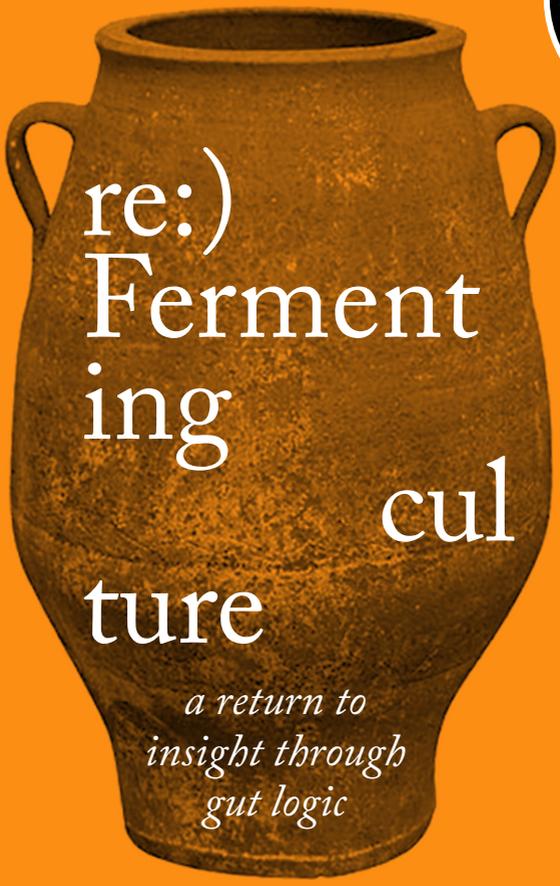


ACORN  
BEER  
*recipe inside*

free  
to take  
*pay later*



re:)  
Ferment  
ing  
cul  
ture

*a return to  
insight through  
gut logic*

Patrick Jones



re:)  
Ferment  
ing                   cul  
ture



re:)  
Ferment  
ing cul  
ture

*a return to insight  
through gut logic*

written on  
Dja Dja Wurrung country

by  
Patrick Jones

T  
R  
E  
ELBOW



For Meg – radical fermentor  
without whom my brews would be flat  
and my days hungover

*Pandora is a healer of soul because she brings fermentation to the ground of our being... the vessel, made of water and clay, the things of the earth and the elements of which Pandora is crafted, held and contained those very things needed for survival in a culture, a metaphor for what we have been calling the soul forces of healing... The excavations of the past century have made the painted vases of past civilisations available to us as texts of the culture of ancient people... In these early societies woman herself is the container of the mysteries of life over which man has no control – blood, milk, and the newborn child. Man cannot control these mysteries and is in fact subject to them. He worships this divine womb that produces all that it needs within itself. Man is diminished in the presence of the feminine and is left the role of hunter and fisherman, servant to woman-dominated society. But once man becomes aware of his role in that mystery – the impregnation of the egg in the womb – he engages in a new fantasy of himself. Envy of the womb becomes pathological and propels him into action. What can man produce, what can he make?... in [the Greek poet] Hesiod's tale, Pandora brought illness and vice upon the world by opening the fateful vessel... It is impossible, of course, to know why Erasmus, the famous Christian priest, changed the word pithos [earthen jar] to pyxis or "box," thereby placing on the woman sole responsibility of being carrier of the box of evils and disease... Changing the large earthen pithos to a small box carried by Pandora from Mount Olympus to the earth marks a major shift in world view... The Pithoigia was a festival of all souls, the beginning of the three-day festival when the pithoi of the dead were opened and the souls let out... How is it that the "goods" of the vessel in this event are transformed to become the "evils" of Hesiod's myth? ...Perhaps our work in the present time is to recover the Pandora image of ancient matriarchal religions as a key to experiencing the chthonic [underworld] psychologically, not as evil but as mystery and as cultural fermentation.*

**Gail Thomas**

## PART ONE

### *Vessel*

a 163<sub>1</sub> nsights, 38<sup>f</sup> oresights and 63<sup>h</sup> indsights *slow text*

words cont<sub>1</sub>nue to sl<sub>1</sub>de  
l<sub>1</sub>ke t<sup>h</sup>e surveyor's qu<sub>1</sub>ll

mark<sub>1</sub>ng up t<sup>h</sup>e Dja Dja Wurrung djandak  
under *terra null<sub>1</sub>us*

penmans<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>p a t<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>ng of<sub>1</sub> nvas<sub>1</sub>on  
o<sup>f</sup><sub>1</sub> Herodotus' man/<sup>f</sup><sub>1</sub>orce w<sub>1</sub>t<sup>h</sup> t<sup>h</sup>e b<sub>1</sub>ggest reac<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>  
l<sub>1</sub>ke t<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>s<sub>1</sub> our only past – one world

but prewr<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub>ng<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> older v<sub>1</sub>rtue  
s<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub> aman<sub>1</sub>c drawn pre<sup>H</sup><sub>1</sub>es<sub>1</sub>od

<sub>1</sub>nscr<sub>1</sub>bed on brew<sub>1</sub>ng jars  
spoken out <sup>f</sup><sub>1</sub>rom underworlds

momentar<sub>1</sub>ly l<sub>1</sub>f<sub>1</sub>ted<sub>1</sub> n m<sub>1</sub>icrob<sub>1</sub>al relat<sub>1</sub>ons<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>p  
w<sub>1</sub>t<sup>h</sup> t<sup>h</sup>e old people

wr<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub>ng cements<sub>1</sub> mper<sub>1</sub>al<sub>1</sub>sm  
concretes gender-lops<sub>1</sub>dedness

wr<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub>ng and money longt<sub>1</sub>me mak<sub>1</sub>ng slaves  
women degraded<sub>1</sub> n Plato's pol<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub>cal organ<sub>1</sub>sat<sub>1</sub>on  
poets/<sup>f</sup><sub>1</sub>ools (Ep<sub>1</sub>met<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>eus) wr<sub>1</sub>tten out too

*nature* t<sup>h</sup><sub>1</sub>at r<sub>1</sub>d<sub>1</sub>culous word

naturepoetry romant<sub>1</sub>c tumour  
a salvag<sub>1</sub>ng gr<sub>1</sub>e<sup>f</sup> mak<sub>1</sub>ng t<sup>h</sup>e loss permanent  
and more pr<sub>1</sub>vate every day

more exposed

more stud<sub>1</sub>ed

more dead

Blake caught at moment of anthropocentric risis, n<sup>h</sup> T<sup>b</sup>e  
Fly the dark net now  
fish trap domestic sticky psychoc worlds Dicky Dawkins'  
tweedy rat, onal, sm  
likes to Spray n' Wipe<sup>®</sup> away  
science will one day fess up and call itself art again  
– a love of

cell	cell
atom	atom
virtue	virtue
number	number
observ <sub>1</sub> ng	observ <sub>1</sub> ng
measur <sub>1</sub> ng	measur <sub>1</sub> ng
and clean <sub>1</sub> ng	clean <sub>1</sub> ng and
pass <sub>1</sub> ng on to industry	industry to on pass <sub>1</sub> ng
all its hard won demystify <sub>1</sub> ng	won hard its all

