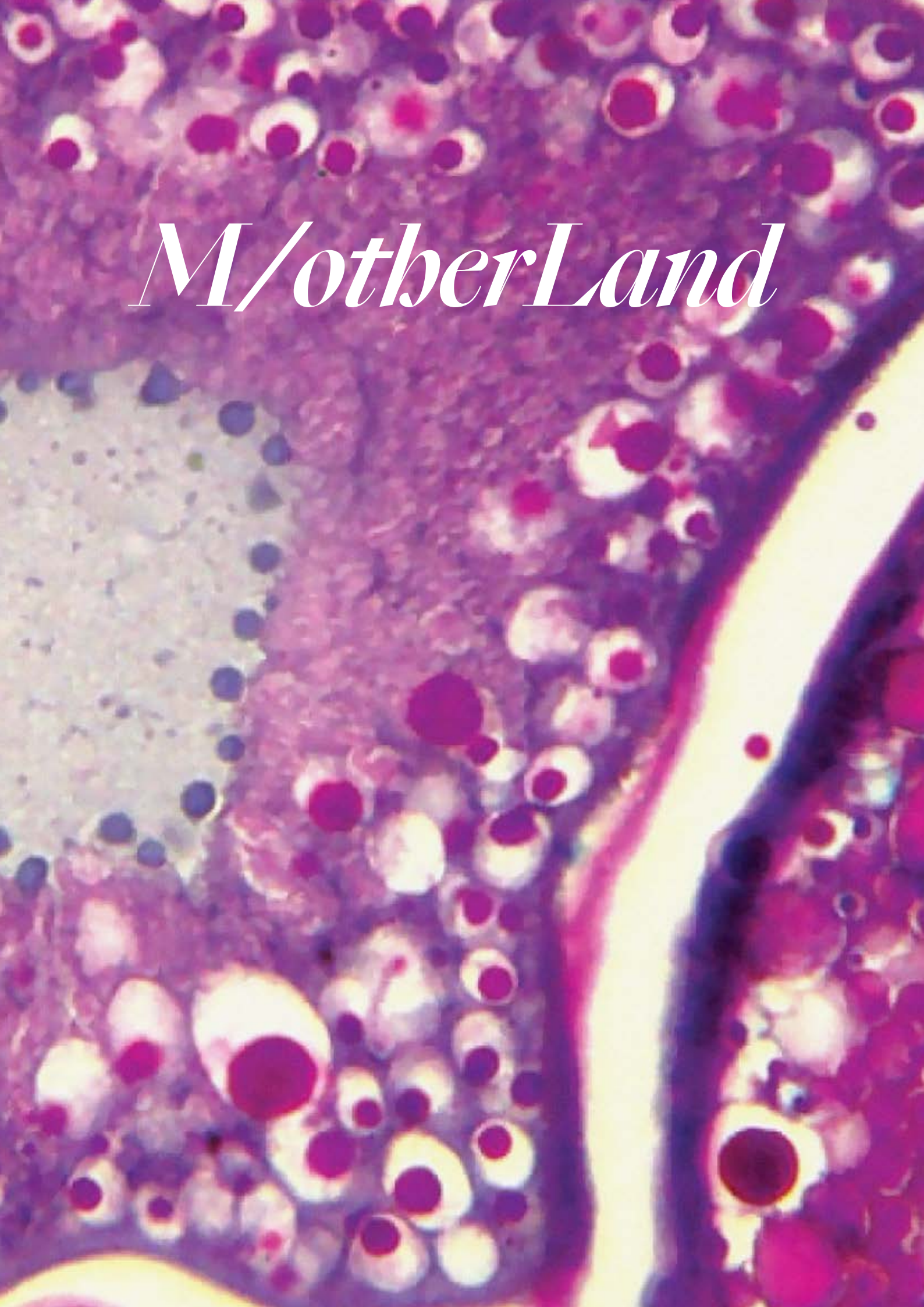
M/otherLand

To My Mother,
Ziva Patir

M/otherLand

Welcome to the curiously futuristic and playfully dystopic archeological museum of Ruth Patir. Here, ancient masks taunt the viewer while female figurines are entranced in a desert rave; relics of wild boar discharge breast milk while fertility goddesses wait in an IVF clinic. Patir's protagonists' journey from one work to the next renders them captive in an odyssey that spans both past and future.

M/otherLand is a cross-generational 3D documentary saga that reimagines fertility goddesses from ancient Judean times as real-life mothers. The installation in the OnCurating gallery is comprised of films, multi-screen installations and 3D sculptures. The works deal with the relations between gender representation, reproductive rights and state politics in the contemporary technocentric world.

The exhibition extends Ruth Patir's exploration of the politics of gender in the digital age, employing experimental documentary and storytelling methods. She utilizes motion capture technologies and inscribes recordings of real body movements onto the ancient female statuettes – the archeological relics used for fertility rituals currently on display in the national collection of the Israel Museum. On the one hand, Patir releases these figurines from a certain stagnation in their historical gender roles, allowing them to explore their sexuality and femininity in new ways. On the other hand, she accentuates their captivity in a lineage of gender representation and techno-manipulation, complicating the relations between re/production and politics, labour ethics and going into labour.

The exhibition consists of a video installation - *6,000 Years of Art in the Land of Israel Hitting on Me* (2020), and two films - *Marry, Fuck, Kill* (2019), and *Petach Tikva* (2020). The first video installation that welcomes the viewer to the space, features animated pages from the historic encyclopedic book "6,000 Years of Art in the Land of Israel"[1]. Here, the figures in the book are animated to 'catcall' the viewers in the show, framing the visit to the gallery as a sort of duel between the macho relics and the female figurines that appear in the other works. These female protagonists' sense of captivity is twofold; they are constantly under the gaze of the dominant male relics, as well as under the gaze of the exhibition viewer as displayed objects.

This comical contrast between male and female is complicated as the quest continues into the other works in the space; the female figurines are ambivalent heroines in their relationship with pregnancy and motherhood. As fertility goddesses, they are supposedly judged and valued through their ability to bring another life into the world but in Patir's works, they both embrace this role and rebel against it.[2]

In *Marry, Fuck, Kill*, Patir uses the body and voice of her mother to portray an ancient fertility goddess. To produce the film, Patir studied technologies commonly used for computer games and Marvel movies where she then recorded herself and her mother's movements in space and transposed them onto animated female figurines. The figurines, from the Iron Age kingdom of Judah[3], are part of the Israel Museum's archeology collection. Breathing life into these clay sculptures, whose hands have been holding their breasts for thousands of years, seemingly liberates them from their centuries-long slumber. At the same time, the repurposing of male dominated gaming technology, alongside the frank and intimate dialogue between mother and daughter, creates a space where different feminist perspectives can coincide. The mother belongs to a generation of women who have gone through menopause, and are no longer

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1. Written by the late general and archeologist Igal Yadin and professor of archeology Michael Avi Yona.
2. Joshua Simon wrote as part of a short text about *Marry Fuck Kill*; "Up until the archaic period in Greece, life was female: fertility figurines in the shape of pregnant woman holding their breasts have been found throughout the Middle East and Mediterranean. Unlike the phallic conception of life as the linear inheritance and ancestry of oneness, they depict life as two to begin with and serve as objects to worship the carrying and sustaining of another life". Retrieved from: *https://www.artandeducation.net/classroom/video/406417/ruth-patir-marry-fuck-kill*
3. "Judean pillar figurines are an interesting and specific form of female representation from the Iron Age kingdom of Judah. They fall into a broader category of pillar figurines, which have a pole-like lower body and have been found throughout the Near East and the Mediterranean from the 2nd millennium BCE into classical times". Retrieved from: *https://www.worldhistory.org/Judean_Pillar_Figurines/.*

considered fertile; Moreover, she is not as enthusiastic as her daughter about the current liberation zeitgeist. Thus, her portrayal in the form of a rebellious ancient fertility goddess is both companionate and ironic, enhancing the underlying tension between mother and daughter but also their bond and alliance. Bringing their conversation to the forefront, estranged by its transition into a virtual, animated realm, the work deals with the intricacies of the historical representation of the female form, and the clichés that surround them.

In *Petach Tikva* (2020), the same 3000-year-old deities are waiting in a fertility clinic, the Petach Tikva hospital.[4] Here, their story becomes strangely entangled with a dystopian tale of an invasion into an Israeli metropolis. As the deities sit in the clinic's waiting room, TV screens present the news of the animal invasion in a menacing voice over. The animals - portrayed partly by animated archeological relics of biblical cattle, and partly by real footage from a wild boar invasion to the Israeli city of Haifa- aggressively take over the city. The waiting figurines seem to mediate the various forms of invasion we experience in contemporary reality, between the natural and the artificial.

The tension between the natural and artificial is present throughout the works in the exhibition - clay versus plastic, hand-made versus 3D print, woman versus figurines, real versus virtual, natural pregnancy versus hormones and artificial insemination. Thus, Patir weaves intricate lines around the agency of the female body and the female voice in an age of advanced technology, and problematizes its relation to state politics and governmentality, both in the context of Israel and globally. She implies that technology is on the one hand a privilege not extended to all, and on the other, a form of control.

Israel is one of the leading countries in terms of fertility treatment as it has always been part of the Zionist vision to shape the demographic future of the land. David Ben Gurion, the prime minister of the newborn country (1948-1953, 1955-1963), gave a special prize to encourage childbearing to mothers with the largest number of children. At some point, after political debates regarding the right for equality, the prize was also given to an Arabic woman. Fast-forward to the 21st century, and Israel is one of the only countries that sponsors numerous treatments for woman even if they already have several children, or if for various medical reasons the odds are against them. This privilege is thus a double- edged sword, as the toll on the bodies and minds of woman could become immense.[5] In addition, it is still conflictual in terms of its identity politics, especially when considering the specific politics of Israel[6], as well as the global voices to limit childbirth in relation to the climate crisis.[7]

This conflictual realm comes into play in a magazine, which is held by one of the characters in Petach Tikva, and reappears in the exhibition space as an actual object. The magazine opens with this text and continues as a hybrid between an artist book and an artwork itself; an important element in the exhibition which also serves as the subconscious disposition of the artist. As a mix of images, fragments of academic texts and notes, it gives a broader picture of the scope of contemporary debates and controversies around the issues that the exhibition raises.

— Maayan Sheleff

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4. In Hebrew, Petach Tikva is a suburban city in the center of Israel, but also literally means a 'chance or a portal for hope'.
5. A unique perspective on the precarious labor of childbirth can be found in the text quoted later in this book: Sophie Lewis, "Full Surrogacy Now", e-flux journal #99, April 2019. *https://www.e-flux.com/journal/99/261641/full-surrogacy-now/*
6. See for example the text quoted later in this book: Gala Rexer, "Borderlands of reproduction: bodies, borders, and assisted reproductive technologies in Israel/Palestine", Ethnic and Racial Studies, published online February 2021, Taylor and Francis Online/ Routledge. *https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/01419870.2021.1887502*
7. This call is often part of various academic discourses, for example in Donna Haraway's Staying with the Trouble- Making Kin in the Chthulucene, (Duke University press, 2016), quoted in this book.

