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The Permanent and Continual Distortion of All Bodies **by Andria Nyberg Forshage**

In chemistry, the notion that "like dissolves like" holds true more often than not. When silicone is exposed to silicone, for instance, otherwise non-porous surfaces become sticky as they swell and dissolve, releasing and absorbing chemicals toxic to the human body. (This is why you use water-based lube with your silicone sex toys). As the bonds that constitute an object come unstuck, things begin again to cling to it. Stickiness is how things get attached, through flows and tensions, the interpenetration of objects and forces. For feminist and lesbian theorist Sara Ahmed, sticky objects are a matter of affect, where emotion is not within but in relation to, causing objects to assemble.

Looking at Cajsa von Zeipel's work, sculpted in glass fibre and molded in silicone, the soft surfaces and bodies are where found objects cling to each other: pins, glass bongos, accessories, more-than-human others, dogs and handbags, as bodies cling to clothes and mannequins to life; as parts of the body no less than its organs and limbs. Bodies which become sticky environments, collecting the detritus of street markets, street protests and street fashion. The object of art and the object of exchange – these are readymade statements, commodities sticking to and leaking toxins into any body ambulating through late capitalism, the spirits of clumping together, attaching value, status, form and meaning to bodies at once indifferent and ecstatic. Make America Gay Again, Tate, Super Pussy, Resist, what do you mean? Or rather, they seem to have assembled all at once, in a plastic flash, freezing and melting at the end of the world. Eyes open, contorting, welcoming life/death at last. Queerness is a harbinger of this end, as modern boundaries of naturecultures break down along with our ecosystems and economies. The future is at once here, now, and endlessly deferred, degrading more the more we get attached to it.

A few icons of the present world to come: lesbians, dildos, dogs, commodities, and drugs. Lesbians, as lesbian feminist writer Monique Wittig once stated, are not women. In the same sense, their bodies are not bodies as they are assumed to be; they do not, as Wittig also said of herself, have vaginas, or indeed any other organs of the body organised by and for the heteronormative reproduction of the same repetitive oppression. As lesbians, negative beyond the negative, it is a question of a void beyond the woman, or as Tiqqun noted: "The Young-Girl is the void that THEY maintain in order to hide from the vividness of the void".

Through working with bodies and the simulacra of bodies, the repeated, plastic doings and undoings of a/the body, Cajsja von Zeipel's work knows how to pass through the blank white surfaces of the void in order to reach the vividness of the void.

How to: energise the plastic concepts of the empty vessel, turning them instead to mutant clump spirits bursting with love and all the rainbow colours of death. In a sense, folding the void inside out (as the abject may be folded inside out), purging the body of all forcibly internalised organs. Reproduction becomes fashioning, use turns to uselessness, and sensory organs become flashing, non-expressive organs, as limbs and tubes twist and turn under the weight of multiple and materialised becomings. Autonomy and tears, cake frosting and ectoplasm, leaking out in intense spurts; to purge the body of its organs, enveloping it in its outside; tubes, bags, platform shoes, acrylics, the displacement of the uterus and the multiplication of the penis.

This process is repeated many times over. Where the factory, or the school, the clinic or the cloister, the industrial spaces of production and reproduction of commodities, subjectivities, genders and bodies, were once to be understood as enclosed spaces, they now extend over social life as such. As the art world, the market; the art object, the image. The inside of the machine folds out over society; the inside of the body folds out over the machine; the outside of market exchange is folded into our porous skin and orifices.

This is the pharmacopornographic capitalism of artificial paradises, the simultaneous total condemnation and exaltation of false and sterile pleasures, of work and over-work, where the regime of work seems threatened only by itself. The contemporary dildo, made of silicone or glass, is at once the commodification of the phallus and the true/false promise of again and again abolishing the phallus once and for all, (no phoenix that rises, no monument that falls), and with it the regimes of gender organising work and exploitation in the Capitalocene. What do you mean?

The dildo is not sex, is not penetration, pleasure, orgasm, or jouissance. As Paul B. Preciado states in the *Countersexual Manifesto*, the dildo as prosthetic reveals the body as prosthetic. The vibrator, the finger and the hand; a girl is a gun. Autonomous dildotectonics. The dog, too, is a prosthetic, a companion species as valuable as the handbag or the Child, as vital as the heart or the uterus.

The bong is not the drug or the experience of it. The glass bong is an oral and metabolic prosthesis - inhaling, exhaling, burning, flowing, filtering - a combustion engine. It does not get attached to pre-existing organs but creates anew its/our orifices, limbs,

attaching openings to openings, as Jacques Derrida says, "in addition to and beyond those, for example the mouth, which we think we naturally possess." The neo-psychedelic body is a body in bloom, combining plants and fashions, where clothes, assumed to protect against the elements, turn on us and turn us on and turn us useless, while speaking only to each other. What do you mean? Unlike the assumed relationality of affects, these are systems of signification and exchange characterised by their non-relation to any anchor, circulating by their relation to each other, leaving us with our relation to the Other, which does not exist.

Radical feminist Shulamith Firestone, advocating for technological control over the means of biological reproduction, once wrote that "pregnancy is the temporary distortion of the body for the sake of the species". But why settle for a temporary distortion? Why settle for one species? How, instead, the permanent and continual distortion of all bodies - and for the sake of substance, or nature naturing?

The futurists of the last millenium hailed the body maimed and elevated by machines which were mechanical and fueled by burning coal and oil. Futurity, today, has long been molecularised and swallowed whole by ever-dividing bodies, endocrine and glandular, micropolitic and microplastic, nuclear and oceanic, and is as such even grander in its foreshortened scale, threatening not only a world war but the sixth extinction.

In the face of all this: a non-relation of celesbian bachelor machines loving and dissolving on their own. Ecstatic, cold and overflowing, corroding each other's body-safe surfaces. Acid communism or futuristic lesbianism, the climax of sex-positivity and sex-negativity, body-positivity and body-negativity, undoing gender's face. Bodies, sticky, melting or freezing at the highest point of intensity, that which is most void and vivid.