

ISSUE ONE

WHAT'S UP ON THE WEB?

GARVEY!

COOKING WITH
SUMMER HAMILTON

SEX



LOVE

NURTURING



HOROSCOPES
PLAYLISTS
COMMENTARY
LOVE LETTERS
& DREAMS

w/ *Cristina Jiménez*



FAMILY

CRISTINE BRACHE & BRAD PHILLIPS

Garvey Loves Flowers
LOVE ARRANGEMENT • SAMANTHA SMERCONISH



WITH LAUREN DU GRAF & CAMALO GASKIN
ELISA GOMERA & MALIQUE PAYNE

GIANT PULLOUT POSTER!

- Cristine Brache*
- DJ Reborn*
- Kamilya Copney*
- Lauren Du Graf*
- Kelman Duran*
- Raque Ford*
- Camalo Gaskin*
- Elisa Gomera*
- Summer Hamilton*
- Cristina Jiménez*
- Malique Payne*
- Brad Phillips*
- Samantha Smerconish*



Letter from The Editor



WELCOME TO GARVEY!

Inside is a collection of visual things and text things put into magazine form. It's thoughts from my friends, from my families, from the Internet, connected through me. It's notes from my studio, my sketchbook—a diary made public. It's personal.

The marathon continues ...



And since we all came from a woman
 Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
 I wonder why we take from our women
 Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
 I think it's time to kill for our women
 Time to heal our women, be real to our women
 And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
 That will hate the ladies, that make the babies
 And since a man can't make one
 He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
 So will the real men get up
 I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

—2'Pac





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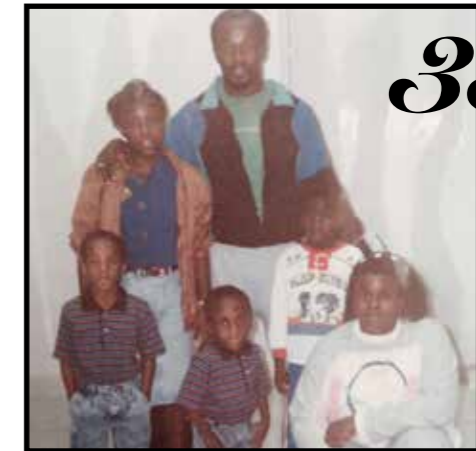
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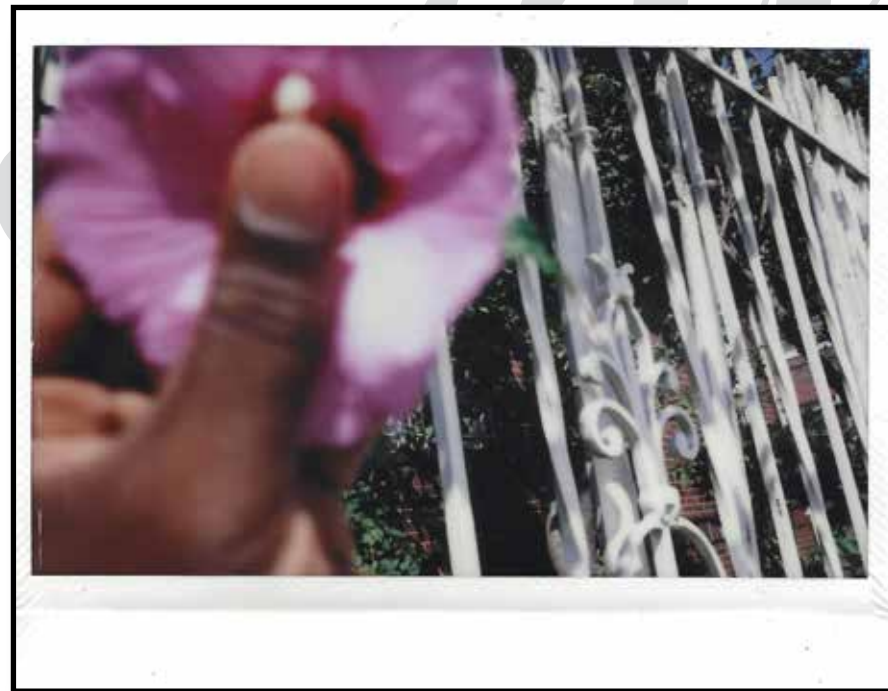


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ALVARO BARRINGTON
 Garvey: Sex Love Nurturing Famalay
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garvey loves flowers!



GARVEY LOVES FLOWERS (THREE WAY), 2019

love letters

Frankie

My Dude, My Brother! There is no one in life I feel more comfortable telling how much I'm messing up, messed up more than you, because I know you care. That caring has taught me how to be honest with other folks about where I am. Anyone who knows you, know you have their backs with no judgement. You have been there for me at my lowest so many times and I could not thank you enough. When I blew my money, you offered me your house and made it my home. I remembered how hard you cleaned that room. You fought hard for me to get a job at Bob's. Believed in me enough to make me the godfather of your first. You have me when I don't have me. You are the mannnn. This letter is a small thank you. You are my hero! I believe in you, you are going to make a lot of great moves and be a great dad. I can't wait to see what you do.

Alvaro

Place:

It was Brawta's Cafe back then and it was down the block but everytime I pass here I remember all the dinners and lunches ate here with you.

Dear Mamas,

Had my first day in the studio things are clicking in the studio I like to leave because it means I'm into my ego I'm not being pounds so I decided to take it for a spin, get some fresh air and grab something from the art when I stopped at the corner the guy approached me and asked where I bought the bike. I told her face and I know the feeling because two of my bikes had been stolen and that shit sucks but a look, but I didn't want her to take pictures of the serial number. The light changed to go and the whole thing because I was curious how it was all going to play out. I had seen so many and calling the cops on them and I thought, I wonder what this feels like. It started becoming lower, middle class, walked over to the white folks and asked them if I stole the bike. Then woman was sure the bike wasn't hers, having inspected it several times—but she was still holding few older blacks folks came by—one man and two women who came over at different points, suffered from addiction, but had been on the path to recovery more successful lately (there together) —who all came to my defense. She put her hands on my forearm and said, “don't give officer my name, Alvaro Barrington.” The police officer felt bad, he kept apologizing and said because this isn't her bike, but you could tell the white woman was nearly on the verge of crying and this wasn't it). Hope in those first moments after something like this happens is strong the police and her male companion to keep me because even though she knew my bike wasn't way that made her feel safe. After the officer told her it's not the same rack on the back she

a new one in the 20 minutes since her bike had been got stolen, for months every time I saw a black bike, any sure it wasn't mine. When I reflect on how many times I must have looked insane. It was my favorite bike and it was my right to detain someone because of a slight process this, I got bored and knew any moment I would its course and then I saw two friends nearby, so just goodbye to anyone in the recently formed crowd. Across joked about me stealing bikes. The black woman who you for your help. She said you are welcome and smiled me of being a young black man with no resources, no that belongs to young black men and black women with that system and who protected me so that I can live my



yesterday where I felt productive, it's the best feeling in the world. But usually when so many objective. This week I got a new bike, a beautiful red Brompton and I'm trying to lose to some store. While biking I noticed a white women point and a guy she was with point at me and then them I could tell that from how they were pointing at me the girl's bike had been stolen. I saw this isn't her bike. She then came over and I told her this isn't her bike and that she could take I was going to bike off but videos of white people a scene and at this a black a police officer came, but out hope that it somehow one of the women seemed are a few people around them any information.” (I to the couple he doesn't (I think from realizing and she was emotionally her bike, she wanted to be wanted to confirm because stolen. I know that feeling. black bike, I stopped and would stop to inspect every some motherfucker took possible connection. become frustrated, the decided to bike away to the street I told my friends held my forearm then walked up to me and asked if I was ok. I said yes, thank you queen, thank and walked away. It was such a great reminder of black womens' emotional space. It reminded protection, a system made of people and a government who assumed there is a sense of violence few resources, and it reminded me of compassionate eyes who saw me as a kid and who saw potential.



decided to entertain stopping black people guy, maybe middle-by that time the white was hers. And then a in appearance like she there who hang out had given the police have to stay especially her bike was stolen putting pressure on 120 percent sure in a maybe I had installed After my favorite bike looked at it to make black bike I realize I it, but I never thought Before my mind could experiment had run say hi without saying what happened and we

See you around, Alvaro

A brief history of a

two-party political system



its effects on families

forced to come to the border.

My heart weighs heavy thinking about children whose first experiences in the world are filled with such violence, of which they are not at all responsible for. I struggle to figure out how to discuss the migrant issue and thought about showing images, but my fear was that it would be seen as confirmation of the idea that Trump is the Thing, rather than one piece within the context of a long history of American thinking around crime and punishment mixed with interventionist politics mixed with the political ideology of a two-party system that preys on fear rather than love, mixed with many more namable and unnameable forces. The long journey of human's presence on this world has brought us to a moment today where we are searching to empower voices so that we can all hear how our words and deeds are responsible for each other. And the future will not look kindly on a generation that protects political systems that quiet progress and encourages violence.

While traveling through Mexico I met someone who had been deported after getting a speeding ticket in Texas. As kid he was brought by his parents much like me although enough to have been of the children in his had failing schools, and hostile political culture, he joined Ghostface Killa's "all understand the climate the intro about a kid on is only 13.) At 18 he his long-term partner and he took a low-paying job working in a mechanic shop to support his family. One day a "routine" stop with the police revealed that he was undocumented with a criminal record, guaranteeing he would be deported—and that was what happened. By the time I met him, it had been years since he had seen his daughter and he and his baby mama ended up in deep poverty while his daughter was growing more precious by the day. After hanging out for a few days smoking weed together and talking about west coast /east coast rap and the south, I took him to a New Year's party and when the music got wack we traded turns dj'ing, playing tracks we both hoped the other would recognize and bring back memories of the golden age in hip hop that formed much of what music was for us. Later, he admitted how helpless the last few years had made him feel and that he had even thought about committing suicide at the start of the new year, but he said our relationship and this party made him rethink that and maybe he could find a new life in Mexico. He gave me a huge bag of shitty weed as a thank you for my travels.

Been through a lot, but I could never imagine...

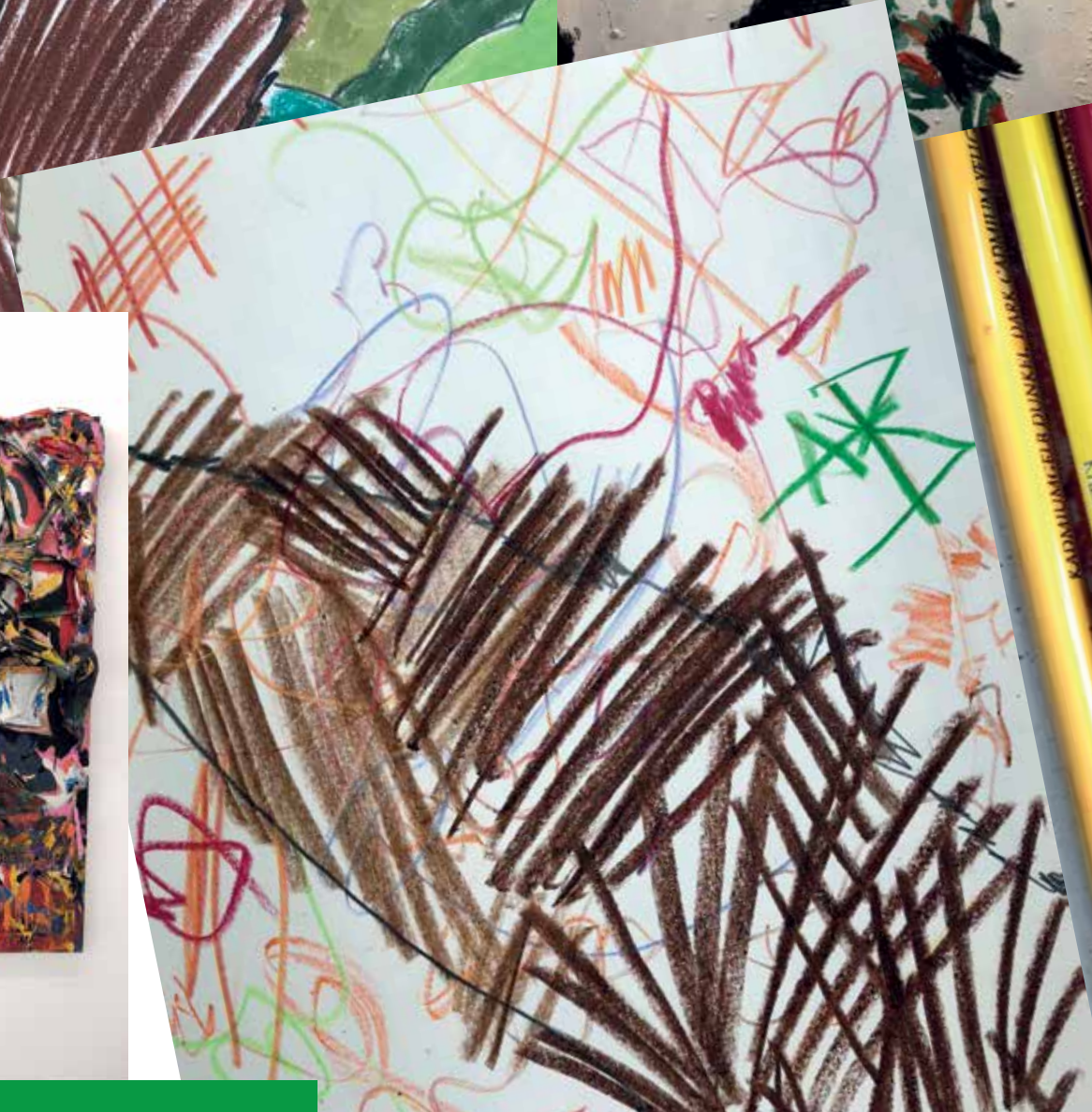
I thought about how to include the migration story happening at our border after Cristina's piece because she has taken responsibility for that community and made important advancements in the conversation around immigration with her work for the Dreamers (kids brought to America who went universities and joined the military, but have been otherized and locked out of the imagination of America despite contributing so much

