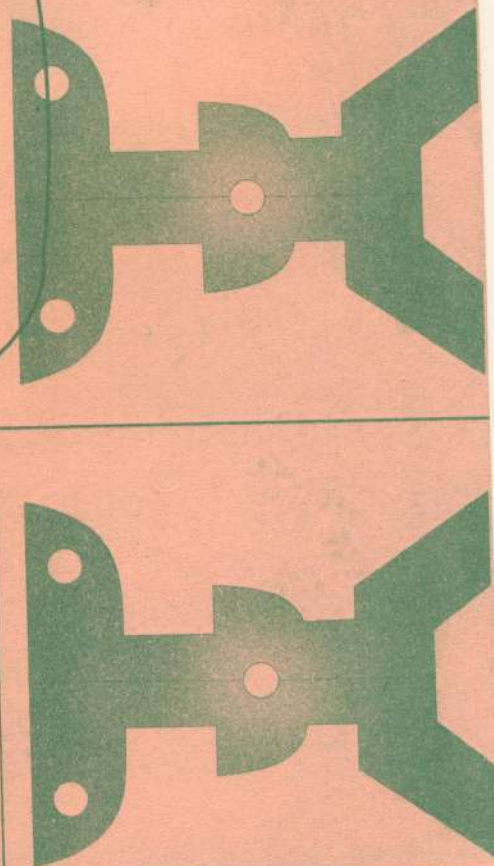


*Kamilė Krasauskaitė
Teodora Jeremić*

*lessons
from
the
(y)east*



Respiration; fermentation
purity is not an option
glucose breakdown
extra reactions made wine,
while in your muscles,
they made lactic desire
these fermentation pathways consist
of glycolysis with some extra reactions
tacked on at the end
how the pomace is reused
for next **time** we meet

Formulate your question now
whisper your intention
Why exactly you came here
Where do you feel me playing
Which part of the body
This **time**
I'm not listening, this is your part of story

Endless stair and a giant listening
You while dreaming to fulfil

You getting an answer
(pause)

You installing it
So once you lose it
You will find it in your secret place
Try to remember (by sensations)
This place

TJ: Lately, I start realizing that whatever we do, the collaboration is in the foundation of our lives.

KK: I like that you mentioned it. People started to live in the communities at the **time** when they understood the cycle of the grains and the thing that once you based in a place (not only surviving out of hunting and picking berries). So the idea of the community and collaboration goes together with bread 'revolution'.

time: using and losing time fermenting the stories

Have we lost (sourdough) or found (sourdough) our time depends on where our way of living is directed.

To dream. A bit of an underrated activity, isn't it? Unless you go to therapy, but that's a daylight activity, which often falls into the category of "waste of time" as well.

From an early age, I was in the care of two adults, one of whom always wanted to tell me about the new things he had done, was curious about grades I had got at school, the small financial successes, the recognition. I believe it's important to mention that through his perspective there was never enough time. I remember the fog of anxiety while waiting in the car of someone coming back after the supermarket, an enormous rush in the mornings when we had to leave for a trips. No time to eat, no time to sleep, no time for games.

The other would tell me the same things, only to see distracted eyes, to wonder if I was keeping a diary, to share techniques of dream scrambling (far from googling the meanings of symbols in there), songs I had written as a child. To stuff cut-out paper stars in my bed, wake me up in the night, "The stars went crazy tonight, you can't imagine it was like rain falling. Are you asleep?"

To this day, I do not understand when I am wasting time and when I am saving it.

I accumulate capital in the margins and in the images that emerge from the texts, like a gypsy woman travelling and getting lost, being asked to create something that will last. And what does it mean to "stay for a long time"? Apparently, it is possible to buy it. That is why I have always liked durable shoes and backpacks.

Ever closer to the mystery of creation
 Not using a recipe
 Gathering whatever at the **time** causes the skin to crawl
 The dew is collected from the tips of the hair,
 further germinated, dried
Place in a bowl and pour over the sea water
 Three tablespoons of déjà vu
 4 handfuls of licks behind your ear
 Count to 10 (I only managed 8 and only twice)
 Pour over saliva infusions
 So sticky
 Repetitive imagery builds up the inexperienced
 And the one who experiences suddenly is gone

We need a different kind of labour. Different **rhythms**, different tik-tok on the clock, reorganization of the minutes and hours. I can not constantly be this frightened by my own non-productivity. Sometimes I feel that wasting my life is taking forever. Measuring my time to others', running and being late and still coming before anyone else. Understanding everything when it's not yet the right moment, but already in the next one it all slipped away. I just took a little nap in the meantime. I woke up tired of changing my clock to follow their time, stuck in the middle between not yet and not any more. Sourdough knows its period of "rest". Autolyse. Self-digestion. Autolysing means that for some things to happen, you simply have to wait. It means understanding that it is not the product that matters but the process, and that every process takes time. It is in its nature. In its roots it reminds us of a journey, a continuation, I'm on my way. Some passages of time are simply impossible to speed up. When yeast and bacteria in the sourdough starter are starting to break down the gluten, they are naturally creating new environments, with new life and the new meanings to emerge. Evolution of newness is never rapid. I still don't know how to accept the slowness, how to sit and wait and let it be but it seems to me the act of waiting becomes a different kind of labor. The one that requires **patience** for every **transformation** to take place on their own time. I need more time to digest myself.

