



But what does it actually mean to sweat?

How through? You understand that the word is not to be taken figuratively, nor literally, but rather, in a dirty sense. To sweat is to leave the body at the surface of the skin in the form of liquid. It means secreting and eliminating sweat through the pores, releasing a liquid that runs off in fine drops, more or less slowly. To sweat is to escape, to spread out from something. Perhaps it also means to be revealed, divulged, beginning to be known. Or it could mean to stick, just as one relentlessly, doing something with a lot of effort. Who knows?

We, the sweaty ones. Don't plunge you and everyone else into the sticky, the fluid and the steamy, to immerse you in the *Entre*. Our sweaty approach. Since a humid whisper, is a sweaty concept: it affects ambivalent, relational and political messy benefits that allow me to get wet. Sweating calls on emotions—you were talking the other day about getting "cold sweat" when you're scared—it translates a state of mind or an activity that involves one's affects and our sense of responsibility. It then requires a corporeal and specific metabolism, which necessitates concrete and material engagement, based on pheromones, smells, traces, living symbiotic marks; this brings to light more-than-human and multi-species embodiments. The sweaty approach also puts the emphasis on relationships; it describes interactions with environments, bodies on partial connections with other entities, and it mumbles about the fragility of bodily boundaries. Finally, it's critical: it's not all sunshine and roses, it plays with the troubled ambivalence of clean and dirty, licit and illicit. As an excreta that risks decay, it defies the political norms: it is in-between, in transgression. I don't know how long it's been, but we're stuck in the Risle and Charentonne watershed. Watershed? Sweated, by the valley's great terrestrial transpiration, plural and heterogeneous, crystallizing cosmologies and diffusive views. It's about anchoring our bodies and our lives within the Normandy biosphere, for greater ecological and social justice. The sweatshed, as a strategic space for more than human collective action, appears to us as a cartographic venture, another way of looking at the world. It sketches out new geographies in which we ardently wish to get soaked.

To investigate from and with the Risle and Charentonne sweatshed, four transcalar physiological layers of transpiration energy and prick our senses: aesthetic, productive, biotic and connective layers tell us how much transpiration reveals, secretes, regulates or sticks. They invite us to take lapping side-steps and learn how to see from below, in the valley.

