

Exciting things happening in my studio...

I had an assistant
an intern working for me
His name was Andy
And he was a lot of help
And I don't know
It kind of made me come into my own
As a boss instead of artist
my role was sort of different
Because I was overseeing an operation
Not just myself (the way it used to be)

During that time the main project that
we worked on together was
Making my studio into a space for
dance
But a specific kind of dance
I had been watching a lot of TV shows
and movies with scenes in nightclubs
Where people would be dancing

It just looked so amazing
It was dark
there were a lot of people
you didn't really need to know anyone
But you were all dancing
The music was really loud
(maybe the experience is different if you go
with friends)
I was imagining going by myself
This is going to date me right now
But I've never been to a club
So I don't really know what it's like
I just have the idea
Which led me to my next project
I decided to make an apparatus
One thing that I learned from the videos
Clubs have a lot going on
There might be disco balls
Or glitter coming down from the sky
Or special dancers up in different areas
that aren't the general area

I realized I needed some kind of feature for my dance operation
Something to set the tone
So in my studio I cut strips of tissue paper
And attached them to the grate of a box fan
when the fan turned on the pieces of tissue paper would rise up
because of the wind under them
Making it also kind of look like the fan was wearing a wig
So it was like a person
a really big person
And then Andy brought me a light
And I would turn all the lights off in my studio except for this one light
The spotlight
And when this new machine was on with the spotlight shining
It became a part of my daily studio life
A ritual

the shadow that it would make on
the big blank wall behind it
Had motion
So Andy was helping me with that
I looked into other things
Music I should listen to
Outfits I might wear
Everyday when I felt like I had the energy
It was more that I had the energy
and I needed to expel it
I would close the door to my studio
Turn on the spotlight
Turn off the regular lights
Put on my headphones
And dance as hard as I could for a few songs
With the wig blowing in the wind

Addendum:

I feel crazy! I found out the ritual that I had going on in my studio (my club, and invention, the dancing, and all of the feelings that went with it), my work was being exploited. I was being played.

Andy was not who I thought he was at all. It turned out he owned a spotlight company. A company that manufactured lights that were designed specially for the particular challenges of being a spotlight. Andy was using me and my work as content for a commercial. My whole project that he was helping me with was completely turned on its head. Really, the spotlight company had decided they wanted to attract a new demographic of consumers, the artists. I seemed pretty gullible. I had never had an assistant before and it was obvious I was desperate to be someone's boss. So Andy laid the trap. He would report to work acting way too eager and helpful for what I was paying him. One thing I loved that he would do was take notes and photos throughout the day which at the time he told me were for me to refer back to, so I would never forget an idea when in actuality those weren't for me. They were important research for his commercial.

Andy stopped returning my emails and I knew something must be up. He used to reply so quickly. Then a few weeks later, I saw it. An advertisement with someone playing me "The artist". "The artist" was describing a project they were working on, a wig-fan-dancing-companion. And then the artist said, "It would not have been possible to make this important work without having this state of the art spotlight," and the commercial ended.

I was sweating now. I left the room and walked outside and down to the river. The sun was setting. I skipped some rocks. One bounced three times. I named the last rock I skipped Andy. He skipped across the water and then I never saw him again.



Daily Studio Life
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