

MOUTH

edla connole scott wilson

Foreword

The broached year
with its mouldering crusts
of delusion bread [*Wahnbrod*].

Drink
from my mouth.

- Paul Celan

Celan's unnamed poem that begins 'The broached year' might be approached as a condensed iteration of his famous holocaust poem *Todesfuge* or *Deathfuge* where the command given is to drink the blackmilk of daybreak. The figure of the mouth appears in Celan as the last site of pleasure, and indeed of ethics, in a post-apocalyptic world. If the broached year only offers delusion bread or literally 'crazy bread', then drink from another's mouth. Thus Celan inverts Adorno's infamous dictum, no poetry after Auschwitz. From now on, there is only poetry, only the figure of the mouth. Edia Connoles and Scott Wilson in *Mouth* follow this ethical demand, drink from my mouth, as the only possibility of love. We are sure you will love what they offer to you if you manage to open your mouth and hear them...

Simon Critchley and Jamieson Webster

New York, May 2012

Introduction

MOUTH

Empty

Open

Shut

Biting, gorging, snarling, praying, assimilating, ...

Kissing, tasting, testing, gourmandising, salivating, ...

Speaking, spitting, spewing, ...

Stuffed

'[I]t dreams, it laughs, it fails', not us.

MOUTH names a series of events dedicated to the gastronomic delectation of thought through culinary speculations on the terrifying condition of contemporary onto-orality. MOUTH opens onto a practice that always proceeds through a combination of elements: research, experiment, curation, theoretical analysis and speculation, writing, recipe development and above all festivity. MOUTH *is* a feast. MOUTH is action, *actionist* even; after all, '... material action promises the direct

pleasures of the table. Material action satiates. [And] [F]ar more important than breaking bread is [... MOUTH's] urge to take dough-beating to the extreme' (in Green ed., 1999, p. 103; Schwarz and Loers eds., 1988, p. 270).

To Eat or Not to Eat, that is MOUTH's question.

An identity of contraries: the mouth is not an organ but a dialectical infinite, a fathomless depth plunging into an interior more remote than any exterior, indeed a depth whose convulsive eruptions constitutes the exterior and its various dimensions. 'It's a pity I can't kiss myself,' Freud says of this special place in the *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905); as Jamieson Webster has shown, 'only this kind of questioning can throw you back onto the question of your own origins - the primal scene, the birth of fantasy, the signifier that marks and disfigures you at once' (Webster, 2012). 'The mouth', as Webster deduces, 'is a circle with a hole in it, an envelope, a twisted surface that forms a continuity between inside and outside wrapped around a hollow. It is the first image of the ego, which, as Freud famously said, is the projection of the surface of the body' (Webster, 2012). This is essentially the figure of the torus', she notes, 'the moebius strip,' which, for Melanie Klein, is at the centre of psychic development (Webster, 2012; in Tuckett ed., 1988). The baby comes to know the outer world by taking everything into his or her mouth, the primary perceptions being essentially those sensations of receiving by mouth: sucking, swallowing, spewing, sensations that provide the basis for the process of introjections and projections from which the structure of the mind is shaped. The mind then, is an epiphenomenon of mouth, and speech a flickering surface playing on its lips, murmuring of 'ideational attributes or incorporeal events' (Deleuze, 1990). From the disengagement of speech and eating to the disjunction between consumer capitalism and hungry populations, MOUTH articulates the violent histories of civilisation.

But all does not condense on to or into the human or even animal mouth. Every pore of the body is an absorbing and secreting mouth; what we call MOUTH is yet

another opening, another dilating, contracting hole that assimilates, expels, communicates. As we know from William Burroughs, the arse is simply another mouth with its own opinions. These mouths are part of an endless series of mouths: physical, metaphysical, organic, inorganic, terrestrial, cosmic, material, immaterial, mystical, phantasmatic; a chain of mouths that themselves constitute a surface. Multiple surfaces comprised of mouths that are multiple apertures through which matter becomes life and life becomes speech and thought, even as the breath of thought falls again to the surface returning to the sink of terrestrial bowels deep within an astral body that is but one of billions circulating billions of ravenous voids whose black lips yawn at the event horizon of infinite depth.

