

*“To contemplate the shape of a labyrinth is to stand back and allow the eyes to enjoy the intricacy of line and design, to feel a sense of mastery and comprehension. But to be inside the labyrinth is something else: the body, not just the mind is implicated, and the experience is not cerebral and intellectual but physical. In that confined and controlled space, walking between high walls or upon a narrowly delineated pathway, comes an intense awareness of one’s own heft and height, of one’s way of moving. To feel trapped within the labyrinth’s intestinal coils ushers in thoughts of entrails, of the strange unremembered red tunnels out of which we all, once, emerged. With thoughts of sex and birth come intimations of death: there is something crypt-like about its dark, catacombish twists. The labyrinth is, then, both a symbol of the body and its fragile mysteries and a gesture of optimism that a corner of the universe can be mastered and given pattern and order by the human mind- the labyrinth is about power and powerlessness, mastery and terror; it is also a coiled line, a thread, a narrative, a fabrication, a fiction.* In the discourse of the work, three categories of passageways or conduits uphold the dialogues presented. The passageways can be categorized as follows: unreliable auto narration, biblical/historical, and found object/sentiment/idea. The work is deeply inspired by the multiplicity of the labyrinth as the experiential universe holding space for contemplation of fiction, sex, death, power dynamics, self-awareness, control, and lack. The following texts serve as fabrications/fictions to demonstrate the themes of the discourse of work which all have in common (at minimum) a commitment to include: unreliable auto narration, historical/biblical reference, and found objects.

#### ACT 1:

*Between the whores’ world and the gods’ world, like a river dividing two empires, stretches an intense smell of urine.*

An eighteen-year-old virgin leaves high school early and enters into a blood-binding contract of eternal soul union. Everyone says it is good and well, the preacher signs off on it enthusiastically and pats the man on the back for the deflowering ceremony he will perform later in the night.

I walk the line along the reeds, squishing black mud between my fingers and palms. My lips are swollen and wet. We entangle like raptors, locking talons, the dance of generations, perfect and natural and synchronic. I am a strange bird, long-necked, and without flight. Performing with you and forgetting to breathe. I never come with men. She left the hairs on her thighs. She is Michelangelo or some other saint, maybe the prodigal son, or the leper and I am her lover. Dip my sex organs in hot wax and feed on their warmth and light. We sit up in heaven looking down on sinners and critics. We’re gay and still gained passage through the gates. The Samaritan woman is likened to being equal to the apostles. The theology of men is dystopic and eternity is housed in red-walled chambers like the ones between my legs and hers.

Is all work that comes from the hand of man guilty of pond-gazing self-indulgence? Where can authenticity or honesty be claimed when all stories are bleeding out from a constellation of preconceived ideas and lack reliability? Let this be the table where I lie down, naked and hypocritical, and let you look at my blemished skin under a microscope. We can talk about the things I consume and the genetic makeup which has caused my pores to expel waste for you to see. *‘Art must be one of the media that serve to provoke doubt and defiance in us: it is a provocative communication between you and me, who are living in the septic pit of technology. In this sense, art is a maquette through which we reflect and question*

*everything. Doubt everything. What is our place in the universe? What is human freedom in the universe? What is individual freedom in society?"* Art must be, ART MUST BE, art *must be* NOTHING. The thoughts pang and twist. I wrestle the sad boy inside me until he wins and I end up asleep on the floor dreaming in loops of coastal Yoroido.

ACT 2:

*Well, a female fetus is born with all the eggs she will ever have in her lifetime, So when your grandmother was carrying your mother in her womb, then you were a tiny egg in your mother's ovaries. The three of you have been connected for a very long time. Truly, women are amazing! I heard about this topic from someone, but I don't know is it true or false?*

Sometimes when accommodating or remodeling a river, it is not thought that many of the fish, going up once a year to lay their eggs in the highest part or source of the river; in the hours we find that they have obstacles as barriers, whether natural or man-made, like waterfalls, which serve to slow down the avenues in the event of a flood of the river, making it impossible for the fish to carry out its basic objective to reach the destination. *The fish scale* is known as *the fauna passage*. It is a simple work so that the fish can go up the Ripoll River, in an easy way, and go to lay their eggs in the river. It is made up of circular cavities connected to each other, where the water from the river goes down, and where the fish and other animals can go up and rest in one of these cavities and continue their way.

In the dream, she peers down at an engorged stomach and cannot recall any conception. A blink and the contractions begin. Severe pain and dread pour out of her, streaming like the Nile river carrying the displaced infant Moses. Grandmother and mother weep with joy at the continuation of their lineage. Together their tongues twist and hiss like serpents, "May every being with a drop of this blood know the Lord God". The woman weeps greatly for a missed window to perform an abortion. How many generations does a woman carry in her uterus?

