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Olga Kisseleva's Psychopathological Trainer "Powerbike"

Wealth, power, success, health, beauty, glory, youth, strength, pleasure ... in modern society they replaced the 7 sins and 7 virtues of Christianity. The ideological machine for the production of man finally overcame the millennia-long dualism of Good and Evil. It seems that an end has come to the delirium of Manicheism, which divided the world into black and white and compensated for pleasure with a sense of guilt. Now it is possible not to strive, but to have, not to pay, but to receive, not to compensate for wealth with poverty, success with failure, beauty with deformity, youth with age, strength with weakness, but to have everything at once and in full measure. At first glance the slogan of consumer society d time. onsume and enjoy yourself. However, there is also a third commandment without which this machine will not function - obey. In the marginal masochistic discourse it is set out in the formula: submit and enjoy yourself, in the broader economic sense, it sounds like: submit and consume or: consume and submit. The capitalistic formula is: everything must be paid for, in the original Christian version, "render to each according to the case", was embodied in the tax system. Perhaps the desire to avoid this last moral obligation is the only one repressed in contemporary society. This illegitimate desire suddenly emerges in a number of other coveted stereotypes acquired "in sweat and blood" on Olga Kiseleva's psychopathological trainer.

The training apparatus is one of the most inconspicuous and powerful shifters of our time, which has revolutionised the relationship to reality and conclusively destroyed the opposition of natural and cultural. Thanks to the universally distributed trainers and their direct expediency, a definitive rupture is made between physical action and its symbolic burden. Summertime paddling in a canoe and a ski tour in winter, running in the park and riding on a bicycle - all this and much more happens "without moving from the place", outside the natural topos, place and time. It seems that precisely the tension between the automatism of physical effort and the illusion of movement forward pumps the muscles. Kisseleva's trainer is paradoxical, like all her projects. She produces shears between object and his representation. She uses shifts, devastating representation. Thus the project "The Wrong City" is structured on suspicion and the impossibility of determining if this mosque or that neo-classical mansion, for example, is located in St Petersburg, or in Baghdad, where – in Moscow, or in New York – are situated these buildings on waterfront. In the video work "Your self-portrait", a video camera serves as a mirror, embodying the fact that we do not see ourselves, more accurately, we always see ourselves with the eyes of another. In the project "How are you", when the artist asked this rhetorical question in Venice, in Silicon Valley in California, and in Tibet, the artist most often received the answer "Fine, thank you!", it being understood that it was impossible to feel better. The paradox of the Kisseleva's psychopatho-trainer is in the disorientation of absurd actions, in the lack of a goal. The viewer is urged to turn the pedals like "a squirrel in a wheel". If an ordinary trainer is assumed to be a surrogate for natural pleasures received from physical activity, the Powerbike returns one not to nature, even if an illusionary one, but to the psychopathology of ordinary life. In contrast to the traditional simulator which compels one to experience the expected feelings, here the deception of expectation takes place. Instead of purposefully remaining in place you roll backward. The faster you climb upward on the ladder of power symbols, the faster you roll

backward. Movement forward and backward is endowed with a semantic plus and minus, where going forward is good and backward is evil. The movement of the Powerbike takes place with the aid of nature - a mechanical Jacob's ladder. The angels' staircase to heaven, which appeared to him in a dream, is a stairway to nowhere, to where earthly riches, strength, power, beauty ... have no meaning. The movement in the opposite direction made on the psychopatho-trainer personifies regress backward to the mother's womb, not to the nature, but to this impassive mechanical vagina of Rousseau, uninterruptedly generating discourse. The psychopatho-trainer, in every way suggesting the incommensurable proportions that amaze us in childhood or during a circus performance, call out: enough filching, regress to the pre-Oedipus stage, and still further to the mirror, until you are no more, twirl the pedals until they give way. Until you get it in the neck, over the head, for services in the Silicon Valley of contemporary art.