



**UNE REVUE BILINGUE
FOR FORK TONGUED FOLK**



DQ

Collection Dear Queer

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TO THE SKIN ON BOILED MILK,

Rachel Schenberg

on boiled milk,
To the skin

Who are you, and why are you here? What do you say to the unknown, the unknowns, the others?
That, which sit above and beneath you? Bubbling casein trapping protein for body shakes, such
protein saturation.

Casein meet so and so –
I've never been good at introductions, or introducing for that matter. Maybe because I'm not very
good at transport. I mean, being succinct. I fear the long-haul drawl and just jump to Proper Names.
I don't say friend. Sometimes though, sometimes I like to try band information together. Then it's
always either Meet my friend or, Meet my lover (friend always comes first of course, we don't like
to offend).

Casein get to know your stressor –
Heat. You are now a Solid Protein, denatured, unsutured from your structure. Free and floating to
the top with fat your neighbour, now without water. 'Guilt too is a distilled substance, said someone
somewhere. And like Jacques Derrida, *we always eat the other*.

on boiled milk,
To the skin

I peel myself an orange and think about how much better I feel when the kitchen is clean and how I
didn't really enjoy those long pauses when we were outside and could finally hear each other speak.
But it was as though when inside we stood under the speakers with the music too loud – these things
on purpose – and when it got a bit more gooey, just began to, it was when we were listening to our
own speech. He – you, me – me, so interested in what each self had to say, reluctantly moving, that
now outside with cigarette we sort of didn't enjoy hearing the other.

It seems we are, our own internal threat to security.

I sort of said thank you, but had to go.

on boiled milk,
To the skin

I've been thinking about you as a field, and wondered if you're existential?

I heard the storyteller Kevin Kling speak of how he had arrived at the title of his book, *The Dog Says How*. He had been using voice-activated software to detect his speech, helping him transfer it into typed text. He had an accent he said, the software was getting used to it. He also had an accident, 12 years back, on his right arm. Motorbike. His left arm, deformed at birth.

One day writing in garden, his dog and cat were conversing behind him: *rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow, rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow*, which both Kevin and his microphone heard. They were having an existential crisis, so of course the text on the screen began filling with Hows and Whys, *how how how, why why why – rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow*.

Is anything ever one thing?

on boiled milk,
To the skin

They say that mass (in a particle) can come, from an interaction. They say that we jerrycan too.

on boiled milk,
To the skin

I’ve been counting the fumes in each nostril, breathing heavy to the rhythm of the 9 o’clock news (the bell tower, both of which escort the day). Despite calmness in the trickles, and the reading of Baradian openness, one is still aware of dashed-time here – the bell indicating numbers of hours in straight-lined tones, first in congratulations and later as a tut-tut to not what has been done. Though the bell rings, it rings and there is a communal relation to this ring, we feel it in our means.

Such left-right monochronics send me to the baker to (make) *cum panis*, before midday:

Dear dough,
In her foreskin to the book, *Queering the Non-Human*, Donna Haraway says that *all of the orifices of materiality are open to companions*. It is the foreword to a book dog-eared and chewed by the rabbi, then the cynics (the canines), devout in tone. She offers, *the root meanings of ‘companion’ brings us to eat together, to breaking bread to a classical meal – cum panis. ‘To companion’ ties us together in eating and pleasure... knots of many kinds outside compulsory heterosexual joints*.

We break bread to eat one of the same a round line of a log, the baguette. Each baguette in town has been purchased and logged for its breadth of shaft and length. Perhaps weight unnecessary.

Dear breadfellows,
I open my orifice to you. The wrinkle in a handshake, cracks and creases of exchange.

Made on-site, the dimensions are as follows:

Dulaurent Frères boulangerie

Baguette tradition	length - 46 cm, shaft - 8 cm
Baguette moulée	length - 67 cm; shaft - 6 cm
Baguette de compagne	length - 54 cm; shaft - 9 cm
Sarmentine	length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm

Fournil de Trayeux boulangerie

Baguette tradition	length - 44cm; shaft - 7.5cm
Baguette moulée	length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm
Baguette ordinaire	length - 52 cm; shaft - 8.5 cm

on boiled milk,
To the skin

Consider this: an almond.