*Women were accused of being greedy or selfish, of expecting too much from marriage, of having a weak sense of responsibility, and of subordinating the common well-being to their narrow personal interest. Even when they did not divorce, women carried on a daily struggle against housework and sexual work, often taking the form of illness and desexualization.*

In the dream, she lies in her parent's bed, the bed in which she was conceived in, and is handed an infant. Not sure who the infant belongs to. The infant looks at her in the face and wails, inconsolably. Without hesitation, she instinctively slips the left sleeve of her shirt down her shoulder and cups her breast, bringing it to the mouth of the newborn, prompting them to drink. The small mouth starts to suckle and bite at her nipple. Without permission, her body floods with oxytocin. She feels love or desire for this being which needs and leans down to kiss the child's face as any mother might. Though, she's not their mother. Her lips land on theirs. In a turn of events, the infant passionately kisses her back. Regardless of a natural sense of taboo, the kissing ensues and progresses into something of a more sexual nature. In a moment of conviction, she opens her eyes and realizes there's a man in her arms. She pauses, and he gets up to shut the bedroom door for privacy, returning at once to seduce her into feeding him more. As he feeds from each of her openings, her breasts shrivel up, fingers prune and lips crack, too. The lactation time has passed, though the phantom milk flows from her, draining her of all of her strength. He continues

to need so she lets him come inside her again so that she may, in due time, have full breasts to feed his open mouth with true and satiating milk.

*The prospective husband may take great care to protect the fair but frail one of his choice; he may... fondly cherish the wife of his youth when she aches constantly and ages prematurely; still, he has no helpmate—no one to double life's joys or lighten life's labors for him. Some sick women grow selfish and forget that, in a partnership such as theirs, others suffer when they suffer. Every true husband has but half a life who has a sick wife (274).*

In the recurring dream, she pushes man out of her cavity and wants nothing to do with him. *As a dog returns to his vomit, so a fool repeats his folly.* In her waking life, she does no such thing and continues to seek out men with large members to penetrate, to coddle and to validate that there is still a place for her on their pedestal. Though, *she did not desire to see another man's organs. She wished to see her own private parts in close proximity with an alien penis. She did not desire for another lover's body. She desired her own body, newly discovered, intimate, alien beyond all others, incomparably exciting.* Resentment eggs in her uterus and greedy semen impregnate her. There is no fetus, only she starts to grow horns, four claws, and a tail. She is beautiful but he doesn't want her anymore.

### ACT 3:

*Humans began farming hundreds of thousands of years ago, we bred sheep to be less curious, fatter and more submissive. Should we assume that the call for \_\_noun\_\_ was a male ploy designed to gain easy access to women's sexual favors? This one is the runt. Which is cheaper but I think is the best one anyway.*

*Easy care sheep, developed by AgResearch, have been selectively bred to be more productive and less labor-intensive for farmers.* I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures. He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul. He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Take my hand in yours and demand that it grip your hairs like a momma cat carrying its young by the nape, in mouth, but something more animal, if possible. Put my mouth where you'd like me to suck. *It is astonishing how ignorant we all are about common things. Just test the matter on yourself. Sheep are quite common; and we are all more or less familiar with their appearance, and should therefore be able to answer some questions about them. Well then-How many front teeth has a sheep got in its upper jaw? You never counted them? Have you not observed? Next time you come across a sheep just look and see, and you will find that she has none at all!-the upper gum is bare. We are all familiar with the fact that a sheep suckles her young; and know therefore that she possesses nipples that yield milk. How many nipples has she, and where are they located? Human beings, of course, have only two, located on the breast.* As for the women, the children, the livestock and everything else in the city, you may take these as plunder for yourselves. And you may use the plunder the LORD your God gives you. Women, because of the weakness of their sex, and subjection to their husbands are not to be regarded as people. Heretic woman, condemned to be burned. We killed or sold all women with extra nipples in an embryonic or undeveloped form, maleficia, and *limited ourselves* to those with four functional nipples alone. I miss the sound of my mother singing.

The history can not be told from the viewpoint of a universal, abstract asexual object. Following my death as a martyr, throw my ashes in the river and whisper the Lord's prayer under your breath.

