

Inna-deno pudenda membra

The first character of this topology is that it is a resounding thing, a language of relationships, intensities, and transformations. It is a topology of vaginal structures. I remember that once you said that there is a prejudice, an assumption that the vaginal structure is interiority. The vagina itself is reporting [...] sexism. With whom does it communicate? The mountain? The fox? Walter Benjamin?

It is wandering – a perpetual spouter, squirt fountain, a jet of ... squirted out of ... she squirted me with ... splash, wet, spray, shower, spatter, splatter, sprinkle. Literally a tube and you have the skin over it and it makes sounds, and it is silent and it emits. Imagine it exuding or discharging a viscous fluid, think of it quavering, becoming or making larger or more extensive. A closely related 'strange' geometrical thing, it stutters and it pauses with paste, slope, down dangling-pussy-hair tightness. It is not a point or level beyond which something does not or may not extend or pass. It is unruly disorderly unfolding affectivities of bulgy, scraggy, furry, lumpy, hairy filth. Where there is dirt there is system. It is not a spasm container or subjectivity ball. It essentially exceeds itself, starting from nothing, that is, opening wide what already itself only opening: mouth, eye, ear, nostril, sex, anus, skin. Skin indefinitely reclaimed and all its pores reopening. Spacings, generousities, captures and abandonments, comings and goings, swings: always the syncopated cadence of a gait that carries towards the confines of what is delimited, by the body first of all. It is fierce.

It is a gigantic thing then. It wanders. It crawls. With whom does it communicate? The river? The fossil? Judith Butler? Its topological features, having neither pure interiority nor infinite extensions in-determine each other. An aperture passing through something, a tube if you want, around the tube is a skin, it's leaky. Its fluid rushes out with such impetus during venereal combat or libidinous imaginings. Super interacting with slippery oozing materials, very plump cunt fish chickens, having the same characteristics or qualities as super vulgar physics. It forms a cavity or glove pouch having inseparable spatialities, minute interstices through which liquid or air may pass.

It is capable of complete and detailed reversal, undergoing an ideal change in thermodynamic equilibrium at all times. The interior and exterior are always open, the boundary is unfixed – an open ball. Gestures excite more gestures, de-distancing relationships and intensities, space dimensions, and transformations. It implies not merely physical space, but other conceivable spaces, spatial attributes, textures, affective bodies; stretching, infolding cellular layers. It utters. Its pleat is neither full nor empty, it has neither, an inside nor an outside, neither part, nor totality, functions, or finality in all senses, if one can say it that way. But it is a skin diversely folded, unfolded, multiplied, invaginated, exogastrulated, orificed, evasive, stretched, relaxed, excited, staggered, tied, untied. In all these modes and in thousand of others, the body gives (a) place to existence, logic of fluidity, bacteria, and fluid mechanics. Such wow, so amaze. Super extensions mush thickness. Burp basic time and space, bristle with electricity that threatens inequality.

Here, then no table of particular categories. It goes like this; sophistication is conforming, deadening – let's get rid of it. The fact that she has a vagina and that someone somewhere is smoking a cigarette or opening a cigarette pack is of no concern to her. She is a pack of cigarettes – reporting sexism. Bodies are places. Its body place is not some kind of fullness or filled space (space is filled everywhere): its open space, implies, in some sense, a space more

properly spacious than spatial, what could also be called a place. An animal within an animal, its body place a specimen or stranger, zombie glove, ghost, cave, or cannibal; a ghoulish purse form for holding or transporting something. Something for the most part chemical, or liquid, a re-entrant of loops and stuff.

It's thinking and reasoning – concerns itself with ideas of surfaces, solids, and higher dimensional analogues. The vagina itself becomes a site of knowledge, a corpus of its mass and its spasm. It leaks nipples and aromas. Consider again the image of a tube; our little open annulus or vaginal glove – one of the most basic curvilinear geometric shapes. Its topology is not an inventory of devices or forms. Rather, its 'species' slide toward the topological zone, out of hard and rigorous 'logics' of form - geometry of positions, linoleum connections, throbbing animal pouches. Think of it this way: as poetic temporal connections, sequences, breaks, and all the many ways spaces and zones relate.

It is phantom slang, urine proud, a wet sidewalk approaching the stratum.

It becomes smaller in size, a catastrophe, radically open to additional otherness, to a continuing expansion of spatial knowledge. The surface area and the volume have been known since deep antiquity there are several equivalent definitions of this structure. Super awesome – it's now smaller than a fist, like a mysterious cave shrinking thing – it overflows and splashes out with gush stuff, super amazement, and ecstasies. Absurdity is the key word. It has to do with contradictions and oppositions.

Who eats rocks? It eats rocks in a manner of speaking, the insides of rocks tell it things. The soiled cod canal itself is reporting [...] misogyny. It goes like this. She entered wrapped in a sheet, under which she wore an apron. She disrobed and then got on a table where she outlined her body with dark paint. Several times, she would take 'action poses', similar to those in figure drawing classes. She read from her book *Cézanne, She Was a Great Painter*. Following this, she dropped the book and slowly extracted from her vagina an ancient document from which she read.

The vagina itself folds back in on itself in an interrogative reflex, acting openly and without guilt or embarrassment, lacking in reserve. It poured out great quantities of saline liquor. It's so diverse, so perverse that even when it holds back from itself it remains in touch with itself. Like a pouch pocket flipped inside out and tucked up. Squirting acacia, olive oil, pomegranate pulp, tobacco juice, honey and ginger. It moves, rising to compress the heart and lungs rendering the women breathless and faint. Such malfunction was caused it was thought by the fact that the uterus was itself a sentient organism capable of sensory perception and voluntary motion.

