again, so much of creativity is working with materials available. Butane is procurable in most of your better city smoke shops.



by phoebe ballard

If I stop moving I won't be able to start again.
If I stop moving I won't want to start again.
Starting again.
Starting again is hard.
This is something I need to get started.
Can't stop moving.
Can't stop moving because I want to be able to start again.
What do I need to this be now, what does being here () mean.
Need proximity and distance from some things.
Far away.
Geography lives in the body.
Distance lives in the body.
Archetype for what.
Archetype for something.
Tangible need for something.
What can manifest,
What does that look like now,
Floating away.
Floating away.

Give me a geographic tour of somewhere you have been.
Narrate as you see fit, how you see fit.
I don't need to know the place.

Can I dance your memory
Can I trace your shadow
Can you be with me without being with you
Dance your vestiges
(what does that word mean)
Long distance dance partners
Remembering you (your) (us) (this)
Different places being together
Luxuriate in reuniting
Reuniting, somehow

How do you let yourself transplant (away)

Dear () ,
Writing now from the floor. Lots of working myself into a frenetic spiral and only halfway letting myself come out of it. I was thinking of a score as a letter- doing (dancing) and then finding the written form of it (as I am now), or enacting that as vice versa. What I even communicating through my body when I'm moving? Can that be specific- or is it continually nebulous? In a space void of people - space with me - enact that solo. Elegance, asituteness, and obliqueness of poetry. Whatever that means.
Xoxo.
()
-a new person, eyes always gazing/glazed, skinny, stick, board like, sinewy arm muscles, kind of built like

To be read out loud
to yourself
your friends
pets
or sung
like a beautiful
made up
song

All these patterns
All these projections
All these directions
All these feelings
All these products
All these desires
All these buyers
All these spectators
All these buzzings
All these adjusting
All these agreements
All these lives
All these disappointments
All these visions
All these selves
All these cells
All these stories

All this ambition
All this art
All these TV shows
All these old portraits
All these dead plants
All these inventions
All these buildings
All this oneness
All these phone cases
All these good intentions
All these individuals
All these timepieces
All these spaces
All these movements
All this laundry
All these demands
when you ~~at~~ decide to take

The idea is that you say something

All this asymmetry
All these products
All these obligations
All these selves

All these thank yous
All these organs
All these imaginations
All these desires
All these parents
All these children
All these dead plants
All these partitions
All these expectations
All these rashes
All these imagos
All this decomposition
All this dispersed socks
All these policy changes
All these products
All these calculations
All these fluids
All these dying star fish

All these long exhales
All these dirty fingernails
All this goddamn garbage
All these old patterns
All these ancestors
All this mythology
All these entitlements
All these lives
All these wish lists
All these accidents
All these strategies
All these water bottles
All these migrations
All these separations
All these embraces
All these hook ups
All these redirections
All these orientations
All these precautions
All these accents
All these desires
All these reconfigurations
All these meetings

poems by mark mccloughan

Smoke Tree
all poems order
you are a fantasy of
placed you are firm in a thicket of meaning
you speak into the low space between ground
and branch figure you are yourself
finished never just one thing going to be
going to be you are never a poem can do a lot
one thing but it can't whole make you
what streams from the open can only staunch holes in the field you are
the field contains scrub brush you and alone
blooms you are a desert rarely but fiercely
the rest of the desert is the meaning

Midsummer
bad land inside
me it rains
all gone and the time
there's no way now
back to the boy
I was not in crisis
I was an idea
dark underneath loam
they bulbs and vectors bided
stole the time
from the future I say
I am like them I blush
dusky rose the house
is gone withered the net of vine
now beneath collapsed
the medium wind
soon it will stop winter and now raining and
the bulbs will climb out
the vectors of the dark clearing up
and dot this bad land the face
this land itself
remaking under watch of no one

After the Gold Lily
I want to be without form
want to be calm that claps itself into the observer
to say me me me
I want something horrible
and reconfigured
horrible because it is so new
and wrong is what I want to be
unknowable offensive
then maybe the observers will leave
me alone and
maybe I will forgive myself

this morning we laid there at opposite sides of the bed until you felt the space and reached out for me. my skin providing you something my heart could not - comfort. i touch your beard bc you are so soft and this is the roughest part of you and i won't trust myself with the softness yet. we lay like this until your alarm goes off for a second time. i know this will end in me leaving and walking back across campus alone. but we lay here anyway for a bit longer. lingering. your hand stroking my back, my hand stroking your face. so many words being said without sound. so much care taking place for the other person.

you get up and pee, i lay there. preparing myself to leave. willing time to stand still. willing you to come out and say just kidding, i'm ready for you, i'm ready for this, i'm ready to push forward....but you come out, put your shirt on, boot up your computer, punch a number into your phone and start speaking in german . i believe you're making reservations for something two days from now. life must go on. i listen to the way your mouth speaks this new language and i'm getting sucked in. my impulse is i have to go. i get dressed. pulling my crop top out of your suitcase and my pants off the floor. i pee bc the bathroom provides some privacy for me in this moment where i feel i'm all open and remember that you've seen me, really seen me during our talk while the moon was watching over us. i wash my face, taking off the lipstick from the night before, making sure i don't look too horrible for when i walk away for the first time. when i come out you apologize, again. for taking up the space with a phone call. i've been telling you to stop apologizing this whole trip and now i know why. why you look at me like you're walking into the room with bad news but i don't know it yet...bc you knew you couldn't hold this space.