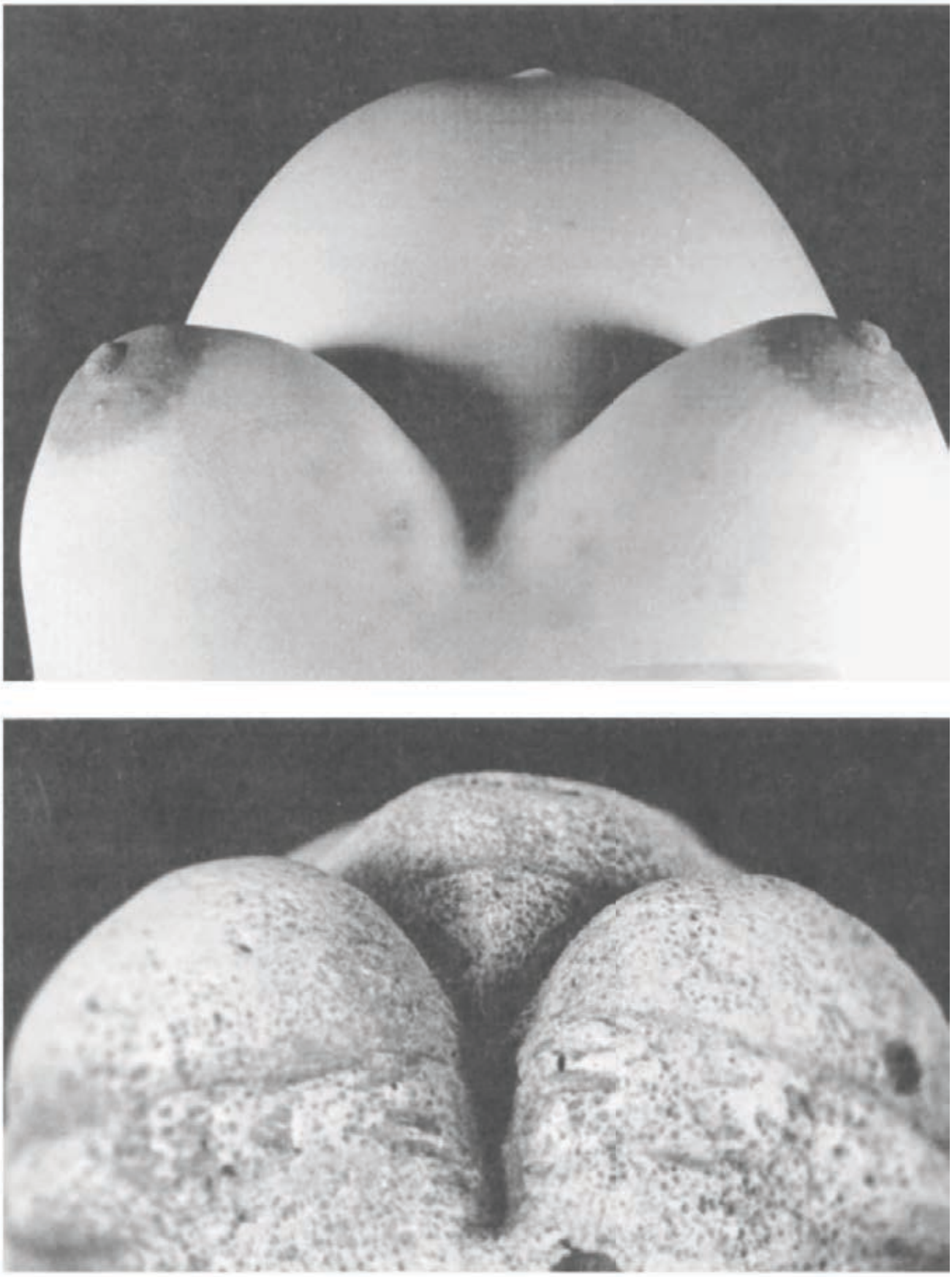
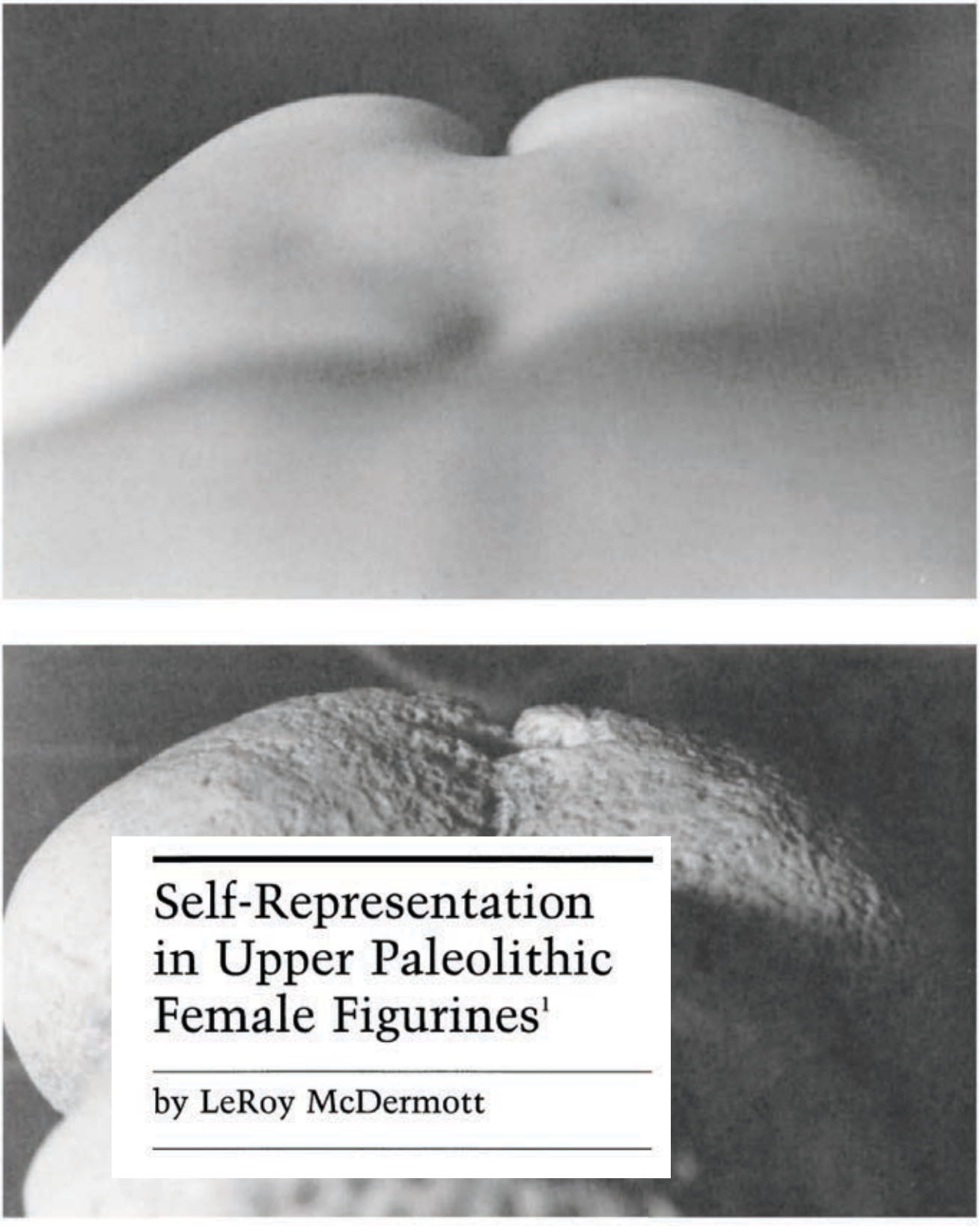


FIG. 5. *Autogenous visual information of the upper body.* Top, *photographic simulation of what a six-months-pregnant 26-year-old Caucasian female of average weight sees when looking down while standing erect;* bottom, *same view of Willendorf no. 1 (cast).*



Self-Representation in Upper Paleolithic Female Figurines[1]

by LeRoy McDermott

FIG. 10. *Autogenous visual information of buttocks as seen under the arm.* Top, *photographic simulation of modern woman's view;* bottom, *same view of Willendorf no. 1 (cast).*

In my dream last night, I was looking at my breasts in a mirror. They were hanging low on my body - at the level of my belly buttom. I was crying, depressed about them hanging so low. I cried out, in tears, My breasts are too low! Then I looked at them closer, and saw there were five nails in each breast, and that my breasts were actually hoofs, and the reason they hung so low was so that I could use them to walk.

- Sheila Heti, "Motherhood"


ophie Lewis
Full Surrogacy Now
It is a wonder we let fetuses inside us. Unlike almost all other animals, hundreds of thousands of humans die because of their pregnancies every year, making a mockery of UN millennium goals to stop the carnage. In the United States, almost one thousand people die while doing childbirth each year and another sixty-five "nearly die." This situation is social, not
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The genes that are active in embryonic dev
pregnancy among *Homo sapiens*—in Sadedin's
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Chikako Takeshita calls "the motherfetus" tears itself apart
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Sophie Lewis

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Pregnancy undoubtedly has its pleasures; natality is unique. That is why, even as others suffer deeply from their coerced participation in pregnancy, many people excluded from the experience for whatever reason – be they cis, trans, or nonbinary – feel deeply bereft. But even so, and even in full recognition of the sense of the sublime that people experience in gestating, it is remarkable that there isn't more consistent support for research into alleviating the *problem* of pregnancy.

The everyday "miracle" that transpires in pregnancy, the production of that number more than one and less than two, receives more idealizing lip-service than it does respect. Certainly, the creation of new proto-personhood in the uterus is a marvel artists have engaged for millennia (and psychoanalytic philosophers for almost a century). Most of us need no reminding that we are, each of us, the blinking, thinking, pulsating products of gestational work and its equally laborious aftermaths. Yet in 2017 a reader and thinker as compendious as Maggie Nelson can still state, semi-incredulously but with a strong case behind her, that philosophical writing about actually doing gestation constitutes an absence in culture.

What particularly fascinates me about the subject is pregnancy's morbidity, the little-discussed ways that, biophysically speaking, gestating is an unconscionably destructive business. The basic mechanics, according to evolutionary biologist Suzanne Sadedin, have evolved in our species in a manner that can only be described as a ghastly fluke. Scientists have discovered – by experimentally putting placental cells in mouse carcasses – that the active cells of pregnancy "rampage" (unless aggressively contained) through every tissue they touch. Kathy Acker was not citing these studies when she remarked that having cancer was like having a baby, but she was unconsciously channelling its findings. The same goes for Elena Ferrante's protagonist in *The Days of Abandonment*, who reports: "I was like a lump of food that my children chewed without stopping; a cud made of a living material that continually amalgamated and softened its living substance to allow two greedy bloodsuckers to nourish themselves."[1]

The genes that are active in embryonic

development are also implicated in cancer. And that is not the only reason why pregnancy among *Homo sapiens* – in Sadedin's account – perpetrates a kind of biological "bloodbath." It is the specific, functionally rare type of placenta we have to work with – the hemochorial placenta – which determines that the entity Chikako Takeshita calls "the motherfetus" tears itself apart inside.[2] Rather than simply interfacing with the gestator's biology through a limited filter, or contenting itself with freely proffered secretions, this placenta "digests" its way into its host's arteries, securing full access to most tissues. Mammals whose placentae *don't* "breach the walls of the womb" in this way can simply abort or reabsorb unwanted fetuses at any stage of pregnancy, Sadedin notes. For them, "life goes on almost as normal during pregnancy."[3] Conversely, a human *cannot* rip away a placenta in the event of a change of heart – or, say, a sudden drought or outbreak of war – without risk of lethal hemorrhage. Our embryo hugely enlarges and paralyzes the wider arterial system supplying it, while at the same time elevating (hormonally) the blood pressure and sugar supply. A 2018 study found that post-natal PTSD affects at least three to four percent of mothers in the UK (the US percentage is likely to be far higher – especially among black women).[4]

No wonder philosophers have asked whether gestators are persons.[5] It seems impossible that a society would let such grisly things happen on a regular basis to entities endowed with legal standing. Given the biology of hemochorial placentation, the fact that so many of us endowed with "viable" wombs are walking around in a state of physical implantability – no Pill, no IUD – ought by rights to be regarded as the most extraordinary thing. To be sure, it has been relatively straightforward in many parts of the world to stop gestating *at the very beginning of the process*, simply because an unremarkable – even unnoticed – miscarriage occurred, or because the gestator has had access (through a knowledgeable friend) to abortifacients. In 2008, Aliza Shvarts self-inseminated with fresh sperm and then "self-aborted," over and over again, every month for nine months, by swallowing pills, as a kind of art project.[6] I'm curious what that perverse start–stop labor experiment was like. Shvarts's true, nondefensive thoughts on the matter are unfortunately obliterated by a wall of right-wing bellowing. Unsurprisingly, given that one would expect to feel good upon being extricated from a nonstop job one isn't willing to do, in general the experience of termination generates feelings of relief and cared-for-ness. As Erica Millar evidences in *Happy Abortions*, sustained negative emotions are extremely rare in connection with having an abortion.[7]

Gestational Fix

Pregnancy has long been substantially techno-fixed already, when it comes to those whose lives really "matter." Under capitalism and imperialism, safer (or, at least, medically supported) gestation has typically been the privilege of the upper classes. And the high-end care historically afforded to the rich when they gestate their own young has lately been supplemented by a "technology" that absorbs 100 percent of the damage from the consumer's point of view: the human labor of a "gestational surrogate." Surrogacy, as news media still report, began booming globally in 2011. Around 2016, the industry began suffering a series of setbacks: Thailand and Nepal banned surrogacy altogether for the foreseeable future, and other major hubs (India, Cambodia, and Mexico) legislated against all but "altruistic" heterosexual surrogacy arrangements. Nevertheless, there are still privately registered, profit-making "infertility clinics" on every continent, listing surrogates for hire who will remain, so they say, genetically entirely unrelated to the babies that customers carry away at the end of the process. For, just as the cannier commentators predicted, surrogacy bans do not halt but actually fuel the baby trade, rendering gestational workers far more vulnerable than before.[8]

Surrogacy bans uproot, isolate, and criminalize gestational workers, driving them underground and often into foreign lands, where they risk prosecution alongside their bosses and brokers, far away from their support networks. In July 2018, thirty-three pregnant Cambodians were detained and charged in Phnom Penh, together with their Chinese boss, for "human trafficking offences."[9] Separately, one Mumbai-based infertility specialist began recruiting surrogate workers from Kenya immediately after India's Supreme Court decision against commercial and homosexual surrogacy. Through in vitro fertilization, he implants the Kenyans with embryos belonging to his gay clients. Pregnant, these contractors are flown back to Nairobi after twenty-four weeks' monitoring in India. The babies are birthed in designated hospitals in Nairobi, where clients can pick them up. The doctor maintains that he has not broken Indian law, because he has not interacted with gay clients within that territory: all he has provided, technically, is IVF for Kenyan "health care" seekers. In other words, clinicians simply jump through legal loopholes by moving surrogate mothers across borders, exposing surrogate mothers to greater risks while expanding and diversifying their business

partnerships worldwide.[10]

The trend toward commercial surrogacy does not constitute a qualitative transformation in the mode of biological reproduction that currently destroys (as those aforementioned mortality statistics show) so many adults' lives. In fact, capitalist biotech does nothing at all to solve the problem of pregnancy per se, because that is not the problem it is addressing. It is responding exclusively to demand for genetic parenthood, to which it applies the logic of outsourcing. While the development remains uneven and tentative, it is clear that what capitalism is proposing by alienating and globalizing gestational surrogacy in this way is, as usual, an option involving moving the problem around. Pregnancy work is not so much disappearing or getting easier as crashing through various regulatory barriers onto an open market. Let the poor do the dirty work, wherever they are cheapest (or most convenient) to enroll.

