

cannibalising
memory

maurus wirth

cannibalising
memory

cannibalising memory
a project by maurus wirth

meteor a

season

intro

approaching
the restaurant

terrace of
objectivity



unknown
memory access

amnesian
enclosure

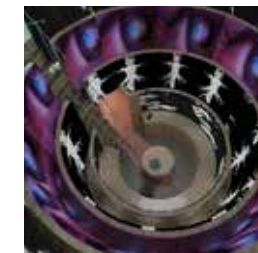
vulnerability
waterfall



headless
memory

memory
record

tower of
projection





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no here
bill
murray



cooks



for his
guests



a place



for



remembering

and



forgetting

watch the trailer



tonight's memories:

apetiser

bosporus objectivity daze

first course

*scarred knees on a green salad
and olives*

second course

*two halves of a fig floating
towards you in the basin of amnesia*

third course

feet that make you feel sad

sorbet

*sorbet unearthed from the corpse of a goat
to aid digestion*

main course

*inmost feelings and memories
on a hearty gratin*

dessert

*projecting decay on a lollipop
and cigarettes*





At that point in his gastronomical career, Bill Murray is fully and publicly recognised as one of the greatest living chefs. [1] It remains mysterious what exactly is his secret but his restaurant on the Maidens Tower in Istanbul had been rumoured to be the venue for many exclusive feasts and excessive parties.

The platform with the tower narrow at both ends and narrow in the middle, surrounded by the sea [2] lays in front of me.



platform of
objectivity





There stands Bill Murray, greeting me. *“Tonight We will finally eat to stop our hunger. [4] Having a great feast and celebration. Take this and drink.” [5] I take the glass. My soul, a pole of subjectivity; soon to become a pole of objectivity. [5] The drink, a milky, yellowish aperitif, ferociously fragrant, overtly medicinal, ever-so-faintly anaesthetising and cooled to a glacial viscosity (...) casts a spell - which, during the subsequent hours lasted. [6] It gives the force without which an objectivity in general would not be possible. [7] I’m sensitive, I feel everything, I feel everybody. [8]*



the force without which
an objectivity in general would not be possible

unknown
memory
access



*scarred knees on a green
salad and olives*

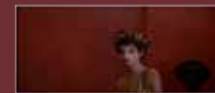


Bill leads me into the room. Explaining: *“One of the most important ingredients in my food is memory. [9] Now, in all these cases, we do not leave memory. But instead of a constituted memory, as function of the past which reports a story, we witness the birth of memory, as function of the future which retains what happens in order to make it the object to come of the other memory. [10] “*

