

Once a friend advised me to watch the film *Belle de Jour*. He particularly fondly recounted a specific scene in which Catherine Deneuve, wearing a beige trench coat, is in a museum meeting a stranger.

In this scene the equivocal power of perambulation is brilliantly choreographed. Footsteps on the marble floors, those of Catherine and the ones of the stranger, alternating pauses, acceleration and deceleration along rooms and corridors; eyes touching the curves of white heroes and goddesses, attentively avoiding the eyes of each other.

However, a while after I received an email from him saying: “I couldn’t find this moment again in that movie. It had never been in that movie. Our eyes know something we don’t.”

Walk towards one of the artworks in the space
and sit down in its close proximity.

Think of the weight of the artwork
along your side.





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