

The Leaking Bodies Barbara Kapusta and Steph Holl-Trieu

**A CONVERSATION ABOUT
KAPUSTA'S "THE LEAKING
BODIES," THE MEMBRANES,
AND LEAKINESS OF OUR
BODIES, OUR TECHNOLOGIES,
AS WELL AS THE MAKING
OF WORLDS. IT TOOK PLACE
IN FEBRUARY, 2021 ON THE
OCCASION OF THE LEAKING
BODIES SERIES AT GIANNI
MANHATTAN VIENNA**

Editing by Anna McCarthy

Barbara Kapusta is an artist and writer based in Vienna. Her recent show *The Leaking Bodies Series* opened in December 2020 at Gianni Manhattan. She is interested in the conjunction of the body with materiality and speech. Materiality becomes entrusted with a queer agency that allows for diversity and vulnerability. She was awarded the Otto Mauer Prize in 2020. Her most recent publication 'Dangerous Bodies' was published in 2019 by Gianni Manhattan Vienna and Motto Books, Lausanne, Berlin.

Steph Holl-Trieu is an artist and researcher interested in imbrications and slippages between digital materialism, ecology, and technical aesthetics. Holl-Trieu works with methodologies of performance, gameplay, theory-fiction writing, and collective world sculpting. She is co-director and curator at the project space Ashley Berlin and part of the Research Institute for Technical Aesthetics (RITA). Her work has been presented at Roter Salon (Volksbühne), 3HD, Haus der Statistik, Trust in Berlin as well as at the Mosaic Rooms in London.

BARBARA KAPUSTA The installation images of the exhibition *The Leaking Bodies Series* at Gianni Manhattan (Dec 10 – Feb 6, 2021) in Vienna depict the entrance space of the gallery with the four drop-shaped wall pieces made of orange acrylic glass with black vinyl lettering. These were mounted on the gallery walls, facing each other, the audience, and the video installation that was installed at the back of the gallery.

I have been using acrylic glass as the chosen material for my text pieces since 2018. They first appeared in 'The Giant' as oversized comically large speech bubbles resembling ghostly figures and bodies, which addressed the audience.

The drop-shaped works in *The Leaking Bodies Series* ooze and spill. They are snips and fragments; functioning as slogans, intimate calls, and invitations to the audience. They speak directly to whoever is reading—they address. The writing on these pieces is taken from the soundtrack of the video 'The Leaking Bodies', which read: „My body is so much closer to yours than you think," or „I am longing for you to share your wetness."

The Leaking Bodies Series references numerous excerpts from theory and fiction that I have been reading over the last few years. It brings together several texts and ideas on the boundaries of bodies, our skins, our devices, and our relationships. In *Updating to Remain the Same: Habitual New Media* Wendy Hui Kyong Chun speaks, for example, about leakiness and the promiscuity of media. What happens if we take the leakiness of new media seriously? "[...] our networks work by promiscuously exchanging information [...] Our networks leak, however, not only at the level of technical infrastructure, but also at the level of content." ⁽¹⁾

The supposedly safe device that does not leak our data is an oxymoron and it is not just how the Internet (being online) works, it is just as our bodies are leaky, per se. It reminds me of what Paul B. Preciado wrote in his book *Testo Junkie. Sex, Drugs, and Biopolitics in the Pharmacopornographic Era* about the synthesis of hormones since the 1950s: "Hormones are bio-artifacts made of carbon chains, language, images, capital, and collective desires," and goes on to call for a leaky practice, I quote: "We're copyleft users who consider sex hormones free and open biocodes." A practice that is: "... a matter of inventing other common, shared, collective, and copyleft forms of the dominant pornographic representations and standardized sexual consumption." ⁽²⁾ I also want to immediately quote Sophie Lewis in this context who, in the last chapter of her book, *Full Surrogacy Now. Feminism against Family* (and this is the book that really brought all these ideas of leakiness together) writes: "... we should cultivate thoughtfulness as to the technologies we use—borders, laws, doors, pipes, bowls, boats, baths, flood-barriers, and scalpels—to hold, release, and manage water. When is it time to release a boundary? When is it time to keep a point (cervix-like) firmly sealed? At what point (cervix-like) must the wall come down? When is a bandage ready to come off? How can a city be open to strangers and closed to tsunamis?" ⁽³⁾

The Leaking Bodies Series was really built around this idea of the leak and the membrane. What I mean here, of course, is our skin, but also national borders, the soil, the transportation network of fluids like crude oil and portable water that crosses state lines, private land, continents, and seas. They all leak. We all leak.

