I dance with the desire to unlearn my body.
I write with the desire to unmaster my thinking.
I compose images and spaces with the desire to undo my vision.
Each of which is only possible through the other. Always other.
I make work with the desire to fall apart, to fall together.

Falling. Falling into the chasms of a topic is what propels my practice. I encounter these gaps in the fragmented approach upon which my practice builds: Choreography, writing, video, installation, and painting come with a specific way of looking at the topic, ways that might not be recognizable within other media. They lay bare different aspects, confront me with different questions, make me engage with different modes of thinking and being. A series of attempts unfold. Some of those experiments fade away in nebulous impasses, others stick with me; I stick to them. Those that last, start to shape into arguments; propositions that take a particular attitude and perspective on the question at hand. I think with the experiment – together we think.

With time the experiments grow into a multitude of thoughtsthoughtthoughts. They build a map of contradictions, a map of gaps. From there, the work explores how different propositions can co-exist in a way that gives each component space, space to maintain its own coherence while at the same time bring them into close enough proximity to each other that they speak together. Together we think, together we speak.

Gap – a break, or open space, a break in time, an interval, difference or disparity. A space that can’t be entirely bridged, that marks a before and after, a before and beyond. I consider gaps as spaces rather than voids filled with emptiness. It is a practice that doesn’t aim for synthesis, but one that finds value in the untranslatable, the unabsorbable. It is a practice of dwelling in friction.

In my work I am interested in the ways of how ideology shape bodies and vice versa. It investigates how narratives and everyday practices take part in the forming of idealized bodies. When and how are they revealed as ideologically laden phantasies as they meet physical bodies? How can an ever-changing physical reality be at the base of telling other stories about bodies?
In the research, I bring together incongruous propositions, searching for fluctuating knowledge/sensation as they might reside in their difference. A selected account of chapters of chasms as they have accompanied my process:

1. **I write and record a text mapping a genealogy of hygiene. As it plays back, I shake for an hour.**
   In the writing of that text, I was interested in different narratives that stretch from mundane hygienic practices to highly gendered, racialized, and classist associations and actions. Shaking makes me re-think and re-experience my body – its inner structures, its shape, its boundaries. As the audio plays, both the beauty and the horror inherent to the
discourse of cleanliness/cleansing wash over my shaking body that has started to fall apart into fragments and yet has never been more contained within its own contours. It makes me think about the implicit politics of exhausting ideals and other strategies of subverting them on the basis of alternate approaches like pleasure, refusal, deceleration...

II. A video is projected onto the wall in which a multiplicity of my bodies showers in their menstrual blood. I sit next to it and wash myself with water that others have used to wash their hands with. Covering the body in its own cyclical fluid makes me engage with questions of taboo and ritual and I try to imagine the immense amount of period blood that has left the bodies of all menstruating people up to this day. As the water runs down my neck and my chest I suddenly feel close to everyone whose hands have been washed clean with that water before; I feel their very recent past running down my body. The presence of liquids, the physical presence of people replaced by liquids – disgust, discomfort, intimacy…

III. One after the other, I lay portraits of the same face on the floor. 80 faces look back at me as I try to gather my thoughts to write, to write this text. A face that escapes easy categories. A face that is neither someone nor anyone. A repetition of the temple of individuality until it grows into an uncanny mass of sameness/difference. Writing as a mode of thinking in which thoughts grow gradually with each word added, with each sentence erased. Thoughts unfold with tidal movement, leaving behind lines of attempted explanations on the shore; among them grains of questions. Thinking alone, thinking together…

I find some rest in the disparity of the modes of working and thinking as outlined above. After all, gaps expand time and space. They allow me to dwell with topics and questions that are difficult to be with. Gaps come with space in which relationships and attitudes lose their presupposed structure – gaps are spaces in which they can be refigured. Not that they would suddenly reinvent themselves; rather, it is in the dwelling that they stretch thinking, they stretch affection and they stretch possibilities to relate.

Gaps invite me to investigate a different mode of being. One, in which there is space to moan, space to desire, space to do and undo. I like to be undone by the chasms around us, to be undone by the tensions and frictions of the questions that arise out of them. Gaps are what make me fall apart; gaps are what make us fall together. It is in this tension between the falling apart and the falling together that I think of my work as a dedication to the fragmentized, paradoxical body and its possibilities to relate to other bodies in modes of constant oscillation and affect: It is about the relationship between a body and the social space within which it moves. It is about the relationship between the individual and the many. It is about the power of social norms, the inhibition and the discipline resulting from this and it is about the origins of change and emancipation. It is about the relationship between the ideal body and the physical reality of that body. And it is about the realization that this relationship is different for every body.

It is about how together we can be in flux.