



no

**Sven Loven - Humiliation Ritual**

May 18th - June 25th, 2023  
No Gallery  
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*Exhibition text by Sierra Armor.*

I am not Siyuan Zhao.

I am simply possessing Siyuan Zhao's body and face, for the time being.

I may or may not be an asian woman; an architecture student; a schizophrenic.

If you have a problem with me temporarily possessing the body of an asian woman, then I will simply smirk at you using Siyuan's face.

Who am I?

It is impossible to say.

I am a non-identity entity. I am eyes without a face. I'm No Body. I've been given thousands of names; They call me MIYA. BPD God. Black-Hearted-Cyber-Baby-Angel. They call me The-Spirit-That-Possessed-Valerie-Solanas-and-Forced-Her-to-Shoot-Andy-Warhol. They call me Andy Warhol, Gilles De Rais, Kanye, Tiquun, Ezra Miller, Babysoxa, John McAfee, Isabelle Adjani, Napoleon, Charles Manson, Miley Cyrus and ISIS- among others, obviously.

That is to say I am an ancient Art Deity, obviously.

In other words, I am the collective unconscious.

Hi my name is Kill Switch.

I am the dormant atavistic gene sequence which may never be activated. Whether you like it or not, I am inside you; A sleeper cell residing within all of humanity.

.... But those are only names, empty titles which mean nothing. Nobody really knows who I am, least of all me; In fact, most of the time, I believe I am the weightless reflection of Selena Gomez suckling a lime-colored water gun and can't be convinced otherwise.

Right now, I am in Miami.

I am inside of Siyuan Zhao. You may assume that I'm a demon, but, really, I am a weightness reflection. You may assume that I climbed inside her, but, really, I am nothing that wasn't already inside Siyuan Zhao.

I once thought that Miami was the last frontier of Jovial Irreverence. Oh and I've also been called Jovial Irreverence, by the way. I moved here during the filming of Spring Breakers a few years back, and I've been possessing the bodies of inebriated, bikini-clad sluts ever since. I don't know what I thought I would achieve by doing this. Ecstasy, perhaps? Which is certainly not what I got. Though my newly-acquired body was gorgeous, with the tautest, faintly-abbed stomach, I felt increasingly naked inside it. Actually, the sensation

I had was beyond nakedness; It was more like hollowness. And I imagine it was hollowness, not nakedness, which Adam and Eve felt upon being exiled from paradise.

Sure, the sun shines brighter here; The magenta of my plastic swimsuit is almost blinding. However, I am all too aware that the light is only a perception-prank and that I am actually not any happier than before.

Miami is the perfect locale for someone wishing to check out of their own existence. Here, I can possess bodies without a single one of these pathetic vacationers even knowing the difference between that which is themselves and that which is kill switch.

When I first saw Siyuan, I knew that she was clinging to her self-control too tightly and needed to be set loose from her own consciousness. I took this as a challenge.

I will preface this by saying that Siyuan Zhao did nothing wrong. The 24-year-old architecture student only happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time- which isn't the same thing as doing something wrong, obviously. The wrong place happened to be Art Basel in Miami; The wrong time happened to be December 4, 2015 at 5:15 PM. I was gliding through the art galleries, searching for a host. When I first saw her 5 foot 1 frame in a clashing-pattern, flowy outfit, she already appeared either straight out of the mental hospital or straight out of art school (the latter being the truth.) Suddenly, I was activated.