Our bodies leak, not only our scents and our language, but we also leak the leftovers of the whole pharmaceutical industry. We leak our hormones and antidepressants; we even leak traces of COVID-19 mutations into our water. At the same time, privatized water as well as crude oil is transported through continents in a highly politicized manner. These fluids are allowed to cross borders, nations, and states. In both cases, leakage of those pipes is causing devastation. Devastation of soil and communities, both of which are dependent on clean water and clean environment. Life and beings are leaky and at the same time threatened by the leakiness of neoliberal financial capitalism, its infrastructure and machines.

The third membrane is the national border. Bodies are divided into those with access and those who are denied access to land, citizenship, safe passages, safe births, and human rights.

I once again want to quote Sophie Lewis here: "Surrogates to the front! By surrogates I mean all those comradely gestators, midwives, and other sundry interveners in the more slippery moments of social reproduction: repairing boats; swimming across borders; blockading lake-threatening pipelines; carrying; miscarriage. Let's all learn right now how comradely beings can help plan, mitigate, interrupt, suffer, and reorganize this amniotic violence. Let's think how we can assist in this regenerative wet-wrestling, sharing out its burden."⁽⁴⁾

STEPH HOLL-TRIEU First of all: thank you Barbara for inviting me to speak about your show, which I am grateful to have seen virtually. The last time we spoke in a somewhat similar context was during the so-called "first wave" of the pandemic between March and July 2020. In May 2020, we invited you to hold a digital artist talk as part of our public program *Natural:Matter* at the Vilém Flusser Archive—an archive located at the University of Arts in Berlin, which maintains the estate of the prolific cultural theorist and is dedicated to the support of international research engaged with his work. You presented your works: *Dangerous Bodies*, *Emphatic Creatures* and *The Giant*—all incisive articulations of situated bodies, partial perspectives, and queer agency, as they question the imperial gesture of universality and binary structuring.

There are a lot of imbrications in the topics, which we will discuss today with those we touched on last May, when everything was kind of the same, but also different. It felt a bit like back then: the invisible agent of the virus was moving so fast that trying to grasp it would just end in it leaking from our fingers. In a way it feels like everything has caught up now, but a certain sense of paralysis still lingers.

The topoi you traverse in your work are very similar. In your video piece: 'The Leaking Bodies,' the call and respond reads: "Who caused this damage? The loose ends of our dripping culture."⁽⁵⁾

This, for me, calls to our attention, how the technological condition of material bodies, their utterances, and inscriptions in the world through language are elusive and unyielding at once. The conditions we speak in and the topics we will speak of are conditionally intertwined by the fact that nothing ever moves faster; it just moves, and this feeling of not being able to keep up has more to do with the fact that 'our' categories of knowing, perceiving and understanding are somewhat disjointed from coexisting with our always situated always historical environments, for example: "Oh yeah, what an absolutely wonderful idea to create a false binary between nature and culture, the human and non-human, the technological and the biological." This has gotten us very far, which is to say: full throttle backing us up into a dead end.

... I say all of this of course jokingly. I am very much aware that these binaries are instruments, technologies if you like, which serve rigid and seemingly impenetrable systems of oppression and exploitation, i.e., white Christian patriarchy and its conspiratorial collusion with capital-

ism. Yet to say that this is all there is, and we are trapped, we also maneuver ourselves into a position of checkmate.

So, I gladly accept your invitation to embrace our leakiness, to rewind a bit and contaminate our ways of understanding. For this, I find your notion of the membrane an incredibly powerful one, and I am grateful to share this zoom space from my square to your square and all these lovely other squares to spotlight it from different perspectives. So, what is the membrane? The membrane is a semi-permeable barrier, a selective barrier, as you have illustrated with the three figures of the membrane, which subtend *The Leaking Bodies Series*.

The membrane can be framed both as protection and weapon, for example, when it is instrumentalized against 'foreign' agents from entering or when it becomes a tool for power as Elizabeth A. Povinelli describes in *Geontologies. A Requiem to Late Liberalism*, where late liberalism unfolds its power by governing between Life and Non-Life. This, of course, echoes our contemporary condition, where a certain structuring of Birth, Growth, Reproduction, Death, is privileged in order to suppress others.