Mouth to MOUTH we have come, out of consecutive collaborations on the Graduate School of Creative Arts and Media's 'Food Thing' - A Deleuzian Feast (for Peter Hallward)' and '*En Soiree Culinaire par George Bataille* (for RL II),' co-curated by Martin McCabe, Lisa Godson and Mick Wilson - to a 'Thing' *we* call Love, or rather MOUTH... because (whether carnal or cosmic) love *is* a kind of mouth, a kind of naive mouth, in fact - something we realised through our latest collaboration on 'A Taste of Faith' for Clodagh Emoe, Jamieson Webster and Simon Critchley.

Edia Connole & Scott Wilson

**A TASTE
OF FAITH**
EXPERIMENTS
IN CULINARY
PSYCHOLOGY

EDIA CONNOLE
SCOTT WILSON



A TASTE OF FAITH I (THE HELL WITHIN)

Rationale for March 25th 2012 'Food Thing' event held in conjunction with Simon Critchley and Clodagh Emoe's Mystical Anarchism at Block T, Dublin.

The more I enter, the more I find, and the more I find the more I seek of Thee.
Thou art the Food that never satiates, for when the soul is satiated in Thine
abyss it is not satiated, but ever continues to hunger and thirst for Thee.

Catherine of Sienna, *Dialogo*

Because Jesus had fed the faithful not merely as servant and waiter, preparer
and multiplier of loaves and fishes, but as the very bread and wine itself, to
eat was a powerful proverb. It meant to consume, to assimilate, to become
God.

Caroline Walker Bynum, *Holy Feast and Holy Fast: The Religious Significance of
Food to Medieval Women*

In the anguish or repose or the madness of love,
The heart of each devours the other's heart,
As he who is Love itself showed us,
When he gave us himself to eat
... loves's most intimate union
Is through eating, tasting, and seeing interiorly.

Hadewijch of Brabant, *Letters*

'Taste' from Latin *gustus*, described as the sensation of flavour perceived in the mouth and throat on contact with a substance, and as the faculty of perceiving this quality, is genealogically, if not etymologically linked to 'test,' insofar as the act of 'tasting' is also one of 'testing,' of trying or testing the flavour of something by taking a small portion into the mouth, as a sample, on the one hand, and of permitting a brief experience of something, conveying its basic character, on the other. To the extent that this dyad is one of discerning a person's liking or dis-liking for particular flavours and characters, taste is also genealogically linked to 'morality,' to that which we conceive as 'good' or 'bad.' A person's taste, reflects their conformity or failure to conform with generally held views concerning what is offensive or palatable, with the fact that this or that joke is deemed to be in good or bad taste. Ultimately then, when the very value of truth is called into question, 'taste' is genealogically linked to 'faith,' insofar as the genesis of the concept 'god' is revealed through a genealogy of morality; in fact, in what are commonly referred to as 'dirty' jokes this genealogy reveals itself *ex post facto* - good and bad are derived from 'pure' and 'impure' and from the outset simply referred to a persons cleanliness.

In distinction, the impure, dirty, distasteful, and disgusting, from Latin *dis-* (expressing reversal) and *gustus* (taste), had a privileged relation to faith for the medieval mystics. Indeed, Catherine of Sienna found cleanliness so incompatible with charity, she deliberately drank off a bowl of suppurative matter; the consumption of pus, the perfect corrective for her imperfect piety. And just as Angela of Foligno drank the very water with which she had washed the feet of lepers, savouring a scab of fetid flesh as if it were the Eucharist, for Marie Alacoque, the pungent smell of premodern cheese made its revolting ingestion the most burdensome way to test her faith, and prove her love for God. Cheese, it is claimed, has always provoked uncontrollable revulsion and passionate devotion, precisely

because it belongs, in psychoanalytic terms, on the other side of the border - colour, concluded Johann Lotichus, in his 1643 *De casei nequitta* (On the vileness of cheese), is the only difference between cheese and excrement - and for Mystical Christendom, ingestion of such abjection of self was turned into the ultimate act of humility; from Latin *humilitas*, a noun intending 'humble' but also 'grounded' or 'low,' since it derives from *humus* - a homonym of the Levantine Arab dish - meaning of the 'earth,' or 'ground,' and connected with notions of transcendent unity with the universe or the divine, and of egolessness: of liberation, abandonment and 'annihilation' of the soul, who stands in complete 'nakedness' before God (Mazzoni, 2005, p. 134; 135; Critchley, 2012, p. 130).