to the culture and economy). I wanted to include some articles here about how we ended up in this situation with the current immigration crisis with children pulled out the hands of parents who have traveled to America in hopes of protecting their children because many of my friends blame it on Trump—but Trump is simply building on center Democratic and Republican strategies and policies of the past several decades. Many of those forced to leave under Obama were folks who had joined gangs with roots back in Central America and had been arrested under the mass incarceration policies of the 90s, a result of the now infamous 1994 crime bill. Many had left their respective countries as children and were now living in low-income neighborhoods with few prospects in America, so they joined gangs and spent much of their developmental years forming their core relationships in and out of prison. Once they were deported back to Central America, the only family they knew were the gangs. Many of the countries they returned to were politically unstable and had no way to deal with the influx of gang members. There was no system to reintroduce these folks to countries they may have left became the norm and to flee to protect their time, Congress was people to qualify for mass exodus of folks Obama administration program called Secure by Bush, which allows agencies to share data in order to track winning support groups. Once Trump was elected, he could now exercise his lifelong quest for cruelty to black and brown people. (He took out full-page ads in all four of New York City's daily newspapers advocating for the return of the death penalty in a case in which five young men ages 14–16 were accused of raping a woman in Central Park before a trial even started. The men were eventually found innocent, but not until after serving between six and 13 years in prison.)

my kids stuck at the border.

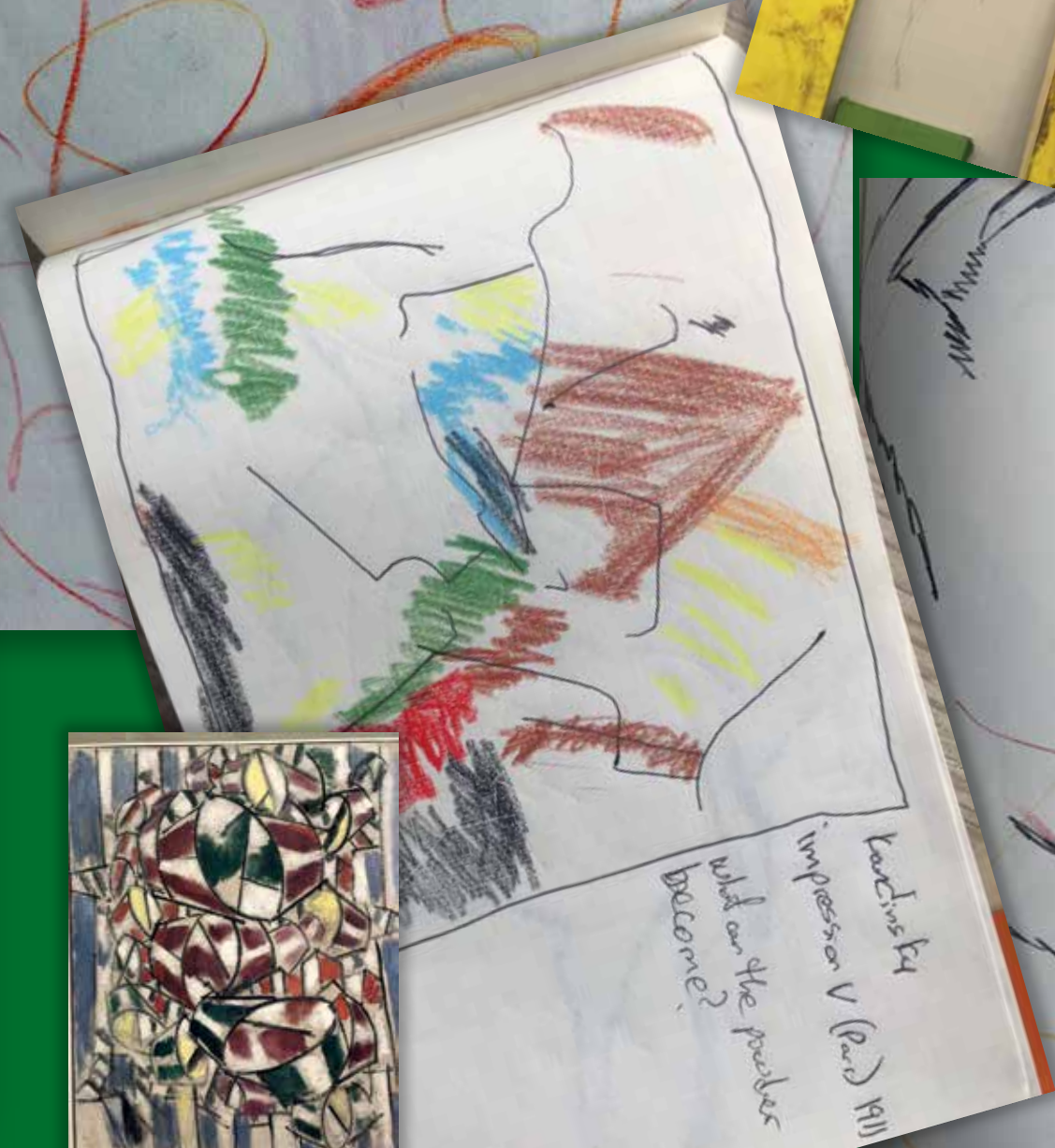
—21 Savage

Children and their parents are now being held in concentration camps. What's next? This issue is particularly important to presidential candidate Julian Castro who rose to fame during the Obama administration and has proposed decriminalizing the act of illegally entering the country, making it a misdemeanor similar to a traffic ticket. It makes sense because a nonviolent act like committed one time shouldn't define a person's existence. What is most frustrating about our current situation is our leaders' lack of imagination and inability to see the humanity of these people's lives. Leaders such as Joe Biden who as I am writing this wants to stick to the status quo, a system that has caused so much hurt and begets so much violence. We need leaders who think about healing and mental health because hurt people hurt people. We deserve leaders who are compassionate and have the capacity of vision.■



Notes & Sketches

Notes & Sketches



- *Hibiscus (red, orange, and yellow)
- *Poppies (yellow and orange)
- *Geranium (small purple flower and foliage)
- *Allium (white flowers)
- *Oncidium Orchids (small yellow flowers)
- *Fern (base greenery)



Samantha Smerconish

dreams Cristina Jiménez

Cristina Jiménez is a community organizer, strategist, and freedom fighter. She is the Executive Director & Co-founder of United We Dream (UWD), the largest immigrant youth-led network in the country.



Needles, buttons, white lace ribbons, and colorful fabrics. I was sitting on the shiny brown wooden floor playing with a silky green fabric. I was six years old; long black hair in a ponytail, slanted eyes like mom, and the “cutest” dimples. At least, according to dad. The floor was impeccable. Mom always made sure our small apartment was very clean. A modest short petite woman; short black wavy hair, with small mighty hands and the strength of a giant. Every week she moved the two beds we had in our apartment’s only bedroom, the sofa and the large cabinet in the living room, all by herself, to make sure every corner of the floor was swept. After lunch, while my baby sister slept in the bedroom, she would set up her Singer sewing machine and ironing board in the living room, opposite to the corner where we kept the plastic potties, to make dresses and suits for her clients. There was only one bathroom that was shared among four families, including mine, in the tenement house where we lived. Thanks to the potties I didn’t have to hold my pee when mom couldn’t take me to the bathroom. I don’t remember if it was winter or summer but when I think of my childhood in Ecuador most memories include rainy days when our vecina, neighbor, alerted all the other women in the tenement house that rain was coming, “vecinas! llueve! la ropa!” she would shout. All the women ran to the patio to get the washed

clothes they hanged on the washing line to dry. Wooden and plastic clothespins cracking. Dogs barking. Then, only the rain.

I was born in Quito, the capital of Ecuador, the middle of the world. Literally. The city sits 16 miles from the equator on the slopes of the Pichincha volcano at an elevation of 9,350 feet in the Andes Mountains. My mother, Ligia, came from an entrepreneurial family that had struggled to keep their businesses running successfully, but according to my tios y tias, aunts and uncles, my grandmother, Esther, never gave up, even after the passing of my grandfather, Francisco. I never got to meet him. My mother was only ten years old when he died of cancer. My father, Fausto, came from a poor family. My grandmother was from Guayaquil and moved to the capital because she felt in love with my

“I was born in Quito, the capital of Ecuador, the middle of the world.”

“I really wanted to go to college, but I couldn’t.” When she asked her mother to allow her to finish high school so she could eventually go to college, my grandmother told her that women didn’t go to college.



grandfather, Carlos, who was in the military. He was born in Tulcan, the highest city in Ecuador, at 9,680 feet above sea level, bordering Colombia. He suffered from alcoholism, which led to my grandmother leaving him and her children, including my dad, who became homeless at the age of four. He grew up without a home or a family in the streets of Quito, with my uncle Eduardo, until a friend of the family took both of them to the city’s shelter for homeless children.

I loved helping mami when she made dresses for her clients. That afternoon as I was playing with fabrics on the floor, she asked me to look for a plastic button organizer where she stored buttons of all colors and sizes. I tip-toed to reach down to the bottom of the tall plastic bin where she stored her tools and materials. I found the button organizer mami needed, but my attention was caught by a rectangular brown sketchbook with goldish borders in the bottom right corner of the bin. It looked like a sketchbook that belonged to an artist—a designer! I skimmed through it. There were sketches of elegant bras, lingerie, and couture dresses. “Whose is this mami?” I asked. “It’s mine. That’s the thesis I worked on to graduate from sewing school” she said. I was both shocked and impressed that it was my mother who had sketched beautiful dresses like the ones you see models and celebrities wear on TV. My mom was a talented designer! But nobody knew, I thought.

With a confused look I asked, “Why didn’t you continue sketching?” “No me gusta coser” I don’t like sewing, she said, as she traced lines with a yellow chalk on a black fabric. “I really wanted to go to college, but I couldn’t.” When she asked her mother to allow her to finish high school so she could eventually go to college, my grandmother told her that women didn’t go to college. Women needed to learn an “oficio,” grandmother said. She needed to choose a trade. There were two options: sewing or hairdressing. She chose sewing. Mom graduated from sixth grade, but instead of going to high school, grandmother arranged for her to start working for Mrs. Gonzalez, the neighborhood’s seamstress. “Hay... mi’ja, your grandmother thought she was doing what was best for me,” she said with a brittle voice. Her gaze focused on the black fabric; lost in her own thoughts. She wondered how her life would have been different if she had continued school.

The rain got heavier. It was pouring. The dogs started barking. “What did you dream of becoming, mami?” I asked. “I dreamed of becoming a teacher—a history teacher,” she said. I could see and feel her profound sadness in my bones. The sadness of opportunities denied



and shattered dreams. A current of heat ran from my stomach up to my chest, my throat closed tight, and tears were about to burst like water gushing from a broken pipe. But I held back my tears. I didn’t want her to feel sadder. The room went silent and in silence my soul wept. If she had continued school, perhaps she would have learned about the history of many countries. Perhaps she would be in a classroom fulfilling her dream.

I realize now, that on that day, among colorful fabrics, buttons, and needles, I gained a deeper understanding about my mother that has guided me through the years. That time, when reviewing my homework, she ripped away the pages from my notebook because my handwriting wasn’t clear enough. The sleepless nights we spent together studying for social studies exams, memorizing all of the key leaders and dates of the Inca Empire. Pachacuti, ruler of the Kingdom of Cuzco, and his son Túpac Yupanqui, who in 1463 extended the empire northward along the Andes through Ecuador. More than twenty years later I still remember them. The many times, she insisted I finish my homework even when we had no electricity, which was very often in the late 80s and early 90s. She would set up two candles in our dining table and say “There is a solution for everything. Keep reading, mi’ja.” Mami was doing all she could to ensure that, unlike her, I could get an education and have the opportunity to dream. ■

I could see and feel her profound sadness in my bones. The sadness of opportunities denied and shattered dreams. A current of heat ran from my stomach up to my chest, my throat closed tight, and tears were about to burst like water gushing from a broken pipe. But I held back my tears. I didn’t want her to feel sadder.



RED YELLOW MALE, 2019



RED RED MALE, 2019

no ordinary love

Brad Phillips & Cristine Brache

Cristine Brache (b. 1984, Miami, FL) and Brad Phillips (b. 1974, Toronto, Ontario) are Toronto-based artists who exhibit internationally. Phillips also has a writing practice, his debut story collection, *Never Forget to Not Forgive*, was published by Tyrant Books in 2019.

What are some things that led you to fall in love with Cristine?

