

the hold

jaamil olawale kosoko

Nile: You can keep talking amongst yourselves, no need to... I'm just here like you, I'm here to see a show, just here to see a show. Well, it seems as if I've captured your attention anyway, so maybe I might have a word for you. I love everyone was like, "Ooh, Ooh, you have a word. You have a word." Well hi, my name is Nile and I... Hey, I like to call and response, I was into that. Everyone was like, "Hey, we're here together." Hi, I'm gonna turn this on myself. Just got to let the viewers at home know what's going on. You know, we got to keep connected, it's these little screens is the only thing that we have keeping us all connected. But hi, my name is Nile. And I'm here to welcome you to tonight's performance of *the hold* by no other than jaamil olawale kosoko. Jaamil is the artist in residence, the curator in residence, the diva in residence, all things fabulous in residence here at the Wexner, and we have a little show for you tonight. I'm really, really grateful that you all are here. What is your name?

Jada: Jada.

Nile: Jada?

Jada: Yeah.

Nile: You're just so pretty Jada, I just wanted to say hi. Oh my God, I love your Telfar bag, thank you.

Nile: Well in a moment, I'm just gonna welcome you all to kind of come up with me through this portal you might say, or this passage. The name of tonight's exhibition, or this summer's exhibition is, *Portal For(e) the Ephemeral Passage* with some wonderful artists. And as we enter this passage of our own right, I want to invite you all to kind of set an intention as you come into the space, got to get into the glam. Set an intention as you come into the space, thank you. This is like the most beat that I've been in a while. You know, these days there's not much you get dressed for, so when you have a moment, you really have to kind of take your moment, take your moment, claim your moment. But, so that's what I'm gonna be conjuring, that's my intent going up these stairs, taking my moment, but just like, set an intention for yourself. It's maybe like a moving meditation, like maybe you could think of every step you take being maybe some sort of a prayer, just like taking you deeper into yourself, your body, your breath, and whatever intention that will support you and give you a little lift today. Jaamil will tell you a little on about the *Syllabus for Black Love* but that's an important theme of tonight, self-love. So as we go up these stairs, I welcome you to bring some love into your heart, through your body, with every step you take. Let's go this way. Oh, y'all need to check out the bookstore before you leave the *Syllabus for Black Love*, jaamil curated, these wonderful books over there that are like quintessential reads on your journey towards self-love. Your name one more time, Jada? Jada, thank you, I like walking with Jada. This is making me feel grounded and centered, 'cause you know, there be chaotic presences out there and like you got to find your people, and then just like step with them. Your tribe, yeah, yeah... yeah. This is like yeah, this is so important for me this moment. Like this long passageway to really ground myself. Up above on our left is an installation by Jasmine Murrell, it's made of VHS tapes, it's really incredible. It's called *The Immortal Womb*.

(*indistinct chatter*)

(gentle music)

♪ The first time ever I saw your face
I thought the sun rose in your eyes
And the moon and the stars were the gifts you gave
To the dark and the endless skies, my love
To the dark and the endless skies
And the first time ever I kissed your mouth
I felt the earth move in my hand
Like the trembling heart of a captive bird
That was there at my command, my love
That was there at my command, my love
And the first time ever I lay with you
I felt your heart so close to mine
And I knew our joy would fill the earth
And last 'til the end of time, my love
And it would last 'til the end of time, my love
The first time ever I saw your face
Your face, your face
Your face ♪

(indistinct chatter)

jaamil: Well not quite, she does it much better than me.

Nile: ♪ Your face ♪

jaamil: ♪ Your face ♪ I thought that too.

Nile: That feels like something.

jaamil: Yeah you know, that's for the album.

Nile: Huh?

jaamil: That's for the album.

(laughing)

Nile: When we drop that album.

jaamil: Yeah, when we drop that album.

Nile: Exactly.

jaamil: Exactly. That pidgin come in. That's something, I don't think you can capital- can you really like sell that?

Nile: Maybe. Yeah, I think we could sell that. I really think, I see the vision.

jaamil: You see the vision.

Nile: There is a safety pin that I was concerned about, but chile, I don't know where that is.

jaamil: I see the vision, see the vision. I see the vision.

Nile: I see the vision.

jaamil: Vision.

Nile: I see the vision.

jaamil: I see the vision.

Nile: I see the vision.

jaamil: I see the vision.

Nile: I see the vision.

jaamil: Yes.