Central to this mysticism of self-abandonment, was food, taste, and an economy of masochism. 'Prodigious fasting' [*Inedia prodigiosa* or, *Anorexia Mirabilis*, literally meaning 'miraculous lack of appetite'], the renunciation of ordinary food in favour of the abject and disgusting, or induced vomiting - in the case of Catherine of Sienna, with a 'stalke of fynel' or 'an oþer þinge þat she put in to hir stomake,' - were used to hack and hew at the self to create a space, 'or widen the place,' as Margueritte Porete puts it, 'in which Love will want to be' (Vander Veen, 2007, p. 118; Critchley, 2012, p. 125). But such Love is not easy. The modern mystic Therese of Liseux, who lay dying, bleeding from her intestines and unable to keep even water down, was tormented by the thought of banquets, her near contemporary Gemma Galgani too, dreamed of food; she asked her director, Father Germano, in a letter: "'Are you happy that I ask Jesus the grace to not let me taste, for as long as I live, any flavor in any food?'" "Daddy, this grace is necessary to me," she says, and assures her spiritual father, in return for her lack of taste, "'the certainty of her ability to keep food down, to not throw it all up [the object of her *dis-gust*] anymore'" (Mazzoni, 2005, p. 162).

Modern historians have sometimes thought these women's stories to contain the first documentable cases of anorexia nervosa. Certainly, it is not difficult to think of it in

the life of Gemma Galgani, given the timeliness of the diagnosis. An ecstatic, the first stigmatic and Saint of the twentieth-century, Gemma's brief life (1878 - 1903) bore witness to the coinage of the term 'anorexia nervosa,' as it did to that of 'psychoanalysis,' and of 'sweets,' incidentally; which, through the emergence of a mass consumer culture, were now industrialised commodities available to the poor (Mazzoni, 2005, pp. 162-163). And Gemma herself was not only partial to sweets, but also to the kind of neurotic behaviour that might allow us to characterise her as mentally, as well as physically and socially, ill (Mazzoni, 2005, p. 168). The references to food in Gemma's writing - though mostly to say that she cannot eat, that God will not allow her to eat, or to only hold down food occasionally - testify to a certain 'return of the repressed,' in psychoanalytic terms: chocolate, wine, coffee, mints, all the food given up in fast and abstinence reappears in the details of her autobiography (Mazzoni, 2005, p. 165).

Christina Mazzoni tells us 'she speaks of treats and speaks of them with delight, with unsuspected indulgence [in fact] - perhaps because they remind her of Jesus' own *dolcezza*, that sweetness that is [not only] always on her lips [but on the lips of every Christian mystic]' (2005, p. 168). One imagines Gemma, surrounded by the intricate confections of the late-nineteenth century, gorging and vomiting, luxuriating in sweets until sweets and body are almost synonymous. Then one thinks of her appeal to Christ to not let her taste 'any flavour in any food' anymore ('"I thank you, Jesus, for letting me taste this sweetness; but I am ready to be deprived of it forever, forever"'), such an appeal now seems to stem from a bodily pathology, dictated by self-destructive individualistic mental processes; one thinks, indeed, of anorexia or even bulimia nervosa (Mazzoni, 2005, p. 170).

And though Gemma Galgani's relationship with food is not exemplary, it would also be misleading to reduce its spiritual complexity to an emotional disorder characterised by an obsessive desire to lose weight. As Mazzoni notes,

Gemma places herself, and readers familiar with the history of spirituality can also easily place her, in a genealogical line of Christian holy fasting [or *Holy Anorexia*, as Rudolph Bell calls it] that in turn had pre-Christian roots in fasting as an expression and exorcism of pain, as a purification of the soul that aids contact with the divine, as a philosophical choice indicating the liberation of the soul from the body, a return to the soul's original purity, and ultimately the refusal of any fleshly bond (2005, p. 168).

Like Mazzoni, Caroline Walker Bynum 'brackets' (to use a phenomenological turn of phrase) questions of cause - as she does modern problems and food obsessions - in her encounter with Christian mysticism. She is similarly only interested in what Christian mystics experienced, and while retaining a historian's skepticism about all evidence, she, also, as a historian, prefers to start her study of the past with what people in the past said themselves (1987, p. 8). The philosopher Simon Critchley has drawn on Bynum's work concomitantly with that of Elizabeth Spearing to show, through his exposition of 'Mystical Anarchism,' how the economy of masochism encountered in Christian mysticism, while 'more characteristic of women than men,' stems not from some bodily pathology or ego-psychology but from 'the mutilation of Christ's body in the Passion [which] seems to inspire an echo among female mystics at the level of the body' (2012, pp. 130 - 140).

