

the pièce de résistance of their catering company was undoubtedly the burrata udder.

larger than most burrate, it was the size of what you'd think of as an udder (*euter*), a sack of stretched mozzarella skin filled with heavy creamed mozzarella, but with neat rows of nipples.

we paid off the council to close their eyes; we placed standing tables on the pavement. the council made us a special permit for the burrate to lie outside.

the order we made was just for udders. no crudités and no crackers.

quentin made some ashtrays, so we could smoke while tearing at the udders with our fingers.

we asked the caterer to only bring velcro table skirts, no table cloths.

bare tops. burrata contact.

skirts for wiping fingers. poly-cotton weave to withstand the use, no linens that would soil too heavily

lucie asked; 'what if no one comes?'

we ordered shades of pink pigments to test airbrushing the burrata skin.

'fleshier option', for safety's sake.

convincing, but for what? whose throat coated with the buttery burrata, a sea of clearing throats and wet mouths would think about the skin of it while tonguing the cheese cream off their nails?

we assume the catering van was loaded with a score of burrata udders for us when it crashed.

bystanders noted the driver dodged a very big snake on the road and the music kept playing.

it's not a tragedy if not entirely fathomable. it's not the style if it's off the sleeve.

it's a stranger to me, an anti-event, like throwing up through my fingers after drinking a mug of cough syrup on new years eve.

we were on the subway and handed three napkins which we shared.

the day is of course passing, the event is almost over

subjectivity or suggestivity



ic, for ö - 07.11.17

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cooking for strangers
On the occasion of

Ivan Cheng
Özgür Kar
finally, you are in me