



# The Hag Theory and How To Spin an Endometrium

Tamara Antonijević  
& Tanja Šljivar

**we**  
**#1**

# The Hag Theory

Tamara Antonijević

*To those between the Care  
Home and the Fairytale*

A Hag is not a Grandmother and she's not a Witch.

She doesn't have a set of loving grandchildren, or a comfortable rocking chair on her porch, or the gift of using magic.

The Grandmother is old and sick and then she dies.

The Witch is old and sick, but she can live forever or as long as she wants to.

The Hag can be old and sick, but she lingers.

The Grandmother knows some magic: sometimes she speaks to the dead and takes good care of her geranium flowers on her balcony (although they're exposed to pigeon shit, her Regal Pelargoniums thrive). Watering them is the last thing she will forget, long after she can no longer remember the names of her children or grandchildren or how to make the only dessert she's been making for over thirty years. (It's a mixture of frozen raspberries, sugar and some whipped cream.)

The Grandmother has recipes, but no spells.

In its form, a spell is similar to a recipe, but *just like poetry, it's not made of words.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ariana Reines, *Mercury*.

The Witch is a mythical creature, a fantastical explanation for how old, lonely and sick women survive — with the support of super and supra-natural forces.

The Grandmother reproduced herself — this is how she earned her title and function. She accomplished the task of caring for others and in return she's received many sick years and the right to be taken care of, although this care can never replicate hers.

Sometimes the Grandma enjoys strolling next to the river (Water is the Memory of the World and hers is deteriorating, so it's not surprising), her purple gray hair shines like an amethyst-colored aureola. She's accompanied by a fat, slow, sausage-shaped Bitch, whom she drags along on a stretched-out leash, as she pants heavily behind her. These Old Girls are so slow. Everyone else has a Life of Their Own, which means appointments, spoiled children and more and more illnesses. The Grandma and Her Bitch don't owe anything to anyone anymore and this is obvious in their gait.

Regardless of how she will die, alone and deserted, killed by her own rotting flesh, or from dementia, drowning in a river, the Grandma can count on her spot in the family graveyard (if her Body is retrieved from the River).

Some Grandmas have lived with a Man for just as long as they've lived alone.

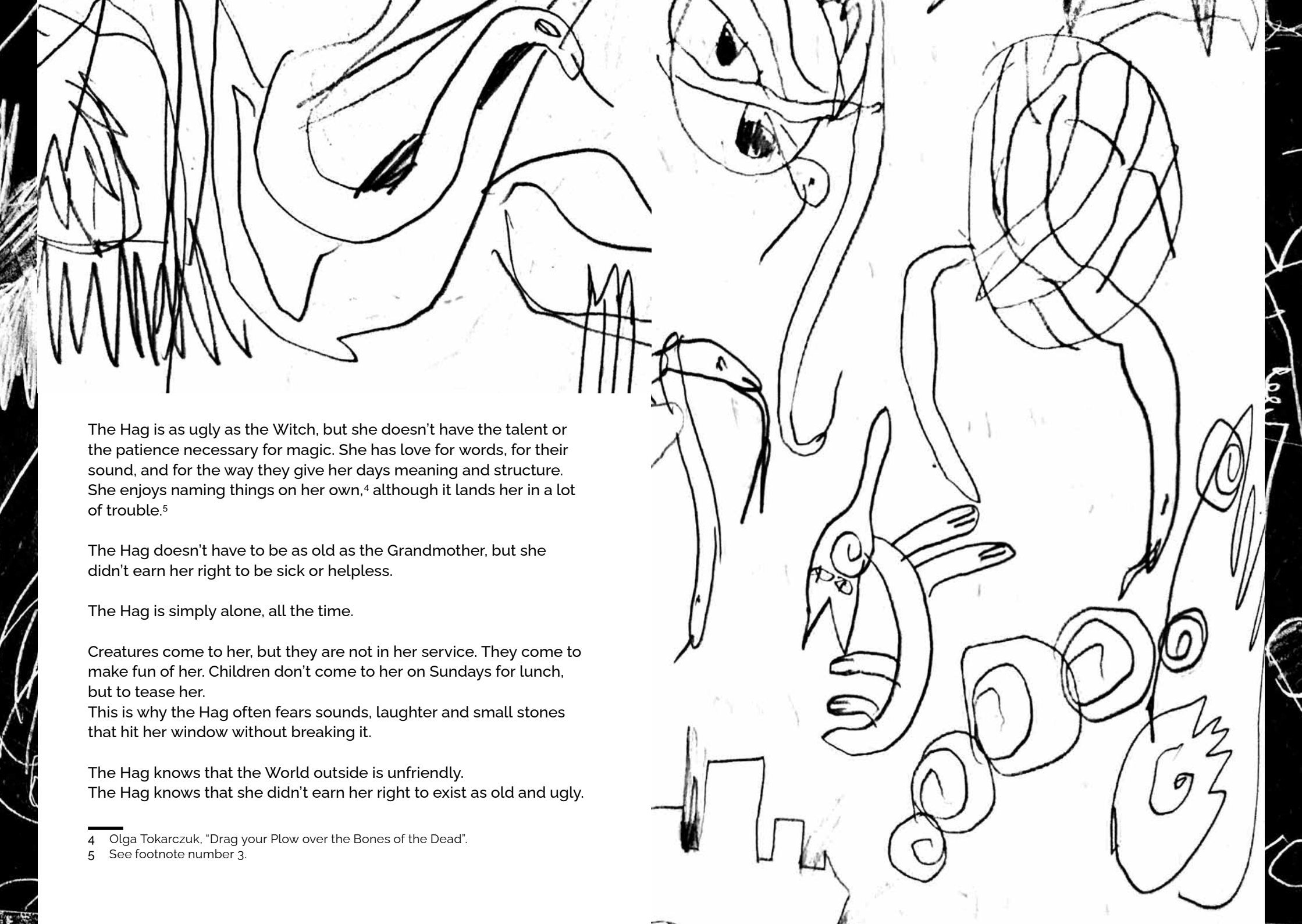
The Witch will turn into thin air. *The Witch has no back, so she turns around and disappears.*<sup>2</sup> As long as her spells are working properly, she will not rot or forget. The Creatures are her friends and servants. She pays for her talent by being exiled and expelled to the end of the forest, and for her skills by being burnt at the stake (we fantasize that this act doesn't pain her, that her eyes are rolling up in ecstasy as her flesh is consumed by flames).<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Oxana Timofeeva, "What Lenin Teaches us about Witchcraft".

