

## Chef Ahad's Digestive Sound-Etiquette

The installation we are making accessible today is not Zsolt Sőrés' first contribution to the TONSPUR's extensive catalogue. In 2011, we created the common collaborative work *Fallen Angels' Music (Tribute to Luci(f)er)* for Andres Bosshard's project *Klanghimmel*. Back then, my text preceded Zsolt's music, today my text is secondary, in fact a metatext. The prefix “meta” in this case refers to the fact that my words do not stand behind Zsolt's sounds, images, and words, but that they come after them.

Zsolt Sőrés aka Ahad has called his installation “Psychedelic Kitchen Memories”. It consists of 36 minutes and 36 seconds of music, distributed in a loop through 8 channels, and 7 text-image panels, which is the presentation format of the TONSPUR audio gallery. What a numerological enigma!? (By the way, I tried to write this speech in 36 minutes and 36 seconds in Cagelan manner, but my attempt failed. It took me almost two hours. My thinking is too slow.) In his 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. Ahad himself emphasizes the phenomenological nature of human world-making because he is aware that reality exists only in an alternative, dreamlike version that our consciousness creates through memory. His gastro-memories are therefore echoes of experiences and at the same time projections of desires, boiled together in a well-tempered pressure cooker and served to omnivorous connoisseurs according to the rules of liberal sound etiquette.

The four different recordings that make up Ahad's 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 sonovore. 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 territory 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 tame 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 to wander over the immersive images, for the generation of which the author used the services of AI. My insidious question for him therefore resounds as follows: “Dear Zsolt, why fucking AI?”

**Jozef Cseres**

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