

To Put Your Hands Inside Yourself

extended

text

Click

Clack

'The Desire to touch and be touched by the amorous other is always also the desire to touch another world. Unrequited touch is an unrequited world' Ten Theses on Touch, or, Writing Touch, Hypatia Vourloumis

To make an appropriate return of a favour. Forcing fulfilment is a backwards human condition, but to compare unrequitedness to otherworldliness feels fair. Vourloumis explains how many love letters echo each other, trying to locate objects that denote those moments of affection. Dice indicate this and also their (objective ¹²) chance.

² *'Perhaps they will retract to the recesses later and share coffee and cake, forlorn for their actions, a little shady in mourning, but relived to have buried the ones who wrapped indecency around them.'* *The Boiled Inbetween* Helen Marten p.58

Discussing human indecency over coffee and campfires feels a natural interlude for all three involved.

³ *When the eyes see or the lips touch that skin on the surface of milk – harmless, thin as a sheet of cigarette paper, pitiful as a nail paring – I experience a gagging sensation and, still farther down, spasms in the stomach, the belly; and all the organs shrivel up the body, provoke tears and bile, increase heartbeat, cause forehead and hands to perspire. "I" want none of that element, sign of their desire; "I" do not want to listen, "I" do not assimilate it, "I" expel it., Powers of Horror. Julia Kristeva p.65*

'I' stands for our identity as subject, but it is the least stable entity in language. since its meaning is a function of utterance, the I can shift and change places due to being used by the person who is saying it. this is equally comforting and catastrophic. The parameters within this exist so that there is no I or A Clementine or Dice, but only the assurance of movement in between.

click clacking

the cherried dice match the rhythm of the wheel's rotation.

Touching and moving apart almost simultaneously,

unrequitedly ¹, they kiss and bicker as the wheels of the car churn out their own gravel and dirt.

Next, clammy from it's pleasure, the vapours turn the powdered sweat on the accompanying donut air freshener into a scrappy pith.

The residues in the air are bitter and sweet like cut orange tongues, they roll on the car's carpet as light catches them and forces vulnerability.

In front, A Clementine the taxi driver has bulbous hands, a flat head of hair that is 1.25cm long and 1.25cm thick, with a face that's never seen. A firm neck and broad shoulders speckled with fruit lenticels, allowing lungs to breathe.

Their coffee is gripped onto like holding a breezeblock in one hand. Knuckles are dense and catatonic, they sink in cake batter and become tangled in my hair.

A cruel and evil trait to be adorned. To be coated in sweet and refused entry to the mouth.

Sat in the back seat, straddling the seatbelt whilst gyrating, I peer over the edge to look into the mouth. Perhaps these people camping around their holes are viewing something similar.²

Skin starts to warm and becomes tight like the surface of milk. I look into the car's cigarette lighter ³ next to clementine's bulbous hand and wonder how it would feel to put my tongue inside of it. To know a surface different than the wetness of my own.

⁴What I look at is never what I wish to see. The moment of losing the gaze, is the initial moment of seeing.' Deciphering The Gaze In Lacan's 'Of The Gaze As Object Petit A

When you're in the backseat of a car, when you try to catch the focus of hedge for more than a second before the eyes return back to motions. The moment directly after that holds a similar evocation of slipping consciousness. In seeing the blur of trees and hedges is seeing the gateway to instability.

⁵ I saw the face of the man eating his olive, it is a peculiar thing to do, this gesture of entering holes, my cars black petrol throat and my own mouth, dark with old wine. Helen Marten the boiled Inbetween, p97

To eat a raw garlic clove whole is sinful, but to eat one stuffed into an olive is a delight. However similar the mornings after taste. I consider this the same when drinking in a car versus a garden. The tongue often cheats you out of situations.

⁶ In practice the abject covers all the bodily functions, or aspects of the body, that are deemed impure or inappropriate for public display or discussion. 'Refuse and corpses show me what I thrust aside.' Julia Kristeva, The Powers of Horror.

Obscenity is perverse as it takes advantage of laws, rules, boundaries and then disrupts them. It is a simpler life to look away, but in revealing it's potential brings the possibility of objective acceptance. Repulsion is only there if you allow it.

⁷ 'The rest of Freud's work can then read as a description of how that ordering takes place, which led him back to the question of femininity, because its persistence as a difficulty revealed the cost of that order. He was aiming to resolve the difficulty of femininity itself'. Sexuality in the Field of Vision

To propose femininity as resolvable is to corrupt the notion of entering entirely. It is more perverse to consider this as an ailment than even disgust itself. This is a garlic clove that is uncheatable in its truth.

And then I think how differently cake batter would taste whilst licking it off someone else's finger.

