

# I

This dance that you see me dancing now on the screens, I danced it again one month ago in the Generali Foundation in Vienna. I was again naked and my body covered with dark make-up. I was again mimicking the choreographies of Josephine Baker, or at least doing my best to repeat her moves, imitate her dancing style, copy her positions.

And again I used the time allotted between the previous show and Counter-Production, the group show I was to take part in. I'm talking about this particular "installation" time, a production time that as an audience you normally don't get to see pictures or documentation of.

Video screens were still boxed in their original packaging, works in their crates, additional walls were still unpainted, glass windows empty, ashtrays full.

Because of the way they value their art centers (or museums or foundations) -generally promoting them as unique, different- and of how they introduce you to a series of practical and esthetic details when they invite you to visit their spaces, I have once compared curators and institution directors to landlords. That is to say to people in charge of private spaces rather than public ones. In this scenario artists are tenants, mostly because of the standard amount of time they are given to make new work, exhibit it, and then leave the space free for the next artist or group of artists. Short-lease would be the term for this kind of occupation.

This "promotional" style is also true of the documentation of those spaces activities, which rarely show them in between two shows. When it is the case it is often to celebrate the amount of work that was put in the show, for instance if something really impressive was built or something really huge was installed inside a really tiny space.

In the case of my body inside the Generali Foundation, the proportion is rather the opposite. And it wasn't really impressive to bring me inside their space, as I said yes to their invitation before they could even promote its merits.