

Kitchen Lab: Spilling One's Guts / Deep Fry Together

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Biography

Andrew Gryf Paterson (b. 1974) is a Scottish artist-organiser, educator, cultural producer, and independent researcher, based in Helsinki, Finland. His practice over 20-year period has involved variable roles of initiator, participant, author and curator, according to different collaborative and cross-disciplinary processes. He works across the fields of media/ network/ environmental arts and activism, pursuing a participatory practice through workshops, performative events, and storytelling. <http://agryfp.info>

Abstract

This paper reflects upon 5 years of experience with the 'Kitchen Lab' format of hybrid exploratory practice, which includes home kitchen, bioarts, everyday life and food cultures. Everyday kitchen practices that have long cultural heritage traditions, and combined with DIY and networked Do-It-With-Others, these kitchen-based experiments and artists inspired by food or practices related, have a long history. The paper introduces the context of practice, but focuses more on the background stories to what is made in the kitchen, that of a home. The author presents as the main body in autoethnographic style a first-person narrative in 2 parts: A deep frying action which connects memories, friends and colleagues in networks, and the reflections of staying at home

over many years, but also recently in Spring 2020 during the Global Coronavirus COVID-19 Pandemic period in an artist studio kitchen in Finland. It involves narrating the value of a home and a kitchen to do one's practice, as well as the different cultural histories and experiences spanning various locations and times. The article concludes that as situated knowledge, it reveals many external issues to the usual making of food dishes or experiments, and considers the sensitivity and responsibility for opening up, and 'spilling one's guts' about the background stories of practice-led research.

Keywords

Everyday life, Experimental practice, Food arts, Bioarts, Single authorship, Networked collaboration, Situated knowledge, Home, Studio, Laboratory, Kitchen

Introduction

This paper reflects on this author's 5-year artist-researcher experience with an experimental 'Kitchen Lab' format of practice, focusing on the situated knowledge (Haraway, 1991) that surrounds any given food dish, or recipe on how to make it. It hones attention, via a deep-frying experience in association with others, to the broader framework of the practice, that of a kitchen, and the conception of everyday life use of one's home to make experimental artistic-research. ¹

Kitchen Lab as a practice is described by this author here as a (bio-material & chemical, cellular) open lab developed around equipment available in the home kitchen, utilising everyday kitchen practices that have long cultural heritage traditions. I am referring to such practices as wild-plant foraging, fermentation, baking in ovens, with particular actions from cuisine and cooking that can be found all around the world: Chopping with knives, boiling with water,

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frying with oil, drying food out in air, sun, or using dehydrator machines. I may cooperate with non-human agents by using yeasts, or lacto-fermenting bacteria, such as lacto-baccillus, which produces the sour flavour in, for example, kimchi or sauerkraut. Such activity, summarised as home traditions, economics and care, may take place beyond the typical kitchen-situated ambition to prepare, cook, eat and share with persons you might live together with in presence, 'onlife', or indeed online. This may involve tools from other spheres of practice, such as the office, a media lab, creative industrial processes, such as advertising or media art and design, food science or biological laboratories. Culture may be incubated and grown (such as cellulose), and specific substances such as Agar-Agar maybe be used in different maker or research spaces, as well as across various global human cultures.

The Kitchen as a laboratory is not a new concept, but is often seen as technocratic (Vega, Ubink, & van der Linden, 2013) within the context of food science, which uncritically engages with many issues surrounding the food industry, such as social-justice, sustainability issues, labour and so on, as reviewed by Denisa Kera (2014). Furthermore, there has been a widespread popularisation in the West also of homemade, traditional biological processes such as fermentation (Katz, 2012), which has been an inspiration also for myself as a hybrid arts practitioner. Like Frances Cannon, I have been following the 'Sandorkraut' phenomenon (2020) in English, but I have been inspired by other collaborators too. The 'Kitchen Lab' which I identify with is the open experimental kind, that embraces the Do-It-Yourself (DIY) and a Do-It-With-Others (DIWO) participatory, networked exploratory maker spirit (Garrett, 2012; Catlow & Garrett, 2019), including a complex mix of tools, activities, materials, values, containers, agents and things. Lindsay Kelly elaborates that it can also combine "feminist performance practices, food art, domestic computing and home economics. . . [a]s a dynamic framework for translation and interpretation between disciplines and materials" (2016, p. 2). Hybrid artists and designers working with food, recently described by some commentators as a "culinary turn" (van der