Nile: I see the vision.

jaamil: All right. (*whispers*) I see the vision.

Nile: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

jaamil: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

Nile: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

jaamil: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

Nile: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

jaamil: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

Nile: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

jaamil: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

Nile: (*whispers*) I see the vision.

jaamil: All right, so I'm reading, I'm reading. I'm reading, I'm reading *Bodies in Dissent*, Daphne Brooks.
I'm reading, I'm reading, I'm reading. I'm reading.

Nile: What you reading? Oh, okay.

Jaamil: I'm reading *The Lonely Letters*, Ashon Crawley. I'm reading, I'm reading, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*.

Nile: Okay, you reading. (*laughing*)

jaamil: I'm reading! I'm reading, I'm reading. I'm reading *The Black Unicorn*, Audre Lorde. (*laugh track*)
 Hell yeah. I'm reading, I'm reading *The Fire Next Time*. James Baldwin. (*laugh track*) I'm reading.
 I'm reading, *Beloved*. Toni Morrison. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm
 reading. (*laugh track*) I'm reading. I'm reading! I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading! I'm
 reading! (*laugh track*) (*whispers*) I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading, I'm reading, I'm
 reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm reading. I'm writing too, I'm
 writing, *Black Body Amnesia*. "Effigy." Was it Tina or Peaches, one of my mother's vindictive
 personalities who set the house on fire with her brother still in it? When we went to visit him in
 the Burned Victims Unit the doctors had just finished ventilating his lungs. The hours hung long
 around his muscular-melted frame like a bandage, medical devices worked electric magic to
 keep him alive. The past five nights he'd spent locked in an air chamber. Finally, out of danger.
 God, God was a reflection in the room, in the mirrors, the windows, anything that let light in.
 The day that gauze and layers of cotton were removed he was unrecognizable cooked meat. His
 mother said he was such a beautiful man, had such nice feet. The 10 years after the blaze,
 Lucifer took the shape of a drink he could not put down. And so now, uncle is the 50-year-old
 living definition of a burnt blessing staggering in new skin, only a trace of physical heat is left,
 epidermal theft. Crazy mother, you lift the man's clothes, you lift the man's clothes right off his
 back. Scorched shirt singed while on the rack; ignite the black leather coat. Some nights he
 wakes in the hot rooms of his body still filled with smoke. "Mama, A Litany." Today I lost my
 mama. Your mama so ugly, your mama so Black, your mama on crack rock, not my mama. Red
 devil mama, mama on a stick. Now I'm marching mama, young mama, African mama, drunk
 mama singing, ♪ You're my angel ♪ Mama with wings now, flying mama, mama cooking
 Hamburger Helper mama with her face in the oven, baked mama, mama on a platter, dead
 mama, mama everywhere. Everywhere mama, mama in outer space. Wifi mama, Sheba queen
 mama, night queen mama, Muslim mama, fake accent speaking mama. Now it's raining mama,
 mama it's cold in here mama. Mama in the other room. Moaning mama. Turning trick mama.
 Mama rubbing nut on her skin, mama. Mama left me alone, gone mama. Mama naked, running
 naked in the street again. Welfare mama, mama a roach. Red light mama, mama in waiting,
 shelter mama, mama winter breaking mama, mama water breaking in mama. Mama shelter
 room, mama skinny mama, mama. Mama, boyfriend and brother living in the backseat of a car.
 Beaten mama, mama coming home with her face cut, a Bloody Mary mama, mama. Mama in
 the walls. Mama in the walls, whispering mama, whispering mama. Mama in the walls. Raped
 mama, cancer mama, turning her into a stone mama. Mama is a stone now, mama buried
 without a tomb stone, stone mama, suicidal mama, underloved mama. Mama, I have no mama,
 no mama, no more. I'd like for you to, I'd like for you to join me in the installation here, *Syllabus
 for Black Love*, where we'll sit together. (*gong begins to sound*)

jaamil: Come on in. You can come in, come on in. Have a seat if you'd like. You can sit right here.

♪ Come on
 In the room
 Come on
 In the room
 Come on
 In the room

Come on
In the room
Come on
Come on
Come on
In the room
Come on ♪

If you see something you like, you can take a photo. I just want you to tag me, that's all.