If the membrane is a cast of actors, then it shares the stage with the leak. The membrane leaks. And the leak itself becomes an interface for strength/weakness, for desirability/undesirability, protection/peril. We encounter it in your work as a site for fragility, a cusp at which we become aware that not only do we only exist in relation to our environment, but that we are all environments ourselves, beings spawned from symbiosis, whether we like it or not.

Even if our gut bacteria or our environments go toxic, we still must endure our symbiotic conditioning. We often fail to acknowledge this as our own condition, not just because this survival of the fittest meme has spammed our collective consciousness, but also because symbiosis itself has been divorced from its original meaning. The evolutionary biologist Lynn Margulis, who also became an important influence on Donna Haraway in her formulation of *symplopoiesis*, 'meaning making-with,' 'becoming-with' or in a New Materialist phrasing 'mattering-with,' once warned us in *Words as Battle Cries*, an essay she begins with the line: "Our minds are incarcerated by our words."⁽⁶⁾ We often understand symbiosis as a 'mutually beneficial' relationship between two entities. Margulis argues that this lends itself from the economic language of a cost-benefit analysis, as if we could choose to engage in such a relationship based on a calculation of profits over losses, when in fact symbiosis is just a protracted association between unlike species. If we do not watch our language, we lose on both ends: recognizing symbiosis as the great engine of creation and change that it is, and not recognizing this agency in the smallest cells.

BARBARA KAPUSTA Since working on *'Empathic Creatures'*, I have been preoccupied with the notion empathy and one's ability to feel solidarity with my thoughts, stemming from what Donna Haraway says about human-animal relationships. I started calling my figures 'Creatures' or 'Companions,' based on the term 'Companion Species' in Haraway's book *When Species Meet*.

I have often been describing a point in time after the collapse of a system, which corresponds to our future, our past, and our present, in which borders have been raised again and again, and we witness the exploitation of human-animal, vegetable, and mineral resources. I say present, because this 'afterwards,' despite it being fictional, is really the result of the real environment; the real political situation, and the developments we are witnessing. To quote Ursula K. Le Guin in the foreword of *The Left Hand of Darkness*: "I write science fiction, and science fiction isn't about the future... I'm merely observing, in the peculiar, devious, and thought-experimental manner proper to science fiction..."⁽⁷⁾

So, the figures are all affected and stranded bodies. They have nowhere they could retreat to—no hiding places—and they are looking for accomplices. They remember collapse, bodies in distress. And they remember the disappearance of solidarity and empathy. They must explain themselves, their attitudes, and their responsibilities, if they want to start a dialogue with each other.

That sounds quite exhausting now. But, at the same time, there is a lot of closeness, gentleness, and tenderness. Moreover, it triggers a notion of non-linearity, simultaneity, and a new understanding of the relationships of the body based on their different bodies, surfaces, and materials, their sounds, and their successive voices.

There is something conciliatory and affectionate between us now, but to take that as desired normality is perhaps a mistake. The permanent and strenuous negotiating of relations and the destruction of the hierarchies is the much more interesting and important place to consider. I also think about empathy and solidarity, the ability to put oneself in somebody else's position—in bodies with needs other than my own. How can an ability such as empathy be practiced? Or also: How can we deal with argument, competition, and injury? It is not just about unharmed bodies. What about the bodies that are in friction, hurting, injured? And how can one think about the body as multiple, something changing, collective?

Therefore, language is at the same time brutal and tender. There is a constant changing between conditions: togetherness and discord, brutal and sensitive gestures alternate. Bodies are allied and are then destroyed by greater forces. It is about a form of community, and then it disintegrates again. There is a hint of ambiguity as to whether an act has a positive or negative connotation.

Certain stories have always come back to me that are about this translation process between bodies, languages, and states of mind, especially Octavia Butler's *Speech Sounds*, which is a short story about finding a common language in a dystopic time and place where speech has ceased to exist.

STEPH HOLL-TRIEU *Speech Sounds* is such a great short story. In the afterword to the story, Octavia Butler writes that it: "was conceived in weariness, depression, and sorrow. I began the story feeling little hope or liking for the human species, but by the time I reached the end of it, my hope had come back." ⁽⁸⁾

This ambition to find a common language where language is lost, reverberates through your work as well. Not only have you designed your own typography, showing that written text is itself an aesthetic material with its own language, but in your writing, you also appeal to a society of empathy with creatures of kith and kin. The first step in this game is to attune ourselves to the languages whispered by agents not usually listened to.

