

GATHERING SPACE

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Introduction

Welcome!

I'm so curious if you've picked up this chapbook at a bookstore or a corner store or if a friend has given it to you. I'm curious if you were on a walk or running errands, close to home or far away. I'm curious how your day has been so far, how this year has been for you so far. Whatever ways this chapbook has come into your hands, I'm so glad you're here.

About a year ago, I was just starting a project called Gathering Space. I didn't know exactly what Gathering Space would be, but I knew it would involve artists, thinkers, and audience members from many fields getting together in a room to share ideas and make meaning for an evening. The project grew out of attempts to tussle with the false distinctions between my creative and community interests, and out of my growing allergy to making finished products, wanting instead to focus on ongoing, and often unanswerable, questions.

About a year ago a pandemic also arrived, ending and upending lives all around us. It's been a year of grappling with other new, and old, violence. It's been a year of being socially distant, grappling with schools, theaters, and many religious spaces being closed. It's been a year of grieving and not being able to meet in rooms with one another for many of the essential works of community.

As I tried to re-envision this project for this new world, I didn't want to transform it into an online event. Gathering, for me, is physical. It has to do with feeling something with our bodies, being close and intermingled. I decided to transform Gathering Space into a chapbook. In this form, people's words, ideas, and images can actually touch one another, and even be held.

Since the roles of "gathering" and "space" have inadvertently become so tied up in our lives — with what we can and can't, should and shouldn't do — I invited these contributors to play around with, explode, explore ideas somewhat related to, or a digression from, the words "gathering" and/or "space." Since our timeframe was brief, I invited them to make something new or to make a new frame for a work of theirs that already existed.

These are some of the things I was thinking about that I shared with the contributors in case they jogged any approaches of their own:

The physical space of a letter or word or page or book

How to create some small sense of community through a book

How to create a sense of being in one's body and/or senses through a book

Making space

Holding space

Taking space

Gathering ideas

Gathering together

Gathering oneself

The soul-ache of keeping 6 feet of space between other people, of missing being close to actual physical bodies

The exact ways that gathering together in person is different from and can never be replicated by the internet

Grief over the missing of that physical gathering

Words that invite bodies to action

Words that invite bodies and minds to reflection

Words that invite readers to ask questions

The ways a chapbook is at least a physical object and not a virtual one

The ways a physical chapbook could lead someone to a virtual space or a private internal space or a public space

Illuminated manuscripts

Practices that keep us grounded within this time

Art church/ temple/ religious spaces of any sort

Sacred texts

Manuals for action

A map leading readers to a work of yours out in the physical world

Things that are visual or aural or or or or that I can't imagine but you can!

I'm grateful to the people here who created during a time that so often feels filled with destruction. And I'm grateful to you for joining us.

—Aynsley Vandenbroucke, editor

March 2021



Pause

Imagine the bodies of the people you love scattered throughout
this book

Did you inhale?

Commas are the lungs of the page

They force you to pause
but also to breathe

This piece is not about distance, speed, or prolonged harmony.

To gather is how we endure

LOUIS BURY

Tiny, Nonthreatening, and Supportive

5.8.20: As I contemplated how to ease myself back into daily writing in the midst of the coronavirus pandemic, I kept returning to a story the artist Marion Wilson told me when I interviewed her this past winter.

5.9.20: Wilson trained as a painter but went on to work in other media, social practice in particular, because she felt it hard to get painting “out into the world.”

5.10.20: She only resumed painting, decades later, after experiencing a gallery fire in which she lost three years’ worth of work.

5.11.20: In the catastrophe’s wake, she resolved to work for one year with what remained in her studio.

5.12.20: She found glass microscope slides — “about one inch by three inches in size, three inches by four inches max” — and decided to paint on them landscapes of the Solvay Wastebeds, a Syracuse, NY superfund site that she’d been visiting.

5.13.20: The slides “made sense to use” as a support, she explained, “because they felt scientific.”

5.14.20: Just as important, they made sense to use because “their tininess made painting feel nonthreatening.”

5.15.20: As my partner Shari slowly recovered in April from a long illness and my capacity to focus returned, I kept asking myself what would be the writer’s equivalent of a 1” x 3” support.

5.16.20: I wanted a form whose tininess felt nonthreatening, manageable, supportive.

5.17.20: Nothing too ambitious, I decided, just one new sentence each day.