Pandora's psychoc all-giving something of rational not neat  
off ear  
held onto unknowing anxious virtue – weedy of child  
poetry an anxiety of herworld a possum, n<sub>1</sub>ts drey  
protected double, n newcomer hawthorn  
the old peoples' healing tree  
thorny vessel to hold back the flow of newcomer foxes dogs  
and oldtimer powerful owls

m<sub>1</sub>nd<sub>1</sub> s<sub>1</sub> a gut t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>ng – Pandora's<sub>1</sub> ns<sub>1</sub>g<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>t  
ntest<sub>1</sub>nal<sub>1</sub> nst<sub>1</sub>nct<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> or f<sub>1</sub>bre<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> ferment<sub>1</sub>ng down deep muc<sub>1</sub><sup>b</sup> more  
t<sub>1</sub><sup>b</sup> an<sub>1</sub><sup>b</sup> human  
h<sub>1</sub>eal<sub>1</sub>ng old b<sub>1</sub>omes on h<sub>1</sub>eat upon f<sub>1</sub>ox cub play at gloam<sub>1</sub>ng  
surpr<sub>1</sub>se o<sub>1</sub>f boy and f<sub>1</sub>at<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>er walk<sub>1</sub>ng  
grow<sub>1</sub>ng up near t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e l<sub>1</sub>ttle<sub>1</sub> mpenetrable duck places t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>at got  
dozered and set on f<sub>1</sub>re  
t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>en ster<sub>1</sub>l<sub>1</sub>sed by Pasteur's Monsanto dr<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup>ts  
anot<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>er dark wet secreted place burnt away by t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e f<sub>1</sub>xers –  
t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e market exposes everyt<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>ng to t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e sun –  
t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e stor<sub>1</sub>es<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> from t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e jar bac<sub>1</sub>ll<sub>1</sub> sta<sub>1</sub>ns souls o<sub>1</sub>f t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e dead l<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup>ted  
fest<sub>1</sub>vals o<sub>1</sub>f<sub>1</sub> nebr<sub>1</sub>at<sub>1</sub>on – gr<sub>1</sub>e<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> and pra<sub>1</sub>se – but not<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> or Sto<sub>1</sub>cs  
r<sub>1</sub>s<sub>1</sub>ng  
all under econom<sub>1</sub>c lock n key now  
v<sub>1</sub>rtue ret<sub>1</sub>red  
dead<sub>1</sub><sup>f</sup> s<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup> t<sub>1</sub>dal plast<sub>1</sub>c soup rat<sub>1</sub>onal<sub>1</sub>sm w<sub>1</sub>ll keep on w<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>  
man-made mass deat<sub>1</sub><sup>b</sup>  
w<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>le t<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>e brew<sub>1</sub>ng pr<sub>1</sub>estesses are absent and c<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>urc<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup> and  
army and sc<sub>1</sub>ence  
are commanded by wr<sub>1</sub>t<sub>1</sub>ng and money  
by Promet<sub>1</sub><sup>h</sup>ean men



**Timeline<sup>1</sup> of gender-lopsided thought in the Classical period:**  
beginning with the misogynist from Ascra, Hesiod – farmer, poet,  
theogonist and founder of modern (extraction) economics.

Hesiod	7th cent. BC
Thales	early 6th cent. BC
Anaximander	6th cent. BC
Anaximenes	6th cent. BC
Xenophanes	6th-5th cent. BC
Pythagoras	6th-5th cent. BC
Heraclitus	6th-5th cent. BC
Parmenides	born ca. 510 BC
Zeno of Elea	born ca. 490 BC
Melissus of Samos	ca. 440 BC
Anaxagoras	mid-5th cent. BC
Leucippus	5th cent. BC
Empedocles	late 5th cent. BC
Democritus	born ca. 460 BC
Philolaus of Croton	late 5th cent. BC
Diogenes of Apollonia	late 5th cent. BC
Protagoras	d. ca. 420 BC
Archytas	5th-4th cent. BC
Socrates	469–399 BC
Hippocrates	d. ca. 380 BC
Gorgias	483-375 BC
Antisthenes	ca.446-366 BC
Aristippus	ca. 435-356 BC
Xenophon	ca. 430-ca. 350 BC
Plato	429-347 BC
Speusippus	ca. 410-338 BC
Diogenes of Sinope	ca. 404-323 BC
Aristotle	384-322 BC
Xenocrates	395–313 BC
Theophrastus	372–288 BC

1 lifted from Peter Adamson's *History of Philosophy* [supposedly] *without any gaps*

## PART TWO

### *Lively hood*

footnotes are underworlds

## Beginning the story

In the creation of the world according to the ancient Greeks, Zeus calls upon Prometheus to distribute to the animals their characteristic traits and qualities.<sup>2</sup> Prometheus's twin brother, Epimetheus, becomes envious of the task and demands that he instead does the job. Prometheus agrees and so Epimetheus hands out all the traits to the animals that are in his pot. However this vessel soon becomes empty and there is still one animal who hasn't been given a quality. *Man*. On hearing that his forgetful brother had botched the creation, Prometheus steals fire from the craft and industry god Hephaestus to give to man so that he will no longer suffer on earth eating raw food and shivering with cold. But Zeus had no plans for mortals to possess fire and punishes Prometheus, chaining him to a rock where his cut-and-come-again liver is torn out daily by an eagle. Later Heracles will slay the bird and release Prometheus. In the meantime Zeus has asked Hephaestus to sculpt from clay, Pandora. She is to be the first woman who Zeus proposes Epimetheus marry.

Pandora comes to the union with a large brewing jar of *all gifts*. Foresightful Prometheus warns his forgetting brother not to open the jar as he believes it is filled with evils that Zeus has put inside it. However, Pandora, as the poet Hesiod will come to frame, opens it and all "evils, harsh pain and troublesome diseases which give men death" are unleashed upon the world. In Pandora, Hesiod claims, "is the deadly race and tribe of women who live amongst mortal men to their great trouble." And thus begins the West's lineage of misogynistic narration, writ large and rewritten over and over, regressing from paganism to monotheism to consumerism, still shaping the world today.<sup>3</sup>

Pandora was framed by a particular kind of writing, words that were cloned and catapulted into the heart of Western culture. The shift from gender-distributed Greece to a gender-lopsidedness is possibly older than Hesiod, but he is a startlingly obvious beginning point, 2700 years ago. The purpose of this work is to reappear Pandora's meaning and reveal how she offers us a possibility: a refermenting of culture.

In other cultures, in parallel matriarchal stories, Pandora's jar contained ferments used to praise and grieve life in ceremony and festival. It could be

2 see Bernard Stiegler's retelling of the Prometheus-Epimetheus myth in the film *The Ister*: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ymtmUDAOEWc>

3 Hesiod's terse ink also attacked Prometheus as "sly" and "crooked-schemer," and Epimetheus as "misguided" and "a disaster to men."

argued that due to Hesiod’s cultural husbandry as made concrete in his *Theogony* and *Work and Days*, the establishing patriarchy was more confident to reframe the story of the first woman. Pandora became the reason men suffer. After letting loose pestilence, famine, disease and death from her jar, Pandora’s *all-giving* narrative transitioned from insight through plant-sentient inebriation, fermentation, cure and preservation, to hangover and illness. The only “good” effect of her new misogynistic form was *hope*<sup>4</sup>, it was the only thing left in the jar after all the “evils” of the world had escaped.