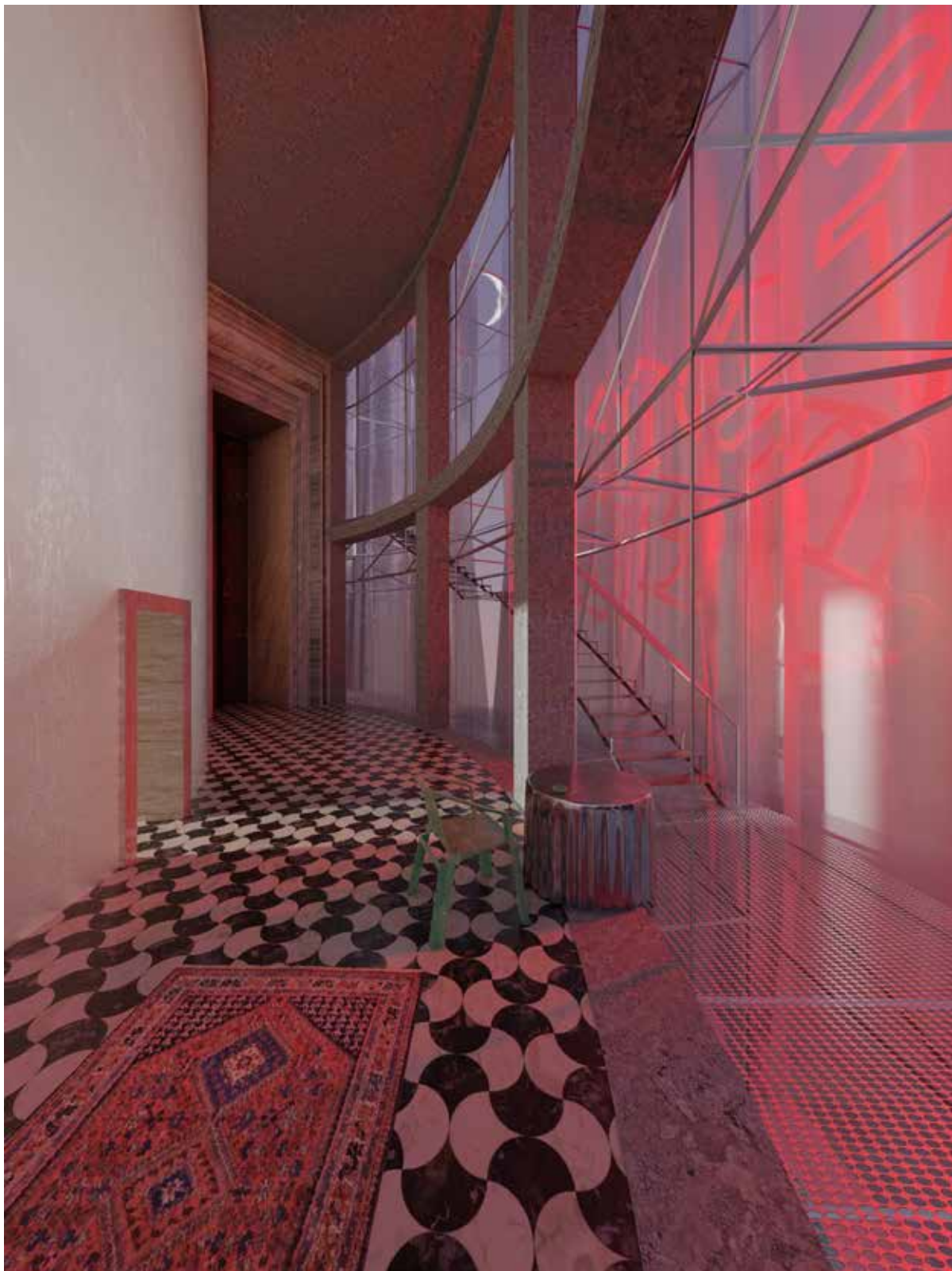


I sit down at a richly set table. Cutting into the first course. As the meat touches my tongue it all comes to my senses in a flash. The memory of a day that I have never lived appears to me more clearly than reality. The tragic day I won all the marbles at recess. The schoolyard in late fall, the cold rough tarmac scraping open my knees after I am pushed by my best friend. The laughter of the children, the teacher yelling at me. The smell of rotting leaves. The sound of two hundred marbles pouring on the ground. The memory awakened within me makes me collapse. Tears run down my cheeks. The accumulated resurfaced emotions of Bills childhood shatter me. My hand is shaking wildly as I cut another piece. My knees give in, I collapse.

the tragic day i won all
the marbles at recess



the smell of rotting leaves



remember

Something has changed. I feel dizzy moving up the stairs to the next level of the building. I stand behind the veil, feeling a slight breeze and the distant call of the muezin. I feel uneasy. Bill's memories have sunken into my body, it becomes hard to point out their origin. *Come, my gentle confused one, plunge into time with me, let us shed our memories in the river of forgetting, and drown our amnesia in the clepsydra of remembrance. [5]*