♪ Come on
In the room ♪

(*gong sounds*)

So... it felt really important... to... to put this work... I had to find the container. So that the work could... could let itself... be seen. So what I did, I had to create this space that I call *Syllabus for Black Love*. 'Cause I wanted to be in love. I needed to be in love, so that I could save my life. 'Cause if you don't know love, then you're already dead. You're already dead, you not living. So how can I do this work of... this wake work, this... (*indistinct chatter*) There's no way to do this work without love. So I had to learn how to love myself. Still learning, still moving in that direction. Direction of... love. Which goes in every direction. (*gong sound continues*) This shrine... I made for my family. This Barbie reminds me of my mom. This is the Barbie that I used to like play my mom in a piece that I made, actually... I wanted to play with a Barbie, so like let me channel my mama through this Barbie. This is a real photo of my mother. She was only 36 when she died, very young. My brother was 26. These are my brother's shoes, these are my dead brother's shoes. So I take them everywhere I go. I don't know how not to take them. This is his portrait. This is his portrait... moving fractals... an image moving in every direction. (*gong sound continues*) With that, I invite you to continue. To continue on this passage, on this journey. I'm grateful that we could spend this time together. But now it's time to move on. So I invite you, I invite you to continue through the portal. (*haunting sound*)

Nile: So this work is a lot about choices and agency. So now we are met with another choice. You can choose to come downstairs with me and have a closer experience. Maybe folks of a melanated persuasion can come downstairs and join me, and you know, allies are welcome, too. Or you can choose to come sit up here. What y'all teatea-ing about? I see them laughing, melanated persuasion.

jaamil: Melanated persuasion.

Nile: Melanated persuasion.

jaamil: I like that.

Nile: The gentle touch.

jaamil: The gentle touch.

Nile: It's a persuasion.

jaamil: What you know about my gentle rush?

Nile: What you know about it?

jaamil: What you know about the way I go?

Nile: What you know know about the way I touch? We always got the bars.

jaamil: Yes, that's that new, melanated persuasion.

Nile: That new melanated persuasion. Better than Silk Sonic.

jaamil: Oh, so much better than Silk Sonic.

Nile: So much, I mean I love Silk Sonic.

jaamil: We're Melanated Persuasion.

Nile: We're Melanated Persuasion, live in concert. *(jaamil laughs)* ♪ Didn't you know, didn't you know ♪

jaamil: The summer series.

Nile: The summer series.

jaamil: Melanated Persuasion.

Nile: On the summer stage, the Melanated Persuasion. I'm taking these boots off, chile.

jaamil: Yes.

Nile: That was so beautiful, jaamil.

jaamil: Oh, thank you. I appreciate that, you musta really liked it if you givin' me a compliment.

Nile: *(Nile laughs)* Yeah, I did...

jaamil: That's something come far and in between from you. *(haunting sound)* It felt really nice to dance, to duet a bit.

Nile: Yeah.

jaamil: I really love that.

Nile: I enjoyed that as well.

(indistinct chatter)

(wailing)

(bells chiming)

(indistinct chatter)

(haunting music)

(indistinct chatter)

(jaamil grunts)

Nile: *(laughs)* Yeah, right there. You could've just called me, you just could have called me.

(indistinct chatter)

(vocalizations)

(haunting music intensifies)

(wailing)

Nile: You just could have called me.

(dramatic music)

(dramatic music intensifies)

(indistinct chatter)

(upbeat music)

(ethereal vocals)

jaamil: Is that you?

Nile: I knew you was gonna call eventually *(laughing)*.

(soulful vocals)

♪ What's there to say, there's not much to talk about ♪

Nile: Nigga, you know there's EVERYTHING to talk about.

♪ Whatever happened to all... ♪

Nile: What happened?

♪ Of the love that we vowed ♪

Nile: Nigga, I'm right here, you can have it.

♪ Yes, it's true ♪

Nile: It's true.

♪ And there's nothing new ♪

Nile: There's nothing.

(Nile sings along)

♪ You can say
Give me the reason to want you back
Why should I love you again
Do you know, tell me how
How to forgive and forget
Give me the reason to love you now
It's been a mighty long time
And the love that used to be
Ended the day you walked out
Never knew I'd ever be
Standing alone and outside
With no one to love
Yeah-Eah
Ooh-ooh-Eah
I was secure and so glad there was you to love
What in the world would I ever do without us
But it's getting clear
That I have to get over you ♪

(*bells chiming*)

♪ Give me the reason to want you back
Why should I love you again
Do you know, tell me how
How to forgive and forget
Give me the reason to love you now
It's been a mighty long time
And the love that used to be ♪

Woman: So the depths of Black...