5.18.20: Writing this way these past ten days has felt as effortless as using a weightlifting machine on a setting so low it feels as though you’re not even lifting weights.

5.19.20: I’ve never looked forward to my daily writing practice as much as I have these past two weeks — and I usually look forward to it quite a bit.

5.20.20: About three or four years ago, in a water cooler conversation about writing habits, a colleague said something that I subsequently adopted as my own mantra: *Every day that I get to write is a good day.*

5.21.20: These daily sentences remind me of the summer, in my mid-20s, I resolved to run exactly one mile — no more, no less — first thing each morning, so as not to burn myself out with mileage expectations.

5.22.20: A year and a half later, I would wake up and automatically run five-plus miles each morning in preparation for the New York City marathon.

5.23.20: At the rate of one sentence per day, I will have completed this book in approximately five years: marathon distance, in writing terms.

5.24.20: Preoccupied with magazine art writing, youth soccer coaching, and everything else I’d been doing week in and week out before the pandemic, it’s not like I was realistically going to progress with this book much faster anyway.

5.25.20: “no wrong,” writes artist Nayland Blake, in cursive swirls of hot pink, magenta, and cherry red colored pencil, in one entry, “12.23.15,” of his years-long daily drawing practice.

5.26.20: As a rule, when I put aside preconceptions of what I’m supposed to be writing, and instead prioritize what I want to be writing, the results are better, the process more satisfying.

5.27.20: If I’d been composing these sentences in March and April, it would have been some version of the same sentence every day: *Writing is not my priority right now, much as I’d love it to be.*

5.28.20: Writers often say that they need to write their way out of a problem — that is, to continue producing work until the project’s purpose comes into focus — but sometimes the desire to write is itself the problem.

5.29.20: In recent days, I’ve again found it hard to focus: the Minneapolis police brutally murdered George Floyd on Monday, May 25, and in response Black Lives Matter protests are spreading across U.S. cities.

5.30.20: Writing is not my priority right now, much as I’d love it to be.

5.31.20: Still not my priority.

6.1.20: Today the President of the United States ordered tear gas to be used on citizens peacefully protesting, so as to clear the way for a photo-op at a nearby church.

6.2.20: Experts on authoritarianism warn that there's rarely a single moment to which you can point, in retrospect, and say that was when the switch flipped from light to dark.

6.3.20: Instead, there's a gradual dimming of cultural and governmental norms until one day you look back and realize that, when the switch did flip, the room was already near-dark anyway.

6.4.20: I'm not, if you couldn't tell, an optimist, yet these recent Black Lives Matter uprisings somehow give me a sense of hope.

6.5.20: What gives me hope is that many people, rather than an isolated few, are taking action in ways they might not have even thought possible several weeks ago.

6.6.20: On the other hand, since March we've been living in my father-in-laws' unoccupied house in Staten Island — the whitest, most conservative borough in New York City — and, to judge by street life here, you'd barely know that protests have been roiling other parts of the country for over a week now.

6.7.20: One definition of whiteness might be the illusion that your well-being, and yours alone, is sufficient for stability.

6.8.20: The question is to what extent individuals are willing to risk their own stability so that others, even complete strangers, might achieve something like it themselves.

6.9.20: The answer, historically, has been not nearly enough.

6.10.20: Meanwhile, yesterday temperatures in the Arctic Circle hit 30C/86F.

6.11.20: Every night, I step outside my in-laws' climate controlled house and relish the humid shock of air as I toss the day's garbage in the trash can.

6.12.20: The house is located across the street from Freshkills Park, the remediated city park being built upon the infamous former Fresh Kills Landfill, which fact complicates my sense of the air's, well, freshness.

6.13.20: The night before collection day, the trash cans line up in front of the houses like offerings to an implacable deity.

6.14.20: The house sits on a road whose function is to connect traffic between New Jersey, via the Goethals Bridge, and the commercial corridor near the Staten Island Mall.

6.15.20: Day and night, diesel trucks clatter past spewing angry clouds of exhaust.

6.16.20: The few pedestrians who use the sidewalk leave behind a disproportionate amount of debris: a sock, a paper plate, a cereal bar wrapper, a neon lanyard, and a plastic bag in recent days alone.

6.17.20: On Zoom calls with friends and colleagues, I joke that I've developed Stockholm syndrome with this house.