*Bifo was right
 "we do not need „more things“.
 We need more time".*

everything is everywhere; collectiveness

When I think about "togetherness", "conviviality", "coworking", I have the words of Irena Ristić, professor and art and media theorist, constantly echoing in my mind.

"It is not easy to work on something together nowadays, because nowadays, everything is against it."

Contemporary world is not imagined for collectives. Good that we are at least aware of the possibilities of REimagination and our part in it.

Talking about co-collaboration
Forgetting communion in own bodies
Another layer of dough became a skin
Will it be possible to take a shower at all after this shift
Preserved memories start to flow from the armpit
In that cold sweat and so suddenly
As if a hole had unlocked in the ... (breath in)
due to too much pressure
Don't tell me it's an upcoming morning



Here for example now
 (oh yes, just as you already
 reading it), writing, and I can hear
 the noise of people working behind the door.
 The keyboard is clicking merrily petal by
 petal the dreams of the night unfold (a
 giant-moon spinning the globe, a two-headed
 creature smoking a ciggy next to the bed and
 staring at me as I sleep)
 - I'm not sure this one was a dream. keep
 feeling guilty either about the creature by the
 bed (so that I don't remember it when I wake
 up), or about not being able to resist their
 ently kisses



space: *athanor*

If I remember correctly, the first **time** I had this experience was in the summer of 2016, in the Lithuanian forests, right next to the swamps that are so common here. A group of people I can call shamans started to build something along the Šventoji river, they were dragging stones and blankets. As they began to drag, there were questions in the air about who would be attending the evening ceremony. At that **time** I still had no idea what Temazcal was and why the desire to experience that evening was so mixed with the fear of going there.

Soon it got dark. I was standing in a queue with about twenty naked bodies, waiting for my turn to slip into the cave we had built. The ceremony usually begins with the firekeepers asking permission to the logs that will be burned to heat the rocks, which are heated outside the temazcal structure.

The man at the entrance gave me some tobacco juice to inhale. I went inside, curled up in my seat, and soon this small building was full of skin to skin bodies in the dark looking for the best position to put their feet, elbows, the soil was sticking to the shins and toes. The guide started singing a Lithuanian folk song. Apparently it's an old tradition of connecting to yourself and to Mother Earth through prayer that involves the basic elements of fire, water, earth, and air. The vibrations offered through chants, and songs. "Saulala motūla, užtek k užtek k". I still can't help wondering how so much folklore and myths are installed in my body. Element by element, they began to flow with the sweat. The whole ceremony lasts about 2-3 hours, those inside (especially those who are there for the first **time**) were asking to be let out because of the increasing intensity of the heat, the steam, the caverns, the dark,

"According to Claude Lévi-Strauss, mythology is a concrete logic: 'a system of concepts interwoven in images'. However, it is a very rigorous logic: the external landscape of images covers a complex mythic classification, a network of binary oppositions. This structure of mythic images has a symbolic character and can be defined in the context of communicative semiotics."

the nakedness, we were losing track of **time**. Nevertheless, the wizard strictly forbids them to do so and continues with the ceremony.

It seems that the only way to survive all this claustrophobically hot agony is to sing, to sing and **breathe**, to let one's own skin melt with the skin of another, with the sage, with the ants.

Finally the moment comes when the ceremony is completed, the gates are opened, and one by one, clockwise, we all emerge into the dark jungle, the forest. The bodies evaporate and mingle with the fog. I cannot help feeling that I have just been born, that I am **breathing** cool air, that I am diving into an icy river. I felt reborn.

This millennial sweatlodge takes place in clay "caves", usually built in a semi-circle to represent the womb. The smoke here is the transmutation of negativity and the result of the purification of the physical and energetic bodies. The small portal doors are "sacred gates" that lead from the physical space to the inner spiritual world. Elsewhere it is called the "Path of the Dead" which begins with birth and ends with death.

