

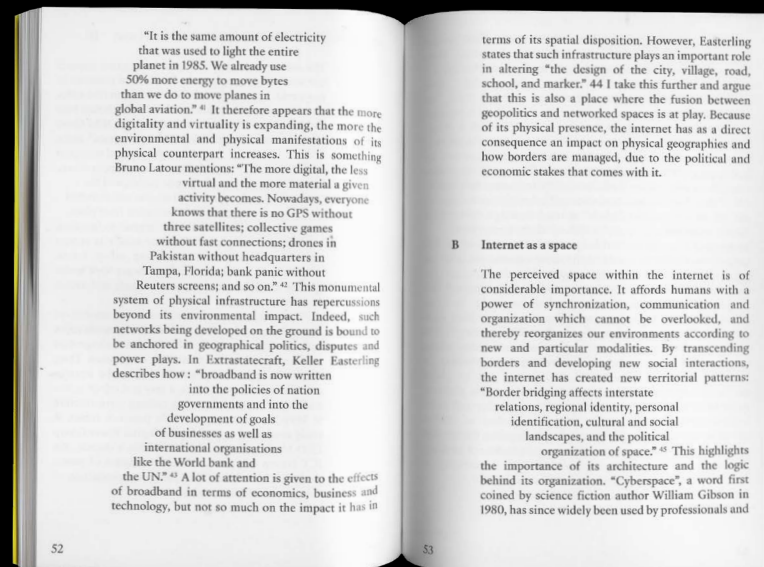
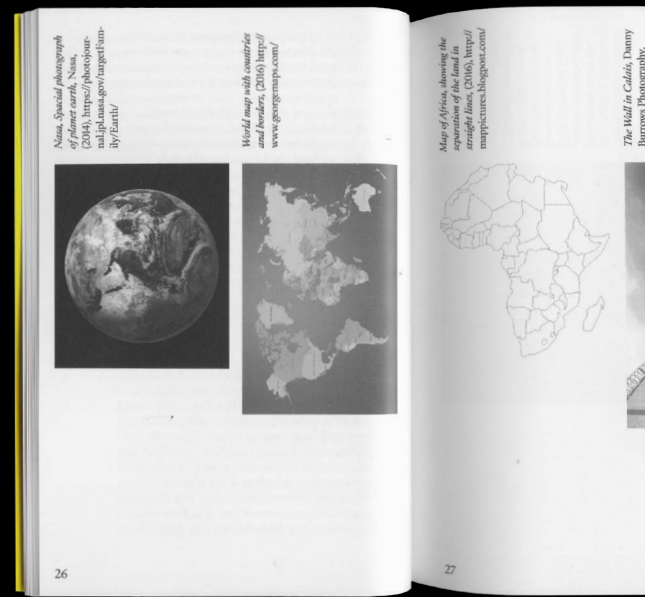
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In the orchards the trees stood bare, buds unopened in their furry coats. Victorine left the palm tree against the damp brick covered barn. Palm had asked her to: for one final picture, a scene at Saint Jeanne and the oak dagger, the scene at Saint Joseph and the oak dagger. It was time, she said, she had to go. Victorine was done, she had tobed at her own pensive, misty face and decided she must turn away from this step through the railings, board a train for Germany, aiming for Hollande on the set. Along the way she found aging lodgings on a farm in return for beer. In the village all the women were old. Victorine had seen Lucille, a mass of dirt hair and a clutch of hot kisses in a strong hand, the faint air of childhood, "Si tu m'aimes, Victorine, tu m'aimes tout." With Victorine the secret gathered within the artist's imagination. Spring warmed the buds to flower and they began to bloom. The crickets, sparrows and the groundhogs came out. Victorine stepped the ground with the apples she had cradled the previous night. On the benches apples began to swell, the colour of kissing lips. By September all would be bound and full. By October the apples would be ready to eat. When harvest came, the apples would be crushed when warmed in the palm. Ripe. Ready and when eaten, the apples would be time to move on, into other and then it would be time to move on, into other and then it would be time to move on, into the palm a handful of lips.