As Bynum has convincingly shown, through her lengthy explorations of the analogies in late medieval theology, that suggest 'woman is to man as matter is to spirit' :

... *woman* or *the feminine* symbolizes the physical, lustful, material, appetitive part of human nature, whereas *man* symbolizes the spiritual, rational, or mental ... Ancient scientists had argued frequently that at conception, woman

contributes the stuff (or physical nature) of the foetus, man the soul or form. Patristic exegetes had regularly seen woman (or Eve) as representing the appetites, man (or Adam) as representing the soul or intellect (1987, p. 262).

While medieval male theologians used women's association with the appetites to denigrate their 'fleshly weakness,' it also seems to have been taken up, almost unwittingly, by contemporary women mystics, who redeemed the concept by further associating themselves with Christ's physical incarnate humanity; as Bynum explains, 'both men and women ... may at some almost unconscious level have felt that woman's suffering was her way of fusing with Christ because Christ's suffering flesh was "woman"' (1987, p. 261). Accordingly, these analogies had been presented in the writings of Hildegard of Bingen, in the twelfth-century, 'who had explicitly advanced the opinion that "man signifies the divinity of the Son of God, and woman his humanity,"' who argued from an idea rooted in a fundamental implication of the virgin birth: Christ having no human father must have derived his fleshly nature directly from Mary'; in sum, then, as Brian C. Vander Veen notes, in his Doctoral thesis on *THE VITAE OF BODLEIAN LIBRARY* (2007), 'Whereas men expressed Christ *qua* God through the intellectual activity of preaching and teaching, holy women could express Christ *qua* man through their very physical identification with his suffering humanity... [because] the fleshly humanity whose suffering redeemed the world was female flesh' (2007, p. 84).

Sustained fasting, subsistence on the sacrament solely or, in conjunction with a diet that demonstrated extreme abstemiousness; as in the case of Marie Alacoque - dirty laundry-water, mouldy bread, rotten fruits and excrement (she described in her autobiography the ecstasy she experienced as she filled her mouth with the feces of a sick man), or Catherine of Sienna, who, even with such meagre subsistence - a diet of 'olde and corrupte cheese', the juice of grapes, or the heads and tails of eels - would induce vomiting, with such violence, 'bitterness' and 'peyne', in fact, 'quykke blode'

would 'come out of hir moup'. This self-emptying, that is, as Critchley notes, a stringent and demanding ethical disciplining of the self all the way to its nihilation - as in the case of Mary of Oignes, who starved herself to death until "'her spine was stuck to her stomach'" - is chosen in a context of self-giving where its figural value (clothes sometimes stood in for the self - as in the case of Angela of Foligno, who, in an exquisitely Franciscan gesture, stripped off all her clothes in order to follow naked, the naked and crucified Christ or, on another occasion, in order to exchange them for food for the poor, suffering and afflicted, so that she may, out of little or nothing, out of herself, like Christ once did, multiply loaves and fishes to feed the hungry) lies in the mystic's imitation of Christ to form a total sacrifice that divinizes even as it annihilates (Critchley, 2012, p. 132; Mazzoni, 2005, p. 99).

The graphic we have devised to over-arch this *TOF* project - a digitally rendered linocut of a painting by William Hogarth, of one Francis Mathew Schutz (third cousin to the Prince of Wales) in his bed, pale-faced and vomiting into a piss-pot - serves to illustrate this. (As the story goes) Norwich castle Museum in England, currently holds in its collection a painting by Hogarth of Schutz in his bed, hunched over and pallid, puking into a piss-pot, as we said. Behind the figure of Schutz, there is a quote from Horace inscribed above a lyre that hangs on the wall - the lyre, incidentally, is the instrument the poet symbolically hung up when he stopped playing the field. The quote reads: *Vixi poellis nuper idoneous* ('Not long ago I kept it in good order for the girls'). A parody of the sickbed portrait, the painting was commissioned by Schutz's new wife, and was intended to remind Schutz why he had settled-down, by filling him with disgust for his debauched days. Evidently, Schultz' heirs didn't want to be similarly reminded, and following his death in 1779, his daughter had the piss-pot and vomit painted out. In place of his spewing, Schultz appeared to be reading a newspaper in bed, at a rather awkward angle - hunched over as though in need of his glasses. It was only in the 1990's when the painting was restored to its former state that the prohibition was revealed and

followed up by critics such as Christopher Turner who, in writing a column for *Cabinet* that investigates the cultural significance of detritus, noted how this 'desire to substitute words for vomit, *logos* for disgust, was more than a simple act of Protestant censorship; it unwittingly struck at a knotty problem at the very centre of the emerging philosophy of aesthetics,' for which, the disgusting, unlike the ugly, the evil, the sublime, or even terrible, was deemed to be unrepresentable. 'There is only one kind of ugliness which cannot be represented in accordance with nature without destroying all aesthetical satisfaction, and consequently artistic beauty,' states Kant in his *Critique of Judgement* (1790), 'viz., that which excites disgust' (1951, p. 155). He continues,