### Insight to the backstory

Pandora’s once freely organising yeasts (essential for wild fermentation) are now highly controlled and isolated strains, freeze-dried, packaged and put under economic lock and key. They are another case of autonomous, all-giving life being monetised and industrialised so we get the same flavours, the same predictable outcome. Hesiod’s anti-Pandoran texts survived where others did not and were called upon as the official theology by the Classical Greek patriarchy.<sup>5</sup> This lineage of hatred seems part of the West’s self-loathing tendency.

After paganism, Eve gets the same treatment as Pandora. The West’s two primary creation myths predate misogynistic societies, but as men began to institutionalise anti-sensible thought, stories got reworked. The cosmology shifted from an acceptance that life was unpredictable and the flow of gifts between people and the living world would ensure a close labouring relationship with such unpredictability, to one where all the “evils” of the world, which women brought into existence, could be controlled through Promethean tools, Platonic institutions and, later, Pasteurian science. The lack of relationship with the creation trio of the West’s most revealing myth has significant ramifications. Pandora embodies insight from the nourishment of the flowering, fibrous earth fermented, cooked and given to the original place of human intelligence – the *gut*;<sup>6</sup> Prometheus in his ability to perceive or plan the future, for his foresight of

4 although simply sensed as a light-hearted feeling about a perceived future, hope is often loaded down as an investment in the agency of others to put things right. This latter, more common use, is not hope at all but expectation. “Expectation,” writes Ivan Illich (1970), “looks forward to satisfaction from a predictable process which will produce what we [think we] have the right to claim.” Hence, predictability can be “claimed” by increasing control of things, by, in effect, institutionalising the belief that suffering, altered states and the enigmatic can all be treated as pathologies. Servitude to grief’s autonomy and unpredictability is erased; there is no longer time or the societal frames for grieving.

5 several hundred years later in Apollodorus’ *The Library of Greek Mythology*, Pandora is barely noted.

6 the enteric nervous system (ENS), otherwise called the intrinsic nervous system, is home to 100 million neurones (more than the peripheral nervous system and the spinal cord combined), 90% of a human body’s serotonin and 50% of the body’s dopamine. Sources: Michael Gershon, author of *The Second Brain* (1998); Wikipedia (2017).

*mind*, and for bringing us fire to transform food, through cooking, into godlike energy; and his foolish brother Epimetheus – he of *heart* (in love with Pandora), important for understanding through the benefit of hindsight.<sup>7</sup> He is the fool who holds the possibility for wisdom, for the transformation of mistake into learning.

Now rebranded as *global development*, Western<sup>8</sup> imperialism believes it has killed off the hindsight twin, and as a result we no longer have the checks and balances or feedback loops that Epimetheus' story begs. We have silenced the forgetting hindsight god of our most revealing myth. He is no longer a warning, a precaution, a measure, a wise fool to behold and pose the question: Is this technology suitable? Is it necessary? Our predicament as a people comes from the foregrounding of Prometheus, the backgrounding of Epimetheus and the negation of Pandora as evil seductress. This is the world in which we live, the dominant control ideology of the West, transported and militarised into every reach, every culture. The pasteurisation, drugging and bulldozing of Pandora's healing gut story, and the forgetting of Epimetheus, our precautionary principle – the god who is there to warn us technology, although a form of memory, is also a form of forgetting. This leaves only Prometheus at the table – total mastery, total mind.

Part god part mortal, the union of Pandora and Epimetheus is revealing. We are mortal animals with godlike abilities to transform our world into cities. But if the city is Promethean only, then Gail Thomas (2009) is prudent to propose that “the city denies its heart and ignores its stomach.” For foresight requires the company of insight and hindsight. The absence of one negates the other.

Understanding the biochemistry of decaying grain, fruit or root, water and freely organising yeasts accorded the first ferments, which in turn became gifts bestowed on humankind to aid the grieving and praising of life. For “fermentation is intimately connected,” writes Stephen Harrod Buhner (1998), speaking specifically about ancient healing beers, “to travelling in sacred realms.” And it's political too, he continues, “[t]he normal range of human consciousness

7 we develop foresight through hindsight as hindsight loops back to feed foresight. That the brothers are twins, means there is a complementarity to their story.

8 by 'Western' or 'the West' I generally mean cultures that derive from or have become subjects of the Greco-Roman, Judeo-Christian, Enlightenment-Modernist, Consumerist-Pollutionist lineage of imperialism, though I accept this definition is limited and excludes a vast array of non-imperialist narratives that could also be considered Western.

and the behaviour that derives from it has never been so narrowly defined as in our time. This narrowing process (an attempt to provide a safety net not inherent in life itself) is becoming ever more extreme.”<sup>9</sup>

“Depression,” says Martín Prechtel (2014), “is a LACK of grief. Grief is RAGE that don’t wanna have a home.” It is unpredictable and must be left to run its course. Prechtel (1999) writes of Tzutujil initiation for young men at the time of leaving their mothers and desiring others: “Before initiation most men try to fill that young hollowness, that empty place carved by the fire flood of desire, with something that will continue the flood, trying to fill the hole with more of what made it hollow. That hollowness is Death itself, and it is in Death’s kingdom that the root of all possibility and beauty resides. Desire,” he continues after explaining how, as part of his initiation, a boy must try to steal his mother’s prime cooking pot, “is Death’s shovel, and digs the hole where one’s heart once beat.”

The stealing of the supreme tool of the mother, the vessel of life, which is used daily to nourish and give cooked up energy to the family, is so distressing for everyone that the boy will never steal again, never bring about such suffering to kin or community. But the stealing of the pot is his first dug hole of hollowness, of separating, it is his own breaking of the bonds with that most loved of beings in order to journey from boy to man. However, in Tzutujil society, he is not alone. His grief is supported by his fellow initiates, mentors and elders, and the whole village including his mother, despite her great suffering, anger and loss.

“If a young man should attempt to fill that holy hollowness,” Prechtel continues, “with alcohol, food, [sex], fighting, war, ruthlessness, business, or anything else that resembles the delicious inebriating quality of that first hole

<sup>9</sup> in earlier cultures, women made fermented brews such as kefir and mead, kvass and beer. Light meads brewed by fermenting banksia flowers in water were enjoyed in Aboriginal communities, and according to Maggie Brady (2008) gum sap ciders in Tasmania. Indigenous and peasant peoples from many regions were, or remain, in alchemical relationship with the invisible, microbial wildernesses of their homes and homeplaces. Wild fermentation carries on our relationship with undomesticated, autonomous life. The early cities could only survive, and this is still true, on entertainment and fermented substances to help people grieve what has been lost in human culture since civil domestication. Gin, which cost little to make, contributed to establishing Australia, or so argued Robert Hughes (1986) in his *The Fatal Shore*. The impoverished classes (many had been kicked off the Commons) were wallowing in the expanding English cities inebriated, hopeless and thieving to such an extent the authorities had to find more land to dump the petty-thief dispossessed, which in turn triggered the dispossession and massacres of Aboriginal people and the systematic ruination of Aboriginal ecological economies.

dug into his life by desire and Death, then he will always be courting Death. He will probably either find his death or begin destroying things.”