6.18.20: The week we relocated here the house's hot water heater broke, two sinks had plumbing leaks, and my father-in-law's car had a slow leak in one of its tires.

6.19.20: When I called my father-in-law to tell him about the flat, he told me that the tire had been losing air for months but was fine when refilled.

6.20.20: When I took the car to the repair shop, they found a nail embedded in the tire.

6.21.20: 100.4 degrees Fahrenheit in the Siberian town of Verkhoyansk yesterday.

6.22.20: Our species treats this planet's warning signs the way my father-in-law treats his property's warning signs: pretend as though you'll deal with the problem before it's too late.

6.23.20: Among the oddities we discovered upon relocating to this house — a dresser drawer filled with fanny packs; a medicine cabinet brimming with expired bottles of pills; a screen door wedged shut with a metal rod

*What if interacting with the web were less like reading
a newspaper and more like dancing?*

Can we use our bodies to explore mathematical or abstract spaces?

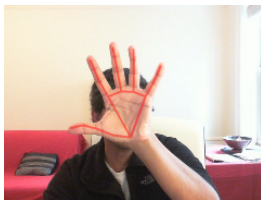
Can we visualize the multidimensional space of possible body movements?

Tangibles are a collection of playful prototypes & art experiments that let you interact with the web using your body. To explore them, open the link below.

Some of these experiments map the motion of your hand into movement in an abstract mathematical space, while others are more direct traces of your hand's motion. You can warp space, create ripples, generate patterns, explore symmetries, paint with your fingers, and so on...

To explore Tangibles,

1. Navigate to aatishb.com/tangibles/ and click on an image to load that experiment. Note: These require a desktop computer, and the Safari browser is not yet supported.
2. You'll need to enable your webcam and ensure you're in a well-lit area. If the browser asks for permission to use your webcam, please provide it. (The website doesn't store any data, as it runs on your computer and not in the cloud.)
3. You should now see a live webcam feed in the top-left corner of the screen. Move your hand on screen so that it's entirely visible. You should see red lines appear over your hand, indicating that the hand tracking is working correctly.

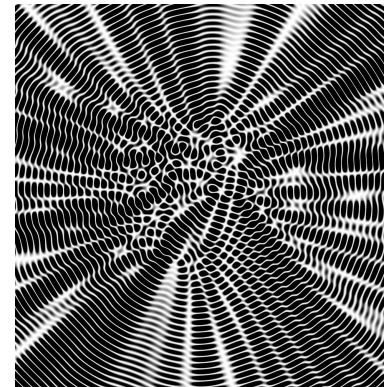


4. As you move your hand around, the tangible experiment will react to your hand's motion.



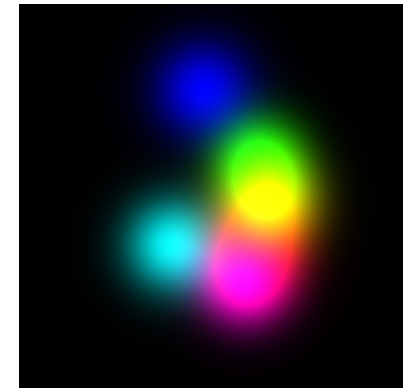
FINGER PAINTING

*Each finger controls a virtual
paintbrush. The color palette is
inspired by the colors of a sunset.*



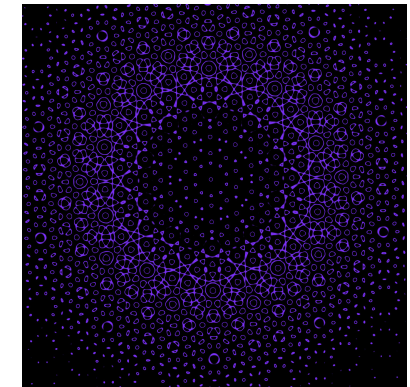
WARPED SPACE

*Each fingertip emits circular waves
that add together, sometimes con-
structively interfering and over-
lapping in intensity, other times
destructively interfering and can-
celling each other out. The result
is a series of ripples and reverbera-
tions in the fabric of digital space,
emanating from your fingers.*



LIGHT BENDER

*Your fingertips control multi-
colored blobs of light, which you
can overlap to make colorful
patterns by mixing light.*



QUASICRYSTALLINE DREAMS

*A quasicrystal is a structure that
has an ordered pattern but isn't
periodic. It can extend indefinitely,
tiling space with ornate patterns,
but it never repeats itself. You can
explore and modulate the space of a
quasicrystal by moving your hand.*



LIGHT PAINTING
Riffing on artworks created by light trails in long exposure photographs, in this experiment whenever you move your index finger, it leaves behind a trail of painted light.