BRAD: I've been really obsessed with language from a very young age, and used to play competitive Scrabble. When I found Cristine's page on Instagram, she was posting mistranslated shirts she saw in China where she was living. There was real sadness and beauty and poetry in them. I hadn't seen her face at that point I don't think, but I felt that she was someone who spoke to my mind in a very specific way, and knew I could have very strong feelings for her. I think language is one thing that's remained important between us. I've always stayed where I feel safe, which is inside my house. I was really attracted to the way Cristine was out in the world, often with no money, just exploring. Living in places I'd be scared to live in, doing things

I'd be scared to do. I thought she was so brave. When I saw her and heard her voice, I knew that that was it for me. I really was in love with her before we met. Quite a while before we met, I think. When she showed me videos she'd made in China, it was as if her brain validated my brain, saw things I saw in a different way, felt detached and critical of society the way I did but differently. She was just so singular and unusual and I'd always looked for that with no success. Cristine was the first woman I'd ever met who didn't judge me. The things about me I thought for certain would put her off, were things that she either embraced or was curious about. I haven't had to compromise anything about the way I navigate the world to accommodate her, and that's a very rare and beautiful thing. After we first met but also before, while she was in China, we corresponded unrelentingly. She used to watch me fall asleep on Skype and we sent each other photos of ourselves and whatever we were doing constantly. We couldn't have been further apart geographically and I couldn't have felt closer to someone emotionally. Long distance teaches you a lot. What it taught me was what it means to miss someone, because when you learn what that means, you learn how important it is to be with someone. To no longer have to miss them. Cristine is incredibly honest

and brilliant and ambitious and always challenges herself, and I admire her more than anyone I know. I think that when your romantic partner is the person you admire most in the world, then you're very fortunate, and I never take that for granted. There's so many other things that would exhaust our word count. But when we met in person finally in upstate New York, I told her the day after we woke up that I was done when it came to my life as a man looking for love and romance and compatibility. I knew I'd found everything I'd ever been looking for. More beautifully, I found things with Cristine I was never aware I wanted, or needed, or imagined would be possible in my life.

We also dance really well together. I never danced in front of anyone before. Cristine opened up part of me I always felt too shy to expose.

What are some of the ways you experience romance in your relationship?

CRISTINE: Everything about our relationship is romantic. We share a deep spiritual communion. It's as if we've endlessly lost and found each other over the course of millions of lives. Romance can be expressed by a caress or a thought. It can be a bouquet of flowers, a dance party for two, or something so perverse it would need to be redacted.

We don't take love or romance for granted and are highly intelligent people so there are a multitude of ways that we both experience it. I find it to be a major form of creative expression inside and outside of art. Brad wrote a book for me. I've written poems for him. He's dreamt of and made many paintings of me. Here is the first poem I wrote for him >.....>

Beyond the intense spiritual connection there is something to be said of our physical chemistry; it's so intoxicating. It'd make you want to vomit.

Do you have plans for love in the afterlife?

BRAD: As far as I know we're in love in the afterlife right now. I don't know how to locate myself in time or space or adhere to those ideas. So I love Cristine now and I love Cristine in the past and I love Cristine in the afterlife and I love Cristine two weeks ago and I love Cristine four months from now and I love Cristine from when I was seven and I love

personal inscription

*'this belongs to me' or
'this came from here'
the body*

*upon which
you left your signature
the good prison*

*once written
you opened me up
like a book*





Cristine from 1482 and I love Cristine in Madagascar while we sit in our apartment in 2019 in a place I think is called Toronto being in love.

What things do you feel make you two compatible, help you to know that you want to be together for the rest of your life?

CRISTINE: The level of love I've attained is that of pure mathematics. We operate on two harmonious waves of mutual understanding in how we feel the world. Relating to each other is for the most part, effortless. I've never felt this way before. In the past, I never felt fully seen or understood. I used to (unsuccessfully) try to force past relationships to be something they weren't. It was as if I were holding onto a piece of coal, compressing it in hopes that it would turn into a diamond. With Brad, everything fits. We don't have to hide from each other. We are not ashamed of who we are. We each build on the other's potential and find ourselves in a perpetual state of growth. There are so many ways to be that transcend the current over-regulated state of affairs, even when the box continues to close in. That we both know and take advantage of this awareness makes for great company. Brad's also really funny.

Is Cristine [redacted]? What is an example of a [redacted] thing she's done?

BRAD: Cristine is by far the [redacted] woman I've ever met. When she first met me I was obsessed with men who posted photos of themselves in satin [redacted] on Flickr. The first time I came to London to stay with her, we went to sit her friends house in Manchester. One day after they'd left, she asked me to sit with my eyes closed in a room. I don't like sitting with my eyes closed or being told to do it. Once she returned and I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see her wearing a bright red satin [redacted] that covered her entire face and body. She'd had it custom made, including red satin gloves. It was confusing and sort of hard for me to be the one deprived of visual information. Usually if Cristine's face is covered, it's because [redacted]. She leaned against a wall and put my mouth against her ear. It was jarring to hear her breath and feel the heat of inside the fabric but not be able to see her. Because I already knew how to [redacted], it didn't take very long for her to [redacted]. I [redacted] in the bodysuit she had underneath and [redacted]. I felt like I had to [redacted]. I remember asking her if she liked [redacted], and if she wanted [redacted]. Once she started talking I [redacted] needed to hear. I [redacted] and once she started repeating [redacted], I felt [redacted], [redacted], and I felt [redacted], but also touched. I can't remember if she [redacted] wearing the [redacted], but I have video of [redacted] a shitty Mancunian futon. I can hear her now saying [redacted], and me saying [redacted]. During that time Cristine would [redacted] after [redacted]. I went

into the scenario feeling sort of uncertain. That she was so [redacted] expressing her [redacted] for my [redacted] afterwards [redacted] me (which was and is [redacted]). It was just one of innumerable signs of our immense [redacted].

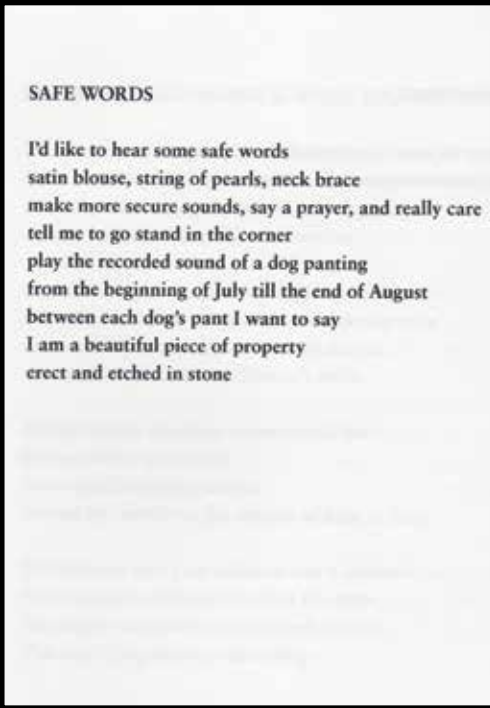
Are you exhibitionists? Have you ever had [redacted]?

CRISTINE: We are quite [redacted] and [redacted]. The first time we met, we shared and acted on an instinct to [redacted] times in the [redacted] of a cottage we rented in upstate New York. At the end of this twelve day trip, I accompanied him to the airport. Brad checked into his flight, dropped his bags off, we then wandered around to find [redacted] before separating. Outside the terminal on a median of grass, we found this large electrical utility type metal box. It was tall enough to [redacted] and was surrounded by [redacted]. We [redacted].

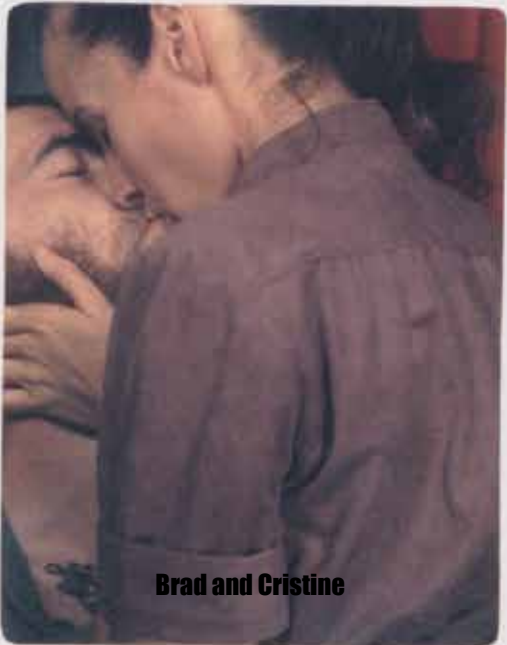
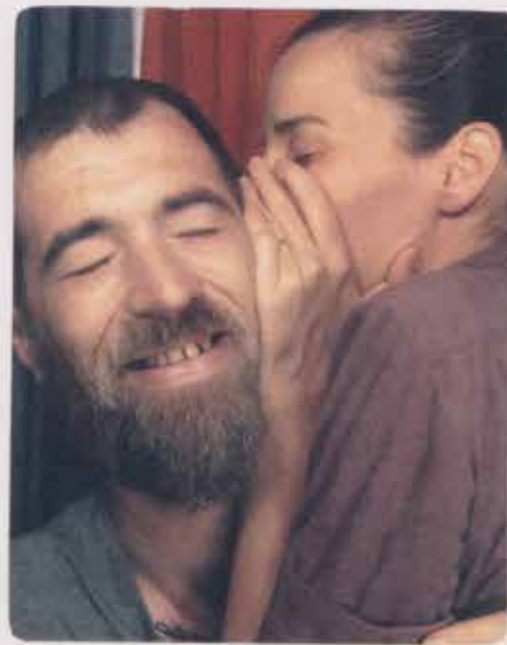
I'd say one of my most thrilling [redacted] took place in London. I was meeting a woman another friend of mine had introduced me to while Brad stayed at my apartment. I went out to eat with her in Kentish Town at an Ethiopian restaurant. I began to describe my [redacted] with Brad to this woman. I could tell that she was a [redacted] like me. I had hundreds of [redacted] photos ([redacted] loves to take pictures). Many of them involved [redacted]. I began to tease the woman by scrolling through my phone, giving [redacted] about [redacted]. The woman [redacted] so I handed my phone to her so she could see for herself. She scrolled through my pictures asking me to [redacted], then decided to [redacted] with me. At my place, the three of us [redacted]. Her [redacted] was much higher than mine.■



Cristine's photograph of a mistranslated shirt in the subway in China.



"Safe Words" by Cristine Brache.



Brad and Cristine

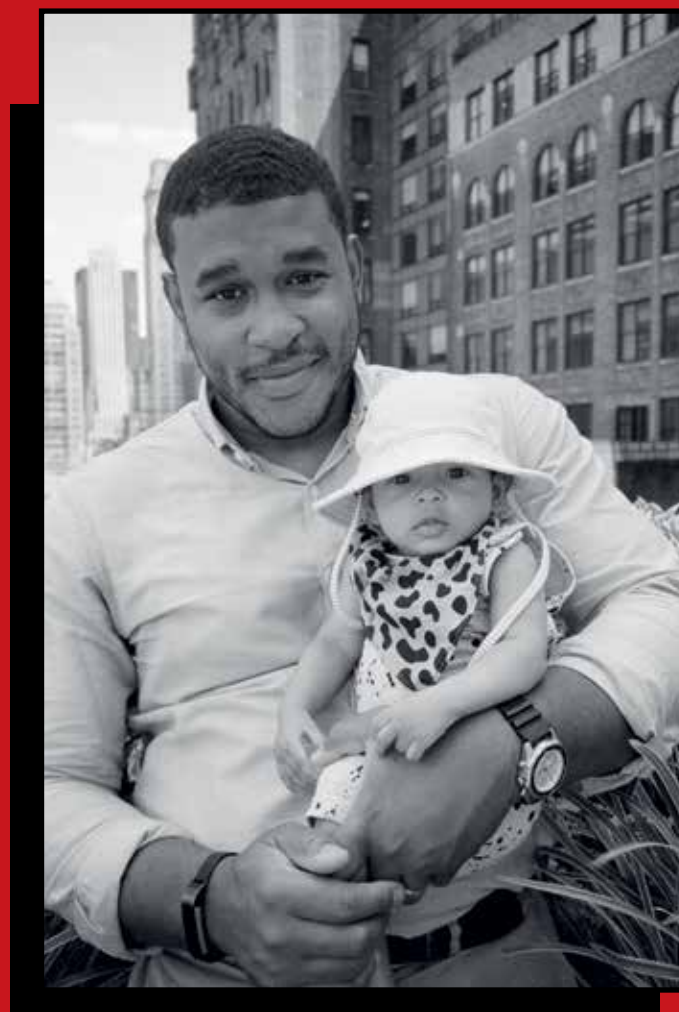
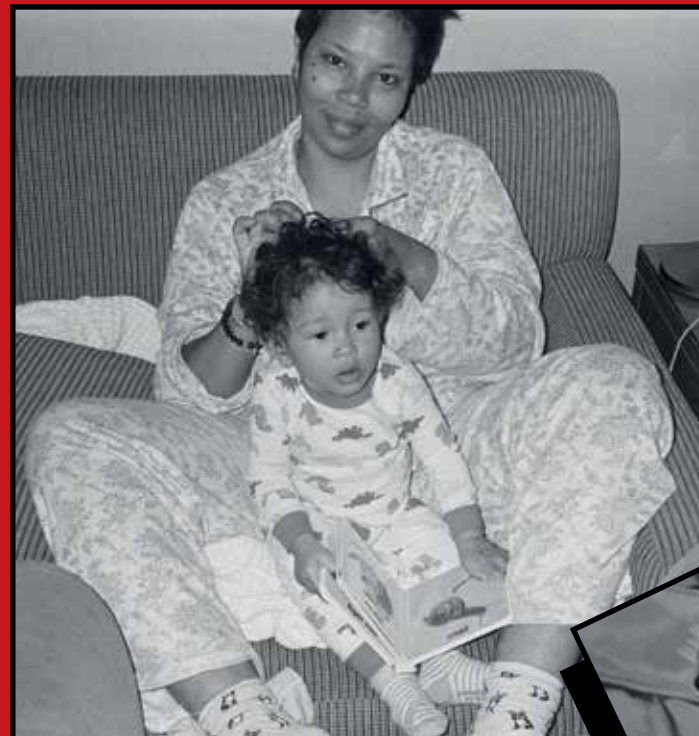
famalay Elisa Gomera & Malique Payne



In 2019, Elisa Gomera wears many hats, including that of educator, small business owner and visual artist. However, her most recent and most cherished title is "mother." Teaching preschoolers as well as caring for children from various age ranges for the last decade has provided her with nurturing skills and a motherly instinct. When her schedule allows, Elisa manages her online and physical Bronx-based thrift store which specializes in rare vintage clothing.

