

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

...
cooking for strangers
On the occasion of

Ivan Cheng
Özgür Kar
finally, you are in me

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13. November 2017 um 18:15

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Hello

I think I am writing to you all in Zürich, so good feelings to the imagined group. Hoping that this comes at a good time in your process of install, rather than a disruptive one.

In taking some time today to think about how to explain or open up this text and its references, I was strongly reminded that this exhibition/invitation text came after a brief that asked for a/ an autonomous piece of writing b/ a piece of writing that would go out with the invitation and sit with the exhibition, with the hope of generating some kind of frisson or appropriate thinking space around the work.

To give some context, I know Özgür from a year of studying and living in the same city as him, and in that period of time we had produced one project together, one in which we named our roles and negotiated our ambitions, or hopes for how the studies might unfold. Underpinning this were separate interests around the ethics of representing violence, and a thinking articulation of our identity politics through work and other conduct.

The work I've seen him produce in this time has been (I think) moving to address privilege(s) and tone, and think about what it means to avoid inscribing communities by gesturing to an unparticular and restricted 'I', who 'speaks' mostly in a state that is somewhat dissociated from common lucidity. The text that you will hear voiced by me in the film come from different corners of influence, and I think I recall Ö mentioning somewhat offhand that it was far more narrative than he was necessarily expecting. That it sits in my voice, which then is represented by two drawn, flat characters, and that in recording we kept playing with proximities to the microphone or dealing with the situation of isolating a voice from its exterior also played heavily in my mind. One of the texts you will hear is from a translated poem by Pascal Monnier, which Ö became intimate with through me, and is what I'd suggest as the reason he asked me to first become involved. (In the same project, I had been thinking a lot about a text by Ariane Muller, so in writing this text I was also fanboying pretty intensely, and deliberately tried to lightly echo and warp some of the elements of writing I read.)

It was important to keep the tone and writing of the email relatively simple, while avoiding the same turns of anecdotal, roman-inflected narrator of the script. It wanted to be a very readable, almost skimmable text. I was trying to distinguish and extinguish this 'we', so the situation of lack and expectation (that anticipates an opening/event, or that might resonate with the passings of time that are in the video's recorded text and strategy for ascertaining or treating footage) is counterposed by the indulgence (or maybe gluttony) of the burrata, which is something like a skin container that will expire, a culinary trend in certain spaces, and the result of a few processes that seemed resonant with the imagined work.

I'll clarify that references to names that are in the text do not lead outside of my (if not our) social circle, and the names indeed are placeholders rather than anchors. With the understanding that I would not be able to produce a German language invitation or text, I wanted to almost childishly use very international French and Italian references.

In discussing the work with Ö, I remember kind of marvelling at how close it moves to being interested in a technological animism if not bestiary (which of course it also doesn't firmly articulate, rather choosing to somehow point to light-states/sources or to horizons). So I thought a lot about nameable things, unnamable things - - - ~ like obscuring footage, changing privacies, the sharing of a back story, of intimacies, and through this holding on to a very heavy sensuality.

a calculated sensuality. i think this is maybe what i mean by subjectivity or suggestivity; to pretend that a (group self) might dissolve into a sensation. but further, that a separation, an ethics, a manner, a style, guards much of the action that Finally, you are in me transforms into flat space. It's the mode of thinking about an inside or an outside through somewhat inaccurate models, imprecise languages.

Ö, sorry if my interpretation is a little bent around from what your intentions are. This being said, from what I've chosen to share in this mail, much of what's first visible in my text is about a code of conduct, imagined behaviours and attitudes rather than actual content and experience. One of our dear friends Pieter talks a lot about hosting as hostilities, and if nothing else, I hope my text is a slightly troubling but dismissable transgression/violence that I performatively enact. If you have any thoughts on what it might be or function as for you, I'm also glad to receive.

I'm lying on my studio carpet eating some bio-today cranberry and chocolate cookies after demolishing some coconut cover jodenkoeken. Trying to write or structure a 4 part performance about a warming of keys, and I think it's maybe about the bell-like quality of having a ring of keys to hit against each other, to drop into a piano.

Wishing you great success for the opening on Friday, and to some fruitful chats, nice drinks, delicious cigarettes

xx