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Meulen & Wiesel, 2017), follows a longer art history (Martinique, 2016) of food being not just an aesthetic subject, but a matter of consumption that touches upon many other issues. This article does not go much further into this aspect, but further reading about artists' *Avant-garde* or *neo-Avant-garde* explorations from an 'anti-diet' or materialist perspective (Novero, 2009); or practices of everyday life, such as food shopping or cooking from leftovers from the sociological perspective (de Certeau, Giard & Mayol, 1998) is recommended. However, that said, I am inspired by their critiques of the bourgeois home kitchen, and researching ways through practice, to negotiate Western capitalist society's urban lifestyles in relation to food, work and living.

This author writes with an artist-organiser's hybrid appreciation of living well in digital dynamics (Toft Ag, 2019), evoking a sensorial description (Pink, 2009). I am interested in creating autoethnographies (Reed-Danahay, 1997; Muncey, 2010) that reference to context, familial aspects of personal life. I share here a first-person narration in two parts, which were originally shared in a social media platform. The intention is to focus on the responsibility of the author to explain and reveal the basis of their practice-led research, i.e. what allows or does not allow one's own practice to happen. In this case, access to one's own room, kitchen and a home. The 'deep frying together' part that coats this narrative is part of an exemplar action, a practice-based sacrifice to the *art of research*. To use an archaeological term, it may be considered a votive deposit (Bradley, 2000). The aim is to give an intentionally greasy—maybe yummy—narrative coating to help consume a rather difficult range of topics that are typically 'left at home', rather than taken to 'work' into professional life, never mind often to research articles: homelessness, family breakdown, nomadic lifestyles, relationship status, unemployment and precarious work as a researcher. Sensitivity is necessary, with a responsibility taken for one's voice and experience. The 'spilling of one's guts', referred to in this paper title, is an idiom in English language

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for speaking truthfully, sharing everything one knows about some subject. It also can mean vomiting extensively. Another interpretation is to confess.²

To conclude this introduction, I give some particular context also to the "Deep Fry Together" aspect of the title. The 5-year anniversary 'memory' 'on this day' algorithm from the popular social media platform Facebook reminded me of my collaborative residency with Scottish artist Norma D. Hunter and others in the Planet B process at NRW Forum, Düsseldorf in June 2015.³ It is part of a living archive, made and re-made in dynamic online platforms (Dekker, 2017). The memory of that day, a 'deep frying' performance on the public steps of the NRW Forum, a very respectable Kunsthalle type cultural space for contemporary arts and creative industries. This memory combined with the remote conversations I was having related to Kitchen Lab processes, at the time of compiling this article, with Scotland-based Portuguese curator Nuno Sacramento, and Russian collaborators Marina Tsay and Olga Polyakova from NGO Trava education platform in Saint Petersburg, Russia. Remotely across online platforms, temporal periods and geo-physical borders, I invited them for a deep fry together via an online stream. Hence, the Spring period of the Global Coronavirus Pandemic in 2020 has undoubtedly also been an influence in my reflections, as narrated below.

Part 1

Well, the ritual was made. It took all day in the end, on and off. The deep fry batter needed to bubble, all the batteries needed to be charged, the appropriate pots and dishes needed to be washed etc.. It was good, when looking through the old programme catalogue, refreshing my memories, that I noticed we were added into the back-end of the proceedings, in the workshop section. This is an associational story. It will hit the hot oil first.