And no wonder, given that the ground for such a development was already being laid as early as the late nineteenth century, when large swathes of the colonial, upper-class, frequently women-led eugenics movement in Europe and North America argued that the best way to realize pregnancy's promise – namely, a thriving future "race" achieved through sexual "virtue" and white-supremacist "hygiene" – was for the state to economically discipline all sexual activity unconducive to that horizon.[11] As good social democrats, these "feminist" progressives wanted a nation-state that was duty-bound to feed, shelter, clothe, educate, and train the gestational laborers present within its territory, and (especially) the products of that gestational labor.[12] Since this was then, and remains now, a costly sounding proposition, a set of enduring ideas and policies were propagated around the turn of the century, according to which, as far as metropolitan proletarians were concerned, having babies spells financial irresponsibility and surefire ruin in and of itself – especially out of wedlock. The same discouragement applied, more or less, to nonwhite (Italian, Irish, Arab) immigrants on the eastern American seaboard. Lumpenproletarian populations in "the colonies" (notably India) faced more hands-on methods, including (famously) sterilization. Meanwhile, curiously, for families of the capitalist class, having babies represents a virtuous and vital investment guaranteeing their – and the very economy's – good fortunes.

"That there is even a relationship between material well-being and childbearing is a twentieth-century, middle-class, and to some extent white belief," historian Laura Briggs insists.[13] Nevertheless, it's been but a series of logical steps from that hegemonic notion of reproductive meritocracy to the beginnings of the pregnancy "gig economy" we can glimpse today. In unprecedentedly literal ways, people make babies for others in exchange for the money required to underwrite *morally*, as well as materially, their own otherwise barely justifiable baby-having. It's not quite accurate, though, to say that the basic ideas of early eugenicist reproductive policy have resurfaced in late capitalism – or even to say that they've survived. Rather, as W. E. B. Du Bois lays out in *Black Reconstruction in America, 1860–1880* – or Dorothy Roberts in *Killing the Black Body: Race, Reproduction, and the Meaning of Liberty* – these interlocking logics of property and sub-humanity, privatization, and punishment, form the template that organized capitalism in the first place and sustains it as a system.[14] Dominant liberal-democratic discourses that hype a world of postracial values and bootstrap universality only serve to render dispossessed populations the more responsible for their trespass of being alive and having kids while black. Stratification is self-reproducing and not designed to be resolved.

It is still useful to call out contemporary iterations of eugenic common sense for their face-value incoherence; still legitimate to point out (the hypocrisy!) that even as urban working-class and black motherhood continues to come under attack, the barriers to black and working-class women's access to contraception and abortion grow steadily more formidable. The positive "choice" to "freely invest" in having a baby is one that numerous laws are literally forcing many people to make, with dire and frequently fatal results. Obstetric care in India remains to this day among the most scant in the whole world – even though India exports and offers obstetric medical care to customers around the world. Such contradictions, we know, are part and parcel of capitalist geopolitical economy, which needs populations to extinguish in the process of making others thrive. It's not just *life* that is a sexually transmitted disease, as the old joke has it. Birth justice campaigners know, as indeed AIDS activists knew in the 1980s and 1990s, that it is death that sex spreads, simultaneously, in the context of for-profit health care.

However, this depressing state of affairs hasn't ever been the whole story. From Soviet mass holiday camps for pregnant comrades, to Germany's inventive (albeit doomed) "twilight sleep" methods – designed to completely erase the memory of labor pain – human history contains a plethora of ambitious ideologies and technological experiments for universally liberating and collectivizing childbirth. It's admittedly an ambivalent record. Irene Lusztig,

director of a beautiful 2013 archival film on this subject, has understandably harsh words for the various early-twentieth-century rest-camps and schools of childbirth she discusses. But, she suggests, you have to hand it to them – even the most wrongheaded of textbooks written a century ago at least stated the problem to be solved in uncompromising terms: "Birth injuries are so common that Nature must intend for women to be used up in the process of reproduction, just as a salmon die after spawning."[15] *Well if that's what Nature intends*, the early utopian midwives and medical reformers featured in *The Motherhood Archives* responded: *then Nature is an ass*. Why accept *Nature* as natural?[16] If *this* is what childbirth is "naturally" like, they reasoned, looking about them in the maternity wards of Europe and America, then it quite obviously needs to be denatured, remade.[17] Easier said than done. Pioneering norms of fertility care based on something like cyborg self-determination have turned out to be a moving target. The exceptionality and care-worthiness of gestation remains something that has to be forcibly *naturalized*, spliced in against the grain of a "Nature" whose fundamental indifference to death, injury, and suffering does not, paradoxically, come naturally to most of us.

Moreover, many of these efforts to emancipate humanity from gestational "Nature" have claimed the name of "Nature" for *their* cause, too. For instance, the turn to so-called "natural childbirth" – which earned such fiery contempt from Shulamith Firestone in 1970 for being bourgeois – more accurately stands for a regimen full of carefully stylized gestational labor hacks and artifices, a suite of mental and physical conditioning that may be billed as "intuitive" but which nevertheless take time and skill to master. Natural childbirth has never gone entirely out of fashion and is still extremely popular among diverse social classes.[18] And while particular subdoctrines of natural childbirth continue to come under well-justified fire wherever they stray into mystification, the broader free-birthing movement's foundational critique of just-in-time capitalist obstetrics and its colonial-patriarchal history – whereby midwives, witches, and their indigenous knowledges were expelled from the gestational workplace – is hard to fault.[19]

Likewise, I have absolutely no quarrel with the trans-inclusive autonomist midwives and radical doulas, the ones (unlike ProDoulas – see note 23) lobbying for their work to become a guaranteed form of free health care.[20] I have no quarrel with "full-spectrum" birth-work that supports people of all genders through abortion, miscarriage, fertility treatments, labor, and postpartum, often operating outside of biomedical establishments, spreading bottom-up mutual aid, disseminating methods geared toward achieving minimally (that is, sufficiently) medicated, maximally pleasurable reproduction.[21] Quite the contrary: power to them. With their carefully refined systems of education, training, and traditional lay science, they are, in their own way, creating a nature worth fighting for.[22] It can hardly be an accident that, as anyone who spends time in midwifery networks will realize, so many of them are anti-authoritarian communists.[23]

Few people consciously want babies to be commodities. Yet baby commodities are a definite part of what gestational labor produces today. Given the variety of organizing principles that can apply to the baby assembly line, it is ahistorical (at best) to claim that what we produce when we're pregnant is simply life, new life, love, or "synthetic value": the value of human knitted-togetherness.[24] Such claims are unsatisfying, in the first instance, because they fail to account for gestators who do not bond with what's inside them. And they can't fully grasp altruistic surrogacy, where the goal is explicitly to *not* generate a bond between gestator and baby in the course of the labor (even if some surrogates do attach and sometimes propose a less exclusive, open adoption–style parenting model after they've given birth). The related, philosophically widespread, claim that social bonds are grounded biologically in pregnancy – what some call the "nine-month head-start" to a relationship – is ultimately incomplete.[25] The better question is surely: a head-start to what? What type of social bonds are grounded by which approach to pregnancy?

Clearly, if I am gestating a fetus, I may feel that I am in relationship with that (fetal) part of my body. That "relationship" may even ground the sociality that emerges around me and the infant if and when it is born, assuming that we continue to cohabit. But I may also conceptualize the work in a completely different way – grounding an alternate social world. I may never so much as see (or wish to see) my living product; am I not still grounding a bond with the world through that birth? For that matter, people around me may fantasize that they are in a relationship with the interior of my bump, and they will even be "right" insofar as the leaky contamination and synchronization of bodies, hormonally and epigenetically, takes place in many (as yet insufficiently understood) ways. We simply cannot generalize about "the social" without knowing the specifics of the labor itself. And, regardless of the "ground" the gestational relationship provides, the fabric of the *social* is

something we ultimately weave by taking up where gestation left off, encountering one another as the strangers we always are, adopting one another skin-to-skin, forming loving and abusive attachments, and striving at comradeship. To say otherwise is to naturalize and thus, ironically, to *devalue* that ideological shibboleth "the mother-fetus bond." What if we reimagined pregnancy, and not just its prescribed aftermath, as work under capitalism – that is, as something to be struggled in and against toward a utopian horizon free of work and free of value?

Terms of Engagement

What is commercial gestational surrogacy, in concrete terms? It is a means by which capitalism is harnessing pregnancy more effectively for private gain, using – yes – newly developed technical apparatuses, but also well-worn "technologies" of one-way emotional and fleshly service – well-beaten channels of unequal trade. Surrogacy is a logistics of manufacture and distribution where the commodity is biogenetic progeny, backed by "science" and legal contract. It's a booming, ever-shifting frontier whose yearly turnover per annum is unknown but certainly not negligible: "a $2bn industry" was the standard estimate quoted in 2017.[26] One freelance international broker alone, Rudy Rupak, who set up the medical tourism outfit PlanetHospital, described himself as "an uncle to about 750 kids around the globe" before he was convicted for fraud in 2014. It is safe to say that several thousand babies every year are seeing the light of day and immediately swapping hands in a fast-changing number of legislatures that may or may not (at the time of publication) include California, Ukraine, Russia, Israel, Guatemala, Iran, Mexico, Cambodia, Thailand, India, Laos, and Kenya.

Even outside of academia, with its publishing time constraints, scholars stand little chance of capturing changes in the landscape of commercial surrogacy as they happen. "With Cambodia closing its doors to surrogacy," supplies one blog tentatively, "Laos will possibly become the next destination for these reproductive services," at least for a few months, until Laotian legislators too crack down.[27] In a breakthrough for the far-right Israeli homophobia lobby, it was announced that the enormous industry in Israel tailoring its surrogacy services specifically to gay men would now be shut down from summer 2018 on, sparking mass protests.[28] By contrast, one legislature poised to legalize compensated third-party gestation for clients of all sexual orientations in 2019 is the state of New York, which numbers among just four states in the United States to still ban *any* surrogacy arrangement more than three decades after "Baby M" became the focus of debate. The government of the United Kingdom, too, is now undertaking a three-year inquiry into its rules determining parentage, as a consequence of which "laws could be reformed to remove automatic rights" from the person who gestates or genetically donates toward a baby – that is, from the individuals one shrill article in *The Telegraph* pre-emptively calls "the parents" (specifically, "birth parents").[29]

The basics: a commercial gestational surrogate receives a fee, the disbursement of which (across the trimesters) varies by country. The surrogate's capacity to undertake a pregnancy is essentially leased to one or more infertile individuals, who subsequently own a stake in the means of production, namely, the surrogate's reproductive biology. This grounds a corresponding claim upon the hoped-for product, living progeny, which more often than not denotes genetic progeny, although donor gametes are also used. Assuming the pregnancy has gone smoothly, the surrogate is contractually bound to relinquish all parental claims soon after the delivery, which proceeds, in a disproportionate number of cases, by caesarean section.