forget

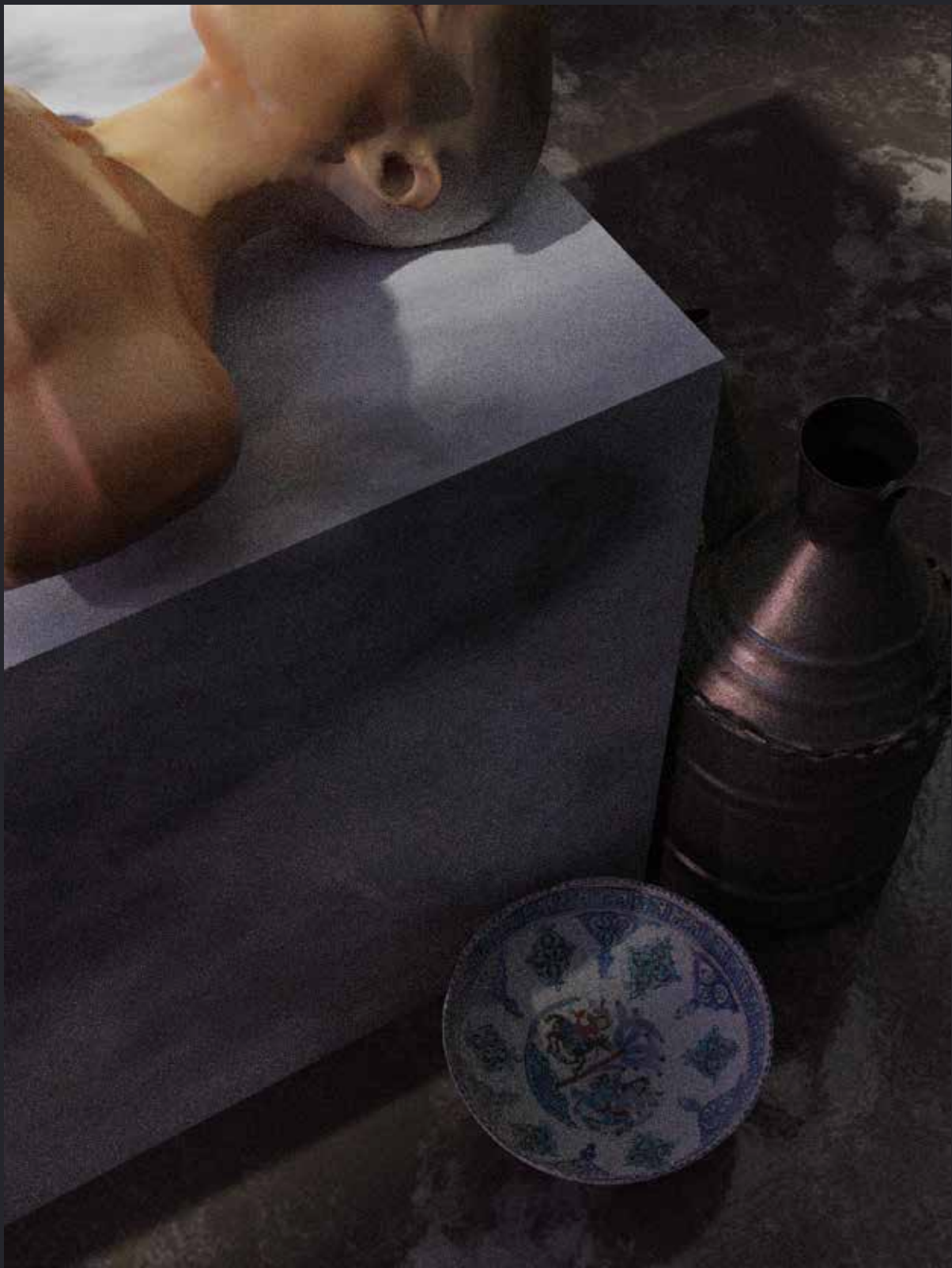


amnesian
enclosure





I enter the amnesian enclosure. I take off my clothes and feel the warmth of the floor. The heat embraces me, gives me comfort, drowns my emotions. The sound of the water calms me. Two figs are placed on a marble plinth. As I touch them Bill's memories start to fade. I sit on the marble plinth and start to pour water over my body. *I forget the world and time. [11]* *Knowing demands that one forget oneself. [5]*



vulnerability
waterfall

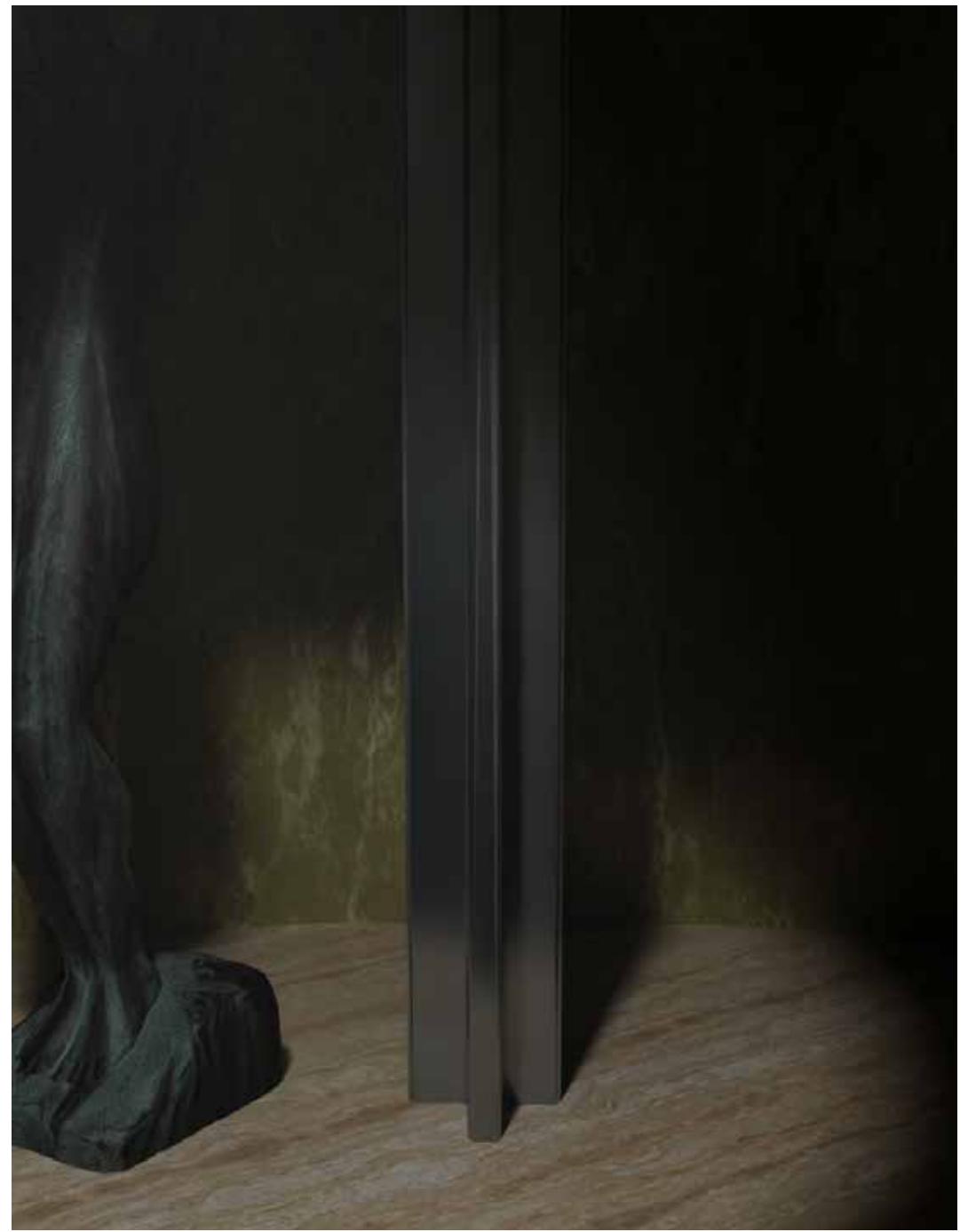


feet that make you feel sad



Rays of light penetrate the thick roof. The temperature is less hot and my thoughts start to circulate again. Bill stands there with a towel wrapped around his hips below his big belly, stirring something in a pan. His body is scared and consists of a wild bricolage of synthetic body parts but is yet beautiful. *“This transformation within the flames, this passage from raw to cooked, is connected to memory. (...) raw in its elementary composition, the memory comes together through cooking, is organized into a whole. The emotions, more numerous than before, converge into a new synthesis.”* [5] He places the plate in the middle of the marble plinth and walks out of the room awkwardly. I sit next to the plate cross legged. Taking the first bite I suddenly feel it all:

The feeling of the bench we sat on. *The place is yet fresh in my memory, how can it be otherwise?* [12] I see the band-aid on her big toe, in her black sandal. She telling me that she had lost her toenail a year ago and that it still hadn't grown back fully. The creeping coolness of the summer evening and the mosquitos biting me. How I told her that I also feel insecure about my feet. I remember her laughing and telling me not to worry, that she had never looked at them. Realising on my way home that she was truly indifferent about my feet and me, that my feelings for her were unreciprocated. *The memory brings it back!* [13] My heart is filled with the disappointment and resentment of Bill's life. *This is cookery as pure witchcraft, invocatory cooking in which both the process of cooking and the comestible produced transcend the here and now.* [14]



i feel insecure about
my feet now



don't worry,
i have never looked
at them

headless memo- ries



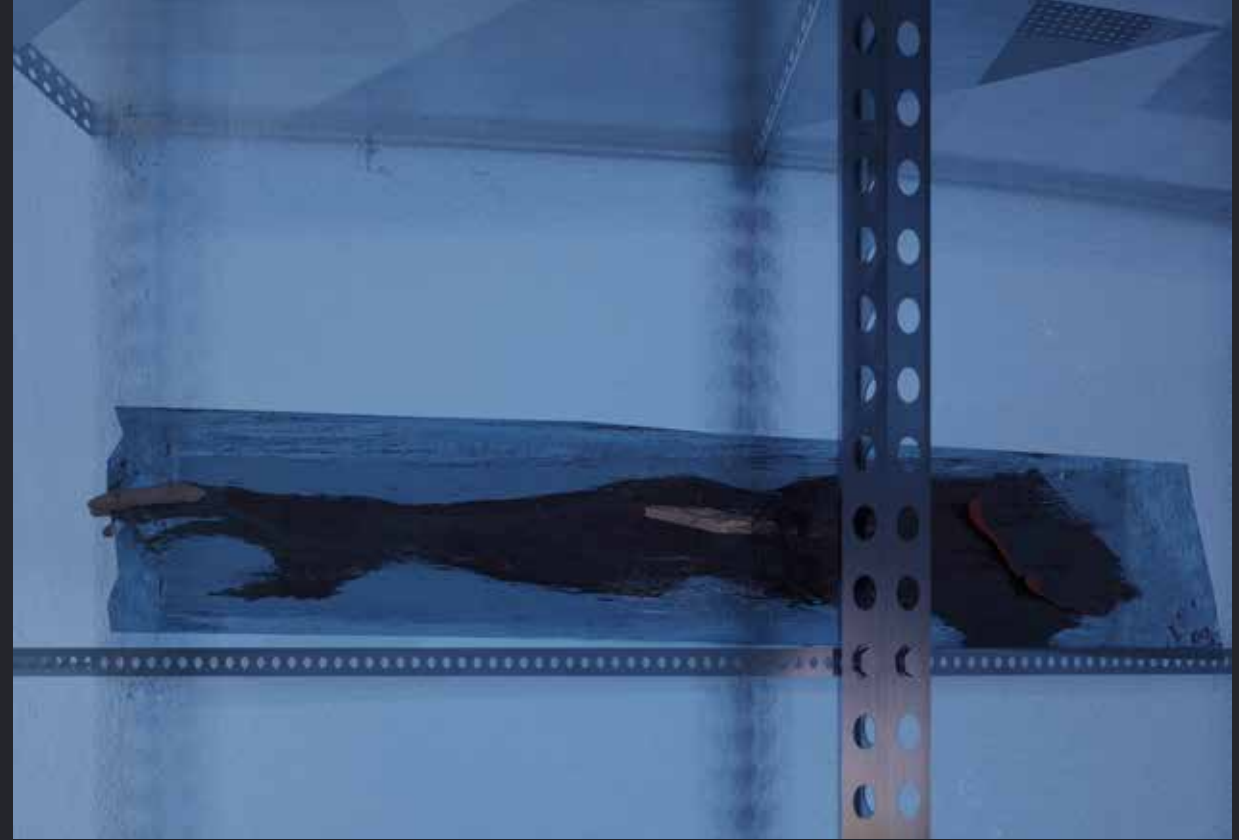
*sorbet unearthed from the corpse of a goat
to aid digestion*



The door opens, the room is filled with hanging meat, frozen moments dangling on metal hooks. *Those who want it for keeping, store it in new earthen vessels, with fine flour and bran. [15]* Bill is standing amongst the hanging flesh, chopping a goat's head off its skinned body. His metal arms grip the knife firmly but tenderly while the other hand is holding the goat head by its horns. He puts a long spoon down the throat of the now headless goat, unearthing a steaming blue crystal scoop of sorbet.