The 16th International Symposium of Electronic Arts (ISEA2010) took place in the Ruhr region of Germany.⁴ I have/had several copies of the programme catalogue, so does Pixelache

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Figure 1. Deep-frying ISEA2010 programme catalogue, Helsinki, 2020.

Helsinki office. I felt like it was possible to sacrifice it to the 'archival gods'. I was part of a funded delegation to the symposium, selected as special contribution from Pixelache Helsinki, including 3 fellows from Association of Experimental Electronics 'Koelse', and also a group related to Herbologies/Foraging Networks project Signe Pucena, Ugis Pucens, Ulla Taipale & Ossi Kakko. All of us were funded by AVEK (Audiovisual Arts Promotion Centre in Finland) or the Finnish Embassy in Germany. It was also the occasion when I had the pleasure to meet Marc Dusseiller of Hackteria Network for the first time, who showed me how biological arts, kitchen mess style, hacker aesthetics and praxis can blend.⁵

This morning after the deep fry (Figure 1), I have the courage to tag in ISEA2010 Artistic Director Andreas Broeckmann, whom I don't know so well, into the Facebook story, and Judith Funke, who negotiated Pixelache into the Ruhr programme, even visiting our festival that year

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beforehand, with whom I became a good friend afterwards. Looking through the catalogue, I have deep respect for the effort in their curation and organising of this event. It was really excellent, and I loved the Return of the Pilots programme that we were part of in Ruhrort, Duisburg. I felt sad when sawing through one of my 2 copies (approximately one of 10 copies of this programme catalogue in Finland). I thought about the concept of 'votive deposit', the archaeological term for a precious item that is sacrificed. For example, in Finland, a beloved's jewellery or a warrior's sword, to the swamp or the lake. Lost for ever to the past, out of reach.

A sacrifice of time and energy for the Herbologies/Foraging Networks process. After initiating the conversation to collaborate and partner with the wonderfully inspiring Signe Pucena & Ulla Taipale to co-produce the project together, I had fundraised from the Finnish side, lead-produced several processes over a total of 2 years, wrote concept texts, short articles, contributed to interviews, talks or lectures locally as an artist, researcher, organiser, citizen. International events in addition to the one mentioned in Ruhr, and even presented online-remote to the other side of the planet to New Zealand. I edited and proof-read a handbook, facilitated workshops & fieldwork, managed media archives online and offline, and eventually wrote a whole case-study chapter on Herbologies/Foraging Networks for a monograph-based thesis. However, that doesn't even start to account for the amount of work of other people in the project also. We had over 100, maybe 180 participants in all our processes. It is still one of the projects I am most proud of. Unfortunately, it sits unpublished on my hard-disk, waiting for the right time, damn it. I had to accept about 3 years ago that it was not going to be included as a case-study in my Doctor of Arts thesis.

I deep fried the ISEA2010 programme catalogue, in 2 pieces. As a crispy bite, a hint of Kitchen Lab⁶ that took place 10 years ago. How can we make archiving less dull and boring?, I often discuss with my Pixelache fellow Antti Ahonen. Here's a suggestion: We deep fry the fucking thing. Also on this day, there was another Ruhr event, marking the end of Planet

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B, invited by curator Joanna Szlauderbach, at NRW Forum, Düsseldorf. Where Kitchen Lab concept developed professionally, thanks a lot to the collaborative enduring company of Norma D. Hunter, seriously far beyond the safety of home, in a contemporary art institution, in a Kunsthalle. Ferment Lab got a big boost there then too, with Agnieszka Pokrywka, but the real source of inspiration is one of the best wild food and lacto-fermentation experts of Finland, if not the whole of Northern Europe, Ossi Kakko. Lets go! Press play on the music, I'll swing, go slow and fast, twirl and step back and fro through time to the sounds of Gotan Project. Soon, we are ready to go.

