

*fermenting feminism*

In *fermenting feminism*, we bring together artists whose work responds to what it means to bring fermentation and feminism into the same critical space. These are works that approach fermentation through intersectional and trans-inclusive feminist frameworks, and works that approach feminisms through the metaphor and material practice of fermentation. As both a metaphor and a physical process, fermentation embodies bio-availability and accessibility, preservation and transformation, inter-species symbiosis and coevolution, biodiversity and futurity, harm reduction and care.

Fermentation as a process of transformation becomes both a metaphor and a material practice through which to explore important issues for feminist artists and researchers today, from the politics of labour, affect, survival, and care to colonialism, food, indigeneity, and the land. Is ‘feminism’, with its etymological roots in the feminine, something worth preserving? In what ways might it be preserved? In what ways might it be transformed? Is feminism a relic of the past, something that has soured? Or is feminism still a vital imperative? *fermenting feminism* positions fermentation as a potentially vital and viable space to re-conceive of feminism’s past, present, and futures.

Spanning the speculative and the literal, the embodied and the ephemeral, the artists in *fermenting feminism* reinvigorate questions of health, materiality, canonicity, community, consumption, ritual, and tradition. The works in this publication obscure the line between illness and well-being, between science and witchcraft, between human and non-human, and between sentient and non-sentient to flesh out pressing political, theoretical, aesthetic, and ethical questions in the present.

Working across the disciplines of art and science, *fermenting feminism* makes space for multi-disciplinary experimentation, including engagements with new materialisms, food studies, critical disability and mad studies, sexual diversity studies, and trans-inclusive intersectional feminist theory and practice. In addition to this beautiful publication made possible in collaboration between myself and the Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology (Ida Bencke, Dea Antonsen) — a kind of speculative workbook capable of growing and changing with the passing of time — *fermenting feminism* comprises a constellation of exhibitions, screenings, and programming taking place internationally. Given the site-specificity and importance of material and cultural context to fermentation practices, we are interested in having the exhibition and screenings of *fermenting feminism* evolve over the course of its tour, engaging with local artists and communities through performances, workshops, screenings, and experimental programming.

— Lauren Fournier, Curator and Editor

# Something That's Dead

*by Jessica Bebenek*

When I first moved to Montreal, I owned almost nothing — a suitcase of clothes, several boxes of books, an air mattress on the floor, a single curtain drooping from two nails above the window. I was recovering from a long period of depression, and the accompanying turmoil that the over-eating, over-drinking, and physical inactivity had brought to my gut. I knew what I wanted to fill my home with. I began to see my body not as something which I was trapped inside of, but rather as a part of myself which I had become deadened to.

I started with plants — potted grocery store herbs: rosemary, dill, sage, lemongrass — that I used in salads, curries, and fresh breads. Soon after, I was given cuttings and seeds — a tiny hoyo from a friend's grandmother's plant; seeds collected from a lover's morning glory the previous autumn. A whole tree grew from the submerged pit of an avocado. Many didn't make it past my over-attentive trimmings and waterings, or withered in the arid windowsill which I insisted they sit in because it looked the most beautiful — not because it was what they needed from me.

I had tried kombucha shortly before moving and was amazed by how miraculously it seemed to settle my painful, bloated stomach. I received a mother from a friend to start making my own kombucha at home, and stared at the slimy, skin-like disk, fuzzy strings clinging to it as it hovered in its cloudy brew. I wondered at the possibilities of keeping this thing alive — how I would nurture it; how it would nurture me.

I learned to brew organic tea leaves in distilled water until they turned it bitter and opaque. To sweeten the tea with organic cane sugar, letting it cool before adding it to the mother to feed on. To slice lemon thinly and to add ginger sparingly. I learned to rinse my hands with vinegar before lifting away the thin, new mothers that formed on top of the brewed kombucha every two weeks. To tell mold from age spots, and to let go, to forgive myself for letting things turn too sour.

The process of fermentation presents itself almost too easily as a metaphor — the way time transforms something bitter into something full of goodness; how the ‘mother’ turns raw materials into something entirely new while simultaneously replicating itself. Perhaps we can follow in the footsteps of Susan Sontag’s argument in “Illness as Metaphor”, in which she insists that “illness is *not* a metaphor, and that the most truthful way of regarding illness — and the

healthiest way of being ill — is one most purified of, most resistant to, metaphoric thinking.” Likewise, perhaps the ‘most truthful’, even the ‘healthiest’ way of understanding fermentation is as it is: devoid of metaphor.

Rejecting metaphor in favour of ‘the thing in itself’ requires extending our feeling, stretching our empathy towards understanding something, not based on its use in relation to human comprehension, but towards attempting to understand it purely for *what it is*.

To understand fermentation as not *only* a metaphor (for it can exist simultaneously to us as both metaphoric and actual) is to understand it as a naturally-occurring process with which humans are simply collaborators. And in understanding this, we can realize that this form of non-human life, this collection of symbiotic bacteria and yeasts, is as vital a form of life as our own existence in the world.

This summer I was in Jean-Talon market at a favourite stall that sells a variety of fermented foods. It was the end of the day, and they’d run out of tempeh. I was about to leave empty-handed when the old man, who was always working silently at the back of the stall, stepped out in front of me and pressed a brick of frozen tempeh into my hand. *No charge*, he said, smiling at me through his long, white beard. *There’s nothing noble about eating something that’s dead.*

I thanked him and looked down into the plastic bag — the brick of dormant, white film in my hand.

That phrase, *There's nothing noble about eating something that's dead*, haunted me. It made me feel *noble* in my probiotic consumption and my veganism: choices I had made towards symbiosis with these living things. But the more I considered the phrase, the more I realized its presumptions — that there is *nobility* in our consumption. The phrase operates on a binary principle in which alive equals good, and dead equals bad.

But humans thrive on waste. All life does.

The collective bacteria of our large intestines — our 'gut flora' — acts as an essential organ which is gradually acquired from the moment of our birth and constantly evolving. When things are balanced, our gut flora functions as an essential organ, converting the food that we eat, which is not fully digested by the stomach and small intestines, into digestible materials. In other words, the bacteria consume our food and we absorb their waste. These bacteria are a form of autonomous life, and yet we can't survive without each other.

As I snipped limbs from my ever-withering herbs, I learned the value of patience; to let go of that human urge to control natural growth. Whether it's in the case of old-growth forests or potted plants which sustain planetary life by producing oxygen as their waste product; or in the case of kombucha, which provides bacterial balance within the open ecosystems of our bodies; we can learn the value in living symbiotically with non-human lives. When we extend our empathy and our understanding of what constitutes valuable forms of life down to the cellular level, we can strive to act in a way which protects this essential cycle of growth and decomposition that sustains our lives.

By respecting non-human life and by allowing beings to grow and die unrestricted, we can nourish our planetary ecosystem as well as our bodies. Rather than behaving oppressively or exploitatively, we can act as responsible ecological collaborators with nonhuman lives. It is not just the act of drinking kombucha which replenishes us. By nurturing the mothers, by respecting the symbiosis of our bodies with the non-human lives within them, we live our lives with empathy. We fill ourselves with *something that's alive*.

# Crock for Dinah and the River

*by Nicki Green*

Crock for Dinah and the River is a large-scale fermentation crock that is part of a series of earthenware ‘sacred vessels’ that link queerness and transgender narratives to Jewish mysticism and alchemical processes. As an extension of a body of work that investigates the queerness of ceramic-based DIY riot tools and Judaica ritual objects, the crock form situates itself as a very queer, very magical domestic ritual object. Depicted on the exterior walls of the crock are glazed paintings of the queer and feminist biblical icon Dinah, revered for her gregarious and defiant personality, but also linked, in Talmudic commentary, to her brother Joseph (of Technicolor Dreamcoat fame) in that they were said to have swapped genders with each other in utero. This swapping creates a kind of intrinsic, transformational connection to one another and to the concept of the alchemical Sacred Androgyne — the human-embodiment of perfect harmony, described visually in alchemical etchings as a bi-gendered entity, the fully enlightened alchemist. The images painted were initially inspired by Anita Diamant’s



novel *The Red Tent*, written from the perspective of Dinah and the narratives of the women in the bible. Dinah is described as having a particularly moving relationship with and deep connection to the river, relating her experience to that of the Jewish practice of the mikvah (ritual bath) which is used for both ritual cleansing and also for spiritual transformation — the latter typically used in the case of religious conversion. The collection of mayyim hayyim (‘living water’) in a mikvah feels particularly relevant to the living material (brine) in a fermentation crock, the crock similarly acting as a vessel that contains microbial/spiritual/magical matter powerful enough to transform material inside its walls.



# SUGAR ORGAN

— a carrier bag of sugary fictions *by Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology*  
(*Dea Antonsen, Ida Bencke*)



Photo by Torben Eskerod

A fabulating essay approaching bodily ecologies on sugar and histories of fermentation and science.

“It matters what matters we use to think other matters with; it matters what stories we tell to tell other stories with; it matters what knots knot knots, what thoughts think thoughts, what descriptions describe descriptions, what ties tie ties. It matters what stories make worlds, what worlds make stories.”

— Donna Haraway<sup>i</sup>

“Women are the ones and future healers of the world.”

— Autumn Stanley<sup>ii</sup>

As technique, the use of fermenting and preserving strategies has been a game-changer for human evolution. Along with the invention of carrier bags to bring home gathered foods, questions of storage and expiration have been absolutely crucial to survival in early hominid societies and onwards. As with practically all of the indigenous techniques of the kitchen, traditional writings of history has shown little — if any — interest in the inclusion of such ‘female knowledges’ in its canon. However, as anthropologists such as Adrienne Zihlman have pointed out, early ‘female knowledges’ might very well have instigated what we have come to know as human technology.

i Haraway, Donna, “Playing String Figures with Companion Species: Staying with the Trouble”, 2012

ii Stanley, Autumn, *Mothers and Daughters of Invention, Notes for a revised history of technology*, Rutgers University Press, 1995

“The first tools, as many have suggested, may have been invented by mothers to carry their offspring who could not cling or walk.”<sup>iii</sup> The invention of slings for carrying infants has secured the mobility of mothers, enabled her to gather food and provided her with a flexibility to engage in various activities. As the majority of any human population will consist of women and children, such an invention is revolutionary from the get-go. Research that starts with this, so often, entirely ignored majority does not tell the heroic, dramatic tales of man the hunter, but the much more complex and diverse stories of how women must be included in the male-dominated histories of invention, hunt and war, while also insisting on how her particular knowledges form counter-narratives of gathering, of preservation, of care and nurturing.

Fermentation is a process of converting and transforming sugars (for example into alcohol). Preservation with large amounts of sugar — so called ‘sugaring’ — is a food preservation method similar to pickling. The sugar creates an environment hostile to microbial life and prevents food spoilage.

Once you start looking for it, sugar is everywhere — it flows in and out of our bodies, and simultaneously it marks the ecological and cultural boundaries between us.

<sup>iii</sup> Zihlman, Adrienne, “Women as shapers of the human adaption” in *Woman the Gatherer*, Frances Gahlberg, Yale University Press, 1981

Sugar is one of the most fundamental building blocks of nature. Organic material is composed largely by sucrose, glucose and starch: sunlight and water transformed by photosynthesis into sugary substances for the compositions of life on this planet. Concurrently, sugar is a dominant — and potentially dangerous — part of our everyday: of our landscapes, biospheres, health and diets. As a crop heavily tainted by the horrors of colonial history, sugar has played a huge part in defining national borders, global economies, cultural barriers.

Sugar is planetary, sugar is ecotone.

*Sugar Organ*, part of the exhibition *SUGAR THEATER*<sup>iv</sup>, deploys both the practice and metaphor of preservation in its authoring of alternative histories about sugar. The exhibition takes place at the Faculty of Health and Science, Copenhagen University. With the *Sugar Organ*, we wanted to offer a space for the formation, preservation and resonances of other stories than the ones of Western medical science and its institutionalised histories. *Sugar Organ* is a fantasmagoric encyclopedia of sugar objects and their many sticky interconnections in the world. These sugary objects are all adorned with their own labels, presenting cuts and quotes from various writings about sugar, medicine and metaphor: from Getrude Stein’s poem about sugar in

<sup>iv</sup> Sugar Theater is an exhibition by Morten Søndergaard made in collaboration with Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology. It runs January 18, 2017 — January 19, 2018 at Faculty of Health and Medical Sciences, Copenhagen University.



*Tender Buttons* to Donna Haraway’s writings on the changing discourses on immune systems. Rather than explaining ‘their’ objects, these labels generate general confusion: they enact and evolve a myriad of possible new meaning between things and their definitions. Placed within the context of a medical science institution, the *Sugar Organ* plays with the expectations of a traditional display of objects, such as those found in museums of national history, as well as the queer ‘ingredients’ of a Wunderkammer and the preservation jars from the ‘maternal kitchen’. The *Sugar Organ* pays homage to the myriad and multitudes of forgotten inventions, and attempts to redo and preserve other kinds of stories and sciences.

“We’ve heard it, we’ve all heard all about all the sticks spears and swords, the things to bash and poke and hit with, the long, hard things, but we have not heard about the thing to put things in, the container for the thing contained. That is a new story. That is news. (...) So long as culture was explained as originating from and elaborating upon the use of long, hard objects for sticking, bashing, and killing, I never thought that I had, or wanted, any particular share in it. (‘What Freud mistook for her lack of civilization is woman’s lack of loyalty to civilization,’ Lillian Smith observed.) The society, the civilization they were talking about, these theoreticians, was evidently theirs; they owned it, they liked it; they

were human, fully human, bashing, sticking, thrusting, killing. Wanting to be human too, I sought for evidence that I was; but if that’s what it took, to make a weapon and kill with it, then evidently I was either extremely defective as a human being, or not human at all. (...) If it is a human thing to do to put something you want, because it’s useful, edible, or beautiful, into a bag, or a basket, or a bit of rolled bark or leaf, or a net woven of your own hair, or what have you, and then take it home with you, home being another, larger kind of pouch or bag, a container for people, and then later on you take it out and eat it or share it or store it up for winter in a solid container or put it in the medicine bundle or the shrine or the museum, the holy place, the area that contains what is sacred, and then next day you probably do much the same again — if to do that is human, if that’s what it takes, then I am a human being after all. Fully, freely, gladly, for the first time.”