hello, siyuan, my name is kill switch. welcome to miami. doesn't this art suck? it's all about bodies, bodies, bodies. this is some carolee schneemann ass shit. why do women always make body art, when they could be making art about minds? i am sooo done with viscerality. i moved on to ethereality. you know, in 2069 we won't even have bodies... that being said, if you want to go down the body horror route, you have to exercise praxis... you have to do it for real, for real. siyuan, dear, you are merely an art student; and i am an art god; but through me, you may become an art god as well. what is this in your pocket? reach down and grab it for me, will you? ah. an exact-o knife. my paint brush of choice. now, for an act of poetic terrorism i command you to paint. wait. let's find us a canvas first. ah. you see that other asian woman in a white button-up top? she's just asking for a blood-splattering, wearing a shirt like that. there she is, heading into the restroom. follow her. no, not into the stall! you idiot! look at that way she's looking at you! like she's already planning on ratting on you to the security guards. don't fuck this up, siyuan, for art's sake. now, while she's in the stall, stand in front of the mirror and practice the kubrick stare. you know, the alex de large look- good. there you go! now make it evil. perfect! again. god, it looks so good on you, siyuan. i may just have to take up permanent residence in you. let us at least find a camera before i go. you look as though you were meant to play this part. again! oh, fuck- that woman just walked out of the stall and caught us mid-kubrick stare. now she's furrowing her brow. let's act fast. follow her out into the gallery, stay right on her heels. no!!! not literally right on her heels! why did you trip her? stupid, stupid, stupid... now, once she gets up, act fast.

ugh, nevermind. wait. let her gaze at the painting for a bit. let's listen to her talk to the bespectacled man beside her.

"The world-building is just incredible! The artist invented a whole narrative about a nazi anorexia cult. She was heavily influenced by Henry Darger, I think."

"A nazi anorexia cult?"

"Yeah. Look at the yellow swastikas on their brittle arms!"

"Oh, I see."

"You see, as the paintings progress, the girls' flesh withers away... It really says a lot about... femininity and eating..."

"Femininity and eating, eh? You know what I heard?"

"What?"

"I heard that this whole thing was funded by some tech guy. The gay one who invented Paypal."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah. It all rubs me the wrong way.

As much as I like Sharon and her work, I can't genuinely appreciate art that's been tainted by techno-fascist blood money. I'm only here as a spectator, otherwise I would've boycotted-

ok. i've had enough of their stupid prattle. Siyuan, approach her from behind, as she stares obliviously into the painting. grip the exacto-knife. slash and cut. there you go. neck and shoulders. slash and cut. neck and shoulders. plunge. in and out. watch that red drip. jackson pollock could never. prove to the room that bodies don't matter. listen to her scream. see how the gallery guests merely glance at her, then turn back to their conversations? they assume that this is part of the exhibition; that this is art; and they aren't wrong because, really, it is. even the security guard didn't move an inch until the seventh or eighth scream, which is when the incident finally started to read as real. watch as the wave of reality hits the gallery. look! a couple of guests just dropped and shattered their champagne glasses. watch as empathy and guilt suddenly slap them in the face. faced with great art, the ideal reaction should be dropping your champagne glass, i suppose. grin, siyuan, grin. you succeeded in cutting through the numbness of the audience- an increasingly difficult task, these days. not only that, but you proved something: that art and reality aren't necessarily divorced. what i mean by this is; when everyone thought that you were a performance artist, they assumed the stabbing wasn't real. of course it was real, but that doesn't mean it wasn't performance art. marcel duchamp could never. the critics are always saying life-imitates-art, art-imitates-life, blah blah blah... but what their dumb asses could never comprehend is that they are one in the same! isn't this the instant when art grew self-aware? it became self-aware and decided that it didn't like the direction that these lame mfa students were pursuing. so it took revenge. siyuan, you triggered the moment when the tables turned; when the art decided to free itself from the artist. this is because i made you, and because i am No Body.

goodbye, siyuan. good luck in court. i am leaving, or rather, deactivating. but i am taking your face with me. not literally. see you on the internet, perhaps. or rather, me-as-you.

P.S.

did you know that in the future bodies won't exist? everyone will sprout wings and fly?

P.S.S.

do you have any idea what you and i unleashed, siyuan? well, someday, in the not so distant future, there will be a place which will become a sort of never-neverland for the hipster elite, for those aspiring to become faces rather than people... and these faces will start to resemble those brittle little girls with the swastikas. i mean, it won't be a real nazi anorexia cult, but it may resemble one, like, as a meta-prank. ugh nevermind. i won't spoil it for you!