The two halves of the programme schedule book were still sitting on my kitchen counter the next day in their foil trays. I imagine a night out on Sauchiehall St., Glasgow, on the ran dan, getting wasted wi ma mates (my tongue slips tae Scots or Glaswegian jist thinking about it). It was not unusual on a Friday night swally to have a take-away. 'Poke o chips', battered sausage, black pudding or haggis. To soak up the spirits, the alcohol in the system before crashing. Sometimes the remains are left on the kitchen counter, when you had reached high-saturated fats saturation. Binge culture is a surprisingly common way to survive the harshness of the north. While Berliners like a beer walking down the street any night of the week, for Ruhr-landers a quick one on the bar terrace, and Strasbourgeoise might happily have a glass of wine at every lunch and dinner, well, for Glaswegians, like many other Northerners, will happily slam the week's worth of toxins into one night. The full fat dose of deep-fried food, wine, beer and/or spirits may be the same. I have much respect for Russian drinking culture, despite its excess, or maybe better to say, to balance the excess, like to take a pickle or a fatty substance (often sausage meat) for every vodka shot. Maybe that's how we deal with our archival binges too. Keep going, and cut the fat flowing through the bodily (and archival) functions.

Two years ago, I was dreaming of living and working in the 'ExMedia' department of Kunsthochschule für Medien Köln (KHM, Academy of Media Arts Cologne), where I thought it

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might be possible to wake up and deep fry in a Kitchen Lab. Eventually I did spend 5 months in that city of Nord-Rhein-Westphalia (NRW), between October 2018 - March 2019. I had a sort of 'desktop kitchen' with an office type desk and office chair in a large open workroom (Figure 2), a 'coffee kitchen' to wash up in, and it was a bit challenging. But that is a longer story for another time. I hardly ever stopped at all in Düsseldorf or Duisburg, meaningful in 2016 and 2010 respectively, despite my usual habit of returning to meaningful places. However, one of the pleasures of that period was meeting Arpad Dobriban, listening to his lecture and visiting his artist-studio home, one of the most fabulous Kitchen Lab I have ever seen.



Figure 2. The 'desktop kitchen' at ExMedia Lab, KHM, Köln, 2018.

The day I was about to re-enact a performative deep fry that I had made in his home-city of Düsseldorf, indeed where the Eat Art movement formed in the 1960s, where Arpad Dobriban

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was one of the key members, we finally became Facebook friends. Perfect timing! I woke up the next day thinking that I need to add this story also into the batter mix.

*Following the whole #deepfrytogether ritual, I was exhausted. While sharing fire emoji's in chat since the morning, it was time to splash around water ones. I wrote across the border: I feel flammable, there is so much oil about me. It was interesting to do this again. It is very rare I deep fry things, but it is such a common British, Scottish take-away food, it feels homely. To compensate, I needed a few vodka shots. That's the thing. Starts nice in the sun, glass of wine and Gotan Project with tango beats. And ends like a greasy chip shop, taking in a few shots to cut the fat oil in the brain, the hair, the skin, the stomach. On the last one I thought of everyone involved, washed my body, hair and went to bed. Appreciation is made in social solidarity: Ta very much, kiitos paljon, vielen dank, merci, liels paldies, muchas gracias, muito obrigado спасибо большой *for your company online, or that time past almost 10 years ago. #PlanetB -> #PlanetC #deepfrytogether #KitchenLab #FermentLab #HerbologiesForagingNetworks #ArchivalTendencies #autoarchaeologies*

Part 2

This past week [start of May 2020], but really it is a realisation of a month or so, reminds me that I have been involved in #StayAtHome conditions for a while (for almost 5 years). All it took was finding and making a home that may be read in 3 or 4 or 5 parts (in whichever order).

§1. Made as your own; §2; Made with an other; §3. Sharing that space, whether you are alone or together.