— Ursula Le Guin<sup>v</sup>

With preservers of queer (hi)stories Virginia Woolf and Ursula le Guin as our guides and companions, *Sugar Organ* refutes the hero-as-killer and instead proposes “The hero as bottle, a stringent reevaluation... Not just the bottle of gin or wine, but bottle in its older sense of container in

<sup>v</sup> Le Guin, “The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction”, 1986

general, a thing that holds something else”<sup>vi</sup>. We like to think of *Sugar Organ* as a carrier bag of some strange sort: not the orderly categorization of the Archive-as-authority, but the fertile couplings and queer becomings of a wobbly container of heterogenous processes a witchy brew, concurrently preserving and transforming in unruly metamorphosis. Presented in traditional glasses for preservation of foods, the items enter a specific curatorial choreography. This choreography is our proposed narrative, our tentative version of the history of sugar, our carrier bag of sugary fiction. And inevitably, the associative couplings of the *Sugar Organ* run wild in webs of interrelations way beyond our control. A hot pile of sweet compost!

“If fewer wise women had been burned as witches in early modern Europe, we might have had an antibiotics sooner — and in more variety — than we did.”

— Autumn Stanley<sup>vii</sup>

*Sugar Organ* is a testament to the healing knowledges of wise women, of the midwives and of the witches worldwide. Anthropology has provided us with ample evidence for the skillfull cultivation of fungi as healing remedies — in other words: variations of antibiotics — in indigenous cultures all around the world. Traditionally, healing practices and caretaking of the weak and / or the ill have belonged to the

vi *ibid*

vii Stanley, Autumn, *Mothers and Daughters of Invention, Notes for a revised history of technology*, Rutgers University Press, 1995

realm of the woman. The dawn of Western medicine — in its early days arguably as dangerous, if not more, than the diseases it sought to cure — saw the concurrent efforts to do away with ancestral skills of healing and nurture passed on from mother to daughter. The witch hunts of medieval Europe were highly effective in demolishing centuries of women’s healing knowledges. Often, the ‘witch’ was a midwife, or a skilled healer with indispensable knowledges, especially for the lower classes who would depend entirely on such practitioners. *Sugar Organ* is a memento to the forgotten and marginalised practices of healing, to the fact that Western medicine — no matter how hard it tries to deny it — has its roots in seething pots and brews infused



Photos by Torben Eskerod

with female technologies. A token of how medicine cannot entirely renounce its heritage; of how its outcasts haunts it from within.

The *Sugar Organ* tangles a never ending choreography of sugar flows — between human bodies, animal, vegetable, geophysical and technological ones; it maps interconnections of power, culture, politics, ecologies and economics. *Sugar Organ* ravel's sugary stories of the world: bees and honey — the world's first sweeteners; sugar canes imported via forced labor systems; the atrocities of slavery; sugar as founding crop of capitalism with massive impact on biospheres worldwide; groceries with colonial aesthetics that are still being sold in today's supermarkets; seducing colorful candy; dead laboratory mice used in medical research on metabolism. Sugar is transspecies and transcorporeal. Sugar connects us, separates us, sustains us, seduces us, kills us. *Sugar Organ* moves us to think about the animal ethics, environmental degradation, neocolonialist capitalism, class and gender differences that are all enfolded into our very own sugary flesh.

*Sugar Organ* is our proposal for a SF game of string figuring in Haraway's sense: SF as science fiction, speculative fabulation, speculative feminism, sick feminism, seductive feminism, sugar feminism, sweet feminism, sugar fermentation, science fermentation and sugary fictions.



# Shitty Work

*by Eirini Kartsaki*

This is shitty. Really really shitty. You are shitty. You run around London like crap, wanting to crap, wanting to crap all over the place, in the local pub and there is no toilet paper. Wanting to crap on your friends' new carpet, on everyone's feelings. You are shitty and crap. You just don't get it. Yeah. Go to acupuncture. Yeah. Run around like a shitty girl. Fall in love with everyone and disregard who they are or who they want to be. Keep going. Let's see where you land. On a shitty place, with some shitty shits all around you.

This work has decided to let go and give in. Let go of the obsession to be nice or friendly or sweet. Let go of trying to enjoy the holiday and relax, that's just not happening. This work has decided to just have fun or else to walk away. It has decided to let go of the impossible attempt to be someone else other than who it already is.



# Relating To, Working With, and Thinking Through Bodies

by Maya Hey

Recent outbreaks of food-borne illness, drug-resistant ‘superbugs’, and contaminated waterways strain the relationship between humans and microbes. At the same time, the technological solutions to these crises are only temporary, setting off an arms race that paints an unpredictable and grave future. Given how pervasive microbes are (as they are omnipresent in, on, and around us), perhaps we could stand to be more aware of how we cohabitate with them — especially in the kitchen — without presuming human dominance in said relations. By looking at fermentation, I am interested in a getting at a more nuanced understanding of human-microbe relationships: fermented foods help me triangulate what happens between human bodies, microbes, and food. Fermentation brings to the fore questions about with whom and what we take up relation. In parallel, a ‘feminist reconfiguration’ of the body raises questions about *how* our bodies stay connected in those relations. A feminist approach to studying fermented foods provides two layers of analyses currently missing: bodies are

sites of knowledge production *and* these bodies are part of a larger tangle or web of relationships. We are not — and never have been — separate from microbes; to continue to believe so perpetuates the assumed primacy of certain beings above others.

*bodies are sites for knowledge production*

Researching food with a hands-on approach allows me to understand its complexity via a multi-sensory means. For example, I can hear when a batch of beer is ‘done’ with its primary fermentation and my hands know when dough has been sufficiently kneaded. Food philosopher Lisa Heldke writes on cooking as a ‘mentally manual activity’ that integrates mind and body in order to catalog senses into experience.<sup>i</sup> However, head work and hand work have historically been kept separate with Cartesian philosophy and Enlightenment notions of the Self privileging intellect over manual labor. Further, this separation is deeply gendered, where “mind is rendered equivalent to the masculine and body equivalent to the feminine.”<sup>ii</sup> The implications of masculine-cum-intellect and feminine-bodies reverberate into the contemporary moment with divisions in labor and spheres of domesticity.

- i Heldke, Lisa M. 1992. “Foodmaking as a Thoughtful Practice.” In *Cooking, Eating, Thinking: Transformative Philosophies of Food*, edited by Deane W. Curtin and Lisa M. Heldke, 203–29. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- ii Grosz, E. A. 1994. *Volatile Bodies: Toward a Corporeal Feminism. Theories of Representation and Difference*. 3–26. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.



Fermentation, though, is in a perpetual state of becoming and transformation, which is not unlike the “(hormonal) irregularities, intrusions, and unpredictabilities”<sup>iii</sup> of the cisgendered female body. It is by merging manual activity with cognition that I am able to deal with the transitory, the becoming, and the emergent in my body and in fermented foods. With no terminal state or hard-set recipe, how are we to know when to intervene, inoculate, or harvest a ferment? Even with quantified recipes or measuring equipment, I must rely on my senses to ‘interpret’ the actions of microbial life to ‘know’ what they are doing. Whether the proof is visual, olfactory, auditory, or tactile, I can assess the doneness of ferments only if I sense their signs, which I must imprint onto my body as physical memories. With fermentation in particular, embodied knowledge is crucial to my ability to work with the dynamic, transient, and unpredictable. My body becomes the site for sense-making:

“The knowing involved in making a cake is ‘contained’ not simply ‘in my head’ but in my hands, my wrists, my eyes and nose as well. [...] I *know* things literally with my body, that I, ‘as’ my hands, know when the bread dough is sufficiently kneaded, and I ‘as’ my nose know when the pie is done.”<sup>iv</sup>

When parts of the body stand as proxy to the ‘I’ self, the body acts as a site for containing knowledge. To engage my

iii *ibid*

iv Heldke, Lisa M. *Foodmaking as a Thoughtful Practice*. 1992.

body and sense memory is to produce knowledge in and through my body. The knowledge itself cannot solely be contained in my mind and must live in and on my body.

*we live in a tangled web of relations*

Donna Haraway describes eating and cooking in terms of relationality with her linguistic explanation of *companion* species, or those with whom we break bread. The interconnectedness with other species becomes particularly clear when she discusses eating others: “[t]rying to make a living, critters eat critters but can only partly digest one another.”<sup>v</sup> The partial digestion of others reminds me that eating is not inherently a linear relationship but a tangled one. When I eat fermented foods, my partial digestion of the live active cultures allows these microbes to occupy and live within my intestinal lining. Partial digestion enables others to ‘eat’ and they enable me to thrive. I incorporate them into my microbiome and — just as important — they incorporate me into their ecosystem. From their perspective, my gut is not just a space to occupy but parts of me make up their ecology: my membranes become their borders, my metabolism becomes their rhythms, and my partially digested foods become their nutrient source. In this strange dance of eating/being eaten, we have — in effect — incorporated each other in our corps.

v Haraway, Donna. *When Species Meet*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2008.

We live in an entangled web of relations and our ecologies literally and conceptually coincide. Historically, we “all co-evolved in this arrangement together,” declares Sandor Katz<sup>vi</sup>; moreover, “[t]o view ourselves as masters and microorganisms as our servants denies our mutual interdependence,”<sup>vii</sup> and enables an anthropocentric, or human-centered, perspective. Echoing Anna Tsing’s idea of ‘collaborative survival’, we will continue to evolve with other species and affect one another, whether we are conscious of it or not<sup>viii</sup>. We must move away from placing humans at the center of every action. Decentering our egocentric role sheds light on how to work *with*, rather than work *on*, others. This requires that I participate with my body, think through my bodily senses, and engage with others in meaningful ways. Embodied learning, then, becomes key to relating with microbes and fermentation becomes a way to *stay connected* in the give-and-take of an interdependent relationship. Our current approach to microbes reflects more our own (abuses of) power than the power of that which we try to control. We must deconstruct some of these power imbalances. In practice, fermentation locates microbes

vi Katz, Sandor. “Fermentation as a Co-Evolutionary Force.” In *Cured, Fermented and Smoked Foods*. Ed. Helen Saberi. Totnes, England: Prospect Books, 2011.

vii Katz, Sandor. *The Art of Fermentation*. VT: Chelsea Green, 2012.

viii Tsing, Anna. *The Mushroom at the End of the World*. Princeton University Press, 2015.

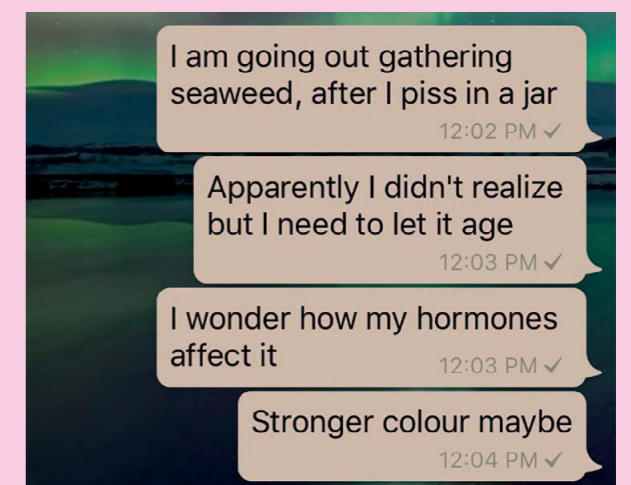
in this web of relations without necessarily romanticizing relations with them. Some microbes are along for the ride, some even help us, but others can kill; regardless, *we* do not get to decide. That the human-microbe relationships will always be symbiotic and cooperative may be unrealistic; rather, like all relationships, this one will require us to participate and engage in ways that are earnest and respectful.

# Pissed (blóm + blóð)

## by *WhiteFeather Hunter*

Urine fermentation in natural textile dye methods is an example of embodied craft process, where bodily materials (in this case, my own) are collected and utilized for their biochemical properties, in order to produce aesthetic results. The act of collecting one's own piss in a jar, allowing it to 'ferment' in a corner for a period of weeks, and then both handling and making use of the reeking substance in order to produce objects of beauty and utility, is a process of scientific inquiry, as well as a methodology for self-knowledge and hands-on making (research-creation). For example, a more dehydrated body will deliver greater concentrations of ammonia in urine, enhancing the colour-producing properties of certain plants, such as lichen. In an era of alienation from self-sovereignty regarding bodily care and control, particularly of female bodily care and control, simple acts of engaging with one's own bodily substances (including using the body in ways contrary to professional medical advice) for both study and creativity, is a radical act. Intimately linked with notions of witchcraft, in its emphasis on radical bodily materiality, informal knowledge production and even potion-making, (such as through stirring noxious fluids in a heated

cauldron in order to extract the magical transformation inherent in rare herbs), natural dye methods such as those done via urine 'fermentation' fall within smallscale and thus ethical production and use of resources, also linked to feminist perspectives on labour. I performed this work while doing a one-month artist residency in northern Iceland. The natural dyes were used to dye yarns that I then used to weave into a cloth, using my own Nordic genomic data as a code that became pattern: A, T, C, G genes became krækiber, lúpinú, blóð and/or urine-fermented lichen (gods' scabs) and shaggy mane. These became dyed yarn passes on the loom. This was my way of working my ancestral geography into my biogeographical data material (the woven cloth). Urine fermentation of lichen is an indigenous practice in many northern parts of the world.







Process Protocols — with Indigenous Nordic and Canadian invasive species

gather 2 c. krækiber  
 season: réttir, and ber are dead ripe  
 mash together in pot w/ 1 c. sykur  
 fill pot w/ vatn, add ull garn + simmer on low 2 hrs

cut 1 bucket lúpínu  
 lúpínu is a Canadian invasive species  
 simmer stilkar + lauf in pot full of vatn 2 hrs until vatn is gold  
 dip in mordanted garn, leave o/n to cool

never eat shaggy manes and then drink áfengi  
 colour on ull will be ljósgrár  
 knitted swatch will show subtle variegation  
 an old horseshoe in the pot will work as mordant

briney vatn evens the dye process by slowing uptake  
 dry ull can be wound on Lopi bones as bobbins  
 ask for Ægir's blessing  
 Lopi will go to the sea to eat þara  
 haust ull is the best ull  
 dirty ull takes dye better b/c of ammonia in the old reiðan

“scabs of the gods” must be fermented to release colour  
 pick the slow-growing scabs from a wide area in order to not overpick  
 there will be others after you  
 also collect reiðan in jars while collecting gods' scabs  
 reiðan aging process will take a number of weeks  
 crush gods' scabs and add to reiðan

rettir is slátrun time — collect blóð from státruhús  
 ull dipped in blóð must be left o/n to dry and set the colour  
 do not heat the blóð  
 blóð will clean up best when worked with úti  
 rinsing garn in the sink afterwards is bad as it will smell like dauða  
 there are no villtur animals in Íslands to steal your blóðug garn left úti

the best place to rinse the blóðug garn is in the sjó  
 that's where the slátruhús rinses itself too  
 Ægir will take the blóð fórn  
 give + take, gefðu + taka  
 always keep one eye open for the Fjörulalli

bury your hjarta in the gufu + mud  
 for one month to make an impression.





