A close-up photograph of a man drinking water from a clear plastic bottle. The man is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark blue t-shirt. He is holding the bottle with his right hand and drinking from it. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The lighting is soft and natural.

*[my] psychoanalyst told [me]  
that life is pain*

by Xenia / Ksenia Perek

Rietveld Fine Arts  
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1)

0.5

-

*[My] psychoanalyst told [me]  
that life is pain*

1.0

2.0

3.0

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6.0

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6.5

*endnotes*

*bibliography*

2) *text written in capital letters*

3) *X images*

## 0.5

Some things just have to be revealed. Otherwise, it is a lie towards one's existence. That is how we are interconnected as we need someone to whom we can be expressed. I have been interested in a long time in ways of manifesting the self through photography, film, and occurrence of performativity, which they can imply. Those are not only manifestations of the singular, but they also allow for conscious creation and re-negotiation of who we are, as P.P. Pelbart describes this re-creative process as being *innately genital*<sup>1</sup>. If Dostoevsky undertook that direction in an existentialist thought, he probably would end up writing *Cry and Development*. There is no development without the self, and there is no pain without advancing in life. To be, to grow and to lead life is to be in pain and feeling it implies experiencing it as some singular entity. Dostoevsky main oeuvre was about pain, power and one's perspective and I am investigating the same topics, without Dostoevsky himself, adding a notion of bodily water. It is a challenge to introduce the technical identity of this story as it has such multiple folds, but I would put it that way: Some things are made of water, and some not. An eye is made of water, and a camera lens is not. Therefore, some things have another way of being endowed with power. Some things stay as *some*, and some things and people become *the one*. Some people are more than *one* person. But what is sure is that all water is uncountable. If this sounds like a fortune cookie prophecy, I invite you to read this text.

As Louise Bourgeois said:

*This is something here, and this is something there, and nobody sees any connection. But I see a connection! And this is the value of my work.*<sup>2</sup>

## 6.5

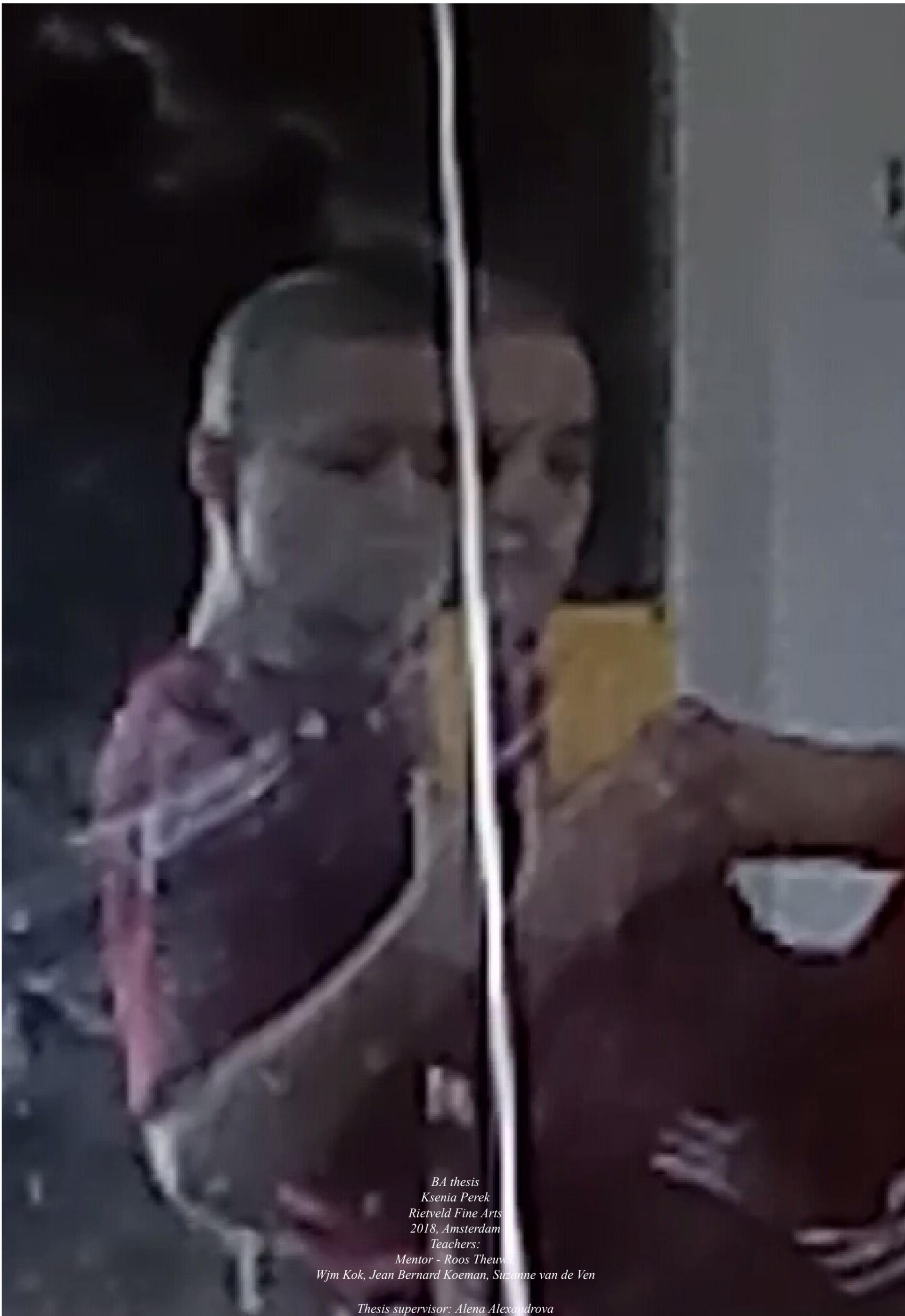
If I were to think where would this bring me, it just laid out a mental landscape as the whole process. Between the possibility and impossibility of what this text could fix, lays a gesture. Referring to the idea that thought is not an act, a gesture might be somewhere in between those two. I would say a gesture generate further questions.

In this text, I didn't cover yet several subjects, especially scientific ones, such as memory water - a Nobel prize discovery, to think about the relation of memory and subjectivity, and nuclear fusion – a literal form of [atomic] power where hydrogen plays out an important role.

When talking over the pain and affectability, I skipped the whole origin of it, which starts from the word *Pathos*. I also didn't manage to dive into an opposite of water – a fire, bringing as examples a book *Psychoanalysis of Fire* and Vietnamese monks self-immolation as an act of resistance towards war. If it comes to a photographic means, I didn't speak yet of a concept of a selfie, which a set of articles under the title *Ego Update* could be a solid base for.

Finally, this text was meant to go towards life and auto-genesis, whereas over the span of writing, I threw out, overboard, death-oriented metaphorical figures, such as *Butoh* and it's relatives - failure, decay, and decomposition.

All this could have become a pain in the ... brain, whereas one can say that a gesture of refusal is a gesture of commitment.



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