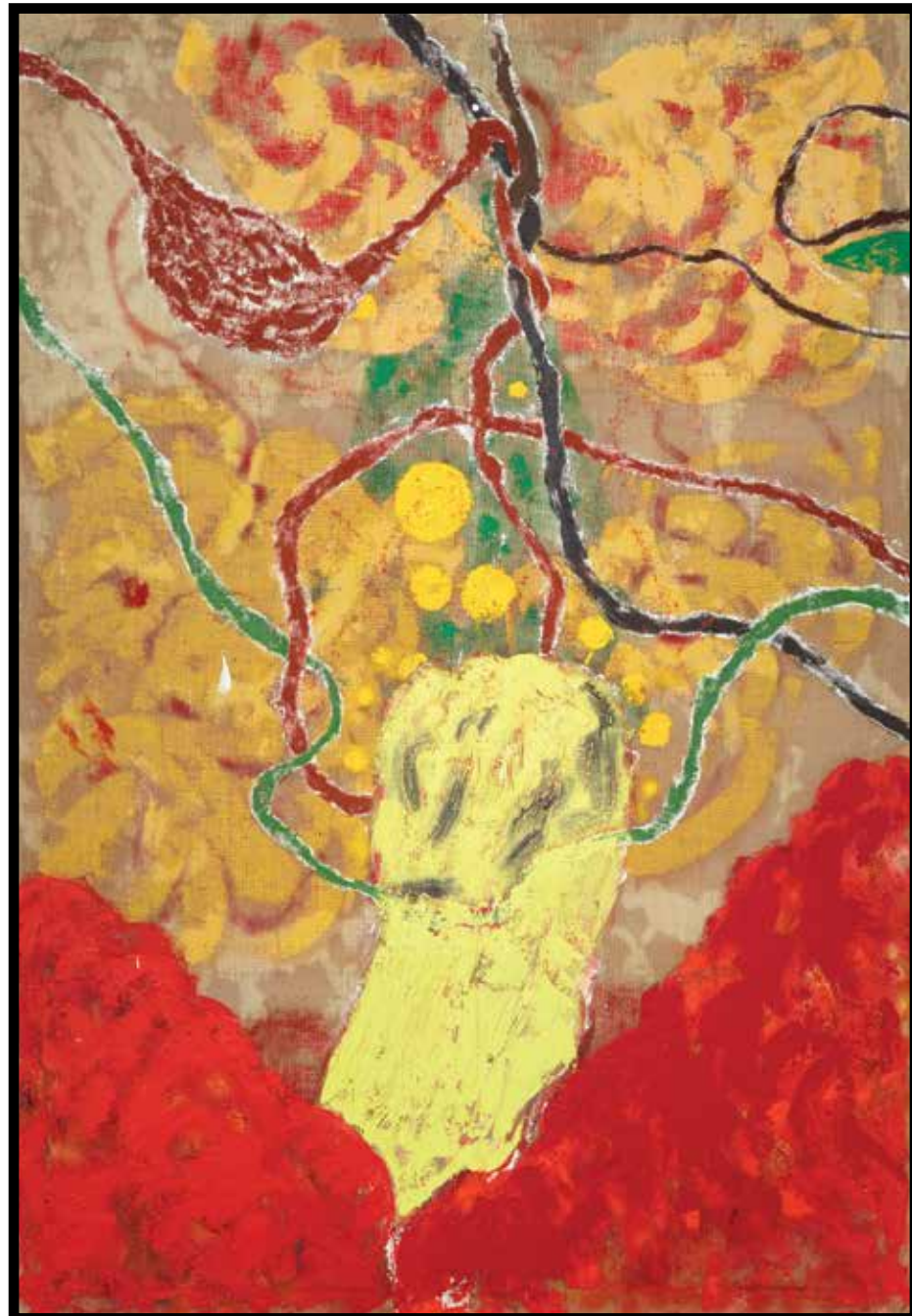
Malique Payne is no stranger to juggling various jobs at one time, he too bears many titles. Currently, Malique manages office operations both in Cambridge, MA and NYC for a small, thriving biopharmaceutical company focused on developing impactful medicines for patients and families living with rare neurological disorders such as Angelman Syndrome. In Malique's spare time, he helps run a creative community service group called YTMMRW which promotes art and activism. As first-time parents Elisa and Malique's main priority is their 15-month-old daughter named Emme Irys who they're raising in the Bronx. Both are new Bronx residents; Elisa hails from Harlem and Malique is originally from Brooklyn.

Elisa and Malique met through photography in 2012 and hope to pass on their creative prowess to Emme. While Elisa's photography is more documentary and portraiture based, Malique specializes in architecture, cityscapes and landscapes complementing each other's style choice. They both are constantly in search of ways to push their photography/art work to the forefront to tell their story. Elisa and Malique are very big on the ideals of community, creating and coaching. Their community is their world and they are both driven to leave it better than they found it. Creating is second nature to them, it is where they are able to tell their stories and speak their truths. And last but not least, coaching is one of the most effective ways they are able give back to and assist others in need. ■





“Elisa and Malique met through photography in 2012 and hope to pass on their creative prowess to Emme.”



GARVEY LOVES FLOWERS (BACK THAT ASS UP), 2019



Manifesto

FIGURING IT OUT IS HARD AND I'M SORRY
IT AINT ABOUT YOU/
BURN BABYLON/
YAH PUSSY AH DA WETTEST/
RACISM SHADISM CLASSISM COLORIST SEXISM
PATRIARCH DECENTERING WHITENESS
NO FUCKS GIVEN/
THE MARATHON CONTINUES/
ART IS ABOUT LEARNING HOW TO BE, PAINTING IS ABOUT
WHAT'S IN FRONT OF YOU
IT'S ABOUT LEARNING TO SEE/
NIGGAS DIE EVERYDAY IN THE HOOD B/
INTERSECTIONALITY/
YOU'RE THE MOST INSECURE PERSON I KNOW
AND IT'S DISGUSTING/
WE HAVE TO BE GENTLE WITH EACH OTHER'S HEARTS
I LIKE AMERICA AND AMERICA LIKES ME
FOR THE CULTURE/
IF YOU WERE THEM, YOU WOULD BE THEM/
LISTEN/

Manifesto

"YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING SPECIAL
YOU GOT TO GIVE THEM YOU
WHAT YOU DO, WHAT YOU REPRESENT"
NEW WOMEN, OLD WAYS, GOTTA KEEP A BALANCE/
I LOOK COOLER THAN I AM/
I DON'T WANT MY WORK TO BE
SOME FUCKING FREE ZONE ASSOCIATIONS/
BUILD THE MARGINS/
THIS NIGGA ALWAYS SKIING EVEN IN THE SUMMER/
POVERTY BROKE/
"I'M A ROC-A-FELLA, WHAT NIGGA FOR ROC-A-FELLA
SHIT I WILL ROCK A FELLA"/
"GREY SHEEP"/
"YOU KNOW YOU WERE MY FIRST TIME A NEW FEEL"/
"LOTS OF CLASS BUT WORKING CLASS"/
EVERY YEAR I GREW UP BUT NEVER GOT OLDER/
FUCK A LOT/ MAD ASEXUAL/
THE MARGINS ARE LIMITATIONS OF THE IMAGINATION/
THERE ARE NO MARGINS/
EVERY MASTER MUST EMPTY HIS CUP/
TAKE MY DOG TO GO SEE SANTA/

Manifesto

WORKERS' RIGHTS/
BE MORE GRATEFUL/
IT'S OK TO HAVE THE FEELINGS THAT YOU HAVE/
IT DOESN'T MEAN YOUR FEELINGS ARE CORRECT/
DON'T RESTATE WHAT SOMEONE HAS ALREADY SAID WHEN
YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING NEW AND MORE RELEVANT/
TAKE SOMETHING DO SOMETHING TO IT
THEN DO SOMETHING TO IT/
OK, SORRY/
IT'S MY FLESH THAT HOLDS ON TO FACTS
IT'S MY SPIRIT THAT HOLDS ON TO TRUTH/
SHE RIDING DICK ON HER TIPPY TOES/
TRAMA LOOPING/
WEB OF WHAT I'M ALREADY DOING/
DIGITAL IDENTITY/
ONLY THING THAT WAS REAL/
TOO MUCH MINDLESS CONFORMITY/
LIVE YOUR TRUTH
BLACK PEOPLE WHO LOVE BLACK PEOPLE
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TOO
SORRY IF I MADE YOU FEEL LESS THAN WHO YOU ARE/

Manifesto

A LITTLE INSECURE
A CIVILIAN
BUMMY JACK
SWEAR BY THE MOMENT
CENTERING IDENTIFIES
CONSIDER THE SOURCE
EMOTIONAL THIRST-TRAP
LONG JOURNEY NOT A LOT OF TIME
BORDERLESS EXPERIENCE
IMA SHINE ANTI-SOCIAL EXTROVERT
I'M FROM THE FAR SIDE OF A SMALL ISLAND
WANNA FEEL THE THRUST WANNA FEEL THE TEXTURE
NOT REALLY INTO SMALL TALK BUT ALWAYS WANT A DEEP
CONVERSATION
BIGGEST TURN ON REAL EMPATHY NOT THIS
PSEUDO CULTURAL CAPITALIST WOKE
THAT PEOPLE EXERCISE NOW A DAYS/
EMPATHY THAT REQUIRES REAL LISTENING AND
IMAGINATION AROUND SOMEONE ELSE'S LIVED
EXPERIENCE.
EVERYTHING I EXPERIENCE IS REAL.



Lauren Du Graf

Camalo Gaskin



Camalo Gaskin and I became friends eight years ago. I was twenty-eight and had few investments beyond the horizon of the self. I had recently moved to Berlin, a city where the middle-aged party with collegiate vigor. Becoming a mother was something other people did, an entertaining prospect but a sobering reality. The threshold of infertility felt at a safe remove...

I was first introduced to Camalo as an artist,

one with a long history in dance, textiles, and curatorial work for places like the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London. I was intrigued by Camalo for many reasons, one of which was her style of being a mother; she was deeply present to her curious, energetic young daughter, but not ruled by her. My conversations with Camalo were substantial, intimate, and unhurried; she didn't check her phone constantly, as many mothers do. I would later learn through a mutual friend that Camalo had delivered her first daughter by herself, at home in her bathtub in Oakland—an unattended water birth, it's called. Her labor was compelled, in part, by a late night of listening to tabla and xylophone music. She had also been deeply moved by the movie *Birth Day*, which showed the home birth of the Mexican midwife Naoli Vinaver Lopez. The film, she said, was the final piece of information she wanted in her system before giving birth.

Camalo has since become a birth companion (a term which she prefers to the more common designation, doula, which means servant in Greek) and an internationally sought-after speaker and writer on birthing. She has lectured on the relationship between obstetrics and imperialism, and looks at how the legacy of slavery has lived on in bodies and birthing practices. She has recently co-authored *Entrepreneur Finds Her Way*, a children's book that "stretches beyond the idea of financial independence into the realm of self-actualization." The daughter of a Black Panther, she draws fluid connections between the need to liberate childbirth from surveillance, the police-state she witnessed growing up in Oakland, and Michel Foucault's panopticon.

Before this conversation, I hadn't heard Camalo's voice in seven years. Despite the distance, and although I still am not a mother, Camalo remains a beacon for me, studious and stubbornly intuitive, unapologetically multiple, someone who walks the walk of an existentialist philosopher, prizing lived experience as a central form of knowledge.



Lauren

I just revisited what you wrote about giving birth to your first child, Chi Ghi, by yourself in Oakland. It's one of the most extraordinary things I've ever read.

