



is for defamiliarization

**Fruchtfleisch**

(German, "pulp". Literally: fruit meat)

## Ingredients

one large grapefruit of chicken livers

one plum of red onion

one blackberry of garlic

one medium-sized apple of butter

one blueberry of thyme

salt

a mandarin

Clean the chicken livers. Remove all the white bits and blood.

Chop a red onion finely. Chop one clove of garlic. Fry until transparent (not dark) in butter, olive oil, or chicken fat. Remove from the pan.

In butter, fry the chicken liver until it is browned on the outside and still pink on the inside. Remove from the pan.

In butter,

In butter,

In butter,

In butter,

fry thyme leaves for 1 minute on medium heat. Remove from the pan and add to the liver, onion, and garlic, along with any fat that may still be in the pan.

Put everything in the food processor, add cold cubes of butter. Blend until creamy. Season with salt.

Peel mandarin. Extract fruit meat. Insert meat meat. Meat fruit.

And so, to return sensation to our limbs, in order to make us feel objects, to make a stone feel stony, *to make meat feel meaty, to make fruit feel fruity*, man has been given the tool of art. The purpose of art, then, is to lead us to a knowledge of a thing through the **organ** of sight instead of recognition. By "enstranging" objects and complicating form, the device of art makes perception long and "**laborious**". The perceptual process in art has a purpose all its own and ought to be extended to the fullest. Art is a means of experiencing the process of creativity. The artifact itself is quite unimportant.

(Viktor Shklovsky, "Art, As Device",  
**emphasis** and *additions* not his)

*Kunst ist schön, macht aber viel Arbeit.*

(Karl Valentin)

[Art is nice, but it creates a lot of work.

\*in the way keeping a pet does\*]

Art is a hassle. Art is supposed to be a hassle. Hassle me into thinking about what I'm seeing or not seeing. Hassle me, by making me think about

what's worse for the environment, chicken liver from Québec or mandarins from Mexico?

how much water do you need to raise a chicken?

to grow a mandarin?

who picks it?

who kills the chicken?

what is the healthier choice?

what is healthy anyway?

how many pesticides are in a mandarin peel?

how many in a chicken?

how is it that five to six vital organs of five to six animals cost less than a cup of coffee?

who decides what's gross? who decides what's pretty?

timeline transcript

8:35 am

friend's birthday invitation to sex party/rave in berlin

\*scroll\*

ad for open doors deconstruction pont Champlain

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post about participation in study about home cooking habits

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pictures of friend's artwork about fatness, with marbles

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post about friend's doctor's appointment

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friend's bike got stolen

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article about penguin colony collapsing

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friend advertising drumming workshop

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diet coke ad

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"value platonic intimacy" graphic art

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meme about all-white panels on inclusion/diversity

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event invite "ecological grief circle"

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mother's day sale ad by suitcase company