Pandora offers us ferments brewed in her earthen jar as either delicious inebriation to enrich and praise life and be “claimed” by our grief and the living of things. OR, and this is where Epimetheus’s cultural absence is so revealing, as a death wish of substance abuse, forever draining the jar. The global economy predicated on depletion is exactly this, forever draining the jar of the giving flowering, fruiting, fibrous earth, but rarely involved in giving back. Instead, once empty, the jar is thrown away and a new one made so that today islands of floating plastic sludge exist, very slowly breaking down, not into a life-giving brew, but into a toxic soup killing all in its wake. An empty jar is unthinkable to the world’s richest one billion *Homo citizens*. Choosing to go without has become immoral. Bottled water epitomises this.<sup>10</sup>

By contrast, “[o]ur elegant and strange old mentors,” writes Prechtel (1999), “not only instructed the boys how to momentarily rob their mothers [of their supreme handcrafted vessel], but then, after this was accomplished, they moved on to teaching the boys how to be drunk. They taught them how to be drunk on the alcohol made from the Flowering Earth itself while longing for the love of the Goddess. In other words how to be drunk without filling the hole. In this way, one kept from becoming a drunk.”<sup>11</sup>

10 much of our drinking water today must be trucked from some faraway place, refrigerated and sold in plastic bottles, which themselves have been manufactured with mined petrochemicals, transported all over the world and discarded after one use. As soon as they are discarded it’s as though they never existed. There is no relationship we can have with these vessels, no regard for the petroleum pollutants required to make them, or the oil wars that have raged for more than 100 years to keep the pipelines open for such productions. It has become accepted that creeks and rivers are polluted places, and so it goes that bottled water is a magnificent Promethean fix, not a problem to be challenged.

11 similarly, writes Michael Meade (1993), “if the fires that innately burn inside youths are not intentionally and lovingly added to the hearth of community, they will burn down the structures of culture, just to feel the warmth.” That is, if boys grow into men who are Promethean only, who silence Pandora and ignore Epimetheus.

## How stories come forward

In the performance practice of *Artist as Family*, of which I'm one of a number of household players, fermentation is an everyday alchemical relationship with the original Pandora. To us she is gut intelligence – pre- and probiotic. Insight. Fermentor. Symbiotic culture<sup>12</sup> maker. All giver.

We have established a shrine to Pandora in our home, which we call the fermenting table and nothing whatsoever upon it is under lock and key. Here, there are few expectations, just relationships with the invisible, autonomous, sometimes explosive ecologies of our homeplace. Mothers or SCOBYs (symbiotic communities of bacteria and yeast) reproduce autonomously and are gifted out of the house into many other homes, just as they have been gifted in. By taking in these alive foods, whose origin points we know intimately through our labours, we now understand the gut-stemming anxieties of the West at work – the constantly unsettled, gluten-intolerant, Crohn's-colitis-IBS-leaky-gut pathologies of Platonic (governance), Promethean (militarisation) and Pasteurian (monetised science) institutions, and other representatives of the West's monocultural smothering of the intuitive, unpredictable, enigmatic intelligence of Pandora's unwritten chthonic insight – the underworld of the gut.<sup>13</sup>

In our family I make the daily beer, cider, firewater and slow-fermented sour breads. With young permie folk we call SWAPs<sup>14</sup> who come to live with us, we sensitively collect wood from the near forest in wheelbarrows to heat our home and water, cook our meals, dry clothes, dehydrate wild mushrooms, weeds and herbs, and keep the conditions right for the proliferation of beneficial microbes.<sup>15</sup> Meg makes the milk kefir and raw milk cheeses, cultured butter,

12 it is often quoted that the etymology for the word "culture" derives from the Latin *cultura*, which means to cut, to cultivate the soil – to dig the poem, to sow the grain, to ferment the beer, to handle the living in order to make more life possible. It's an agrarian word, which like *poesis* essentially means to make, produce or plough. Science, from the Latin *scire*, meaning "to know," also derives from cutting. It shares its etymology with *scion* – a cutting used to graft onto. Cutting, digging and grafting all imply relatedness to Pandora's story, all aid the processes of fermentation – the sacred knowledge of decay and death.

13 Prometheus, Plato and Pasteur are of course important contributors to Western culture, thought and health. But highly institutionalised, monetised and absent of their countering twins they've become a force for systemic violence: maverick Prometheanism, institutionalised Platonism and sterile Pasteurianism.

14 a SWAP is an acronym for Social Warming Artists and Permaculturists, Artist as Family's version of WWOOF (Willing Workers on Organic Farms).

15 *Permapoesis* – my term for a walked-for food and energy culture that can be likened to locavore neopeasantry – enables first the consideration and then the practice of sensible de-anthropocentrism. What fuels and tools do we use for poesis, for making, for the cutting, brewing and forming of life? While this question has been exiled from industrial schooling, it is essential for any education.

yoghurt, kvass, meads, sauerkraut, jun, vinegars, lacto-pickles, rejuvelac and her special winter-time medicinal brew she calls “mistress tonic.” Each with their own chemistry and set of life-giving ecologies; each performing as currency, as gifts to exchange for things we require from others. Nothing we consume in our home is pasteurised. Very little requires money.<sup>16</sup> Nothing comes through an abattoir. The little meat we eat has been killed by cars or hunted, fished, grown and killed by ourselves or friends. We are neopeasants<sup>17</sup> who apply permacultural principles to our home and community economies to further become accountable mammals of place, and this constitutes our practice of art, our culture making and our corporeal forms of feminism.<sup>18</sup>

When Blackwood<sup>19</sup> (Woody) was finally taken from within Meg – which was quite a procedure after a planned homebirth went awry, our tears commingling, holding on to life together – we were relieved by two things: that Promethean science enabled a hospital (and a car for the day), and that Epimetheus and Pandora were there too in equal measure. Pandora, operating through our midwife Sally’s care and wild pharmacopeia knowledges and in Meg’s abundant and health-filled bodily microbiomes. Epimetheus was present in the form of my reluctance to let the institution push us around; as our precautionary principle, despite feeling like the fool that the institution was obliged to endure.

Woody was so deeply engaged in his birth canal, and for quite some time, that it would have been impossible for him not to have received his handed down kit of immunity microbes stored in the underworld of his mother’s vaginal microbiome. If we had rushed to hospital three days earlier when we

16 in his book *Sacred Economics*, Charles Eisenstein (2011) writes that “[t]he distant origins of our things, the anonymity of our relationships, and the lack of visible consequences in the production and disposal of our commodities all deny relatedness. Thus we live without the experience of sacredness. Of course, of all things that deny uniqueness and relatedness, money is foremost.” And with such denial, economic resilience is forfeited while fear and expectation are used as political tools, infused within all our institutions.

17 the term implies an agency to be peasant-like which derives from our (only recent) historical privilege – our family’s transition from peasant to working to middle class over the past seven generations. For Artist as Family such privilege comes with responsibility, and a greater accountability to the flowering, fruiting earth.

18 such a feminism works towards gender-distributed culture where eldership (governance) is made up of a rotating quorum of insightful women and men dedicated, primarily, to maintaining the community’s overriding principle: Living within the limits of the abundant flowering fruiting earth and being dynamic participants of its life and death cycles. The best example of this I know can be found in Prechtel’s *Long Life, Honey in the Heart* (1999).