Chorus 2021

Traditional
arr. Hallett

1. WILL THE VAC - CINE MAKE US BET - TER??
 2. FUCK - ING FREE US FROM THIS TER ROR
 3. ONE DAY WE SHALL BE TO - GE - THER

WILL THE VAC - CINE MAKE US BET - TER??
 FUCK - ING FREE US FROM THIS TER ROR -
 ONE DAY WE SHALL BE TO - GE - THER

WILL THE VAC - CINE MAKE US BET - TER?? OR WILL
 FUCK - ING FREE US FROM THIS TER ROR IN NO...
 ONE DAY WE SHALL BE TO - GE THER FEEL - ING...

TIME JUST MOVE A - LONG

REBECCA DAVIS

a breath practice to bring more awareness to the ribs

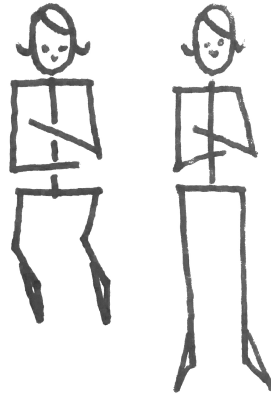
LYING ON YOUR BACK

with legs bent and feet on the floor, or legs long, whichever is more comfortable

Listen to the movement of your breath

To what degree is your breath moving:

- Forward toward the ceiling
- Backward toward the floor
- Left, toward the left arm
- Right, toward the right arm
- Down toward the pelvis
- Up toward the head



What connections do you sense between the movement of your ribs and the availability of your breath to move?

Bring your hands to rest comfortably on your ribs in a way that allows your elbows to be supported by the floor

Continue to feel your breath moving

- Does the presence of your hands help you to feel the movement of your ribs more clearly?

LYING ON ONE SIDE

with your knees bent up comfortably in front of you, rest your head on a pillow or blanket or even a book, fold your bottom arm up to rest on your top ribs.

Listen to the movement of your breath and your ribs in this new position

- Do you notice any new sensory detail?



Move your hand to a new place along the ribs and stay there for several breaths

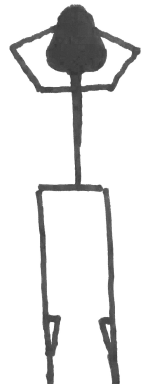
Even up under the arm, there are ribs under there!

Slowly run your hand up and down the ribs

Feel when you're on the bones and when you're in the soft, muscular grooves in between

LYING ON YOUR FRONT

- Breathe
- Feel what it's like to have the front of the ribs receive weight
- Do you feel more weight or pressure in the right ribs or in the left ribs, or does the weight feel evenly distributed between the two sides?
- If you're able you can bend one arm and let it rest somewhere along on your back



Take your time coming to sit and then to stand and then take a walk

Do you have a better sense of the location of your ribs?

What value is there in being able to feel your ribs more clearly?

BLACK JOY
IS A PROTEST!

“Listen to me. I am telling you
a true thing. This is the only kingdom.
The kingdom of touching;
the touches of the disappearing, things.”
- Elegy By Aracelis Girmay

BLACK JOY is a protest that must be protected. It requires

constant spiritual conjuring and attention, attention of embodied survival.

I feel my **BLACK JOY** most in the depths

of loving and creating and healing. This beauty, I have come

to understand, is a kind of undeniable truth-telling to myself

or anyone else who might want to listen. **BLACK JOY**

as a birthright, a duty I must fulfill within myself to fully be within myself

...my raptures ...my poetics. A testament,

of self love as resistance.