The Temazcal sweat lodge offers the opportunity to stop the flow of **time** and return to the **rhythmic**, primal source of life, and to feel yourself in the womb again. According to the shamans, during this ceremony one returns to the womb of Mother Earth and finds oneself half in the underworld half in this world. The ceremony is accompanied by folk songs thanking the different elements, and participants are strictly forbidden to leave the space until they have "passed all the circles". Darkness, increasing heat, nudity, the unknown and changing smells. Most often it causes anxiety and fear with nowhere to go but to stay in it until the blissful feeling of "safe".

It was one of the experiences that made me think a lot about the impact of claustrophobic spaces and the controversial desire to return there. Where it's hot, thick, stuffy, cramped (a state of unconsciousness) like an extremely hot summer night. Doesn't it remind you of anything?

The form to which we return (temazcal, the first bread oven, the

womb). What happens in these spaces and why alchemists were also obsessed with the idea of creating a furnace used to create physical, mystical, and moral **transformations** (Arhanor). Otto Rank, in his book "the Trauma of birth", describes this as a primal desire to return to the mother's womb. Even the sweat lodge ceremony I mentioned is often described as a return to the womb of Mother Earth. And 'near death' experiences often lead to a reborn state.¹⁵

In the Old Testament, wheat and bread are symbols of the fertility of the earth. The New Testament describes them as the fruit of the earth - God's gift to humanity. The symbolism of wheat links God's gifts to people's hearts (grace), especially in the parable of the good and bad seed (Mt 13, 24-33¹⁶). Bread becomes God's supreme gift to humanity - eternal life, the body of Christ in the Eucharist: "Take and eat of it, all of you, for it is my body" (Luke 22:19). Also from the Hebrew, Bethlehem means "house of bread".

לֶחֶם בֵּית
bread house

¹⁵ Mt 13:33 "To what shall I compare the kingdom of God? It is like leaven that a woman took and hid in three measures of flour, until it was all leavened."

But bread is not only about spirituality and the afterlife. In ancient times, the baking of bread was already linked to the giving of life and birth. The charging, baking and unloading of the oven paralleled copulation, pregnancy and childbirth.

The smell of sourdough bread is reminiscent of a woman's fluids, so the sticky, cyclical nature of the bread can metaphorically be seen as a life-sustaining substance.

Since Neolithic times, the symbolism of wheat (in Lithuania, more commonly - rye) has been hiding the great mystery of human life and death, being and non-being, and helping to communicate with the ancestral "ghosts". The sown grain is the first to die, thus giving way to a new sprout, and it was therefore believed that grain brings a message from the world of the dead.

One of the main features of the Neolithic was cultivation. This gave rise to a very different perception of the human world and a way of life from the hunter-gatherers who preceded them. Man now began to shape his own world and cultivated landscape, following the cycles of nature. The ability to accumulate food supplies gave them more time and opportunities for mental activity. The nomadic way of life of the past had acquired limits, the defined cultivated space and the deliberately explicit structure of the microcosm under review had shrunk.

Religious ties with the animal world have been replaced by a so-called mystical solidarity between humanity and vegetation. Women's influential role in agriculture, women's sanctity and femininity in general have become much more important than before. Women's fertility is linked to the earth and they become, in a way, even responsible for the abundance of the harvest, because they "knew the mystery of creation". At fertility festivals in Syracuse and Sicily, loaves of sesame bread were distributed to resemble the vagina.

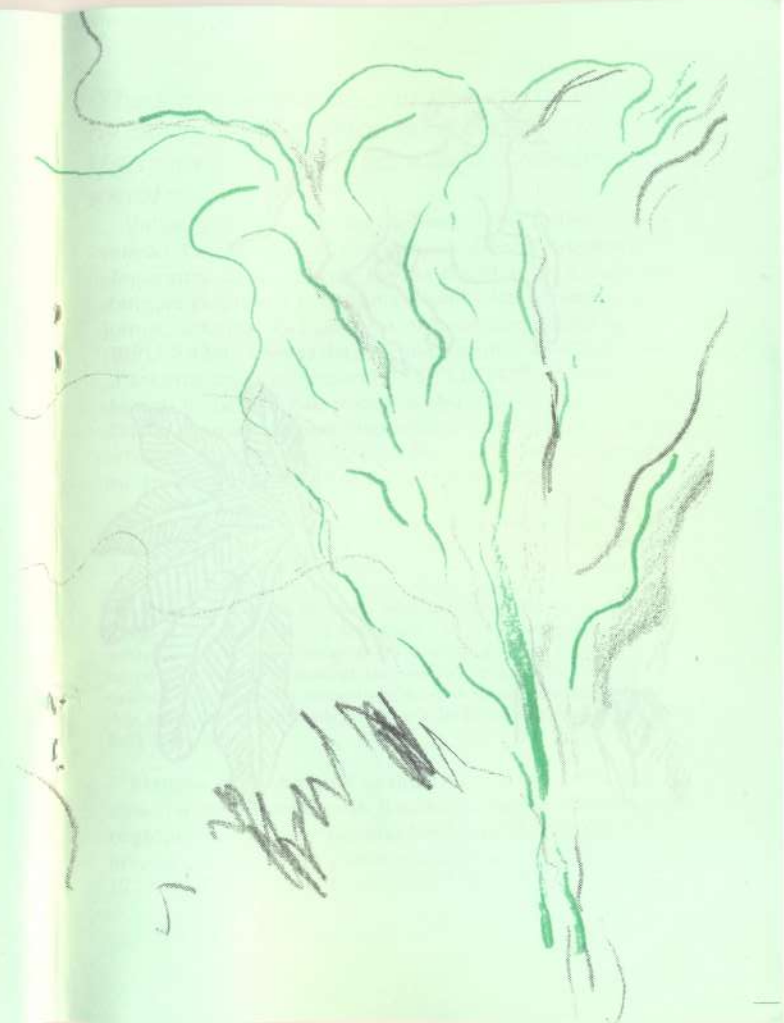
The sacred and divine ear of corn was linked to the symbolism of resurrection and renewal, and its spike helped link it to the symbolism of resurrection. The close connection between the festivals of the seasons, Jesus's death and rebirth, raised the possibility of an afterlife. Grains have been associated with divinity not only in the Catholic faith but in almost all cultures, for example in the ancient Egyptian religion (the story of Osiris), in the myths of the Greek goddess Demeter³ and the Roman goddess Ceres⁴.