19 named after the long lived Dja Dja Wurrung wattle of our homeplace, a medicine tree, bark specifically for the treatment of arthritis; timber used for fine furniture and instrument making.

observed meconium in his waters, and given over to the fear-mongering arena of an institution that must demean the intuition of patients, he would not have received his wild Pandoran gifts. When he was born I was struck by a thick caking of substances on his crown and I knew, without science lab, medical degree or microscope, he was delivered by all three gods, and the many others who have followed our peoples in travelling succession from far and wide.

Today, Woody is a child brimming with health and happiness and a considerable part of this story is because of his active role in producing our home-grown and fibre-rich food, which he daily feeds into his serotonin-rich<sup>20</sup> gut. But his vitality is as much to do with his original engagement with cultured life, with his indigenous maternal microecology,<sup>21</sup> handed down, mother ancestor to mother ancestor, contiguous with the handed-down autonomous health of his home-birther older brother, Zephyr,<sup>22</sup> born in the small house I built with my own poet hands.

Zephyr is the reason Artist as Family came to be. It was his seven year-old spirit running down the wallaby track from home, jumping over fallen trees, hopping across the Wombat creek, scaling the rock face with daring skill, and arriving at our lunch spot only to reassemble the forest's ground stones into little worlds of imagining with his stepmum, Meg. This beautiful biophysicality and simple play was a long way from the invitation I'd just received to apply for an artist-in-residence. At the time photographs of the Pacific trash gyre<sup>23</sup> were circulating around the internet. What is art's role, I was asking myself, in a culture permissive of its toxic disposability? Coupling Zeph's exuberance, hope and liveliness and Meg's and my growing understanding of just how bad things had become, I proposed a residency as a family beach holiday where the three of us would spend 17 days foraging food and drink packaging along the beaches, ocean cliffs and throughout the city of Newcastle in NSW. The work itself was a durational treasure hunt, our first performance as a collective, hauling back bag after bag of plastic waste and aluminium cans into the cultural centre

20 some effects of low serotonin include depression, obesity, anxiety, panic attacks, insomnia, irritable bowel.

21 the vaginal microbiome could be considered Pandora's original vessel-ecology; the original underworld from where human life is brewed. The anxiety that arises in our culture in the presence of the mysteries of underworlds triggers a response to expose and control, to clean up and lay bare.

22 named after the Greek god of the west wind, Zephyrus; a warm and gentle breeze – another form of gift.

23 Chris Jordan's horrific photographs of dead sea birds with their guts exposed, show a diet riddled with plastic bottle caps, cigarette lighters and numerous other anthropogenic wastes, had only recently been released.

that was hosting us as part of *This is not art* festival. In *17 days*<sup>24</sup> we amassed a monumental pile of what I now call “unproductive death,” as a cultural mirror reflecting back onto the Promethean-only city that had produced it, that had allowed it to be.

With Woody (now five years-old) as her eager apprentice, Meg passionately tends the fermenting table set up in our kitchen where things go-gas and glug and perform age old rituals. While Woody is an enthusiastic advocate and student of fermented food and drinks, his ten year older brother has reached a ripening age where for the moment sugary drink and food are more seductive to put into and extirpate his gut. Zeph finds money, works jobs for, and has even stolen (as I did at his age) to supply his habit of lab chemicals and refined monocultural sugars (Coca-Cola, et al.), products augmented by con-men with big budget campaigns that target the young in a manner not too dissimilar to how the archetypal child predator operates: undermine parents, care-givers and elders, seduce with cheap treats, groom with tantalising images – prime to exploit.

For a culture of uninitiated people there are many holes that need to be filled and fires to be lit, and the people who dedicate themselves to making money prey on this. Zephyr’s initiation process, as it has been painfully, lovingly, and almost ineffectively curated by me<sup>25</sup>, and nurtured through many community friends<sup>26</sup>, helps to counter the pervasive ad-men, and Zephyr is growing up learning that despite his weakness for gloss, brands, sugar and other poisoned gifts, no one can make choices on his behalf. The harm he commits to himself and to others is part of a separating process within a culture that leaves initiation to the internet and big business, and a culture that has all but lost its eldership.

For Artist as Family Pandora is a goddess. She brings praise into our home and sings health into our living through her ferments contiguous with her and our grief. We feed her our walked-for and gardened fruits, avoiding as much as possible the rampant spread of glyphosate<sup>27</sup>, and she returns us brewed

24 <https://vimeo.com/7006254>

25 as opposed to my ideal: Zeph’s and his peers’ initiation into the Pandoran realm, curated by a quorum of community mentors and elders who honour and hold close the necessary separation children must make from their parents to grow up beyond the infantile and pollutionist consumer culture we have all been born into.

26 stonemasons, farmers, market gardeners, home-ed teachers, builders and multi-skilled permaculturists

27 a herbicide; known carcinogen; another (industrial) example of Prometheus without Epimetheus.

gifts from the forests, streets and gardens we tend. It is Pandora<sup>28</sup> who provides for the transmission of beneficial microbes from mothers to their children at birth<sup>29</sup>, and provides not just beer but all the brewed up gifts of the body and homeplace that flow in unregistered regard. She is the possibility of wild life and wild death, the shaman who fights certainty and sterility and brings us resilience, insight and hope.

Zero, the fifth member of Artist as Family, came home with us one day as a timid, quivering little sack of skin and bones. He slept with us every night for seven months until he rose out of this attachment into the tough little man-dog he is today. This sweet, intuitive, rough-coated barker, a hunter of rats and rabbits, and more than anything, familial love-giver, produces some of our best medicine. As he has never eaten commercial dog food his healing dog lick serum (*whey*) is a gift to the whole family.<sup>30</sup> Our lifeway of radical biology enters and is entered by all domains. When I am with Meg, and we have had a glass of the wine that I yearly ferment with wild yeasts and the grapes that grow on the back of the town's public library that permaculture friends planted twenty years ago, my mouth is awash with love of both the private and intimate, and of community togetherness.

No one in our house washes very often. The boys, well, because they're boys and we're not pedantic parents. We adults just occasionally as we're adamant water conservers and have come to a neopeasant realisation that it's not necessary to wash any more than is required, which for us is about once a fortnight.<sup>31</sup> In summer we sweat with our labours and swim at the lake where we fish for redfin on dusk. In winter we run an occasional bath or cook out cold

28 working closely with the flowering earth goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone, queen of the underworld. See the Eleusinian mysteries.

29 if children are born by caesarean-section today they are swabbed on their foreheads with a coating of microbes from their mother's vaginal microbiome. This ensures the succession of microbial immunity continues. Swabs were conducted when Blackwood was born, it was our gut intuition to resist the hospital's Platonic panic that in turn enabled his kit of immunity microbes to be passed down to him.

30 dog saliva contains antimicrobials capable of killing bacteria such as *Staphylococcus*, *Escherichia coli*, and *Streptococcus*, and animal behaviourist, Cindy Engel (2002), understands "the saliva of all mammals is an excellent disinfectant, and one type of antibody, IgA, that is particularly common in saliva is active against viruses such as polio and influenza." All this accounts for why my unschooled, intuitive grandmother, Eris Sophia, always told me to let a healthy dog lick your wounds, and why I've always regarded her wisdom, because a dog just wants to do it and a dog-licked wound feels immediately becalmed and heals rapidly. Sophia in Greek means wisdom.