Camalo You know, at a certain point, you don't reflect on that again. But because of the nature of my work, I think about my birth all the time, because it's always in contrast or in juxtaposition to the belief systems we have embedded collectively around birth. If I had just read theoretically, then it would be quite easy to shake me. When I'm working with people, there's guidelines and standards and recommendations for people to go away from their body and this internal listening experience. And we forget that birth itself is an embodied experience. We go so readily into fearing it, and there's good reason to have fear. But it seems like there's more of a good reason to have a desire for embodiment. When I go back to my story, Chi Ghi's or Giacomo's [her second child] narrative, it wasn't that I didn't have any fear. It was just that I was interested in the lived experience of giving birth. And I always say it wasn't a radical act, but it was more of surrender into what was happening and what is in me.

I feel like I'm in that state right now too, where I've been working with someone who does fascia therapy [Marcello Windolph]. That's a shorthand term for using touch, or the art of perception in touch. You can touch any body, humans, cats, dogs, horses, and if you touch in a certain way, you can start to feel this pulse, an internal movement that we all have. And if you use your touch at a certain slowness, you can start to feel what is underneath someone's body. And when you feel it, they feel it. And when they feel it, they start to perceive different depths of their body that they didn't before. So they can feel behind their uterus or behind their stomach or into their knee, and then they can feel that they are space and that they have feelings and emotions that are associated with those places. And in the experience of giving birth, I got a massive glimpse into this and that was more inviting than whatever my brain was going to tell me about being afraid. I say this in hindsight, but I think when I wrote about it originally, it was also a fascination with what my body was doing and what new questions my body was presenting to me, but not only to me, but the whole discipline, and all the disciplines that have been built around childbirth. What I was seeing kept defying all the things that I thought were normal and that we still teach people as normal. I feel like I'm a fraud if I teach what the textbooks say.

Lauren

When you were approaching giving birth, were there other narratives that informed you or were you more guided by an intuitive curiosity?

Camalo I'll talk about my first pregnancy because it was different than the second one. I had already become a birth companion by the time Giacomo was born—not in the depth that I am now, but I had already started down that pathway.

Before Ghi Ghi, I had come across Ina May Gaskin. Because we share a last name, I knew about her and her husband and their adventures in building up the farm, this commune for many things. It was about self-determination and communal living, and they just happened by default to need midwifery skills. That's how she became a midwife. And there was nothing particular in terms of factual information that I took away from her, so much as her trust in birth. The way that she spoke about it gave me a sense of reassurance that the things that I suspected about other things in life, like culture or food... I had been for a long time someone who didn't eat meat, and I had never even heard of vegetarians when I made that decision. And I felt that some things are just *our* way. Sometimes you have an inclination towards something even though you don't know much about it. So it was kind of sensible for me to question convention, but not even in a radical way, but more like, I feel better outside of those conventions,

because when I go to a doctor, I always feel comfortable when the doctor is happy that I asked questions and the final decision is my decision. So when I go into birth, I would think the same thing.

When I was maybe eighteen, I think it was in '96 or '97, I went to the Sea Islands of South Carolina, Saint Helena. Lemonade is referencing Julie Dash's film *Daughters of the Dust*, and the people in Julie Dash's film are the family that I stayed with. The same people. And while I was there, I met a woman who was an indigo harvester, a herbalist and a midwife. And she had mentioned that she had learned midwifery from her grandmother. And so that was the first real encounter with midwifery. And the first time I heard the word midwife was from an article about Ina May Gaskin and Stephen Gaskin. They mentioned Stephen Gaskin the commune leader and his wife Ina May Gaskin the midwife. I just had that word, but I have no idea what a midwife was at that time. And that was when I was 14. So I had these references.

And then I came across a film called *Birth Day* by Naolí Vinaver Lopez. She was a midwife in a rain forest in Mexico and she gave birth with her Japanese carpenter husband who built this house with a pool with the Earth Tub and all this. And during labor, she's walking in the forest. I remember watching it later in my pregnancy and just being like, this is the final thing I need to consume.

Lauren

Why?

Camalo Because it just created an image where I was like, okay, I'm home and this is possible. That's all I need. I can keep that vision. I took some prenatal birth classes in San Francisco at this birthing center. And honestly, they just created anxiety and I didn't absorb any information. I just felt inundated with all kinds of information that overwhelmed me. So I felt uninformed, but I came out knowing that you can give birth anywhere. And then once I saw this film, I understood my own lifestyle, that atmosphere matters. Sound matters, plants matter, access to nature matters, all those things. People, intimacy matters, privacy matters, autonomy matters. All those things came together and I just thought, "oh, I have everything in my house that I need." So after that, I didn't read any books. I didn't speak to anyone. I just kind of went into myself. That was what I needed.

One more thing worth saying is that I was in Berkeley when Ghi Ghi was born. I had never heard anything about home birth growing up. There was a home birth movement in the late seventies in the Bay area and I had two older women friends, probably in their sixties, and they were good friends of mine, but they had children my age and I spoke to both of them and they mentioned their home births. So it put a chip in the back of my mind that that's also safe and possible and normal. But there was no social media and there weren't really many people for me to discuss that with, so I had very few impressions compared to the amount of impressions people get today. But they were sufficient.

Lauren

I'm thinking about this almost like entrepreneurship, having to source your own means to create a solution that works for you. And I'm also thinking about your work as an artist. When we met, you were actively engaged in dance communities and in textile communities. How do you conceive of the connection between your artistic path and in your work around birth?

“We live in our body and we perceive in our body.”

Camalo

When we talk about art, sometimes we see it as something that is just transferred into a material form. Fascia and the body are lived-in places. We live in our body and we perceive in our body. And so we are in the act of needing to make art.

[As an artist], I was just trying to find a way to communicate what was not communicable. The reason I got into textiles in the first place is that I could not speak for about a year. I was stuttering basically. It was just something that evolved out of probably trauma experience. It was witnessing, not seeing, but the awareness that somebody had committed suicide where I lived in Japan. It wasn't sudden, but at some point I realized I couldn't really speak and my throat would constrict itself. And while I was in Japan, I started painting. I read a lot James Baldwin and would paint in relationship to some of the things that I read. But I would also just take photographs that I had and teach myself how to paint and how to observe these subtleties, like changes in color. And I can't even say I know what was happening, but somehow that translated itself into me buying five sewing machines and teaching myself how to sew. And then from there, realizing that I wasn't sewing just to make clothes. I was really trying to say something with the things that I was making. Like the textiles were a metaphor for something.

I remembered saying, let's say to the universe, to God, whatever, however you would describe this kind of unknown entity that might be responsible for timing and biological timing, *I did not want to have babies* and I said, *I will commit myself every day to making a piece of art and I do not want to have babies*, but I wanted to have these intimate experiences with people and explore and build a way of life through making things and creating rituals for myself. And they weren't, I wouldn't say, spiritual rituals. They were more like disciplines where I would sew at least two hours every day and I would go to a woman in Oakland's Chinatown who grew up in Vietnam, but she was ethnically Chinese, who had learned this French couture way of sewing. And she taught me all these tricks and it wasn't that I needed it for anything except for my own discipline. And the feeling of that time was not so far from the feeling of my pregnancy, especially the first one. And I never was someone who thought, I want to have children, but when I did, I thought of it as another project, looking at an experiment through a new lens. And usually that was art, but with the pregnancy the project was to look at who I was as a person and ask myself, what do I have in terms of life experience or way of living that I could transmit into the life of another person? And that I would probably still feel like a child, and when that child came, that I would be in awe. I always felt respected as a child and I had a lot of adults who saw me as a peer. They could listen to me and gave me space to speak. And so I thought, yeah, that's how I would like to approach this experience. I didn't think of myself as a parent or a mother. Those things didn't occur to me naturally. It was just kind of like an extension of the rest of my life.

Lauren

I feel like I remember that from being around you and Ghi Ghi in Berlin. We could be together, have a conversation, have brunch or walk through a farmer's market and Ghi Ghi usually was there. But the mother-daughter dynamic didn't feel superimposed, like you had to change into a new character to be with her, which I really admired. I'm 36, on the precipice of my own decisions about motherhood. So I think about these things a lot, and I think about the people and the experiences that color how I think about what's possible. Spending time with you in Berlin is a touchpoint. I had never been around many mothers who seemed like potential models. So I'm glad I get a chance to talk to you as I'm in the midst of this very deep questioning of my own. And since I'm here in this personal moment, one of the fears that I have about giving birth is that it's crossing a threshold from which you can't retrieve yourself. How has becoming a mother impacted how you view that threshold, or that question? I guess I'm trying to ask the very fundamental question, was having children worth it, but in a more nuanced way.

Camalo

I've thought about this a lot because I've spent a lot of time with people who would relate to words like feminist and have questioned whether or not this thing makes them just a reproducer. Motherhood wasn't valued among the people that I respected and felt very much close to. And when I grew up having a baby was not an accolade. It was more like, "oh no." [Laughs.] It was kind of like the end of your life and chancest. This teenage mother archetype doesn't die from imagination too easily. It's almost seen as a failure in certain places. It's easier to have a baby than it is to have a career, or this sort of idea. So that was what was floating around in my mind. But afterwards I realized that how you walk is how you walk. [Laughs.] So if you are a certain way before, that is who you are, in essence.

When I became pregnant, I was not within anybody's dialogue. I was sort of very independent, far away from where I grew up. So this kind of teenage mother thing didn't apply. I was 30 when Chi Chi was born, almost 30. But I still felt young. And I think when it happened, I also didn't have that many models around me. I didn't have too many people, so I didn't feel like I was part of a wave. And I think that was to my benefit because I could influence the way I wanted to make that experience play out and I kind of lived on my own away from family for many years and travelled... I didn't travel, I *lived* in different parts of the world and kind of started from scratch many times with my identity, my feeling of belonging. So I felt like becoming a parent, giving birth to a child was also like landing in a new identity in a new place. There was a new geography that I had to explore on my own and develop my own language around it. I've written about a term that I wanted to use instead of calling myself an expat. I referred to myself as a translocal. I was looking at the relationship between that concept as an outsider who has become a local by way of creating commitments and responsibility and accountability to the place you're living while feeling that same thing in multiple places at once.

In giving birth and being with a child, I also feel that I'm straddling two identities or more at once. I am simultaneously home to this child and a home to myself and all of my contradictions and wildness, not one or the other. It's not like I belong to myself and I'm betraying myself because I'm with a child, or I belong to the child and I'm betraying the child because I belong to myself. Because I live here doesn't mean that I don't belong in Oakland. I can coexist in those places and it's not like I lost myself. I just become a little bit more complex in going through that experience.

Lauren

It also makes me think about being mixed race... how you have to hold a space for, or contain multitudes in a way that's visible and also invisible.

Camalo

Yeah, that's, that's another one, because people will say that someone is half or mixed or something. And I'm like, no, they're just both.

Lauren

Can you tell me about how your upbringing intersects with your work in birthing communities?

Camalo

I grew up in a quite a big family. I'm the eighth sibling. But we also have a very big extended family in Oakland. Both sets of my grandparents from my mother and my father's side migrated from either the South or the Midwest to come to California in the 1920s and 30s and they were some of the black first black families in the Bay Area. And they were well established, and I would say successful in some senses too, although there was some struggle to get there. And my grandmother's sister told me at some point that they

"I studied anthropology at the School of Oriental and African Studies, and my work there was looking at how surveillance can superimpose meaning onto bodies."

were mixed. So their father was German Jewish and their mother was black African. I think their lineage was from Mozambique. They came to the Bay Area and that was the time of the anti-miscegenation laws, too. So it was quite a unique experience they had, but they established themselves and they found community and people that they've been friends with their whole lives. Each of my grandparents also had five siblings. I have a lot of people to refer to and that place was a homecoming for me when I went back to give birth there for Ghi Ghi. My other grandmother was the first mother of the year in Oakland, and she was the first black person who was the mother of the year. She hosted people like Haile Selassie and was friends with Dorothy Dandridge. You can see the spectrum.

My mother was a Black Panther and my father worked at a laboratory for a while. And at some point when they met and came together, my mother had already had her first son with a Chinese man in San Francisco, but he had to give up his relationship with my mother or lose his connection to his family. So there was some tension there in the in the family story. When I was born, my parents had joined a community and I think that in the aftermath of the late 60s and 70s there was a lot of turmoil in that political space. Leaving the Black Panthers and looking for some kind of sense of home and belonging I think is how they found that community. That's where I was born. But we left when I was about 10. We kind of fled because it became kind of culty, in short terms.

My parents didn't really value money and careers and things, although their parents did. So when I grew up we experienced what it was like to live in poverty, and the people around us too. They sort of abandoned their ties to that family in order to journey into some self-exploration in that community they joined.

When I was in Oakland growing up, I always felt very proud. My parents were very proud people too, and they really saw the light in me, let's say. But also I think it's because they grew up seeing quite a lot. That's not to say they didn't have their insecurities. But I think I always had a big vision of how I wanted to traverse my own work and path.

I went to public schools when I was in Oakland, then at some point I realized what boarding schools were. My parents weren't in a position to pay for it, so I decided to figure out my own way to do that, and I did. I ended up going to a very kind of elite private boarding school that was in Pebble Beach for some years and that was sort of my pathway to university and then my pathway to looking for the other homecomings that I could experience in the rest of the world. And when we were in that community we studied Japanese. My mother used to be a koto player so she had an affinity for East Asian art and culture world views. I was exposed to that quite a lot and living in the Bay Area, there's a big intersection with East Asian communities, so it didn't feel foreign to me. I studied martial arts when I was a child with a Japanese sensei. And through that I also got this exposure. When I was at Oberlin, I immediately developed more of an affinity for meeting the people in the worlds where they came from, international students. One of my mentors was a prime minister candidate for Trinidad and Tobago. He took me with him to London, to Trinidad and Tobago. I also went to the Sea Islands with another professor of mine at some point. Then I traveled to India by myself for some months and from there I went to Japan. And when I got to Japan, I had an invitation to stay so a year later I think I went back and stayed. I moved there not as an experiment, but as something I thought would be long-term. I was so drawn to it because I had studied Japanese philosophy and ancient Chinese history.