Language is both a daunting barrier to access and connective tissue. This is shown quite well in the mainstreaming of mycelial networks as the 'Wood Wide Web,' or slime molds described as strategizing in logistics networks. Understanding of the so-called natural is always heavily imbued with a kind of cyber frame, which only dilutes our way of understanding nature, if it is a kind of sterile, separate realm. If we see both technology and nature though as coterminous then this bleeding of language can be utilized as a tool.

We see this kind of endeavor in Ursula K. Le Guin's writing: *In The Author of the Acacia Seeds and Other Extracts from the Journal of the Association of Therolinguistics*, she reimagines anthropology as 'therolinguistics'—the study of the language of ants. A collection of excerpts

from a virtual science journal, at the very heart, these short stories explore the problem of language and the impossibility of translation, which is itself a tool. I came across the research of a non-fictional scholar, called Deborah Gordon at Stanford University, who studies collective behavior in ants. What interests her, is how this behavior evolves in relation to specific environments. She calls the forms of collective behavior, which emerge from changing environment rules, algorithms, or mechanisms. And yet she warns us of the pitfalls of how we might want to interpret ant behavior.

"One option is that each individual, ant or cell, is working independently off an internal program, currently envisaged as a sort of computer program contained in, created, and carried out by genes, and that all of these independent actions add up to make the organism, or colony, or tissue. The other, is that there is another entity at the level of the whole system, such as the embryo, or superorganism, that somehow drives the relations among the individual entities. We need to develop new language and sets of metaphors that avoid both alternatives and instead describe collective behavior as a tangle of overlapping connections that is constantly being created, without any locus of control."⁽⁹⁾

Ants sense each other mostly through olfaction, similar to the protagonist in Octavia Butler's *Speech Sounds*, who senses desire and longing by smelling the other person she cannot speak to. Yet the bridge between sensing and acting is still mediated through the environment, which Deborah Gordon calls changing interaction networks. The harvester ant in Arizona, for example, works by positive feedback; they default to not doing anything in the hot dry conditions in the desert environment to conserve energy. The opposite is true of the tree-dwelling turtle ants, who work by negative feedback; so in response to encounters with predators or competing species return to the nest and are less likely to use trails of other ants. Gordon concludes that the collective behavior of ants evolves as a set of relations, which links the colony to its environment. There is no genetic code or a central control system giving orders.

You may ask at this point: is this still reality or already science fiction?

The answer is: both. This is where I want to bring in *Vampyroteuthis Infernalis*, partly because it was—thanks to the cultural theorist Vilém Flusser—that we had our first conversation, and because this is without question my favorite book of his. *Vampyroteuthis Infernalis* is often misnamed as the vampire squid; vampy is a cephalopod—a class of species, which only later split into squids and the eight-limbed octopi. In this trip of an essay, Flusser slips into the skin of this cephalopod and calls on this creature's dark arts as a function of mirroring the human. The last sentence in the introduction reads: "De te fabula narratur," which means "of you the story is told."⁽¹⁰⁾ Flusser basically tells the story of Western man through its Other, the Vampyroteuthis. As always with Flusser, he does not stagnate in binary categories however, and so in one part of the book, he writes: "This is because Vampyroteuthis is not the opposite of man but the repressed side of man, just as man is the repressed side of Vampyroteuthis."⁽¹¹⁾

While this is an absolute brilliant piece of writing, in how it aims to grasp the human in order to change it, it is still a product of its own situated history. I think that the use of 'man' here mirrors that the author of the book was a man engaged primarily in Western thought, sitting in his home in Southern France. And this is where a more acute criticism of the 'human' and 'human exceptionalism' is needed.

The philosopher and feminist theorist Rosi Braidotti draws our attention to the 'human' as an extremely exclusionary category. Braidotti argues that we have always been posthuman, the human as the offspring of white Christian patriarchy has excluded and violently oppressed all those who are never deemed 'human enough.'⁽¹²⁾

BARBARA KAPUSTA Post-human and all too human! As Braidotti says. We are all too human, we are techno bodies and our relationships, our functioning and being alike; with each other, with organic and techno others alike. These bodies that are beings, but at the same time devices, that also become devices for narration and theory.

The body that uses technical aids, sensors and motors, molecular devices for transformation.

Barriers are overcome using technology, and at the same time are created by it. There is the question again of the membrane, of the accessibility of places, spaces, and technology.