³ is the goddess of the grain, agriculture, harvest, growth, and nourishment, who presided over grains and the fertility of the earth. Her cult titles include Sito, "she of the Grain", [I]ta the giver of food or grain, and Thesmophoros, thesmos: divine order, unwritten law; phoros: bringer, bearer). "Law-Bringer", as a mark of the civilized existence of agricultural society. Though Demeter is often described simply as the goddess of the harvest, she presided also over the sacred law, and the cycle of life and death.

⁴ in Roman religion, goddess of the growth of food plants, worshipped either alone or in association with the earth goddess Tellus.

LESSONS FROM THE YEAST

It's a sultry and hot summer night, and I'm working overtime again to take bread out of the oven or put it in. Yeast lives its own cycle and does not ask at all about the very significant, sensational or juicy events of my day, it just asks to be fed, to be saved. The sweet and sour air begins to seep into my skin, and I feel a kind of abdominal satisfaction. I am still waiting for it to be rescued from the oven. And my hands are already dipping into the bowl of the next cycle. don't drink too much warm water - you'll scald the life out of the starter, don't drink too much cold water - it will take ages for it to get up again. I am trying to remember whether it is just us here, because it is just us here, and others wouldn't understand. Let us both be. Secretly and gently, just the two of us. Please. Without a drop of publicity. Just the two of us.





*The sky, the goddess in the sky ruled
by acid fermentation and products
(fermented bread, cabbage, cheese,
wine):*

Valgių gaminimas yra ne tik žmonių, bet ir dievų užsiėmimas. Pasakos liudija, kad danguje Dievas raugina girą, slegia sūrį, dangaus sode noksta obuoliai ir t.t. Taip pat danguje auginama ir malama *duona* – kai griaudžia perkūnija, sakoma, kad „Dievas veža rudenį rugius namo“ (BIPLLT 478), „Dievas danguje mala miltus“ (BIPLLT 479a), „Perkūnas mala su girnėmis“ (BIPLLT 437). Panašų vaizdą regį ir du senukai, pupos stiebu užkopę į dangų (AT 804A): apsinakvoję pas Dievą, jie paguldomi obelių sode arba ant krosnies, kur stovi užminkyta *duona*. Nepaisydami draudimų, jie paragauja teslos ir obuolių:

Sugulę abu seniai un pečiaus ir guli. Senelis tuoj ašmiga, tik baba niekaip negali ašmigti: jai vis rupi paragauti, ar girdi Dieva duonas rūgštele. Pristigus kuntrybes nulipe baba nuo pečiaus ir paragava dieviškas duoneles. Kaip tik ana duonų prilietė, jėme tašla bėgti, jėme bėgti, e baba jų rečkan krest, bet nieka nepadare: visa tašla kuo gražiausiai išbėga iš rečkos žemen. [...] Ataja [kita – D. V.] naktis, ir senj su babu nusivede sadan. Senelis atsigulįs graitai ašmiga, tik vis da nemiega baba: jai labai narėtųs nusirašyt nars vienas Dieva abalys. Un galų gala nebeiškintė ir nusiraške vienų abalį. Kaip tik vienų nusiraške, kad pradėja abaliai krist, kad pradėja krist ir talai krita, kalai visi nenukrita. Bstfj 2, 253-254

Matome, kad danguje aptinkami rūgštūs produktai – obuoliai ir rauginta duona. Pasakos variantai siūlo ir kitus rūgščius patiekalus – *raugintus kopūstus* (LTR 1433/85), *sūrį* arba *smetoną* (rauginto pieno produktus, LTR 3799/57; LTR 1719/95; LMD III 99/9), *vyną* (LTR 324/4).

borders: come closer intimacy

What if you don't have to imagine being at someone else's place? You are already there. You are already less fortunate, less rich, less privileged, less famous, less cool, less happy than someone else is.