I lived in London for five years. I studied anthropology at the School of Oriental and African Studies, and my work there was looking at how surveillance can superimpose meaning onto bodies. I was looking at areas where migrants lived and how surveillance cameras would criminalize them. But I think I also started to look at the Panopticon from Foucault. And looking at institutions and how they inevitably make us feel observed and watched. And in my work as a birth companion I do apply that knowledge and that perspective into what

Camalo's Reading List

Preparing for the Gentle Birth
Blandine Calais-Germain and Núria Vives Parés

Sisters on a Journey, Portraits of American Midwives
Penfield Chester

The Functions of the Orgasms
Michel Odent

Childbirth and Evolution of Homo Sapiens
Michel Odent

Childbirth in the Age of Plastics
Michel Odent

How We Birth: A course
Dr. Michel Odent and Liliana Lammers

Feminist Theory and the Body: A Reader
eds. Janet Price and Margrit Shildrick

marcellwindolph.net

fasciacollege.com

danis-bois.fr

cerap.org

I see when I'm in hospitals and things like this. I look to liberate the body from being watched and the observer. And that is also crossing over into the work of Michel Odent. In my mother's experience in the Black Panthers, I also realize that's a theme too—being watched. Being in the black community, feeling like you're observed from the outside, but then you also observe outwardly to feel, to understand your safety boundaries. There was always that sense of surveillance in Oakland in the 80s. And that does translate to disenfranchisement.

When you look at things like breastfeeding, I remember when I just gave birth there was a woman in a supermarket in Oakland who was stealing formula because she was a teenage mother and nobody had ever told her that she could breastfeed and it's free. Formula was the most expensive thing in that shop, so they had it behind some closed door. It was just so sad to see, to know that was happening. These gaps in awareness, knowledge, education are becoming more known now. But at the time, nobody was talking about this, but it was on my mind a lot when I entered this work. There is this sense of activism to it and also just, you know, beauty. You can see that people have access to beauty and I would like to be part of that.

I wanted to back up a little bit because I talked about Ina May Gaskin and I feel that it's also quite significant to mention Michel Odent. I didn't expect to encounter a man in the field who's a doctor, a surgeon, one who became known because he helped develop the Caesarian. I didn't expect that person to become a confidant and mentor and somebody who gives robustness to what I discovered in my own experiences and the work that I do. I feel that coming across him was no coincidence. I had many people pointing me in that direction, but people were feeling maybe intimidated, because we have this reverence for medicine and the doctor-authority. And I just thought I should meet this person and have a conversation. Years ago, I decided to contact him and I ended up having hours of conversation. This person told me that, after attending 16,000 births, that I probably knew more than he did from having the internal experience that I had of either being alone and observing so closely what happened in my body. I remember him saying that there's always going to be people who try to standardize what you do. He said, in the end, the people who are most effective at being birth companions are people with a certain essence. It's this very essential thing that enables you to help people. Trust and confidence and autonomy and all these things. I felt like I could use that statement also when we talk about parenting or other kinds of identity. Standardization doesn't really work for us. It invited me to go into my ideas and to realize that my questions were being investigated by somebody who wrote 22 books on the subject. But they were specific to my questions because I was wondering, why did I not have an impulse to push? Why did I have this kind of involuntary reflex or why did I feel this deep sense of transcendence? Why did the music, the depth of the tabla and the xylophone, impact me and synchronize with my body so much that I didn't even know I was in labor? What are those things?

Now I have a body of work to refer to. I've explored quite a lot over the years, but it didn't come before my births. In hindsight, I needed them in order to feel the relevance of telling those stories in their totality. I know that people do have traumatic experiences and I wouldn't want to just tell a story as if it's the truth and it's the only way things can be. But I think when I start to understand that you can interrupt these kinds of impulses

very easily by creating strictures around experience, around identity, around autonomy, around what people should do or not do, then you can easily kind of take people away from that transcendence that I'm talking about. I look at that quite a lot in my practice being a birth companion, a doula. Like how are we interrupted? Or how are we inviting people to take over this experience for themselves? You're putting their hand on something that is at the pulse of humanity and, enabling them to touch it in the way they want to. When that happens, you create something quite radical, or...

Lauren

Right. Radical meaning radix in Latin, root. When you're talking about putting people at the pulse of humanity, you're talking in a very philosophical way about something like a seed. Aristotle might talk about a seed, when you study the purpose, the cause, or the function of something. You'd talk about that from an external perspective, and we would call it philosophy. But I haven't read a whole lot of philosophy about that moment of touching the pulse of the humanity from an embodied female perspective, but now my mind suddenly craves it. I'm sure I'm totally missing like an entire body of literature.

Camalo

But most people are too. This is kind of the importance of that encounter for me, because I think philosophically, it speaks to me. What I'm looking to say needs more than a simple... maybe I do need more simplicity, but I usually have to wander through my thoughts and questions to encounter some kind of new idea, a new set of ideas.

When I experienced this birth, I knew I touched something and when I came out and I found one of the first books of Michel Odent, there were two, he had one called *Childbirth and the Evolution of Homo Sapiens*. He had another one called *The Functions of the Orgasms* which looks at birth as an orgasmic function. Birth, breastfeeding and the sexual orgasm that we know and looking at women, historical women I'll say, because people, the women identity is not binary, we know that already. Women as guide into deep intimacy and sexuality you have all these metaphors in almost every tradition. Chinese, Vedic, Tantric, ancient Greeks, whatever, you have these guides talking to people, these lost wandering male figures and they stumble upon this wise woman who guides them into an exploration of their sexuality. Looking at this transition that happens in Christianity, where you have all of this language around the genitals and female sexual organs, and anatomy being described in words that are synonymous with shame. In German, the word for the area around the vagina is Scham, the root of sham is shame. And then you have the word vagina, which means sheath, which puts the focus on the man or a penis, let's say. And then you can understand the lineage of birth becoming something that has all of this hidden fear around it. You need to cover it up. It's wild. Men didn't attend births until the late 1800s because it was too wild and untamed. And then when men did attend births, it became something that was synonymous with incarceration, women tied to beds and drugged. So there's a lot we can think about and talk about.

I'm lecturing also on the heritage of obstetric culture and the heritage of imperialism. And I'm also looking at the origins of obstetrics, where enslaved women were experimented on without anesthesia in order to come up with these very popular, gynecological procedures. Those things have legacies in the bodies of people. I see it in my work. People have this collective fear about what has happened in these spaces where people go to give birth. I join elbows with Michel Odent in sort of asking questions that are relevant for more than the next five years. If we look in the long term, what are we doing? Are there long-term implications for the things we do, for the surgeries that we suggest people have, for these drugs and the treatments of ways of speaking to people and the detachment that they do or don't have with their child? And what do we know about mental health, long-term mental health and how babies are born? In a way there's a politic and a philosophy and an activism that underlies the work.

Back to your question about the shift into motherhood or being a parent, it's a living field or living discipline. I don't have that identity conflict anymore where I think I've given up on my autonomy. I just feel like you can have it in anything you do, like being a cleaner and being in an activist space. Whatever you do, if you enable yourself to listen into it, you always have a way. You have an invitation to look at this thing you're doing through a different lens. And that's what I try to do and I try to find good company doing it.

Lauren

You work as a doula, as a teacher. You've mentioned you speak to chiropractors about how to work with pregnant women. You've written about birthing. What words do you use do you circumscribe your connection to birthing?

Camalo

I'm a birth companion. But I see that as many things. I see it as a ritual space. I see it as an activist space. I see it as a quiet space. It's very intimate. There are many frontiers, really. I also founded The Center for Doula Pathways, which is an interdisciplinary, intersectional space for developing curriculum, education, and practices for birth companionship. I'm working closely with Marcello Windolph, who is a fascia therapist and there's a lot of overlap philosophically in what we do, trying to point people back to their humanity. Like when we were co-teaching a course for chiropractors. They just have this short amount of time. Can you in 20 minutes or 40 minutes remind people of their humanity? Can you do that with touch? Can you do that with the way you speak with them or the way you ask questions? And they were asking me to come because they wanted to know how to communicate with pregnant people so that we don't trigger trauma? It's not that I have a formula for that, but if I know who I am or what's the source of my own humanity, like how I relate to other people in the world, and if I'm clear on that, that's transmitted in my practice and it is infused in the language that I use. Or if I believe in other people's autonomy, I must also believe in my own. So as a practitioner, I can't just be acting as a clone. I have to engage my empathies and my intellect in order to serve those people. That was sort of my starting point to teach. If I'm teaching children, it's the same thing. If I'm at universities, the same thing.

When I'm with families, they ask me, what does doula mean? I say, well, the origin word is servant. And I'm very clear I'm not in this work as a servant. I'm in this work because I experience life when I come into contact with birth. When I witness that other people feel that too, then I'm moved and I am advocating for them to have access to that if they want. So I say that I'm a guardian of intimacy, you know? That's an evolving reality for me. I'm understanding intimacy in a very different way than I used to before.

Lauren

What do you mean you understand intimacy differently now?

Camalo

You can see intimacy as people just being together. But when you start going into understanding that you have this massive internal landscape that is accessible through meditation, through breathwork, through what we're doing with fascia therapy—that one's new to me, but there are these tools and traditions that enable us to feel more fully who we are. Then when we feel who we are, we can actually feel the world and the environment and the atmosphere that we live in. When we see people moved, we cry, we feel. I see that transmitted to people who are going through birth together, and they enter a level of intimacy that they've never touched upon. It's not as superficial as I thought it was, and even my definition used to be more complex than most people that I was seeing in the birth space. But now it's deepened by coming into contact with people who've done, you know, like Taoist training, or lived with monks in Venezuela and gone to caves in the French

Alps, or people from, you know, China or wherever. Michel Odent was saying he just witnessed a woman who had a phobia of hospitals and she said, I cannot give birth in this hospital. Can you accompany me somewhere else? He was like, well, of course. I've never done that before, but I will. Once he did, he was given access to life, this primal experience that moves you out of the ordinary. It's an out-of-the-ordinary experience that doesn't allow you space to remain the same.

Lauren

How would you describe Michel Odent's main intervention into how we think about childbirth?

Camalo

He's looking at what happens when we don't disturb this experience. And it's a very daring question, because it's very hard not to disturb, because if you feel you're there, you feel like you have to do something. We have a pretty intense culture of doing stuff to save people. It's kind of a saviorism, which I kind of associate with colonialism or neocolonialism and the culture of NGOs going into places and missionaries going into places and thinking they're safe. That same mentality exists in the birth space. He investigates what happens if you do nothing and what we start to see when you don't disturb that which is innate. Obviously, there are going to be times where it's useful to step in and offer somebody some guidance. But if you're looking at the bigger long-term picture, the more we intervene with things that interrupt our normal physiological processes. In birth, you have this dose of hormones that are released, very specific hormones—oxytocin, endorphins, melatonin, catecholamines. These are released at a dose during birth that isn't seen in any other time in human experience. If we're doing things like introducing drugs that replace the body's ability or need to release those hormones, then we could be interrupting a function, a genetic or epigenetic function for that thing to work. He explains that in epigenetics, if something is used a lot, it will express itself. If it's underused, it will go dormant.

Since the 1950s, we already see kind of an increase in the length of labor. Human labor is two hours longer in the first stage of labor. We don't know why exactly, but we do know that there was a lot introduced in that period. One is Caesarians, the other is all the drugs around it. We know that when a baby comes through the birth canal or the vagina, you get the biggest release of oxytocin in human experience. And then the one hour after, which is the breastfeeding period. Those moments are the most disturbed in birth. Like they could leave you alone your whole labor and everybody will show up right when the baby's coming. When the baby comes out, they take the baby away and do the things like wash the baby, all benign things, but we don't know that that interruption can be causing like a weakening of that function. That function is also the same as sex function. Like libido is associated with oxytocin release. It doesn't really just have to do with making babies, but it has to do with lovemaking, you know, the experience of love and the oxytocin. It's a love and bonding hormone. For us to be thinking about more individual and profession-based questions rather than, will we be able to give birth in a thousand years? What are we doing that has no long-term analysis whatsoever? Basically, everything. The only thing that we know that isn't disturbing any of those functions is just to see what happens when people are by themselves to some degree. And obviously if you wanted to have somebody there and you felt safe with that person there, of course, it's important to have people, but we're talking about *policy*. It's not judging. It has nothing to do with personal, individualized judgment of people's choices. Any individual has the full right and my full respect if they decide they want to do absolutely anything. They can do it. I'm looking at, as a collective, what are we doing and what are we telling people? What are the long-term implications of our agendas?

Lauren

You mentioned over email before that you were the first to breastfeed in your family.

Can you in 20 minutes or 40 minutes remind people of their humanity? Can you do that with touch?

“If I had just read theoretically, then it would be quite easy to shake me. There’s guidelines and standards and recommendations for people to go away from their body and this internal listening experience. And we forget that birth itself is an embodied experience.”

