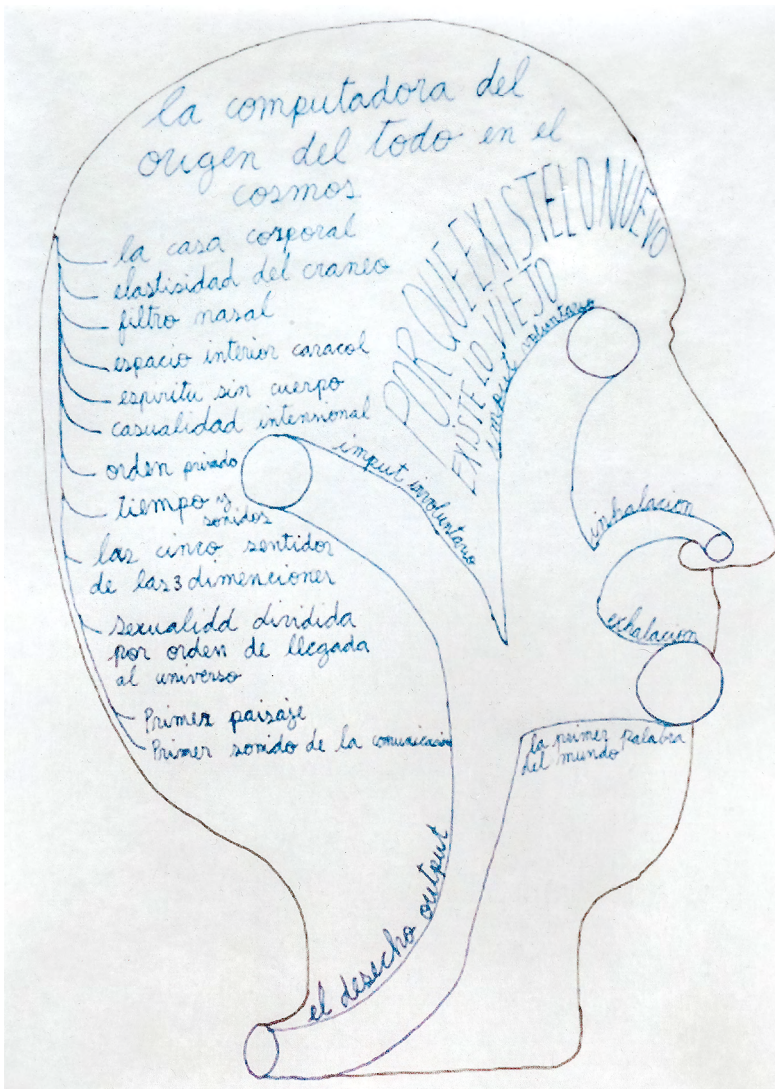


Food in the Metabolic Era

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THE DEATH OF THE EXPERIMENT

I spent many of my summers at Fondazione Morra, in Naples, going through pictures, stage materials and films of *The Living Theatre*. Known for the organic integration of scenography and fashion into their text, dramaturgy and performance works, the company, founded in 1947 in New York by actress Judith Malina and artist Julian Beck, remained active until 1985. The film documents of these plays and performances reveal what made this group emblematic for over two decades. The footage, though not always in the best condition, is a unique document of an experimental practice based on radical transformations of social and gender values. These very speculative plays move away from scripts, relying on the possibility of integrating the spontaneous performances of both the actors and the audience. However, as much as their confidence in dramaturgy is compelling, one senses in their work the increasing impossibility of relying too much upon “experimentalism”. Perhaps even more tellingly, all of these filmed performances and plays *look* “experimental”. They assume the possibility of denying or accepting the basic assumptions which constitute our world experience. They test through feeling. Sitting there, watching for hours, I thought, this way of giving one’s self up to experience has radically changed.

For me, these exercises of a body on stage, invoking freedom, peace and, above all, a will to make the body transmit these values via a vocabulary of gestures, recall the anti-psychiatric movement. I became aware of the social and political language of this movement thanks to the research and works of Dora Garcia and Luke Fowler. I decided to watch Fowler’s films on R. D. Laing again. Of course, while watching the filmed plays of *The Living Theatre*, a million images from the 1960s counter-culture movements appeared in my mind, along with *The Age of Aquarius* by C.G Jung and the days of W. Reich’s Orgone Chambers. However, these images appeared to me set in relation to the environment of crisis that has been growing around us over the past ten years. They had LSD and the anti-psychiatric movement and lived through the Great Depression, which remains the greatest financial crisis in history. How will our current crisis make us react and experience? What are the mind and body’s answers to this feeling of living inside “well-defined limits”?

