THE LACTATION STATION BREAST MILK BAR: A REVIEW OF SORTS

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Jess Salomon isn’t your cookie-cutter comedienne. How many people can say, “I’m a war crimes lawyer turned comic”? Not too damn many, we bet. Trotting along the local comedy scene, regularly performing at Comedy Works and the Comedy Nest, she’s also taken on the Fringe Fest with her solo show “Doing Good” at the Montreal Improv. Since we love ourselves some local talent, we’re more than stoked to present the first of many brilliant guest writers. Enjoy what Mizz Salomon has to say for herself- guaranteed deep belly laughs.
Look, it’s not like I never thought about it. I mean, who hasn’t been a little curious about tasting breast milk? Right? Riiiiiggghhhht? I’m going to assume you guys are with me.

I just always imagined it would go down something like this: I’d be home alone with my baby, on maternity leave. Probably a little bit bored. And I’d just sneak a taste, from my own boob. My own boob, you guys.

Then again, sometimes life takes a different turn. Maybe it is, I don’t know, a Saturday afternoon and all your friends are breast-feeding their babies along the Lachine Canal. Maybe you’re home alone with your baby called Facebook, when the opportunity to visit The Lactation Station Breast Milk Bar at Usine C pops up in your feed. Maybe you look at your boobs and think, “These guys may not be the milk producing kind.” And while literally every single friend you have is pumping, you know, like any lesbian experiment, it’s probably better to go with a stranger.
So maybe that’s how I found myself sidled up to the Lactation Station with a group of very attractive ladies, plus one very progressive dude, ready to “quench my curiosity.” Side note to the fellas, if you’re not into the alcohol bar scene…

Lactation Station is a performance piece by Jess Dobkin. The performance is mostly about the conversation that takes place at the bar, amongst strangers over two shots of breast milk. The conversation is about breast-feeding, the connection between what the mother ate and what her milk tastes like, how it’s so crazy and how often we forget that we are ANIMALS. Do not pull up to the bar and talk to the bartender/performance artist about how shitty your day was. It is NOT that kind of bar.
The experience was more like Nappa Valley meets “our bodies, ourselves.” We got a menu with seven different donors.

Of these seven you get offered two different shots. Most people seemed really nervous/excited. I already felt queasy. On the bar, by the way, were bowls of Cheerios… you know, to cleanse your palate. There was also a plate of cheese to complete the “dairy bar” effect.
The first shot we were given was called *Mother Knows Best*. Someone aptly described it as having a "hint of what I imagine baby barf tastes like." I concurred. I felt comforted by how disgusted the woman next to me was, because I reached for those cheerios faster than a lemon slice after a cheap shot of tequila. I wasn’t even polite about it. Apparently the next shot, *Mighty Immunity Elixir* was way less gaggy. People described it as "sweet with notes of vanilla." I couldn’t tell you. After the first one I was done. All I wanted was to be burped and put down for a nap.

You can catch Jess Salomon hosting *Royal Riot* at the Royal Phoenix Bar on St. Laurent tonight at 8pm.

Tags: art, event, lactation station

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