Consider this: (slapskin) spaghetti.

Three acts:

~ In lieu of dinner, I threw spaghetti at the wall. Felt self-conscious.

~~ But they say, Gravity – we’re still bounded by the (apparently shifting rules of) it. We can’t get away from the centre. Except for al dente spaghetti, ready.

~~~ Spaghetti knows, string theory.

And now consider the mouth of a dam the tongue its repercussions.

But then,

*C*  
*A*  
*P*  
*I*  
*L*  
*L*  
*A*  
*R*  
*I*  
*E*  
*S*



on boiled milk,  
To the skin

Are you capillaries, a flat out fields?  
Defeating central energy a little void for sucking up? And I seem so malleable – my being. That is,  
the inside of my mouth. Tender cloud and juice of citrus  
orange, tears.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

What's more last month, being nomadic I was sitting in front of you, Rosi Braidotti, the mouthiness  
of the highly articulate at a conference (thank you Paris). Your waving technique was with a  
clenched fist to someone on the other side of UNESCO – were you holding something, a gesture of  
solidarity? A gesture?

Together we listened to the coloured words of a man, who was an artist-scientist but a blueberry-  
lover first, finishing a Finnish residency in the highlands, he was a quirk. And I thought of the word  
gesture, remembering a conversation with a shade of a lover-friend discussing the equivalent male-  
term of *having a flick*. We came to the conclusion that *gesturing* could be apt, the verb a softness to  
it, between two sides, *gesturing, to gesture*, shared (intra)activity perhaps?

And then you spilt some carbonated water.

I first heard the fizzle, some gassy action behind knowing that that would be the cap point of  
(eternal) return. Go back Rosi, go back, but you kept the twist twisting, and in the next minute  
covered the notes of your table. Were there some tissues, reaching in my bag? Only some semi-  
snotted, me post-flu. Deliberating the ethics, what my response-ability was in this scene I could not  
unsee, I turn around and glimpse you flailing, sleevelessly dripping a fancy loch onto the floor with  
hand written points.

And then, a pause.

In this capillaried pause raising up I thought of how long liquid defies gravity, those little holes that  
shoot up and when do tiny tubes become tiny? What is scale anyway?

My morals unstable, I take another turn lefty-loosy and you receive the slightly stained kleenexes  
of missing and collected mucus, with a sighing gesture of relief. Absorbing Renata Adler, she says  
*crying was not, by no means, her modus operandi. Nonetheless, she wept.* I wonder if she held onto  
both tissue(s) simultaneously? A-tissue, a-tissue, we all the flesh, fall in.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

It was in craving sugar that I probably shouldn't have been missing you.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

I want to think of you as a translator because themes give me frames and framing you might be one, lettuce see.

Is the translator an apparatus? Is the apparatus a membrane? Is the membrane a form? Should I eat one more slice of fresh cream? Or should I frame you as a question, marks on bodies, a provocation. Are you a trace?

*Apparatuses are not merely about us*, said friend Karen Barad. Oh how selfish of me, I say pouring more luck onto my tongue. Are you a solid, liquid or gas I ask, but you've already gone into my thighs, into the sciatic nerve, between the surface soils that shrink and my hips that sink.

And the cow gives birth to a calf who drinks the milk and we eat the cheese of the stomach of the calf whose rennet runs through the milk, thick. Think thickly the curd curdles, rising, and fat rises Robertson once said, who isn't a man you sexist turd.

But is the membrane a translator?

They are though, Barad says, about producing differences that matter – *boundary-making practices that are productive of, and part of, the phenomena produced*.

Could you be this, for me skin? Don't hesitate you matter, even if we don't. What boundaries are you making and how, do I sip you? Or maybe it's about reframing the question, knowing the answer. Manipulation.

Don't worry with a cuppa, I'll be meeting the universe, in halfa.

on boiled milk,  
To the skin

But, uh..  
Butter  
every moment.





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