

## NOTES ON A DREAM

Ayelén Coccoz 4.2014

I dreamt I was late for my own exhibition. By the time I arrived a lot of people were already there. My works had been carelessly put on tables, as if in a rush, and one could not even tell if they were sculptures at all.

I wanted to install a bas relief on a pedestal. While holding the piece, it crossed my mind to take the main figure in it and turn it around. The material it was made of felt soft to the touch: black and white wax. I turned the figure around, and then tried to put it in different positions; every time I moved it, its scale was somehow modified. Eventually I would leave it on its back, somewhere centered, and leave.

The exhibition was by then pretty crowded, full of unidentifiable people; just passersby coming in and out without much knowledge of who I was or what I did.

At a certain point I would go back to the bas relief just to realize that the main figure I had been shifting around was missing. There were other figures moving inside the relief. It seemed to me that it was the public of the exhibition. I came a little closer and scrutinized the scene: my work was no longer a bas relief, it had turned into a video. I found that very upsetting and tried to turn it back to its original form to no avail. No matter what I did, whatever was happening inside the image was now beyond my control and the people inhabiting it were not aware of my presence.