Cooking compacts, concentrates, reduces the given, makes it converge, the raw is made more abundant by cooking, the given goes from random chance, from flighty, improbable, inconstant circumstance to habit and compactness. [5]

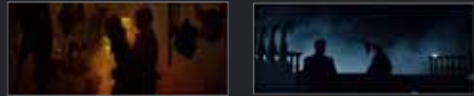
Bill approaches me and hands me the bowl in which he has placed the sorbet. "Eat this sorbet. It serves in freshening the stomach; preparing it to properly receive the roast. It is an appetiser and helps to aid digestion. It is neutralising, it will make you less sad. Eat this now. Then the main course will follow." As the sorbet touches my tongue my mind is calmed and the despair of the last course starts to fade. *There was once again connectivity, that made sense of a world in which electronic connections were madly proliferating. [16]*



your generous loan to me

your crippling interest

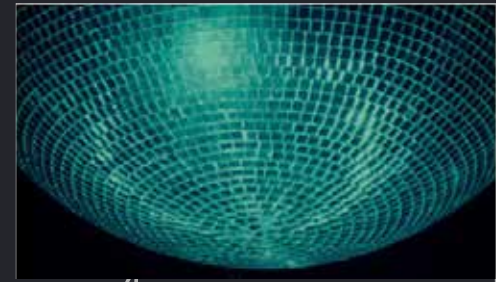
connectivity



sense of a world



connections



that made



in which

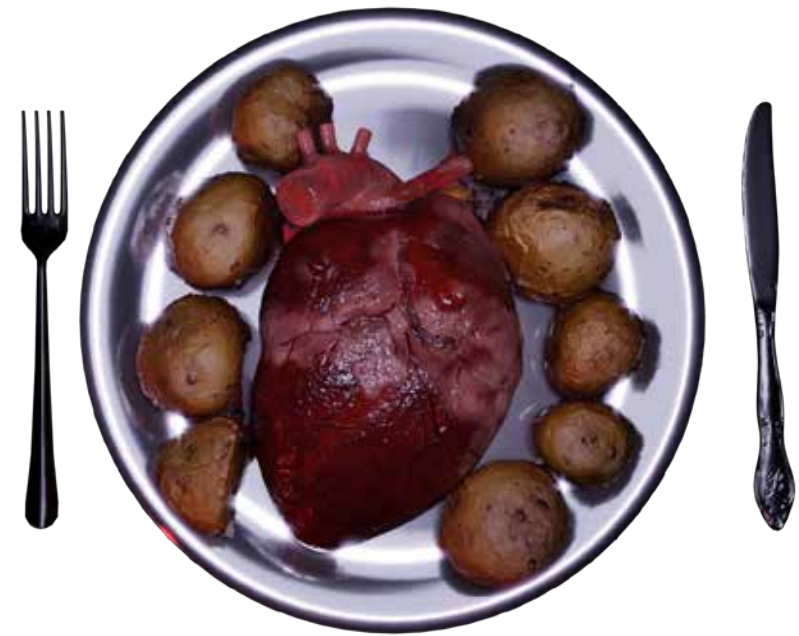


electronic



were madly proliferating

memory
record



*inmost feelings and memories
on a hearty gratin*

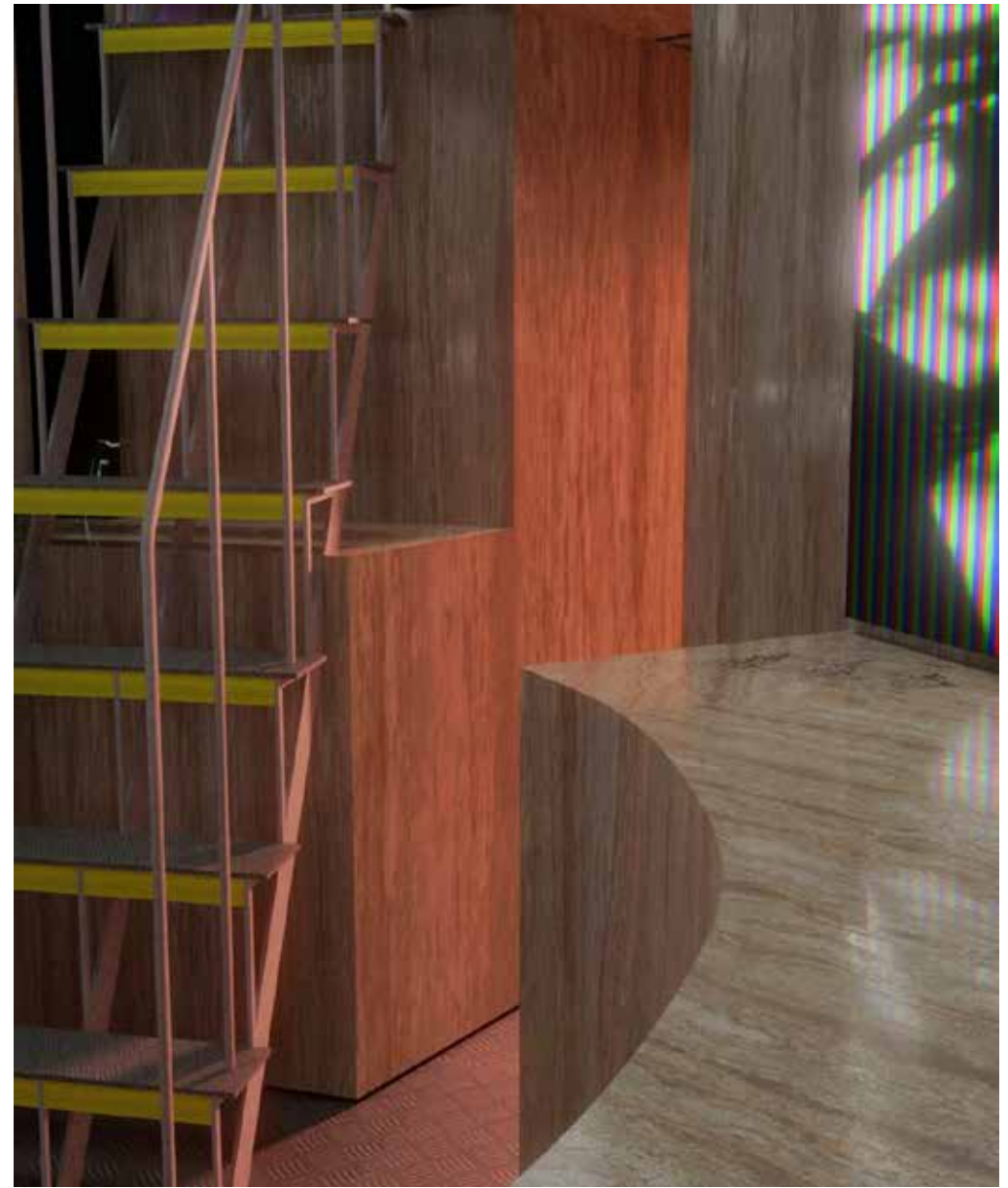


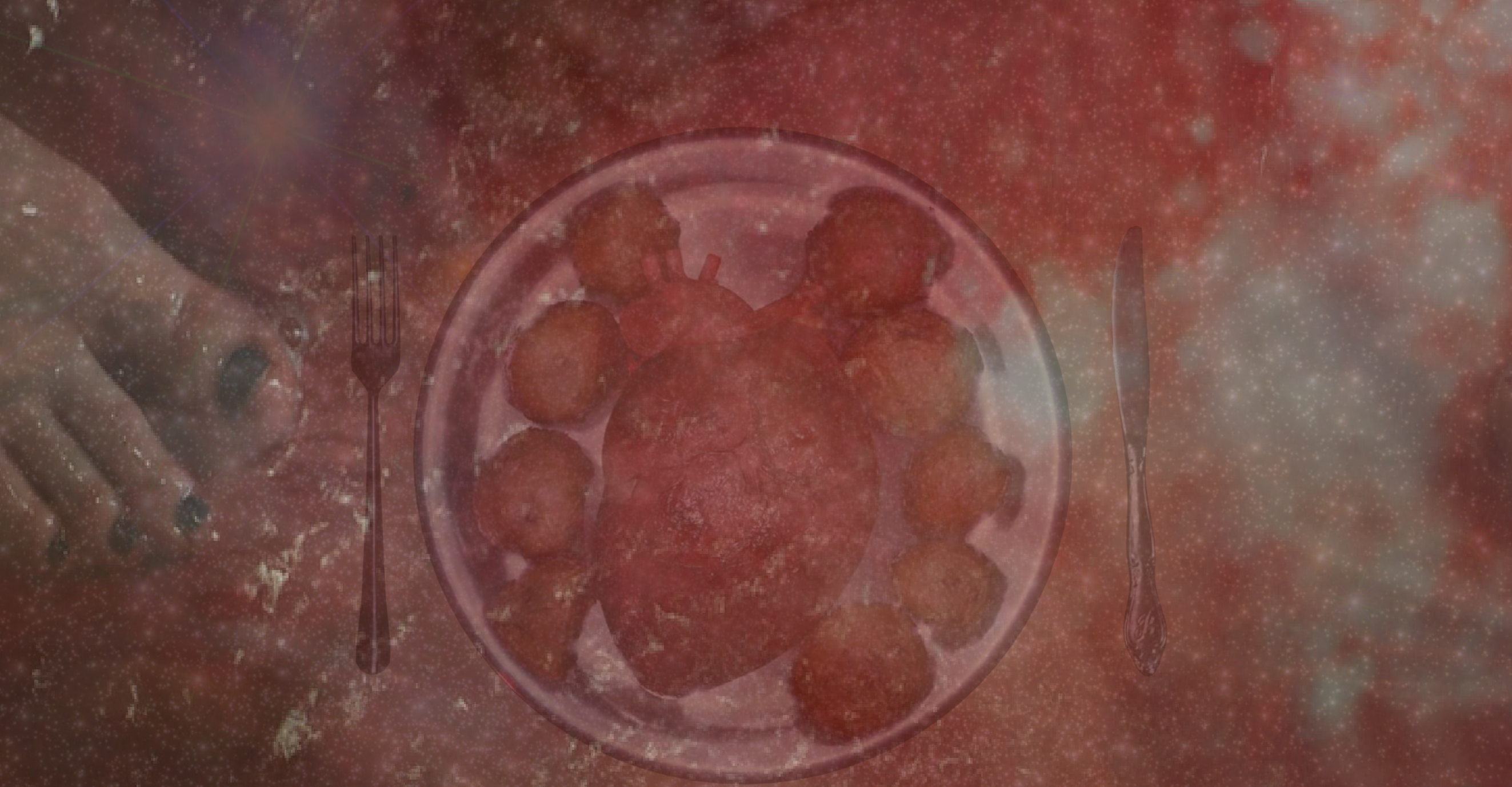
Bill:

"I am grown old and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying now and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that never happened. [17] I try to retain some of my memory. I have been meticulously working on an archive, collecting photos, videos, albums, diaries, notes. Storing them, revisiting them and curating my memory for my guests.

Tonight I serve my heart. If you fight the memory with the knife, your slices will be too tough and chewy. But if you guide the knife— according to the contours of the muscles and the tendons— the memory will be very tender. It wants to be cut in just the right way. [18] O heart too fierce! Who can weep worthily for you, my children, scattered through all my house? (...) [19] Sweet memory which has vanished! [20] There is the whole heart, the sick heart, the contrite heart, the vowed heart and the enlightened heart. [21]"

The heart. I eat. Bill's heart, his whole being, the seat of his inmost feelings, emotions in love and affection. The seat of mental faculties and memory. It is all in my mouth. There is suddenly a great weight of horror and doubt shaking my body. [22] Then I start to scream in pure ecstasy louder than anyone has ever heard a human achieve. There was a passion, something that the first courses of the menu had awakened within me and that now grew, swelled in a wave that thrust me forward along the most rugged of paths, invaded by a euphoria, unparalleled to anything any mortal has ever felt before. [23]





i remember it oh so clearly now!

tower of projection



*projecting decay on a lollipop
and cigarettes*

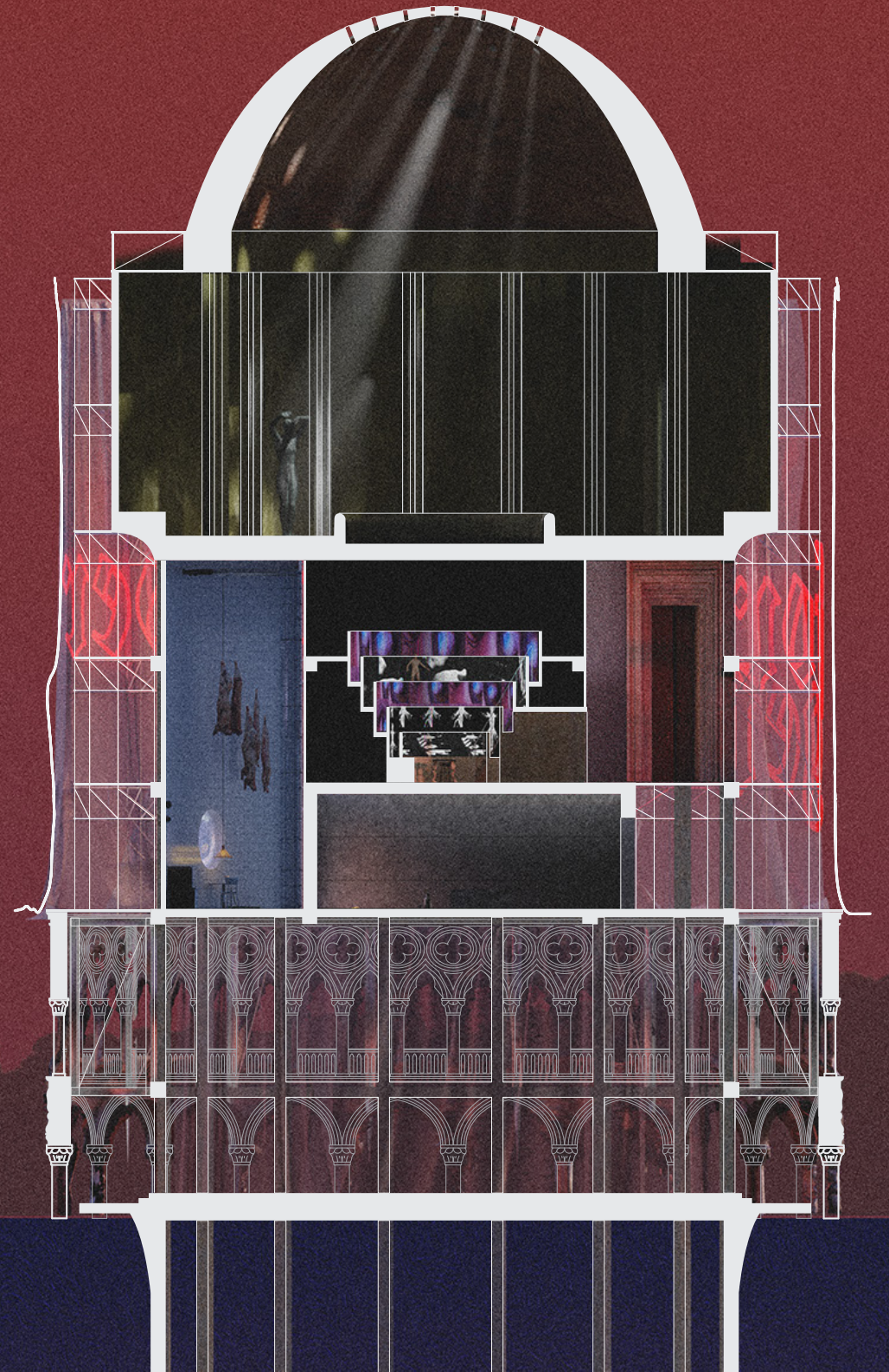


Together we ascend the stairs to the tower. I have never known a person as deeply as Bill. Even though I can't remember anything about him I feel a connection, an intimate understanding. We stand in the tower, the last course prepared on a low table.