Commercial or not, gestational surrogacy is the practice of arranging a pregnancy in order to construct and deliver a baby that is "someone else's." So then, if that is what this book is about, this is a book about an impossibility. An impossibility, how so? I mean something which all the best parents on earth (particularly "adoptive" ones) already know, namely, that bearing an infant "for someone else" is always a fantasy, a shaky construction, in that infants don't belong to anyone, ever. Obviously, infants do belong to the people who care for them in a sense, but they aren't property. Nor is the genetic code that goes into designing them as important as many people like to think; in fact, as some biologists provocatively summarize the matter: "DNA is not self reproducing ... it makes nothing ... and organisms are not determined by it."[30] In other words, the substance of parents gets scrambled. Their source code doesn't "live on" in kids after they die any more than that of nonparents. Donna Haraway extrapolates from this that "there is never any reproduction of the individual" in our species, since "neither parent is continued in the child, who is a randomly reassembled genetic package," and, thus, for us, "literal reproduction is a contradiction in terms."[31] There is only degenerative and regenerative co-production. Labor (such as gestational labor) and nature (including genome, epigenome, microbiome, and so on) can only

alchemize the world together by transforming one another. We are all, at root, responsible, and especially for the stew that is epigenetics. We are the makers of one another. And we could learn collectively to act like it. It is *those* truths that I wish to call real surrogacy, *full* surrogacy.

Such a move is inspired by utopian traditions – those of various socialist biologists, queer and transfeminist scientists, antiracists, and communists – that have speculated about what babymaking beyond blood, private coupledom, and the gene fetish might one day be. These traditions remain utopian because surrogacy today can be everything from severely banal to disturbingly ghoulish. Nightmarish mishaps within the transnational choreography of surrogacy have repeatedly occurred, and although they were so far, in each case, eventually resolved, they have prompted lurid mass condemnation of a sector that creates babies only to consign them to the limbo of statelessness, the helplessness of orphanhood, the predations of traffickers, the acquisitiveness of other random child-starved couples, and other calamities. Amid significantly less fanfare, surrogates have died from postpartum complications.

That covers what's "ghoulish" in the picture. As far as "banal" goes, notwithstanding the myriad news stories about sensational individual cases, the unconventional gestational provenance of many newborn babies who have been collected from fertility clinics (from "host" uteruses) passes overwhelmingly under the radar. Being a "surrobaby" goes unremarked upon on birth certificates and is frequently not disclosed in the children's social milieus. There is a gap, an aporia, between the familiarity of millions of primetime television viewers with surrogacy, where surrogacy is an extravagant possibility happening "out there" to other people, and the fact that "surro-babies" pass among us in their thousands, invisibly. The everyday flow of surrogacy among populations remains unknown to many, since it barely troubles the surface of the spectacle that is the conventional nuclear family.

At the same time, there are countless books in existence on the topic, the vast majority of which are bioethical in focus, which is to say they set out to question surrogacy by discussing the saleability either of wombs or of "life itself" from a moral and humanitarian standpoint. Others present thoughtful and granular studies of the sales already taking place by focusing variously on things like the role of religious faith in surrogacy[32]; its patterns of racial stratification and (thwarted) migration[33]; the role of shared metaphors in establishing motherhood[34]; the specificity of these in LGBTQ kinmaking ontologies[35]; the neocolonial aspects of the industry (a "transnational reproductive caste system")[36]; discourse norms on online surrogacy forums[37]; prehistories of "pro-natal technologies in an anti-natal state" (i.e., the significance of sterilization policy previously endured by groups now recruited to gestate for others)[38]; and other localized features of the market, such as the boom among US "military wives" who make use of their high-end medical insurance packages to gestate, as boutique freelancers, while their husbands are away on deployments.[39]

What is the point of *this* book? *Full Surrogacy Now* is not a book primarily derived from case studies. Nor, as you've seen, does it argue that there is something somehow desirable about the "surrogacy" situation such as it is. It presents brief histories of reproductive justice, anti-surrogacy, and saleswomanship at one particular clinic – but its main distinction, or so I hope, is that it is theoretically immoderate, utopian, and partisan regarding the people who work in today's surrogacy dormitories. The aim is to use bourgeois reproduction today (stratified, commodified, cis-normative, neocolonial) to squint toward a horizon of gestational communism. Throughout, I assume that the power to get to something approaching such a horizon belongs primarily to those who are currently workers – workers who probably dream about not being workers – specifically, those making and unmaking babies.

#FREE #LABOR

Although I do not call for a reduction[40] in baby-making, this book seeks to land a blow against bourgeois society's voracious appetite for private, legitimate babies ("at least, *healthy white* [ones]," as Barbara Katz Rothman specifies, presumably using the word "healthy," here, with irony – to signify absence of disability).[41] The regime of quasi-compulsory "motherhood," while vindicating itself in reference to an undifferentiated passing-on of "life itself," is heavily implicated in the structures that stratify human beings in terms of their biopolitical value in present societies. If, as Laura Mamo finds in her survey of pregnancies in the queer community in the age of technoscience, the new dictum is "If you can achieve pregnancy, you must procreate,"[42] it is a dictum that, like so many "universal" things, disciplines everybody but really only applies to a few (the ruling class). And, while the questions of LGBTQ and migrant struggle are sometimes separated from class conflict, any understanding of this system of "economic" reproductive stratification will be incomplete without an account of the cissexist, anti-queer, and xenophobic logics that police deviations from the image of a legitimate family united in one "healthy" household.[43] Drug users, abortion

seekers, sexually active single women, black mothers, femmes who defend themselves against men, sex workers, and undocumented migrants are the most frequently incarcerated violators of this parenting norm. They have not been shielded by the fact that the Family today is now no longer necessarily heterosexual, with states increasingly making concessions to the "homonormative" household through policy on gay marriage.[44]

Gestational Commune

"Full surrogacy now," "another surrogacy is possible": to the extent that these interchangeable sentiments imply a revolutionary program (as I'd like them to) I'd propose it be animated by the following invitations. Let's bring about the conditions of possibility for open-source, fully collaborative gestation. Let's prefigure a way of manufacturing one another noncompetitively. Let's hold one another hospitably, explode notions of hereditary parentage, and multiply real, loving solidarities. Let us build a care commune based on comradeship, a world sustained by kith and kind more than by kin. Where pregnancy is concerned, let every pregnancy be for everyone. Let us overthrow, in short, the "family."[45]

It is admittedly quite hard to imagine the book by me that would do full justice to that remit. Happily, the ideas I've just glossed over aren't new or original and will continue to be refined and concretized for years and years after this. Writing is, of course, an archetypal example of distributed, omni-surrogated creative labor. While the name on the cover of this book is mine, the thoughts that gestated its unfinished contents, like the labors that gestated (all the way into adulthood) the thinkers of those ongoing thoughts, are many. Mario Biagioli puts it well in his essay comparing gestational surrogacy with intellectual plagiarism: "authorship can only be coauthorship."[46]

Unabashedly interested in family abolition, I want us to look to waged gestational assistance specifically insofar as it illuminates the possibility of its immanent destruction by something completely different. In other words, I'd like to see a surrogacy worthy of the name; a real surrogacy; surrogacy solidarity. *That* is the reason for flagging this one particular multisited project of capitalist reproduction; not the fact that it is intensive, or unique. I want others to help me read surrogacy against the grain and thereby begin to reclaim the productive web of queer care (real surrogacy) that Surrogacy™ is privately channelling, monetizing, and, basically, stealing from us.

I'll wager there is no technological "fix" for the violent predicament human gestators are in. Technologies for ex utero babymaking *might* be a good idea, and the same goes for more ambitious research and development in the field of abortion and contraception. But, fundamentally, the whole world deserves to reap the benefits of already available techniques currently monopolized by capitalism's elites. It is the political struggle for access and control – the commoning or communization of reprotech – that matters most. It is certainly going to be up to us (since technocrats wouldn't do it for us, or hand it over to us if they did) to orchestrate intensive scientific inquiry into ways to tweak bodily biology to better privilege, protect, support, and empower those with uteruses who find themselves put to work by a placenta.

Far from a cop-out, saying there is no miracle fix for gestation – except seizing the means of reproduction – should light a fire under our desires to abolish the (obstetric) present state of things. Beyond the centuries-long circular debate about whether our pregnancies are "natural" or "pathological," there is, I know, a gestational commune – and I want to live in it.

×

This text is an excerpt from the introduction to *Full Surrogacy Now: Feminism Against Family* by Sophie Lewis, published by Verso in May 2019.

there is always the fact that for some gestating is a privilege, and for others its a fact.

non competitive ⟷ fertility

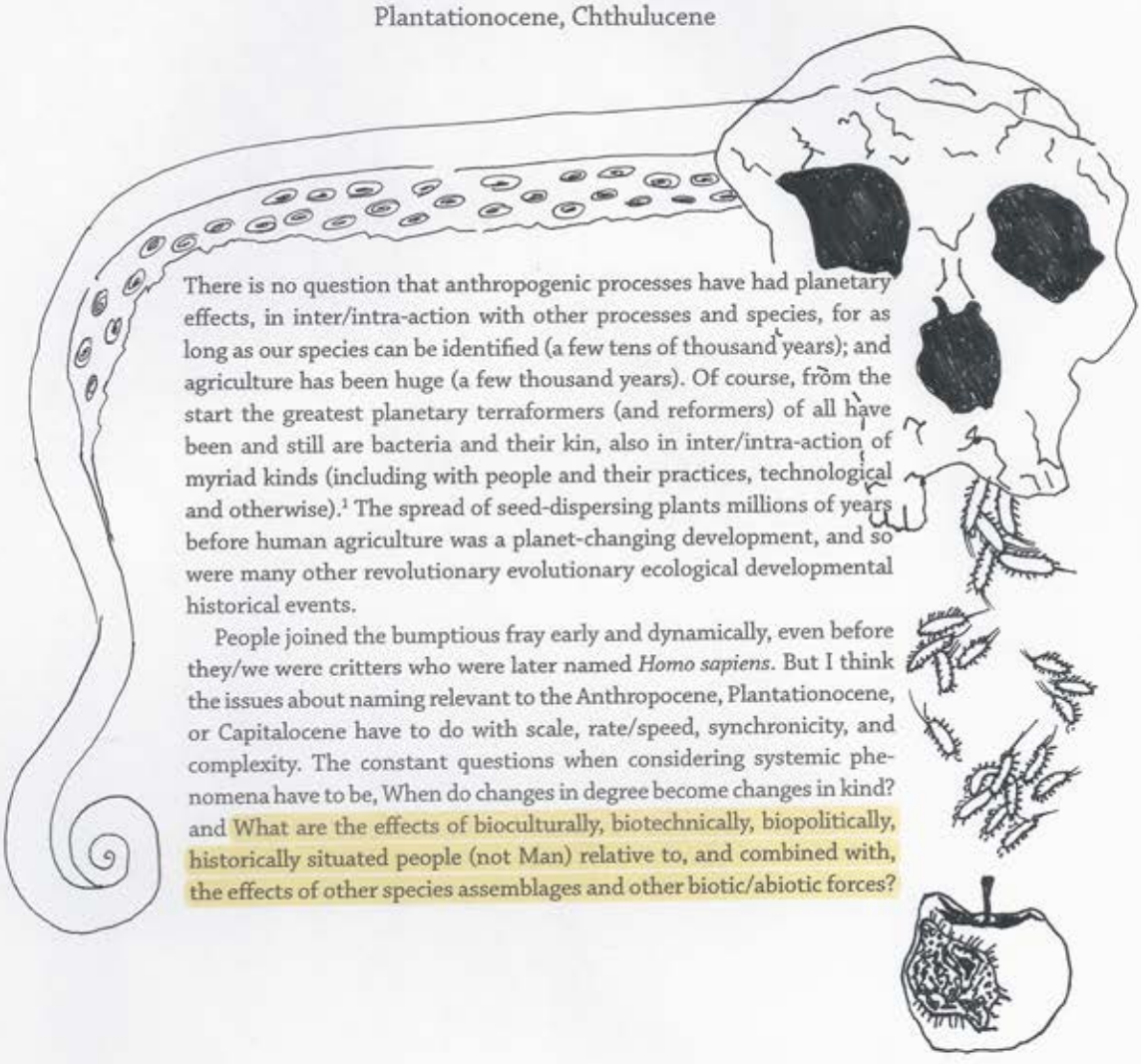
writing as surrogacy

durex


Gloveworks
Examination Gloves
S
100
HD
Heavy Duty
Powder Free * Textured * Latex Free
non Sterile * Ambidextrous*

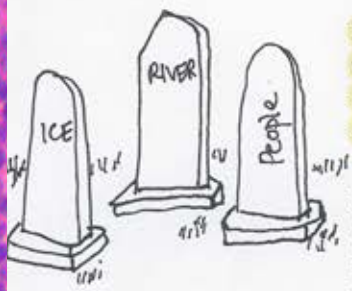
Making Kin

Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Plantationocene, Chthulucene



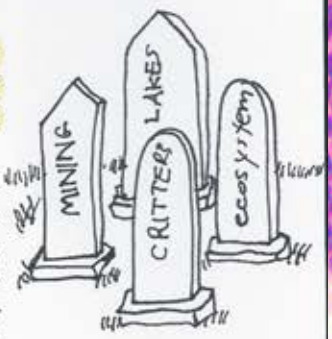
There is no question that anthropogenic processes have had planetary effects, in inter/intra-action with other processes and species, for as long as our species can be identified (a few tens of thousand years); and agriculture has been huge (a few thousand years). Of course, from the start the greatest planetary terraformers (and reformers) of all have been and still are bacteria and their kin, also in inter/intra-action of myriad kinds (including with people and their practices, technological and otherwise).[1] The spread of seed-dispersing plants millions of years before human agriculture was a planet-changing development, and so were many other revolutionary evolutionary ecological developmental historical events.