<sup>3</sup> Marguerite Porete (13<sup>th</sup> century–1 June 1310) was a French-speaking mystic and the author of *The Mirror of Simple Souls*. She was burnt at the stake for heresy in Paris in 1310 after refusing to remove her book from circulation and recant her views.





The Hag is as ugly as the Witch, but she doesn't have the talent or the patience necessary for magic. She has love for words, for their sound, and for the way they give her days meaning and structure. She enjoys naming things on her own,<sup>4</sup> although it lands her in a lot of trouble.<sup>5</sup>

The Hag doesn't have to be as old as the Grandmother, but she didn't earn her right to be sick or helpless.

The Hag is simply alone, all the time.

Creatures come to her, but they are not in her service. They come to make fun of her. Children don't come to her on Sundays for lunch, but to tease her.

This is why the Hag often fears sounds, laughter and small stones that hit her window without breaking it.

The Hag knows that the World outside is unfriendly.  
The Hag knows that she didn't earn her right to exist as old and ugly.

<sup>4</sup> Olga Tokarczuk, "Drag your Plow over the Bones of the Dead".

<sup>5</sup> See footnote number 3.



Every Young Lady should pay attention to this, because the World can make you old and ugly over Night.

The Hag meets her deceased Mother in the boiler room.<sup>6</sup>  
The Hag tells about her bad dreams to the toilet water and then flushes them.<sup>7</sup>

The Hag loves Dusk and not a bright new Morning.<sup>8</sup>  
The Hag loves the Wind and imagines that it can rip off the flesh from her bones,<sup>9</sup> clean her bones, she imagines her bones shining under her painful, sore flesh.

The Hag tries to make some sense of the stars and their constellations and positions and the mathematical degrees that bring them together and apart. Unfortunately, she's terrible at math, so the meaning of the World remains elusive for her.

The Hag is more concerted with the World Inside, but she's not a mystic.  
The World Inside is simply Hers.

If magic is useful, in the sense that it brings, restores or destroys order in the World, then what the Hag can do is Tricks. Her Magic is fake, she's a fake Witch.  
She will definitely fool you for money.

She knows that the World is unjust and so is she. Satan would never make a pact with such a useless and unruly woman. This woman uses words in whatever way she pleases and the sacred spells and anthems would be wasted with her.

The Hag enjoys a glass or a few glasses of a Côtes du Rhône every night. The Hag knows it's bad for her. The Hag is most probably an alcoholic.

<sup>6</sup> Olga Tokarczuk, *Drag your Plow over the Bones of the Dead*.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*

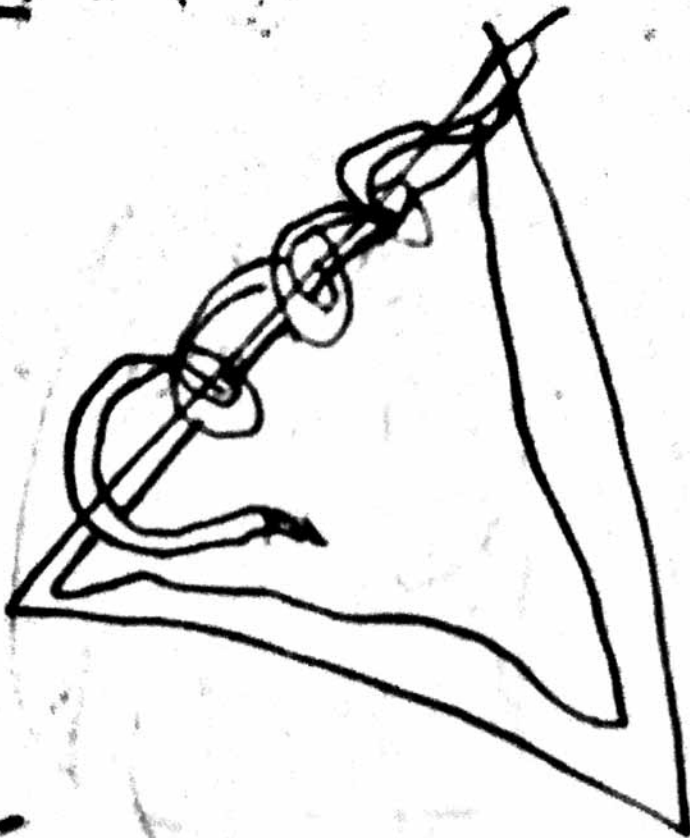
<sup>9</sup> Anne Carson, *God and Glass*.

