dd dorvillier:
I need to tell you something

taurelus:
Please

dd dorvillier:
In the car service from Williamsburg to Diva the cat, I was thinking about talking to you, coming over the bridge, looking at the Empire State building and realizing how much it and the Chrysler, with those thin steel radio towers, look like hypersonic syringes, like the one we had just used to get blood out of Diva's leg.

taurelus:
Yes.

dd dorvillier:
The buildings looked like needles, and my arm was hungry for a shot from one of them. It was erotic, and also addictive. Before seeing this image, before getting over the water, when we were passing the luxury lofts, I was thinking about Beth Gill (a young, brave, and smart dancer and scenographer in NYC), and her description of her upcomig work at the ON studio series. She used the word landscape describing her previous work.

Watching the lofts go by, I’m thinking about Beth and wondering if/how she’s looking for meaning, in her work, or with her work, or in her life and how they are connected. I’m also pondering on the meaning, or lack of it, in my own life, and subsequently in my work, and vice versa. I’m not sad, I’m just thinking. I’m staring at the back of a Latin bakery van ascending the bridge in the taxi.

Getting away from self-expressive, from projecting meaning, elucidating content beyond the immediate context of an action but doing it in the most difficult way possible. By using the body and even using typically dramatic and expressive conditions – these are characteristics of my current working tendencies and process. I’m working with thinking and corporeally, rather than emphasizing self-expression.

taurelus:
We can separate the two.

dd dorvillier:
Thinking separately from feeling. This is extremely liberating.

The bakery truck reminds me that I have a body, and so in the car sitting next to me in this car, it’s so cool Beth Gill, although in a different almost opposite way, it landscape when she has found that thing called meaning, for lack of a better word! Why is she now doing something with it, a humanly body becoming her landscape, or is that body, harmless because it merely inhabits a landscape?

The bakery truck, my body, our bodies, in space or as space, separation. I have found a lot of power in letting go of the co-dependence of expression, the body and the landscape to determine form. Is it these associations and other something I have some sort of responsibility to this landscape, this body, and the landscape, these bodies? It is this landscape of liberation, peril life, body start, the grins of a new age. It is within the body, within the body. I’m thinking about evolution forms, changing body and the myriad questions I work with, I am not part of the body sometimes. In the landscape, it is so much that it pays serious bounty readings, especially when I’m using my body.

I am thinking about how these junctures relate to you and how you are thinking about your next work or your next day on the planet.

dd dorvillier:
As I was thinking about the body like a 2 month old baby, trying to get its head up, even then.

taurelus:
What did the needle-like you?

dd dorvillier:
As I was thinking about the needle, I was wondering the associations with my body because of the needle-i’m-high connection. Making a graphic physical association with the most important buildings in New York City made me feel powerful, ownership, danger, getting high, and then, I don’t know... a sense of home? It brought me up then calmed me down.

taurelus:
But that is the point of the design, no?

dd dorvillier:
Yes that is the point of the design, it’s a drug. As we descended into Bushwick down the slope, I started to wonder if a small lesion could actually still fly into one of them.

taurelus:
Well, yes, yes, but the air I assume is heavily patrolled.

dd dorvillier:
Maybe, I dunno, and could the small plane do any damage?

taurelus:
I am interested in your connection to this NY fly.

dd dorvillier:
I had this powerful association, a climax almost, and then started wondering how one would build the building unofficially, in this day and age, practically speaking. And would it collapse as you know, the WI! the blossom at the end of the stem, exploding into grey pus, and mass hysteria and all that done.

taurelus:
Not sure where to go with that. It seems somewhat like a manifestation of all the fear in the air.

dd dorvillier:
You go up with a Beth Gill but you come down with a Bloomsberg, or rather, I just did.

taurelus:
Explain.

dd dorvillier:
My thought was the way up the bridge had to do with how one describes what they do, their art work. How I describe it, and whether I am even capable of doing anything that I describe, not in a perceptive sense, but practically speaking. Beth and landscapes, and her photo of the street and the two cars, on the ON website. How do we do what we say we do, when doing is so different from saying, or seeing? Can I make this same? This is too complicated ah!

taurelus:
With the needle in the background of that picture. It's not institutional but it's a landscape of your mind.

dd dorvillier:
Here is the touch of the landscape, Beth, me going over the bridge, the water, the top needles, a drug-power architecture of this age-man, with the backdrop of September-blue sky. And everything, the body in the air? It's on the floor.

taurelus:
I’ve interested in how these junctures relate to you and how you are thinking about your next work or your next day on the planet.

dd dorvillier:
Wrapping the belly like a 2 month old baby, trying to get its head up, even then.

taurelus:
This is the beginning.

dd dorvillier:
The next piece consists of 3 pre-stated conditions: a movie. 9 bodies, a darkness and sound installation. I don’t know what will happen to them when placed together. The body is very important, you can’t get your head up without one.