

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

body.

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.