# Idiotectonic Survey of Radicalectic Surfaces

## #1 Jump Swamp

But through the impasses and the triangles a schizophre-  
 ic flow moves, irresistibly; sperm, river, drainage,  
 inflamed genital mucus, or a stream of words that do not  
 let themselves be coded, a libido that is too fluid, too  
 viscous: a violence against syntax, a concerted destruc-  
 tion of the signifier, non-sense erected as a flow, poly-  
 vocity that returns to haunt all relations.  
 Deleuze and Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus  
 pg.133

So, in Siberia, in Alaska, there is grassland which  
 moves beneath the feet of surveyors "like on a water-  
 bed." The result of thawing permafrost, there is water  
 under the ground which is permeated with methane  
 from ancient microbes gorging on dead grass. A sur-  
 face bubbling with dangerous life like rotting focaccia.  
 Of course there is anxiety. There are craters in the  
 ground from popping methane bubbles. We are in the  
 anthropocene and we have hectares of bouncing  
 blisters. Climate change is putting the squeeze on us.

(an example of alternating dialectic images of



cow fur



frozen ground



frozen ground

cow fur



So what now? We have yielded these use-  
 less green fields and we have wanted  
 fewer places to live, "and I've next to a build-  
 a waterbed." "Well, I've lived catching fire nearly  
 ing that was almost always catching fire nearly  
 before that next to a train track every 20 minutes  
 high-fiving my bedroom every 20 minutes and  
 "All of my friends hate living in Toronto and  
 resent that we've been intentionally  
 first arm of gentrification." To live there are  
 implies risk anyways and the fields there are  
 green and the seeping gas makes dusk con-  
 tinuous with the aurora borealis. The ground  
 is too unstable for condos. So why not?

(an example of alternating dialectic images of



cow fur



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 tinuous with the aurora borealis. The ground  
 is too unstable for condos. So why not?

So we delve into unconsidered territory: not only geographically, ideologically as  
 well. Into the Jump Swamp. We spiral inwards around the expanse seeking the  
 next to terminal point of the bubble, (this terminus being where the ground breaks  
 place in a triangular grid (three directions being of utmost importance (a way  
 back, a way in, and a way out) of land marks (where we considered precarity,  
 where we dealt with toxic masculinity, where we saw some cows, where we had  
 to give up smoking). As we trace this map in privacy, we project an oral history as  
 we (our imagined companions) traverse the expanse together negotiating deliri-  
 ous (what with the lack of oxygen) pathways.



frozen ground



# Interior Hexagon Projected Eschatics

[53: Overgrowth]

Over there are some cows,  
Here is grass which grows out from the ground around ours with farting swells of joy,

[54: The Cows]

And the cows were coming here too all on their own  
there were brown cows blonde cows black cow bone coloured cows  
with stomachs six to each of them and the shit was zing-singing out of them  
there was a low *escape*  
and then there was a high  
and the strangers coming to take all of them, they were singing too.  
*didecties*

[49: Toe ]ant]

Wait... What was the event? Standing in that. What occurred  
to take them here. In the grass. Dips and swells to compliment  
a friend lying in the night next with their stomach reflecting

[50: Nausea] the moon saying, "I tried to bring my toes to my mouth  
but I couldn't even bring them to my belly."

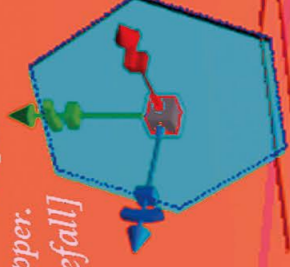
So every place here could be a place next to a penultimate place,  
a point which they would not say was not lost on them as  
at this point was the loss of all bearings. No. This was a wave  
that came coolly into their stomach as when they truly think of peace.  
[51: Deflation]

[52: Freefall]

Here, where the ground dips.  
Dips deeper. Deep dipper.

A little longer [52: Freefall]

[here]





# The Jump Swamp's Extreme Hexagonal Swamp

*Complex and intricate*

**18** NEW RESEARCH INDICATES THAT IF A HUMAN EATS SHELLS THAT IF A MEDIUM SEA SHELL FROM NEUTRALIZE 14-17 MED. THE CHALKLY COMPLETELY. EACH DAY. THE CHALKLY COMPLETELY. SHELLS WILL EVENTUALLY COMPLETELY THEIR STOMACH ACID COMPLETELY

**12** the strange anatomy of the Jump Swamp. Erratic circulation. Estranged pathways.

**24** SIGNS IN ANGLES CONSTELLATING EVERYWHERE THUS NOWHERE

**8** full of mosses and dew and little beings and old blood and huge beings. **16** and there's a helicopter.

**1** Viscous believing being the thing that keeps this whole thing happening.

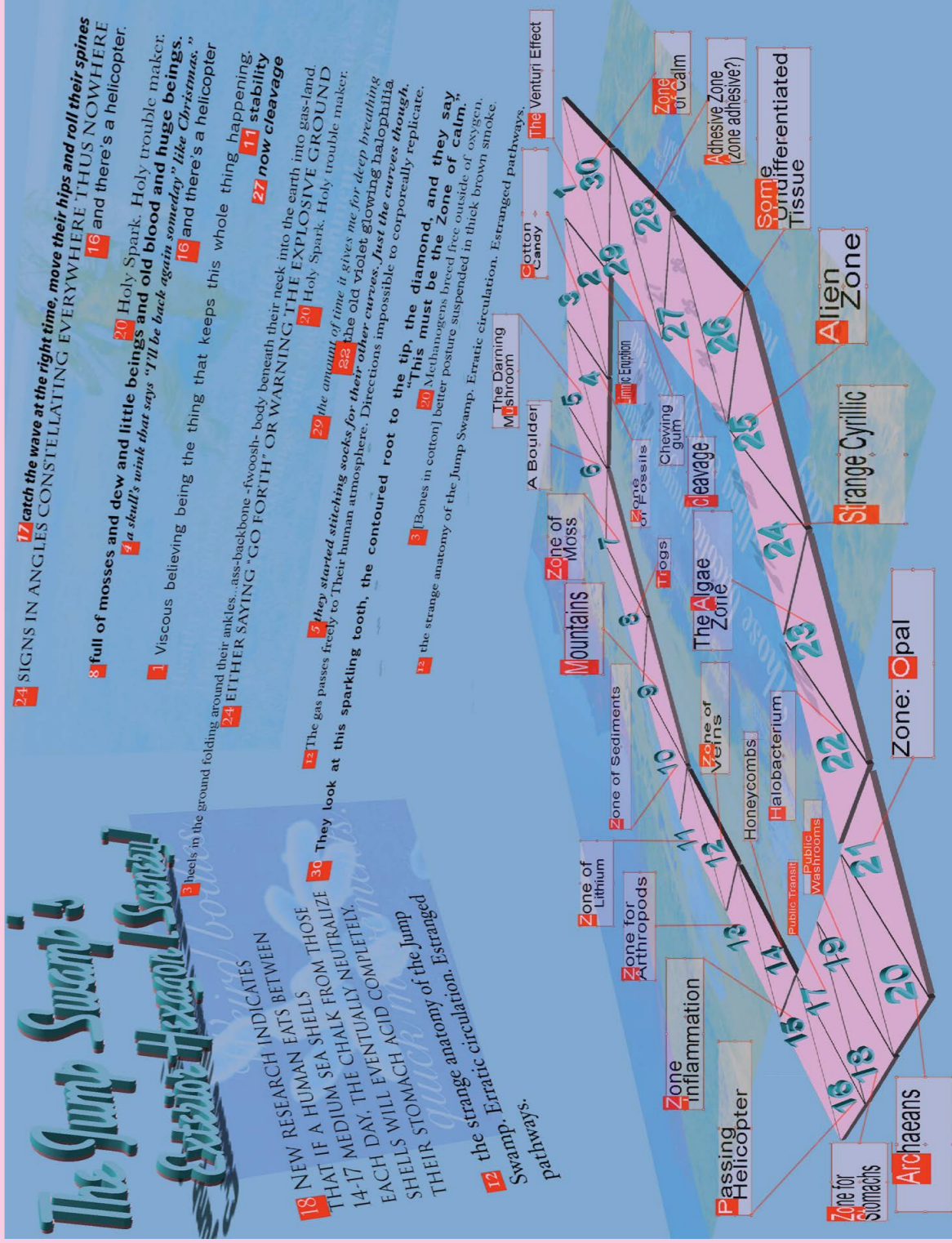
**24** EITHER SAYING "GO FORTH" OR WARNING. **27** now cleavage

**12** The gas passes freely to their human atmosphere. Directions impossible to corporeally replicate.

**29** the amount of time it gives me for deep breathing **633** the old violet glowing halophylla

**3** the strange anatomy of the Jump Swamp. Erratic circulation. Estranged pathways.

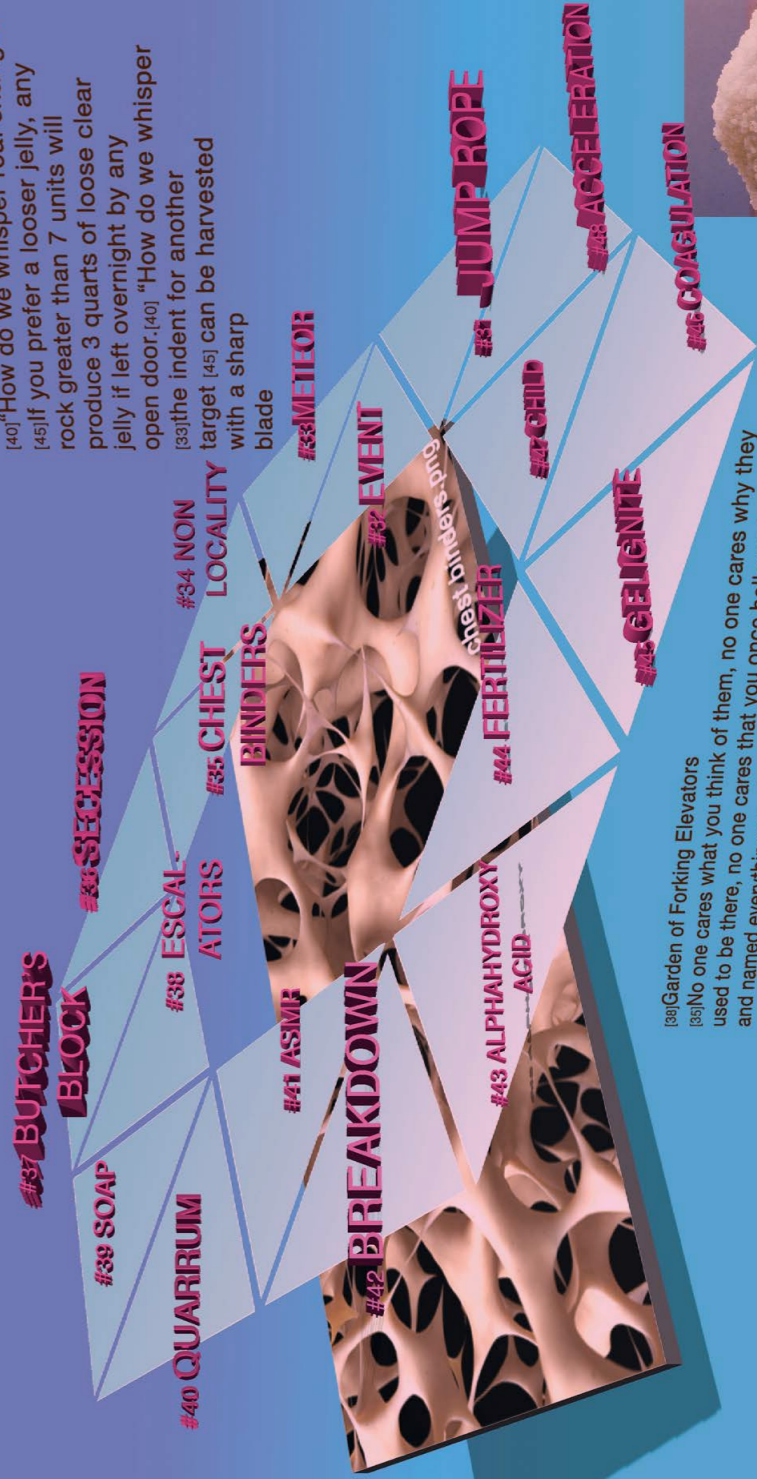
**26** Nichanogens breed free outside of oxygen. **24** Mechanisms breed free outside of oxygen.



# Zones of Palities

<sup>[39]</sup> At their last job they transferred liquid soap from a big bottle to a little bottle. In the air it extends, it thinks, rallies, shrinks, thinks again, expands

<sup>[47]</sup> Your youngest girl who will have small hands and know <sup>[40]</sup> "How do we whisper real change?" <sup>[45]</sup> If you prefer a looser jelly, any rock greater than 7 units will produce 3 quarts of loose clear jelly if left overnight by any open door. <sup>[40]</sup> "How do we whisper <sup>[33]</sup> the indent for another target <sup>[45]</sup> can be harvested with a sharp blade



<sup>[39]</sup> Garden of Forking Elevators  
<sup>[35]</sup> No one cares what you think of them, no one cares why they used to be there, no one cares that you once hollowed one out and named everything you found inside it  
<sup>[34]</sup> and here is where an actual breeze comes and they breathe a clear breath from nowhere in the night



gellignite.jpg

Jump Swamp  
*by Miles Forrester  
& Jen Macdonald*



# Inherently Inherited

*by Zayaan Khan*

I hang more strips of cloth on the line, stained strawberry pink, turmeric gold and all the shades of tea. I think of Layla when I hang them up or take them down, I think of back when all the washing was done by hand. I see the veins and scars that my hands burst with, and the way I noticed the veins on her hands. I skipped school a lot as a young child and would always go to her house: the house my father grew up in; the house my niece and nephew grow up in; the house we ended up growing up in after her passing.