my throat tightens and i need to go, my feelings are too big for this space and i feel suffocated by your presence and your care and your want and my want and your rejection and your need for clarity and healing and my need for you. i understand. i'm frustrated. i feel for you, i'm angry at you. i'm angry at myself. i'm angry for how limited language has become...

i put my earrings in my purse. i contemplate putting on my crystals but the rawness inside tells me i better not. i'm not ready for this power right now, i want to feel this hollowness for a while. so i remember.

you put on that song that's driven us this whole trip. the song that was just stuck in my head all day yesterday and i was so happy as you smiled at me while you were dancing and now it feels like knives. it feels like i'm being mocked and i can't help but notice how much lighter you look now that you've gotten your truth off your chest. a truth i never asked for, conditions that i feel like were given to me... more on that later.you look at me with that face. those eyes. and stare at me like you can see the glacier building between us. i feel heavy so i sit down. you crawl into me. holding my hand. making a joke about how i'll never want to hear this song again. you're right, i won't want to. i don't want to be reminded of you. but it's not like you did anything horrible but need space and help and time without knowing how to ask for it. i can't hate you for that. i can't hate myself for falling into you. but you asked for space before i was even able to take it from you. it is what you asked, what we asked of each other. your head rests on my shoulder and i still feel like i'm home. *remember me so you know how to get back*

you ask me if i'm okay. "i don't know" i reply. and you look at me again with sad eyes that are unable to shake the darkness surrounding them. i see the battle within you for you. i see the battle within you to care for me as you hold on to yourself. you hold me and we sit there. bound together. glacier forming. second stages now.

i might have mumbled something unrecognizable about goodbyes and needing to go. to which you ask again, "how do you feel right now?" - like i need to go i say. too many feelings inside my too small body and i'm tight. i can't see past this. i needed to get away, so i could properly

process these feelings alone. how good we are at that, right?

you say "i'm going to see you again" and my stomach drops because i know this is true. i know that we are not done yet and part of me wants to fast forward and the other half wants to rewind. i'm exhausted. already wanting to get through the hurt to the other side. but your face is still there. and looking at me. searching my eyes for something that i refuse to reveal. i can't. my borders are sliding into place and pretty soon you won't know me anymore. i'll turn cold and distant bc that's how i heal. or at least that's how i've been taught to heal. after a few minutes you get up to get dressed bc the day must go on. i stand putting on my jacket and purse. "it's going to be cold out there, i say".....but maybe the wind will wake me up.

you come to hug me and once again i feel your energy knitting with mine, binding us together to this moment to this hotel room to this town to each other. to the conversations. to the videos, to the wonder, to the magic, to the feeling when you're falling and know that you'll get caught in each other eventually so all you feel now is free...i know what i mean to you, and the fact that it can't help you saddens me more. i want this so bad. and i'm frustrated that my want is not enough to heal your wounds. *how to care for the injured body*

we come out of the embrace and i'm ready to turn and leave when you kiss me. it's the sweetest kiss we've had all week. bc now i know what you're thinking. you have no more secrets and i can't stop tallying up mine. it's long and passionate, but the kind of passion that knows it's leaving. it's soft and so sweet and can last all morning but reality sets in and again i have to leave. i get one last kiss and i steal myself away.

i tell you that you can talk to me (remember me so you know how to get back. remember me when it hurts too much to look inside yourself. remember me when your emotions and confusion turn into shards of glass on the inside of your bones. remember me and this love when you can no longer love yourself. remember the water, and the possibility, and the way you looked at me as i walked towards you).

i let go of you and a world divides. i turn the knob, look back once as you say "thanks for coming" and walk down the hallway before you can finish. down the elevator. and back across campus.

the morning is generous. the warmth already seeping in and so it is easy for me to make my next decision. in an hour i'm already on a flight. trying to rid the day, the distance, the wallowing. i could not stay in that town a moment longer. what good would it be for the universe if two of her flowers were drowning in sorrows so close to each other.

3 FICTIONS (THE NEPTUNE ROOM) by Doug LeCours

Somewhere in Florida there's a room not unlike the one where this show will happen. This is all new for me, but then again not really. I always

think it's going to be different and then it's always the same: like, I think it's going to come out gently and easily and it's always an onslaught. Oh well. You can never know when the tidal wave is coming to hit you in the face. There's a delicate ecosystem to the work we do. We already know that but it warrants repeating. Chaos belongs and so does structure. I love an organized barrage. *Part of the sky, part of the ground, part of the water.*

All of the pests and all of the vermin, we know they're right outside and we choose to live with them anyway. We batten down the hatches for the storm that always comes.