♪ Ended the day you walked out ♪

Woman: ...is what we have in our DNA, all of the past, all of the moment of the present, and all that is projected in the future. Black love, love which is the micro and the macro. Again, the be all and the end all, the love, the love of it. I see then Black love as encompassing and holding the possibilities for the best and the worst of what we know of our species, the heights and the breadth of the depths. Black love in a sense is what it means to be.

(*song continues*)

Man: What Black love means to me, I think that it represents a shared experience, or if not a shared experience, then perhaps a shared perspective or a shared understanding of how the world works, both in terms of the trauma and suffering that that brings, but also an understanding of the joy... and the love that springs from that love.

Woman 2: I'm also thinking about like, outside of the love that I give myself. Not outside, but in addition (*indistinct chatter*) to indulge so deeply, that that can be offered to others intentionally and effortlessly.

Woman 3: Black love, being real Black with me, being real Black for me. When I drop you off, I wait and I watch you go inside. When I make my plate, I make yours too. When you want me to be on the phone with you, when you're doing something mundane to celebrate mundanity with me as a luxury in our short, long Black lives. Black love, letting you be the kind who Black you wanna be, even if it isn't the type of Black that I think I am. Black love, is expanding definitions and possibilities of both Blackness and love.

(*indistinct chatter*)

jaamil: I love you. I love you. I love you, I love you.

(*shushing sounds*)

(*otherworldly sound*)

(*soft piano music*)

jaamil: Shhhh. I love you. I love you, I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you. I love you, I love you, I love you.

(*clapping hands*)

jaamil: I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.

(*bells chiming*)

(*indistinct chatter*)

Nile: Love you.

Jaamil: I love you.

Nile: I love you.

Jaamil: I love you.

Nile: I love you.

jaamil: ♪ Give me the reason ♪

(*indistinct chatter*)

jaamil: I love you. I love you.

(*rhythmic hissing sound*)

jaamil: (*laughing*) I like this image. I don't quite know what it is (*laughing*) I'm feeling that though, there's something about that. You know, we got each other at least. If you turn, I heard in

modern dance class. They told me if you turn, if you just like turn. It's like a metaphor for life and living, right? So you turn and you just, and you plié with it. You plié. 'Cause you know, I like to go deep.

Nile: Oh, I don't got that depth (*laughing*).

jaamil: I'm gonna come right up though. All right, that was nice. That was good, that was okay. All right, all right y'all. Woo, chile.

Nile: Yeah.

jaamil: All right.

(*mechanical noise*)

the hold post-performance conversation

(*no sound*)

Kelly: ...visioning with you.

Jaamil: Yes, literally.

Kelly: Literally.

jaamil: Yeah, we were able to really come together, and there was just incredible dedication and support. Yeah, really heartwarming.

Kelly: Well, maybe that's a good place to start, the vision. How did this all come about? This is an iteration of a work that has been in development for a while. And also I'd love to, while you're talking about the vision of the work, talk about your working relationship with Nile and Ev.

jaamil: Yeah I mean, I'll speak to just our relationship. We were, I would call us long term collaborators at this point. We've been working pretty consistently since, at least 2018. And yeah, and so with that I think, they've learned certain things about my interests and vice versa. But I'm really curious to hear what you all have to say in regards to, you know, I guess the way this work kind of came into being for you. I'd like to hear, I'd like to hear from Everett. I don't know if yeah, you can, you go second.

Everett: I think my first introduction to the work was a conversation actually that we had. I can't remember how many years ago it was, but just the description of the work was already very inviting, and intriguing. And I remember we were doing another residency, I believe at EMPAC. And we went to record and that's when I, the first time that I heard the vocal, the vocal tracks for what's now the book and I was sold from that point. And from there it was, and I greatly appreciate you giving me this opportunity to paint for you, sonically paint for you, because it's so the, I don't know if you've ever got a chance, if you've all had a chance to read the book, it's amazing. The vocal tracks I had a chance to hear and that like I said, that was the thing that really like pulled me in to the story. And I've been here and loving it ever since. Ever since.