Being permeable bodies, techno-bodies, we stress and fight the effects of politics, medicine, and ecological disaster. We become contaminated and contaminate ourselves. We leak. Ours is a tale of a promiscuous desire, for a borderless being, of opening up and letting things pass.

The techno body is and becomes the technology.

STEPH HOLL-TRIEU I think, apart from *Technobodies* being a very cool way to reframe a specific historical material embodiment, I also like how the *technobody* draws attention to its cultural making.

In Braidotti's writing, I unfortunately miss the kind of perspective, which the Jamaican writer and cultural theorist Sylvia Wynter puts forth, which is so incisive and sophisticated. She situates the human first as "Man1," the *homo politicus religiosus* ⁽¹³⁾, who evolved from the theological order of knowledge of medieval Europe, and who was superseded by "Man2," based on the Western bourgeoisie's model of being human, finding its central articulation in *homo oeconomicus*—refashioning all humans to be increasingly subordinated to a figure that thrives on accumulation. ⁽¹⁴⁾

To pick up on the topic of climate catastrophe and fossil fuel veins leaching into all cavities of this Earth, I find Wynter's critique particularly salient, also because it inspires the geographer and author of *A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None*, Kathryn Yusoff, in her critical work on the Anthropocene. In her writing, Wynter foregrounds the year of 1950, not 1750, which marks the Industrial Revolution. What marks 1950? 1950 marks anticolonial uprisings. However, becoming politically independent did not liberate anyone from the tenacious grip of Western imperialism. There was never really post-colonialism, but always peri-colonialism, in that what now happened was that there was a drive for neocolonial incorporation. The *homo oeconomicus* started to tell all these pericolonial subjects that they were in fact underdeveloped, not *homo oeconomicus* enough.

Instead of fashioning the human as a natural organism, Wynter shows how 'the human' coexists with all models of human society, with religion and cultures—a product of both, bios, and mythoi. There is no humanness as a noun, but rather being human is a praxis. I see this mirrored in the techno-body, if anything 'techne' ⁽¹⁵⁾ is just the Greek word for system of art. And I think it perfectly exemplifies the material-semiotic making of bodies, the kind of cyborg agent which Haraway explored as early as 1985. ⁽¹⁶⁾

We both share an interest in science fiction and speculative worldbuilding, not as a method to beckon some kind of far-off future, but one that brings the present closer by creating a kind of instrumental alienation to the contemporary. This is something where great inspirations can be found again in Octavia Butler's writing. In *Kindred*, for example, a blood relation becomes a device for time travel, between LA of the 70s and antebellum Maryland. The body of the

protagonist itself becomes a technology, a way to warp time space and create agency over history—something, which is often consigned to a realm of the immutable.

In her *Parable series* ⁽¹⁷⁾, the protagonist has a condition called hyper empathy syndrome, the result of her mother being addicted to a medicine called 'Paracetco,' which makes Lauren Olamina feel both the pain and pleasure of others. It is both a weakness and strength. It, for me, formulates the promise of mutual care and reproduction (and I mean reproduction of course in Federician terms and not as a call to breed), one that you also foreground in the work: for a radical politics of care, we must leak.

We circulate
our moist material.
Dripping and oozing.
Let it be used and taken, changed
and adapted, given away freely.
Ours is yours to share and spread. ⁽¹⁸⁾

Metallic and
hard,
heavy and
wet.

We travel in
contaminated lands.
Yellow,
dusty regions,
orange shadows
and dry skies.

I feel like a global
fluid.

You penetrate
all boundaries.

I am longing for you
to share
your wetness.

Damp things lead us:

smears, and
oily streaks,

on the moist surfaces
of the territory
we inhabit.

Wastelands
and deserts;
the outskirts of cities,
settlements,
fields, and
bodies of soiled,
spoiled water.

I am so much closer
to you than you think.

We move
fragile and open.

Coming close
to a possible future

the possibility
and fragility
of endless,
endless stickiness.

What caused the damage?

The loose ends
of our dripping culture.

Our leakiness.

I am dying for you
to share
your wetness.

What was spread?

Fluid streams
seeping from
pipes
and bowls,
tanks
and boats,
reservoirs
and pipelines
full of privatized water
and crude oil.

What caused the damage?

Gathering
in corners and edges,
under rocks, pillars,
waste and rubble.

Squeezing
through holes,
fences,
and tunnels.