For a nomadic period of 4 years or so, I didn't really have what I would call my own home, although I always had a place indoors to sleep. I always had food to eat. Most often those places were rather pleasant, but sometimes they were not. For surviving all that, I am thankful to welfare systems and friends, projects and residencies. Sometimes I had company, but a lot

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of the time I was on my own, solitary. I ate on my own at least one meal a day. Often it was 2 or 3 meals on my own. It was during that time I invented—for myself at least—the concept of a Kitchen Lab by tipping the weird collection of miscellaneous stuff on the kitchen floor, purposely making a mess (Figure 3). And I gladly shared that. Life is not perfect. Sometimes it is a pile of bio-matter, rotting or fermenting and smelling. Far from ideal. In sympathy with this aesthetic (it is also beautiful reality), I would Instagram my composting worms (and still do). Online platforms and apps on my laptop and mobile became 'homes', psychological connections with those I cared with and about. Something I read once during this period, and it was maybe only last year, as it resonated with my hyper-nomadism: Home is where you no longer wish to run away from. In other words, it is where you wish to stay.

Before physical distancing-but-social solidarity were a bunch of things in the context of the Global Coronavirus COVID-19 Pandemic, I used to joke that I was undertaking a very contemporary 'hermitage', socially relatively isolated but always connected, as I had in most places 3rd or 4th Generation mobile SIM connection.



Figure 3. An early conception of 'Kitchen Lab' in Aizpute, 2016.

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When my contract at Helsinki Institute of Information Technology expired in 2006, and until 2015, I had no mobile smartphone, no mobile internet, so my connections during that period were rooted to laptop wifi connections, mostly work-places and homes. Mobile internet all of a sudden, mid 2010s in the world of apps, was immense, and allowed me to share my solitary experience with others prolifically. For the whole period of hermitage (i.e. until it ended psychologically 1 year ago), I was physically single, in other words, I was not in a physical or sexual relationship with anyone but myself, with occasional hugs from friends when I travelled away from the hermitage. It was like being a monk but with 3 or 4G mobile internet everywhere. I guess it was how lighthouse keepers might have lived in the past, tuned into the radio. Or maybe it is like how many people live, just it isn't spoken about that much. Anyhow, I found other ways to use my imagination than I had before, or maybe I returned to imaginations I had before, but did not recognise previously. Such as my teenage years, or my 20s, when I was for long periods single. I even gained during the 'hermitage' years close friends who were in their younger years of that decade, age 21+. It was an interesting, re-generating time. I still nourish those friendships as some of my best. These friends, in the time since, have taken their first steps in making homes and family. I lived in a family of dear friends of my own age (mid-to-late 40s) for 3 months. A special guest. This involved sleeping on a couch in a study room, living out a rucksack (as I did everywhere other than the 'hermitage' apartment in the countryside).

Typically I had three modes of life in those hermitage years: 1. On my own. 2. As a guest. 3. As a single parent. This was the special case of 4. Being again a family member. I love them for their generosity at a time of personal need. Over years, but also during that particular concentrated period of 3 months. I was integrated into the family, and food was left on the table for me, even if I did not get up in time, or I returned home too late. I recognise there was some exchange in the process, for example in language development of the teenager kids, of

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introducing stories from 'out there', or practising or encouraging experiments in the kitchen. It was a healing and re-socializing period, #StayingAtHome again with others.

In May 2015, or maybe it was November 2014 or even May 2014, these were at least significant steps of collapse, I lost a sense of home and family, and eventually actually I did lose both. It was necessary to totally rebuild a sense of self on my own, remote with others. I lost a whole kitchen too.

Last year, a little less than a year ago, I found a potential home again, a physical home that connected and gathered all my possessions and practices together into one room, one studio. It is rather public now, at least online. In the way my laptop, smartphone or my Facebook Timeline did/does. I was very reluctant to live in a single apartment again, as I had that experience in the past in the city, and I had experienced it in small town countryside also. During my 'hermitage' period, I also had to borrow many other people's living spaces and kitchens. I learned, that outside a family situation (which I liked and needed), I also felt a bit old for a shared apartment, sharing a kitchen and so on, with random people, as I had my own practice that focused on this resource. It was sometimes messy, smelly, inconsiderate usage of space, something I shared online from my experience of hermitage. However, I deeply missed eating together with others and cooking for/with others. Luckily, I found a studio with its own kitchen, in an 'urban-rural' commune (Figure 4). It was perfect for shifting into a new mode of living. This care with, and about, started to regain self-defined roots, of one's own, but also together. And, it wasn't—isn't, as it is ongoing—made just with one other. It is also not just with your family, nor as special guest in an others family.