Nile: Yeah, I met jaamil in 2019 in a workshop they were leading in New York City in Movement Research, in the earlier phases of you developing this work, and we had a conversation and met, but so much of the work inside of the work feels like, trying to catch a vibe, and trying to catch this spirit and like find a bit of tumultuous fun and in the sort of outside in the making of the work, I feel like so much of the work is about catching that vibe together as well between me and jaamil, I feel like the conversations that we have in between the work, and the making of the work is the work. So I feel like so much of our few years together has been about deepening our relationship, our rapport, the jokes, when I wanna spiral and be angsty, all of the things in between it is the work. And I feel like that has been showing up in the dance and in the movement over the years. But I think on the wall text, there's something about the American chameleon, or the chameleonic nature of this work. So for me, what keeps it fresh and exciting is that I get to show up to it anew every day from where I'm at and jaamil's there to meet me where they are at that day, where we're at that day, and come together and really be held by the process, yeah.

Kelly: I was just gonna ask about the passage, the choreography through the space, which changes from iteration to iteration. And I'm sure it's something, it's obviously site responsive, but the importance of it, tell us more about leading us through these various stages and places, and what that means, yeah.

jaamil: Yeah I mean, it's I think, so much of this work is like a kind of time between time. I'm going on this passage and thinking just around the kind of possibility I think of a kind of practice that is made so evidenced. And I think there's a particular way in which this work, like there's, it's of a lineage, it's of a community, it's of a very concentrated, and precise technology and theoretical perspective. And so it felt important to just share that cosmology, and to allow folks into it and to, inside of creating that cosmology, allow myself to be placed as well. Yeah, well this sort of, this idea of just thinking about what is the ideal context for the provocation of something that is so personal, and just incredibly vulnerable and all the things. You know, what do I need to sort of execute that as clearly, as precisely as I possibly can? And so this was an amazing opportunity to do that really critical work and to allow, because you know, there's something about this that also translates into the way we speak, and teach, and communicate as well. And so in that there's this passage of knowledge, there's literally a passage, an intergenerational passage of knowledge that is being transmitted as we walk through these halls. And so I just hope that that's clear, you know what I mean?

Lane: Last night during the dress rehearsal, you had this wonderful definition for performance art. You said that, it was about performance art is about learning how to write about yourself. And you have a writing practice. I've heard you talk about, define yourself, principally as a writer. Can you talk about that practice, and then where we get to here?

jaamil: I mean you know, it's the foundation for me really. It's interesting 'cause you know, we talk about, well, I've heard it talked about as a kind of improvisation. And for me it's like, I'm very precise about the images that I'm creating, like the images that are being written, I feel very like clear about that. Now how we get to it, how we land it, that is more improvisatory maybe. But where we're going is very clear for me, you know? And so that's just something that I think I've

learned just through both writing and living. There's something about learning how to maneuver in the world, literally that emergence has taught me. And it's in this description, in this way in which we write about ourselves, that we literally sort of manifest the next chapter, so I'm very aware of that power of my power inside of that, to literally manifest. And I feel like I'm at this point where literally my ideas are manifesting like quite fast actually. And so I'm like, whoa wait a minute, slow down. But that's a part of the writing, that is the writing. For me, it's a kind of written writing practice that moves beyond the page, but into the way in which I move and literally describe myself in the world.

Lane: Shall we open it up? What do you think?

Kelly: Yeah maybe, I also just wanted to note, if you didn't grab the piece of paper that's on the outside of *Syllabus for Black Love* installation there's a piece by Nile, also speaking of writing, yeah. Do either of you wanna say anything before we open it up? No, if there's any, yeah great, can I come to you? No it's okay, I think this is the only, okay. You're welcome.

Audience Member: Well, I'm curious about your relationship to the veil, and sort of how it impacts your performance work, and then also the concept behind it as well.

jaamil: Yeah, there's a way of cloaking that I've learned sort of articulates another kind of way in which we can allow the body to be seen and witnessed, you know? And so I'm really curious about the sort of slippery edges that Blackness sort of allows for. And I think that is something that I'm literally trying to give materiality to and like yeah, that I'm trying to write through you know? But it is such, it is a very slippery practice. It's already onto another thing, and so it's always asking for this way in which we have to be just incredibly present and listen, you have to listen in this work. But the veiling, and this sort of deprivation that sort of arrives for me allows another way of seeing, and another way of listening, and another way of sort of presenting the body that moves beyond gender for me, it's moving beyond a kind of identity politic or something. For me, it's really trying to speak at something that is far more fascial or yeah, just transient. Does that help maybe, does that? Thank you for that question.