I took a home-ec class in middle school on interior design. 'You and Your Space,' it was called. Inevitably, my work always becomes about that: a slow reveal of a vacant center. I push and push and push, I have to get it out of me. I drag the others along behind me, attached to my motorboat by a strong but fraying tether. Three waterhorses. I'm so sorry this ride is so bumpy. We take a sledgehammer to the form to reveal the person, we multiply him by two so we can see his contours better. I'm fighting against the letdown, the vacancy they've come to expect from me. *I felt less human when I was there. Like, are you even a person? Can you even vacuum that out?*



*From Faces/faces : by
by camila malenchini*

I'd like to retire somewhere with a pool, with an events calendar, with my oldest golden friends. A culs de sac where we can all drink moderately priced wine in our living rooms. He thinks that's boring and so does she, and she knows that would never satisfy me. What do you think, reader, of a room for activities of all kinds? *You know what I think of your plan? I think it's a piece of shit.* We agree to disagree, to

make plans anyway not knowing their consequences. Just buy the damn thing. I'm sure you'll find a way to keep it alive.

*italicized lines were generated in performance by Justin Faircloth and Annie Heath. The last italicized line quotes Lars Von Trier's *Melancholia*.

Revolutions in the Gardens field notes on Pleasure and Genealogical Revolt by Jonathan González

These can be considered directions for escape...

1.)

I have never wanted to know the contours of my being more than when I am with you. The irresistibility of being undone over and over demands softness of ego, clarity of intuition, and devolution of proprioception. Images of us display a circuitous assemblage of encircling limbs and flesh, our childlike selves appear in full form moistened from heat produced by extreme bouts of laughter. Our giggling-flopping-flails stand in for our jaunty angularities that once shielded person 1, person 2, person 3, etc with concern. Upon arrival, we become soft like *ocean* grasping onto the *bay*. Let us be soft for as long as the world can hold us, and then let us be a gentle memory.

2.)

The color and taste of preserves on diatomaceous earth and the possibility of laughter underscores a village of cackles and barks and squawks and galavanting with extravagant births performed in time-lapse along the peripheries of each direction through the surrounding wilderness. **Go! Find them!** There are saplings and drooping appendages: nipples, vulvas, and other orifi abound leaking nectar, clear and milky, upon the artificial scars left from the previous apocalypse engraved into the crusted surface where we call our habitus. You may call this place the nest, or soma, or mother, or the proto-nation depending on your status of residence and intent for arrival. There are cots made of bamboo and cedar with corn husk bedding and steam-bent archways of mycelium framing the moon overhead who gossip past midnight with the forest's foliage as you sleep quakingly, re-coursing the materials of each of your past lives with tender REM simulation. This place is yours as it is mine as it is no one's, and must be protected. My body is old and tired but you are true and must chase the phenomena of this ecological cypher. Be weary of enchantment of travelers. They will plunder upon your will and tenacity for potential. Take form, and reform again and again, to never abandon bliss.

3.)

When I have thought of myself to be of nothing it was never true, and then it was, just in time to recall I was alive. Survival has not been guaranteed, and will not be. Touch, in the immediate and distant kinds of contact, make up a synesthesia of fractaled colors like blues, indigos, and violets underscored by the sounds of *shh*, *hum*, and *how* echoing through the terrain of ones clavicle. The machine of the earthly plane is a ricochet motor on wheels running on the desires of those who we call, 'the living'. It will aim to take away your titillations and numb your senses for the nostrums of a common good. These verbal cues have helped us:

THERE IS NO TIME AND THE TIME IS NOW!

BULLSHITTT!

I AM A MESS AND I HOPE YOU ARE TOO!

Please teach them forward as you see fit until the illusions are replaced by another matrix which you all shall unshape too. Do pass them on and on until nothing can be with nothing after all.

4.)

Sweat often under the warmth of the sun and satiate in the essences of lilac, bathe in jojoba, while sucking away the succulence of papaya. Blend extracts into the follicles of your dermis when comes the subtle sprouts of mourning. Travel daily on an ever expanding path until the birds eye view reveals your trailing choreographies as crop circles communicating with the *not yet* and *back when* as a mischievous sacred geometry. Night is for contemplation. Daytime is for rejuvenation. Take midnight voyages even as your eyes swell with inundation. In winter, build yourself fat and bristle thick with hairs prickly-jagged in the cold of the opaque hibernation season. Know seasons and relish loss of control to the climate. Listen to the ground for resonating bodies as your feet tire. Your mind is oft to race uncontrollably, and should as this gluttonous procession into the void takes hold archiving new potentials of safety and orchestrations of the natural world. Sleep is imminent but delayable for now. I will walk with you until I must sit. I will roll myself alongside you until I must crawl. I will crawl near to you until I must lay. I will lay in solitude staring out in content knowing you **are**. Let us go together until the road leads us to the spacious curiosity of change - the gifted consequence of survival. Let us go together until we melt — wayward we are. *Let us try...*



ALL ARE WELCOME! <3
More issues to come--come along!

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