

Zsolt Sőrés aka Ahad called his installation “Psychedelic Kitchen Memories”. It consists of 36 minutes and 36 seconds (what a numerological enigma!?) of music distributed in loop through 8 channels and 7 panels of text and images, which is the presentation format for this audio gallery. In this installation, Ahad demonstrates that his world is psycho-acoustic, its borders are defined by mental projections of sound entities that exist both virtually and physically, in this case even physiologically. “Psychedelic Kitchen Memories” take us back to Ahad’s older, mostly collaborative projects. The kitchen represents here both a gastronomic and a sound laboratory. It is a mental construct, distanced by psychedelic sound optics.

The four different recordings that make up this 8-channel network have no easily identifiable stylistic common denominator. The only thing that unites them is the author's ritualistic will to conquer the sonic universe as an alternative space-time for nomadic being and consciousness. Being and consciousness, even artificial ones, are inseparable from nourishing energy. In this respect, Ahad is a polyphagous sonophage. He consumes both organic and canned sounds. In contrast to his own profane life, in which he is a strict vegetarian, he is a heretical omnivore in his sound making. No sound is innocent, each has its own gourmet price, and so none escapes the tentacles and larynx of the insatiable glutton who hunts for sounds in all sorts of acoustic territories just to satisfy his perverse appetites.

On the other hand, Ahad is well aware that gluttony does not always bring profit. Natural intelligence and especially experience tell him to curb his appetites and select the sounds he catches according to proven noetic criteria and aesthetic preferences. Restraint and selectivity are profitable virtues in this case. Just stop for a moment in the TONSPUR_passage and listen to the “gastrosonic” environment that Ahad has set up for us. For those who find the allusive sound menu insufficient to create appropriate associations, let them allow their gaze wander over the immersive images, for the generation of which the author employed the services of AI. So my insidious question for him reads: “Dear Zsolt, why fucking AI?”

– Jozef Cseres, May 2025