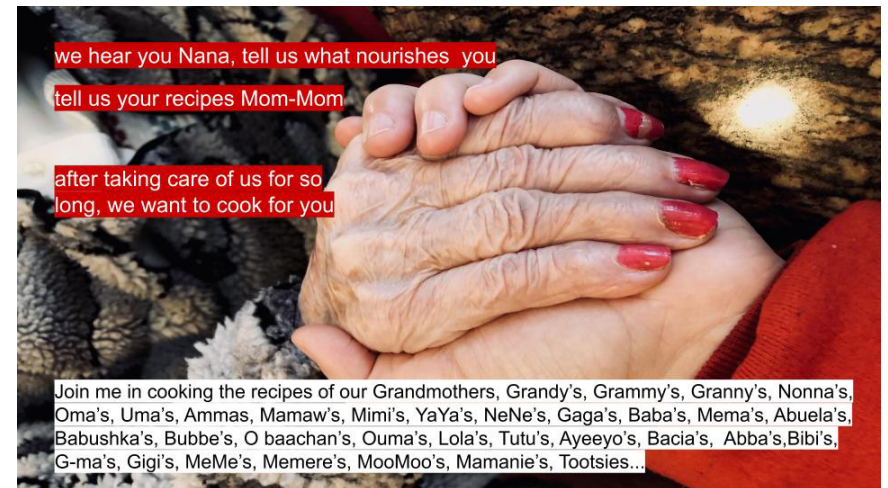
Listen,

I'm speaking about a world of feeling, a spiritual excellence

that can only arrive in sensual attunements between the self

and the earth and the universe -- when feelings become a presence so intense

that everything that has ever been past or future must take rest.



- let's cook together. i invite you to make your Grandmother's favorite food or a recipe passed down. then post the picture to instagram with the hashtag **#feedingNana** and **#CindySessions**
- your contribution will be **#feedingNana** as a way to nourish and honor wisdom passed down from our matriarchs (and my two new ancestors Nana and Mom-Mom) who recently passed in COVID19. it will also feed the upcoming project **#CindySessions** where you will make an individual appointment to sit with "Cindy," a medical mannequin collaborator playing the role of a collection of Grandmothers past present and future, on Zoom. stay tuned...
- i look forward to seeing your kitchen creations!

CORY NAKASUE
Three Ways to Slip

A spike in the graph points between slats
of meaning. The message and what gets lost
in transmission, slips

off the soapy skin of a bubble. We cannot find
the facts so we do the dance.

Distance is protection and so is UV light.
Lean slowly into the purple.
Protect your corneas and your knees.

Bend to the right of the highest figure.
Squat below the horizon.

Bend,
squat
Bend,
squat
Bend,
squat
repeat

*
*
*

The medium sized window hangs two feet from the floor
I wish it was XX Large
I wish it took up the whole wall

Everyday around 3:00 the sun slips

down
into
the belly

of the window frame
it burns through the glass and spotlights my bed

a gold coin
in a slot

machine with a big payout

I am the most luxurious cat body lolling
I am a cat's tongue lapping up hot dollops
of crema de `ambar

I put on the XXX Large sunglasses that take up my whole face
it's around 3:00 on a summer's day
even though it's winter and I don't even like yellow

*
*
*

Slide your fingers along an endless pane of plastic pretty soon you wonder
if you're touching anything at all feel the smooth scroll glide by glassy
eyeballs inside slick wet sphere-holes that slip

like
slime
on
a
mirror

Find a briar patch.

An unfinished floor board.
of growth from your favorite leg or chin.

A sharp stubble

Any splinter you can find to puncture

YOUR ATTENTION.

Revel in the texture
Impede yourself to

of confrontation.
feel yourself.

Never be lonely again.

Kenseth Armstead

Boulevard of African Monarchs, 2020

Aluminum Plate & Shoe Polish
10' x 10' x 15'

Boulevard of African Monarchs connects Harlem, a hub of African excellence in America, to Tiebele, Burkina Faso, royal court of the Kassena people. The work reproduces house paintings by women artists, a tradition in Tiebele that predates the triangular transatlantic slave trade. The sculpture transforms the marks into freestanding shapes that BREATHE.

Boulevard of African Monarchs is dedicated in loving memory to Emmett Till, Tanisha Anderson, Trayvon Martin, Sandra Bland, Eric Garner, Breonna Taylor, George Floyd and many thousands more who have been lynched in America.

Boulevard of African Monarchs is the first sculpture in the *Sankofa_* project. Each site-specific work is inspired by “Sankofa” a word in the Twi language that means “go back and get it”. The works celebrate Africans and their diaspora, proclaiming Black Lives Matter in three dimensions. *Sankofa_* honors, in monumental form, black beauty, free in the public square.