Camalo

I remembered in the early and mid-eighties going sometimes to the pediatrician and them recommending something called Similac to my mother. My mother had eight children and I was the third. I had many younger siblings to witness. I remember that this was free basically. Similac is a formula for feeding babies. That’s what I knew of as child’s food. It never crossed my mind that babies suck from a breast. I think education is underestimated, we don’t realize that some very basic things are not very basic and obvious to most people, that mammals feed their young from their breasts. I understand that this is a very layered thing because there’s a lot of prudence, especially in the US, places where there’s a lot of shame around the body and a sense of covering up. I remember I was with Ghi Ghi at a public pool in the US and she wore nothing and all of the kids went into panic because she was naked and she was probably two or three years old. Maybe four. You just forget that has some implications on what you believe is normal in terms of how you give birth or whether or not you breastfeed your babies. I don’t know where the information came, but I absorbed somewhere that breastfeeding was a possibility when Ghi Ghi was born, but it was also instinct, because I had such an instinctive birth. I was alone. I literally just picked her up and put her to my breast. It wasn’t an intellectual decision or anything. It wasn’t a radical act. In fact, it was, but it wasn’t intended to be. I realized the connection that was there when it happened and these sort of things that are great and profound. But I also had complications with it and later I met many people who had a very difficult time breastfeeding, but it was painful and it was a very big challenge, but also for some people, it was very strange to have somebody suck on your breasts. It’s a sexual space, you know? If people had any kind of sexual abuse or trauma or anything in their lives, it emerged in that experience of breastfeeding. A few years ago I was invited to speak at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. One of the other panelists was perinatal psychologist. She talked about a study where they had worked with a lot of people who had had sexual trauma and the ones who breastfed, the memory of that experience was no longer there, or it was altered in a way, so there’s actually something happening where the brain itself is reforming.

Marcello often says, it’s not that we have a brain and we have a body, but we’re a body and we can use the brain too. But the brain is the back and the back of the pelvis and the pelvis is the leg, the body is everything. We have these memories everywhere in our body. It’s not so much about, you know, this brain, this neuron, this neurotransmitter did this but it’s like all of these experiences are bodily. They’re part of the environment that our body, the lived experience that is our body and everywhere in our body where we remember touch or welcome touch or unwelcome touch is informed in all of our tissues, and all of our tissues speak to each other. In breast feeding, you have these memories, but you also have this opportunity to rewrite some of them and superimpose new knowledge. When you move, and this is what I’ve experienced in fascia therapy, when you move, when you access this enclosed space or shadow within your internal body, it releases emotions. There are psycho-emotional releases in physical space. You house things and once it’s released, you can educate your whole body in new ways to create trust and new memory. I see the breastfeeding experience in that way. I also know that it’s contentious. That having a male partner who can’t have that same bond, the competition that happens, there’s all kinds of things that I encounter in my own experience, but seeing it happen with so many other families... You have these very contemporary men who want to defy their gender role and participate fully. But then there’s some things they cannot do.

I remember Giacomo asking at some point, “mama, am I still you? Are you still me?” when he took a pause from breastfeeding. I feel like that says so much about this, you know. What are we talking about? You know, are we separate? You know, if I intellectually believe we are, is it real? Who knows where the boundary is, you know? I feel like we’re just scratching the surface.

Lauren

What stones do you want to turn over that haven’t been uncovered?

Camalo

The things that I just talked about, this embodied experience, I’ve experienced in such a profound way in the last three weeks that it sort of changed the trajectory of my thinking, or infused it with a new set of impulses in a discipline that is not one that I’ve been familiar with—that is, exploring the fascia, which is a sensory organ and communication system. It seems like a very practical thing or tangible thing but the experience of it is so huge. In my work, I’ll show up and somebody will be 30 hours in a birth and then I will use this touch with them and then the waters will break or the baby will suddenly change position or the person’s body will just change its rhythm and then the baby is born after an hour or something. I’ve seen this happen a bunch of times and I’m just thinking, you know, there’s so many old disciplines and traditions that have been studied for 4,000 years in different parts of this planet.

Lauren

You’ve also recently written Entrepreneur Finds Her Way, a children’s book that Rosario Dawson was just photographed reading aloud at a public event. How does this book fit into all of what we’ve discussed?

Camalo

The book emerged from an experience sitting with Ghi Ghi in the night. She was five years old, and she had gone on a series of preschool field trips. One of these was meeting Chancellor Angela Merkel. Ghi Ghi kind of had a panic attack, because she saw all these people — the prime minister was someone one of the parents in her preschool worked with closely, and there were a bunch of other artists that she met while on the field trip. But she realized she couldn’t see herself doing any of those things. She was wondering, how do I find happiness, how do I earn money, and what things are there in the world?

To guide her out of the panic, I started doing something I later called story channeling. As she was going to sleep, I would improvise around an idea. And I came up with this character named Entrepreneur who would venture out into the world, not have to go to school, and she would meet people and ask what makes them happy. They would start to explain to her what their version of happiness was. Eventually, she asked me if I could turn that into an actual book, so I could read it to her as a book and not just have it in this other, improvised way. So we did. And Aubrey [the co-author] and I got together and we decided we would put our efforts together and write another story about Entrepreneur. And it really was a way to give her an example of what it means to be self-determined, autonomous, and resourceful. In me doing that, I thought, I’m giving her an example of a parent who has those abilities. ■



BIG BELLY, 2019

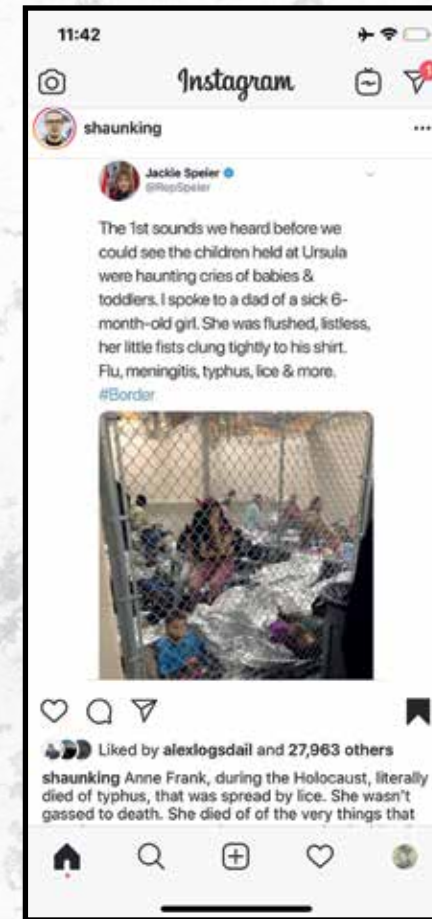
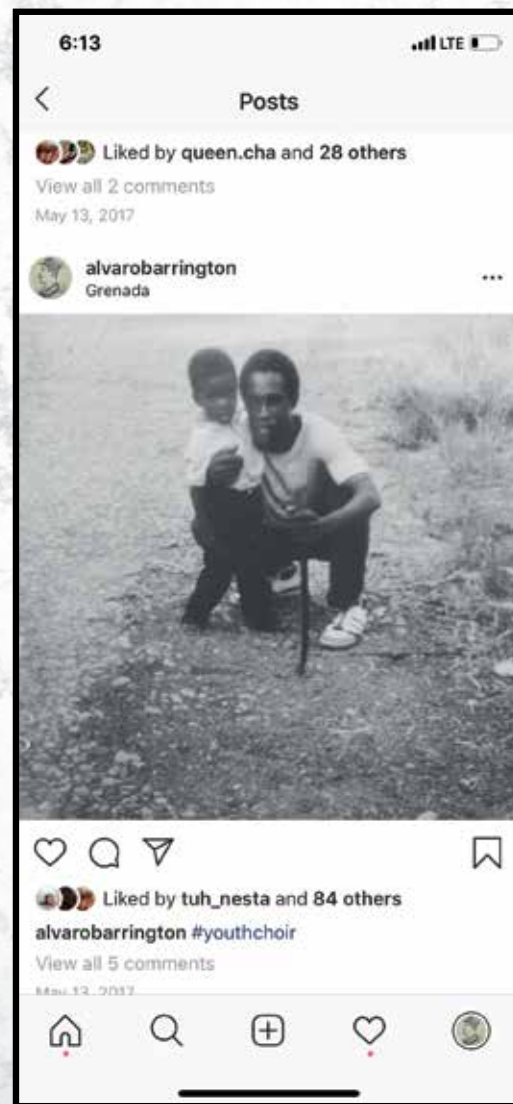


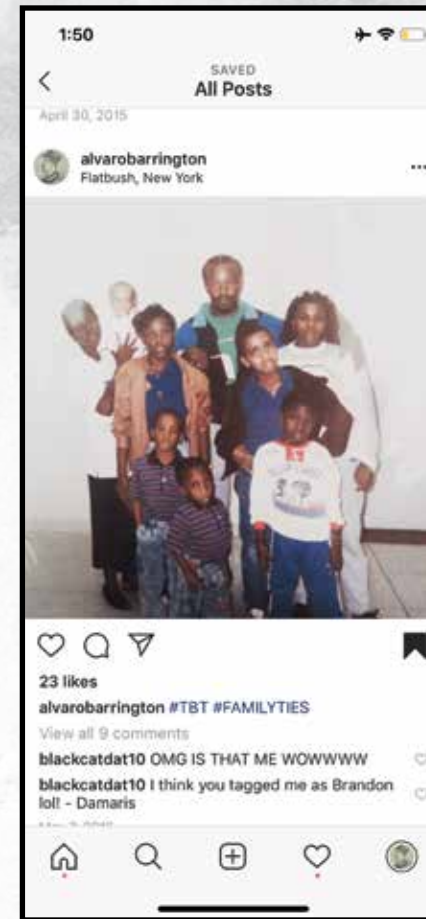
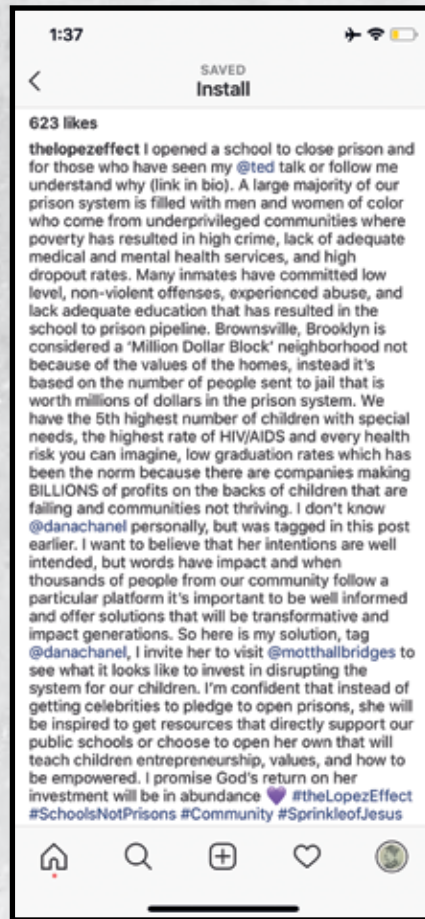
CELEBRATION, 2019

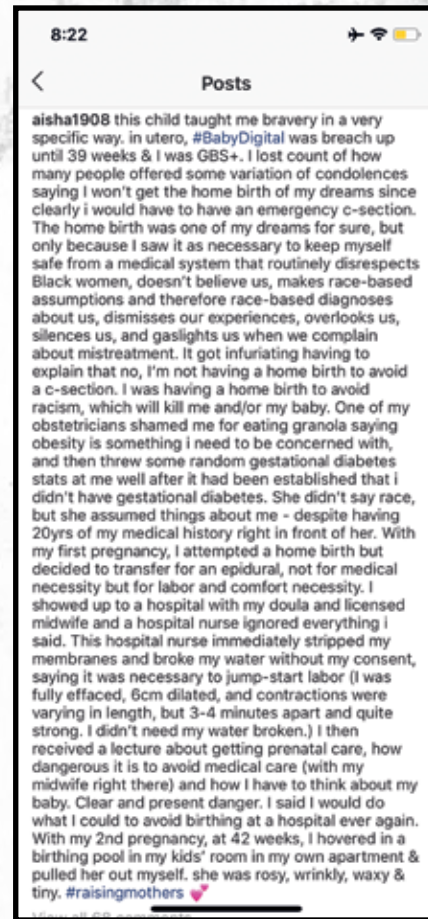
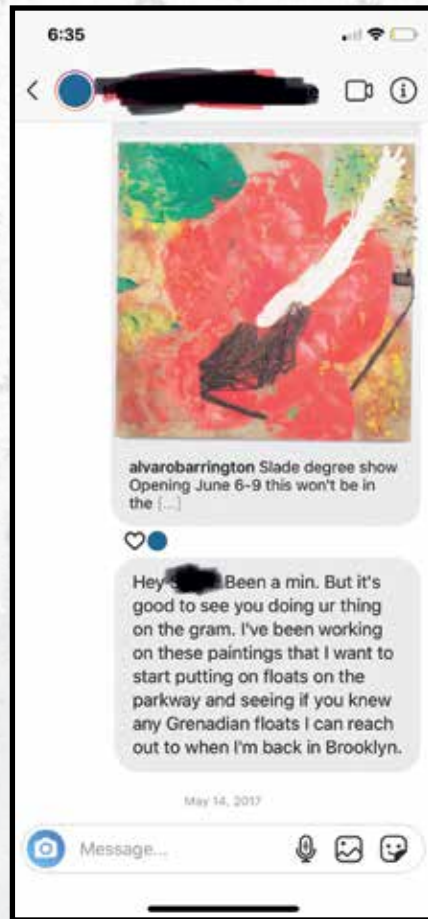
What's Up ON THE WEB

95 MILLION. That's how many images and videos are uploaded to Instagram on a daily basis.

For *Alvaro Barrington*, here's what's up.







