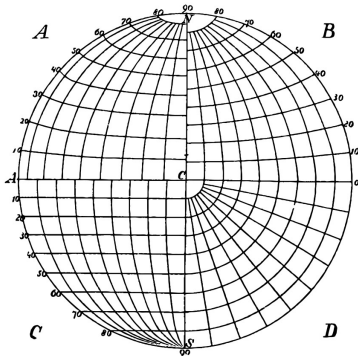


the bentway

EARTH DREAMS
A SUMMER PARTY FOR GRIEF & LOVE



July 8
8pm to late

Nocturnal
Medicine

Welcome to Earth Dreams

This gathering is an invitation to confront the painful truths of our planetary health crisis, to explore where progress lies, and to celebrate emergent possibilities for the future of Earth. There is much to grieve, much to account for, and big changes to be made.

It can be hard to feel hopeful about what's to come. But what if the future was bright? Who might we become to get there? How do we come together to breathe life into this vision?

Tonight, we carve out a space for these questions, and for dreaming of regenerative possibilities for our Earth. We invite you to come together to pour our collective grief and joy into channels of deep love, accountability, and connection – to our environment and to each other.

How to Be Here

This is a space for feeling and moving through. We invite you to be present with all emotions that bubble up inside you as you journey.

Bring your body into it! Explore stillness, movement, & everything in between – sitting, stretching, dancing, meditating, lying down, etc.

Take cues from the space, sounds, & atmospheres.

We invite you to touch the installations! The materials provided throughout the night (stones, flowers, etc.) are here for you to work with as you like.

Most importantly, take care of yourself, take care of the space, & take care of each other. Do what works for you, leave the rest.

We have zero tolerance for violence, racism, transphobia, sexism or other discriminatory language or actions. Please do not touch anyone without consent or stare at anyone.

Visit the Slow Down Space if you need care or just a space to decompress.

For Arrivals After 9:15 PM

Tonight's program is designed as a continuous experience and we encourage you to join for the full duration. If you arrive live, we encourage you to ground and integrate into the night by doing the following:

- Read through this program booklet.
- Take a stone from the pile and carry it as you explore. When you feel ready, place it intentionally somewhere in the space.

Mother Earth is an Altar

Duke Redbird

Mother Earth is an altar
Upon this altar we lay our souls
And taste the fruit of Her sacraments
And replenish our spirits
From Her forest of nourishments

The sun, moon, and stars
Cloak this altar with their radiance
The panorama of life itself creates the ceremony
As the changing dispensations birth every ritual
All tongues sing joyfully at this altar
And all voices are heard

There is no space
That the heart of humankind cannot fill
Nor any corner of human fulfillment
That cannot express its truth at this altar
It is spirituality without restraint
Compassion without hesitation
Love without restriction
And Life everlasting

SACRED IS THE DANDELION: A Guided Meditation on Deep Time, Climate Grief, & Love | By Nocturnal Medicine

Take a few deep. Long. breaths.
Inhale, exhale. Inhale, exhale.
As you breathe,
come home to your body.

Let your body find a comfortable position to rest,
let the weight of your body sink into the ground, or your seat,
let your head and your neck relax
let your eyes relax, your eyelids close

Notice the sounds of the city around you
The cars, the trucks overhead
The train passing by
The people, the birds moving through this park
Let all these sounds hold you.

We are gathered here beneath a highway
Concrete arches above our heads
Carrying the weight of the city'

Next door, a monument to military
To the south, a lake
The air, the trees, the creatures sway and move around us
As we come together in this place of rest, this place of
spaciousness, nested inside of the city's flows

Summer has fully arrived
It is hot, The air is humid
It is almost sunset,
And the sun will soon end its daily visit
Leaving its warm kiss on the asphalt
And leaving us ready to journey together

Into the night
Into our dreams
Into our sorrows.

MOVEMENT I

Bring your attention to what you hold in your hands
In one hand you hold a strawberry
In the other, you hold a rock

Come, let the rock,
and the strawberry,
guide you.
For when we touch them
we are touching with our bodies
into deep time

When we touch them
We discover that the present moment contains the past,
and that the present lives within the spirals of time
-- summer, into fall, into winter, into spring, into summer...
...again and again and again...

Run your fingers over the berry
feel how soft it is .. how firm it is

feel its skin against your skin

This berry comes to you
as an old, old presence on this land
Entangled with the lives
Of many tribes.
This strawberry emerges each summer
To call out life, to call out joy

Feel its seeds with your fingers
This berry like a heart
That wears its seeds on the outside

This berry comes to you
From a story of colonization
The fruit you hold
Has been taken from its wild ancestors,
And mutated to be larger

This berry comes to you from the rain and the sun
Which pour down and nourish the living.
In summer, the fruits swell and spring forth
Emblems of the annual cycles of life and death.

Bring your attention now to the rock in your other hand
Let your fingers run over its surfaces.
Feel its Textures, temperature, its body.

This rock comes to you
From magma bloomed from the crust of the Earth
From glaciers sliding and sculpting the land
Forming rivers.
Rivers that once flowed through this very place
to reach marshy shores
thick with life.

