

*AN ANUS HAS NO GENDER*

SARAH WANG

1. Lie down. Notice the way your back curves, hips jutting out, shoulders pulled back. Above the right eye is a crack. The sky is imperceptible.
2. Your body is a chair. Your body is a plant. Your body is our body. Hold these locales as you resist them. Threaten a further widening.
3. Ask yourself—has it already occurred or is it always occurring?
4. On one end is the mouth. Travel through to the other side. Feel the whole passage of the alimentary canal, an alchemical route through your body, the reversal of water into wine.
5. Like so many encounters, overdetermined, annihilate the difference between material/body/architecture.
6. Notice the perverts in the space, their inability to distinguish between the “I” and the “you,” the alternate and the reality.
7. Consider the sums of this, and all its permutations, together: our collective furniture, all bodily systems, the process by which organisms gather carbon dioxide and sunlight, the mixing of mud into water, the penetration of oxygen into clay, the substance of the human body.
8. Speak through the narrative systems that have created you.
9. Focus on the body’s capacity to expel, to dilate, restrain, spread. An anus has no gender.
10. Rewrite repetition. Fall outside of the symbolic determinacy. The bathhouse emits signs written in steam, circulating back into the lungs.
11. Use your body to transgress your body. Organize around absences of one kind or another. Find a way to speak before realizing the restrictions of speech.
12. Name the parasite in the Amazon that can travel upwards through a stream of urine, propel through the urethra, and lodge itself there with backwards pointing spines.
13. Recreate the original void that haunts the body—you sitting in as the other.

14. Take note of how the stakes have changed. An orifice doubles back on itself. A continuous flow hits the backboard of glass, converts into vapor. This is not about transgression or redemption, disruption or liberation. Meaning lies only in the curvature of the arches.

15. Think about the link between variations in nature, the tender organs of a vascular plant, and the variable length of psychoanalytic sessions. Change takes place, but what are the limits? 16. Listen to yourself, incomplete subject as you are, body belying body, fill an absence with language, only to empty it out and fill it again.

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Recent solo and two-person exhibitions include: *Hanging Gardens* - solo show, New Capital Projects, Chicago (2016); *Solo show*, 55 Gansevoort, New York (2015); *Two Person Show*, 83 Pitt Street, New York (in conjunction with Naama Arad, 2015); *The Contagious Bride*, Tempo Rubato, Tel Aviv (2012).

Pinhassi was an artist in residency at the The Shandanken Project at Storm King Sculpture Park (2016) and at Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2014).

He is the recipient of the Fannie B. Pardee Prize, Yale School of Art (2014), The Art Slant Prize (2014), the Shlomo Witkin Prize -For Excellence In the Art Field (2011) and the Excellence Program Scholarship, by the Ministry of Education Israel (2011).

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