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Video Premiere (NSFW): Precious Child "My Little Problem"

By Tristan Alban (Contributor) | February 6, 2017 | 10:48am

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Multi-Genre musician **Precious Child** has teamed with Brazilian born and LA based artist **Cade** to release a highly charged and NSFW Official Video for Precious's newest single "My Little Problem," off of the upcoming EP *TRAPPED*. The imagery and sound of this track and video is intense, recalling the style and tone of [Mark Romanek's](#) work on [Nine Inch Nails's](#) "Closer" and the [Adam Jones](#) directed video for **TOOL's** "Prison Sex," while directly addressing the conflicting standards of visual portrayal of the female body- sexualized but also shamed for that sexualization--and directly challenges current censorship laws in the UK that are specifically anti-female pleasure.

Precious offers a statement discussing the conceptual and existential conflicts behind "My Little Problem:"

Once upon a time there was less of me. I was comprised of objects. Developed, shaped, and programmed by the same patterns of molecules that program my current shape. But, once upon a time, there were fewer objects, molecules, atoms, quanta. I was lighter, took up less space, was not as substantial. There were fewer quanta, atoms, molecules, objects; there was less of me. I became troubled by a recurring experience of an intangible nature. You see, I believed that my body was the limit of my persona; if I controlled my body I could control my mind. If I controlled my body I could control my experience. Master my laughter, my langribruity, the shapes my face made.

Via command of my quanta I steered the shape of the silhouette. However, there was an irony in my belief- how can the whip guide the whip? Perhaps the tip that cracks believes it is separate from the handle or the body? The handle and the body are self absorbed in their own terminus. They ignore their conjoined state. It is the sway of the handle that flails the barb and the handle would not sway if the barb did not exist. This was my peril.

I believed that there was a distinction between an inner self and external self. That they were neatly bisected and independent. I had the conviction that I could control myself and fatally, I believed that I could control my experience. Incorrect, my attempts were ignorant and my experience that controlled me. Simultaneously: my quanta are guided. I am the master and the slave. Unfortunately I was bereft of knowledge of that fact.

I reminisce:

"They told me that I would experience the intangible, things that could not be measured by my senses. I did not understand. In becoming a body my senses defined life. How could I experience that which was not physically tangible? I asked them for further explanation and they said that I

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Odd name for a phantom.

I've got an weird story, one of several for an ever-weirder life. It took me 14 years to learn how to feel and recognize and express and experience.

What is the most essential experience? The terror that is associated with destruction of ourselves. Change, disintegration, pain, despair, decay of our elements. For 14 initial years I was plasticine, invulnerable. Plastic floats on the ocean, over all waters little and large, in all storms, in sun and in stars. Every fleck, speck, molecule, microbit persists and floats.

Plastic is disparaged, not for it's synthetic nature but for it's insulating nature. Touch. Impervious division between our watery amalgamate and that which is tactilely inaccessible. Insulation is isolation. When I learned to experience broadly I wanted and needed more. My little problem with an insulated experience. My little problem with isolation from the essential. After 14 years I abandoned my reason and had [sliver](#) visions of reality, visions of the whip as a unified entity. I saw full spectrum flavors of the essential, my quanta without a prophylactic dermis.

I made a pact with myself to embrace my essential:

"Carnivorously slide inside my body, inject into my molecules. Stimulate. Press. Squeeze. Now squeeze harder. Wait cuz it's gonna pop and it's gonna be much better than you hoped it could be. Squeeze harder, until it breaks. Now push. Push. Push. Under the skin it's bleeding now. Push. Push. Break your flesh. Outside the skin it's bleeding now. It's really wet. Don't worry, you possess much more moisture than you realize."

I reminisce again:

"They told me that I was free. They told me that I would have ultimate choice, that I would shape and warp and define all aspects of my reality.

They told me that I would believe that I was a victim. A victim of things that were not me and a victim of myself. They told me that there was [no such thing](#) as a victim. They told me that if I was ever lost, out of control, helpless, I just had to find my reflection. 'Look at yourself in the eye and sell your soul.'"

Director Cade (who appears in the video) also explains her vision:

"As a visual artist working in LA, defining myself as a "feminist post-internet artist" started to feel like a loose hashtag. I have picked up influence from artists like **Petra Collins** and **Arvida Bystrom**, there is something about pastel-colored panties stained with period blood that speaks to my heart. However after venturing into using soft pink and teal in my 3D art and sticking **Lisa Franks** onto my iPhone case, I started to feel an imminent identity crisis. I like to wear black unisex garments, I listen to darkwave and metal, I experience a lack of emotional attachment, and I am attracted to pain. When Precious Child sent me the track 'My Little Problem' and asked me if I'd be interested in directing a music video, I told him - 'This is just what I need.'

In this video we explored the current pop culture fascination with freeing ourselves from the decay and pain that is contingent with inhabiting a physical body. The question is, if technology allows us to transcend into conscious machines, unable to feel pain, will we feel anything at all but a pressing sense of existentialism? Here the lines between biology and technology, male and female, pain and pleasure were blurred. Vaporwave, goth/emo, and kitsch culture were an influence to this project as well as campy sci fi thrillers like **David Cronenberg's Videodrome**. Let's not forget graphic feminist performance art like **Valie Export's** grunting vagina. "

Precious Child Social Links:

<http://www.preciouschild.com>

<http://www.facebook.com/preciouschildband>

<https://twitter.com/shittyrabbit>

<http://www.instagram.com/preciouschildband>

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCXRfhGepRVDfISgAsHaMu9A>

<https://open.spotify.com/artist/oSILjbM3WXMzmJFCLqHjq6>

Cade Social Links:

www.cade.cloud

<https://www.instagram.com/cademoga>

<http://www.2luvis2lose.tumblr.com>

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