

THINGS TO DO  
WITH YOUR  
MOUTH

DIVYA VICTOR

TRENCHART: LOGISTICS



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**ABOUT *THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR MOUTH* ACCORDING TO DIVYA VICTOR**

This is conspired, carefully weighted, so delicately that you won't feel a thing, seamlessly, and you will be had in the web of 'as if nothing happened.' This text has the poetical quality of slowing you down, and in doing so enlarges space in your head; then, it can accelerate, intensify its density and make you swing and twist in its breathing.

Reader: words will eat you alive, you'll be digested! Words will leave you scattered all over the place, you—your body that is. Fallen, you will feel “athing.”

It may very well be that D.V. is a gatherer. And a hunter perhaps also.



The birth of a clinic (see the dedication).

*where does it hurt?*  
*how are we feeling today?*  
*what is the matter with you?*  
(Re-jiggled)

Our times seized in sentence-long sentences...

*Whether...*  
*I declare...*  
*there is Puppet...*  
and Puppet's strings are operated by remote control.

Some advice for survival...  
*a blanket / a vest / a pencil / a stuffed animal*

A clinic to survey, to survive effects of our times on our bodies.

And then useful attention drawn to indispensable objects that make a world of difference:

*a regular or twisty straw.*  
*mini-trombone-type whistles*  
and others...

And more suggestions to enliven your daily dealings:

*blowing bubbles*

*if this fails, try saying "NO" very loudly*  
*and walk out of the room...*

Perhaps some readers will smile and think 'irony.' But they will be wrong and that's tough. This is cynicism of the best kind, re-resourceful and urgent, the kind that knows a few things about making a body resonate, as it does not serve ease and pleasure. (Not the kind that people show in order to give off an image of have-been-around-and-nothing-is-worthwhile-therefore-fuck-you.)

But this is only the beginning.  
Things will become tricky.



Now, L&G,  
about eating flesh (that is tricky).  
How words are imposed on a body which then  
replies with whatever a body has at its disposal.

Dora and Flora have bodies, with orifices through, by and with which things happen, come and go, never stop or fail to begin, and psychic tears also.

If psychoanalysis tries to circumscribe, simplify and reduce symptoms, poetry, perhaps with a wink to Deleuze and Guattari or others who will be named soon after, can elevate the hysteric symptom to... Well, it takes a gag to know how words come from everywhere and jam in the throat. It takes a gag to know one.



There is also the theoretical colonization of the body, not miles away from Kafka's penal colony although on another section of the imprinting machine—does it take a woman to know a woman's body?



And now we can really slow down.

We can read close to the white and time passing, and counting right, and counting left.

Just saying.

Facing facts? Effacing effects? Off you go, gaping.



Time has passed.

How does anything affect you these days?

How can I make you feel?

Bodies do not make good piles; as I have said elsewhere, they pile up very badly. But they make good manure, Victor remarks, and words grow well in their soil, just as reversely. Body mass... But it does not all have to go to the crusher. It is possible to detach flesh from bones, sinews from cartilages, membranes from organs, with a pen or a pencil; there are different kinds of surgery. Here is one, let's call it upsurgery.

By the way, technically, the space from mouth to anus is external. Sometimes Janus, forward-backward, goes up his own ass, upstream, all the way back to his mouth where love starts.

The flesh makes the word spongy and the word carries the flesh away; the relation between flesh and words constitutes a Klein bottle.

And so, Divya Victor answered the big question:

*What to do?* The question with which you get up every morning.

Things with your mouth.

She also leaves you with a tacit programme:

Things to do...

With your ears, with somebody else's eye-to-mouth, with your skin, with bits and with pieces...

The body keeps the floor.

Vincent Dachy (V.D.)

London, 2013

*Post-scriptum animal triste:*

I wondered whether Divya Victor likes hot horseradish on its own, on a finger?

I wondered whether Divya Victor has ever sung in a choir or screamed in the shower or played a strung instrument?

I wondered whether Divya Victor can breathe with her ears?

I wondered whether Divya Victor knows Francesca Woodman's photographs?