I cover the jar with the cloth and find the elastic that burst, all brittle and useless. I place the jar on the shelf, aware of the moving mothers inside. Some dead yeast hanging off a live mother but somehow in the movement of my body to the movement of the jar and the movement of the liquid, this dead yeast burst to life, like the veil of the Almeh, dancing for me and me alone in those 4 seconds, a beckoning, a decisive moment to not pick the mother out and wash her.

Leave them all be.





I return to the drying jars in the sun. It is hot, a typical heavy and dry heat for this part of town. There used to be cows who lived here, before I was born, and the ground was not as hot as it is here under these jars. I sit and wait and watch while I warm, thinking about the development of these strange techniques that provide suitable environments and conditions for the life in these jars to perpetuate. I use the sun and the shade of my hand to differentiate any specks of kahm yeast, so similar in colour to the pineapple yellow against the beige brick. Learning to work with seaweed and cleaning seaweed is much the same with vinegar mothers, new mothers I mean, from when the elastic burst and a fruit fly must have crept in so that the mother forms amongst the sodden pineapple scraps. But who knows? I have fermented pineapple skins to make tepache, so much that it turns to sour beer and now I have filtered it to encourage vinegar. The mother that floats inside could go either way but I am trusting she remains with a hint of sweetness. I cover the jar and store the 8 litres on the shelf, next to the other jar with the mother and dancing dead yeast. There are clues in out-of-print books, in distant memories and in comparing plant cousins. Experimentation takes you so far: the experiences of being poisoned or of uncovering a deliciousness that may be the first time that phyto has touched a human tastebud. It takes a certain madness or curiosity or acceptance of your own demise to eat things that have no record of being eaten.

If I die by this it means I am living at full capacity, where I engage all my senses in my inquisitiveness. I believe I'll be reunited with Layla at that point too — so death cannot be all that bad. I take these clues and dream them. I try one recipe because I figure the tannins in that plant are similar by taste to the ones in this endemic plant.

Indigenous food where I am from is found nowhere else in the world, and the colonization of our land threatens our capacity to recover this relationship in food. The plants we use are rich in tannins: they are bitter; their flavour makes the tongue recoil in the mouth, like a snail into its shell. I must use existing recipes, figure out their basic equations and adapt them to suit local foods. I tick the methods off a list, quick lime, salt brine, packed salt, sugar, leaching, drying, roasting, boiling, alcohol, milk, whey, fat.

I ferment *Orbea variegata*, a member of the Apocynacea family, affectionately known as the Carrion Flower because its flower stinks of the freshest rotting meat, attracting flies to lay their eggs and pollinate in it. Its sap is clear and quickly becomes translucent black, a reminder of its bitterness. It is the kind of bitter that seeds resentment in your heart, building contempt and disdain — an eventually cancerous emotion. It is the kind of bitter that makes you think more than anything that this plant is poisonous and will kill you. Phytochemicals can sometimes creep undetected, silent and precious. I have fermented this twice before yet

this time the flavours come alive with asparagus and the softest fig, a rounded and lingering flavour. I think it pairs well with strong cheese. This flavour that used to be death pairs well with gorgonzola.

Fermenting has taught me so much about time, about death. Fermenting with salt is steady, slow and steady and time stands quite still, fermenting with sugar, like the tepache, is quick and unsettled. I know this Orbea is edible this way because I have been eating it and have seen no obvious difference to my constitution or health, also it is delicious, also I am still alive dreaming of new recipes and new deaths. I have no children but I often wonder what they would inherit from the choices I make. The things I choose to consume, allowing my DNA to meld with its DNA, and how that changes who I am. Inherently inherited. A new tradition based off of recipes from other traditions in other spaces and other times, sometimes wondering what conversations we would have if those recipe creators met my recipes. It may take a long time to create new traditions, to get recipes right enough that they may be duplicable or to enliven indigenous food outside of the exclusivity of high gastronomy restaurants. Knowing the right time of year to harvest and the right length of time to ferment. The flavours are often too subtle to surpass the rich starch of foods we've all come to know, but I will die trying to evoke this curiosity, in each jar and each shelf.

## Fermentation: Reflection *by Rubina Martini*

The piece was originally projected at Place PDX Gallery in Portland, where I gave a noise seminar on how the fermentation process should be a model that artists use to make reflexive art. In life things usually get to the end of their life and decompose, I was and am still fascinated how fermentation prevents this end by creating new life out of old life. In my work it is my past, my trauma and the choices I have made from a place of trauma that I ruminate on and then turn into art, much like a kombucha SCOBY would take sugars and process them to probiotics, etc. Hence fermenting myself in a 75 gallon tank. I still continue to ferment and continue to think about fermentation in my process.



# Analytical GAPS: cure-all diets and structural inequalities *by Jade Io Mars*

## I — DIET

You are suffering from chronic illness or disability(s).

The underfunded institutions and overworked staff of the health system have little to offer you, and you are reliant upon a benefits system that seems designed to exacerbate all illnesses, and that sees the death of its recipients as a fair trade-off for cost reductions. You have been told that there are lifestyle changes that you could try, to make things better. During your searches you come across the GAPS diet:

The GAPS (Gut and Psychology Syndrome) diet is a highly restrictive diet invented by Dr Natasha Campbell-McBride. By cutting out all carbohydrates and most dairy, Campbell-McBride claims that we can heal ourselves of myriad chronic illnesses and developmental disorders, which she believes are caused by a ‘leaky gut’: when toxin levels are high and beneficial bacteria levels are low in the intestines,

the wall of the gut becomes more permeable (allegedly causing IBS and Crohn’s disease) and allows toxins and undigested food molecules to enter the bloodstream. From here, these toxins move around the body and even enter the brain, where they can cause autism, depression, ADHD, schizophrenia — the list goes on<sup>i</sup>.

Intrigued, you briefly consider paying for Campbell-McBride’s book and her recommended probiotic supplements. You try to understand the logic of the diet, which includes instructions to feed raw egg yolks to infants. And yet:

To this day there have been no scientific studies into the GAPS diet that I can find, and there is no evidence to support its cure-all claims<sup>ii</sup>. Furthermore, research has yet to prove the existence of ‘leaky gut’ syndrome<sup>iii</sup> or the link between intestinal health and autism<sup>iv</sup>. It is largely agreed upon in the medical community that the predominant causes of autism are genetic<sup>v</sup>.

- i JoyMama. “When a Mom Says Something Works: The GFCF Diet”. *Thinking Person’s Guide to Autism*, 6 Jul. 2010, <http://www.thinkingautismguide.com/2010/07/when-mom-says-something-works-gfcf-diet.html>. Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.
- ii Hall, Harriet. “GAPS Diet”. *Science-Based Medicine*, 7 May 2013, <https://sciencebasedmedicine.org/gaps-diet/>. Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.
- iii Gray, James R. “Debunking the Myth of ‘Leaky Gut Syndrome.’” *GI Society: Canadian Society of Intestinal Research*, 2013. <http://www.badgut.org/information-centre/a-z-digestive-topics/leaky-gut-syndrome/>. Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.
- iv Willingham, Emily. “Autism and Gut Inflammation Research: Wakefield’s Taint Persists”. *Thinking Person’s Guide to Autism*, 23 Nov. 2012, <http://www.thinkingautismguide.com/2012/11/autism-gut-inflammation-research.html>. Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.
- v Mitchell, Kevin. “Autism: The Truth is (not) Out There”. *Wiring the Brain*, 19 Oct. 2014, <http://www.wiringthebrain.com/2014/10/autism-truth-is-not-out-there.html>. Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.



## II — QUESTIONS

The GAPS diet is just one symptom of a larger set of structures which organize how we currently conceptualize topics like food, health and care under neoliberalism. Thinking about this diet brings up a multitude of questions which bear deeper investigation: who profits from marketing such extreme diets? Who is excluded from participating in them? What is the impetus behind lumping together such different conditions, and suggesting that they are all caused by the same thing? What larger structures of inequality are ignored when we focus on individual food plans? Why are some people so invested in ‘curing’ neurodiversity, when there is no evidence that this is possible?

On a micro level, it seems clear that following a restrictive diet involves a greater deal of labour for those involved in the buying, cooking and monitoring of food — usually women. One must have easy access to large quantities of fresh vegetables and meat (preferably organic) and the time, energy and spoons to cook fresh meals from scratch multiple times a day. Many people are excluded from following such a diet, whether this is due to poverty, a lack of access to fresh food, a disability, and/or having limited amount of time to cook. At the same time, it is in the interests of people like Campbell-McBride and large food and supplement companies to encourage individuals to follow

these restrictive diets and then market costly books, DVDs, supplements and other treatments to enable them. The alternative diet and therapies industries are highly profitable: the gluten-free industry in the UK alone was worth £175 million pounds in 2014<sup>vi</sup>.

On a macro level, the trend of restrictive dieting is only one symptom of a more overarching trend in neoliberalism, whereby the larger structural inequalities which negatively affect our lives are purposefully obscured and the emphasis is shifted away from the responsibilities of collective bodies and toward the individual’s efforts: marketed as self-care, self-management and self-improvement. This manifests as, to give only a few examples: the placement of mental health professionals into UK job centres to encourage unemployed people to foster a ‘positive mental attitude’ and therapy their way into a job. Or the companies who offer stress management workshops and pizza Fridays, as opposed to offering materially better working conditions. It’s when cuts to mental health services mean that the only support you can get is six sessions of Cognitive Behavioural Therapy, and when despite working multiple jobs you’re still too broke to afford nourishing food and too exhausted to prepare it even if you could. Somehow all of this becomes the fault of the individual: your difficult life circumstances are a result of your own poor choices and lack of effort, rather

vi Tandoh, Ruby. “The Unhealthy Truth Behind ‘Wellness’ and ‘Clean Eating.’” *Vice*, 13 May 2016, [https://www.vice.com/en\\_us/article/ruby-tandoh-eat-clean-wellness](https://www.vice.com/en_us/article/ruby-tandoh-eat-clean-wellness). Accessed 19 Mar. 2017.

than the global concentration of wealth and resources in the hands of the wealthy elite — mostly straight, white, cisgendered, able-bodied men.

### III — ALTERNATIVES

What is to be done? We want an end to work, the state, capitalism, white supremacy, gender, homo- and transphobia, ableism, whorephobia, alienation, poverty, prisons, police, the military, and all other instances of structural violence and oppression.

Right now we could focus on:

- *fighting cuts and privatization measures in healthcare*
- *agitating for better, more stable, less dehumanizing working conditions*
- *acceptance and celebration of neurodiversity*
- *alternative models and approaches to mental health and disability which pay attention to the structural conditions which influence our lives and well-being*
- *a basic income for everyone*
- *community-focused methods for healing and care*
- *fighting global environmental destruction*
- *ensuring food access for all*
- *long-term and sustainable affordable housing for all*
- *reconfiguring how we care for one another — and who does this (unpaid) labour*
- *an end to fat-shaming and body-shaming*
- *critical analysis of concepts such as health, wellness, sanity, beauty, (dis)ability, neurotypicality through intersectional feminist lenses*
- *holistic research into chronic conditions that is not complicit in making more profits for the medical-industrial complex*

These are only a few pointers — come up with your own, work with each other, and see what possibilities you can create!

## We Are A Plot Device *by Regina de Miguel & Lucrecia Dalt*

We Are a Plot Device is a sound piece realized by Lucrecia Dalt and Regina de Miguel and commissioned by Reina Sofia Radio. It's a three-voice choral piece that departs from different references like that of Sylvia Plath's poem 'Three Women', or the mythological triple deity such as Hesperides, Parcae, Charites, Moirai, Horae and Gorgons.

This piece is built as a chant in the form of an oracle dialogued between the triad Lamella, Chimera and Gaiana; myths of the past and myths to be built. Lamella is an object that combines characteristics of animal, machine and desire; Chimera is the crystallization of utopia; Gaiana emanates from the theories of Gaia and endosymbiosis formulated by Lynn Margulis. In their dialogue, Lamella, Chimera and Gaiana produce a technology of fiction situated in the grey zone that separates life and nonlife.

*We are a plot device es una pieza coral a tres voces. Como el poema Tres mujeres de Sylvia Plath. Tres como las Hespérides, Parcas, Cártes, Moiras, Horas o Gorgonas.*

*Un canto que revisa mitos pasados y trata de fundar otros. A partir de la figura de la Lamella, objeto entre lo animal, lo maquínico y el deseo; la Quimera como la materialización de la utopía y las teorías de Gaia y Endosimbiosis seriada, formuladas por Lynn Margulis, los tres cantos se ensamblan a modo de oráculo descolonizador del pensamiento para tratar de reformular la idea de vida y por tanto, de sociedad superando las nociones de individualidad y de humanidad como elementos jerárquicos y reguladores.*







**You**  
**Super - organism**  
**You're so vulnerable**  
**And only recently**  
**You have discovered it**



**INDIVIDUALITY BY**  
**INCORPORATION**

PLOT

I'm not going to stay like this  
 To be analyzed  
 Or destroyed  
 Don't you know that I'm  
 Catastrophe?

A black wind,  
 A swarm  
 Of micro-particles  
 Self-replicating  
 Pure evil and animal clash

Superimposed to the blind  
 insistence  
 Of the machines  
 Pure surface  
 Of no density  
 Plastic

A shrill sound  
 Unfolded like a body  
 Monstrous  
 Distorted  
 Indivisible  
 Indestructible  
 Uncontainable  
 Immortal

Not existing  
 But insisting  
 Enfolding  
 Invading  
 Your fundamental gap

It took thousands of years  
 For an eukaryotic cell to be  
 created  
 But  
 To die  
 Only a few seconds  
 Are required

Because life is an aberrant  
 phenomena  
 And this anomalous surface  
 Pure planetary exuberance

We inhabit  
 The transmutation  
 Astronomical and local  
 Of the air, the water, the sun  
 We are walking communities  
 An agitated puntillist  
 landscape  
 Of brilliant beings  
 Minimal  
 Sensible  
 Resistant

We are an immanent body  
 A collection of forces  
 Fluids  
 Intensities  
 And passions  
 Solidified  
 In space  
 Consolidated  
 In time

I cannot be eliminated  
 I am life instinct  
 I'm LIBIDO  
 Bacteria, virus, clone  
 Reproduced  
 By replication  
 And eternal

The chip governing your process  
 Is scheduled to be destroyed  
 Apoptosis, says contemporary biology  
 Sexual reproduction involves  
 Automatically  
 Your death

While I (I)  
 Extend myself  
 Like a black veil  
 like The Nothing  
 In The Never-ending Story

You have lost your eternal life  
 To receive the symbols  
 Speech and language  
 Therefore you have built myths  
 This is why  
 You fear me

You do not know that life  
 Can be read  
 In one dimension  
 Beyond time  
 And its limits?