Audience Member 2: Hi jaamil.

jaamil: Hey.

Audience Member 2: I have so many things to say, and that I'm interested in. But I will say that I'm so struck by, so you're curating inside of the Wex, but the worlding, the world making, the curation of your specific installation, this specific journey, this portal. I've been in this room like countless times, and I'm still ground reorienting to the fact that, oh yes, I do know where I'm at this floor, and into that exits over there actually. And so, it was incredibly activated. Like, we're still over here like, inside of like this ritual moment. So, I'm really interested to hear you talk about your curatorial practice, and the making of grand and small scale, whichever one you wanna get to. And then also maybe, you are sounding for something to each other inside of performance, and I'm really interested. And maybe, you maybe don't want to talk about it to us. That's cool too. What it is that you're listening for? Or whom you're listening for?

jaamil: That's a good question, yeah.

Audience Member 2: Yeah so, anything in there?

jaamil: Yeah, that's beautiful. Yeah, I am listening for my guides I think. There's a kind of energy, and like attunement that I'm like reaching towards. And I'm trying to invite you into that as much as I can, this sort of code I guess, for some people it might be a sort of code. So we call that pidginning, pidgin chorus, specifically. P-I-D-G-I-N, and it sort of speaks to a kind of creolization, if you will, of language and how the melting of identities that came together to form this thing we call Blackness now. Yeah, so that's what I'm reaching for, like attuning to, in each space that I enter. The macro and the micro curatorially, I feel like I'm always thinking, I mean, I'm always thinking about like artists, you know? And this one is too, we're always kind of like who's doing what? And this one too I mean, we're all like doing that. And so there's a way that, there's this yeah. But I will also say that, curatorially it really, like I'll curate a poetry conference, or I'll curate a Black joy session, or an exhibition, like the practice is really kind of I mean, it's slippery too, just as much as my creative you know, my art making practice. But I love it so much it's like, I've been curating ever since I've been making, The two have been just always working alongside each other. I've always been in this process of worlding people around me, and how I'm sort of fitted, like how I'm fitted into this cosmology. That's always been there. And I think as I do this work more and have just more access and resource, it allows that vision to grow even bigger, which is incredible. So that'll be my answer for you. Thank you so much, I love that question, it's so good.

Audience Member 3: Hey y'all, I just wanna start by saying, we were talking about how we both really appreciated how Black it was, so thank you for that. I personally, one of the most impactful parts of the work was moving from the shrine area, into here. And I was just kind of talking about how I interpreted that a little bit, and just kind of seeing you all emerge from like the brown ground after you explaining the items on the shrine, and what they mean to you. And I would love to just hear a little bit more about that, and just to let you know why it's so impactful for me, my dad actually, actually Juneteenth will be the two-year anniversary of his passing. So like for me seeing that it was like very relatable because like, I since then have been birthed into a new world with my grief so I...

jaamil: Ain't that the truth.

Audience Member 3: Yeah, and like learning how to carry yourself. And like you said, the veiling and the masking, and how you can carry your body, even though internally you may be carrying some other struggles. So, I just would like to hear a little bit more about your thought process through that.

jaamil: I mean, you said it. (*laughing*) You said all the things. Yeah, it literally you know, the grief, it does open another world, it literally does. And you have to learn how to be. It's almost like, oh how do I walk? How do I breathe again? But it's possible, we do it. Yeah, but I would say, I'll also say, it can be, I think a lot about the hydraulics of grief, the way in which it is a kind of, it is a power for, it's a source of power that we have the ability to manipulate, to use, to translate, to transcribe. So for me, it's really a question of how am I activating this grief in such a way that it can like recycle into something that can stir or shake the spirit in some other way, you know? So

it's always this process of just recycling really, and moving through it, moving through it, moving through it, and seeing where is this new place that it may allow me to arrive. But it's a part of the living you know, it's a part of the living that we do now, for sure.

Audience Member 3: Thank you for including that.

jaamil: Thank you for being here, (*laughing*) thank you for your presence, yes. Okay, I think that's a good, are there other questions, shall we?

Kelly: We shouldn't forget about...

jaamil: Yeah, yeah.

Michelle: I feel like that's a really beautiful place to end, actually.

jaamil: Okay, all right. Thank you all so much.

(*applause*)