You are also more of all that than some other other.

We live in relations and the biggest disaster comes from our illusion that we are all just individuals doing things per se. Even bacteria are shaping their environment in ways that make it either more or less hospitable to other organisms. They feel the other. There is no "myself" only "ourselves", only relationality. If I am you, and you are me, how can we do "us" better? How can we make "us" satisfied? How are we going to tell the stories of living together when we are still walking the lines that keep us apart? While trying to find "otherness" in ourselves, we find empathy.

Just for once try feeling like (differently) marginalized person or even a non-human species. It can teach us something about functioning in new conditions. No thoughts or imagination. Let's try reasoning in feeling, switching the modes and thinking only in terms of radical compassion. In a network where we learn and share knowledge beyond **borders** and inexhaustibly.

Close your eyes.
Go to the opposite of everything you know, you have and you do.
Go to the extreme.
Stay there a bit.
Come back

"Many species sometimes live together without either harmony or conquest".

it's all fun and games and collaborative survival in precarious times.

You
Don't
Have to
Love me

In order to let me be

"An unbaked loaf of sourdough bread is a garden, home to micro-organisms of diverse species and functions. It is an intimate working relationship between microorganisms and humans".

Tell me, how come you still believe that one becomes whole only by putting all the broken pieces back together? Is it possible that you still think in straight lines and that there is such a thing as good or bad choice? Are you still obsessed by the idea of fixing, smoothing the edges so you can easily pretend not to see where the rift was? There is no fixing my love, just healing. Do you still cry when you get overwhelmed by emotions but you don't know how to say it? Tell me, how can I drink all your brokenness and learn to lie in you as a lake does in the earth without disappearing. Don't soak me up and I promise I won't flood you. I am beginning to learn that vulnerability is not a weakness and not only what is solid is strong. The greatest strength is softness, and sometimes tenderness is the most cruel. Tell me how to melt and flow through all the fears and insecurities without getting lost in them? Nothing has changed compared to how it never was. And I keep going back to the same place to look for what I never had. How can I become earth and water and everyone and nobody at the same time?

* "Yeast Are People Too: Sourdough Fermentation from the Microbe's Point of View", Jessica A. Lee, 175

contamination: purity is not an option* encounters

"The evolution of our 'selves' is already polluted by histories of encounter; we are mixed up with others before we even begin any new collaboration".

Contamination makes diversity.

"This changes the work we imagine for names, including ethnicities and species. If categories are unstable, we must watch them emerge within en- counters."

"contaminated diversity is complicated, often ugly, and humbling"

* All quotes on this page are from Anne Tsing, *The Moshvroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins*, 27

It's scary when things change, it's scary when they stay the same.

I read this quote of an anonymous toilet philosopher while I was sitting in the toilet, waiting for my nausea to pass and thinking how many germs must be inhabiting the surface of a toilet seat in this precious moment we share. I would argue innumerable. I wouldn't be right because it turns out toilet seats are actually quite clean compared to most things. It turns out, pretty much everything has more germs. It turns out pretty much everything has germs. We live with them, we **breathe** them in, we help them survive, they help us stay healthy, sometimes they do just the opposite, but anyhow our life seems inseparable and dependable on what we don't see. And still, there is an almost inherent fear over contamination from invisible bodies. We are afraid of the unfamiliar and I am positive that in its root, there is some abject comprehension that we are not whole, and alone. Violation of our personal **borders** scares us so much and hovers above our heads reminding us that we constantly share the **space** we call our own with thousands of inhabitants whose names we do not know. They live with us like the spirits of past places, old ruptures, and painful breakups. Invisible tenants, here to stay. They change us, and change with us. Why can't we do the same?

Flushing the toilet I am still thinking about that word. Change. Maybe only through the recognition of perpetual change, everlasting waves of **transformation**, our own hybridity, and the natural impossibility of any fundamental separation of me and the other, lies the acceptance. Learning ourselves as the first Other and understanding. That must be the reason why we are so obsessed with the idea of separating "me" from "other". Deeply in our minds we are aware that it is an impossible thing to do.