For in this singular sensation, which rests on mere imagination the object is represented as it were obtruding itself for our enjoyment while we strive against it with all our might. And the artistic representation of the object is no longer distinguished from the nature of the object itself in our sensation, and thus it is impossible that it can be regarded as beautiful (1951, p. 155).

It is, therefore, 'no longer a question of one of those negative values that art can represent and thereby idealize,' as Derrida notes: 'The absolute excluded [*l'exclu absolu*] does not allow itself even to be granted the status of an object of negative pleasure or of ugliness redeemed by representation. It is unrepresentable' (1981, p. 21). And yet, Kant does speak of a certain representation regarding it. The key here, as Derrida suggests, is in Kant's passage above, in which vomit as 'the object... represented as it were obtruding itself for our enjoyment' is linked by Kant to *jouissance*, if not pleasure; it forces pleasure, it even represents the very thing that forces us to enjoy in spite of ourselves, and through which, we find traces of that *jouissance* inscribed in the *en corps* [in and of the body, but also a homonym of *encore*, more!] to which mysticism testifies - the *en plus* (excess) of the *en corps*. It is this

dimension of ecstasy, as Critchley notes after Lacan, 'following the line of a transgressive desire into its *askesis*, that we can call love' (2012, p. 140).

Through our culinary curation/ assemblage, we have put together a taste/ test in which we have faith that something or rather some new experience may emerge that is 'anarchic' in the sense that it is not subject to any law - including the law of taste (what we see, essentially, as a phallogocentric philosophy of determinatedness) - and cannot be predicted. Our methodology is *formlessness*. Perhaps God will be tasted as an outcome of the test, perhaps vomit, these are possibilities. Perhaps nothing. Or perhaps something else entirely about which we know nothing other than it will have been tasted as a retroactive effect of the test.

This is the very path we sought at the beginning when presenting you with, in Lacan's terms, these *objets a*. 'Regarding one's [culinary] partner', Lacan nearly wrote in Seminar XX, 'love can only actualize what, in a sort of poetic flight, ... I called courage', a taste that is also a test of faith (1988, p. 144).

Edia Connole & Scott Wilson

A TASTE OF FAITH
THE HELL WITHIN



Brod durch Gott

Bread for the sake of God

Munster Berome Fourme d'Ambert

A selection of premodern cheeses for the blessed Marie Alacoque

Our Father Who Art in Humus

Hummus with ground lamb and almonds

A Hazelnut for all of Creation

Tongues of Fire

Braised pork tongue in a spicy vinaigrette

**Quynke Blode of Catherine of Sienna with a
Stalke of Fynel**

A mortreux of chicken brawn in peverade sauce served with fresh fennel

Mystelium Pies

Lenten Pudding

Rice pudding with almond milk and raisins served with toasted pine nuts

A Taste of Faith II (the hazelnut and the olive)

Rationale for March 29th 2012 'Food Thing' event following the book launch and public lectures by Simon Critchley and Jamieson Webster, at the Dublin Unitarian Church. The recipes were devised in the spirit of a critique of Simon's book on the basis of the psychoanalytic method that informs Jamieson's writing and practice.

The infinite ethical demand allows us to become the subjects of which we are capable by dividing us from ourselves, by forcing us to live in accordance with an asymmetrical and unfulfillable demand—say the demand to be Christlike—while knowing that we are all too human.

- Simon Critchley, *The Faith of the Faithless*

The superego is an imperative ... [it] has a relation to the law, and it is at the same time a senseless law, going so far as to become a failure to recognise [*meconnaissance*] the law. ... The superego is at one and the same time the law and its destruction.