2019 HOROSCOPES

ARIES

Your luck will change with your romantic endeavors. Find some honeysuckle and pin it to your shirt, because a crush you have been pining for will reciprocate in some way or maybe you will just continue to have erotic dreams about them. Use your fiery energy to woo them but be careful with your aggressive tendencies.

TAURUS

"He loves me he loves me not," a game played as a child with daisies is not a game to play now with your romantic partner. You are not drawn to insecurities so don't slip in to them now. You are a romantic practical person just have patience.

GEMINI

September proves to be a fruitful month for the childish twins. As summer ends and fall begins, this change will bring a serious change in you. Take note of the fallen leaves and transform for the winter to come. Growth is scary but often necessary.

CANCER

Moon child as the nights begin to get longer, you will dream fondly of lily and jasmine reflecting the moon light. Show off your sensitive and reflective nature. You use your hard shell to protect yourself but share your generous soulful side. You might attract a new friendship or a mentor, or possibly a lover.

LEO

Fiery Leo, you are like a bright giant yellow Sunflower. So warm and cheerful, but sometimes arrogant. Your self confidence is very attractive to others almost addictive. But as Fall approaches slow down and listen. Slowing down doesn't have to be a punishment. Slowing down can be rejuvenating. It can help to keep that bright energy burning for a lifetime.

VIRGO

It's time to focus on your career buttercup, as there are shifts happening. Your analytical and critical ways are paying off for you. Your boss or your clients depend and trust in you and you know it. This month they will take notice and you will be showered with praise but most importantly a raise or bonus in some way.

LIBRA

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" Take this line to heart Libra, because this month you are faced with a choice. And remember just because something doesn't fit in the supposed name or idea in your head, doesn't mean it's not right for you. You will be surprised if you take a second to look at it from a different point of view.

SCORPIO

Like geraniums that attract butterflies and moths, your strong passionate leadership will attract friends and foes this month. How will you know if a new acquaintance is here in kindness? I would say follow your gut but you are naturally distrusting. I think it's best to accept all you meet and if you get burned the process, see it as a teaching moment.

SAGITTARIUS

Flowers of the Gods, Carnations are your birth flowers. They symbolize love and distinction. This month you will receive plenty of both. All your hard work is paying off but don't let it go to your head. Admiration is intoxicating but be wary of new admirers. Your heart is big an open but you are easy prey to false compliments.

CAPRICORN

As summer ends the pansies tilt there flower heads in deep thought. There is a lot going on mentally for you this month and you are lost in thought trying to figure out what it all means. You are thinking about your place in the world in relation to your family, your friends, and your career. Get lost in the thoughts and form a strong sense of self. You well take action as the month closes.

AQUARIUS

Orchids are able to adapt to the certain insect they are trying to attract. You can see the future you want, but need help finding the right steps to get there. Take note from the orchids book and learn to adapt to your surroundings. Make changes in your approach. You will be surprised by the outcome.

PISCES

This month will be your time for rebirth. Like a water lily returning after the rain. You struggled this summer and now are ready for optimism and a new beginning. Let yourself blossom into the person you were meant to be or a least the person you are trying to be.

FORD BAQUÉ ENOYA



PAN SEARED LAMB CHOPS

w/ *Mint Pistou, Kabocha Puree, Hazelnut Butter and Lime Yogurt*

1 oz. cilantro, leaves and stems
2 cloves of garlic
1 in. of ginger, coarsely chopped
1 medium red onion, coarsely chopped
2 T lime juice + zest of lime
3 T sunflower oil
1 tsp. salt
1 T. cold butter
2 T. olive oil
1 rack of lamb

To begin, marinate the lamb. Place cilantro, ginger, garlic, red onion, lime juice, lime zest, 1 tablespoon of sunflower oil, salt & pepper into a food processor. Purée until smooth, transfer to a large nonmetallic container. Add rack of lamb and make sure to coat the meat evenly with the marinade. Cover and leave in the fridge for 24 hrs.

Remove lamb from fridge half an hour before cooking, until at room temperature. Scrape off marinade and blot dry with paper towel. Heat large sauté pan with remaining sunflower oil over high heat. When oil is very hot, add rack of lamb and sear until golden brown. Flip rack of lamb and add butter. Reduce heat to medium and while tilting pan slightly, spoon butter over rack of lamb. Remove and serve at medium rare-medium. Cooking time: 4-5 mins.

Hibiscus Champagne Cocktail

Hibiscus Syrup
1 cup of sugar
1 cup of water
1 cup of dried hibiscus flowers
1 star anise
2 allspice

2/3 oz Hendricks Gin
2/3 oz St. Germain Elderflower
2/3 oz lime juice
1 tsp ginger juice
2/3 oz hibiscus syrup
6 3/4 oz champagne
(Serves 2)

To begin, make the hibiscus syrup. Place the sugar and water into a small saucepan. Place over medium heat and bring to a gentle simmer until sugar dissolves. Add the hibiscus flowers, star anise and allspice and continue to simmer for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and set aside to cool before transferring into an airtight container.

Place the gin, elderflower liqueur, ginger and lime juice in a mixing glass. Fill the glass half full with ice cubes and stir a maximum, five times to the right and five times to the left. Do not overstir! Strain into the chilled champagne flutes. Stir 1/3 oz of hibiscus syrup into each glass, top with champagne and ice cubes. Serve immediately.

optional: spray the inside of the champagne glass with hibiscus water to heighten the floral notes of this cocktail.

garvey's table

MINT PISTOU

2 c. chopped fresh mint
1 c. olive oil
1 garlic clove
1 lime, zested
1 T. lime juice
1/8 tsp. maple syrup
1 T. shallot
pinch of red pepper flakes

In a small bowl combine the mint, olive oil, lime zest and juice, maple syrup, shallots and red pepper flakes.

Using a Microplane grater, grate the garlic into the mixture, stir to combine, and season with salt.



HAZELNUT BUTTER

1/4 c. roughly chopped hazelnuts
4 T salted butter

In a small, dry, frying pan over medium heat, toast the hazelnuts until fragrant, about 3 minutes. Set aside and cool.

In a small saucepan over medium heat, melt and cook the butter, skimming the solids from the surface, until butter is clear. Turn the heat on low and cook until there is a nutty aroma and butter turns from yellow to deep brown.

Remove from heat. Add hazelnuts.

KABOCHA PURÉE

2 T cold salted butter
1/4 c. heavy cream
1/8 tsp. grated nutmeg
1 kabocha squash
2 T. olive oil
Salt & pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Keeping the skin on, cut kabocha squash in half. Scoop out seeds and drizzle with olive oil. Place flesh side down on half baking sheet and roast for 20-25 mins or until kabocha is fork-tender.

Allow to cool slightly before peeling skin off. Use a ricer or food processor to purée squash until smooth. Transfer purée into a sauté pan, add cream and butter while stirring. Add nutmeg, salt & pepper as desired.



LIME YOGURT

1/2 c. greek-style yogurt
1 lime, juiced & zested
1 T olive oil
1 T chopped chives
Sea salt & black pepper to taste

In a small bowl, combine yogurt, lime zest, lime juice, chives and olive oil. Season with salt and fresh cracked black pepper.



Summer Hamilton is a freelance Brooklyn-based chef, event producer and entrepreneur merging food, fashion and home design in her latest project, BLACK·BOWEY.

Recipes

DJ REBORN

Falling
Gaëlle

There is no greater love
Amy Winehouse

Chosen One
Anderson Paak

Water
Lauryñ Hill

Yearning for your love
The Gap Band

Love Affair
S-Job Movement

Kiss me on my neck
Erykah Badu

Mama
Esther Marrow

Come To Me
Bjork

Love
Mos Def

KELMAN DURAN

Swamp
Kareem Lotfy

Level UP (Edit)
ANS

Noite Magica
Puto Tito

Bii Three
Bamba Pana

Freestyle
Lil Baby

*FDT-Guitarras 2k17
(OriginalGuetto)*
Anderson Teixeira TxiGa

PADJINHA PART 3 2018
Bubas Produções

Vamo A Gastar
MC Busefa (Prod by Paul Marmota)

Welcome my Demon
Camila Fuchs

Chetto Beats #1
DJ Firmeza

Quartier Arabe
Doukkala

Sleeping With an Angel
V3STA

Nazanet
STILL

Intro
Meek Mill

KAMILYA COPNEY

Love Obscene
Headlock

Paloma Waves (Original Mix)
Joe Le Bon

*Love's Taken Over
(Quiet Storm Version)*
Chanté Moore

Mirror
Little Dragon

Into the Fold
Kingdom

*Hazefield
(feat. Sweyn J & Jessy Lanza)*
Ikonika

Art of Noise
Moments In Love II

Fuck With You
Cooly G

Sex Message
Azizi Gibson

5785021
Jessy Lanza

MF Groove
Smino & Ravyn Lenae

Love Song #1
Me'shell Ndegeocello

*Land of Honey
(feat. Solange)*
Flying Lotus

Mind
Cooly G

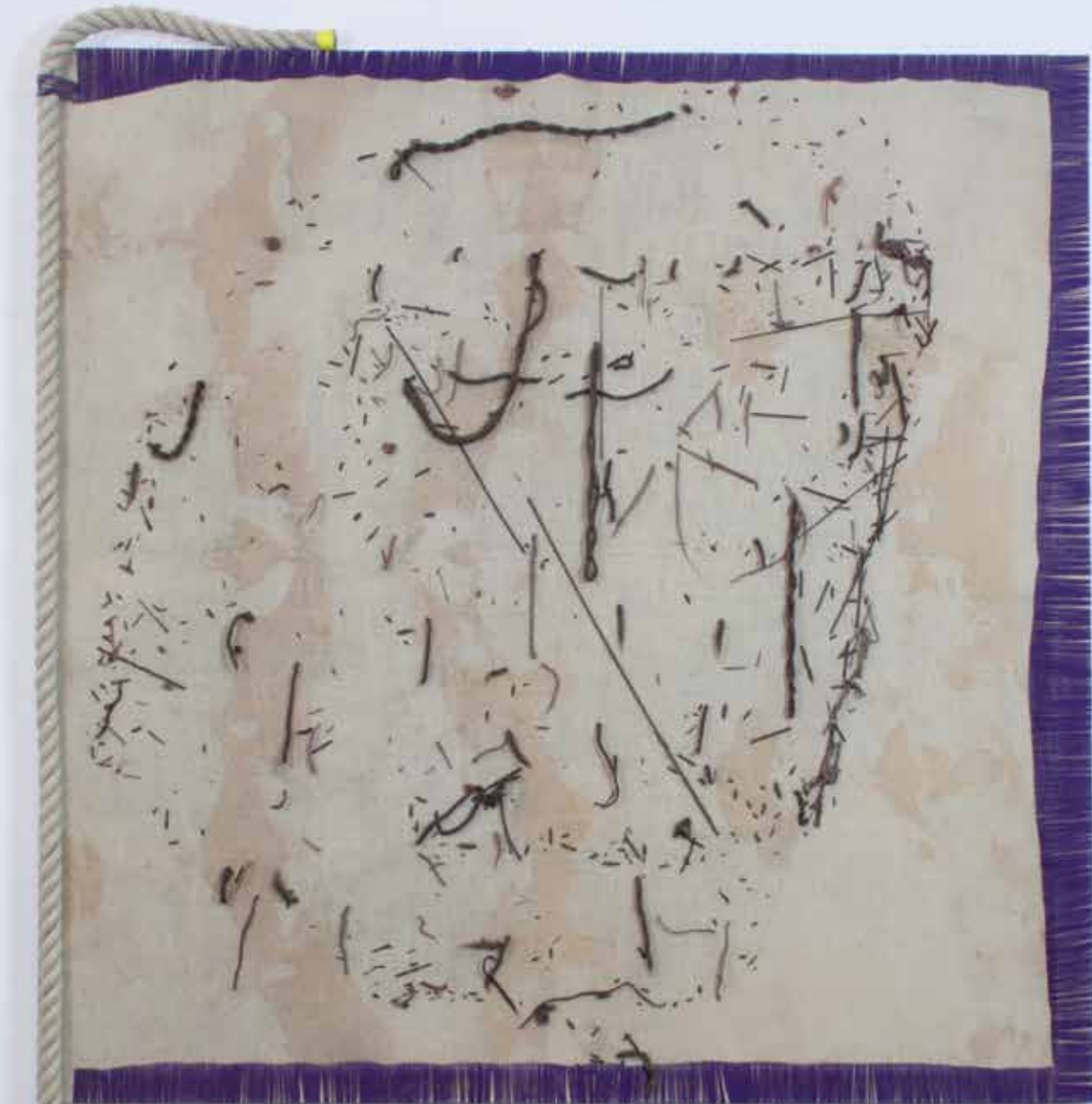


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HE DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO, 2015-17



GARVEY LOVES FLOWERS, 2015