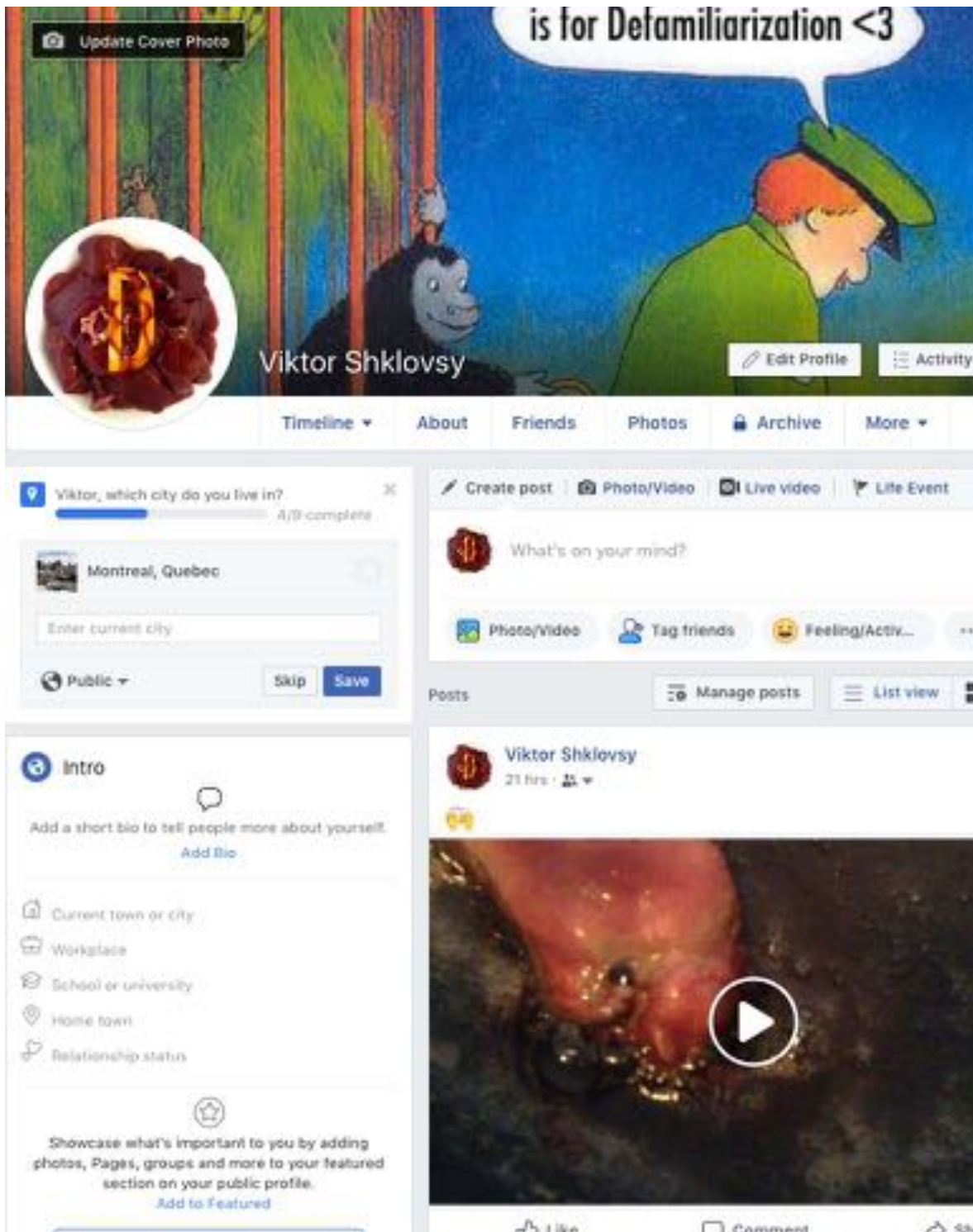
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[image may contain: animal, cage, guard, key, a plan, the promise of breaking free, writing in a white shape that we know to call a bubble and that is supposed to signal speech from the character it is associated with through a pointy extension, two symbols that put together resemble another symbol turned on its side, love]



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Viktor Shklovsky was thinking about life.

22 April at 17:56 · 🌐

And so, in order to return sensation to our limbs, in order to make us feel objects, to make a stone feel stony, man has been given the tool of art. The purpose of art, then, is to lead us to a knowledge of a thing through the organ of sight instead of recognition. By "enstranging" objects and complicating form, the device of art makes perception long and "laborious." The perceptual process in art has a purpose all its own and ought to be extended to the fullest. Art is a means of experiencing the process of creativity. The artifact itself is quite unimportant.

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is for

**-ing**





X-ING PATHS

X-ING SPECIES

X-ING CULTURES

X-ING BORDERS

X-ING GENERATIONS

X-ING THE BODY-MIND-DIVIDE

X-ING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

X-ING BETWEEN HUMAN AND NON-HUMAN



What we are suffering from is an absolute despot duality that says we are able to be only one or the other. It claims that human nature is limited and cannot evolve into something better. But I, like other queer people, am two in one body, both male and female. I am the embodiment of the *hieros gamos*: the coming together of opposite qualities within.

(Gloria Anzaldúa, "Borderlands – La Frontera 19)

\*

A story is impelled by the necessity to reveal: the aim of the story is revelation, which means that a story can have nothing – at least not deliberately – to hide. This also means that a story resolves nothing. The resolution of a story must occur in us, with what we make of the questions with which the story leaves us.

(James Baldwin, "The Devil Finds Work")

x-ing is uncertain

it's movement, change, evolution?

it's an experiment, the outcome unknown

a x-ing is all story

\*

At the confluence of two or more genetic streams, with chromosomes constantly "crossing over", this mixture of races, rather than resulting in an inferior being, provides hybrid progeny, a mutatable, more malleable species with a rich gene pool. From this racial, ideological, cultural and biological cross-pollination, an "alien" consciousness is presently in the making – a new mestiza consciousness, *una conciencia de mujer*. It is a consciousness of the Borderlands. (Anzaldúa 77)







Take a deep breath in, then let it fall out of your body. Let your weight fall through your limbs, through your feet, into the ground. Take your hands and place them softly on either side of your head, above your ears. Say: "body". Now put your hands over your heart and say: "mind".