Of all the films the Scottish artist-filmmaker Luke Fowler made on the controversial figure R. D. Laing, *All Divided Selves* (2011) interested me most in the context of my current thoughts. The film looks back at the vacillating responses to Laing’s radical views and the unforgiving responses to his late career shift from eminent psychiatrist to enterprising celebrity. Fowler’s film is beautiful and dense, weaving archival material with his own filmic observations, and leaves us with the feeling that the days of experimentation, as well as those when the performance of experiments was a means of testing the boundaries between dissimilar groups and classes composing the social body, are over. The film elaborates upon Laing’s transformation into a public persona, the radical approach he took to channeling his

views towards increasingly broad audiences and the almost decadent way in which he transformed himself into a media star. In a scene towards the end of the film, Laing appears on screen, singing. The image is surprising. It looks as if he is delirious, or, then again, perhaps not.

In 1977 and 1978, Laing collaborated with the composers Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley, resulting in the album *Life before Death* (1978) with lyrics in the form of sonnets, many of them quite compellingly stupid, written by Laing. At the time, Howard and Blaikley were well known in the United Kingdom, the authors of many hits there during the 1960s and 1970s. One of the most famous tracks from the album goes:

It's all correct, and crisp, and keen and bright
 A place of order, form, and right design.
 A haven, in this world of dark, of light.
 A Where to start a long and clean straight line.

It would be nice if all around we saw
 The grace, decorum of the antique mind
 Brought forward to the present as a law
 Instead of our cacophonous and brutal bind.

It should not need to hearten me so much
 To come across a little worth, among
 The slush and drivel, dross and mulch
 Which would be better formed of honest dung.

The game's not up. Some children still can sing.
 Go tell the falling leaves it'll soon be spring.

There's light and love and joy and freshness yet,
 There're those who have something to celebrate.
 There can be times we hope we'll not forget.
 A helping hand is not always too late.

Up really high there's still clear perfect blue.
 Morning must dawn as long as there is night.
 Without the old there's nothing to renew.
 Occasionally, it almost feels alright.

Although I know that light needs dark to shine,
 I don't expect to tell what atoms mean.
 The universe is fine without being mine.
 The flowers of countless valleys grow unseen.

What is above subsists on what's beneath.
 The world is not entirely blasted heath.

The freedom that you seek is in the mean
Between opposing tensions in your soul.
Achieve the integration of the whole
And then you are, and not a might have been.

Remember that to live is to metabolize.
So don't forget en route to the sublime
To check on your mouth-anus transit time
Look at the ground as well as at the skies

You've heard it all before? That's fine.
Reiterated truths soon sound absurd.
To be blasé is not beatitude.
It's just your glutton tongue can't taste the wine.
One in a million hears the blatant word
Before it echoes into platitude.

What is more important than the lyrics is the mere fact that Laing performed and, crucially, the impulse that led him to sing. Why did Laing sing? In an article published in *The Observer* just a few days before the album's release, author Caryll Faraldi pointed to the fact that R. D. Laing was always interested in the voice (and in music) and that the record could be linked to a previous voice recording he made with Georges Cunelli, a voice expert, theorist and close friend of James Joyce. It was only natural that Laing was interested in the voice, for, as both a psychiatrist and a media personality, he was perfectly aware of how a presence and a voice produced an effect on listeners. Singing, however, is a different story. The voice that speaks is not quite identical to the voice that sings. Even the control one can exercise as a trained speaker can be lost in the singing voice since the latter requires a wholly different though equally thorough training in breath control and rhythm. The singing voice does not form spontaneously. Thus, Laing was revealing himself much more than when he spoke, both in his (lack of) technique and in his personality, since singing stressed that he was a performer aware of the stage and how the subjects from his counseling were transformed into an audience.