The sense of home, as a workplace, a place of solitude, a studio in relative isolation, was/is in my experience a space to reset, and re-settle. To re-build a personal creative practice, rather than produce or facilitate an other's. To explore the weave between individual- and 'we'-

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narratives. It was and is a place to develop writing practices that reflect the past, but also engage with the present or remote 'now'.



Figure 4. A later conception of 'Kitchen Lab' in Helsinki, 2020.

It is a place where it may be possible to not be single physically. It is a place where it may be possible to not be single physically. Even to have/be lover(s). To no longer cultivate 'hermitage' conditions. To be together. To share eating together. To share making together. To make a mess, individually and together.

I am aware of the so-called enlightenment trope and try to be sensitive. What else to do when returning down from your personal mountain retreat? Even if it was all in your head, and you didn't actually remove yourself from society. I don't advocate isolating yourself at times of crisis. Everyone has and will find their own solutions as it suits them best. However, I can share that eventually I got depressed from the extended length of time of it all, the uncertainty of the

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future ('Brexit' loomed heavy and hard for me), and it was only some Spring magic that broke the spell I put on myself. If I am honest, I would have liked the hermitage period to have been much shorter. But it was what it became. All these cases and reflections above on 'staying at home', which is currently a mass global practice and experience, have given me some sense of lightness, realistic idealism and hope, during dark and challenging times for most others that I know. It feels familiar.

Our sense of familiar, comfort, a sense of home, all help to shape a future imaginary, in which it is possible to invite others into, not just temporarily borrow, rent or guest in. It helps recognize the reality of the situation, and not try to escape it. But instead to devise and collaborate. Discuss, chat, exchange, swap, share. Finding ways to connect live and in presence. I can offer my perspective as an example: Everything passes. All ferments, falls apart and is recycled. Change is our only constant. It will not always be like this. You are not alone. You may be solitary. But not always.

Closing remarks

This article—including its 2-part narration as the main torso of this text—maintains the metaphor of 'full saturated fat', a resource for doing things and making things bubble near or far in unexpected cultural and research activities. Finding company to deep fry together is not an issue. Acknowledging one's own affordance(s), capacities and responsibilities in those networked activities is the issue. Trying not to vomit, revealing too much personal information is also a challenge. Here in this article, I project forth into the 'Kitchen Lab' of my own construction, but it also gets out of the research matter that which is usually digested slowly, internally, sometimes problematically so. Gathering in between the studio, the kitchen and the laboratory, because food culture, experimental lab culture and artistic or creative practice overlap there mixing in familiar, private and intimate spaces. Most often in cooking it is mentioned in any recipe

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Figure 5. Scene after an online 'Kitchen Lab' performance in Helsinki, 2020.

what is needed (ingredients, tools, equipment) to make any particular dish. What is not often written about, from my modest review of the literature, is the context of production, what is sitting outside of the framed view of Kitchen Lab practices. In other words, the situated knowledge of the practice in the laboratory (Haraway, 1991), and the kitchen itself, and it's blurred

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association with a home, or a sense of home or domesticity. It is taken for granted that you have one. Furthermore, for the reader, reading about the author, in this case a cis-gender male, there might also be certain presumptions that need to be unpacked about the domestic context (Pink, 2012). When I reflect on my situation, I acknowledge that I can share my kitchen lab, in media shared online in social media, because it is mostly a space I share physically only with myself, as largely autonomous single person, without other family members or house-mates involved; to be disclosed, edited out, or compromised. If I had different circumstances, including children regularly present, or others to take care of and feed on a daily basis, most likely my hybrid arts practice would be more challenged with the time to do the experiments that I currently do in my kitchen.