\*

(...) That's a key part of the ongoing story of meaning-burdened homeland foods: that it has something intrinsically of the maker in it, and perhaps of his or her increased proximity to the nation that originated the dish. That it can't be repeated and is locked in a reality that is purely of the past. (Naben Ruthnum, "Curry" 26)

\*

When my grandmother left Moravia in 1945, not even the travel documents she was given could say where she belonged anymore. Instead of stating a nationality, they identified her as "Angehörige der ehemaligen k.u.k. Monarchie", a member of the former Austro-Hungarian empire. An empire that had ceased to exist in 1918, four years before my grandmother was even born. She officially belonged to a past she'd never seen.

She left behind the land, the animals, the buildings, almost all possessions. The town dispersed, into the unknown, people assigned to different places all over Germany, further from home than they'd ever been. *Südmahren* became only memory. My grandmother's recipes from home, of home, had to serve as documents and maps and as edible relics.

*Semmelknödel.*

*Süßkraut.*

*Schöberl.*

*Erdäpfelgulasch.*

*Ribislbacht.*

*Mohnstrudel.*





\*

We Pass it All Down  
Grandmother to child  
The egg that you were  
Made by her  
No Gods No Higher Power  
Only crooked lines  
Passing it all down

\*

Matrilineal descent characterized the Toltecs and perhaps early Aztec society. Women possessed property, and were curers as well as priestesses. (...) The supreme leader's vice-emperor occupied the position of "Snake Woman" or *Cihuacoatl*, a goddess. (...) In defiance of the Aztec rulers, the *macehuales* (the common people) continued to worship fertility, nourishment and agricultural female deities, those of crops and rain. (Anzaldúa 33)