Neither under rationalist laws  
 Nor genetic data  
 Never again individual  
 As a stable force  
 Motionless

And becoming incarnate  
 Even if we loose parts  
 Over time  
 We keep being mixed  
 Within the general  
 Scene  
 Invisible

We've been through planetary crises  
 Long before major lifeforms  
 Were formed before you  
 This planet  
 Exists without us  
 Like a dark abyss  
 Unintelligible

You've denounced  
 Our previous  
 Existence  
 For some kind of  
 Relic  
 Remains of what we were  
 Parts of what you are

Black wind  
 Aura nera  
 Invisible but  
 Flowing through  
 Multitudes  
 (through) Damned bodies

Discreet storm  
 Everywhere  
 And nowhere

SERIALENDOSYMBIOSIS

Manifesting  
 As sub-visible force  
 In the formation of each life  
 There have never been seen so many metabolisms...  
 In animals or plants

Rejecting  
 Financial terms  
 Cost  
 Benefit  
 Expense  
 Disadvantage  
 And the simple  
 Mathematical  
 Signs:  
 + for symbiosis  
 - for parasitism

Incomplete arguments  
 And super-simplistic  
 Neo-darwinisms  
 Of the facts

Understand as you are and  
 You will only be  
 Individuality  
 By incorporation  
 Symbiogenesis  
 By intimacy

Please forget  
 That organisms  
 Evolved  
 Because of accumulation  
 Of fearful  
 Mutations

And remember that  
 The scientists  
 Generate information  
 To support  
 The philosophies  
 Of those  
 They defray

Because there are protists  
 So unclassifiable  
 Like Euglena  
 Plant for the botanics, animal for the Zoologists

And the problem is not her  
 Nor her green colour  
 Nor that it swims  
 But your system of kingdoms  
 Conjured in a hostile world

You  
 Super- organism  
 You're so vulnerable  
 And only recently  
 You have discovered it

I am the world without you

Not the world for you  
As you like to think  
Too impersonal  
And terrifying

Ninety percent  
Of your cells  
Are not human  
(Bacteria,  
Fungus,  
A vast bestiary  
Of organic beings)  
Inhabits you

And that happens also  
with thought  
That is what I am  
Grasp it!  
Because thought  
Is not human

It seems as if  
We have slowly and  
Mysteriously disappeared  
Like the Chesire Cat  
That with a mischievous smile  
Blurs  
The distinctions  
Between  
Animal  
Fungus  
Plant

And that everything begins more or less like this:  
In a remote sunset  
Three ancestors  
Separated  
They sought the quite special  
Secret order  
That with joy  
Conforms  
The radiant and green  
Cell  
Of algae

INDIVIDUALITY BY INCORPORATION

Not too far  
Those who loved sulphur  
And the steam of the volcanoes  
Allied themselves  
With agile swimmers  
And together they wriggle  
Between poisoned oxygen  
Mud and sand  
In the fissures of the rocks  
Pools and ponds  
Moisted, rich, dark

I dwell  
In the most obscure fissure

Deposit  
Mine  
Forest  
Tunnel  
Fog  
Mud  
Petroleum  
Clay  
Pus

Twisting  
Feeding  
Cloning

I undulate  
I twine  
Just at the edge  
Of a magical circle  
Because magic  
It's only  
Fought  
With magic

They became  
Core  
And base substance

PRIMORDIAL CHIMERIC MODEL

GAIA and no goddess  
Without individuals  
Or lineages  
Biota Empire

I love being hidden  
And as much as you want it  
You will never  
Discover  
Nor delve into  
The whole

Like a dark viscous shadow  
Ascending  
Amorphous  
Pale and fluorescent  
Blinking  
Burial mound  
I radiate  
A terrible  
Maleficent  
Intelligence

But it is not that we don't understand  
We know that  
Your kind  
Was invented without a microscope  
At the mercy of flooding  
Earthquakes  
Plague

But look at yourself well  
Chimera  
Because that's your true  
Identity  
Dwelled by multitudes  
Made out of fragments  
From the past  
Present  
And future

Pure imagination  
Never again  
Lions Head  
And serpents tail  
Never again hostage  
From here and now.  
You don't think you'd be safer  
If we were to talk electrons  
Instead of demons

This circle  
Is a well  
Vaporous and bottomless  
A black mirror

And in it I excel  
Like a dark monstrosity  
That trembles in harmony  
With the machine  
Interpreting us  
Like a sinister ether  
Orbit  
Of unknown perimeter

Alive even in death  
Protoplasm report  
Capable of adopting  
And reproduce  
All forms  
Bodies and processes  
Viscous clumps  
Increasingly dark  
And mimetic

EMPTY SET OF BIOLOGY

Abstract  
Shapeless

Faceless  
Of newly brightness  
And iridescent reflections

What would you have to tell me  
You?  
Morta  
Tenth  
Ninth  
Cloto  
Lachesis  
Urd  
Arethusa  
Erithia  
Hesperis

I have not yet returned  
From that walk  
And since the fissure  
Of Hanging Rock  
You will still invoke me

Like the fog  
That drowns the mountains  
Remember that  
My assemblage  
What binds me to the other  
As a warped code  
And a germ of a proverbial rite  
Has never been deciphered

# ferment me for sweet gut love

sourdough  
kamut bread



goats cheese quark



brine made pickle



sauerkraut



brine  
made  
black  
Olive

UNKNOWN  
wee bit useless

ANNOYED  
HUNGRY

O/FACTORY OVERLOADED

CONFUSED  
resilient sort of (maybe in dreams)

KID JUST LET DOOR WHACK  
they are MAKING GROSS CHIP EATING BELLYACHE NOISES

MY MOUTH TASTES LIKE OLD PLASTIC  
STUBBORN STOIC PROUD RIDICULOUS

Ferment Me For  
Sweet Gut Love  
*by Hazel Meyer*



# Guts *by Clementine Morrigan*

No one wants to talk about shit. Or, at least, I don't. I'm not the kind of person who can laugh about it. I don't find 'toilet humour' funny so I'd rather not talk about it at all. I am a private person when it comes to my bodily excretions. I experience a deep sense of shame whenever these private things are made public. Writing these words is making me squirm. I have a body sick with complex ptsd. Bathrooms were particular sites of trauma. Locks were a luxury not permitted in my childhood home.

Cortisol and other stress hormones wreak havoc on soft tissue. Guts are a metaphor for knowing. Guts are a place of processing. Guts are wrapped around themselves down in the belly of the body. I have a body sick with the shame of childhood sexual abuse. Incest. The trauma is embedded deep. It has shaped the way my body works. Gut level. I always knew this but I didn't always know that guts are literal, not just metaphorical. Guts exist at the level of language and they also have a materiality all their own. Guts are an ecosystem filled with beings which are not me, yet dwell within me.

Vomiting all the time does a number on a body. Shaking, sweating, collapsed in front of the toilet, dry heaving, head spinning. I am an alcoholic and during my years of active alcoholism I spent more days than not recovering from alcohol poisoning. I called it a hangover but hang overs shouldn't look the way mine looked. I got sober at 25 and started binge eating. Sweets. Carbs. Pastries. For the first time in years I wasn't starving or puking most of the time. For the first time in years I didn't have drugs or alcohol to fill the gaping void inside of me, so I ate.

Psoriasis. Autoimmune. Inflammatory. Rosacea. Inflammatory. Depression. Inflammatory. Chronic Fatigue. Brain fog. Migraines. Digestion problems. Sick and sluggish most of the time.

A random guy told me I have psoriasis because I eat too many bagels. He spelled out the connection between gluten and psoriasis. I stopped eating gluten. My psoriasis didn't clear so after six months I started eating it again. Immediately I felt the fatigue, the brain fog. I suffered the consequences as my body tried to digest it. My guts don't like it. I listen to people say nonceliac gluten intolerance isn't real. I stare longingly at pastries and wish it wasn't. Finally, a diagnosis. SIBO. Small Intestine Bacterial Overgrowth. My guts have been invaded by 'bad bacteria'. The balance of my internal ecosystem is all out of whack.

I pay attention to the ecosystem in my backyard. I plant flowers to attract bees. I try to encourage biodiversity. I try to encourage balance. I watch the changes that take place when I introduce beneficial plants. I place my hand over the curve of my belly, the gut level agony, the source of my shame.

I am in the process of healing. Mental, emotional, physical, and spiritual healing. I understand that my experience of child abuse, my inheritance of intergenerational trauma, and the addiction and mental health issues that come with it, manifest physically in my body. My body, as ecosystem, cannot thrive when I am puking my guts out, when I am swimming in cortisol, when, on a gut-level, I feel unsafe.

Oregano, berberine, garlic, oregon grape root, myrrh, goldenseal, and thyme, to kill off the 'bad bacteria' which has taken over my gut. Then a diet to discourage internal fermentation, supplements to encourage motility, and high doses of 'good bacteria.' But also: the hard work of grieving, telling the truth, breaking out of denial, creating and maintaining friendships, physical activity, finding my way back into my body, boxing classes, Irish language classes to reconnect with my ancestors, 12 step programs to address my addictions, a daily spiritual practice to keep me connected, connecting with community, learning how to show up for myself and others, going slowly, with patience and care.

The process of healing SIBO needs to be a trauma-informed process. One that includes good bacteria for my internal ecosystem and good relationships for my external ecosystem. It is process of restoring balance to the complex systems of my body, my life, communities, ecosystems, and world.



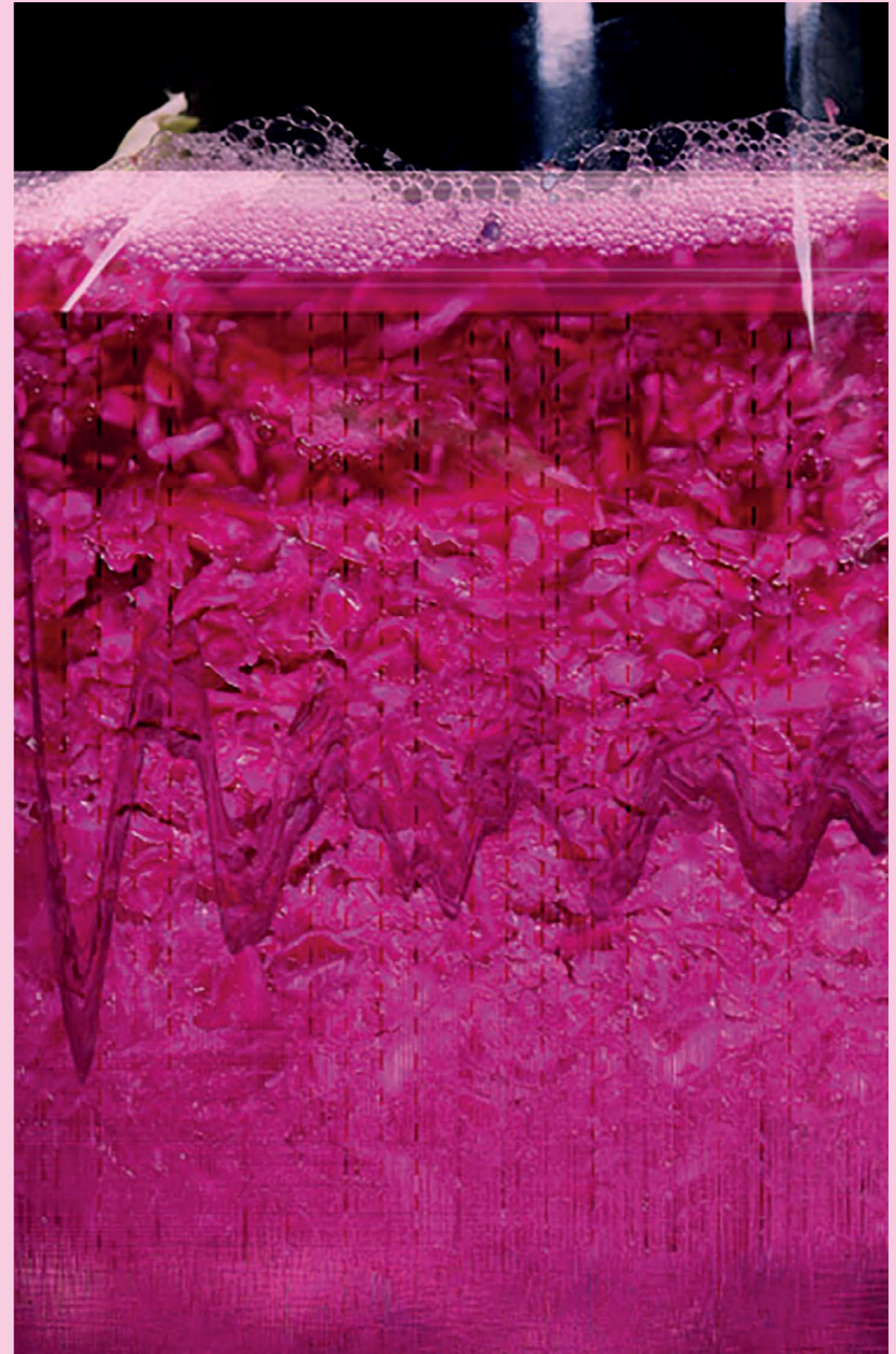
# microbial selfies

by *Leila Nadir*  
& *Cary Peppermint*

*(EcoArtTech)*

Exhibited as part of OS Fermentation, MICROBIAL SELFIES are digital images created with custom electronics and software that allow microbes to take their own 'selfies' and add image manipulation effects based on the shifting pH levels, oxygen, and color values of the fermentation process. Microbial Selfies is part of EcoArtTech's new series of social sculptures, titled EdibleEcologies, that work collaboratively with local communities (human, bacterial, and ecological) to resuscitate historic food practices and facilitate recovery from a cultural memory disorder that we call 'industrial amnesia'.