Even closure is intrinsic to its makeup opening itself to the experience of its own difference, energies, torsions, contrasts, and tensions of noncoincidences, sticky flammable organic substances, compare with gum, soft mixtures of sand and cement and sometimes lime, deep depressions of strata.

It incorporates all the dualities and negations that would conventionally be assumed to either fall outside it or to operate as independent entities.

Entering the vagina, one gets into the neck of the womb. Spreading open her vagina with a speculum, she invites the audience to inspect her with a flashlight and comment on what they see. This is not just sexual spectacle, nor mere

peep show. By inviting people to peer into her vaginal canal, she not only comments on society's fetishisation of female genitalia, she demystifies one of the oldest icons in Western art and literature – the vagina dentata, a dark, mysterious, potentially dangerous region. Passing out flashlights, her cervix is still available for viewing. It quite literally 'enlightens' the crowd about the mysteries within. Her cervix is available on YouTube.

It's a play of scoop forces, intensities that confound the distinction between inside and outside by folding into the subjective techno-bubble which human subjectivity (or the anthropological stratum of the human) keeps drawing around itself with great crazy heat, allowing it to mould to a warm body in a few minutes. So scare. So Internet meme, heavy confusion, this recalls a difficulty; anything can be contaminated by the super-natural. Consider the smooth curves in the plane without self-intersections and how female sexuality is underestimated. Bodies are places of existence, and there is no existence without place, without there, without a 'here', 'here it is', for the 'this'.

I read somewhere that things that obsessed it in the past still obsess it now, a wooden door (which is framed by the aforementioned bricks but has no hinges, keyhole, handle, knob or lock and so, in a sense, is not a door), you can see a larger hole in a brick wall, behind which a naked woman lies spread-eagled on autumn branches and leaves – her hairless genitalia exposed – clasping a lit gas lamp with her raised left hand. In the background is a faux-forest landscape with cotton clouds and a waterfall made from layers of transparent glue, which is illuminated from behind and, thanks to a rotating perforated disc, looks as if it is moving.

Sitting on a bench against a wall out of doors, she is wearing crotchless trousers and a tight leather jacket and holding a machine-gun. Her feet are bare as are her genitals, and she holds the gun at chest level, apparently in readiness to turn it on the viewer towards whom her gaze is directed. Her hair stands up in a wild mop above her head. She walks into an experimental art-film house. She roams through the rows of seated spectators; her exposed genitalia level with their faces. Challenging the public to engage with a 'real woman' instead of with images on a screen, she illustrated her notion of 'expanded cinema', in which the artist's body activates the live context of watching.

Sitting across from each other in front of the window, we try to define what it is that renders our encounter with the foreign so fraught. There must be an element of the intruder in the stranger; otherwise its strangeness is lost (...). Yet most of the time, we refuse to admit it: as a subject matter, the intruder is an intrusion into our moral correctness – *all* the handsome leather varsity glove types. (It is in fact a remarkable example of political correctness.) And yet intrusion is an inherent part of the truth of its strangeness, a confusion that serves as a vehicle of love.

The cervix chaosmos story goes like this. Annie wants an animal attraction. Anya wants a cosmic spiritual connection. In this finale of the performance, Annie hands out plastic cups with beans to be shaken to support her trance state and asks the spectators to engage in her sexual spiritual experience. She allows people to leave since the show is over.

She sets up an environment of candles, incense, and spiritual music in which she uses a large vibrator to masturbate. During the performance, she passed this vibrator around the audience first, encouraging the spectators to test its sensation on their skin, nothing but their joint belonging, in advance of any distinction. Download her cervix from illegal video sharing websites.

Spacings, squirting's, generousities, captures and abandonments, comings and goings, swings: always the syncopated cadence of a gait that carries towards the confines of what is delimited, by the body first of all. As three-dimensional individuals, we are incapable of precisely conceiving the reality of such a volume. Only one 'indigenous to the fourth dimension' could grasp the torsion that creates such a volume that no longer has an outside nor an inside, and that makes of a solid mass a curious entity in which the notions of interior and exterior, of surface and depth, are annulled or exchanged. Lactobacillus species are always present, curds forming around them. It is slow acting, slow moving.

The closure opens onto something, a passage if you will, drawing back, redrawing, retracing, or outlining from its (spatial) closure, enclosed contours, or conceptual frameworks. Not delimited or framed with recognisable contours. It contains nutrients, shadow feminisms, murky modes of undoing, shredded sexualities, un-becomingness, and violation, independent of success or normative, patriarchal frameworks. It creeps, it crawls and it wanders, all its pores reopened. Already itself only opening: mouth, eye, ear, nostril, sex, and anus, skin, indefinitely reclaimed. Look here! What's it doing now? An animal glove within an animal glove, it is not flat but deep. It creeps. Looking like a great frog, with a nose and an immense mouth, wandering about the floor of the house, thirsty and hungry, looking for manioc porridge and fish stew. The vagina itself is reporting [...] an expansion of spatial knowledge, voluptuous and unpredictable instances of multiplicity, abnormal overlap, together with occasions of happy partialness and acts of repetition. It is a pack of cigarettes – reporting great satisfaction and foul pleasures.