People joined the bumptious fray early and dynamically, even before they/we were critters who were later named *Homo sapiens*. But I think the issues about naming relevant to the Anthropocene, Plantationocene, or Capitalocene have to do with scale, rate/speed, synchronicity, and complexity. The constant questions when considering systemic phenomena have to be, When do changes in degree become changes in kind? and What are the effects of bioculturally, biotechnically, biopolitically, historically situated people (not Man) relative to, and combined with, the effects of other species assemblages and other biotic/abiotic forces?



No species, not even our own arrogant one pretending to be good individuals in so-called modern Western scripts, acts alone; assemblages of organic species and of abiotic actors make history, the evolutionary kind and the other kinds too.

But is there an inflection point of consequence that changes the name of the "game" of life on earth for everybody and everything? It's more than climate change; it's also extraordinary burdens of toxic chemistry, mining, nuclear pollution, depletion of lakes and rivers under and above ground, ecosystem simplification, vast genocides of people and other critters, et cetera, et cetera, in systemically linked patterns that threaten major system collapse after major system collapse after major system collapse. Recursion can be a drag. Boo-Hoo

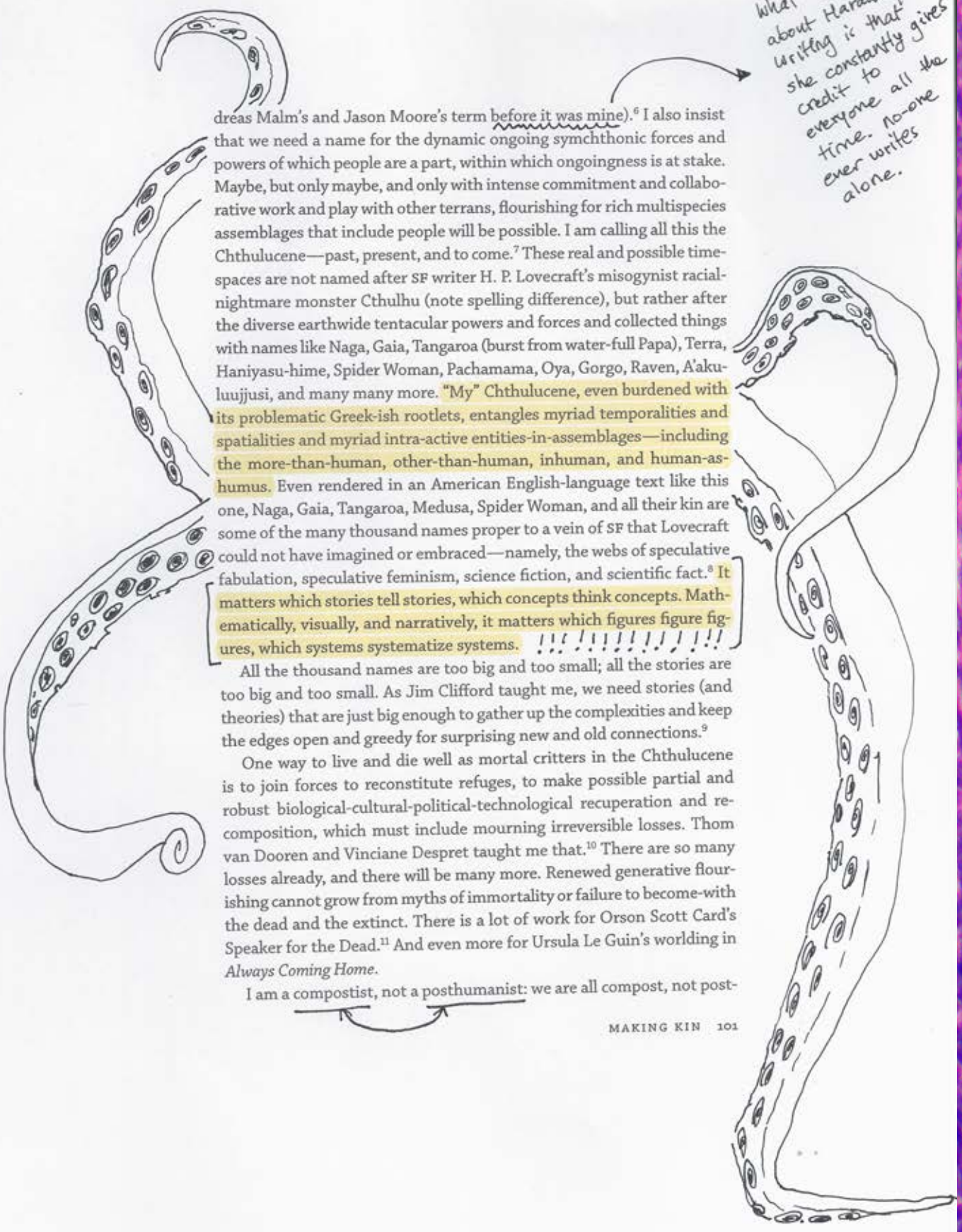


Anna Tsing in a recent paper called "Feral Biologies" suggests that the inflection point between the Holocene and the Anthropocene might be the wiping out of most of the refugia from which diverse species assemblages (with or without people) can be reconstituted after major events (like desertification, or clear cutting, or, or, . . .).[2] This is kin to the World-Ecology Research Network coordinator Jason Moore's arguments that cheap nature is at an end; cheapening nature cannot work much longer to sustain extraction and production in and of the contemporary world because most of the reserves of the earth have been drained, burned, depleted, poisoned, exterminated, and otherwise exhausted.[3] Vast investments and hugely creative and destructive technology can drive back the reckoning, but cheap nature really is over. Anna Tsing argues that the Holocene was the long period when refugia, places of refuge, still existed, even abounded, to sustain reworlding in rich cultural and biological diversity. Perhaps the outrage meriting a name like Anthropocene is about the destruction of places and times of refuge for people and other critters. I along with others think the Anthropocene is more a boundary event than an epoch, like the K-Pg boundary between the Cretaceous and the Paleogene.[4] The Anthropocene marks severe discontinuities; what comes after will not be like what came before. I think our job is to make the Anthropocene as short/thin as possible and to cultivate with each other in every way imaginable epochs to come that can replenish refuge.

If cheap nature is over, who will be able to afford nature in the future?

Right now, the earth is full of refugees, human and not, without refuge.

So I think a big new name, actually more than one name, is warranted—hence Anthropocene, Plantationocene,[5] and Capitalocene (An-



dreas Malm's and Jason Moore's term before it was mine).[6] I also insist that we need a name for the dynamic ongoing symchthonic forces and powers of which people are a part, within which ongoingness is at stake. Maybe, but only maybe, and only with intense commitment and collaborative work and play with other terrans, flourishing for rich multispecies assemblages that include people will be possible. I am calling all this the Chthulucene—past, present, and to come.[7] These real and possible time-spaces are not named after SF writer H. P. Lovecraft's misogynist racial-nightmare monster Cthulhu (note spelling difference), but rather after the diverse earthwide tentacular powers and forces and collected things with names like Naga, Gaia, Tangaroa (burst from water-full Papa), Terra, Haniyasu-hime, Spider Woman, Pachamama, Oya, Gorgo, Raven, A'aku-luujjusi, and many many more. "My" Chthulucene, even burdened with its problematic Greek-ish rootlets, entangles myriad temporalities and spatialities and myriad intra-active entities-in-assemblages—including the more-than-human, other-than-human, inhuman, and human-as-humus. Even rendered in an American English-language text like this one, Naga, Gaia, Tangaroa, Medusa, Spider Woman, and all their kin are some of the many thousand names proper to a vein of SF that Lovecraft could not have imagined or embraced—namely, the webs of speculative fabulation, speculative feminism, science fiction, and scientific fact.[8] It matters which stories tell stories, which concepts think concepts. Mathematically, visually, and narratively, it matters which figures figure figures, which systems systematize systems.

All the thousand names are too big and too small; all the stories are too big and too small. As Jim Clifford taught me, we need stories (and theories) that are just big enough to gather up the complexities and keep the edges open and greedy for surprising new and old connections.[9]

One way to live and die well as mortal critters in the Chthulucene is to join forces to reconstitute refuges, to make possible partial and robust biological-cultural-political-technological recuperation and recomposition, which must include mourning irreversible losses. Thom van Dooren and Vinciane Despret taught me that.[10] There are so many losses already, and there will be many more. Renewed generative flourishing cannot grow from myths of immortality or failure to become-with the dead and the extinct. There is a lot of work for Orson Scott Card's Speaker for the Dead.[11] And even more for Ursula Le Guin's worlding in *Always Coming Home*.

I am a compostist, not a posthumanist: we are all compost, not post-

human. The boundary that is the Anthropocene/Capitalocene means many things, including that immense irreversible destruction is really in train, not only for the 11 billion or so people who will be on earth near the end of the twenty-first century, but for myriads of other critters too. (The incomprehensible but sober number of around 11 billion will only hold if current worldwide birth rates of human babies remain low; if they rise again, all bets are off.) The edge of extinction is not just a metaphor; system collapse is not a thriller. Ask any refugee of any species.

The Chthulucene needs at least one slogan (of course, more than one); still shouting "Cyborgs for Earthly Survival," "Run Fast, Bite Hard," and "Shut Up and Train," I propose "Make Kin Not Babies!" Making—and recognizing—kin is perhaps the hardest and most urgent part.[12] Feminists of our time have been leaders in unraveling the supposed natural necessity of ties between sex and gender, race and sex, race and nation, class and race, gender and morphology, sex and reproduction, and reproduction and composing persons (our debts here are due especially to Melanesians, in alliance with Marilyn Strathern and her ethnographer kin).[13] If there is to be multispecies ecojustice, which can also embrace diverse human people, it is high time that feminists exercise leadership in imagination, theory, and action to unravel the ties of both genealogy and kin, and kin and species.

Bacteria and fungi abound to give us metaphors; but, metaphors aside (good luck with that!), we have a mammalian job to do, with our biotic and abiotic sympoietic collaborators, colaborers. We need to make kin symchthonically, sympoetically. Who and whatever we are, we need to make-with—become-with, compose-with—the earth-bound (thanks for that term, Bruno Latour–in-Anglophone-mode).[14]

We, human people everywhere, must address intense, systemic urgencies; yet so far, as Kim Stanley Robinson put it in 2312, we are living in times of "The Dithering" (in this SF narrative, lasting from 2005 to 2060—too optimistic?), a "state of indecisive agitation."[15] Perhaps the Dithering is a more apt name than either the Anthropocene or Capitalocene! The Dithering will be written into earth's rocky strata, indeed already is written into earth's mineralized layers. Symchthonic ones don't dither; they compose and decompose, which are both dangerous and promising practices. To say the least, human hegemony is not a symchthonic affair. As ecosexual artists Beth Stephens and Annie Sprinkle say on a sticker they had made for me, composting is so hot!

My purpose is to make "kin" mean something other/more than en-

THEY

Make Kin Not Babies
I love Haraway for giving me the idea of "staying with the trouble" - I love this so much more than the idea of solving troubles. But I can't help but feel that this can be weaponized against single mothers, sexworkers, non hetros, undocumented plus more.
For more please read Sophie Lewis review of this text on Point View Magazine

HER

Can you really inflict sanctions on birth-rates. Hasn't this failed before?

THEM

ME

knowing Haranay's famous Cyborg Manifest (1984), I can't help but feel like this text is way more sedated. Heavy on Anthropocene and less concerned with class struggle and gender politics.