With all this in mind, I wish to add my voice into the batter. The theme is *Authorship and Responsibility*. Rather than work privately in academia, I wish to work publicly in society (Figure 5). These are terms that were tried and tested all Spring 2020 between friends, family, peers, lovers or potential lovers, colleagues or potential colleagues, strangers or not-so-strangers, artists, designers, curators, researchers, associational, institutional and government officials alike. Having a home is important. Eating is essential. Access to clean water, brings life itself. Being able to stay stable and sane in such times does not come naturally, it takes training. A mental fitness of some kind. To carry onwards, I feel lucky that my period of homelessness & nomadism described in part 2, was good ‘training’ for the Global Coronavirus COVID-19 Pandemic shutdown -as witnessed by me in a comfortable place in Helsinki, Finland - and survived that earlier time to tell a story about it, to hint in a research paper about it. As critical and empathetic humans who are also researchers, we all have to take responsibility for our own words and voices, to be able to share our experiences, to convey some knowledge, and if we are lucky, some wisdom. The take-away point of my pre-deep-fry chat (with Nuno Sacramento) was that artist-researchers have to take responsibility to be able to tell our and oth-

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ers' stories really well. If you are of the socially-engaged type, you may wish to just facilitate, amplify, and encourage others to tell their stories. Creatively, critically, wholeheartedly, with passion, and arguably, adventurously. There are harder things out there, and it is our task to share our experience, raise interesting questions, and sometimes, like designers or architects, offer solutions. There is also the role of the trickster, who wishes to upturn conventions, the 'radical creativity' that is being currently promoted by my University. I write this flying the flag 'Precarity'.

To summarise, what I take responsibility for here in this paper, as an author who is an artist—as-researcher interested in personal narratives and autoethnography that includes one's own experience as data to understand the context of production, maintenance and outgoing aspects of a practice—is the story. Here I wished to tell mine. To spill my guts on the matter. I am interested how Kitchen Lab practices may be shared, the challenges related to that in the background, well as how it may be shared with others. In an appropriate way.

Acknowledgments

My list of collaborators and peers in Kitchen Lab processes has grown over 5 years. With consideration of the previous context of exploring wild or cultivated plant knowledge in Her-bologies/Foraging Networks process (2010-2011), this stretches back longer, to include Ossi Kakko, Sari Kipilä, Markus Petz, and Mikko Lipiäinen (now Berlin) from Finland, Signe Pucena and Anna Priedola from Aizpute and Liepāja respectively in Kurzeme, Latvia; Marc Dusseiller and Maya Minder from Zürich, Switzerland, part of the Global Hackteria Network. Erich Berger of Bioart Society and Mindaugas Gapševičius of Lithuanian Interdisciplinary Artists Association for commissioning workshops. My ongoing collaboration with hybrid artist-designer Agnieszka Pokrywka with Ferment Lab project, as it has manifested in various locations since 2015—but most significantly in Strasbourg 2017-2018, together with

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Notes

¹The author documents and archives their work via their accounts on Internet Archive and Patreon websites. For further info: <http://www.agryfp.info> | <http://www.patreon.com/agryfp>

²‘spill guts’ search term can be accessed on The Free Dictionary Idioms section. Accessed on 16. June, 2020: <https://idioms.thefreedictionary.com/spill+guts>

³NRW Forum. Düsseldorf, Germany. Further info: <http://nrw-forum.de>

⁴ISEA2010 Ruhr. Duisburg, Essen, Dortmund, Germany. Further info: <https://isea-archives.siggraph.org/symposium/isea2010-16th-international-symposium-on-electronic-art/>

⁵Global Hackteria Network. Based in Zürich, Switzerland. Further info: <http://www.hackteria.org>

⁶ExMedia Unit, Kunsthochschule für Medien Köln / Academy of Media Arts Cologne. Further info: <http://www.khm.de>