The only visitors in the Hag's house are her Gay Friends. They smoke cigarettes and read to each other. The Hag's Best Friend has beautiful soft dark curls and gentle eyes, with long, thick eyelashes, like a cow.

The Hag will laugh loudly and annoy you. The Hag will have notes and trash and papers and cigarette butts and dirty clothes and cat hair and dog hair and dead plants all over her place. The Hag will not be a good yoga practitioner, although she might try meditation.

The Hag's Solitude is a gift to her. From time to time, someone breaks this silence, like when Marguerite Duras was approached by Yann Andr ea Steiner on the parking lot, just before her started sending her letters, just before he became her friend and lover.

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- CUPIES



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that's the goal

STO 10



The Hag can be very angry and very spiteful. This gives her a lot of energy, but can also make her sick. *Anger makes the mind clear and incisive, able to see more. It sweeps up the other emotions and takes control of the body. It's the source of all wisdom,*<sup>10</sup> she says. When Anger disappears, it makes space for more Sadness and this Sadness flows in, like a river.

The Hag is prone to Sciatica and Migraines and has to remain in a horizontal position for many days. During those days she tosses around her bed and moans, she cries, she pops pills, she breathes deeply, she masturbates, she snores and curses. She knows the dull pain in her muscles, the sharp pain in her tendons, the throbbing pain on the soft sides of her head, the intense and burning pain in the lower left side of her stomach, the sharp stabbing in her lower back. She understands the pain and *she got to know her body through it.*<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Olga Tokarczuk, *Drive your Plow over the Bones of the Dead*.

<sup>11</sup> Pedro Almodóvar, *Pain and Glory*.



The Hag is sometimes also called an Old Cow, or an Old Girl or Spinster, or a Madwoman, or a Crazy Grandma or Old Bat, or an Ugly Old Lesbo. She lives alone in a sublet apartment, or in her parents' house, or in her old family house on the moor, or in her daughter's dorm room, or in her son's basement. She lives alone on the street, in the house at the end of the forest, in her Parisian apartment with her young gay lover.

As Young People start craving for touch and hugs and kisses, as Young Ladies continue toning up their stomachs and waxing their vulvas, tormented by their curling, twisting and raging libidos, what could an Old Hag teach them? The Hag was born ancient and she's not surprised by the Torments of our age. She knows that *everything rots but nothing disappears*.<sup>12</sup> She knows that *everything is for something else*.<sup>13</sup>

Her body's creation process is like that of a snake.

<sup>12</sup> Ariana Reines, "Sucking": "The patron saint of hag writers is Marguerite Duras."

<sup>13</sup> Kathy Acker, *Empire of the Senseless*.







She shaded her hair, it's a small dust ball under her bed, so more gray hair can grow, she shaded her nails, they are in the ground under the rock in the garden and in the ashes in the kitchen stove. She would like to turn into thin air when she dies.<sup>14</sup> Burnt nails in the kitchen stove is the closest she'll get to that.

The Hag will not put a spell on anyone, she will not make any man or woman fall madly in love with her. She will give no one the best sex of their life or poison someone if she gets angry. She's just a hag.

She's walking away, with her back bent forward, with her eyes wandering, searching for a place to hold on to, to give it a name, to claim it for herself, with painkillers in her pockets, mumbling sounds coming out of her chin, decorated with one spiky hair, because she's fucking nuts, she will rot, but she will not disappear.



<sup>14</sup> Fanny Howe, "Night Philosophy".





I have a cock  
bigger than all my men.

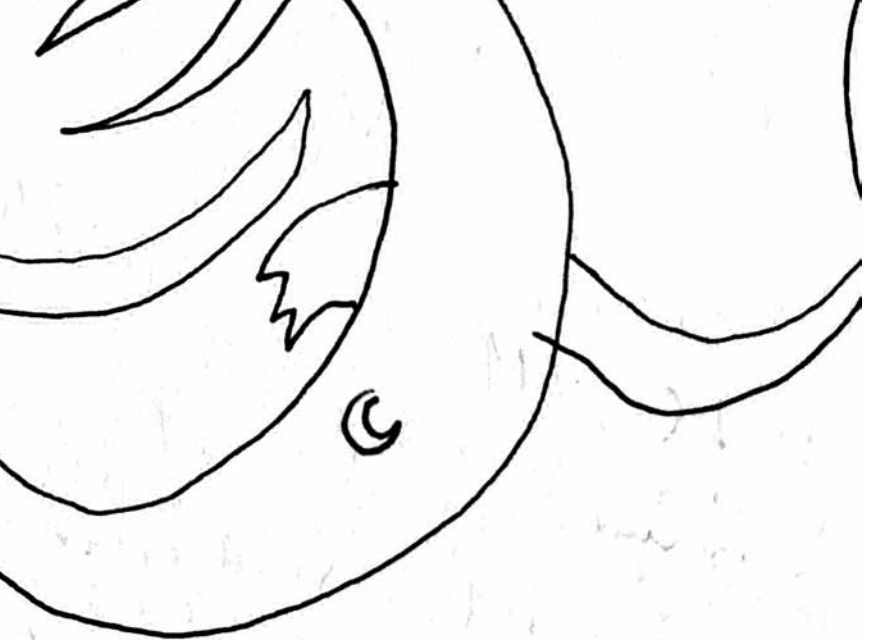
I have a uterus  
that is eating me alive.

