

dd dorvillier



dddorvillier:

I want to tell you something.

taurelius:

Please

dddorvillier:

In the car service from Williamsburg with 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 hypodermic syringes, like the one we had just used to get blood out of Diva's leg.

taurelius:

Yes

dddorvillier:

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 dancemaker and bartender surviving in NYC) and her description of her upcoming work at the DTW 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-expressiveness, 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 characteristic of my current working tendencies and process. I'm working with thinking and corporeality, rather than emphasizing self-expression.

taurelius:

We can separate the two.

dddorvillier:

Thinking separate from feeling, this is extremely liberating.

The bakery truck reminds me that I have a body, and so is the cat sitting next to me in this cage, and so does Beth Gill, although in a different almost opposite way. Is landscape where she has found that thing called meaning, for lack of a better word? Why is she now doing something else? Is a nameless body becoming her landscape, or is that body nameless because it merely inhabits a landscape?

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-dependance of expression and form, using content to determine form, as if these aspects owed each other something I have some sort of responsibility for. This could, through the extension of this freedom into the body become a hyper-liberated, perfect life, body state, on the brink of a new age space-time-topia - which is not the point. I'm not seeking a solution for my changing body and the myriad questions I work with. I am afraid of the body sometimes, because it has so much that it says, carries so many readings, especially when I'm using MY body in MY work. At best this body is a screen, or not even, a second screen, reflecting post-projections, the bi-products, of bi-products of actions.

I see the back of the bakery van and I say this work is endless. What's the point of working forever? But then I see that is the point. That is the POINT, to work, infinitely. I get to the needles. Is this my work? ...The action of association, observation, thinking, multiplicity.

taurelius:

What did the needles give you?

dddorvillier:

What's the heroin? They provoked thinking and associations with my body because of the needle-arm-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.

taurelius:

But that is the point of the design, no?

dddorvillier:

Yes that is the point of the design... it's a drug. As we descended into Manhattan down the slope, I started to wonder if a small Cessna could actually still fly into one of them.

taurelius:

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

dddorvillier:

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

taurelius:

I am interested in your connection to this NY fix.

dddorvillier:

I had this powerful association, a climax almost, and then started wondering how one would down the building unofficially, in this day and age, practically speaking. And would it collapse as, you know, the WT's? ...the blossom at the end of the stem, exploding into grey pus, and mass hysteria and all that doom.

taurelius:

Not sure where to go with that, it seems somehow like a manifestation of all the fear in the air.

dddorvillier:

You go up with a Beth Gill but you come down with a Bloomberg, or rather, I just did.

taurelius:

Explain.

dddorvillier:

My thoughts on 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 pejorative sense, but practically speaking. Beth and landscapes, and her photo of the street and the two cars, on the DTW website. How do we do what we say we do, when doing is so different from saying, or seeing? Can I make them the same? This is too complicated eh?

taurelius:

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

dddorvillier:

There is the Beth of the landscape, Beth, me going over the bridge, the water, and the needles' drug-power architecture of ultra ape-man, with the backdrop of September-blue sky. And where is the body in all this? It's on the floor.

taurelius:

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

dddorvillier:

Wiggling on the belly like a 2 month old baby, trying to get its head up, even then.

taurelius:

Is the body important?

dddorvillier:

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.

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