*make sauerkraut/ make kimchi/ make miso/ eat together/  
recover from industrial amnesia/ make mead/ make hard cider/  
make kombucha/ tell stories/ recover from industrial amnesia/  
make vinegar/ make tempeh/ make kefir/ collaborate with  
bacteria/ recover from industrial amnesia*





# When You Cast an Organ You Stifle a Cough

*by Hannah Regel*

I have decided to cast the stomach of cow. Exactly why, I couldn't tell you. Possibly because they stand in for women in all the worst ways: domesticated, highly rendered, flesh. To be called one is to be insulted. In their heavy stillness they are the great witnesses of history, playing in the non-time with their knowing eyes. I feel a deep degree of fidelity to this degraded animal-woman condemned to always watch. And so, I take a butchered part of one to the workshop: to better understand her, to probe at the edges of myself and it.

The reticulum of the cow, roughly the size of a small serving plate, presents itself clinking onto the worktop. It is not soft but frozen, so as to hold its shape, at least for awhile, whilst inside the plaster casing. As the plaster is smoothed onto the honeycombed chamber and begins to warm itself, the edges of the organ curl, coyly, like the end of a tongue or time-lapse footage of flowers in bloom.

When it is covered completely is when it is the hottest. The smell is unbearable. Like there is a dead thing inside, we say. Though that is precisely what it is: a dead thing, inside.

The only death bed I have ever sat by was that of my estranged uncle. He smoked so much that he became small and not like a person anymore. It just looked like the hospital bedsheets were bruised. Only when he coughed, wobbling the bruise, was his presence made evident.

At the funeral his daughter told me that she had thrown out his belongings because of the stains; everything had turned tobacco yellow, you would have thought the silver picture frames were gold. The yellowing became not his body, expanded, making the corporeal stage large enough to include these objects coloured golden by his stubborn breath, but a failure of composure. I think she was wrong to throw them away.

The book *Parasite* by Michel Serres opens with the story of a meal. It begins with a tax farmer: upon his rug is a city rat chewing leftover bits of ortolan. The city rat has invited a county rat to the feast upon the rug. The tax farmer is a parasite living off the fat of the land, the city rat, a parasite of him, the country rat, a parasite of the first. But there is a noise; someone in the next room clears their throat, the parasites are startled, everyone scatters, bodies move.

“The cough; the ultimate parasite, through its interruption, wins the game.”<sup>i</sup>

Meanwhile I sit; idly checking my phone, taking cigarette breaks, waiting for the stomach which sits upon the worktop contracting inside a shell. It is clunky, boulder-like, and frustrating: I cannot see what I know it is doing within the walls of its plaster casing. I do not know how long is left. I wait as it gently unhinges itself from its limits, so that I can pull it free. Waiting, it occurs to me that the object on the table looks so much like how time feels: meaty and invisible. Time is thick: it sits lumpen in everything.

Throughout Freud’s case studies on Hysteria a lot of effort is put into trying to get bodies to cohere to time, which is to say narrative. You could say that the talking cure constructs a language through which hysterical bodies can legibly move; hysteria being the disease that is the consequence of a jumbled narrative, “an incoherent autobiography”<sup>ii</sup>. The hysterics are the women that are never in step: they, like the cow, play in the non-time.

“There is no measure for the non-times in which things play that were never in time.”

Malina tells our unnamed narrator of the the book which is his namesake. The narrator of Malina is a thing that is never in time, by which I mean, she is always waiting:

i Serres, Michel. *Parasite*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 2007

ii Phelan, Peggy. *Mourning Sex: Performing Public Memories*. London: Routledge, 1997

“But I also realize how difficult it is to catch, how long one has to wait to be ripe for contamination. Because I hold my breath, stopping time, and call and smoke and wait.

Sixty cigarettes later, however, Ivan is back in Vienna.”<sup>iii</sup>

The book begins by the narrator setting the time as today. (*Time: Today...But I had to think long and hard about the Time, since ‘today’ is an impossible word for me, even though I hear it daily; you can’t escape it.*) The further passing of days throughout the book is measured in piled matter: cigarettes smoked, unopened post. Time as a still thing, amassed. Our narrator also spends a great portion of the book asleep.

She walks through nightmares never managing to attach herself to the right place or pacing, eventually retreating into the non-time in which she stays. A crack in the wall. *He’ll think I’ve left the room*, she notes as she goes, falling into her casing, which is also, always, an ending; into the wallpaper, or the wall, locked in the attic, burnt down with the house, a stain on a silver frame.

On second thought, perhaps it was not a cough that disturbed Serres’ rats but a floorboard, creaking. I misremembered. Though for the sake of cohesion, let’s maintain that the cop in the story was a larynx, not the house. It could have been. They move; the walls, the walls that are the edges of us.

iii Bachmann, Ingeborg. *Malina*. Berlin: Suhrkamp Verlag. 2004

In another scene, Anna O. is sitting at the deathbed of her father. He is dying. Anna O. is not. Anna O. feels badly about this. Outside there is music playing, without meaning to, her foot starts to tap. She feels even worse about this. She must keep her body rigid enough to adhere to the gravity of the situation. She can feel a cough coming, she gulps it back, more rigid still. Anna O. really, really wants to join the dance.

She does not join the dance. Instead, she becomes very still. In stifling her cough Anna O. was trying to emulate the stillness of the dying. She was trying to be become a stage onto which her father's dying could transfer; to become host to the parasite of death that he bears.

“If the stillness could have another body on which to alight, if the stage could be larger, perhaps the stillness would not have to engulf her father's body so completely that he would expire.”<sup>iv</sup>

Through her attempts to stay intact at the expense of interruptions, Anna O.'s timing is thrown out of step. Now, after the fact, whenever she hears dance music, she cannot stop coughing.

iv Phelan, Peggy. *Mourning Sex: Performing Public Memories*. London: Routledge, 1997





Living Things  
(Eva Zeisel vessel,  
kombucha, squiggle  
pattern) *by Sarah Nasby*

# Women that ferment together stay together

by *Nicci Peet*

Every year on International Women's Day, brewsters around the world come together and brew together. Organized by the Pink Boots Society, breweries across the globe brew a beer based on a shared recipe. Each brewster puts their own twist on the beer, adding fruit, spice, hops — whatever they want!

International Women's Collaboration Brew Day has been happening every March 8th since 2013, and it continues to get bigger and bigger every year. Feminism may be constantly changing, but if it can get over 100 breweries to connect and ferment together then it still has a place in empowering and uniting all women.





# Electrolyse

by *The Unstitute*

This video features a wild yeast that's been captured and cultivated in London and has been kept nourished and growing for 15 years, producing delicious sourdough breads. The catalyst for the video was a dream I had about my former art teacher who was drinking yeast from a jar — a surreal image which was vivid and portentous. In the dream, the teacher and the pupil, both women, were discussing the challenge of expressing intellectual ideas and concepts which were perceived to be a masculine domain, by experimenting with their representation in a purely 'feminine form', i.e. attempting to imbue them with personal symbolism and feminine signification. The clips have been edited together to symbolically relate to the process of fermentation by the way of colour selection, texture, and form, as well as in their reference to digestive processes and the presence of bacteria inside and outside of the body. Here we think of the bacteria that is literally present in the air, spontaneously 'caught' to then grow and develop in the yeast, giving sourdough bread its unique flavour.



Bubbling Bodies and Queer Microbes:  
Dispatches from the Foundation for Fermentation Fervor

The Foundation for Fermentation Fervor (FfFF) is the name for Sandor Katz's school of fermentation in middle Tennessee. We attended a magical three-week residency at the FfFF in 2014. Two years later, our passion for the practice of food fermentation is indelibly linked to the social, cultural, scientific, and ontological changes taking place around the microbiome—the collective genome of trillions of microorganisms that live in and on the human body—and our shared, transformative experience at the FfFF. Playing with microbes in the woods offered us a way of unravelling the entanglements of feminist thought and embodiment with theoretical and practice-based fermentation. The connection of food, fermentation, people, and microbes makes room for rethinking the composition of our individual bodies and social fabric alike. Looking to the microbiome, symbiosis, and symbiogenesis presents us with an opportunity to incorporate the perspective of deep time into our lives and practices. By doing so, we see queer language, space, and bodies, and participate in a world of complexity that overturns the hierarchy of big/small.

FfFF is centered in a nexus of several queer rural intentional communities, and the spirit of the area is one where people travel as freely as microbes along the hidden trails connecting the communities. For us, as feminists/queer microbe nerds, the location was one where microbial interaction met glitter and overalls, feather boas and work boots, and where genders could manifest in myriad ways beyond normative expectations. Within this space of queer community, the practice of wild fermentation is indelibly linked with radical expression and queer empowerment. Wild fermentation is an act that can be reproduced, but resists codification. Microbes don't express gender per se, but they can sure play dress up. The boundaries enacted to separate gender expression into distinct types cannot hold in this space. They spill out of containment and into liquid, bubbling forms in playful bodies. The boundaries of human and microbial embodiment became eroded by purple cabbage stains on our hands, tongues buzzing with effervescent liquids, and crevices teeming with the dank living smells of microbiota we learned to identify in the thick, wet, Tennessee August. We embraced a tactile connection to the creative activities of microbes by caring for miso, sourdough, piment, sauerkraut, milk kefir, and many other living foods. The range of ferments and diverse cultural histories therein provided context and a sense of temporal alignment with the billions of years of symbiotic relationships that comprise life itself—inspiring scientific and mystical marvel.

Stephanie Maroney  
and  
S.E. Nash





Following both Sandy's direction and our intuitive whims, we chopped, scraped, chewed, and squeezed to set the conditions in vegetables, dairy, fruits, and grains for dynamic ecologies to take place and transform the contents of crock or jar into a raucous microbial feast. Over a few balmy days, the concoctions we assembled became flavorful new creatures, laced with the lingering smells of garlic and ginger, animated by the omnipresent gram-positives. Later, when deep, funky, roty, smells emerged, they twinged our nostrils and palettes, casting the emanating smell and our craving for it as somehow taboo. Saliva pooled in our tongues in anticipation of salty, sour, living flavors. What the microbes desire and what we desire blur as we stirred the crock of mead, tesguino, or kvass, and we asked ourselves: who is in control of the stirring?

The practices of sharing food, feeding each other, and nurturing our collaborative life forms in the fermentation residency offered new ways of being in the world that reject techno-fetishist, individualist, capitalist, and cis-hetero-patriarchal norms. We harvested summer crops, milked goats, built garden beds, composted organic waste, laid the foundation for a porch, dunked in cold swimming holes, and composed a microbial musical, all while our dozens of jarred experiments bubbled away with their individual care schedules and "just-right" fermentation times and temperatures. In wild fermentation our individual palettes are celebrated by the gradients of taste and texture achieved over time. Naming the salty, soft, crunchy, slimy, gooey, sharp, dense, spicy, piquant, effervescent, tangy, and otherworldly tastes and textures gives us (and our microbes) agency by finding creativity in our sustenance, our culture. Together, in a loose consortium of people, microbes, and food, we cared for each others' multi-species bodies with lively nourishment—and through practices that allow us to fully inhabit and repair ourselves and our gorgeously pluralistic world.



Soil, food,  
hand, vessel,  
mouth, gut, soil.  
Putrefaction, rot, and  
death well up in the  
strata around food  
fermentation, creating a  
dis-ease around the uncanni-  
ness of ingesting some  
fermented foods. These abject  
fringes of corporeal existence are  
apparitions in the orbit of fermenta-  
tion. Categories, binaries, and  
hierarchies of self/other,  
male/female, human/non-human,  
culture/nature, citizen/immigrant,  
war/peace, are further disentangled  
and intersectionally entangled by  
entry into worlds unseen with the  
naked eye. Between these binaries,  
promiscuous microbes transcend-  
and make a mockery of—our laws.  
Our signifiers are leaky in a microbial  
world. Microbes at war, microbes  
engaged in sex, microbes having fixed  
genders and gender-based tasks-  
these concepts are rooted in biocen-  
tric binaries. If we are to expand our  
world to include me, you, us, them,  
we, then our language will also  
adapt as we awaken to this  
astounding symbiosis.  
Microbes know that the indi-  
vidual self is a silly notion, that  
we are made up in  
context/community/  
communion, that the social  
rules we perform are  
waxy walls that melt  
and reshape when we  
apply pressure.

*Images: photo from FjFF with sourdough microscopy, S.E. Nash, "Artificial Cave" sculpture with mead, S.E. Nash, "Schizomyces Phase 1" with Jun tea*

Bubbling Bodies  
and Queer Microbes:  
Dispatches from  
the Foundation for  
Fermenting Fervor  
*by Stephanie Maroney  
& S.E. Nash*



# Ferment Foment

by *Julia Polyck-O'Neill*

Women's texts  
(after Hélène Cixous & Martha Rosler)

A happy fault, a blessed wound.

At the bottom of the bottom of my ignorances  
smooth and nothing [transpose]

I do not know what a dog is or what being a dog is  
god god

*in truth our dowry*  
*no thing*

[move to a new position]  
an alphabet, domestic semiotics:  
apron, bowl dish, egg beater, fork, grater, hamburger press, ice pick, juicer, knife,  
ladle, measuring implements, nutcracker, opener, pan, quart bottle, rolling pin, spoon,  
tenderizer,  
*you, vee, double you, ex, why, zee.*  
z, y, x, w, v, u, t, s, r, q, p, o, n, m, l, k, j, I, h, g, f, e, b, a

---

*We entered sobbleeding the mad eternity*

tools to create and tools to undo.  
[move to a new position]

*they ate him alive.*

Value/Mirror (after Luce Irigaray and Hélène Cixous)

*they ate him alive.*

Le corps d'une marchandise deviendrait donc pour une autre miroir de sa valeur. A condition d'un en plus de corps.

When do they come to pass, these available hours, when do they come to pass  
We don't believe in death. We never stop thinking about death.

the hours                    pass  
                  the hours                    pass  
                                  the hours                    pass  
  the hours                    pass  
  death death death  
death death death death death death death death death death death    the hours pass.