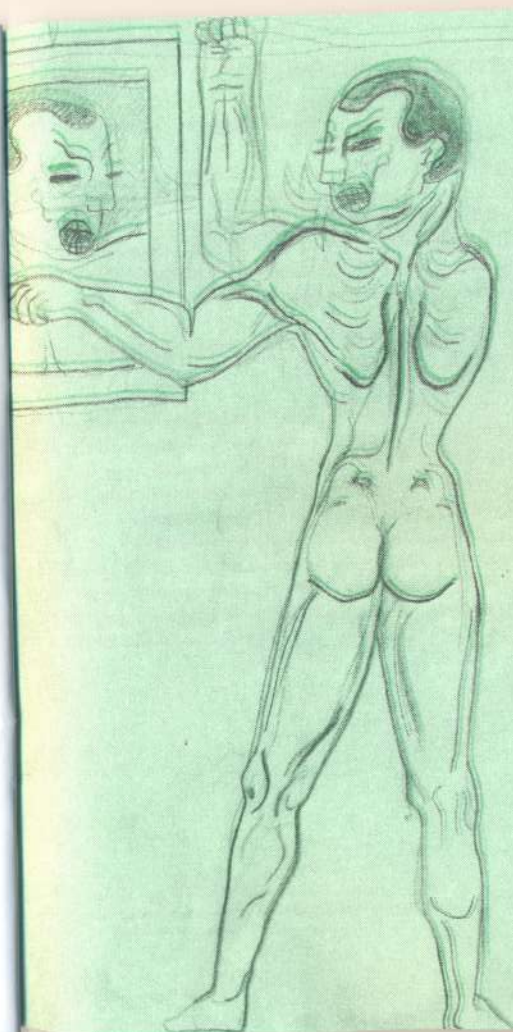
LESSONS FROM THE YEAR

who am I to you? A fairy? as if I still have to fulfil your
thought, wish, expectation
and I'm always tired and tired and still in debt
to you of thought wish and expectation
The guilt begins to flow through the split ends of my hair
"Bonjour! give me a big haircut s'il vous plaît, so
mercilessly
till there's nothing left

yesterday and the day before yesterday will be swept
away, along with the tips of former clients' hair (probably
sprayed with cheap hairspray)

in the meantime I'm already figuring out
how to stop the hormones, change the dna
the logarithms of online platforms are already creating a
new me, mercilessly reminding me to fill in the marrow
of my dismembered bones

so that no one will ever steal again
except a morning where you get off on the wrong foot
and don't step on dreams



LESSONS FROM THE (YEAST)

I find myself in a desert, white
squeaking
The sand is sticky and mixes with sweat
becoming a dough
Like a skin
Whether to wash or continue collecting
Is all that this structure catches mine, or is it more hers
Maybe I just made out this **space** for these creatures
To sing in choir

And I think that if we turn around three **times**
We won't remember
Name, gesture, **space**
Time stretches and shrinks
And so we wait for a new harvest
In the days they put a bag of grains on the carpet
Gathering the little golden ones
And placing stones in another bucket

we're not alone, we're symbionts

39 000 000 000 000 microbial cells¹

"Microbial communities within the human body are also being explored via these new technologies, allowing scientists, as one MIT researcher put it, "to delve into the fact that we're not alone, we're symbionts" (Powledge 2006). These discoveries about microbial diversity have been accompanied by research revealing microbes as social organisms, interacting with each other and their environments in complex ways"²

We now understand that humans are 90% microbial but only 10% human.

"At the heart of fermentation processes are humans' bacterial ancestors: genetically flexible and ontologically permeable, "effective coevolutionary partners" because of their adaptability...One of the factors that is pivotal to the fermentation process is the physical location of a ferment or fermenting body (such as a kombucha SCOBY or a sourdough starter). The material constitution of a sourdough starter will literally change if you move across the country, or across the state, or even down the street: the fermenting body takes in bacteria and yeast from its environment and integrates it into its constitution, becoming something different than it was before".

¹Including bacteria, viruses and fungi that live on and in us.

²"Fermentation, rot and other human-microbial performances", Merrill Ingram in book: "Political Ecologies of Knowledge", 99

I am afraid of the recipient, and I am lumping several of you together (like a fraction) - I still need to use the mathematical knowledge I acquired at school somewhere. I am afraid of the recipient, as if someone was secretly reading my diaries at night. Even in my diaries I give misleading information. You will never find me. I am hiding in the fields of rye, like 20 years ago. Such a toxic game. And how much of a fetish is that? Yeah. I want you to sleep with my secret, like secret lovers

- Babe, we're gonna miss that plane.
- I know.

