

III

So this dance that you see me dancing now on the screens, and that I danced again in my studio in France one year ago and in the Generali Foundation in Vienna one month ago, I decided to dance it again in Magasin in Grenoble, eight month ago. I had a solo show there, in the very cold winter. I used the time allotted between the previous show and mine. 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 and projectors were still boxed in their original packaging, works in their crates, additional walls were still unpainted, toolboxes left at a handy distance, glass windows empty, ashtrays full.

I accepted and I decided to conform myself to the concept of supply and demand (or rather demand and supply) and to put my body into circulation furthermore. This would be done through the recordings of the dance, meant to circulate into more than just one exhibition space, but also through the action of dancing this dance in various exhibition spaces. My body left the (semi) privacy of the studio for the publicness of exhibition spaces and entered a cycle of sympathetically accepted alienation.

I would again be naked and my body covered with dark make-up. I would again mimic the choreographies of Josephine Baker, or at least do my best to repeat her moves, imitate her dancing style, copy her positions. In order to perform these imitations, I watch again and again the few films that were made of Josephine Baker dancing. Then, dancing in the silence of my studio or an exhibition space during this particular "installation" time, the time allotted between two shows, I fragment her choreographies into small pieces, repeating and repeating just one symptomatic movement until I get tired with it. I cut her choreographies into small bits, abstract bits. Similarly, when I edit the videos of myself mimicking Josephine Baker I cut them into small bits, abstract bits.

Maybe, by repeating this dance in various exhibition spaces and by displaying my body through various formats, I will ultimately manage to cut it into small bits, abstract bits. These small bits could be a way to supply the demand for the artist's body in general, to sympathetically accept the alienation, to produce ways of producing and displaying that resist the resistance and instead embrace a cycle of endless repetition. Until people are tired with those small bits, abstract bits of my body, of course.