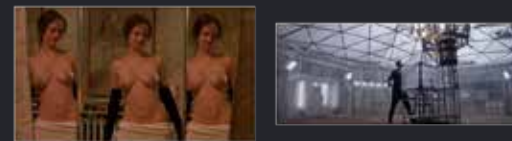
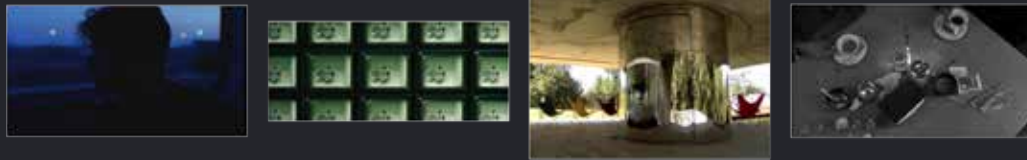
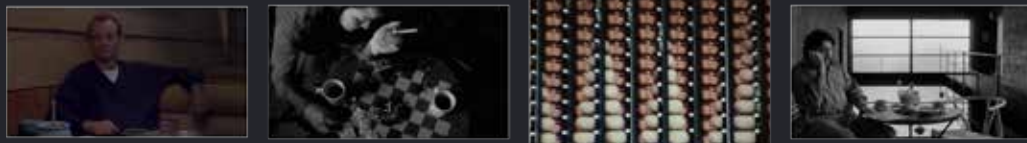
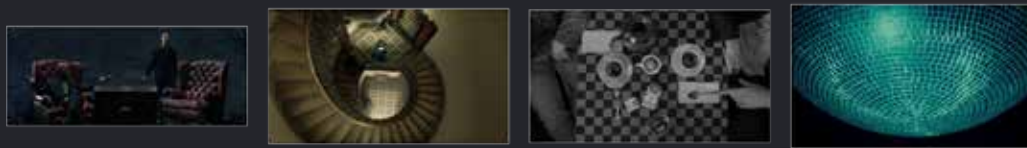
"My body is not going to last. It is slowly deteriorating as I am replacing part after part with prosthetics and artificial organs. Using my body as the ingredient for my restaurant has been the secret of my success. *Pure food that promotes the knowledge of God.* [14] My body is scraping away but my memory is going to outlive me, as I am scattering it amongst my guests. Thus I shall live forever, reach the unreachable, a sort of eternal life. What now pounds in my chest is a machine pumping electricity through my veins.

There is never any risk that something in constant use, being handled and touched on a daily basis, should suffer from decay; but if things are not inspected, are set aside as superfluous and left lying around, then they inevitably attract filth and corrosion with the passage of time. [24] Now it is evident that memory is weakened by time; for things which happened long ago easily slip from our memory. [25] But if we think about something constantly, keep it in service and update it, it does not slide away from our memory. Memory only loses things that it has failed to think about frequently. [24]"

"I think I have a crush on you." I tell Bill. He looks at me for a moment and smiles. *'Can you sail away without remembering me? [26] "Do this," he says, "in memory of me." [27]*



can you sail away



without remembering
me?

- [1] Xenakis, *Music and Architecture*
- [2] Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*
- [3] Le Roy, *The Ruins of the Most Beautiful Monuments of Greece*
- [4] Serres, *The Parasite*
- [5] Serres, *The Five Senses*
- [6] *The french dispatch*
- [7] Derrida, *Of Grammatology*
- [8] Kendrick Lamar, *Mother I sober*
- [9] Sloterdijk, *You Must Change Your Life*
- [10] Deleuze, *Cinema 2 The Time Image*
- [11] Serres, *The Incandescent*
- [12] Rousseau, *The Confessions*
- [13] Ovid, *Metamorphoses*
- [14] Carter, *Shaking A Leg*
- [15] Pliny, *Natural History Volume 4*
- [16] Mark Fisher, *ghosts of my life*
- [17] Mark Twain, *Autobiography*
- [18] Hovestadt Buehlmann, *Quantum City*
- [19] Seneca, *Complete Works*
- [20] Hugo, *Les Miserables*
- [21] *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights*
- [22] J. R. R. Tolkien, *the lord of the rings*
- [23] Calasso, *Ka Stories of the Mind and Gods of India*
- [24] Seneca, *On Benefits*
- [25] Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*
- [26] Ovid, *Metamorphoses*
- [27] Melanchthon Bucer, *Collected Works*

cannibalising memory
a project by maurus wirth

hs22 eth zurich
thank you studio meteora
miro, jorge, adil