Skin warms and creases further at the thought, the dice watching start to agree. One eye is admiring myself in the rear view reflection and the other watching A Clementine watch me.

And with that, I contemplate our borders. A chance to act, I think. To propose just a gentle lick at first. Without pride or dignity, I reach inside one of A Clementine's lenticels and wrap my nail firmly around their chewing gum. Gulping its tangible stickiness through my touch, I inspect for a rouge one point two five centimetre squared hair and sharply inhale. Our first composited step across stability.

There is no confidence here.

But on the contrary, only a strong and significant lure in.⁴

A Clementine releases its tensions and joins the campers at the edge of their holes; both eager and waiting for indecency to return. Chewing gum-less, the cars black petrol throat at hand⁵, together they aim to retrieve and gain a souvenir in return.

The car accelerates and the insertion is matched, it becomes tenacious and ferocious and beautifully mutilating.

A Clementine's jagged edged fingers climb inside of me and my own chase after and climb down in too.

'ABJECTION, your Honour! I demand an oscillating mutilating fecundating ejaculating motion,
your Honour! please I beg,
before I must relieve myself!'

With an irreverent desire to destruct position, the motions starts to reveal to me what I have thrust aside in order to live.⁶

Windpipe now coated in the sticky forbidden, I glance up again in the rear view mirror and I smirk as the actions unfold.

'Freud says sexuality is strictly an ordering,⁷ I say I hysterically refuse.'

I say these hands are inside of me.

Palms firmly castrated, the fingers and chewed up nails fall

onto

the

mattress

at the pit

of the

stomach, with an exaggerated gasp.

Relief.

A new bed, they think.

8. 'Closer than philosophy or anything like it, it is an animal thing, it is pleasing as you would use a tube of paint, to inject into your production, so to speak.'
Duchamp. *Abject Art, Repulsion and Desire in American Art*,
Simon Taylor

Audre Lorde thinks through the usefulness of the erotic as expansive immersion and the extension of limits. "For the erotic is not a question only of what we do; it is a question of how acutely we can feel in the doing" Lorde 2007. Eroticism a frightening border but the use of objects and their liquids is not to be overlooked in their admittance.

9. Translates to 'only meaning drives you mad or there is no madness without meaning. Writes Michele Montrelay in 'La Passion de la Pert'. 'Sexuality in the Field of Vision, Jacqueline Rose.

Belled sleeves and frilly pillow covers now coated in mud and a creamy spit, the inners becomes haptic on our arrival.

Now hands off the railing don't touch!

Feeling out for edges, a sense of familiarity, we join in a unionship of this delicious inhospitable erotic.

As after all, eroticism is close to life, it has many facets and it is pleasing to use.⁸ It is more familiar than petrol would like to admit. Or for us to admit petrol to be.

With a bitter itch and crack, at once our boundaries dissolve and we are formed into a single hand gripping tight. Onto what is unclear, but it both is warm and wet and bursting full.

*On n'est fou que de sens'*⁹ Is written on the label and acts as the only distinguishing feature. A vessel laced in skin.

¹⁰ *'What does not respect borders, positions, rules. The in-between, the ambiguous, the composite.'*
she suggests that the term describes something 'other' to oneself; a (particularly unpleasant) borderline space between subject and non-subject, self and other; that can threaten an individual's stable identity'

Body parts are objectified by their status. A callused palm or a blood filled cuticle are indication to the opposite of supple. To give them subjectivity would allow space for their sensitivity to breath, a contradiction of their appearance. For the lack of cleanliness and virginity to become vocal in their emotion.

¹¹*All things are beautiful when viewed through the Vaseline smeared lens. His is my ivory tower, I am Rapunzel whilst I pluck a lute and blow panpipe, Yes, my corn silk coloured tresses stream down his tower's side like cum down a masturbated phallus. It stands erect and alone—my ivory tower ' Mike Kelly p 27*

Kelly's prose of how desire can lead to a sense of ownership runs at an intersection here. The association of the erotic leading to attachment is not true in the case of entering yourself. Desire is snickering at the situation occurring and also at Kelly's proposal.

¹² *'Objective chance' is André Breton's term for the active synthesis of the subjective and the objective. 'A projection of subjective desire onto objective facts so as to manipulate them towards its fulfilment.'*

¹³ *That's right, they said, what you are is a woman, possibly not human at all, certainly defective. Now be quiet while we go on telling the story of ascent of man the hero.*
But I am not an unaggressive or uncombative human being. I am an aging, angry woman laying mightily about me with my handbag. However I don't, nor does anybody else, consider myself heroic for doing so. It's just one of those damned things you have to do in order to be able to go on gathering wild oats and telling stories.' Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction, Ursula Le Guin;

Femininity was resolvable?, femininity is defective, femininity is a rabbit in a sack.
Femininity is carrying a handbag over one shoulder containing memory and experience, and the weight of these contrived untruths on the other.
In the eyes of the body, their combined densities should amount to that of heroism.

