



2002, The Matzoh Factory, Brooklyn
Photo: Jennifer Monson
Studio and home 1990-2002

Matzoh Fac- — tory Jennifer

Monson

Walk through a zigzagged hallway past some stairs; enter a pink, bent metal door. The first time I walked into the Matzoh Factory, the south wall was partitioned off with small haphazard rooms. Behind the door to the right was a small alcove with a huge old oak tank. The tank was for the holy water; the rooms separated the different phases of the ritual making of Matzoh.¹ There are two pillars, and four windows facing east, and two doors one at each side of the building with large metal latches. My first impulse was that this place was too dark to live and work in. DD convinced me otherwise.

Within a month and a half the south wall had become our kitchen and bathroom with a gold, clawfoot tub. 943 feet became one of the best, sprung dance floors I've ever danced on. Made with the generosity and energy of Stephen Yoshen and our friends.

Eventually we had small bedrooms with loft beds, tucked into the NE and SE corners. One had a half finished circular door, the other a hodgepodge of windows.

Privacy was at a minimum. Intimacy was at a premium. The Matzoh Factory was a space for negotiating the private and the public, the intimacy of difference, and the potential of physical and conceptual space. DD and I grew up there as artists, working collaboratively, separately and supporting the work of other people through workshops, performances, dinner parties and rituals. We developed distinctly different choreographic viewpoints while cultivating shared and separate practices. Our shared practices included Skinner Releasing, Authentic Movement and our commitment to radical values in part influenced by the queer activism of the '90s but also from our profound belief in the body, dancing and choreographic structure to reshape our understanding and assumptions of the world as we experienced it.