Johanna Hedva, *God is an  
Asphyxiating Black Sauce*

## How To Spin An Endometrium

Tanja Šljivar

*Imperator Endometriosa is the granddaughter of a nameless and probably illegitimate half-sister of Amaryllis and Amora, from before even those two had an idea they were sisters. She used to see Bernice and Emmy in their witchcraft classes at Lovely Benefont's. Her endometriosis, as a mutation or consequence of radiation – is both a trans-generational hereditary condition-superpower, one that gains in strength and develops over the course of one's life. Endometriosa is both several centuries old, as a reincarnation of all her great-great-grandmothers and, at the same time, a young woman at the height of her reproductive powers, which she neither will nor could use for gestation. Her endometriosis serves her like a condom – protection against pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases, while Endometriosa is also working to turn her condition-superpower into something that will be able, depending on her will, to take leave not only of her uterus and invade other organs (in line with the condition's typical clinical picture), but also her body and get out into the environment – enabling to cram and restrain into its extra-corporeal endometriotic web every kind of male sexual predator, maniac, and violator. Endometriosa hosts a summer school in self-defence by means of uterine tissues that freely roam around the entire body and beyond the body, across the universe – which should significantly reduce the frequency of rapes and non-consensual sexual contacts. This text may also be understood as a monologue – template to be read or spoken aloud (in first person singular, if need be), while its paragraphs with subtitles should be primarily read as summaries of sequels in a future comic series about our heroine.*



## 1. Genealogy

The first episode in our comic series, addressing the origins of its heroine's condition and superpower: in it, Endometriosia's grandmother, her crazy grandmother secretes huge amounts of oestrogen (which she inherited down their female line from her great-grandmother, of course, who had inherited this oestrogen-bonanza from her great-great-grandmother, who got it from her great-great-great-grandhag, and so on), she produces these huge amounts of oestrogen, which are responsible for that huge scar that spans across half of her grandmother's belly, made one time when doctors had to use their arms and legs and shovels to get her countless myomas out of her, bunches of myomas, as it were, but Endometriosia's grandmother wouldn't let them remove her endometriosis, which event – this medical procedure – we witness as a reminiscence-flashback on Endometriosia's part: she can access every memory in her family, not just her own memories.

