

ReFrame Dance Theatre and Rahway Arts + Business Partnership Present:

# Remember Me

*Remember Me* was made possible by  
a generous space grant by Mignolo Arts, the Dance New Jersey Mini Grant,  
and the generosity of individuals who believe in dance as an artform

## Grammar of Space

**Choreography+Performance:** Bailey Benoot & Charly Santagado

**Music:** 100 GEKS, Aaliyah, Acid Pauli, Hugar, Incubus, and Land of the Loops

**Sound Design:** Charly Santagado

**Costume Design:** Bailey Benoot

## Junkyard Guitars

**Choreography:** Bailey Benoot

**Performance:** Nayaa Opong & Charly Santagado

**Music:** Original Score performed & composed by Jonathan Kirschner

**Costume Design:** Bailey Benoot

## Remember Me

**Choreography:** Nathan Forster in Collaboration with Dancers

**Performance:** Bailey Benoot, Nathan Forster, Charly Santagado

**Music:** Søren Bebe, A Hack And A Hacksaw, Penguin Cafe Orchestra, Louis Armstrong, Moondog, Led Zeppelin, Claudia Rockmore, Edith Piaf

**Text:** *See Me, Let Me Be, Remember Me; Filling the Gaps; Cigarettes; Eulogy 1-3*

**Sound Design:** Nathan Forster

**Costume Design:** Bailey Benoot

## **The Poems of Remember Me**

**See Me, Let Me Be, Remember Me** by Nathan Forster

See Me

See Me jump

See Me run and dance and

See Me as friend,  
family.

See Me, Let Me,

Let Me See Me

Be

Be

Be

Me.

Be Me playing  
rushing

baking cookies with no recipe and-, planting flowers in jars to-,  
fighting monsters in the coat racks while-, telling four stories at once with  
no ending.

Trespassing on forbidden ground:

See Me, Let Me Be Me seeing Me as Me.

Me...

Let Me Be

Me

Me chasing cats

Me accepting hugs

rejecting hugs

dancing alone?

Me loving the reflection of our faces in the mall window at Christmas.

Let Me Be

Me

seeing Me as who you want Me to Be.

candy wrist taco cat sock boho god(ess)-

always hungry but never never been kissed.

Me with the lost boys and a ticket on a train.

Remember Me

Remember Me as I want you to See Me Be Me now:

Artist/Teacher

Friend/Giver/Lover

Fiercely Honest

Storyteller

No Regrets

running into the sunset on the back of a unicorn to save who needs saving  
by My bleeding heart metric

XOXO- ME

## ***Filling the Gaps*** by Nathan Forster

Memory:

Moments folded into Grandma's latkes and adulthood ephemerology,

Sent from wonderland as a shooting star.

September lyrics falling off-step, flying far

Trailing from your lips a puzzle with missing pieces,

Correct-feeling words filling in the beat creases.

Our memories make us, but we make them

Without directions, over and over and over again-

Do you remember

the 21st night of November?

### ***Cigarettes*** by Bailey Benoot

When I say I love the smell of cigarettes

I am saying I love

taco dip on the 4th of July

My brother, in a white shirt, standing

Cement and gasoline

A reclining chair next to a table

with a handkerchief over a lamp

And an old western novel.

A cold beer in the snow

My uncle's grip exerciser

Laughing

Family

### ***Cigarettes*** by Nathan Forster

Cigarettes-

Soot & Stale Beer on my tongue

Plaid Specter wearing me

Like a cigarette wears your hand.

Now: A mummy embalmed in junk mail,

Your green, leather chair is still heavy

With Ash and Absence,

Love letters,

Smoldering butts,

Fumes.

### ***Eulogy 1*** by Nathan Forster

Charly exists as ambition lived. How many of us chased our dreams  
In the fleeting moments of either-or, the crossroads of waking and fever-dream?  
We've all made choices worth celebrating.  
We celebrate Charly for choosing passion.

I heard about Charly before I met her. I watched her sister dance before I watched  
her. I was held rapt by her dance company before we even shared a room.  
I learned 3 things: Perfection is worth chasing even if you can't catch it; Really listen  
to the music; A life of ballet classes and gymnastics championships crafts the  
fiercest calves.

The pursuit of passion is in and of itself an art.

### ***Eulogy 2*** by Charly Santagado

Bailey believes in butterflies, poetry, and 90's fashion. She believes that people should  
not make unnecessary sounds, particularly while eating, and that bulldogs are the  
best kind of dogs. Bailey believes in the significance of the cosmos and reality TV and  
clogs and semi-private hikes and Machine Gun Kelly.

Bailey believes in the color purple, but I'm not sure if she's read the book. She believes  
in shapes, but I don't know which is her favorite. Bailey believes that she is  
24-years-old, but I believe she is infinite.

I believe that I will be one of the lucky few to learn whether or not Bailey has read *The  
Color Purple* and whether or not she liked it or will like it and whether or not she  
prefers triangles to trapezoids, hexagons to parallelograms, squares to circles. I  
believe I will be given the chance to learn far more important things about her than  
this. I believe that Bailey B from the 313 is a wriggling caterpillar, a silken cocoon, and  
a gossamer-winged spring azure all at once, and that she knows this, feels this,  
embraces this with every motion, every late morning jog, and every nighttime,  
flat-backed flourish.

***Eulogy 3*** by Bailey Benoot

Close your eyes.

Imagine sunbeams bursting out of a heart chakra.

That is Nathan.

Excitable.

Clear.

Honest.

Do you feel the fizzling bubbles,  
the joy in your fingertips and toes?

The enthusiasm brimming in your heels?

That is Nathan.

He is in possession of a rare gift.

The gift of simultaneous groundedness and optimism.

Nathan is the owner of his path.

Nathan has respect for himself.

Nathan makes me believe everyone is born to be loved.

His eyes confront you.

They let you know,  
that this man respects me.

Nathan is the hand  
reaching out,  
when you've fallen

**A eulogy is not a posthumous biography  
With a positive slant**

**Eulogies are a celebration**

**A eulogy reminds us we are capable of  
Seeing someone's greatness  
At any point in life.**

Thank you for attending *Remember Me*, we hope you found something to  
remember fondly.

**Love and Cookies- The Cast**