The surprise in seeing him singing in Fowler's *All Divided Selves*, however, lies in the discovery that, at the beginning of the 1980s, the days of "experiment" as understood by *The Living Theatre* and the idea of unmediated expression and self-expression, of experiencing the world as a "naked human", were coming to an end. This musical performance by a very well-known psychiatrist is not just an anecdote; it was a result of the radical transformation of expression into a more metabolic response. It was also the result of transforming information into a totally different substance, one that is more complex than knowledge since it is a form adopted by life that avoids contact with the naked body or the influence of LSD or any other substance. This singing is crucial because it does not proclaim or state; it addresses us from the inside. It is pure queerness as

an accepted form and as an acknowledgment of the complex relationship between information, wisdom and culture. It revealed a need for a transformation that would go beyond action, that would live in us, transforming us first and then the world.

REMEMBER THAT TO LIVE IS TO METABOLIZE

During the 1920s and 1930s, a branch of scientific research appeared which focused on understanding human metabolism. The isolation of vitamins started in the second half of the 19th century and during the 1920s multiple experiments explained the role of vitamins A and D while further studies isolated vitamins C and K. Thus, interest in diet took on a new form and food was redefined in terms not only of accessibility, class and tradition, but also of health and self-control. Especially relevant in our context is the work and research of Catherine Kousmine (1904–1992), a Russian émigré who studied in Lausanne and developed a theory and practice for cancer treatment based on food or, more precisely, diet. Her first diet protocol, based on a 1949 case study describing the treatment and cure of a patient with intestinal cancer, was highly influenced by the research of another woman, Johanna Budwig (1908–2003). Throughout the 1940s Budwig, a German biochemist, studied fatty acids and their influence in curing cancer. Budwig published her first diet protocol in 1952, which expounded the virtues of consuming flaxseed oil, low-fat cheese and meals rich in fruits, vegetables, and fiber while avoiding sugar, animal fats, salad oil, meats, butter and especially margarine. Even if Kousmine was following up on the discoveries and the precepts of Budwig's diet, she was also a pioneer in a new understanding of the properties of raw food for our health. She put a special emphasis on the health value of cold-pressed oils. During WWII, oils were pressed under heats ranging from 160 to 200°C, allowing up to 70 percent of the fat from the grain to be extracted. This resulted in a dark, strong smelling liquid that required further processing and refining and, though this oil lasted forever, it was, as Kousmine put it, "dead". Cold-pressed oils, on the contrary, are alive, produced by simple physical processes like decanting and filtration, but are sensitive to light, become quickly rancid and require refrigeration once unsealed. Kousmine's texts are intensely eloquent in their explanations of how simple food had been transformed by industrial processes and how the loss of fatty acids, also known as vitamin F, plays a fundamental role in the weakening of our cell membranes' protection against external attacks, resulting in, for example, immunodeficiency disorders.

There is, of course, no proof that following diets, even those as rigorous as the Kousmine method, can cure cancer. I do not intend to present these methods as effective, but to note the parallel growth in understanding, at the start of the 20th century, of both drug use and diet. The common denominator is clear: an effect on our metabolic system.

Both interests, in drugs and in diets, are part of the exploration of the possibilities of enhancing our capabilities. The world of drugs centers on the brain, the possible chemical transformations that enable us to explore this organ and, therefore, the way we sense the world. Comparing the rise of interest in vitamins and raw food with drugs seems nonsensical at first sight. Food may indeed have an effect on our organism, but isn't it too slow, too long term a variable to provide a basis for proper comparison with drug use? Yet, after nearly 100 years, such thinking has allowed food to acquire the social and media relevance it has today. The revelation of the importance of food, not as gourmet cooking, but as a source of and structuring method for life, bears a strange but powerful relation with all sorts of experiments on "freeing the mind", with the psychiatric and anti-psychiatric movements of the last century, as well as with Modernism and the avant-garde and the idea of controlling the body, fueling it not too little and not too much to maintain productivity. The science of nourishment does not only aim to avoid an ill body, allow us to live longer and increase the productive years of humans. Food science goes beyond attempts to strengthen the body-as-machine towards attempts to generate a paradoxical state in which the human organism is not merely healthy enough to work more, but healthy enough to make us feel that we are in a state beyond labor. The body as resort. If drugs treat the mind as a skyrocket ready for takeoff, escaping the damaged body, the metabolic cult and super foods posit a body capable of making the mind stay.