- Jacques Lacan, *The Seminar of Jacques Lacan: Book II: The Ego in Freud's Theory and in the Technique of Psychoanalysis*

The superego is your amigo,

- Simon Critchley, *On Humour*

In *Faith of the Faithless* (2012), Simon Critchley shows once again that his philosophy is based on an ethics of the superego, the faculty of a divided self that, in its infinite, unfillable demand, is nevertheless our 'amigo'. In his latest book, he continues to explore the superegoic paradoxes inherent to faith, truth and law. The book opens with 'a parable of sorts' concerning Oscar Wilde's release from Reading Gaol in 1897 and his delivery of the manuscript of *De Profundis* to Robert Ross in France where he would spend that last two and a half years of his life, ill and destitute, dying in 1900. While he was not given a capital sentence for his acts of 'gross indecency', the two years hard labour in Reading Gaol ultimately amounted to a death sentence. Critchley is interested in 'the religious dimension' of Wilde's text, 'particularly Wilde's interpretation of the figure of Christ' and how suffering can become the 'occasion for a fresh mode of self-realization' that is analogous to redemption. The title for Critchley's book comes from the following quotation from Wilde's *De Profundis*.

When I think of religion at all, I feel as if I would like to found an order for those who cannot believe: the Confraternity of the Faithless, one might call it, where on an altar, on which no taper burned, a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate with unblest bread and a chalice empty of wine. Everything to be true must become a religion. And agnosticism should have its ritual no less than faith (Cited in Critchley, 2012, p. 1).

The theme of the last supper of bread and wine conjoins both the Eucharist – a taste of the afterlife in the consumption of God – and the last taste of the earth for the condemned man or woman. For the condemned the last meal is an entirely sensual affair, all nourishment at that point being strictly redundant. As such it is symbolic of the capital crime for which the prisoner has been condemned. In contrast to the

Christian sacrifice of life for the everlasting life-in-death of Heaven, the criminal's commitment to life on earth is affirmed in a spirit of transgression, in the ecstasy of crime, or at least in the determination to pursue material interests, the satisfaction of the drives, or consumption generally which, through risking the death penalty, is raised to the level of a categorical imperative. This imperative, the law of the lawless, is, we suggest, the continuous underside of the faith of the faithless.

In his book *On Humour* (2002), Critchley revisits the scene of capital and state crime to give his readers an example of Freudian gallows humour that affirms, he argues, the importance of superego.

Freud speaks of a criminal who, on the morning of his execution, is being led out to the gallows to be hanged, and who remarks, looking up at the sky, "Na, die Woche fängt gut an", "Well, the week's beginning nicely" (2002, p. 95)

The humour here, Critchley remarks, is generated by the superego that turns 'the desperate situation into a joke', making light of it in order apparently to make it bearable, even enjoyable. In its function as an executive faculty of the divided self that enjoys itself mocking the self-importance of the ego whose personal suffering and tragedy is about to unfold, Critchley says, 'the superego is your amigo' (2002, p. 103). It seems to us that the structure of Freud's gallows humour is not dissimilar to that which shapes the symbolic power of the last meal: the affirmation of life in the taste of food (or in laughter) that is precisely enhanced by the proximity of death, one's own death that is also that of the Other (the victim of the crime of passion and the crime of state execution that becomes identical to the whole world that is extinguished in the life that is taken). The evening's culinary delights are thus dedicated to this world that is both sacrificed and affirmed, the world that is symbolized and embodied in the hazelnut that for Julian of Norwich contained the

entirety of God's creation and in the single olive that the anonymous prisoner of one of James Reynold's death row pictures selected for his or her last meal.

The superego has been called a '*gourmandise*' because 'the more you feed it ... the more it wants', which is why we offer the gourmandising, infinitely demanding philosopher of superego a celebratory feast that we hope is faithful to the spirit of a community of the faithless. The food for the evening is intended to evoke the continuity (as if on a Moebius strip) between faith and faithlessness, law and crime in recipes inspired by Jesus Christ, Julian of Norwich, Angela di Foligno, Saint Agata of Sicily and prisoners on death row.

Edia Connole & Scott Wilson

A TASTE OF FAITH II
THE HAZELNUT & THE OLIVE



Hors D'oeuvres

An array of Olives and Hazelnuts
Unblessed Bread and Unconsecrated Wine
Jesus Christ's Sardine bruschetta

Starter

Angela di Folignio's Leper and Lettuce Soup

Mains

Leonardo's Last Supper Eels
Julian of Norwich's Pastry salmon with Hazelnut Butter
Oscar Wilde's Dysentery Stirabout

Dessert

Minne di Sant' Agata
Christina Mirabilis's Astonishing Breast-Milk Blanc-Mangers
Timothy McVeigh's Mint chocolate-chip ice cream

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