Leaking into our
vision

soft, massive
and dark

animated,
and growing.

A slimy,
slippery
mixture
on dry, yellow grass
and corroding iron.

Slowly
contaminating

every part
and cell

of our wet
and fragile
existence.

I am so much closer
to you than you think.

You feel like a global
fluid.

I penetrate
all boundaries.

I am longing for you
to share
your dampness.

We circulate
our moist material.

Dripping
and oozing.

Let it be used
and taken,
changed
and adapted,
given away
freely.

Ours is yours
to share and
spread.

Softly
and slowly

we move
in a frenzy
of liquid
toxicity.

What is it that caused
the damage?

The loose ends of our
dripping culture

Our leakiness

I am dying for you
to share your wetness.

You take a deep breath.

Your body leaks
in front of me.

Watch
our intensely
leaking,
staining
company.



'The Leaking Bodies,' 2020, video still, 3 channel video installation, 06:30 min, sound, loop, animation animation by Stephanie Schwarzwimmer, Herwig Scherabon, sound by Rana Farahani



'The Leaking Bodies Series,' 2020, installation view,
Gianni Manhattan, 2020
Foto @kunsstdokumentation.com

NOTES

- 1 See: Wendy Hui Kyong Chun, *Updating to Remain the Same: Habitual New Media*, The MIT Press, Cambridge (MA), 2016
- 2 See: Paul B. Preciado, *Testo Junkie. Sex, Drugs, and Biopolitics in the Pharmacopornographic Era*, The Feminist Press at CUNY, 2013
- 3 Sophie Lewis, *Full Surrogacy Now. Feminism against Family*, Verso, 2019
- 4 Ibid.
- 5 From Barbara Kapusta, *The Leaking Bodies*, 2020, 3-channel video installation, sound, loop, CGI animation, 6:30 min.
- 6 Lynn Margulis, *Words as Battle Cries: Symbiogenesis and the New Field of Endocytobiology* in: *BIOScience*, Vol. 40, No. 9, *Ecosystem Science for the Future* (Oct., 1990), Oxford University Press, 673-677.
- 7 Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Left Hand of Darkness*, Walker&Co, 1994, Foreword
- 8 Octavia Butler, *Speech Sounds*, Asimov's Science Fiction, 1983 in: *Bloodchild and other Stories*, future-lives.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/11/speech_sounds.pdf
- 9 Deborah Gordon, *Without Planning: The Evolution of Collective Behaviour in Ant Colonies*. In: *Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet. Monsters of the Anthropocene*, ed. Tsing, A., Swanson, H., Gan, E., Bubandt, N., 2017
- 10 Vilém Flusser, *Vampyrotheutis Infernalis*, 2012
- 11 Ibid.
- 12 See: Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, 2019; *Posthuman Feminism*, 2021 (et al.)
- 13 The human, in Wynter's writing, is representatively linked to the gure of 'Man1' (invented by the Renaissance's 'studia humanitatis' as homo politicus and therefore differentiated but not wholly separate from the homo religiosus conception of human) that was tethered to the theological order of knowledge of pre-Renaissance Latin-Christian medieval Europe; this gure opened up a slot for 'Man2,' a gure based on the Western bourgeoisie's model of being human that has been articulated as, since the later half of the nineteenth century, liberal monohumanism's homo oeconomicus. See: Sylvia Wynter, *On Being Human as Praxis*, Katherine McKittrick (ed.), Duke University Press, 2015, 10
- 14 Sylvia Wynter, *On Being Human as Praxis*, Duke University Press, 2015
- 15 From ancient Greek τέχνη, translated as art, skill, technique and craft. Technê played an important role in the ancient Greek philosophy of Xenophon, Plato and Aristotle and continues to be used in modern discussions on technological conditions and aesthetic techniques.
- 16 Donna J. Haraway, *A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century*, in: *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature* (New York: Routledge, 1991), 149-181.
- 17 A series of novels by the science fiction writer Octavia Butler (1947-2006), the first of which 'Parable of the Sower' was published in 1993. Starting in California in 2024, the novels describe the possibilities of living in the ruins of a society struck by the effects of climate change and economic crisis. The second book 'Parable of the Talents' was published in 1998. Butler hoped to complete the series with 'Parable of the Trickster,' but was never able to write it in her lifetime.
- 18 From Barbara Kapusta, *The Leaking Bodies*, 2020, 3-channel video installation, sound, loop, CGI animation, 6:30 min.