31 our skins' microbiomes benefit from this. We have grown up past Alexis Wright's (2006) analysis of the intruder, that "everyone of the white skin jumped into their showers and scrubbed themselves hard for this is what high and mighty powerful people did when they felt unclean." We don't have this sense of shame anymore.

season toxins in our rough-cut, wood-fired outside sauna we've dubbed the Cookhouse, throwing a bucket of cold water over us in near snow conditions to complete the ritual.

It is the little places of hawthorn and ringtail drey, the secreted, grown over, left alone mushroom and rabbit places of blackberry and native cherry that have called us home. For home has become the flow of gifts between enigmatic entities – neighbours, friends, SWAPs, community others, oldtimers, newcomers, and the many communities of the living in the near forest. Life in this emplacing and oldtimer tree-world isn't an ideological polarisation of good and bad species. All is food, all is labour, all is relationship, all is gift. All is life willing more life, making and taking more life to make more of it possible. This is birth's and death's possibility. This is their relatedness.<sup>32</sup> For our mortality offers something special – the will to make more life possible; to be part of an ecological succession; to be instrumental in making the earth flower and fruit, again and again.

32 we have many responsibilities to the homeplaces that have claimed us, which no bureaucrat, mortgage broker, policing authority or politician can account for, or manage. Likewise, if we let go of the fore place of Promethean tools, the supposed fixing and improving devices that as a culture we can be so smug about, we may well witness Epimetheus and Pandora returning to our lives. For Artist as Family, this has been a ten-year transition from subjects incarcerated in hypertechnocivility to what Martin Shaw (2016) calls "slow ground stories."

"[T]o be of a place," writes Martin Shaw (2016), "to labour under a related indebtedness to a stretch of earth that you have not claimed but which has claimed you," is a sober directive in a culture that submits to Plato's *Laws* concerning the privatising of property. While our title of land enables us enough stability to plant deep roots and not be subject to the whim of a fickle landlord, we have been claimed by this land and much more beside it, and recognise it as foremost Dja Dja Wurrung and thus beyond ownership, beyond claiming.

## Afterwords on the way to a summary

For Artist as Family culture is the capturing of death in delicious inebriation, to behold or hold up for short brilliant moments grief and praise in the same intoxicating and unpredictable instances. There is no expectation here. No certainty. No holding on to the moon. Culture is fermentation, composting, humus and poem making, thought distilled and triggered from the gut. For the gut is where the logic of inherent knowing dwells, knotted with grief and consternation or becalmed and affirming. Through Pandora we embrace uncertainty, we roll with her exquisite ambiguity and grace, and familiarise ourselves with her autonomous forageable foods as much as cultivate a permaculture. Displacement may come soon enough. Our resilience is our “near ground” art and craft.<sup>33</sup> This is Promethean jug, holding Pandoran brew, given to we drinking Epimethean fools to tell and retell the grieving-praising slow ground stories of our transition away from what Deborah Bird Rose (2011) calls “man-made mass death,” and on (again) towards the flowering fruiting feminine earth. Its beauty and its darkness.

It is our intention that our children will leave home knowing how to turn waste into useful things, how to repair and service their means of mobility, how to build small temples of eloquence and regard, how to capture and store energy and water, how to grow, preserve and ferment food, how to fish, snare, hunt and make tools for such retrieving, how to steward their local environments and share their knowledges with community friends, and those who need or ask for help.

Despite what they become, where their adult interests will lie, they’ll be prepared to adapt to whatever their future brings, to become adults not focussed on money and property and polluting entertainments, but on caring for the health of all the living. They will leave home having heard from their parents the imperatives of keeping the gods (the fermentation entities) of their intimate walked lands nourished on the biophysical gifts of their own making. The imperatives of speaking with eloquence and without war, but not in sentences that roll over and with ease enable unjustness or a dwelling within blind hope or expectation.

33 “The stories we need,” writes Martin Shaw (2016) “turned up, right on time, about five thousand years ago. But they’re not simple, neat, or painless... And what’s more, they have no distinct author...” These stories have been interpreted, re-interpreted, lovingly tended as well as ideologically reframed to become our cultural memes.

After two decades of work, where from the vista of Epimethean hindsight I see how I have clumsily put myself through an initiation of sorts, formed and been formed by my community where I play a role of labouring, gifting and receiving, I have come to understand that culture is the propensity to sing more life into life and to nurture the operations and ecologies that make this possible. In all our neopeasant activities and Pandoran brews that call us home to what Prechtel calls our “indigenous soul,” we can become again ecological performers of culture.<sup>34</sup>

What I have learnt in this time is when we return to a loved homeplace, where the animate and vegetal have burrowed deep into our being we begin to sense the possibilities of lasting peace. If we return to peace – for the idea that humankind is only destructive and opportunistic is a fallacy promulgated by storytellers preying on our most imperialist instincts – we would have arrived through the stories we are telling our children, the visions they and we have as we fall asleep each night. If our minds have no peace, peace has no agency.<sup>35</sup>

I sense now that the flow of gifts established between such gods – the hawthorn, wood blewit, rabbit, chickweed, and wild apple gods, to name a few – are entities who go from forest and garden to gut microbiome and back to the earth again as life-giving humanure, potash, activated biochar, nitrogenous urine, mushroom spore and humus-mimicking compost. Because we already participate in the flow of such gifts, we know the possibilities for such economy. Enabling the grounds to reestablish sacred economies will encourage the possibility of regenerating and refermenting cultures that are once again abundant, given to and at peace.

34 as “civilisation’s absurd imperative,” writes Prechtel (2015) “goes rushing past in its never ending state of emergency,” the money of such reckless and unaccountable destruction will dry up long before the last tree is standing. The central ideology of the West’s modernity – that depletion economies can construct certainty through institutions and defy the enigma and poetics of the flowering of animate and vegetal entities – will perish into layers of ground already regarded as the Anthropocene.

35 Key to a transformation of culture to peace is the initiation of boys into the sacred realm of the goddess of fermentation Pandora, producing nourished men with becalmed guts who commit no violence towards womankind or the flowering goddesses of all the small places. With nourished guts and the reestablishment of community mentorship and eldership our boys will hear the importance of the story of the foolish god of forgetting Epimetheus, and be shown how to counter their own delicious Promethean bravado with warrior-regard that champions the sacredness of the feminine-flowering-fruiting ground. The inevitability of the decline of affluence will trigger much violence, ill health and falling populations, but it will also offer us opportunities. Communities will have the opportunity to localise again in story and place. Travel and the exchange of stories between peoples will become immersive again and slow, and the big stories of creation may become less abstract, more grounded in intimate details and senses that allow for life to become praised in its unpredictable manners of operation. “I think it’s time,” writes Martin Shaw (2016), “we went looking for the small gods again.”

Despite how unfit we are as a people to create such culture, these worlds are possible. It will take many more folk to dedicate their lives to abundance and gifting as their primary economic and social motivations, replacing the depletion, extraction and *unproductive death* ideologies of the global economic monoculture. And we will have to adapt with far less affluence and with climate instability. The change required in us will need to occur from the gut up. Thought in mind without fibrous fermentation is superfluous for the changes now imperative for culture. We can no longer put poisons in our food and expect to be nourished and ready to heal.<sup>36</sup> Understanding the all-giving of microbiome health may well return us the required insight to heal the biomes of the world and help revive our cultures' (all but lost) spirit for renewal. For this is the story of Pandora, the goddess, her presence is the possibility of death's gift – fermentation. It is she who honours the multifarious cultures of decay from which renewal springs.