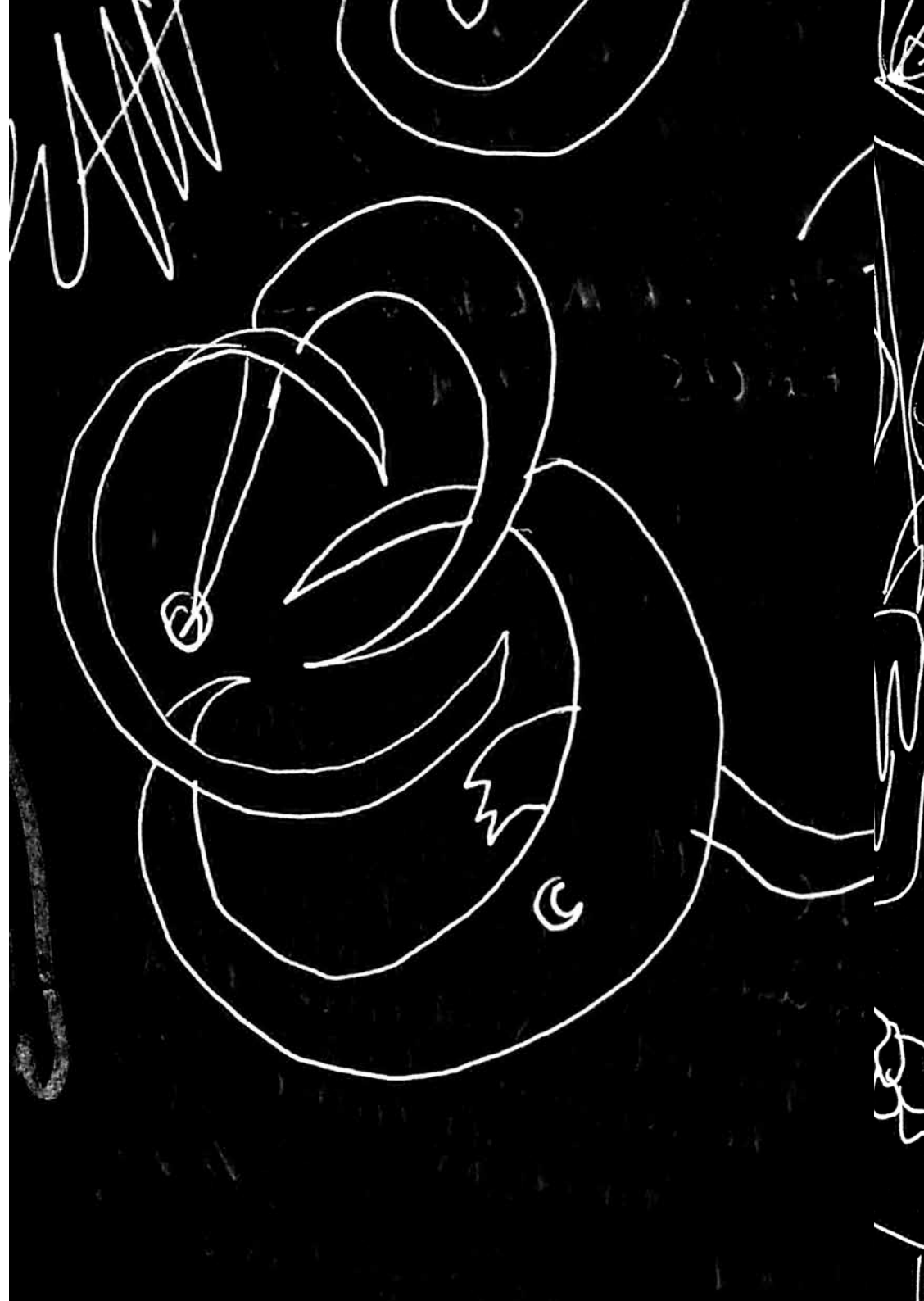
## 2. Anamnesis

The series continues with an episode that offers further information about endometriosis – the condition: endometriosis is a mysterious and secretive illness – which causes small pieces of the endometrium, the innermost lining layer of the uterus, to grow outside of the uterus, where it should not normally appear. It is linked to one's diet and an obstruction of energy in the lesser pelvis. Endometriosis is an illness that relates to competition (a woman's emotional needs have to compete with her functioning in the outside world). The symptoms: it is typically associated with pelvic pain, irregular periods, pain during intercourse, and occasionally infertility. Most commonly, it occurs on the ovaries, like a chocolate cyst, but may also appear anywhere inside the pelvis. These growths may occur in any of the pelvic structures, including the ovaries, fallopian tubes, bladder, bowels, as well as the membrane that envelops the abdominal cavity (also known as the peritoneum). The area behind the uterus, separating it from the rectum, also known as the pouch of Douglas, is the location where endometriotic growth most commonly accumulates. The condition results from retrograde menstruation.



### 3. Genealogy + Anamnesis

The episode that explains, in a series of images, how the condition ran in Emperor Endometriosa's family: huge amounts of oestrogen inundated her mother, who was nursed by her grandmother, nursed, as they conveniently put it, with her mother's milk, whereas her mother's, that is, Endometriosa's grandmother's milk was conveniently brimming with fat and oestrogen; in this episode, we follow Endometriosa's grandmother as she nurses Endometriosa's mother, while her oestrogen levels shoot up to 90,000 pg/ml, which is a medical miracle causing every oestrogen-related tumour, but in her grandmother, well, it caused endometriosis, which, according to one theory, results from female embryonic genital tissue failing to reach the interior of the uterus during embryonic development. This may explain why some girls experience pain already during their first period, this may, therefore, explain how Endometriosa's mother, trans-generationally, due to this oestrogen glut, had her first period very early, not as early as Endometriosa did, at the age of four, but already around the age of 11 she would have full-on menstrual bleeding and develop blood clots, but still, her womb was already full of un-excreted tissues that she would never come to excrete, not even when she gave birth. The episode ends with a childbirth scene (again presented as a memory-flashback of Endometriosa's): her mother ejects Endometriosa almost entirely enveloped, smothered or tucked (this was really difficult to determine) in similarly structured tissues, therefore uterine tissues, but those that develop and grow everywhere except in the uterus – which is to say Endometriosa's eyes, her nose and her mouth, and her mother, when she saw her, when she first saw this baby, glued and coalesced with her own uterine and yet extra-uterine tissues, a baby resembling an endometriotic cyst, a squashed bloody chocolate little ball, her mother started screaming, but it wasn't clear whether she was screaming due to labour pain or the sight of her endometriotic baby, the sight of Emperor Endometriosa.



TVRE

Laughing Hole



RESISTANCE?  
TED SOMATIC RUPTURES?

#### 4. Consent, for instance

The episode in which Emperor Endometriosa experiences an unsavoury encounter with a hetero man.

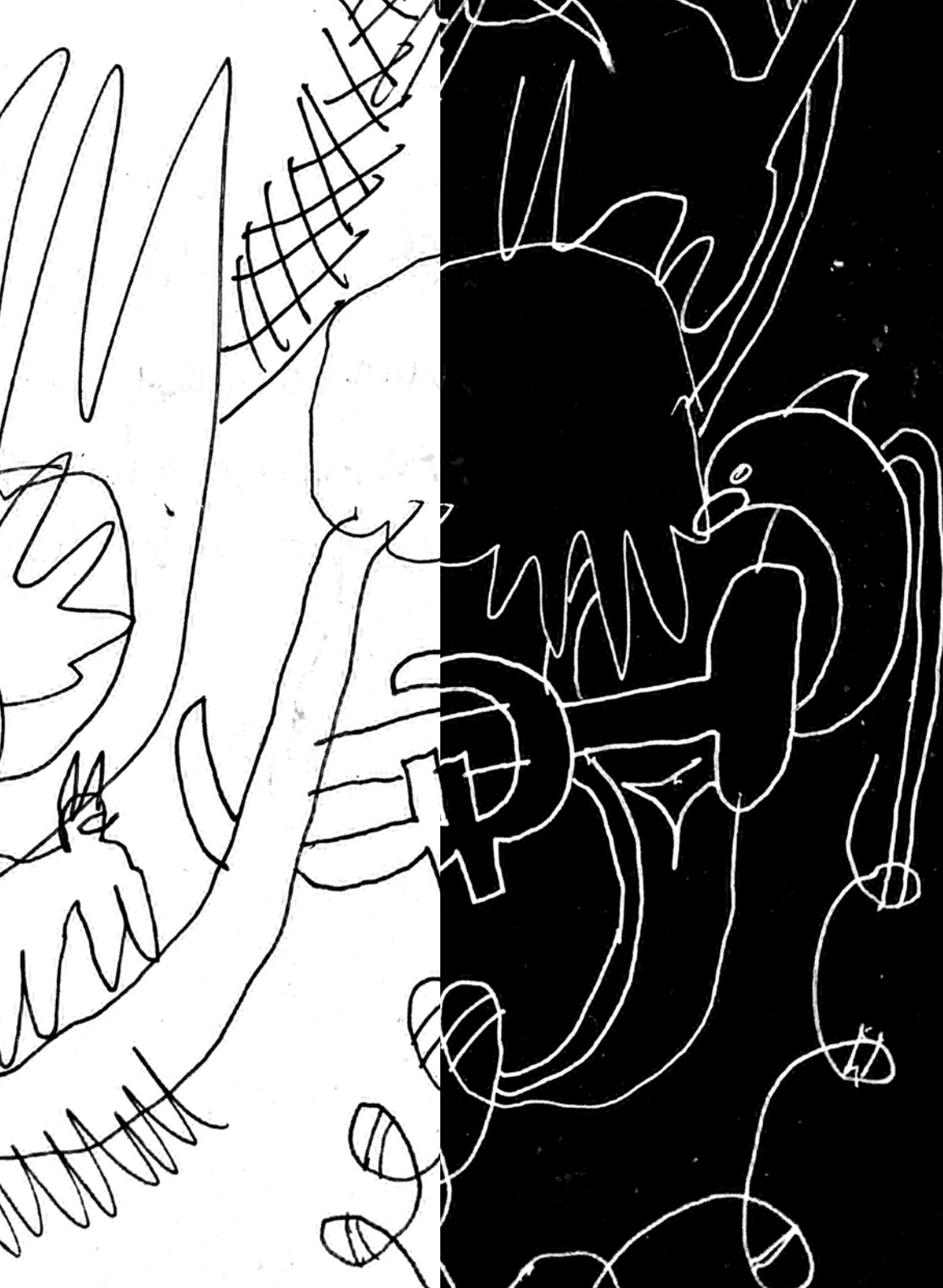
In this episode, for instance, a man says:

*How d'you like my cock?*

He says that as he lays her down on her belly, positions her across the edge of the bed, removes her pants, which are not at all baggy, which do not easily slip down her thighs, takes her underpants off, too, and stuffs, thrusts that thing into her, all of that in one move, asking her a second later whether she likes it, his options, the options he has in his head are countless – but they do not include IE – in this episode, the readers are confronted with the difficult fact that there's no subjectivity, that our heroine's subjectivity does not exist – accordingly, he has his way with her, he's not planning to take her into account, any of her desires, needs, or intentions, or, alternatively, he acts generous, leaving her with another modest option, such as:

*I won't call you back. UNLESS THAT PUSSY GOT SOME SUPER POWERS.*

At that point we arrive at a sudden switch in their respective power positions – her complex endometriotic superpower and his plain male supremacy. That's exactly where she wanted him – that's where we all wanted him. He is so wrapped up in her endometriosis that, until she desires it, until she approves it, until she discharges it, writes a note, or requests, if she feels like it, a permission in writing from some imaginary higher instance, duly stamped for getting out of her, even, if need be, a note in his passport, which he couldn't obtain there and then because he's inside her, he, therefore, can't leave now just like that – because she didn't want him inside in the first place. This continues with the man remaining imprisoned with his penis inside Endometriosa and inside her endometriosism – the readers never learn how this whole affair ended for him.



## 5. On the significance of the prefix *super-*

The episode wherein IE explains for us the difference between a heroine and a super-heroine, as well as that between a model and a supermodel. In her own way, Endometriosa's grandmother was an alchemist, Endometriosa's mother was a witch-heroine, and she is a witch-super-heroine. One should distinguish between heroines and super-heroines the same way one should differentiate between models and supermodels. In a situation such as, for example, the one featured in this episode, a hip-hop star appears and says: *Dick made out of magic, my tongue got superpowers;*

*I woke up in the morning; models passed out in the shower*

– it clearly appears that he who has a penis made out of magic as well as a tongue endowed with superpowers may also afford to have sex with a model, which, due to those characteristics of his penis and tongue, will be nonetheless as remarkable and memorable as though it involved a supermodel. Endometriosa reacts to all of this by giggling with much mirth.

## 6. 99%-safe

The episode in which Endometriosa, in another flashback, once again remembers her unsavoury encounter with that hetero man, still silent about the true nature of the punishment or pain that she inflicted on him on that occasion. We learn more about certain characteristics of her endometriosis, which acts as a kind of condom: since there was no consent for coming in, she's not asking him for his consent to let him out; since there was no condom – endometriosis – her DISEASE, in this case, as usual, protects her from sexually transmitted DISEASES – she's never had one – because she's avoided sexual contacts all her life, and if she did slip one or two – endometriosis was latex-like – 98–99% safe.

## 7. Digest and spin out

The subject of this episode concerns the dietary regimens practised in Endometriosa's family since times immemorial, for the sake of enhancing their superpowers. In order to enhance her own superpowers, to secure smooth, unlimited, inexorable production of oestrogen, IE eats, devours, voraciously gorges on anything that stimulates its secretion – above all: meat, milk and dairy products; that's exactly the kind of diet her grandmother and mother subjected her to, as though they had an alligator or a giant *radioactive spider* to feed – they always had to have a steady supply of turkey breasts, chicken legs, pork thighs, and, if possible, all those chunks of meat had to be pre-treated with the most toxic kinds of substances, it was obligatory that no animal whose meat they obtained lived or died in remotely dignified conditions – they made sure to stay well away from any biologically grown foods.