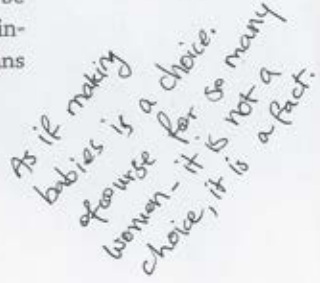
YOU

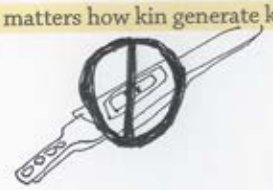
tities tied by ancestry or genealogy. The gently defamiliarizing move might seem for a while to be just a mistake, but then (with luck) appear as correct all along. Kin making is making persons, not necessarily as individuals or as humans. I was moved in college by Shakespeare's punning between *kin* and *kind*—the kindest were not necessarily kin as family; making kin and making kind (as category, care, relatives without ties by birth, lateral relatives, lots of other echoes) stretch the imagination and can change the story. Marilyn Strathern taught me that "relatives" in British English were originally "logical relations" and only became "family members" in the seventeenth century—this is definitely among the factoids I love.[16] Go outside English, and the wild multiplies.

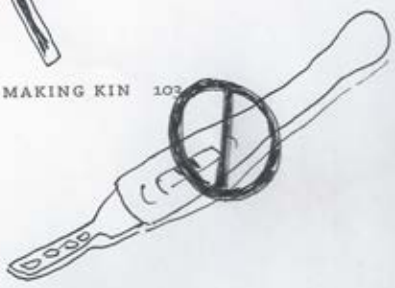
I think that the stretch and recomposition of kin are allowed by the fact that all earthlings are kin in the deepest sense, and it is past time to practice better care of kinds-as-assemblages (not species one at a time). Kin is an assembling sort of word. All critters share a common "flesh," laterally, semiotically, and genealogically. Ancestors turn out to be very interesting strangers; kin are unfamiliar (outside what we thought was family or gens), uncanny, haunting, active.[17]

Too much for a tiny slogan, I know! Still, try. Over a couple hundred years from now, maybe the human people of this planet can again be numbered 2 or 3 billion or so, while all along the way being part of increasing well-being for diverse human beings and other critters as means and not just ends.

So, make kin, not babies! It matters how kin generate kin.[18]



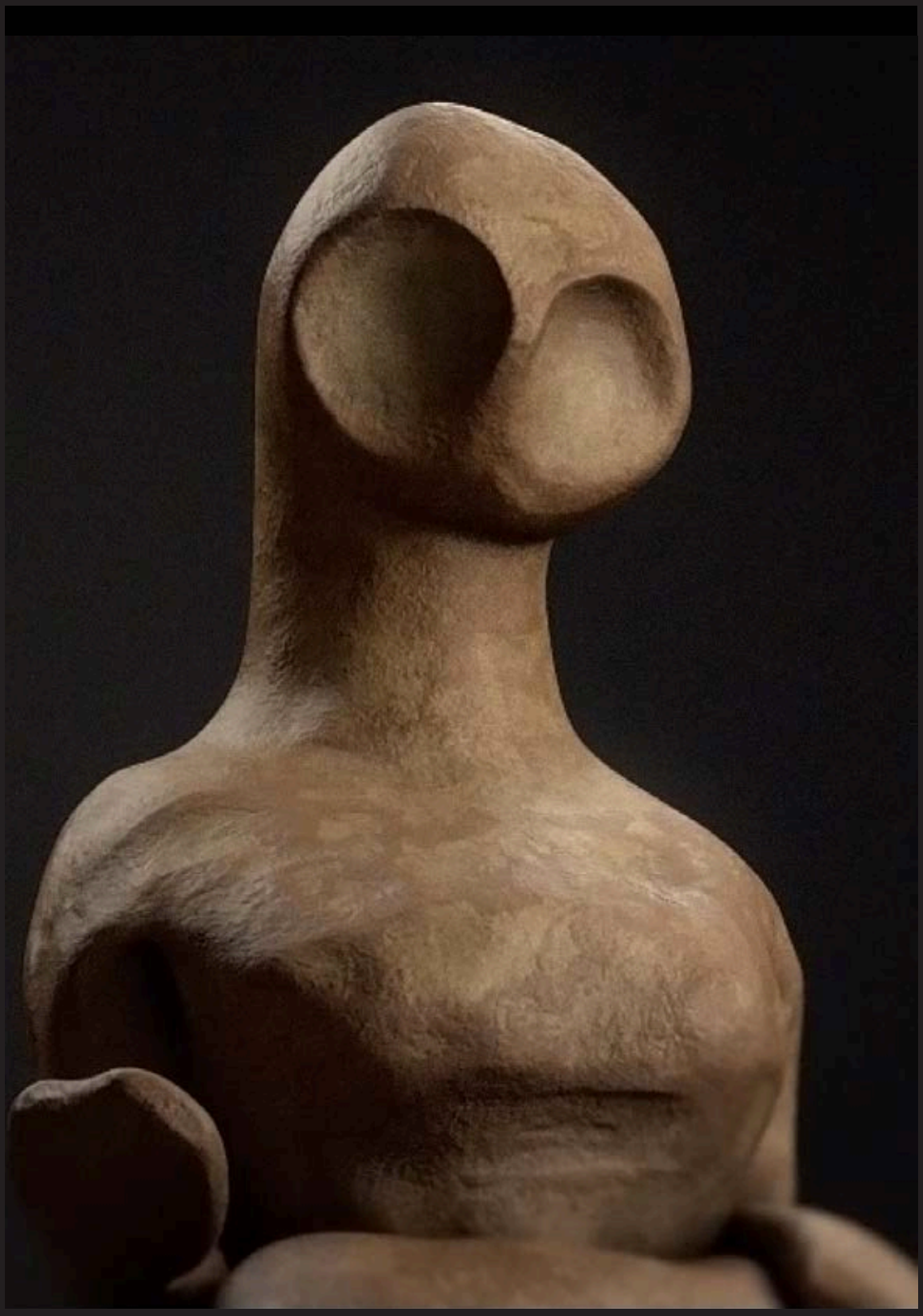


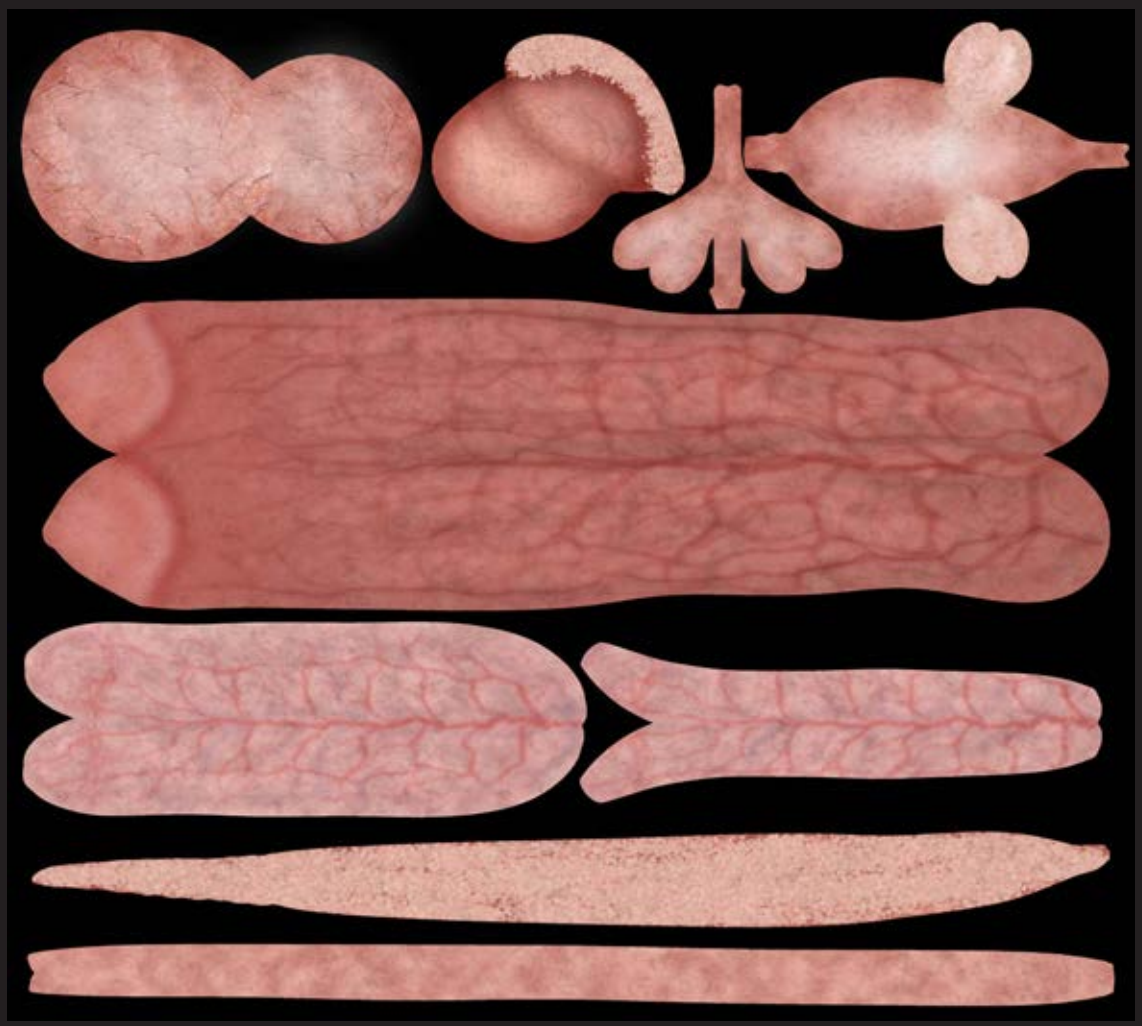


Donna Haraway & Her Dog

Yesterday, Erica, whose first baby is due any week now, sent me a painting by Berthe Morisot. She Said, This painting reminds me of you. It's what I think you'd look like if you had a child. I wrote her back saying that the woman in the painting looked a little bored, but she replied saying that the woman was interested in her sleeping baby, and felt I would be, too. I had interepreted the woman's hand as having been placed on the edge of the bassinet kind of carelessley, without a thought. But Erica said she felt the hand was laid over the edge of the crib tenderly and protectively.
That does seem good - to lay your hand on reality. To move away from the distortions of your mind and feel what actually is.

- Sheila Heti, "Motherhood"





BORDERLANDS OF REPRODUCTION: BODIES, BORDERS AND ASSISTED REPRODUCTIVE TECHNOLOGIES IN ISRAEL/PALESTINE

Excerpt from →

BY GALA REXER

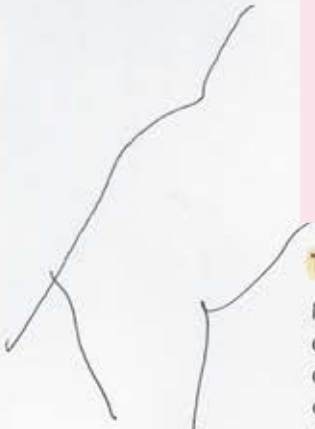
Reproductive

ART

Assisted

Technologies

Rexer manages in this article to touch on the crossing between the conflict and fertility(!)

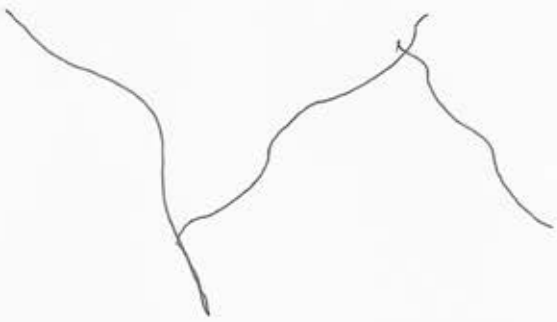


The Israeli fertility clinic: a *utopian non-place*?

Medical staff in Israeli public and private hospitals and fertility clinics described their working environment as a very particular space: depleted of the so-called conflict and thus ostensibly apolitical. In what follows, I outline how staff frame the fertility clinic a *utopian non-place*. Drawing from anthropologist Marc Augé's notion of a "non-place" (Augé 1995), I highlight how medical staff's own understanding of the Israeli fertility clinic works to unmake political borders.

Irit,[3] a Jewish-Israeli obstetrician-gynecologist working in the IVF unit of a hospital in Jerusalem referred to her unit as a "weird capsule" and continued: "even if, you know, Intifada could happen, and we are close to all these terroristic sites, where terrible things happen, but in this room, it's like an extra-territorial room, okay?". Similarly, Lena, a Jewish-Israeli senior physician in the same hospital underlined that there is something strange about this situation,

I think Public Health Institutions have the same charateristics like the national Museums— They are spaces where our bodies meet the state, where you can see hidden agendas. But you have to look closer to see the agendas.