[illegible]

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When, the *Fruitful Cole's* still life in half-eaten or still, still waiting to be used. Like the curling lemon rinds and abandoned oysters in a deep platter, or the bunches of grapes which, after a brief inspection, have been plundered still, his photographs evoke the strands, empty feeling of the end of a party. It feels, somehow, like the decadent opulence of a Puckering, looking for example, emitting one wisp of air, only calmly before a sucking sound. We don't know where that unaccounted wedge has gone, but the picture is so close, so intimate, that we can almost feel the person's hand, clicking intimately against ice cubes and infusing every piece with a crackling, opiate glow. All we have are the remains. In another picture we find three slices of a red apple with three small black holes, suggesting an accidental poisoning. "My dearest friend," we are told, "has been made it a habit of death." The apples are not eaten. He doesn't specify whether the apples were photographed in the preparation, mid or aftermath of a meal—but there was significant cause for him in the process. "I used whatever was there to connect with the subject, to tell him what everything cost and what it meant. I wanted to pay what it cost."

It's always fun pulling up homegrown carrots, and amusing shapes they've grown in. But when you're looking for superman carrots, all the seemingly perfect vegetables, all the lost in the name of uniformity.

We like to eat those first carrots just as they are, or grate them into a salad with olive oil, vinegar, black pepper and sea salt. Homegrown carrots are also great to appear in the veg box, we like to use them for homemade harissa in case you fancy a little heat. And, of course, carrot jars are great too. Ours is inspired by a recipe from a friend, the queen of Middle Eastern recipes. This is a great recipe for autumn and winter squash too.

Serves 5-6

For the hand blender
or food mill (passature)

For the carrot soup:
1 extra virgin olive oil
1 tablespoon coriander seeds
1 tablespoon cumin seeds
1 cinnamon stick
1 cinnamon, peeled and finely sliced
1 sea salt
1 thumb of ginger, finely grated
1 thumb of fresh turmeric, finely
grated or 1 teaspoon ground
turmeric
A few sprigs of fresh thyme, leaves only
1-2 teaspoon harissa
2 carrots, roughly chopped
100g good quality cooked cannellini
beans
100ml good quality coconut milk
Salt and/or soy sauce

Topping ideas:
coated & salted peanuts
black sesame
fresh herbs such Thai basil and
coriander

Makes a couple of small jars
You will need a mortar & pestle or
a spice grinder and a food processor

For the harissa:
12½g whole dried chilies of
your choice
2 teaspoons cumin seeds
2 teaspoons coriander seeds
2 teaspoons caraway seeds
1 teaspoon sea salt
1½ teaspoons smoked sweet paprika
4 garlic cloves, peeled & finely grated
1 tablespoon tomato purée
1 tablespoon maple syrup or local
honey
2 tablespoons apple cider vinegar
2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil

Tip: this is a great recipe to get to know different types of chilies. Some are fiery, some are smoky and some are sweet. We always bring back big bags of dried chilies from our travels. We made a tasty version of harissa with a mix of argentea, ancho, and chipotle chilies from Mexico and a fiery and slightly more bitter version with a bag of roasted red chilies from Sri Lanka. You can also make harissa in late summer and autumn using fresh chilies. If using fresh, remember to double the quantity of chilies and skip the roasting and rehydrating steps.

Using a pair of scissors, snip away the woody stems from the chilies and discard. Slice each chili in half, shake away the seeds and discard. Since each chili is so small, they can make the most of the seeds and discard. Dry toast your chilies in a heavy-bottomed frying pan. If possible, have the kitchen window open as their firmness can catch the back of your throat. Transfer the chilies to a large bowl and pour over enough boiling water to cover them. Add a heartfull plate to keep the chilies submerged and let them rehydrate for around an hour.

Meanwhile, dry toast the spices over a medium heat, shaking the pan often, being careful not to let them burn. Grind to a tough powder in a mortar and pestle or a spice grinder.

Once the chilies have rehydrated, drain them, reserving a little of their water. Pop all of the ingredients into a food processor, along with a splash of the reserved soaking liquid and whizz to a smooth-ish paste, adding more liquid as needed.

Have a taste, adding more salt, vinegar or maple syrup to suit your taste buds. Harissa should be fiery and slightly bitter, as well as sweet and tangy. An explosion for your tongue!



Reading

Modes of Criticism 4

graphic design

Radical Pedagogy

This volume investigates the use of the word 'radical' in design education, discourse and practice, tracing precedents, problems and challenges for the discipline.

With contributions by

Danah Abdulla, Anne-Marie Willis, Tanveer Ahmed,
Kenneth FitzGerald, depatriarchise design,
Anja Groten and Hannah Ellis

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