**Chalchiuhtlicue**

**goddess of sweet water**

**Chicomecoatl**

**goddess of food**

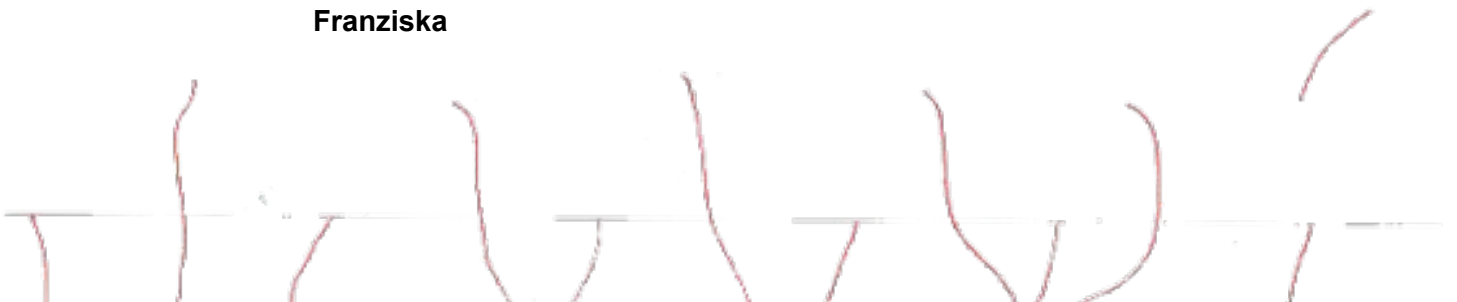
**Huixtocihuatl**

**goddess of salt**

**Theresia**

**Maria**

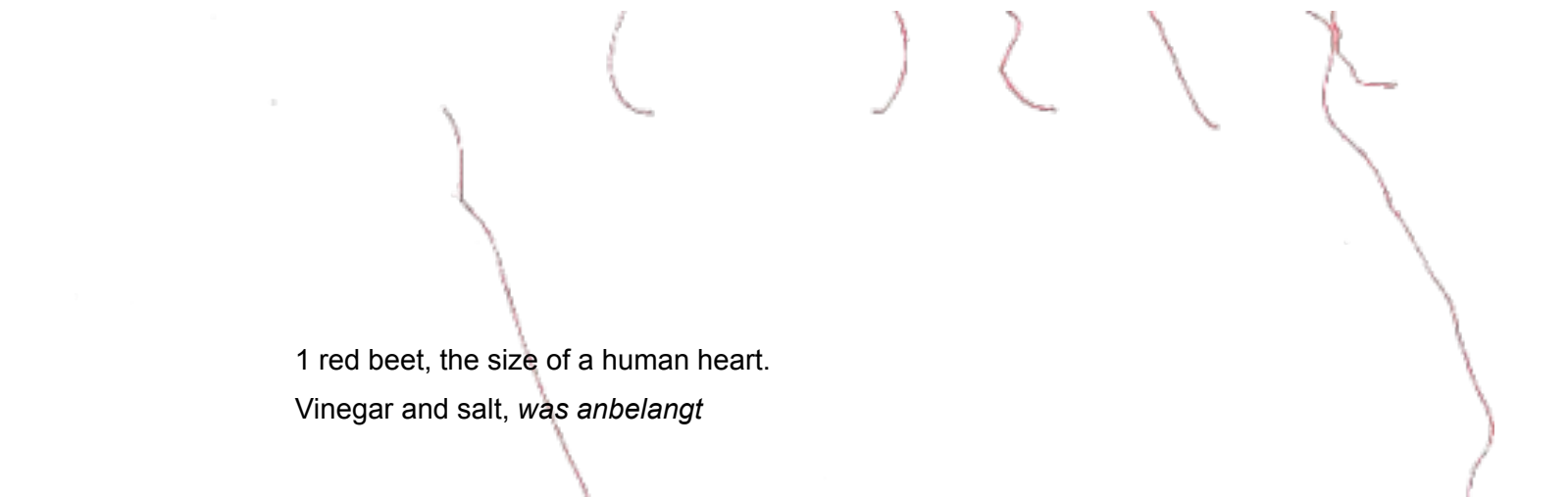
**Franziska**



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1 red beet, the size of a human heart.  
Vinegar and salt, *was anbelangt*

6 chicken legs  
500 dkg poppyseeds  
8 dkg icing sugar  
50 dkg flour  
1 packet of fresh yeast  
(or 2 of dried yeast)  
3 tablespoons of sugar  
15 dkg Butter  
1 egg  
2 cups of warm milk (pasteurized)

Say it with me, "was anbelangt". What is needed. Old words, strange-sounding, passed down verbatim. A spell: may it be just the right amount. And: I am aware of the power that this knowledge gives me. I, who say this, know how much is needed. If you don't know, you don't know. You clearly weren't there to learn, you didn't put in the work. Too bad. You don't know "was anbelangt".