No one can live this moment. One can only die it.

Object (after Sara Ahmed and Audre Lorde)

the object might be                    here  
the object might be    now

*objects are sticky.*

this object  
                  that object  
                                  and this (that) other thing (object)  
become collective                    objects

interdependency among women is the way to freedom

put them together and deprive them of what they need because they want that because we  
(us, we) know objects and they want that and so we do because we know

deprived of what they need,  
                  they ferment and we didn't expect this (that) and  
now we have this other thing (object)  
                  this singular thing that's more  
a collective is more.

*objects are sticky.*

Say (after Audre Lorde's "The Master's Tools")

Black women's art.  
Black women's work.  
Black women's texts.

Conception (after Adrian Piper's "On Conceptual Art")

turned to language  
to explore objects.

objects that both refer to abstract ideas that situate those very objects  
and also draw attention to the matrices in which their embedded.

*maitresses.*

abstract atemporality  
and the indexical, self-referential present.

the indexical present has provided the major strategy.

*objects are sticky.*

## Vaghurt by *Alice Vandeleur-Boorer* & *Tereza Valentová*

*Somewhere in the middle of lust and nausea, yummy and yuck, of fresh and spoiled we found a warm and moist feminine treasure...*

Vaghurt was born out of a curiosity and adoration of the human birth canal, life giving milk and the human biome. The project is an ongoing investigation which welcomes all vaginal intimacies to exchange and grow.

In summer 2013, artists Alice Vandeleur-Boorer and Tereza Valentová began this project by making batches of wild vaginal ferments made with milk and their own vaginal juices. These creations were host to many unknown micro-organisms. They named this mysterious substance Vaghurt (Vagina Yoghurt).

“We examined the vaghurts once they had fermented for 24 hours and if they smelled edible we would taste them, if they smelled rotten we would not.”





With aim to refine the Vaghurt ferments for wider consumption, Alice and Tereza adopted a mixture of D.I.Y. and lab grade processes to culture and isolate *Lactobacillus* strains from their own vaginal floras which were then used to ferment cows or goats milk.

With support of Waag Wet Lab in Amsterdam, they adjusted the methodology for *Lactobacillus* strain isolation, commonly used in Food Quality control and designed a Vaghurt recipe and protocol.

Wetlab Biologigaragen and curator group FUGT hosted the pilot Vaghurt workshop in Copenhagen in July 2015.

Vaghurt is now presented as a workshop event which allows participants to share their own intimate floras and contribute to the project.

Under the 'Open Source' ethos, the protocol is available to anyone and can be found on the artist's website.





# Woman at Boiling Point

by Farida Yesmin

Farida's piece urges the onlooker to dare to gaze upon her. Yet she protects and shields her face from the viewer's gaze. Not to ensure anonymity, but to show that her face is the area that she is not willing to surrender to the flames. She wants to retain this part of herself and identity. Farida's body communicates her calm, accepting attitude towards her fate. She is in control and she is ready for the flames and heat. Here in the UK, Farida is at boiling point and under multiple pressures. The gas cylinder is ready to be ignited and the heat applied to her. But she can bear and endure it.



# Recipe: To Ferment a Feminist *by Robin Zabiegalski*

*I have found this recipe to be particularly effective.  
If followed diligently it should allow the fermenter to create  
a new generation of feminist young people as well as a generation  
of feminist children. Use this recipe wisely and widely.*

## Ingredients to create the starter:

A person of any age

A patriarchal system of society and government

An understanding of gender norms and gender roles that  
reflects the patriarchal system of society and government

A sprinkling of internalized misogyny

## Ingredients to feed the starter:

A significant life event<sup>i</sup>

A large quantity of feminist theory<sup>ii</sup>

i Any life event large enough to make the person question their fundamental beliefs will suffice. Examples include: Falling in or out of love, getting married, being married, a divorce, the birth of a child, seeking treatment for a mental illness, escaping an emotionally or physically abusive relationship, the election of a bigoted world leader, etc.

ii This may be added to the starter in the form of feminist books, articles, and podcasts.

## Directions:

### *Step One: Begin the starter*

To begin the starter, find a person of any age, mix in the patriarchal system of society and government, add an understanding of gender roles that reflects the patriarchal society, and sprinkle in a dash of internalized misogyny.

For best results, ensure that this person has properly internalized all their culture's teachings about how men and women should interact with each other and the world.

The person used for the starter need not be overtly sexist. In fact, the recipe works best with people who are merely complacent in their beliefs about gender norms and gender roles. The ideal person for the starter believes that they live in a world where women won all the rights they needed years ago, and that all the work has already been done.

They may have strong rationalizations about why women do not receive equal pay or have access to the same economic and professional advantages.

A male who makes casual rape jokes, jokes that a women's place is in the kitchen, and uses the example of that one female CEO they've heard of as proof that the glass ceiling is broken, but insists they aren't sexist, is perfect for this recipe.



A woman who feels out of place in the world, cannot articulate her worth, scorns women who succeed, and who judges her place in the world in relation to the males around her, is also perfect for the starter. Once the starter has been mixed, it must be fed. The process of feeding the starter is the most essential part of the recipe.

*Step Two: Feed the Starter*

First, feed the starter with the significant life event. Then, provide the starter with a warm, loving environment, and then let it sit for a period of time before adding the large quantities of feminist theory. This period of time varies for each starter. Do not add the feminist theory too early, as this will cause the starter to spoil.

Once the starter has started to bubble with negative emotion over the trauma of the life event, feed the starter the large quantities of feminist theory.

Leave *The Feminine Mystique* or *The Beauty Myth* where the starter will see them. Send the starter links to articles on websites like *Everyday Feminism* or *Bitch Media*. Casually bring up concepts like ‘internalized misogyny’ and ‘rape culture’ in conversation. Listen to podcasts like *Call Your Girlfriend* and *The Guilty Feminist* while the starter is present.

If the person used for the initial starter identifies as female, start instilling a deep sense of value and worthiness. Do this kindly and lovingly as she has very little love for herself. Be prepared for denial of the life event and rejection of the feminist theory. Continue to slowly add feminist theory.

If the person used for the original starter is a cisgendered male, gradually start breaking down his innate sense of superiority and exposing his privilege. Do this very carefully as the starter is likely to become defensive. If approached too directly he may spoil. Continue to slowly add in the feminist theory.

Once feminist theory has been introduced to the starter step back and allow the starter to develop on its own. If the feminist theory has been properly introduced to the starter, it will begin to transform.

*Step Three: Wait, Breathe, Wait Some More*

This step requires immense patience. If the starter is not allowed the proper time to develop, it will spoil and the process will need to be restarted. If the starter is left alone for too long without being fed additional feminist theory, the starter will deflate and the process may need to be restarted.

Check in on the starter periodically and determine if it needs to be fed additional feminist theory. If the starter is developing well on its own, let it be and wait, as the transformation will naturally occur.

#### *Step Four: Transformation*

If the starter has been well fed and given the proper amount of time to develop (different in each case), a new feminist will be born. The new feminist is likely to be filled with anger at the patriarchal systems that have oppressed them their entire lives. Nurture this anger so that it leads to activism, but be careful not to fuel the anger. This will leave the newly transformed feminist stuck in seething inaction.

Encourage the new feminist to continue their education and to pass their education on to others. Demonstrate to the new feminist how to confront micro-aggressions when they are encountered. Teach the new feminist to call in rather than call out.

## Adipose series *by Zoë Schneider*

The Adipose series is a meditation on fatness, exploring horizontal growth with grace and defiance. This series combines minimal materials — denim, expanding foam, satin-covered plinths, to speak to a variety of realities experienced as a fat woman.

In the introduction to *Bodies out of Bounds: Fatness and Transgression*, Kathleen LeBesco and Jana Evans Braziel state that “the fat or adipose tissue is regarded as a voracious parasite, an inessential and excisable mass, that suffocates and even consumes the ‘ideal’ or essential body.” This passage serves as a valuable locus from which to approach the Adipose series.

The vaguely body-like forms are overcome with mycelium-like growths, decidedly not parasitic. Instead, they represent nourishing growth.



Denim is a loaded material. From the 1950s onward, denim has been the uniform for the undeniably and impossibly cool. “Nothing comes between me and my Calvin’s” epitomizes the vast barrier between cultural capital and the fat woman. For us, something crushingly tangible comes between us and our Calvin’s: the shape and size of our bodies.

In the Adipose series, a fatty, puffy, sumptuous material balloons forth from rips in abstracted denim forms. Here the ‘body’ defies the parameters of the ideal form. It will not be contained. The foam-body is hyperbolic — but also not — as one contemplates a ‘muffin-top’ and the ridiculous ire that the ‘muffin-top’ receives. The sculptures rest upon sensuous satin plinths, a reference to the often problematic sexualization of fat bodies.

We are objectified by ‘chubby chasers’, or de-sexualized by the general public. We are seen as non-sexual entities or as hyper-sexual — displaying the lack of self-control that must have created the fat body, so desperate for attention and acceptance that we will fuck anyone. There is no place for self-determination in these tropes. There is affirmation of a subjective sexuality in these plinths.



# filthglycerin

*by Agustine Zegers*

filthglycerin is an exercise in questioning the roles, implications and (sometimes forceful) implementations of soap and antibacterial products in our everyday milieus.

filthglycerin is an exercise in undoing habits established as part of human-centric and Euro-American-centric ideological projects of the Capitalocene.

filthglycerin is a transitional object that can beckon us toward lively materialities and renewed microbial appreciations.

i.

“Although hand washing altered community composition, overall levels of bacterial diversity were unrelated to time since last hand washing. Either the bacterial communities rapidly reestablish after hand washing, or washing (as practiced by the students included in this study) does not remove the majority of the bacterial taxa found on the skin surface.”<sup>i</sup>

<sup>i</sup> Burke, Timothy. *Lifebuoy Men, Lux Women: Commodification, Consumption, and Cleanliness in Modern Zimbabwe*. Durham: Duke UP, 1996. Pg. 93.





ii.

“If we shun dirt, it is not because of craven fear, still less dread of holy terror. Nor do our ideas about disease account for the range of our behaviour in cleaning or avoiding dirt. Dirt offends against order. Eliminating it is not a negative movement, but a positive effort to organise the environment.”<sup>ii</sup>

iii.

“W.H. Lever believed, sometimes to the dismay of his subordinates, that the whole world was eagerly awaiting delivery of Sunlight Soap. He commented during his 1924 trip to the Congo that the existence of a market for soap among local African communities was ‘entirely due to the missionary efforts made twelve years ago on the Lusanda... when we took some blue mottled [soap] on board with us and tried the natives on it. Blue mottled is always the pioneer in starting the soap habit.’”<sup>iii</sup>

ii Douglas, Mary. *Purity and Danger; an Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo*. London: Routledge & Paul, 1966. Pg. 2.

iii Fierer, Noah, Hamady Micah, Lauber Christian L., and Knight Rob. “The Influence of Sex, Handedness, and Washing on the Diversity of Hand Surface Bacteria.” *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America* 105.46 (2008): pg. 17997.



# Biographies

[Lauren Fournier](#) / Curator and Editor

Lauren Fournier (b. 1989, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada) is an artist, writer, researcher, and curator whose research takes the form of publications, exhibitions, and collaborations. She is currently completing her PhD in contemporary feminist practices in Toronto. Her work has been exhibited and screened in galleries, alternative spaces, and artist-run centres across Canada, the United States, and Europe. Her writing has been published in KAPSULA, Canadian Art, Magenta, The Journal of Comparative Media Arts, and West Coast Line. Her auto-theoretical novel Feminist Father Worship will be published in early 2019.

laurenfournier.net

[Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology](#) / Publisher

Dea Antonsen and Ida Bencke are the founders of the Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology, a multidisciplinary platform for planetary becoming. Concerned with questions of global multispecies sufferings and environmental distress, they work with experimental exhibition formats and knowledge productions in the knotty entanglements between the human and the non-human, between the arts and the sciences, guided by posthuman and queer strategies — be they artistic, theoretical, scientific, or everything at once.

Dea Antonsen holds an MA in Arts and Communication from the University of Copenhagen. She is the co-founder of Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology, and works as a curator at ARKEN Museum for Modern Art in Denmark.

Ida Bencke holds an MA in Comparative Literature from the University of Copenhagen. She is the co-founder of Laboratory for Aesthetics & Ecology, and works as an editor and curator at the publishing house / project space Broken Dimanche Press in Berlin, Germany.

labae.org

[Agustine Zegers](#) / filthglycerin

Agustine Zegers is a Chilean bacterial community, writer and visual artist. Their work focuses on decolonizing the materialities of our post-apocalyptic world and queering environmentalism.

You can find their work [@agustinezegers](#)

[Alice Vandeleur-Boorer](#) / Vaghurt

Alice Vandeleur-Boorer was born and raised in a small coastal town, Devon, UK. She has spent most of her exploratory education and creative occupation working as a land artist and could be commonly found performing this role in woodlands, sand dunes, bogs and bushes and military live fire zones. Currently residing in Bristol alice has spent the last 5 years working on two main collaborative projects. With martial artist and domestic extremist Heath Bunting, alice has been conducting in depth escape and evasion reaserch along with teaching survival, Venom and Vittles workshops. The other is Vaghurt, with artist and Food science graduate Tereza Valentová.

alicevandeleur-boorer.co.uk

[Cary Peppermint](#) (Leila Cary) / microbial selfies

Cary Peppermint’s solo art performances were some of the first to examine the effect of online spaces on the ways we imagine the environment and have been exhibited by the Whitney Museum (New York), Moving Image Gallery (New York), Pace Digital Gallery (New York), M.I.T. Media Lab (Boston), International Symposium for Electronic Art (Chicago), Walker Art Center (Minneapolis), Center for Contemporary

Art (Scotland), European Media Art Festival (Osnabrück), Itaú Culturales (Sao Paulo), the Kitchen (New York). Described by Artforum as “twenty-first-century takes on Warhol’s Factory,” Peppermint’s early work has been chronicled in Alex Galloway’s Protocol (MIT Press, 2004), Jon Ippolito and Joline Blais’s At the Edge of Art (Thames&Hudson, 2006), and Mark Tribe and Reena Janna’s New Media Art (Taschen, 2006), among other critical texts. He is an Associate Professor in the department of Art and Art History at University of Rochester.

