For Jumatatu, from Jesse:
I want to escape the fixed-ness of my self, somehow become more and other than who I think

For Jesse, from Jumatatu:
Collaboration runs the risk of turning into a brain game – judging a decision based on its logic, since this can be argued and proven. The space to follow a looming intuition, a naughty desire, a material impulse, a sudden whim – this space is crucial in collaboration, and, I find, much harder to defend. In duet collaborations, too, the risk of taking things personally is high. Maybe I am.

I want us to build a space to reckon with the ethics of our identities in relation to each other. I want for us to simultaneously unravel this works?
It’s all personal, anyway, so taking it personally seems important. In collaboration, what becomes most important to share are those things that are fundamental to you, bases upon which you can make decisions. And to have those fundamentals up for discussion is scary.

I wonder how long it makes sense for me to say, “I don’t know” and build upon our embodied histories – to find ways to become more than who we have been to ourselves, to each other, and to the social worlds that house us. I want us to what I’m doing.”
I desire for my ideas to dissolve themselves in a cloud of unknowing, forever miscegenating
with an infinity of Others, raining down only possibility.

Accepting things that we likely cannot escape will be useful.

Vanity. Seems like it is necessarily a part of a collaborative duet in which the performers are the creators. Especially when contemporary social networks create a mania

reach toward a queer utopia
that invites a proliferation of
selves, desires and relational models.

Some parts of me are so deeply embedded in
my moving body that they resist transformation;
they create an inescapable
frame in which I move. I am a
white,
Jewish,
Queer,

around controlling the representations
and definitions of our selves. Can we
be vain, delighting in our
image, confident in the shared
displays of our
egos,

American man. Everything about my body reveals these facts:
the history of shame and delight that reflect my desire to love
and be loved by another man; the white male privilege that
fills my steps with a confidence I do not have to notice;
the choice to participate in or subvert the practice of
passing as straight-enough or white-enough; my
over-extended physicality which is the
performed embodiment of a
Jewish Diasporic fantasy
of the expressive,
experienced,
aggressive
Israeli
and create work that also challenges the notions of what we are, what we could be?

I want to disappear, often. Not necessarily to be indistinguishable, but

It is this body that I bring into the studio to face you: A body that is using itself up, a body worn out by how much it has yielded to the forces of identification and affiliation.

to totally relinquish my selfhood into the sea of everything that is, to know that I only matter because it all does. I want to be absorbed into a powerful unison.