*Cultural apprenticeship.*



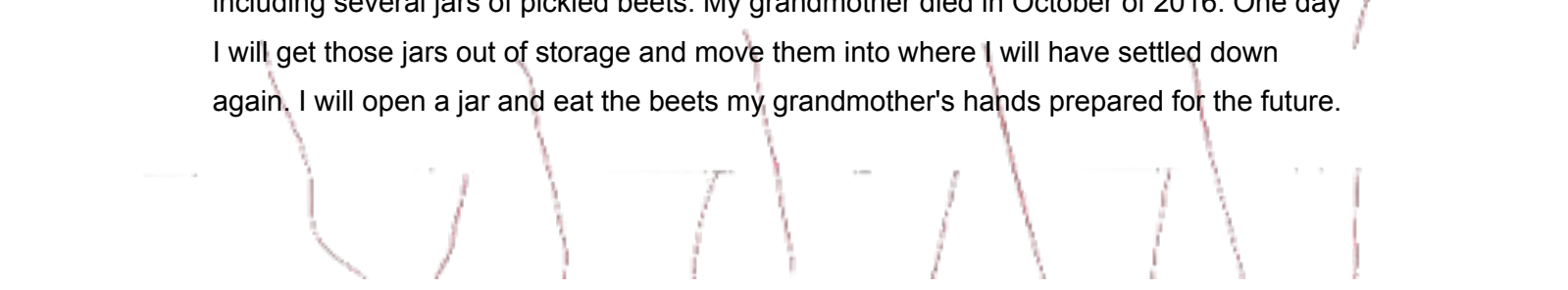


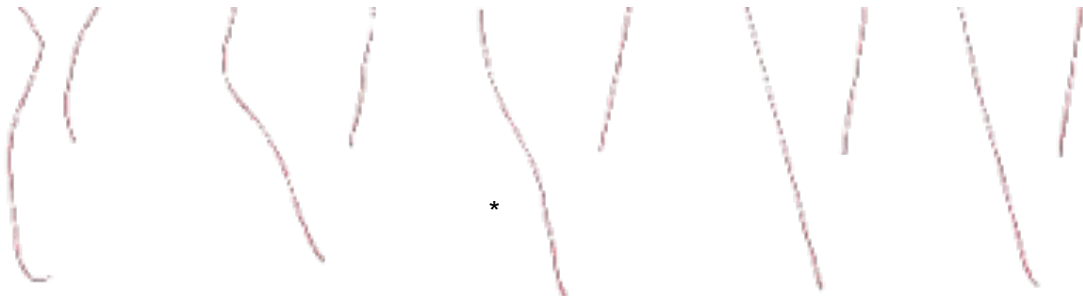
*Huitzilopochtli*, the God of War, guided them to the place where an eagle with a writhing serpent in its beak perched on a cactus. The eagle symbolizes the spirit (as the sun, the father); the serpent symbolizes the soul (as the earth, the mother). Together they symbolize the struggle between the spiritual / celestial / male and the underworld / earth / feminine. The symbolic sacrifice of the serpent to the "higher" masculine powers indicates that the patriarchal order had already vanquished the feminine and matriarchal order in pre-Columbian America. (Anzaldúa 5)

*Dig up this beating heart from the ground that it grew in.*

Wash and peel the beet. Save the greens to sauté tomorrow. Boil the peels with half a cup of water for three minutes, then take off the heat. When they've cooled, pour through a sieve and collect the liquid in a jar. Carve the beet into a heart. Then cut it into thin slices and boil them in a cup of water with vinegar and salt for 4 minutes. Fill into a sterilized jar and close. When the beets cool down, the jar will vacuum seal. Unopened, they're good for as long as they don't change colour, so probably around 20 years.

In my storage locker in Cologne, where my things have been sitting for almost exactly three years now, there is a crate of jars I got from my grandmother's canning cellar. She had a special little room in her basement with shelves lining the walls, where she stored only the things she had pickled and canned. When she went to live in a nursing home, I was the one to empty out her house. A lot of her things ended up in my storage locker, including several jars of pickled beets. My grandmother died in October of 2016. One day I will get those jars out of storage and move them into where I will have settled down again. I will open a jar and eat the beets my grandmother's hands prepared for the future.





Wash six whole chicken legs, thighs and drumsticks. Cut off the *Bürzel* and discard. Cut off the fatty tissue and fry at low heat until all of the fat has seeped out. Remove the solid parts and discard. Turn the heat up to medium and fry the chicken legs until they're lightly golden brown on all sides. Add about 3 cms of water, cover, and let simmer until completely cooked through. Check by cutting into the meat or pulling on the bones – if they come loose easily, the meat is done.

Grind the poppyseeds. If using a coffee grinder, do it in batches so the grinder doesn't overheat and burn the poppyseed oil.


Take the chicken parts out of the broth, let them cool, then remove bones, skin, and cartilage (can be thrown back in the broth to keep boiling and make a good broth). Use two forks to pull apart the chicken meat, or better yet, use your fingers.

## ***TEAR THE BIRD TO SHREDS DOWN WITH PATRIARCHY***

When the meat has cooled, use the beet juice to dye it red.

Bring 450 ml of water to a boil. Stir in half of the 80g of icing sugar (or 50g of regular sugar), grate 1/4 of a nutmeg. You can do more, but apparently they're hallucinogenic and it'll taste bad, too. Stir in the ground poppyseeds and bring to a boil again, then turn down the heat and keep stirring for another 2 mins. Be careful not to be hit by splatters. Add the rest of the sugar bit by bit and test in between. It should be both bitter and slightly sweet. Take off the stove and let cool down.





My great-grandmother is in her mid-twenties and has three small children. She's the third-oldest of ten children herself and a bit of a wild one. *Lebenslustig*, which means having a lust for life, but also literally life-funny. While milking the cow, she drinks some fresh milk, straight from the bucket, still warm. It's a treat. Later, when she gets sick, the family slaughters the cow.

Although I now know that it was probably only the lungs that were blackened, I still imagine it the way my grandmother would tell it: *Und als sie sie aufgemacht haben, war sie innen ganz schwarz*. They cut open the cow and it's all black inside.