Yesterday I was scrolling through some summer photos. What a senseless tendency to record, to save. To return to the dream of that time. I went back to last weekend (last weekend will always have the generic meaning of last weekend here). Do you remember when we met last weekend in that other **space**? Where we were both so hurt and so far away? Where even crying would seem too banal? I was lying on the stoop, wishing you would come. But we were too much in our own territories. They say people get closer by sharing pain, but who will give instructions on how to build on that closeness later. It's as if it's a disposable ace, after which you have to start a new game, preferably with a new opponent.

Even philosophy seems superficial. The only thing I would like to return to is the time we have lost. I do not remember where I got lost, and there is nowhere to read.

After all that, I never told you that I was dreaming of you. Is it because of the holes that can't be fulfilled? We have stopped seeing each other, as the poets do. They prefer to keep the memory rather than the love.

I don't remember anymore. I don't remember much. Is there only one spring, with all the previous being just a rehearsal, and all that come after are just repetition? Sometimes it seems to me that I see other people's holes. Look into the eyes, look into the eyes, they usually still have this and that left. How will you feel when we come back? Some places are impossible to go back to. And you can't be angry at those places, you can only not go on. You know, I think there's a point, a distant point when you get lost. It's no longer a forest, no longer a swamp, just a suffocating vacuum. An irreparable mistake. To hide in that tree.

Where are you comfortable? What **time** is it? At which point we will come back to each other. Some places are impossible to return to. A fresh presence does not fit. I think it's better not to have friends like me, you'll end up in the realm of mirrors.

- You give yourself away too easily.
- I have nothing to hide.

From some movie - "You say that emotions are overrated. But that's bullshit. Emotions are all we've got.", Pink Floyd, for me a teenager lying on the ice, said "Would you sell your story to Rolling Stone? / Would you take the children away / And leave me alone?".

Sterilise the text. Sterilise the text. You cannot be traced. Mix up the facts. Use different sources to create a new source.

I'm wondering if this **time** has been given to me and how much it has taken away. Maybe I will buy a house and build a monkey bridge after all. Where one replaces the other and the addressee is the common denominator of the story I tell.

air: breathing

"A bread dough is a heterogeneous environment, with both air pockets and regions of dough that oxygen cannot penetrate; therefore, both respiration and fermentation take place in bread"¹.

If you love something you have to let it breathe. If there is no air, find another way to change.

Everything disappears, evaporates, vanishes in the air. We all breathe it in simultaneously. It is the **space** all of us inhabit, take for ourselves and consume, in which we meet and "coexist in a common ecology", in a common system. It is a shared "**space**" where every human exists in comparison to the other, and where the idea of "commoning" is closer than anywhere.

*"I can breathe in my own way, but the air will never simply be mine"*²

¹"Yeast Are People Too: Sourdough Fermentation from the Microbe's Point of View", Jessica A. Lee, 181
²Luce Irigaray, "From The Forgetting of Air to To Be two", in Nancy Holland; Patricia Huntington. *Feminist Interpretations of Martin Heidegger*, Pennsylvania: Pennsylvania State University Press, 2001, 209.

Breathing unites us with the others, at the same **time** it underlines our individuality. The one who breathes is also breathed upon, the one who takes and consumes is also giving back, and in that very act of sharing breath, lies the very essence of human conviviality. Understanding this basic principle gives us the possibility to shape a new kind of collective body. The one that doesn't recognize **borders**, speaks the language of solidarity and care, and is being shaped on what we have in common: mutual criticality towards present conditions of living and collective willingness to react. Forming a madrigal where each of us still has its own tune. "What we need is finding our singular rhythm. Singularity is all about rhythm, about recovering your ritournelle, your refrain, your ability to relate to stars, to the sky, to the ground, to the body of the other, to your own body".

transformation:

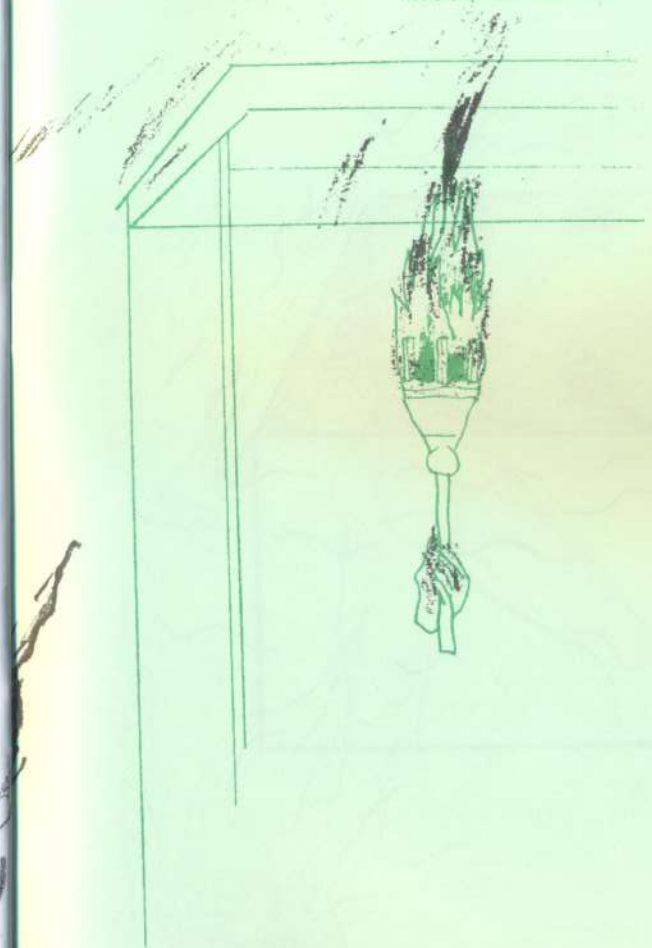
*"Anything bubbly, anything in a
state of excitement or agitation"*