POST-JUNKIE YEARS

This transformation in the scope of diet's influence on the human is part of a larger, radical shift in our understanding of the social and aesthetic conditions that determine our current relationship with the body and gender. It is defined by a tendency not only towards more freedom, but also towards increasing control, which in turn leads to shifts in the notions of gender that are central to art. Here gender is not understood as constituted by a dichotomy of the male and the female, but as an intelligent means of addressing the problem of the dichotomy of the inner from the outer. This is gender as a language we can adopt to grasp the possibilities of consciousness. This is gender as another name for art.

To imagine that great things can result solely from self-disciplinary mechanisms is difficult. Food is surrounded by confusion. It is difficult to remove cultural and geopolitical factors from the discussion and even more challenging to discuss food without invoking the names of star chefs and the exploration of the senses through food. The rise of the star chef has much to do with classical experiments in self-expression and an avant-garde or Modern understanding of a subject able to cross his/her boundaries through taste and express her/his relationship towards an inside and an outside in a radically new way completely determined, however, by the dramaturgy of the plating and the restaurant in the same manner that,

with *The Living Theatre*, the stage determined the extent of the experiments. I am more interested in a different relationship to food, expressed by Catherine Kousmine's research, that studies the ingredients of a diet and considers diet as an act of absorbing nourishment that has nothing to do with aesthetic pleasure but, rather, with the strong intention to slowly affect the human system.

While a vast body of research exists on drugs and the many other means of exploring the limits of our mind in its relation to science, literature, music, and, later on, every other form of subculture, there is almost nothing written on how these early biochemical experiments relate to culture and art. The gendered aspect of this field must also be noted, for the history of research on food and diet as a means of altering life is peopled almost exclusively by women. Though there is as yet almost no existing artistic production in the form of raw food or vitamins, there is an unstudied aspect of art production based on the same principles as this new metabolic way of living.

HEROIN AND CALORIE COUNTING

It was 1995 and I was in New York City. It was before the days of online newspaper reading, so I got myself a copy *El País* for the long train ride from Uptown down to Brooklyn. I read it nearly front to back, neglecting only the film section. The train ride continued, and was boring, so I decided eventually to read the film section as well. There, a critic used up an entire page smashing *Waterworld* (remember that one?). Though critics were nearly unanimous in their dislike of the film, this piece was masterfully humorous. The piece went on and on about the fact that the dystopia was set following an ecological disaster and that the bad guys were known as the Smokers. The Smokers! In a world of water where humans are almost fish: How did they manage to keep the tobacco dry?

Though the article was amusing, I could not completely accept the critic's argument since I come from a place where tobacco is preserved under water. Galicia, the region in Spain where I was born, has a particularly rough coastline. Piracy was common there for centuries and, during the dictatorship, the region was famous for the smuggling of goods over its border with Portugal. Economically underdeveloped in levels difficult to portray here, the virgin character of the region's water and land facilitated many farming initiatives. From the late 1970s into the 1980s we saw an increasing number of floating wood platforms drifting on the waters of the estuaries. These platforms, known as *bateas*, primarily served the farming of oysters and mussels, but were also used for smuggling tobacco. This is the origin of the name *Winston de batea* designating the tobacco illegally brought into the country that shared with the shellfish the cold, nourishing waters of the Atlantic. This same coast saw, some years later, tons of heroin and cocaine introduced into the country, producing both a total imbalance in the local economy and the genocide of a whole generation of drug users.

These were the same drugs that inundated both lower and upper class nightlife during the first years of democracy in Spain. For a whole decade, beginning from the age of 16, I co-existed with junkies in many ways. The village I am from and all the others like it were actively witnessing how drugs could shape life. On the opposite coast, the relatively tepid consumption by hipsters at the high schools co-existed with increasingly visible signs of a dependent population on the streets – the public spaces, clubs, bank lobbies and food markets where, every morning, junkies would beg to housewives who in turn prayed to God that their sons and daughters would be spared such a fate. Heroin was bridging the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea through this trade.

