

Love for Sale

This performance piece took place on September 5th, 2004 behind the shop window of **Patti Hudson's JP Artmarket** in Boston. The intention of my choreography was to decelerate and spontaneously interact as simple as possible, without theatricality or narrative, within the specific architectural space of the shop window. And I just wanted to make a statement about hidden opportunities of shop windows in general.

I wore my everyday clothes and for half of the time of the performance, my body was hidden under a red Pashmina. In this way, I was hardly visible as an individual or physical human existence but was instead present as kind of an abstract living sculpture. The artist **Fee Vogler** participated, covered my body with the Pashmina, and took pictures. Lasting approximately half an hour *Love for Sale* was shorter than other performances I have done, but its improvised choreography was slow, meditative, and created a serene atmosphere so that I was able to slightly stretch the normative perception of time.



The story behind the conception of the piece is a complex one. Since the beginning of the 1990s I had been interested in the social phenomenon of women in European cities exposing themselves behind shop windows in order to sell sexual services to customers. Even if I understood the cultural and social circumstances, it seemed, and still seems, absurd to me.

Call me a naive fool, but I still think that the main reason behind sexual prostitution is a desperate search for compassion, with the customer trying to buy another person's affection and devotion. If it was just about sexual satisfaction, one could simply masturbate (which is normally cheaper), but as we all know, loneliness does crazy things to people. It turns them into freaks and monsters, empties their hearts and their purses.

I thought that it could be interesting to add a different point of view to the regular perception of women exposing themselves behind shop windows in order to sell themselves. I envisioned a subversive picture to counterpoint the situation:

a woman behind a shop window who moves but doesn't expose herself, who creates but doesn't sell anything, someone between activity and passivity who is neither object nor subject. One can kill with a smile. It depends on what or who you want to kill. A cold smile can break a heart; a warm smile can kill fear. We have to decide very carefully.