adaptability

"A seed grows into a grass that yields more seeds, some of which are harvested and destroyed, pulverized into a powder called flour. The once life-giving seed are combined with water and salt to make clay and the clay is then leavened with yeast. With this act the baker has engaged the Promethean challenge; he (or she) has raised an Adam (which translated means clay) and brought that clay to life. The clay, now called dough, undergoes numerous transformations as its enzymes rearrange the starchy molecules and release hidden sugars; the sugars are then transformed by bacteria and yeast fungi into acid, alcohols, and gasses. The dough grows and develops character; the baker divides and shapes it and exposes it to various temperatures and environments in which it can achieve its optimum potential. But, as dough, it is still unable to fulfill its destiny; for this the yeast and other living organisms must take the ultimate sacrifice, enduring the fiery furnace, passing the thermal death point, and in a dramatic, final surge and feeding frenzy, create one last carbonic push while the flour proteins coagulate, the starches gelatinize, and the sugars on the surface caramelize."

"Six Thousand Years of Bread.
Holy and Unholy history."
— H.E. Jacob
Foreword by Peter Reinhard vii

TRANSFORMATION / ADAPTABILITY



LESSONS FROM THE (YEAST)

*We need substantial transformation
of relations.*

Texts: Kamilė Krasauskaitė and Teodora Jeremić

Drawings: Kamilė Krasauskaitė

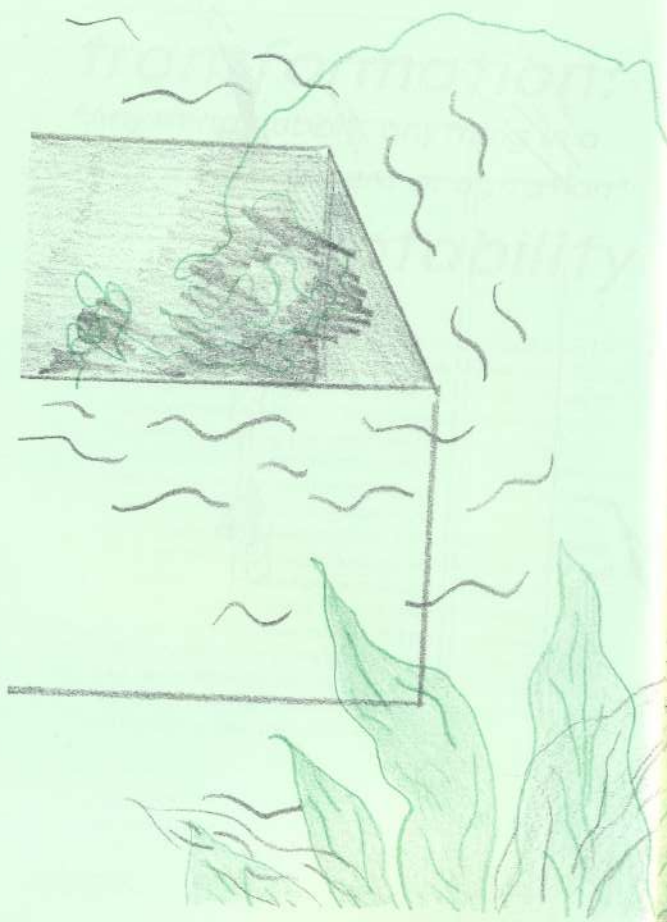
Design: Kamilė Krasauskaitė and David Gazo

Print: le Wonder, Paris

2021

/50

40



LESSONS FROM THE YEAST

*We need substantial transformation
of relations.*

Texts: Kamilė Krasauskaitė and Teodora Jeremić

Drawings: Kamilė Krasauskaitė

Design: Kamilė Krasauskaitė and David Gažo

Print: le Wonder, Paris

2021

/50

40