After moving to Barcelona, I went or, rather, was required as part of a school-sponsored prevention program, to attend many information sessions and to volunteer at one of the largest methadone clinics in Europe. Located in a neighborhood that no longer exists called Can Tunis, the area was a hellish island located behind the harbor, circumscribed on one side by a highway and on the other by the Montjuïc hill, both of which served to cut off this section from the greater urban fabric. I have never seen a place so desperate and isolated. The permanent population consisted of between 80 and 100 Sinti and Roma families who were accused of creating the biggest heroin market on the planet, even though they were the victims of extreme poverty and drug dependency. I started going there, scared to death, pretending to be a help to the organization while only managing to effectively cure myself of any desire to ever use such drugs. Indeed, my school's prevention program was highly effective. Methadone was presented at the clinic as the "solution", as a good substance that could replace the bad one and help one live a drug-free life. I was there every night for a year, over the course of which I discovered that methadone was an even worse drug than the one it was intended to replace. The whole operation was really a means of controlling the Sinti and Roma communities and their links to drug trafficking as well as a pretext for resettling these undesirables and expanding the harbor to its current size, effectively erasing Can Tunis.

Why I am recalling this episode? In my mind, the rise of the importance of food coincides with the drug war. I see these two phenomena linked in a dance that began in the Basque region with hopes of peace and at the Mediterranean coast as an attempt to absorb life and all its substances not from drugs, but from food. Food was required to overcome tradition and go through a complex, alchemical ritual of re-invention. All of a sudden, it became socially and historically necessary to translate and re-translate the most obvious ingredients, the most banal tastes.

FOOD AND THE POLITICAL ALGORITHM

Not long after my Can Tunis experiences came my first encounters with molecular cuisine. A friend took me to a seminar during which we were presented with an egg whose yolk had been replaced by café con leche. Actually, though my friend remembers this story, I am uncertain the memory is accurate. I am not even certain whether it was Ferran Adrià himself or a member of his team doing the “cooking” and presenting this new juggling act of taste and technology. Memory, not only that of the individual but that of the collective as well, always finds good reasons to eliminate objective information. The group attending this meeting, consisting mostly of architects, product and graphic designers, Web developers as well as two of the most important advertisement teams in the country, was truly shocked. However, this shock had nothing to do with food as a “dish” or culinary event. The cooking demonstration was received with as much enthusiasm, misunderstanding and resistance as when a new discipline of knowledge is introduced. This egg containing a café con leche was perhaps only described to us, but it is an incredibly powerful image. It produced among my fellow seminar attendees an endless series of jokes, repeated again and again, morphing the two original elements into things like a strawberry with a heart of anchovy and a thousand other combinatory variations. All society seemed, at this point, to be laughing at this extreme Pantagruelic game that the chefs were performing with food. Imagine that, the raw DNA of an animal product, the egg, was being replaced by a culturally made element, café con leche. Café con leche! Our breakfast staple had replaced the egg’s “origin” point which, though still protected like the yolk before it, was transformed into a consolidated item ready to be swallowed whole without consideration, without thought. The ritual chain of small, familiar gestures, the unconscious steps taken from hand to mouth, had been, all at once, replaced by a single, determined act, as unified as taking a shot of liquor. The vast collective choreography of every Spaniard, every morning, across millions of counters, publicly performing the gestures of drinking their café con leche had, all of a sudden, been replaced by the precarious substance of an egg.

Such transformations had nothing to do with food and much to do with a metabolic revolution that emerged from under the flood of drugs that had submerged Spain as unexpectedly as a tsunami. The drugs were not merely there because of the convenience of Spain’s geography and location, but also because of the intense appetite unconsciously created over many years of dictatorship now made manifest during these transitional years into democracy. Such appetites were the product of senses that had been restricted from performing their normal functions for too long and further oppressed by the fact that the old system was neither removed nor contested, but was merely being allowed to die away. The rise which occurred in drug use and, after its peak, in the importance of a new food played a fundamental role in creating the conditions in which a new self could be formed.

Like a metabolic reaction inside the social body, this new interest in food had a distinctly synthetic character. It could be linked with neither a long tradition of cuisine nor the bourgeoisie. On the contrary, it emerged, almost like an artistic movement, from an independent group. Molecular cuisine and its accompanying trends were somehow Kantian, focusing not on the food itself, but on invention and a kind of social training. This cuisine had as a goal, though of course impossible, to make us all eat through the mouth and sense through the nose in one special way. The very impossibility of this goal, that an entire culture would adopt an attitude towards eating which was deeply anti-culinary, made it into a radical proposal to challenge the habits of an entire nation. It suggested that a new historical period should not start with the same gestures and tastes of the previous regime. Food that is not food and recipes that are impossible to share are excellent antidotes to nostalgia. Almost overnight, a huge portion of the population was addressing food in a completely different manner and, thus, opening itself up to new possibilities in how and what it was consuming.