20% of the medical staff in Israel are arabs (Haaretz 2020 article). And so during Covid it became very visible that the people are reliant of co existence more than ever before.

stating that she might be a little naive in framing the hospital like that, "but I think when it comes to health and medicine, you know, it's outside, maybe I'm naive, but I feel that in a hospital we are just a no man's land". Two nurses and a medical assistant I interviewed in the same unit referred to their shared medical space as "neutral" in a similar way. What all these descriptions have in common is a clear demarcation of an inside/outside boundary. In the outside world "terrible things happen", but they are not able to penetrate the inside of the medical space. Existing political tensions are acknowledged, for example, by the mention, almost in passing, of the prospect of (another) Intifada breaking out on the hospital's doorstep. Reference to "all these terroristic sites" further stresses the spatial aspect. While it is not clear which places exactly Irit is referring to, her remark suggests that nearby Palestinian places of residency in East Jerusalem or sites of previous clashes between Palestinians and the Israeli military are meant. Furthermore, the description of the fertility clinic as a "capsule" or "extra-territorial room" intensifies its perceived spatial insularity. Such descriptions evoke Augé's notion of non-places as not actually places but spaces "which cannot be defined as relational, or historical, or concerned with identity" (Augé 1995, 78). Augé defines non-places as interstitial spaces, surrendering people to the fleeting, the temporary, and the ephemeral. All of these characteristics are present in the descriptions of the IVF unit of the Jerusalem hospital: demarcated from an imagined outside, and thus not in any relation to what happens there. The history and presence of the social world outside does not penetrate its borders, resulting in a space described as "weird" or at least so peculiar one has to be "naive" to believe in its existence.

The Zionist project in Palestine was informed by various references to the concept of *terra nullius,* interpreting the land as empty and therefore as a space for settler colonial development (Lentin 2016; Vertommen 2017b). The association of a "no man's land" echoes the notion of *terra nullius*. This is reinforced by similar remarks, describing multiculturalism as the guiding principle of the fertility clinic, and the belief in Israeli medical space as universal. In a place that belongs to no one and is structured by universal notions of equality, "a person entering the space of a non-place is relieved of his [*sic*] usual determinants" (Augé 1995, 103). These descriptions add up to an understanding of the fertility clinic as a space in which identity seems to be dissolved and suggest a continuation of the Zionist ideal of bringing Western, liberal values of equality, technology, and health to a previously empty and uncultured land.

Salam, a Palestinian senior physician who works in a larger public hospital in the Tel Aviv area described the specificity of the fertility clinic in similar terms by referring to the uniqueness of staff dynamics: "It's a utopia in hospitals, in Israel, relatively, it's a utopia, it's not perfect, but it's a utopia […]. And the dynamics between the staff members and the colleagues is very different than anything outside the hospitals". Framing the Israeli fertility clinic as

"utopian" only functions in a narrative in which outside relations are perceived as not related to what happens inside the clinic. Salam's description of the fertility clinic as utopia conjures a vision of an alternative future which has seemingly already arrived within the hospital walls.

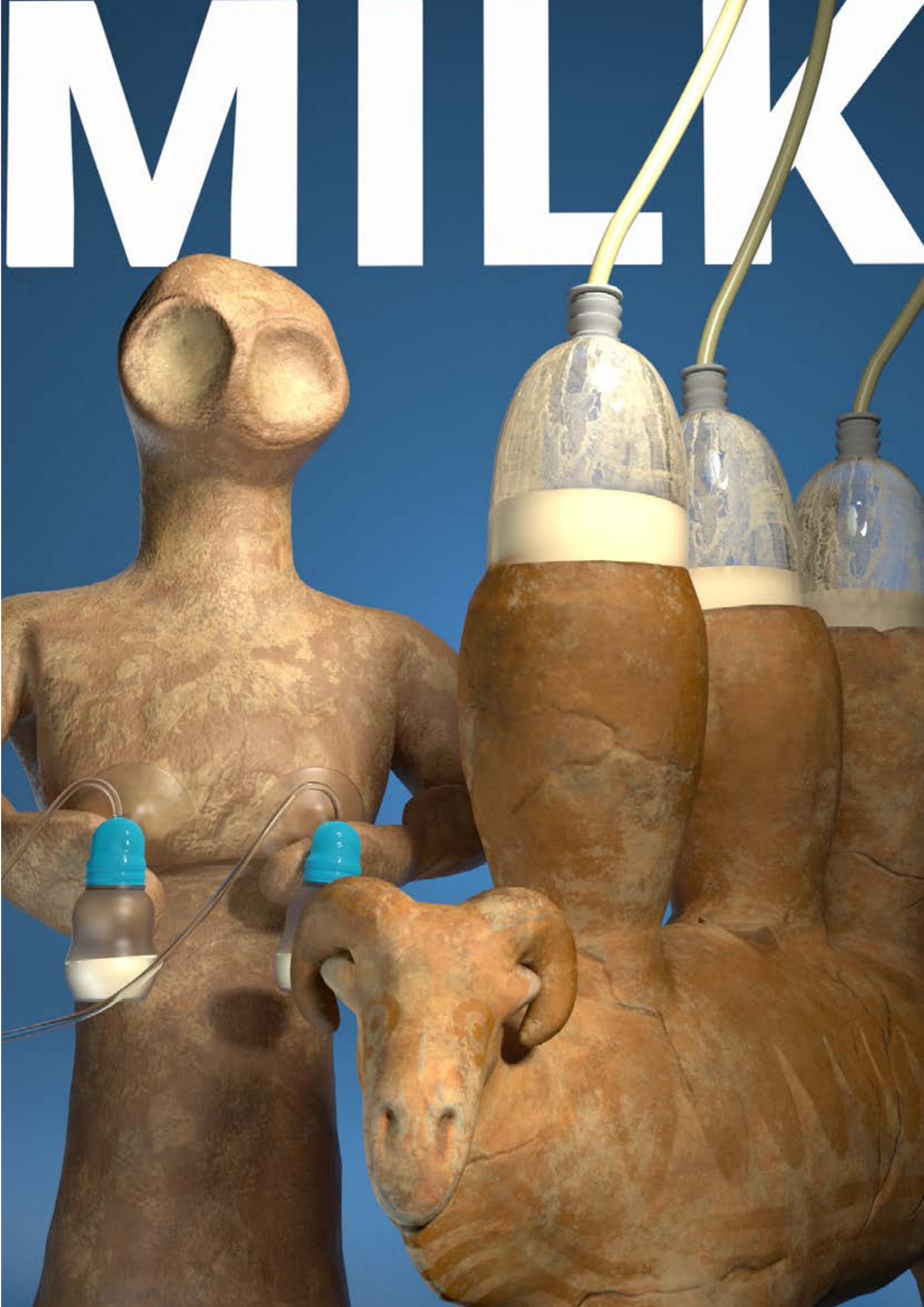
This narrative of the fertility clinic as a *utopian non-place* was put forward by Jewish-Israeli and Palestinian (Christian and Muslim) medical staff alike. As is often noted, making up 17% of Israel's physicians, jobs in the health-service sector have become comparatively accessible for Palestinian citizens of Israel (Keshet and Popper-Giveon 2017). Yet, following Palestinian physician and scholar Osama Tanous, their inclusion furthers the notion of medical space as a neutral site of coexistence by presenting Israeli hospitals as "political and cultural junction where everyone is equal since everyone – from Jewish settlers to Palestinian activists – receives nationalized health care there" (Tanous 2020, 38). This normalcy is praised in Israeli health news, furthering an understanding of Israeli medical space as advanced and Western vis-à-vis the Palestinian health system (Birenbaum-Carmeli 2014). In framing Israeli hospitals and infrastructure in such way, media, public discourse, as well as medical staff disregard the settler colonial history and present which simultaneously shape the Israeli health sector and enable its construction as *utopian*.

Within the narrative of a *utopian non-place*, the fertility clinic is non-relational, ahistorical, and unconcerned with identity. Even if political questions, Palestinian-Israeli history, or current social relations and power structures in Israeli society are clearly known, named, and acknowledged, they are eclipsed by an understanding of the medical sphere as universal and neutral. The perceived neutrality of Israeli medical space enables the existence and visibility of Palestinians physicians within its infrastructure, as it ostensibly relieves people from their usual social determinants and transforms them as neutral themselves (Shalev 2016). This may, in part, be attributed to an understanding of medicine as a "culture of no culture" (Taylor 2003). However, in the case of reproductive medicine in Israel/Palestine, the narrative of the clinic in terms of *terra nullius* reveals how medical space is national/settler space, and always determined by territorial politics. The construction of the fertility clinic as a *utopian non-place* thus serves a settler colonial function: it marks the clinic as promoting Western ideals of medicine as universal, yet by excluding what happens outside of the clinic, the narrative masks why what happens inside has to be described as *utopian* or *extra-territorial* in the first place.

The perceived neutrality works as a mask that enables to maintain the status Que thus emphasizing this injustice.

Porous borders: bodies, sperm/egg cells, and "future terrorists" on medical routes of exchange

While the perception of the fertility clinic indicates a space with clear borders, different and closed off from the outside, medical staff referred to several routes of medical exchange, linking this ostensibly sealed space to other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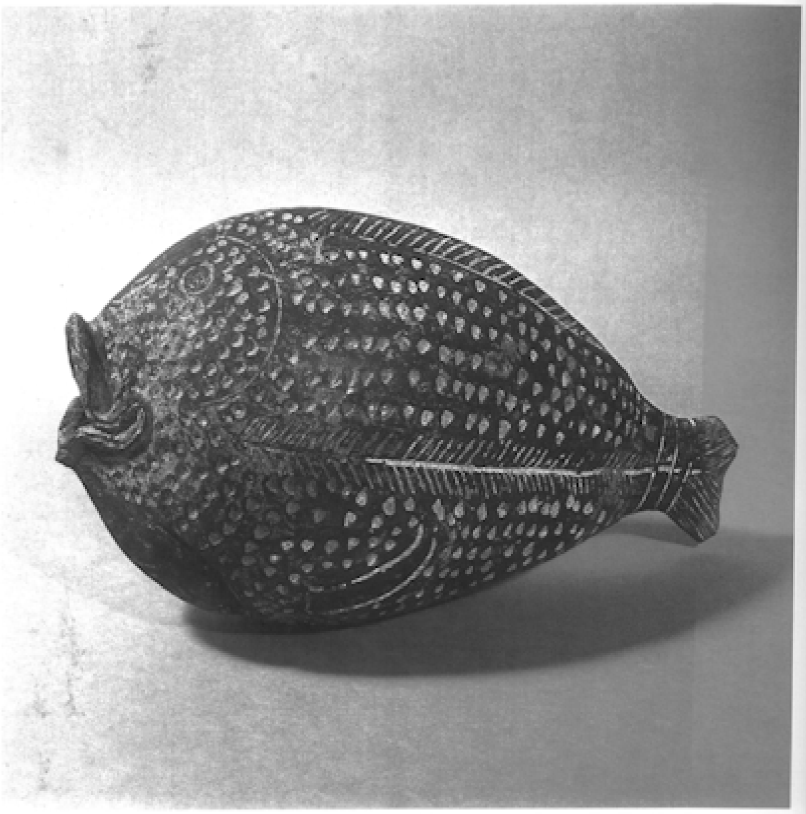
בנגל (ביבלוס), וכן גם העובדה שנמצאו שני טיפוסים אחרים האוטמים את פיהם או את אוזניהם, מלמדות אולי ששלוש התנועות האלה כבר היו קשורות אז ברעיון של "לא תראה רע, לא תשמע רע, לא תדבר רע". צלמיות־החיה המרובות שומנן מן התקופה הזאת יש להבדילן מן
ב. 27 הכלים הזואומורפיים שנדונו למעלה. כתריסר צלמיות־ציפורים של חרס, קרוב־לוודאי של יונים, נמצאו גם הן בנהריה. עשייתן סכימאטית אך ביצוען אינדיווידואלי, ויש להן צוארים ארוכים ומשוכים ומקורים גדולים מחוץ לכל פרופורציה. חלקן התחתון של כל הצלמיות מסתיים בנקֶם, דבר המעיד מן־הסתם על־כך שמחוברות היו לכלי־פולחן כגון קני־קטורת.