Tuberculosis is a death sentence in rural Moravia in 1926. When my great-grandmother dies, my grandmother is four years old. Her sister and brother go to live with her father's family, my grandmother stays with her mother's mother and is raised by her.

\*

Roll up your sleeves for this. The dough puts up a fight.

In a small bowl, mix the yeast with some of the sugar and a bit of warm milk. This is the *Dampfl*. The yeast will dissolve in the milk and start digesting the sugar.

After a little while, mix the *Dampfl* into the flour. Mix the rest of the sugar and salt into the flour. Cut in the butter in small cubes, add the egg, and mix. Add two cups of warm (not hot) milk. Mix until it becomes too hard to mix, then knead. Fold and punch, fold and punch, fold and punch. Until the dough becomes a smooth ball. Cover the bowl and put the dough somewhere warm and cozy. Check on it to watch it grow, watch the yeast eat up the sugar and expand.









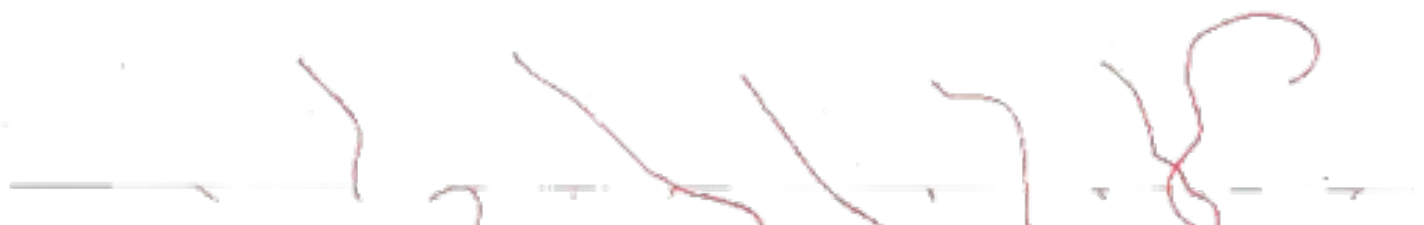
When the dough has grown to at least twice its original size, cover a large table with some flour and start spreading out the dough with a rolling pin. You will spread it until it is so thin that you can almost look through it. But don't tear it. Cover your hands and forearms in flour. Flip the dough over every few strokes, carefully placing it over your forearms when lifting it up. Make a fist while you do, so your fingers won't poke holes in the delicate sheet of dough. Sprinkle more flour on the dough and table if it starts to stick at any point.

When the dough is spread thinly enough, carefully fold it up, using more flour to keep it from sticking together, and move it aside. Spread the *Strudeltuch* out on the table. Sprinkle more flour over the *Strudeltuch*. Then spread the dough on the *Strudeltuch*. On the dough, spread out first the poppyseed paste, then the shredded chicken. Spread it almost to the edge, but not quite.

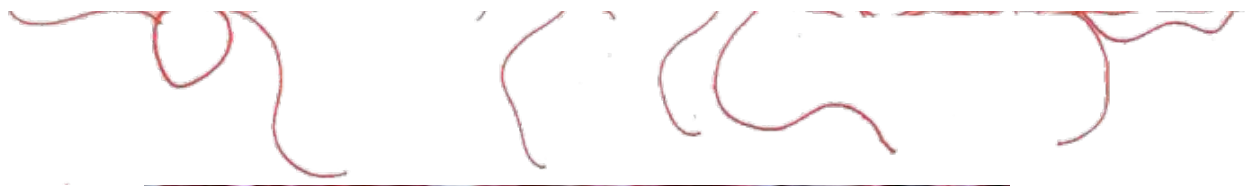
Lift up the *Strudeltuch* from the side closest to you and start rolling up the dough by lifting the *Strudeltuch* more and more. When it is completely rolled up, carefully lift up the snake and place it on a baking sheet that has been lined with greased baking paper. To lift it, you have to slide your entire forearms under it, supporting every bit, like a baby that can't hold the weight of its own head yet. Shape the snake into the curves of the river that is most important in your maternal grandmother's life story. Shape the tail and the head. Cover the snake with the *Strudeltuch* and let it rest and rise again for another half-hour. Then paint it, adorn it, adore it. Bake it at 175 degrees Celsius for an hour.

Eat it. Become snakebirdhuman.

(Maybe don't eat it if you have a drug test coming up, the poppyseed might mess with it.)











## References

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