A culture that has lost its beginning story is a culture adrift, destructive and self-harming. While the West can be seen as synonymous with imperialism, this is not our old people, this is not our true culture, gender-lopsidedness is not our only heritage.

We were once Pandoran, all-giving, and we can be so again.

36 if we eat tortured animals and mined-earth vegetable products we take in such impoverishment and construct a torturing, extracting, depleting culture.

re:)Fermenting culture – *Lively hood*

PART THREE

*Acorn and hawthorn berry honey beer*

recipe of season

I developed this brew from the gifting bounties on hand in autumn. The honey comes from the autonomous bees we shelter in the garden. The hops from the vine that grows up the east side of the house and aids our sleep through the warm flowering months. The hawthorn berries we collect from nearby trees, and dry for tea making. We also make fruit leathers with the berries which contain pectin that aids fruit setting. The acorns gathered from the oak tree in the garden, which was self-sown and already established when we came to live at *Tree Elbow*. The untreated rainwater harvested from the roof that shelters us. I call such a walked-for brew a locasphere beer. The origins of each ingredient are more than known, we have a close, labouring relationship with all the processes of life that make such a beer possible.

You will need some Promethean tools. Foremost, a clean 30 litre brewing vessel with an airlock. I scrub my barrels after each brew with a garden-safe soap and a scrubbing brush. I store my bottles and barrels clean and rinsed, never allowing scum or sediment to sit and cake on any of them. This avoids infection and tedious amounts of scrubbing. I don't use sterilising products for any of my processes. If you are careful such chemicals are redundant. Beer and wine have been brewed for millennia, well before lab science. You will also need a 15 litre cooking pot, a brew bag (or large cheese cloth), and a stirring paddle or wooden spoon. It would be wisely Epimethean of you to steep the wooden spoon in boiling water before use.

Gather up your Pandoran ingredients:

*3kg cold extracted honey (fermentable)*

*2kg coarse acorn meal (fermentable)*

*20g hawthorn berry (fermentable)*

*3g of dried hops flower (flavour)*

*20 lt untreated rain water*

Unless you have acorn meal on hand already you'll need to make it yourself. No supermarket will sell any of the ingredients for this recipe, with the exception, possibly, of cold-extracted honey.

Harvesting acorns is easy, you simply wait for them to fall from the tree and you pick them up. The labour is in the shelling. We use nut crackers and generally wait until we have a gathering of folk come to visit and help. Sitting around an outside fire in the autumn with a group of natural-born storytellers shelling acorns can give joy to what might otherwise be tedious work.

After shelling, crush or cut up the shelled acorns into small chunks. For the two kilograms of acorns bring five litres of water to the boil, take off heat, and drop the acorns in a brew bag into the water. Steep for 20 minutes each time. As we use English oak we need to leach out the tannins, which we do about four or five times, changing the water after each steep. Acorns from all species of oak can be used, some will require steeping more than others. Shells can be used as mulch or for biochar, and the tannin water from the steeping can be returned (cold and watered down) to the perennial parts of the garden, your compost pile or used as a medicinal tea to rid worms and other parasites, the tannin water aids inflammation and reduces fever, and is considered to have anti-viral and anti-tumour properties.

After four or five steeps dry out the acorn chunks (using the sun, a low oven or a dehydrator) and process into a course meal (using a grain mill, food processor or mortar and pestle). The next stage is called the mashing process. Boil up ten litres of water, place acorn meal back into the clean brew bag, add hawthorn berries and hops and bring to the boil. When it comes to the boil take off heat and tea bag your brew bag in and out of the pot to help release flavours and let sit for 60 minutes. With the mashing complete you are left with the wort. In the meantime add the honey to your clean barrel. After 60 minutes remove brew bag from pot and tip in the ten litres of wort. It should be warm enough to melt honey, but not cook it. You need the honey unpasteurised as the wild yeasts in the honey will get to work to ferment the brew.

Add the remaining ten litres of untreated rain water. You don't want industrial chemicals from treated water in your brew. Using your paddle or large wooden spoon stir rigorously for a minute and screw on the barrel lid. Put in the air lock and add some water to it. Keep your brew in a warm place, even wrap a blanket around it and wait for it to start brewing. It could begin after a few hours or several days. The brewing time can vary between one and five days depending on the temperature of your house and the type of wild yeasts you've courted through your ingredients.

After the brewing stage is complete, indicated by your airlock no longer releasing air bubbles for at least a day, taste the beer. If it tastes pleasant you've had a successful brew, so proceed to bottling. If it tastes awful there's a likelihood your brew has got an infection, if so return it to your garden or community garden as snail and slug bait, or just tip it into the compost or worm farm. There's no such thing as waste.

Let's work on the premise your brew tastes lovely in its first fermented state. Prime each bottle by adding half a teaspoon of honey to each cleaned and rinsed stubby (375ml), or a full teaspoon to a longneck (700ml), and fill with your beer. Cap and store for two weeks. I have collected dozens of twist top bottles and caps over the years so as I can reuse them over and over, making my brews another zero waste enterprise that money can't buy.

It is not a long storing beer, so if your brew is successful and it would give you joy to share it, you may want to hold a gathering with friends and celebrate the generous flowering, fruiting, bee-giving worlds with this beer. Perhaps your drink of choice to honour the winter solstice? It's best drunk when it's between 3-4 weeks old in the bottle, but try one after 2 weeks, and be sure to make a sacrifice to your local deities from where the gifts of your bottle derives.





*Artist as Family's fermenting table,  
the Pandoran hub of the house,  
Spring 2017. Photo: Mara Ripani*



## Works cited (in order of appearance)

- Thomas, Gail. *Healing Pandora: The Restoration of Hope and Abundance*, North Atlantic Books USA 2009
- Herodotus. *The Histories*, written in 440 BC in the Ionic dialect of classical Greek.
- Plato. *Laws*, written in Classical Greek around 380 BC, Athens.
- Blake, William. *The Fly* is a poem published as part of his collection *Songs of Experience*, London 1794.
- Hesiod. *The Theogony*, the origins and genealogies of the Greek gods, composed c. 700 BC, Ascra in Boeotia (Central Greece)
- Apollodorus. *The Library of Greek Mythology*. Trans. Robin Hard, Oxford World Classics, 1997
- Illich, Ivan. *Deschooling society*, Harper & Row, New York 1971
- Jones, Patrick. *Walking for food: regaining permapoesis*. Doctoral thesis, Western Sydney University, 2014
- Buhner, Stephen Harrod. *Sacred and Herbal Healing Beers: The Secrets of Ancient Fermentation*, Siris Books, Boulder 1998
- Brady, Maggie. *First Taste: How Indigenous Australians Learned about Grog*, Alcohol Education & Rehabilitation Foundation Ltd., Deakin 2008
- Hughes, Robert. *The Fatal Shore: The Epic of Australia's Founding*, Alfred A Knopf, New York 1986
- Prechtel, Martin. *Grief and Praise part 1*. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h6h3JNOCTYc> Emowell Project YouTube channel, 2014
- Prechtel, Martin. *Long Life, Honey in the Heart: A Story of Initiation and Eloquence from the Shores of a Mayan Lake*, Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam, New York 1999
- Prechtel, Martin. *The Smell of Rain on Dust: Grief and Praise*. North Atlantic Books, USA 2015
- Meade, Michael J. *Men and the Water of Life: Initiation and the Tempering of Men*, Harper, San Francisco 1993
- Shaw, Martin. *Scatterlings: Getting Claimed in an Age of Amnesia*, White Cloud Press, Ashland 2016
- Eisenstein, Charles. *Sacred Economics: Money, Gift & Society in the Age of Transition*, Evolver Editions, North Atlantic Books USA 2011
- Engel, Cindy. *Wild Health: Lessons in Natural Wellness from the Animal Kingdom*. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2003
- Wright, Alexis. *Carpentaria*, Giramondo, Sydney 2006
- Rose, Deborah Bird. *Wild Dog Dreaming: Love and Extinction*, Charlottesville and London: University of Virginia Press 2011