Presented by the New York City Department of Transportation's Art program in partnership with the Marcus Garvey Park Alliance.

Since its launch in 2008, DOT Art has installed over 300 temporary art installations throughout New York City. Through its signature initiative Community Commissions, DOT Art collaborates with community-based, nonprofit organizations to commission artists to design and install temporary artwork on DOT property.



nyc.gov/dotart
marcusgarveyparkalliance.org
kensetharmstead.com
@NYC_DOTArt
#DOTArt
#BoulevardofAfricanMonarchs
@kenseth.armstead



Photograph by Liz Ligon.



Photograph by Liz Ligon.



Photograph by Liz Ligon.

The Sight

what I never told you about that photo—
to me it was the story of what was not there
as is the story of any photo
but this one in particular—you, a mirror—
it could have been a photo of anything except
my hand
the shudder

it's like when Beauty picks up a mirror
first she scrapes warm fur from her tongue
and then she calls up her father
and this is always missing from the image

and so the knowledge never quite matches the sight

—John Berger

I consider clicking an image of this rose
what I see on the street
what I want to send is a parcel of night air
fluttering, happy, doubtful

—Nazim Hikmet

rush

in the empty streets the air feels thick
black ink
I smudge a finger to the sky
around my eyes
a child reminds me not to ready for war
war has never worked

it's just paint

the sky is mostly black still it's blue

absinthe
the children have played inside all day
raccoons roll like soccer balls
absence rings like peals of laughter

I keep howling at the moon
and this is a kind of dependence
with her it's always the same old story:
-rest easy my love- at some point time
has to bathe like the rest of us
at some point this will be a wash
this will be a year that you bore
at some point we all have to find the finger under our own chin

these days I find myself hungering for the strangest things
the light of the B44 bus
the matted smell of an old woman's groceries
till now I never knew how badly I wanted someone
to be waiting at the counter in the paint store just in case I needed
some
in the middle of the night

I imagine you picking up a smooth stone
and this thought too is a kind of dependence
I tap the few in my pocket
the images weight and swim apart

somewhere on the shores of Japan a man
patiently services a phone line where people
dial their dead relatives
the phone dangles
they wait on the line

and never hang up
they glance slyly at the ocean
as if their uncle
sister
husband
will suddenly trudge up the dune from the water
naked
head to toe in seaweed and polyps

but the wanting never quite matches the sight

even the buildings want for story
something other than air and night to whistle through them
a moving truck I once unloaded now stands idle
back then I thought it such momentous change
now when I think on it
it was practically stillness

I drink wine
and wonder at what civilizations
the moon has seen passing by
what pestilence salt has felt barreling through

—Omar Khayyam

I kick up dust from the sidewalk and
this action too is a kind of dependence
I think about how we will bury our dead
if no one can attend
a single shovel
the freshest soil
oh yes the nitrogen kissed it yesterday
peas just sprang up