In my own strange memory, I see the fall in heroin use coincide, along with the rise of a new food, with the emergence of feet encased in the pneumatic forms of the first Camper and Camper-like shoes. In my mind, this is when the *Spaziergang* fever also began. The black rubber soles of Camper shoes that refused to stop at the limit of the foot's actual form, expanding pneumatically around it and abstracting the shape until it resembled a digitally enhanced paw, always fascinated me. These were friendly, democratic feet, without edges or borders, ready to traverse the asphalt plains of huge cities as readily as the dirt of the rustic Majorcan countryside from whence these shoes came. Their formed rubber shapes also recalled for me the dinghies so often used to transport bricks of cocaine, hashish and heroin along the cold beaches of the Atlantic coast. Yet, they were designed to convey a new era, never quite realized and now completely gone, in Mediterranean culture, populated by metropolitan neo-peasants who took to the markets and supermarkets to rehearse and proclaim their new values, wafting through the cities a balsamic-marinated social democracy. This unarticulated movement was so powerful and present, even if to this day it remains impossible to interpret its promise or the stakes of its speculative energy. It was clearly there, however, and I dislike it now as much as then, perhaps because I blame it, albeit unfairly, for mixing nostalgia with resentment and for encouraging a very specific form of unpreparedness. It was the diluted aftertaste of a movement, politically expressed with the worst kind of liberal defensiveness. It was the opposite of what the surrealist egg with its yolk of café con leche had wanted to announce. Something had gone rotten.

GENDER MOUSSE

Everything troubling about the image of the singing star therapist, as the mutated byproduct of the anti-psychiatric movement, can also be seen in what went wrong with molecular cuisine and its interpretations. And, as in the case of R. D. Laing, the first response may be to sing an ode to the incredible misunderstandings “food” created at the core of the social body at a very particular historical moment. Like the leaf on Siegfried’s back, a point of vulnerability was created that was conquered by gourmet promises and comfortable, oversized rubber soles. Via the mouth of the middle class, a major transformation occurred that altered senses and modified tastes forever. I call it a tragedy because I am an optimist and see, as Laing saw, that it might be good to be singing this drama for a while. Most likely, though still unprepared to understand, we are soon to hear amazing news concerning a radical transformation of human sexuality. After the wave of drugs that promised both potency and resistance, but only exhausted the body to an unthinkable extent, exterminating its natural defenses and powers, food acted as an antidote. However, all elements of culture began to act very directly upon our sexuality. The construction of the body during the Camper era did not happen by chance, but was, rather, an already corporate-approved reinterpretation of a post-therapy hippie, now fully integrated into the productivity chain with a democratic body ready to present itself in a post-sexual state. The new food appeared at a crucial moment in the transformation of a body eternally oscillating between diets, drugs and anti-depressants, a transformation that is now moving us towards a completely different understanding of gender. Together, new food and fashion combined to produce forms of desire and anxiety that displaced sexual appetites. Corresponding with the rise of virtual realities and online pornography, a period defined by a kind of disinterestedness towards sexual interactions, especially heterosexual, took place which allowed for a new sexual revolution. It has not only given us gay marriage and rights, but also enabled a new imagination in which gender and its functions are also a matter of choice. Gender has become a key aspect in the liberation of the body from Modernity, labor and *Leistung* (productivity). The slow but steady deprioritization of body-with-body sexuality is a metabolic process within the social body that will create the organic space necessary for this new gender reality. This produces, of course, all sorts of anxieties, from eating disorders to extreme surgical operations. Food, with its incredible capacity for transferring to the mouth some of our genital sense, can most successfully compensate for these lacks and losses. Camper’s inflated rubber paws, although as rudimentary and nostalgic as our current ideology, appeared to signal this transitional era. It will not last, however. Like the period of shedding old skin before the metamorphosis into a new creature, one whose form is as yet unknown to us, we are performing our old cultural-critical logic before acquiring a new one. We just need to sing it a little while longer.