I wondered whether Divya Victor.

It seems very likely to me.

*Post post-scriptum:*

In psychoanalysis, when focusing on the drive, we should consider its aim, its pressure, its object and its source. In the case of Divya Victor may I advise you to pay special attention to the sources?

*Postremus scriptum:*

If what condenses enjoyment in a body—from tickling to pain—gives place to incarnation, albeit fluctuantly, if words get carried away reaching the tip of the tongue, and if the exquisite finds itself so easily mixed up with the horrific, then read on.

THINGS TO DO  
WITH YOUR  
MOUTH



**PART ONE—**

**PUT FLESH ON A STRING**

“Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Pomme treated and cured a hysteric by making her take ‘baths ten or twelve hours a day, for ten whole months.’ At the end of the treatment of the desiccation of the nervous system and the heat that sustained it, Pomme saw ‘membranous tissues like pieces of damp parchment...peel away with some slight discomfort, and these were passed daily with urine; the right ureter also peeled away and came out whole in the same way.’ The same thing occurred with the intestines, which, at another stage, ‘peeled off their internal tunics, which we saw emerge from the rectum. The oesophagus, the arterial trachea, and the tongue also peeled in due course; and the patient had rejected different pieces either by vomiting or by expectoration.”

Michel Foucault  
*The Birth of the Clinic*

*what is the matter with you?*

*where does it hurt?*

*how are we feeling today?*

*when was your last confession?*

“JOHNNY, JOHNNY?”

“YES, PAPA?”

“EATING SUGAR?”

“NO, PAPA.”

“OPEN YOUR MOUTH?”

“HA. HA. HA.”

- 6 To the best of my knowledge and belief the statements given in this statutory declaration are true and correct.
- 7 To the best of my knowledge and belief the documents I have tendered in support of my statements are genuine documents.

whether you are wanting

whether to see

whether weights work

whether before coughing up all that dough

- 1 I am of sound mind,
- 2 I was born on \_\_\_\_\_ (date of birth) in  
\_\_\_\_\_ (country of birth)
- 5 I was married on \_\_\_\_\_ (dd/mm/yyyy)



whether you are wanting  
whether you are waiting  
whether you cannot bear the expense  
whether you want to do it yourself

whether the weight of the object can be held  
whether the child weighs as much  
whether the body appears limp when carried  
whether the child will grip the object when awake

whether the tongue appears swollen  
whether the saliva is creamy and dry  
whether the teeth are evenly spaced  
whether the flesh feels warm to the touch

I  
\_\_\_\_\_ (name)  
of \_\_\_\_\_ (address),  
\_\_\_\_\_ (occupation),  
do solemnly and sincerely declare:

Puppet is an open source data center automation and configuration management framework.

Puppet provides system administrators with a simplified platform that allows for consistent, transparent, and flexible systems management.

Puppet lets System Administrators spend less time on mundane tasks and instead focus on managing their infrastructure strategically.

Puppet's declarative language describes your system configuration, allowing you to easily reproduce any configuration on any number of additional systems.

Puppet can help establish and enforce approved system configurations, automatically correcting systems that drift from their baseline.

Puppet provides an audit trail of all your systems, which can easily be kept in version control for compliance purposes.

Puppet can help reduce your overhead and get the everyday management of your network under control so you can concentrate on the real problem.

## AFTERWORD

[This experiential (Soma)tic AFTERWORD was written by reading a page from Divya Victor's *Things To Do With Your Mouth* out loud into a small piece of bread then eating it, then writing a response. One page and one small piece of bread at a time, eating *Things To Do With Your Mouth* by way of an AFTERWORD.]

An exhalation of grief is time in a garden. Not The Garden, a garden. It's a specific planet, Earth, for our consumption where all eating, all of it, causes harm. Forgetting to exhale the sadness is an expensive omission eventually paid in full.

Appropriation has the translator's back, consumption, reconsumed, as in all water molecules in an endless cycle in and out of mouths. Divya Victor has not planed these surfaces, nor has she merely collected and recollected. All food is appropriated from cycles of all food. The pain is inherent, and sufficient to maintain an engine of trauma.