the funeral being simply a promise that once someone loved you

and they promise to call

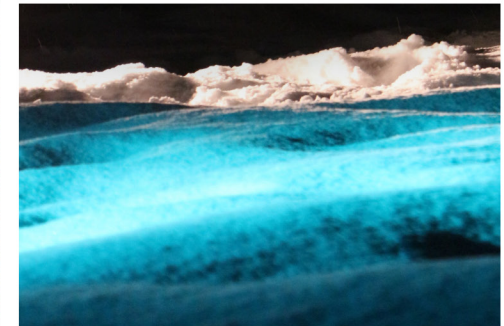
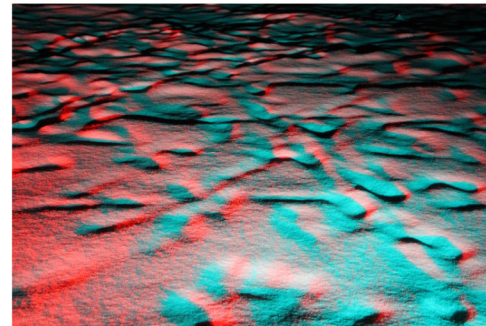
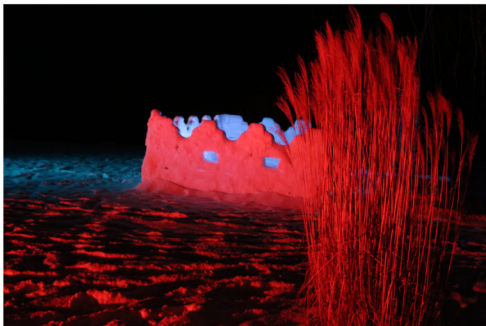
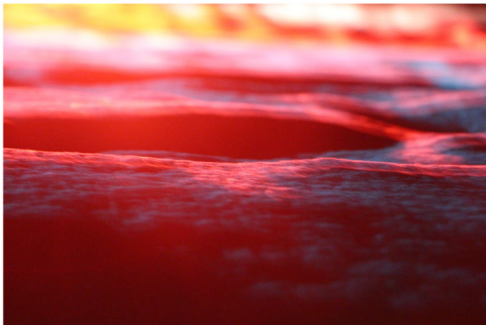
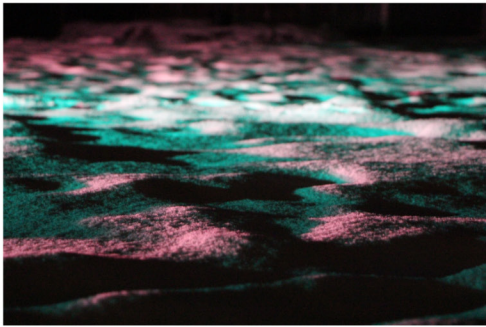
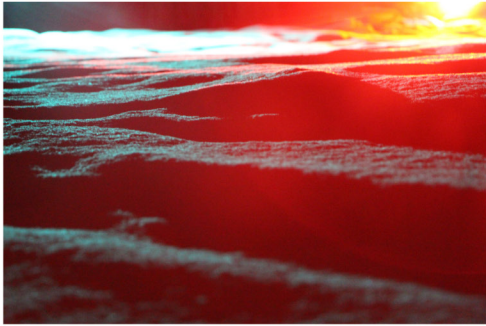
in our apartments pornography flickers back at us the lights of our
own wanting

movement, even, is a practice of wanting from here to there

when I look at you, at least
I see something other than an outline of my own wanting
and that is neither here nor there

I touch you, knowing that we weren't born tomorrow

—Adrienne Rich



CORI OLINGHOUSE

when loss is what gathers

These memories, written in the form of image descriptions, are some of the ghosts that have shaped my embodiment. I gathered these fragments over the past year, reflecting on the way loss accumulates and gathers.

*

For as long as I can remember, I've had a relationship with ghosts.

I must have been three years-old staring outside the window. I'd look towards the defunct treehouse in the right back corner of the yard. The light moved and was golden and alive.

In one memory, my Mom held me on her hips with a short blue terry cloth robe and her hair brushed back off her neck. She yelled at my father below, holding me as if protecting me. The pine ceiling beams framed the space below, which was wooden in every direction.

My father's face crackled, even back then. His eyes, slate grey, peered off to a space that seemed beyond beyond. I always loved Grover's Sesame Street antics -- "Near, far." A spatial dynamic that would forever define my experience of intimacy.

During this time, I remember regular escapes to the nearby wooded areas. I would take my Alaskan Malamutes on walks, so lopsided by my lack of weight and strength, they would run me uphill on my knees on asphalt. I didn't care that my shins were bleeding.

At four or five, my Mom packed us into her 1980s burgundy-colored Nissan station wagon. We had that 1980s melamine, colorful plasticware -- all the stackable plates and cups. We carried our whole house in her car away from the forest. I remember asking my Mom where we were going, and she said on vacation. There was no mention of my Dad.

In an earlier instance, I was with my babysitter who forced me to eat a whole raw onion. I took a bite and when she wasn't looking spat it out into the toilet. There were many kids running around in flannel shirts and with long brady bunch hair. I didn't trust anyone. I awoke each day with my eyes sealed shut from allergies, daddy longlegs crawling on my body.

*

In another house, near the border of San Diego and Tijuana, I remember a long hallway with strange sounds on the other side. I would face the wall and play with my shadows, flicking boogers and singing myself to sleep. One night, I remember looking to my side and a seven-foot tall booger monster appeared.

This was the same house I saw a ghost flapping about in the patio beyond the sliding glass doors.

*

Later, in another house with a stucco exterior and weirdly shaped rooms, I saw a hand appear on the inaccessible window of my second floor bedroom. My room shared a wall with the garage. I thought a man lived in-between the walls.