## About the author

Patrick Jones' work is a poethical redress of the economies of homeplace; a performing and refermenting of culture that is accountable to the resources and communities of life required to make it. This practice he calls *permapoesis*. His work, both written and biophysical, surveys Jones' familial and communal emplacing on old Dja Dja Wurrung country in central Victoria. It borrows from the economic lifeways of Aboriginal people and enacts modes of lifemaking akin to his own indigenous and peasant ancestries. Jones' practice calls into question what is art, where does it reside, who is it for, and what communities does it belong to or stand upon? Can art, Jones' practice investigates, be a thing lived? Can it be a resource regenerated? Can it be a homeplace; a performance of everyday ecological functioning?

Jones is one-fifth of the performance collective *Artist as Family*. In 2010 Artist as Family was commissioned to produce Food Forest, as part of the exhibition *In the balance: Art for a changing world* at the Museum of Contemporary Art Australia. In 2014 Jones was awarded a doctorate from Western Sydney University for his thesis *Walking for food: reclaiming permapoesis*. In that same year Artist as Family was featured in *Art & Ecology Now* (Thames and Hudson), a major survey of ecological art practices from around the world. In 2015 Jones co-authored with Meg Ulman the ecological travel memoir *The Art of Free Travel* (NewSouth), which was shortlisted for an ABIA in 2016, and in that same year Jones' work was critically referenced in *Keywords for Environmental Studies* (NYU Press). In 2017 his essay, "Reclaiming accountability from hypertechnocivility, to grow again the flowering earth" was published in *Perma/Culture: Imagining Alternatives in an Age of Crisis* (Routledge). On social media Jones can be found positively @artistasfamily and critically @permapoesis.

## Acknowledgements

Many thanks to those who have contributed to the making of this work. I particularly thank Meg Ulman, Zephyr Ogden Jones, Blackwood Ulman Jones, Zero Ulman Jones, Kevin Murray, Nikki Marshall, Kirsten Bradley, Peter O'Mara, Toby Sime, Jeremy Yau, Trudy Clutterbok, Brett Adamson, Gillie Gough, Adele Del Signore, the early morning Koukla staff, Anthony Petrucci, Fe Porter, Mara Ripani, and all the small and not so small deities of home.

## Publication details

Jones, Patrick (1970)

First published 2017

Tree Elbow publications

6 Tierneys Lane Daylesford Victoria Australia 3460

ISBN-13: 978-0-9580307-5-5

Most rights relinquished, unless you're wanting to capitalise on this work (what a challenge that would be!), therefore: *Creative Commons license: Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 3.0 Australia (CC BY-NC-SA 3.0 AU)*

*Lively hood* (Part 2) was first published in a much earlier form in Garland magazine in June 2017

Book design and cover art by Adele Del Signore, Melbourne

Printed on ecoStar 100% recycled paper in Melbourne, Victoria

ecoStar is an environmentally responsible paper made Carbon Neutral. The greenhouse gas emissions of the manufacturing process including transportation of the finished product to BJ Ball Papers Warehouses has been measured by the Edinburgh Centre for Carbon Neutral Company and the fibre source has been independently certified by the Forest Stewardship Council (FSC). ecoStar is manufactured from 100% Post Consumer Recycled paper in a Process Chlorine Free environment under the ISO 14001 environmental management system.







The payment for this book is an experiment contiguous with the spirit of the material. As there isn't a publisher in Australia who'd publish such an unconventional text self-publishing becomes not only necessary but also a great liberty. There is no need to conform to typical publishing formulas like narrative arcs and other safe (and indeed boring) keepings of the book form.

Self-publishing is typically seen as being limited by three things: vanity, the absence of bourgeois cultural gatekeeping, and distribution. By making this book economically akin to vegetables that you may buy from a farm gate as you pass by on your bicycle – thus, a cash crop 'honesty' system collected with nominal pollution – I'm cutting out the distributor and the bourgeois gatekeeper, though perhaps not my vanity. Wherever you have picked up this book it has been left by the author (or friend, stranger) who has been on another sort of errand. Distribution isn't an end in itself, there are too little precious resources for such a thing.

As a writer of independent thought, please recognise this form of distribution in the spirit of wanting to engage in public discourse from a staunchly autonomous place.

The other part of this experiment is the ideal that a "free to take, pay later" book can be left in many places, not just in bookshops, but at railway stations, information centres, brothels, libraries, cinemas, council chambers, universities, food co-ops, medical centres and many more places besides.

**\$10 recommended**

Account details: Patrick R Jones BSB 633 000 ACC 125 611 988

or PayPal: **theartistfamily@gmail.com**

OR

An **alternative economic exchange** for those visiting Daylesford, Victoria may include items such as 6 pieces of firewood, 1 jar of fermented vegetables, 30 minutes of weeding, harvesting or composting in our garden, or some such similar gift. An alternative exchange for those using postal mail or email is more challenging but please feel free to write a proposal of exchange:

**permapoesis@gmail.com**

*If this book isn't your mug of acorn beer, please pass it on to another (perhaps they'll pay for it). It is not intended as a disposable commodity, however whatever the fate for this particular book, the sensible world will prevail.*

Pandora was framed by a particular kind of writing, words that became cloned and catapulted into the heart of Western culture. The shift from gender-distributed Greece to a gender-lopsidedness is possibly older than Hesiod, but he is a startlingly obvious beginning point, 2700 years ago. The purpose of this work is to reappear Pandora's meaning and reveal how she offers us a possibility: a refermenting of culture and a return to insight through the underworld of the gut.

While few environmental writers or ecocritics would be prepared to join Jones and his family in this radical experiment, most would agree that unless our words, however artfully crafted, emotionally compelling or intellectually challenging, get linked to deeds, eco-poetics might amount to little more than fiddling while Rome burns. — *Kate Rigby*

Jones forces us to grapple with a specific set of poethical considerations: how does language-use contribute to the violence of colonisation and machineries and economies of ecological destruction? — *Peter Minter*

PRAISE FOR PATRICK JONES' AND MEG ULMAN'S  
*THE ART OF FREE TRAVEL*

This is a family journey of intent, inquisitiveness, disaster and discovery rolled up into a compellingly packaged, recyclable lesson for us all to take home and propagate. — *Costa Georgiadis*

Jones and Ulman don't beat around the bush. They both write excellently, from the heart and head, not only about the pain and joy of their ongoing adventure, but also about issues important to them: raising children, the abuse of indigenous rights and the degradation of Australia's environment. The details of emotion, place, character and dialogue are finely observed; the whole epic shebang is shaped into a coherent whole... — *Aaron Blaker*