*Are you hungry, my little chicken,<sup>1</sup> you've grown stick-thin!* For them, in their female family of three, that line, well known in their part of the world, meant the following: when was the last time you downed an entire protein shake – when was the last time you had an entire chicken (not your own flesh, the way grandmothers use the word as an epithet, but a real chicken, not one of those free-range chickens, but an incubated chicken, stuffed with antibiotics and all sorts of GMO chicken feed, bursting with fat and, before cooking, sprinkled with flax seeds and at least two entire heads of garlic to give an additional boost to Endometriosa's oestrogen levels), when was the last time you gorged on any kind of food rich in arachidonic acid, which enhances inflammation and pain. Her grandmother, who was almost a genius and an expert in various disciplines such as applied science, chemistry, physics, biology, mathematics, mechanics, and even food science, didn't find anything strange or peculiar at all about using words such as "my little chick" and "arachidonic acid" in the same sentence.

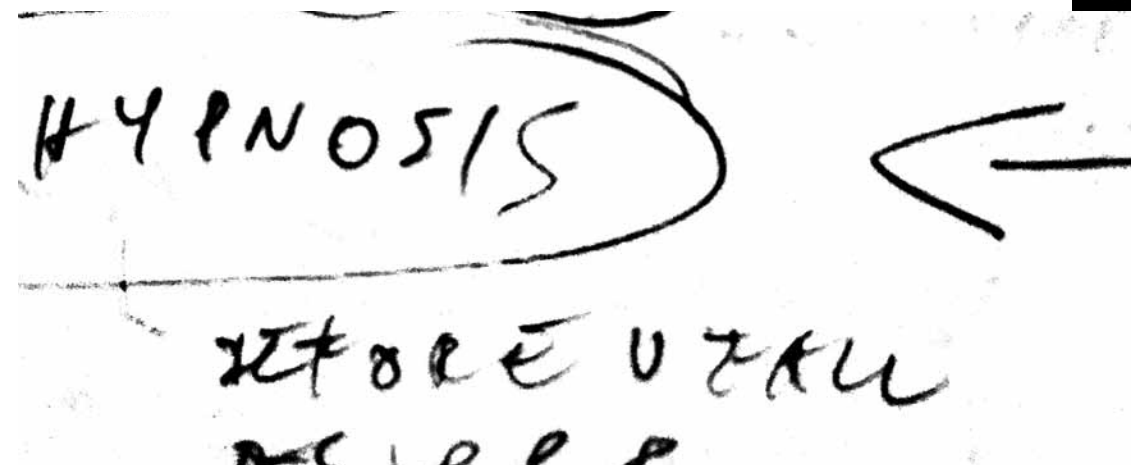
In this episode we still follow IE, as she gorges on TOFU, TOFU on a slice of white bread, all kinds of soy-based products – including even biologically cultivated soy because it, too, bursts with

<sup>1</sup> A common way to address one's grandchild in Serbian – Translator's note.

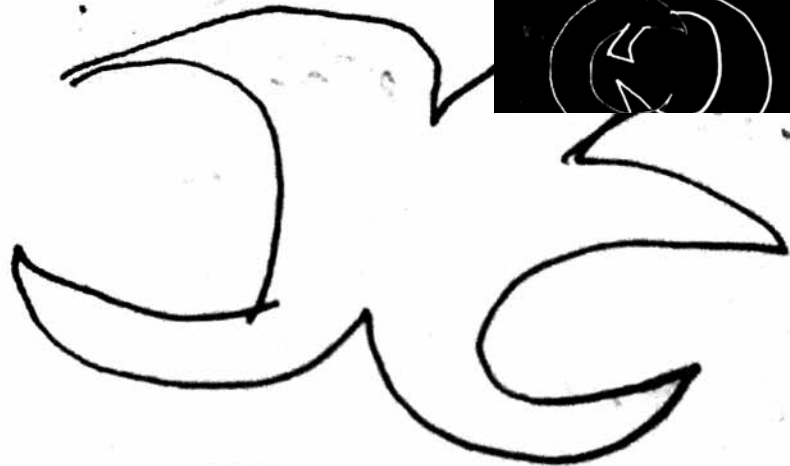
phytoestrogens – it made her breasts balloon, there were times when she had to get a bigger bra every week, until she could no longer find a bra that was big enough for her; then her grandmother started sewing bras for her on her spindle. The ensuing scenes show all three of them spinning it, all three of them spinning wool, black wool around their fingers and red endometriosis around their fallopian tubes. IE knows so well, she knows the answer to the question *Whose mother's spinning black wool?*<sup>2</sup> – she knows it is always her mother as well as her mother's mother, spinning black wool together with fiery red, inflamed endometriosis.

IE does not eat, under any circumstances, all those things that other women eat, women who have the same symptoms but interpret them as problems not superpowers, including any cruciferous vegetables: turnips, broccoli, kale, because they help regulate, which would mean, in her case, helping control her oestrogen levels, which would diminish her superpowers. The final scene in this episode takes place in a big dirty Eastern-European tavern, where she sometimes goes when she can't stand loneliness, where she goes to sit for awhile and smoke and have a few shots of *rakija*, which does not affect the production of oestrogen. There, IE gets nauseous when the waiter, unaware of her condition, walks by her with a serving or two of shredded cabbage dressed with sunflower oil. For years, she hasn't touched any of the following: brown rice or any other legumes, or, God forbid, sardines, herrings, salmon, chia seeds, or spinach.