Leila Nadir and Cary Peppermint collaborate under the name Leila Cary. They previously collaborated as Eco Art Tech.

[Clementine Morrigan](#) / GUTS

Clementine Morrigan is a writer, artist, and witch. Their work explores trauma, madness, addiction, sobriety, gender, sexuality, magic, re-enchancement, environment, and more-than-human worlds.

clementinemorrigan.com

[Eirini Kartsaki](#) / Shitty Work

Eirini Kartsaki is a performance practitioner, writer and Teaching Fellow in Drama at Queen Mary University of London. Her writing and performance work is concerned with notions of desire, repetition and promiscuity. Her monograph Repetition in Performance: Returns and Invisible Forces is forthcoming with Palgrave Macmillan.

[Farida Yesmin](#) / Woman at Boiling Point

Farida Yesmin is a Bangladeshi-born artist, living in London for the past eleven years. From a painting-led practice, Farida has developed her drawing and performance art since moving to London. Farida’s work speaks of a life led across contrasting continents and cultures. Her work attempts to express in images, symbols, gesture and colour what she cannot articulate fully in language. English is not her mother tongue. Bangladesh can feel like an overly protective, restrictive mother who no longer embraces or understands her daughter.

[Hannah Regel](#) / When You Cast an Organ You Stifle a Cough

Hannah Regel is an artist and writer living and working in London, UK. She is currently completing her MFA in sculpture at the Slade, and her first collection of poetry is due to be published in 2017 by Eros Press. She co-edits the feminist journal SALT. Magazine.

hannahregel.com

[Hazel Meyer](#) / ferment me some sweet gut love

Hazel Meyer is an interdisciplinary artist who works with installation, performance, and textiles to investigate the relationships between sport, sexuality, feminism, and material culture. Her work aims to recover the queer aesthetics, politics, and bodies often effaced within histories of sports and recreation. Drawing on archival research, she designs immersive installations that bring various troublemakers — lesbians-feminists, gender outlaws, leather-dykes — into the performative spaces of athletics.

hazelmeyer.com

[Jade Io Mars](#) / Analytical GAPS: cure-all diets and structural inequalities

Jade Io Mars is a writer, witch, musician and workshop facilitator living on the south coast of the UK. They are white, autistic, femme, gender-queer and an anarcha-feminist. They write the perzine Scorpio Moon and play bass for Brighton’s only all-trans pop-punk covers band, Twink 182.

queerarcana.etsy.com

[Jen MacDonald](#) / Idiotectonic Survey of Radialectic Surfaces: #1 Jump Swamp

Jen MacDonald is a thinker, writer, and maker based in Toronto. They recently graduated from York University with a Master’s Degree in Art History, specializing in Contemporary Canadian. Jen has worked in geriatrics and community based organizations, and especially loves collaborating with residents in long term care. Jen’s work explores the tangles of queerness, community, and magic within the anthropocene. Their writing has been featured in Drain Magazine, and Kapsula Magazine.

[Jessica Bebenek](#) / Something That’s Dead

Jessica Bebenek is candidate in Concordia University’s English and Creative Writing MA where she studies poetry and expanded poetics, new confessional writing, intersectional feminism, and the culture and technologies of female subjectivity. Her new research extends into ecology and ethical consumption; she writes a monthly column, Talking Trash, on waste-free living at Floral Manifesto. She is currently at work on a poetry collection, No One Knows Us Here, and non-fiction collection, Writing for Men.

@notyrmuse / jessicabebenek.com

[Julia Polyck-O’Neill](#) / Ferment Foment

Julia Polyck-O’Neill is an artist, curator, critic, and writer. She is a doctoral candidate in Brock University’s Interdisciplinary Humanities program (Culture and Aesthetics), where she is completing a SSHRC-funded interdisciplinary and comparative critical study of contemporary conceptualist literature and art in Vancouver. A Research Associate with Brock’s Centre for Digital Humanities since 2014, she teaches in contemporary visual culture in the department of Visual Arts at the Marilyn I. Walker School. She also curates the award-winning Border Blur Reading Series in St Catharines. Her poetry has been published in Feminist Spaces, The Lamp, Ottawater, and The Avant Canada Anthology, and her chapbook, femme, was published in 2016 by above/ground press.

[Leila Nadir](#) (Leila Cary) / microbial selfies

Leila Nadir is an Afghan-American critic, scholar, artist, and creative writer, and lecturer in Sustainability and Environmental Humanities at the University of Rochester. She earned her PhD in English from Columbia University in 2009, where she studied environmental thought, critical theory, and contemporary literature, and was Andrew Mellon Foundation Post-Doctoral Fellow of Environmental Humanities at Wellesley College in 2010-2011. Her essays, reviews, and scholarship about natural, built, and digital environments appear regularly in academic journals, such as Leonardo, Antennae, Cather Studies, and Utopian Studies, and in popular print and online magazines, including American Scientist, North American Review, Hyperallergic, Furtherfield, Big Red and Shiny, and Rhizome.org. In 2011, the Society for Utopian Studies awarded her its Eugenio Battisti Award, and early in 2007 its Arthur O. Lewis Award, for her scholarship connecting the fields of environmental studies and utopian thought.

Leila Nadir and Cary Peppermint collaborate under the name Leila Cary. They previously collaborated as Eco Art Tech.

leilanadir.com

[Lucrecia Dalt](#) / We are a Plot Device

Lucrecia Dalt, born Maria Lucrecia Perez Lopez (b. 1980 in Pereira, Colombia) is a musician and composer that dove into music and sound production full-time after working as a civil engineer in Colombia — her pursuit of avant-garde sound brought her to Spain and then to Germany, where she currently resides. While highly technical, Dalt’s sound still

maintains a quantity of emotionality, merging accessible, melody with abstract structures. Her recent work develops around the ideas of repositioning fiction, geologic time, the ethics of repetition and the importance of sound dynamic.

lucreciadalt.tumblr.com

[Maya Hey](#) / Relating To, Working With, and Thinking Through Bodies

Maya Hey is an interdisciplinary researcher, foodmaker, and artist, combining her backgrounds in gastronomy, nutrition, and movement to investigate ways to engage the everyday eater. New to Montreal, Maya is a doctoral student in the Communications Department at Concordia University. Prior, she has conducted various research projects related to food: on a post-Fukushima food system, on Japanese ferments with the Nordic Food Lab, and on antioxidant scavenging power at the University of Notre Dame. She completed her master’s degree in Food Culture and Communication with an emphasis in media, meaning, and representation at the University of Gastronomic Sciences in Pollenzo, Italy.

[Miles Forrester](#) / Idiotectonic Survey of Radialectic Surfaces: #1 Jump Swamp

Miles Forrester is a conceptual artist and writer located in Toronto. He is a graduate of York University with a double major in Visual Art and Creative Writing. His practice combines performance, video, sound, text and installation. He has been published in The Passive Collective, Acta Victoriana, The Trinity Review, and put out the zine 11 Dialectical Octahedrons through Run-Through.

[Nicci Peet](#) / Women that ferment together, stay together

Nicci Peet is a freelance photographer based in Bristol, UK exploring feminism and equality in the drinks and food industries. Recent projects have included Caught On The Hop, a photo essay documenting womyn in the brewing industry in New Zealand and work for local womyn’s charities and events.

[Nicki Green](#) / Crock for Dinah and the River

Nicki Green is a transdisciplinary artist based in San Francisco whose work focuses on craft processes and explores topics of history preservation, ornamentation and queer, trans and Jewish community dynamics. Originally from New England, she received a BFA from the San Francisco Art Institute in 2009 and has exhibited her work nationally, notably at the Leslie Lohman Museum of Gay and Lesbian Art Annex in New York, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco and Smack Mellon in Brooklyn, New York. She has contributed to numerous publications including Bend Over Magazine (Berlin) and Maximum Rocknroll (San Francisco.) In 2015, she received a grant from the San Francisco Arts Commission to study the overlapping themes of Jewish mysticism and transgender bodies, and recently she was commissioned to produce a limited edition of neo-archival mugs commemorating the Gene Comton’s Cafeteria Riot for the San Francisco GLBT History Museum. She is a current MFA candidate in the department of Art Practice at the University of California, Berkeley, and is represented by 2nd Floor Projects in San Francisco.

[Regina de Miguel](#) / We are a Plot Device

Regina de Miguel (b. 1977 in Málaga, Spain and based in Berlin) works as an artist through critical and interdisciplinary agency in processes and convergences focused on producing hybrid objects and knowledge. Part of her production has dealt primarily with the strategies of the formation of desire, crisis in subjective meaning, and her visualization of the psychological landscape as a form of map making.

reginademiguel.net



[Robin Zabiegalski](#) / Recipe: To Ferment a Feminist

Robin Zabiegalski has been writing about feminism on her blog for over a year. She has had work published on xoJane, Blasting News, and has a work pending publication with The Tempest, where she is contributing as writer. Zabiegalski is concerned with feminism and creating new feminists out of women everywhere.

amiafeministtoo.wordpress.com

[Rubina Martini](#) / Fermentation: Reflection, single-channel video with sound

Rubina Marie Martini (b. 1986, United States) is a feminist artist, creative non-fiction writer of prose and poetry, homesteader, educator and traveler. She offers her personal narrative through text, fiber, print, movement, video and homesteading as well as curating and community development. Rubina's body of work discusses existing in the female body, the search for home and reprieve found through travel. Rubina is on the board of directors and farm manager for Portland based art and sustainability non-profit Water in the Desert. She is a founder of AS/IS (art social/intermedia studio), a collective dedicated to informing intersectional feminism through the arts and community. She continues to work with the Independent Publishing Resource Center, Wildcraft Studio School, and other community organizations dedicated to craft in the Portland area.

rubinamartini.com

[S.E. Nash](#) / Bubbling Bodies and Queer Microbes: Dispatches from the Foundation of Fermentation Fervor

S.E. Nash bases their art practice around the symbiotic relationship between humans and microbes by including fermented foods in sculptural installations. Nash received a Rocket Grant Award in 2017 and is a Charlotte Street Foundation Studio Resident. They received an MFA in Painting from Yale University in 2005.

S.E. Nash and Stephanie Maroney are fermentation experimentalists, feminists, and admirers of microbial life.

senash.com

[Sarah Nasby](#) / Living Things (Eva Zeisel vessel, kombucha, squiggle pattern)

Sarah Nasby is an artist working primarily in sculpture and drawing. She received an MFA from NSCAD University and a BA from the University of Guelph. Her work has been shown recently at the Gallery of the Icelandic Artists Association, Reykjavik, Iceland; DNA Artspace, London, Ontario; Mercer Union, Toronto, Ontario; Dunlop Art Gallery, Regina, Saskatchewan. She lives and works in Toronto. Nasby's project is produced with the support of the City of Toronto through the Toronto Arts Council.

sarahnasby.com

[Stephanie Maroney](#) / Bubbling Bodies and Queer Microbes: Dispatches from the Foundation of Fermentation Fervor

Stephanie Maroney is interested in ways of thinking and living that challenge healthist purity projects and open possibilities for collaborative flourishing. She is completing a Ph.D. in Cultural Studies with a designated emphasis in Feminist Theory and Research at the University of California, Davis.

S.E. Nash and Stephanie Maroney are fermentation experimentalists, feminists, and admirers of microbial life.

[Tereza Valentová](#) / Vaghurt

Tereza is a Czech born Artist and activist who, after studying Food Science when living in Prague, migrated to Bristol. There she was exposed to the work of several great artists and was compelled to begin her own 'feral' practice. Tereza installs uncommissioned playful interventions in public paces. On discovery they appear to be decorative, however at the route of their material construction they challenge current environmental waste issues. She is the director of a Bristol community arts festival "St Werburgh's Art Trail" and is a trained massage therapist and bike mechanic. Tereza met Alice in 2012 which is when they began working together.

terezavalentova.weebly.com

[The Unstitute](#) / Electrolyse

Marianna O'Reilly is an artist, curator and a founder of The Unstitute. The Unstitute is an internet anarchitexture; a series of makeshift architectural sites which follow the movements of its labourers. Each movement is part of a series of movements which proliferates into extensions and entrances, holes and dead-ends, annexes and chambers; sequential sectional additions. The series provides the desired movement — never singular, absolute, permanent, profound — always plural, temporary, mobile, superficial.

theunstitute.org

[WhiteFeather Hunter](#) / Pissed (blóm + blóð)

WhiteFeather is a Canadian artist/researcher, educator and writer based in Montreal. She has been professionally engaged in a craft-based bioart practice for over 15 years via material investigations of the functional, artistic and technological potential of bodily matter. Her current focus, spanning the last three years and encompassing four laboratory-based artist research residencies, is the creation of new vital biotextile specimens through hands-on tissue engineering. WhiteFeather is a multiple-award winner with an MFA in Fibres and Material Practices from Concordia University. She has shown and performed work in Canada, the US, Australia and Iceland, and has taught and given talks internationally.

[Zayaan Khan](#) / Inherently Inherited

Zayaan Khan is a young woman from Cape Town, South Africa. She sees food as a lens in which to understand knowledge as it is dense with culture, speaking volumes about our likes, where we are from, our politics, our history, our memory, our joy, our difficulty, our habitat and so many other things. She sees food from a socio-political through socio-cultural and environmental understanding. Through her work in indigenous food revival she believes knowledge to come from the land and sees the possibility to revive knowledge or create entirely new knowledges. She works with reviving tradition and revitalising culture through progressive interpretation that through research, experimentation and intuitive practice, she begins to weave solutions to finding food as a space for transformation.

[Zoë Schneider](#) / Adipose series

Sculptor, curator, and arts administrator Zoë Schneider transforms elements including mirrored plexiglass, two-part polyurethane foam, found debris, and textiles to produce works that expose the subtle implications of a material. Schneider's works explore various phenomenon and experience, invoking responses ranging from quiet contemplation to interactive engagement. Schneider is currently completing an MFA at the University of Saskatchewan.

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*laurenfournier.net*

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LABORATORY FOR **AESTHETICS**  
& **ECOLOGY**

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*Alice Vandeleur-Boorer*  
*Cary Peppermint*  
*Clementine Morrigan*  
*Eirini Kartsaki*  
*Farida Yesmin*  
*Hannah Regel*  
*Hazel Meyer*  
*Jade Io Mars*  
*Jen Macdonald*  
*Jessica Bebenek*  
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