#### ACT 4:

*Male genius historically has been stoked by women whose own lives or talents are sidelined or sacrificed to that greater objective: his output. It's my body that's the drawcard and work site. I've bent over backwards in a sacrificial arc and torn the offal from my torso all to prove (I loved you) and to please.*

*Nessa can't come from sex. Only sixty-nine.* Escaping finality like the desperate beggar waiting to come but edging into oblivion and a humming body. A leather girdle around his loins and an old camel skin around his neck. From his foaming mouth comes that word laced into children's songs and nursery rhymes; repent. We are preaching an acceptable gospel today. I send the sounds of my first orgasm from the terrace into the ethers, putting three fingers in and touching God. Satan moves as a creative force, the bright morning star shedding light to reveal what runs beneath the seams. Convert and devote to some other kind of dualism but it will not render a stable body. Nothing can disclose a stable body. He demanded that she look him in the eyes plunging his entirety into her asshole. Forced to feel him, she laid there a sleeping sculpted figure. One may have asked, is she meant to be dead? He was only concerned with finishing. Believing, with your eyes closed, that I am a naked man being a woman, waxing and waning in three four tempo, composing an ode to the joys of sexing for the pure pleasure of rupturing space between hair follicles and filling soft fleshy caverns like the roofs of mouths with cigarettes. I only come for you but never when you're around and I've never taken a woman in the ways that my eight year old self may have foreshadowed with obsessive admiration. Praise me and blame me and send me into sleep so I can walk again along the reeds and meet the apocalyptic skies, squeezing the hand of someone with the same blood and knowing that it's not the second coming of a savior that will make it all alright. Give me a shot to put me to sleep so that I can get to hell quicker. I'll be mopping the floor in assless chaps, my pouting lips ready to suck one off even when I'm not in the mood and the spunk tastes like moldy bread. I take you as an anesthetic to make me sleep. My sex organs never smelling of the day or sweat or orificial rot. I'll scrub the floors and back up onto your shaft with my gloriously arching back and let you creampie all over the sparkling tiles I've just detailed. As long as you tell me I'm a piece of shit.

I'll set up the webcam so you can watch me tie knots around my neck and torso. I'll fiddle with my nipples and continue checking and rating the sexiness of my form in the viewfinder, like the dancer in the mirror commanding her toes into blades and her gut into stone. I'm always making it less sexy than you or I would hope. My pubic hair blocks the view of my wetness but you can hear it slurp. Do you think that my rat tail is for your dirty fingers to touch? *It's been commodified and I wasn't even the main benefactor of it.* I earn under-the-table cash, more than the locals, doing the modern day stand-in for stand up comedy, making jokes at the expense of sorry men who hold cock in hand to pay tribute to the asses of millennials. With this salary, I pay for tuition, drunken street meanderings and the cans packed with olive oil and bodies of small fish. I am healing generational trauma.

#### ACT 5:

*Four hallmarks by which to identify a mystical experience: 1) Ineffability: its quality must be directly experienced; it cannot be imparted or transferred to others. 2) Noetic quality: the state may be highly affective, but it is primarily a state of knowledge, whereby one achieves insight into depths of truth unplumbed by the discursive intellect. 3) Transiency: it is fleeting and impermanent. 4) Passivity: the*

*subject does not have the power to induce it or control its course. Religion had historically provided a framework within which to interpret mystical revelation- harnessing mysticism's power if it suits the religious order and denouncing it as heresy if it doesn't.*

Ask longing if it will let us rest. Whisper the fear, a coward's prayer. Planting it in the ground like a corpse. The watering mouth is a chasm unfilled. Desire is both the rot and the seed. End holding beginning. The space for God is held within a permeable membrane, not a white cube or a sanctuary, nor in a ceremony or the main hall. The lamentation prayer, the daisy chains, the oral fixation, the choral shimmering of the sun on the river's face.

*Many foundational mystical texts in this lineage have been written by women. In the Middle Ages, in particular, women's access to theological knowledge (the explanation and interpretation of sacred texts) was limited by circumstance. Therefore the knowledge about God they produced was often empirical in the most literal sense: a kind of truth only obtained by firsthand, affective experience. Although not necessarily opposed to religious theory or conventions of their time, given the radical authority implied by their often intimate communion with God, female mystics have at various points posed political threats to religious institutions; in these cases mystics become martyrs—their insistence on the possibility of encounter beyond reason- even beyond what the conscious mind can account for.*

The proud cannot resist dominating the most sacred- the ineffable. With no option to describe or intellectualize something, we start to squirm, and so, we duel with and/or avoid the spiritual, demanding that it explain itself. Some questions don't need answering. I want to reacquaint myself with the experience of God. Not the God of the bible but the god of my mother and her mother and her mother's mother. I am not the bearer of the gift of a holy tongue. I find no explanations, no answers, only concrete over water, passing sediment and fish through to the afterlife, and maybe even a renewed belief in God.

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