<sup>2</sup> A popular saying in Serbian and Croatian, typically used as a taunt: *Da vidimo čija majka crnu vunu prede* – "Let us see whose mother's spinning black wool!", in other words, whose mother will be wearing black (out of mourning) – Translator's note.







## 8. Back into Grandmother, back into pain, or, The episode featuring ricin and other poisons

The episode wherein we learn that even with superpowers things are not always rosy, that *with great power comes great responsibility*, that, finally, physical pain is not easy to endure. EE can't always bear the pain, the pain caused by her endometriosis that keeps both of her ovaries constantly inflamed, her entire pelvis in a sort of inflammation, that clogs up her fallopian tubes and keeps them glued together. And then she remembers her grandmother, again her, back to the beginning, back to that originary endometriotic uterus, back and back and back into it.

In this episode, IE meets Beyoncé, who tells her about her similar experiences and skills and recipes for self-healing, which she inherited from her grandmother. Beyoncé tells IE:

*Grandmother, the alchemist  
You spun gold out of this hard life*

Beyoncé alludes to the fairytale *Rumpelstiltskin* and that spinning has always been *une affaire de femmes* – every woman would choose her own spindle, some would get *pricked* by it and then fall into a long sleep, or a long trial to prove there was no consent, some would spin straw into gold, while others, like our IE, would spin whatever food they gorged on, all the contaminated water they drank, all the smog they inhaled, all the milk they sucked out of their mothers into a solid, floating endometrium.

In their family, pain, for generations, this pelvic pain was not easy to bear and then Endometriosa's grandma passed the recipe to Endometriosa's mum, who passed it down to Endometriosa, another one of her alchemist-witchcraft secrets: ricin oil.

"Isn't that oil toxic?" – you must be wondering when you hear about ricin. The truth is that ricin is one of the most potent toxins in the world. It is produced by the castor oil plant (Lat. *Ricinus communis*), cited by Guinness World Records as the most toxic plant in the world. But Endometriosa's grandmother discovered the antidote –

because castor oil is not at all toxic, but in fact quite good for you. Due to its medicinal properties, another, traditional name for castor oil is "palm of Christ", but Endometriosia's grandmother never told her mum about this and Empress Endometriosia's mum never told her – because otherwise she wouldn't touch it, not even on her endometriotic deathbed. So, you soak a piece of sterile gauze in ricin – a poison – place the gauze on your lower belly, swollen from endometriosis, you cover the gauze with a piece of aluminium foil, and place a hot-water bottle on top of the foil. It's not simple, this whole thing, it stinks, it stains your bedding, skin, fingers, the floor, your bed and everything around it – but you've gotta do what you've gotta do.

In the final scene – IE, fucking around, swallows a little bit of arsenic, too – she uses it as a homeopathic medicine, to which Beyoncé responds:

*You discovered the antidote in your own kitchen.*

If this episode has a moral, it would go something like this:

*POISON IS NOT FAR FROM MEDICINE, LACK OF CONSENT FROM SEXUAL AROUSAL, ENDOMETRIUM FROM THE OVARY, GRANDMOTHER FROM MOTHER, MOTHER FROM EMPRESS ENDOMETRIOSIA, EMPRESS ENDOMETRIOSIA FROM HER UTERUS, WHEREFROM SHE EXTRACTS, TWISTS, WINDS, AND SPINS HER ENDOMETRIUM.*



## 9. Concerning IE's options for producing offspring, eggs, and Sigourney Weaver

In this episode, we are reminded of the symptoms associated with the condition and superpower: it is typically associated with pelvic pain, irregular periods, pain during intercourse, and occasionally infertility, in IE's case, by exception, invariably with infertility – Endometriosa's endometriosis was like latex, 98–99% safe. In this episode, IE accepts the following truths: she will never have a son – that much is certain – or a daughter, she must sadly confirm, she will not have a daughter. After her grandmother came her mother, after her mother came IE, after her no one would come – the symptoms: it is typically associated with pelvic pain, irregular periods, pain during intercourse, and sometimes infertility – in her case, *sometimes* turned into *always*, for life, because she had a surplus of everything, especially oestrogen – her pouch of Douglas is stuffed with blood and pathogenic material, her fallopian tubes are lazy and flat, in her case the macrophages in her immune system are focused on destroying spermatozooids and not her endometriotic growth – after all, *having family is unethical* (which is, in a sense, the moral or message of this, final episode). Except for IE's grandmother and mother, except for the two of them, because with them, anything is possible.

Right at the moment when it said THE END, when we thought that the story of IE, including its genealogy and dynasty, had come to an end, IE, watching a good old sci-fi classic, first thought of self-fertilisation: she would lay her own egg cells into her own endometriotic tissues outside her own body – even if she rejects gestation, even if she rejects being a mammal, she realised, she does not necessarily reject her dynasty, she does not necessarily or completely reject the idea of heredity: there may be someone in her wake after all.



The text used the following sources – as quotations, references, and paraphrases: Beyoncé – *Lemonade*, The Weeknd – *Drunk in Love*, various texts from the Internet about endometriosis and ways of treating it, my forthcoming text titled *The Healing Play*, the characterisation of heroes and heroines from the comic book series *Harrow County* and *Spiderman*, Saša Simić – *Marxism and superheroes*, information about the medical uses of castor oil available on the Web page [www.prirodalecisve.com](http://www.prirodalecisve.com), Terrae Thaemlitz – *Deproduction*, and the first three films from the *Alien* franchise.



## IMPRESUM

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CREATE TO (RE)  
IMPACT (RE)

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