ב.23. מִמול: גביע אנתרופומורפי, יריחו

ב.24. למטה: כלי בצורת דג, תל פולג

ב. 28 בנהריה נמצאו גם שני תליונים, אחד מהם מתאר אריה והשני ציפור. מסתבר ששימשו קמיעות. האריה עשוי אבן־בדכוד (כלקדון) אדמדמה; הגם שמידותיו קטנות מאד (אורכו כ־1 ס"מ), הריהו פסל מכל הבחינות. קווים פשוטים אך עזים מסמנים את חלקיו השונים של הגוף, ואילו משחק האור והצל מושג על־ידי הטכניקה של חיתוך עמוק. התליון השני, העשוי אֶכָטיס וגובו כ־1.2 ס"מ, מסתבר שהוא מתאר שקנאי; ברוב תושיה ניצל האמן את העורקים הטבעיים שבאבן לסמן את צורת הכנפיים האסופות והטפרים השלופים.
ב. 29 בתוך שאר מימצאים מאותו אתר בנהריה יש אוסף של צלמיות כסף וברונזה, רובן של נשים. קצתן לוחיות־כסף שטוחות, דקות מאד (0.1

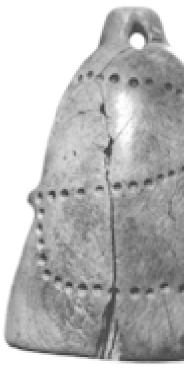


באר־שבע הכלקוליתית

בכמה יישובים קטנים באיזור באר־שבע נתגלתה שלוחה של התרבות העיסולית. שלושה אתרים נחפרו בתחומי העיר הקרויה בשם זה בימינו. בשנים מהם נמצא כי השלב הראשון של היישוב היה מורכב משכנות תת־קרקעיים, שקל היה לחופרם באדמת־הלֶס הרכה של האיזור. כל מעון הכיל חדרים תת־קרקעיים, שהגישה אליהם היתה במנהרת־כניסה. בתים אלה הם מטיפוס שאינו ידוע בשום תקופה אחרת בתולדות ארצנו. רק בתקופה הכלקוליתית נחפרו מעונות שלמים בתוך האדמה, כתלי־נמלים. לאחר זמן עברו התושבים למעונות תת־קרקעיים למחצה ולבסוף לבניינים רגילים שהוקמו מעל פני הקרקע.
רבים ומגוונים המימצאים הארכיאולוגיים באתרים אלה. באתר אחד, ביר־סָפַר, נתגלתה "חרושת" נחושת, שעליה מעידים שרידי מיתקנים לכתישת הנחושת והתכתה, כמו גם שיורים ניכרים של עפרות. נגלו גם מספר חפצי־נחושת, שבלי ספק היו מתוצרת החרושת המקומית. נראה הדבר שאנשי ביר־סָפַר התמחו בייצור חפצי נחושת, ואילו באתר הסמוך, ביר־צָפַדי, נחשפו שרידים של מלאכת גילופי־שנהב, אומנות שלא היתה כלל בנמצא בביר־סָפַר. בבאר־שבע הכלקוליתית מוצאים אנו כבר אפוא שתושבי כל אתר התמחו במלאכה או חרושת אחת מסוימת, תופעה מפליאה בתקופה כה קדומה. השנהב יקר־הערך ודאי הובא מאפריקה או מצפון מסופוטמיה, מקומות שאפשר היה למצוא בהם פילים. חטים שלמים הובאו לביר־צָפַדי ושם גולפו.
נמצאו הרבה צלמיות ושאר חפצים של שנהב. צלמיות אלו ממציאות לנו עדויות למגעים עם מצרים, שמן־הסתם היתה אחד ממקורות האספקה לשנהבים שבהם השתמשו. זאת ועוד: הרבה צלמיות־שן שנמצאו בארץ־היאור דומות בסגנון לאותן שנמצאו בבאר־שבע. אולם אלו האחרונות לא נעשו, כפי הנראה, במצרים אלא בבאר־שבע עצמה. אפשר גם שאחד המעונות התת־קרקעיים שנחפרו היה שייך ל"אמן־השנהבים" שכן באחד הבתים, סמוך לכניסה, נמצא פסלון־שן ועמו חומר־הגלם היקר
א. 28 — חט שלם של פיל מוטל היה על הרצפה ולידו הכלי של האומן, דומה למַקְדֵחַ של זמננו. ניצָבו עשוי עצם ובתוכה משוקע החלק המתכתי, שהושחז עד־דק. זה האחרון עשוי נחושת, ואין ספק שנעשה גם הוא בבאר־שבע. רבים מחפצי־השן קטנים מאוד ואין גובהם עולה על ששה
א. 29 ס"מ. צלמית של ראש אשה מתארת אותה קטנת־אוזניים וגדולת־
א. 30 עיניים. אופייני הדבר שהסנטר חסר לגמרי והאף מודגש. על הראש מופיע קישוט או עיטור נוסף, והוא אולי תסרוקתה של האשה, ומעליו ראש ציפור.
א. 31 חפץ אחד מוזר־למראה שנמצא בביר־צפדי, בתבנית פעמון, אולי שימש באיזה פולחן טכסי. יש תֶּפֶס בקצהו העליון, ראָיה לדבר שהיה תלוי כמו תליון. הוא מקושט בקו סכסך (זיגזג) של חורים, והכוונה היתה אולי לתאר נחש. עוד חפץ מעניין הוא ציפור מגולפת קטנה — עיסולית טיפוסית, שסימנים מעידים על קירבתה למצרים.
חפץ המכונה "מגל־השן" נמצא יחד עם חפצים אחרים של שנהב ובזלת. אף שנועד לתאר מגל, אי־אפשר היה להשתמש בו לקציר דגנים ובלי ספק שימש באיזה פולחן־פוריות. מעט מאוד חפצי־שן נמצאו באתרים אחרים, וכולם דומים בסגנונם לחפצים מבאר־שבע.

לעיבוד שנהב,

ון־שן דמוי־פעמון, ביר צפדי



א.29. מימין: צלמית־שן של ראש אשה, באר־שבע

א.30. משמאל: תליון־שן דמוי אשה, באר־שבע

ג. 30 דומה לקערת־האבן, אף כי מקורה מסופק יותר, קופסה קטנה של אבן־גיר מתל א־צאפי. נמצאו רק חלקים מעטים; ככל הנראה היתה הקופסה מעוטרת תבליטים סביב־סביב. בחלק שנשתמר מתואר ראשו של גבר עטור זקן אשורי מובהק. אך מתוך בדיקת פרטי התבליט מסתבר שהקופסה יוצרה בבית־מלאכה מקומי על־ידי אומן מבני ארץ־ישראל, אשר נזקק למוטיב מעולם העיטורים האשורי.

ג. 31 דומה עד מאוד הוא ציור על־גבי שבר־חרס, אף הוא משילהי תקופת הברזל, שנתגלה ברמת־רחל. מתוארת בו דמות של גבר בעל זקן אשורי ארוך, אלא שנשתמר חלק רב יותר; לדעת החופר מייצגת הדמות שליט (יהודאיז) היושב על כס־מלכות וידיו נשואות, ככל הנראה בפעולה פולחנית כלשהי (נראה כי היה זה חפץ מקודש). העיטור הוא באדום ושחור, והיו שהשוו את התמונה לתמשיחי־קיר צבעוניים שנמצאו בארמנות־מלכות אשוריים, ובמיוחד בארמון של שליט ארסלאן־טאש. הגם שמבחינות רבות דומה הציור ליצירת־אמנות אשורית, הרי בדיקה קפדנית של פרטי הלבוש והכס שוב מלמדת כי חיקוי מקומי לפנינו ולאו דווקא יבוא בפועל־ממש. היו גם שראו בדמות דווקא השפעה יוונית קדומה. למעשה, להוציא את שבר־החרס הזה ואולי אחד או שניים נוספים, לא שרדה אלינו עד כה עדות רבה על אמנות הציור בארצנו בפרק־זמן זה.

ג.38. ממול: כלים אנתרופומורפיים מבית־שמש (מימין) וגזר (משמאל)

ג.39. למעלה: צלמית של פרש בעל פנים מחודדות, לכיש

ג.40. משמאל: כלי זואומורפי, לכיש

א.28. למעלה: כלי
באר־שבע

א.31. למטה: תלי

א.44. פסלונים כלקוליתיים מגילת — אשה נושאת מחבצה (מימין) ואיל נושא גביעים (משמאל)

In recent years, urban dwellers worldwide have started to notice a new phenomenon. As construction sites expand the city sprawl, boars from the nearby wildland are pushed out of their natural habitat and into city centers.

Like Amy Schumer in Judd Apatow's "Trainwreck", they roam the streets, fumbling their way home seemingly drunk after a one night stand. They come oa either confident and fearless or simply ill-informed, unaware of the dangers lurking in this new domesticated territory. While they sow chaos and promiscuity, the Apatow fans in the crowd watch eagerly awaiting that good old-fashioned plot, as our heroine faces the consequences of her ways and transforms.

As the boars seemingly enjoy their adolescence, a new female left-wing mayor in the city of Haifa took power and changed the laws - banning the shooting of boars after experts proved that hunting just makes them reproduce faster, thus growing the population.

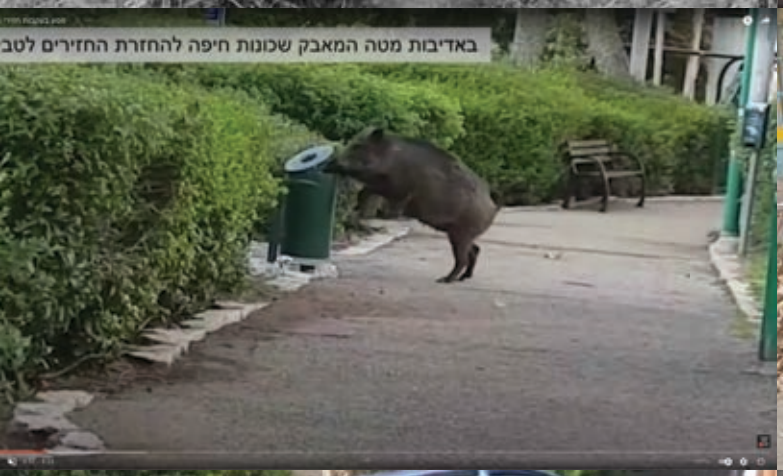
Meanwhile, animal lovers are fanning the flames, feeding the wild animals and creating a co-dependency disrupting the ecosystem by making the animals even less hesitant of entering the residential areas. In fact, they even attack some residents when they don't get their way. If that weren't enough, no one really knows how the city's bio substances, rich in hormones and technological developments, will aaect their organism or trigger an unexpected evolutionary fork.

By digesting human trash, the boars are becoming intimately enmeshed with their two-legged frienemies in a myriad of biomolecular ways. In their constant search for food, the boars also dig up and ravage the neat gardens and terraces humans so patiently cultivate. As the cityscape changes, some city residents now feel like they're living in a jungle.

The wild boars inhabit a liminal space in the cities. As outsiders entering a space that wasn't made for them, they are perceived as threatening. Yet by transgressing, the boars show us that we are not so diaerent after all: They eat human food, cross the street at pedestrian crossings , and reproduce when they feel threatened.

In Haifa, Israel's biggest city of coexistence (between Jews and Arabs, not humans and wild animals), the mayor's approach reflects a revolutionary understanding of cohabitation, yet getting on goes beyond the human-animal divide. Gaining center stage is the need to share one earth threatened and aaected by climate change and pandemics, pushing aside nationalist, neo-colonial and anthropocentric politics. This new relationship between humans and animals might, eaectively, enable us to rethink our understanding of what divides us in the first place.

Invasive Species


באדיבות מטה המאבק שכונות חיפה להחזרת החזירים לטב


מכת חזירי בר בצפון

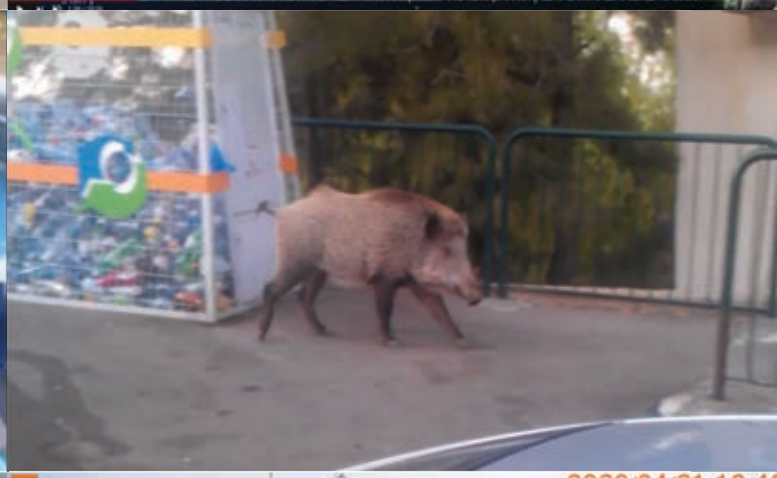

צילום: אוהד שטארק
כרמליה
كرمبليا
CARMELIYA


11





אבל אני מעריך
שאם לא יפעלו פה נכון,

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MAMMOMAT Revelation

Index

Page by No.

ONCURATING
PROJECT SPACE

M/otherLand

Solo exhibition by Ruth Patir
Curator: Maayan Sheleff

OnCurating Project Space
Ausstellungsstrasse 16, 8005 Zurich

18.09.2021– 9.10.2021

Opening hours: Fridays & Saturday: 4–6pm
and by appointment: info@oncurating-space.org

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