The stability we had felt before is subsiding, control has gone and the vessel is growing in it's dominance. As comfort is released, so is any remaining censorship. The time when I thought I was a good judge or character and my fingers disagreed becomes apparent. A slap on the wrist, I think, an aggressive beep of a horn in punishment.

If you can't trust yourself put your faith in others.

A chicken carcass, I think of a pumpkin's gut, the soil in a flowerpot. All times when my hands see for me and do so willingly in times of disgust.

The situation that has come about here is similar, but rather instead we have become itself and also not at all.

Voyeuring from our position, the filth that surrounds us is repugnant in the way that it feels but more so in the way that it is not to blame. As of course it is not the lack of cleanliness that causes abjection but rather what disturbs the system. ¹⁰

From a far, the chase of desire¹¹ that lead us here is hiding behind an animal cadaver, snickering.

Attention is brought to what's within our grip.

The phrase 'get a hold of yourselves' feels redundant here, as we try to assess what we've become. Objective chance¹² and it's shattering binaries preform as the only explanation.

'Now contrary to popular understanding, the value of a vessel outweighs that of a tusk, or of a sword.'

'Come now, join the group suspension of disbelief'. The campers start the fire with the car's cigarette lighter and the tale is told.

'...For what's the use of digging up a load of potatoes if you have nothing to lug the ones you can't eat home in— with or before the tool that forces energy outward, we made the tool that brings the energy in.

A novel is a sack of words, words hold meaning, and a home is a much larger container for the vessel. Now, a hero would need the opposite, a pedestal or a pinnacle, otherwise he'd look also look like a potato or a rabbit...'

¹³

To put a thing inside of another thing, to savour it or to share it or store it, is the most fundamental and sedentary human condition. It came long before ever considering protrusion, being heroic or killing the beast.

This pours into our ears and down into our stomach like a warm drink.

The milky liquid swills the detritus around us and begins to rise to the mouth as tide, with the warm and full vessel in hand acting as our bo(u)y.

The notion of entering ourselves has become deliciously paradoxical, in that the foul and blackened home within us acts as the protection from the raging car crash outside. The stomach is a box of dirt, we are a bag of sin fetishized in desire, with an empty pedestal and no hero in sight. Yet, will all its grime, it is contained and content, safe within itself. We take it home with us as a souvenir of gratitude to consume at a later date.

¹⁴ 'According to the Empedocles, life begins with disconnected body parts. Arms without shoulders, heads without necks and other solitary organs bob about on the surface of Earth until love makes them come together and form whole beings (with no guarantee of functionality).' *Adaptation, Frieze.*

There is a gentle cynicism in this idea of bodily conception. Stoicism might be more appropriate here, i.e. in the external world, every event has a cause, and freedom (or love) can only be obtained when external events cannot affect internal events. Although the body parts may be castrated, they are objectified in their own right to live independent experiences.

¹⁵Excerpt from *Powers of Horror*, Julia Kristeva, p.6

For Kristeva, the abject is a fundamental part of a persons buried consciousness. The purpose of this text is not to give evidence of this, but rather encourage introspection of your own internal filth.

To sit uncomfortably in its pool of repression.

'Only meaning drives you mad'⁹ reveals itself from the label as it floats on the broken surface. Other solitary organs bob about¹⁴ in their ripeness, their edges blurred from acid truths. Now is the time to reassemble.

A tired sigh to be had. Together the bag is slammed into our interior wall, we puncture the body, the body punctures the tyres, a tissue a tissue we all fall down, the wetness subsides and I spit myself out. The juice of A Clementine squirts into my eye and now I cant see anything other than our faded outlines and the blur of moving headlights beside me.

'The one by whom the abject exists is thus a deject who places (them self), separates (them self), situates (them self), and therefore strays instead of getting his bearings, desiring, belonging, or refusing.

*Instead of thinking of their "being," they do so in concerning their place: "Where am I?" instead of "Who am I?" For the space that engrosses the deject, the excluded, is never whole again, but essentially divisible, blurred, and catastrophic.'*¹⁵

Tongue tastes of before's garlic, still undeniable in its truth,^{5 7} but what has become apparent is not its own sour repulsion, rather an appreciation for the repulsion of other bodies not wanting to protrude their own tongue into to mine.

Tongue in cheek,

Hands inside,

Our sense of body and I³ joins the filth detritus and rain water spilling out of the mindless gutter.