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Cybernetic hands playing in the mud
2023
Video HD with sound for headphones
Perfect loop of 4 min 45 sec

TRANSCRIPT OF THE NARRATION

± ± Sponsored by the antropocene ± ±

I keep reading these essays about how oppression of women and oppression of nature started when humans settled and started growing grain instead of gathering nuts. Growing was a lot of work and you would need as many children to assist you as possible. And so, oppression between genders started, replacing the oppression of all by nature.

I don't know how to read these essays. There is something arrogant in thinking that now, 12 000 years later, we understand the mistake. But there is something beautiful and truth-like in this suggestion also. To undo this age-old idea that we can control and circumvent beings to produce and harvest. Direct beings from point A to point B on the straight line of production. To undo this idea by relearning how to gather, to stand within the cyclic turn of things. That we need to relearn how to surrender and how to be humble. But it also feels uncanny.

My health is sponsored by the Anthropocene. I need this device to stop my womb from creating clusters all over the place. I couldn't be further from a Neolithic body gathering berries and nuts. If I can only role play, then, I shall be a cyborg.

± ± Cybernetic hands playing in the mud ± ±

Then I shall be a cyborg. Wearing my surgical plastic device in a kinship that could be the first step towards a fusion of my own body with devices that are protecting it, supporting it. Devices provided by the Anthropocene, by the industries, the fossil fuels, the North and South inequalities. Or else, how would these devices be possible?

Can we imagine cyborgs whose machines and devices are built in renewable material as compostable as our own bodies? Then, where would the new strength come from? If the machine side of the cyborg is as perishable as its biological side, what is the point? All I can see for now, is cyborgs playing and building with a compostable mass, cybernetic hands playing in the mud, finding some kind of relief from the guilt of owing their health to surgical plastic devices.

± ± The device ± ±

And so, I was prescribed the device.

- Pain should last for three months.
- Ok... and during those three months, is there any level of pain that I should be worried about?
- What do you mean?
- Is there any pain that I should ... like... if I have very strong pain, should I seek help or...like.. comeback here or something?
- No, not really. Your body is gonna get used to the device. That device has a lot of work to do inside, and that work will hurt. You understand? There's a lot to do. To fix. What do you want? You want the lesions to comeback? Is that what you want?

± ± A community of bodies hosting migrating cells ± ±

Cells migrate from the womb to other areas of the body. They reproduce and turn into clusters where there shouldn't be. Evidence of the disease were found almost 150 years ago. In the 50s, the disease was nicknamed the 'working women disease'. Delaying having children was written as the main cause of these women's pain.

The fact that cells migrate on the same path in so many different bodies has some kind of fascinating appeal. A community of bodies hosting migrating cells. Dissident ones.

Pain and exhaustion collapse time. I feel the same pain as my great-grand-mother and as my great-grand-daughter. When I am exhausted by pain or by tasks, I am closer to the strength we share. My body relates to there bodies. Their bodies relate to each other. This connection cannot be broken.