MOVEMENT II

In your hand you hold matter
Unearthed after millions of years below the surface
Extracted, carved, stacked
To construct the city that surrounds us.

This rock has been
Dug up, torn down, discarded
as the city changes its desires,
Wants more, wants different

This rock comes to you
from the making
and the unmaking
of this very city

It speaks to us
Of the city's lust
And the city's impermanence

This rock speaks to us
of a time when it was carried
to bury the marshes
In rubble and concrete
And the rivers banished below the pavement

The stories are all around us

The soil covered over and starved of air

The creatures and their homes
Torn down, melted away, burned away
Brought to death

The changing weather
Too wet, violent with rain
Too hot, violent with heat

The forests burning
air thick with smoke,
the burning trees
Breathed into our bodies

Long buried creatures
Turned into black oils, into plastics
Now threading their way into
Our waters, our oceans, our bloodstreams

Endless desires to control, to extract
The innocent sacrificed
A future spinning out, spinning away
from what we understand

As the Earth bends and twists
So do we.
As it slips and slides into
Extinctions, wildfires, floods, climate chaos, deaths
So do we.
There is no outside to run to, only insides
If we are swallowed, we are swallowed together

MOVEMENT III

But underneath...
Underneath...
The water still flows
The rivers are not lost
Only forgotten
Remember them...
Witness what lives....

The dandelion grows in the cracks of the sidewalk
The thistle blooms along the highway
The earthworm moves through the soil
The Water drips, drips, flows with life
beneath the concrete
The strawberry buds in summer sun
Brings us into love, again ...and again...
The rock moves us through time
Our steady friend,
through our attempts, our desires, our confusion

Sacred is the dandelion
Sacred is the thistle
Sacred is the earthworm
Sacred are the waters
Sacred is the strawberry
Sacred is the rock

Hear them
be with them
change with them
love them

Can you let the bug crawl on your skin?
Can you let the water flow,
Can you let the dandelion grow?

Feel into your body now
Feel into yourself, in this space
what moves in you
Who moves in you?

Love...
Sadness...
Rage...
Emptiness...

The grief of the Earth in your belly
The joy of the Earth in your veins
Can you pour yourself through your feelings
And back out into the world?

MOVEMENT IV

The strawberry...
Return to the strawberry in your hand
feel its skin, its seeds
Take the fruit and bring it up to your mouth

Press it against your lips
Breathe in the sweet aroma
of the juices that lie within
Waiting to be tasted

When you are ready
slowly take a bite
Savor the delicious flavors
That fill your mouth
The sweet, the tart, the juicy

Enjoy it, let your tongue be sweetened, your lips be wet
Let Your body find the embrace of summer's warmth
Let Your heart beat with Earth's changes
Take it in
Take it in

When you are ready
Slowly come back to us
Open your eyes if they've been closed
Move your fingers, your toes. Stretch your back.

As we journey together tonight
We ask,
Can you wear your love
Your grief
Your responsibility
On your skin
Like the strawberry wears its seeds?

Nocturnal Medicine **@nocturnalmedicine**

Nocturnal Medicine is a NYC-based nonprofit studio building spiritual resiliency in the face of ecological crisis. Founded by Larissa Belcic & Michelle Farang Shofet in 2016, the studio creates collective experiences, installations, & media centering environmental justice, climate grief, & healing. Their work is intimate, honest, & rooted in powerful sensory experience, addressing larger-than-life challenges like climate change & extinction.

Amongst their body of work, they have created a sanctuary for ecological grief, climate-aware seasonal rites, and raves for public healing. Their work has been celebrated in The New York Times & CityLab as bringing a cutting-edge, soul-centered approach to addressing the psycho-emotional impacts of climate crisis.

Belcic & Shofet first met in 2013 while studying landscape architecture at the Harvard Graduate School of Design. Since then, they have been digging deep into culture & environment through a wide array of creative channels. Both Belcic & Shofet lecture on sustainability, design, & ecological consciousness at RISD & The New School, respectively, & have presented their work at a range of institutions including The New Museum, The Brooklyn Museum, & universities across the globe.

Elder Duke Redbird **@elderoftheglobalvillage**

Dr. Duke Redbird is an elder, poet, activist, educator, and artist. With a legacy stretching back to the 1960s, he is a pillar of First Nations literature in Canada and has practiced a number of art disciplines including poetry, painting, theatre, and film. He was a trailblazer throughout the 60s & 70's giving voice to Indigenous people at major institutions and folk festivals across the country.

Tender Buttons **@my_bodys_in_troubleshoot**

Akash Bansal is a writer, filmmaker, DJ and programmer based in Toronto. Their expanded poetry practice includes video, sound, performance, photography, as well as more traditional forms of text-based poetics. Their recent work has examined borders— both real and imagined, between people and places, and especially those within ourselves.

Me Time **@djmetime**

Me Time is an interdisciplinary artist, techno-futurist, and founder of The R.A.V.E. Institute, who engages dance music, interactive technology, and science fiction for social change. They elevate the dancefloor as 'more than a party,' harnessing its transformative power to create collective utopias – where sharing limited resources, engaging in ecstatic somatic rituals, and forging deep connections allow us to recognize our agency in building radical new worlds.