

Chicago Artists Coalition (CAC) is a non-profit organization that supports contemporary Chicago artists and curators by offering residency programs, exhibitions, professional development and resources that enable them to live, work and thrive in the city. CAC is deeply committed to advancing the cause of art and its importance to Chicago's culture and economy by cultivating a wide-reaching civic, philanthropic and public support network.

BOLT is a highly competitive, juried, one-year artist studio residency program offering contemporary emerging artists the opportunity to engage the Chicago arts community and its public in critical dialogue about contemporary art.

chicagoartistscoalition.org

Exhibition Dates: January 29 - March 11, 2021

Opening Reception: Friday, Jan 29, 2021, 3-8pm

Cover Image: Image courtesy of the artist



2130 W. Fulton Street
Chicago, IL 60612

Wednesdays, 10am-2pm
and Fridays, 3-7pm
by appointment only

CAC's mission and programs are funded by the Alphawood Foundation; Art Works Fund; Chicago Community Trust; City of Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs and Special Events; Coleman Foundation; Emily Hall Tremaine Foundation; Gaylord and Dorothy Donnelley Foundation; Illinois Arts Council Agency; Jessica and Timothy Canning Charitable Fund; The Joyce Foundation; John D. & Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation; National Endowment for the Arts; Prince Charitable Trusts; The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts; and the generosity of members and supporters.

BOLT

CHICAGO ARTISTS COALITION

January 29 - March 11, 2021



*una noche maravillosa-
a monarch butterfly makes
an entrance at a nightclub...*

WORK BY

Alejandro Jiménez-Flores

#epicPoem dancing towards futurity in times of isolation (abridged)

"Queer dance, after the live act, does not just expire. The ephemeral does not equal unmateriality. It is more nearly about another understanding of what matters. It matters to get lost in dance or to use dance to get lost: lost from the evidentiary logic of heterosexuality."

Cruising Utopia, The Then and There of Queer Futurity
José Esteban Muñoz

now

*What I miss is sensory things
sharing smell & touch*

Sentir los cambios de luz en mis ojos cerrados mientras
bailo...
to feel the changing light smear on my closed eyes, dancing....

El último baile...

remembering the last time i went out dancing
after painting in the studio i got on the bus on my way to bricktown
last minute

quería bailar!

i take a sip of campari soda,
with my tongue tracing my lips
thinking of yours

*tragos de amargo licor
recorriendo mi lengua por mis labios
pensando en los tuyos
trazando mis labios con mi lengua*

Esa noche bailé hasta el fin.

that night, i danced until the end
i danced with other people,
but not too close,
we kept a distance,
allowing room for new moves,
for the next song
not saying a word
no introductions

just glancing and drifting

last call

we lose an hour tonight,
i grabbed my jacket and
glance back at the dancefloor
you raised your arm
waved your hand
i waved with a smile
till soon...

*Oui, Adieu, adieu au Dancefloor
Allez, dansez, riez, crevez sans moi*

my last dance was w two people

we gave each other space

orbiting around

we danced nonstop like there is no tomorrow

as if we knew then

that soon dancing

would be postponed till tomorrow

that we must keep a distance

i keep living that moment

that memory of the last dance

start to envision how the dance floor will be after this

this coaxed isolation

will we keep a distance

will we establish new means of relating to each other

giving room to heal

together dancing

until the dancefloor gets full

and we become one body, a new form

again...

then

Longing for this feeling

i have tuned into live stream of djs i like to dance to,

dancing in my bedroom,

a familiar place,

sharing it with others...

the djs continue to dj

and my body follows

taking care of the space,

the community

Longing for the smell of sweat,

sips or campari,

a glance across the room

for the dj to play their favorite song

and join us on the dance floor.

thinking

of new ways to relate to each other,

hugging friends,

coming out of this

with a new perspective

of what is essential.

tired from virtual dancing...

before

i dance alone

because i get out of working at a bar

late at night,

dancing alone is different than dancing with friends,

it's like a bedroom, like a walk

like a cruise through the neighborhood,

aimless, looking for the potentiality

of new moves, of new sensations,

feeling it,

eyes closed,

time drifting...

drinking rose in an old man's glass,

ma vie en rose

dancing at a bar, alone

3 people moving around,

a

deejay

playing

pleasant

tunes,

swaying...

sitting at a bar

"it was really nice to dance with you!

i mean we were not dancing together,

but you like respected my

space and we were just dancing,

that was nice!"

silence. pause,
"nice dancing with you,
you know"
i nodded
yeah that was nice!
smiled

Tamales! Tamales! Tamales, muchachos!
no thanks,
it's last call and
i go outside to take some
fresh air
a shot of fernet for the road,
bike home
empty roads
yell at a cop
eat chips for dinner
fall asleep smiling

drifting...

Here

my last dance was with two people
orbiting around each other...
my last dance was with the moon
and my reflection in the window...

Now

Dancing alone because the bars are closed
i can see the moon from the bedroom window
and my reflection there begins to move
the wood is less creaky
sliding my leg, raise my arm
look away
shift my weight
and look back
dancing with the moon

if only the moon can join me at the next dancefloor.
i would like that future,
i think back to CDMX wandering through a park,
catching the trail of

cumbia en el parque
cumbia in the air i followed it.
in the middle of the park
people were dancing in many configurations,
as a community,
cada quien con su estilo,
teasing each other for their moves,
swapping partners
and becoming different dancers, a fluid community

i only watched because i can't quite dance cumbia,
learning... i continued to wander off...
smiling,
How nice they were to each other
i fell in love with that future...

ALWAYS

while at danny's,
dancing
by the AC
i close my eyes
and i see you dancing

where is the future,
if it is not
here now

(sent with invisible ink)
Thinking of you in the form of a poem that is not finished yet,
Thinking of you in a language that hasn't formed yet,
of sensations...
and nowness,

-Alejandro Jiménez-Flores