A useful thing is not virtuous it's survival. Surviving in *Things To Do With Your Mouth* is a payment plan from other times remapped. Every killer comes to a point of rest. It's easy when seeing presidents play golf after a successful bombing campaign, but point the finger and the lesson might get lost.

*Things To Do With Your Mouth* is not where monsters live but all possible friends in motion, at rest, in the middle of, and even between the middle parts. There is something always ready in here, reactivating the previous line with new understanding, and this is

where the useful poem has nothing to do with virtue, but a kind of surviving.

Where troubled souls go, it's where everyone can fit. There are a few clamps that, when removed, pull the body forward. Every bible washes in the comfort of killers. Every bible has removed limb by limb, where Divya Victor has piled it, leaving the interest in exegesis aside by the reader. When changes are made to the story, the story continues as planned.

With satisfaction we move beyond the Old Days. At no point in reading *Things To Do With Your Mouth* is this satisfaction met, really, asking and telling the answer simultaneously, an instantaneous recycle of distress. To be one who would surrender is to not read further. The hand being held while severed.

Pain and its guilt, its action to release guilt and rest for pleasure, the selling of stories, the new instructions. Extreme consumption with an Internet is another kind of motion in the others. The real barbarism is keeping control over who can release the trauma and the guilt. This is a poetry witness to that prevention.

Liberate one cough at a time. The mouth in, the mouth out, mouths training mouths around the always-imperfect O. Say NO and leave the room, as the poet has seen. The imperious tone modeled for everyone desiring a castle of their own. There is great care in this book for exposing the measurements used for feeling, if you can appreciate it, after all you are in the title, your mouth.

To say we "need this" okay, yes say anything out loud. Among professions, dentists have the highest suicide rate, constantly absorbing from mouths psychic discomfort accumulated into desolation. Where despair lives. To cave isn't the worst thing, looking for

shelter from mouths trying to align themselves for a transfer.

For instance, “If I were to begin by giving a full and consistent case history, it would place the reader in a very different situation from that of a medical observer.” This is my mouth quoting Divya Victor’s mouth, quoting the worry of all mouthing. A concern that we might be there is a very good concern to have.

The flux is met willingly or not to balance the always-imperfect O. Will the demon find a new and more devout host? Trading off for what discharge from eyes mouth vagina anus foments anew with continuous connection to the previous.

A doctor told me he was an army medic sent to Baghdad in 2004. The commanding officer disdained his profession as weak, made him go on patrol with a rifle. The doctor said his eyes were meant to see where to fix wounds, not make them. He was told he had to kill to belong, to admit no one comes here unaccustomed. This for the commanding officer’s relief, his delicate punctured without apology.

The poor doctors the poor soldiers, all the other victims in between. *Things To Do With Your Mouth* reexamines what’s lived by you, your mouth. Cancel by any means unnecessary if necessary.

Silencing, even in play, plays with the memories, handbooks for peers of bondage. With Alice Miller’s first spontaneous painting she saw into the damage. Buddhist monks have tried so hard to kill no, eat no, harm no, to no avail. Not that the effort has not made thoughtful people in turn. Thoughtful obsessional.



Grafting feathers and leaning into belching darkest  
there is no leverage for making it out the door  
irreproachable. Eyes and mouth to ingest the pages  
here, stomach how to talk past survival.

A ninety-four year old Nazi commander was found  
last week living quite well in the western United  
States. His war crimes are listed in the latest news  
briefings. No amount of puppy rearing on the plains,  
it's so easy it's impossible. I understand the debt of  
fear better with Divya Victor.

CA Conrad  
Philadelphia, 2013

# TRENCHART: LOGISTICS

8/0 *TrenchArt: Logistics*

AESTHETICS

8/1 *Our Lady of the Flowers, Echoic*

CHRIS TYSH

8/2 *Film Poems*

REDELL OLSEN

8/3 *Cunt Norton*

DODIE BELLAMY

8/4 *Things To Do With Your Mouth*

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