*

My father died in the high deserts in California -- in the Victor Valley of San Bernardino County in a town called Apple Valley. When I visited, I remember sprawling rundown motels, liquor stores, and a closed Wonder Bread factory.

The night I stayed over, I awoke from the sound of loud banging on the motel door next to me. Yelling and sirens. I was scared for multiple reasons. Mostly to know I'd wake up and go to the hospital to find my father dead.

His floor was littered with papers, trash, and half eaten food. There was no furniture, and everything was horizontal. I remember him laughing about his "obstacle course." No plates, no silverware. Everything plastic and to be thrown away. But left as a teetering haptic pile.

His windows were closed leaving all objects caked in two-inches thick of orange cigarette dust. His refrigerator housed unopened mail from the IRS, dating back to the 1970s. On the floor were scattered file folders with names like "The Wooleys," "Bumperbear" -- and so on.

The back room was his treasure trove. A closet full of Napoleon paraphernalia, which included antique books and meticulously painted metal figurines. Eight guitars sat upright on their stands as if in familial harmony.

I wore a jumpsuit, socks, boots, gloves, a mask, a shower cap. Outside there was the exoskeleton of a black car littered with empty alcohol bottles. I

could smell his house from twenty feet away. A mix of sewage and alcohol and cigarette smoke. I threw all the clothing out when I was done.

*

My whole life I've been obsessed with space. Not outer space, but the invisible space around and inside of us. Growing up, I remember pouring over piles of topographic maps with tactile land contours and swirling color palettes. The idea of rolling dimensions and plate tectonics.

*

From the age of six, I studied at various dance studios. The kinds found in white suburbs offering commodified versions of tap and jazz dancing. One of my first jazz teachers was Connie from A Chorus Line. And later Dennon and Sayhber Rawles, dancers who had taught Penny from Dirty Dancing.

Chronic pain is something I've battled since that age.

*

Between the first and maybe the fourth grade I lived in an apartment complex across the street from the Pacific Ocean. A train line ran between the sea and the road, Caminito del Canto. The buildings sat on a hill, clustered together with brown wood shakes and mansard roofs.

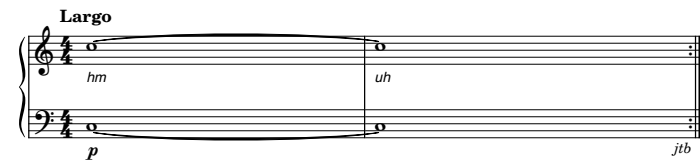
The condominium was bisected by the colors in carpeting, bright orange on the top and a mildewing pale blue on the bottom.

At night I was too terrified to sleep. There was a sliding glass door and outdoor patio. This was the place I buried my dead mouse. It was also the place I buried a pink plastic heart-shaped box with stolen art supplies hidden inside, including googly cartoon eyes.

My dog Snickelfritz looked like a Snickers bar or snickerdoodle cookie. On walks he veered along diagonals and vacuumed up the trash on the ground. We took baths and ate ice cream together.

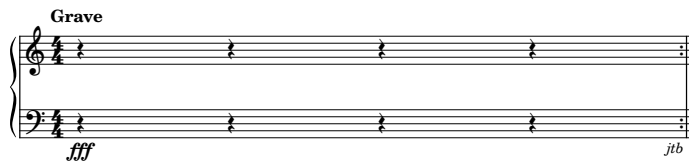
I remember the textures of the condo. The cottage cheese ceilings, the shag carpet, the slightly wet stairs, and the bumpy fabric couch.

Étude for Not Knowing #1
(a skeptic's mantra)



*For any number of people at any time
For LTY*

Étude for Not Knowing #2
(a quietist's refrain)



*For any number of people at any time
For JMCJr.*

drip sweat for the dead
for the healing

transform for the dead
for joy

heal heart for the dead
for the yearning

say names for the dead
for retribution

be gentle for the dead
for the ones seeking rest

untie the knots for the dead
for release

dance hard for the dead
do it
tonight

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LU YIM dances and performs as influenced by all their collaborators past, present, and future. they were born under a full moon in Scorpio and raised by Korean born immigrants amongst many Eucalyptus trees. by night they sometimes host a dance workshop called night practice. by day they are a personal trainer and dog dad.

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