

Intimate Foodblogger

Anne Storch



The intimate foodblogger

Food and Intimacy

Where to start? Perhaps with the man sitting opposite me, in a fast train that takes me from Cologne, where I live, to Frankfurt Airport, from where I intend to travel to a conference. It will be a long journey, but I am well prepared. Complete some papers, read a book or two. I start with this one, and as I muse about how to approach the language of food, ingestion and intimacy, I look around and watch the people who also are in this dining car. The man opposite me has a wide mouth and a prominent nose. Unruly greyish hair. He resembles Anthony Bourdain whose book on cooks and kitchens was interesting and amusing. Bourdain resembled Taussig. The man opposite me picks his nose, in a determined manner. He looks at the bogey and then eats it. Even chews it. I find this unusual for a person who sits in a dining car, where there is food available, and where one is potentially seen by others. But he doesn't seem to mind, and neither do the other passengers, who are busy staring at their cell phones. Very much a non-place, I assume: one only passes through, and the people one is with during this passage will never be met again after it. A space in which we assume anonymity; and yet, we aren't anonymous: Anthony Bourdain is in my text now, and if somebody cares to download it and read it in a cell phone he even is there, as well, in the mobile thing.

I start with a man who picks his nose in a dining car and eats what he finds in his nose. He ordered a coke, which I think makes a good combination – a bit infantile. To take something from one's own body and ingest it is deemed infantile, also uncontrolled; a taboo. Not the food is taboo, but the autoerotic thing that comes into play here. A very intimate form of ingestion, which Freud used in order to make his ideas about the pleasure principle more transparent. Of course, such things involve pain as well, because there is punishment.

And this makes me think of the words that refer to it: *Popel*. Sounds very childish in German: *Kuck mal der Mann da popelt*. And this takes me to expressions for food that is pleasant, not simply nourishing: all the names we give to dishes that imply painless pleasure, autoerotic pleasures, or even have sexual connotations that are more interpersonal. In contrast to these, food that serves as a source for energy and not necessarily as luxury usually has rather transparent names, even if they derive from heightened culinary practice such as the cuisine of the Florentine nobility and the French haute cuisine that developed out of it (Vollenweider 1963). Ordinary names for dishes usually tell of their ingredients, shape, ways of preparing them, place or context of origin, or a person to whom a specific recipe has

been dedicated, for example. There are rarely any hidden messages in average culinymys that speak of pleasure as the principle of eating,

of painless lust and fulfilment – just information of what this is, of what we choose from the menu:

(1) Panzanella	CULIINGREDINYM: salad made of bread (<i>pane</i>)
Schnitzel	CULIFORMINYM: a diminutive piece that has been cut off (<i>schnitt-</i>) a larger piece
Pretzel	CULIDEFORMINYM: a small bread that has been deformed into a knot
Foie gras du canard	CULIPREPARANYM: duck liver made fat by feeding mush (animal still alive)
Geselchtes	CULIPOSTPARANYM: pig made salty (<i>sel</i>) by soaking in brine (animal dead)
Sauce béarnaise	CULITOPONYM: a sauce that originates from Berne
Cordon bleu	CULICELEBRATIONYM: schnitzel filled with left-overs to celebrate fastness
Bouillon	CULIHOMONYM: a soup invented by the count or duke (whatever) of Bouillon
Pizza Margherita	CULIPROPRIUM: a pizza created in honor of Queen Margaret

Even though these names might no longer guarantee that the item they denote is what it claims to be – schnitzel might be made out of pureed meat, sauce béarnaise can come from any city but Berne, and cordon bleu is not characteristic for fast steamers any longer – these dishes represent some kind of directness and transparency. They index tradition (pretzels as part of specific Christian rituals), historicity (Queen Margherita's visit to Naples in 1889), and roots (*panzanella* and *Geselchtes* need some local mooring, some expertise in order to be understood). At the same time, these terms refer to globalized food, to things that could be on the menu in various parts of the world. Even the salted pork, in spite of its very local name, would be recognized and available in much of the colonized world, wherever impoverished Germans of the past might have migrated to: perhaps not as popular as pizza but as global.

Other items on the menu are referred to in far more complex ways. Food that promises a different kind of fulfilment, that exists in order to open up new dimensions of tasting and ingesting tends to exhibit a particular playfulness, for example by being colorful, layered, sweetened, and so on, and a particular form of secrecy, by not being clear about what is hidden inside. Such food may have other effects than just nourishing and satisfying, such as working as an aphrodisiac, an erotic pleasure, something that creates appetite rather than being plainly satisfying. Ingestion of such food would transform body and mind into being more desirable and more pleasurable. This is by no means to be underestimated – food that has the potential to really transform the ingesting person is magic and therefore needs particular care and attention. Such food is connected to substances that have the power to transform reality – witchcraft

substances, magic potion, medicine and drugs, for example. We call such things ‘sinful’, desire excessive contact (*‘könnte mich reinlegen’*, ‘smear it all over’) or treat them with utmost care (‘just one, never more than one, oh my god I’m so full’) – and yet, such dishes tend to be small, rare and conclusive. The names they bear hide and reveal all this. Closeness yet distance, inti-

macy yet Otherness. Such polysemy is not easy to tolerate in the non-place where we do not share enough deep language in order to be able to play with meaning. Therefore, such words are rare even though they denote rich food that characterizes that what is offered in spaces of abundance such as tourism spaces, supermarkets and fairgrounds.

(2)	Mohrenkopf	‘a moor’s head’ (obsolete). Beaten egg whites covered with chocolate: rare, exotic, desirable.
	Negerkuß	‘N...’s kiss’ (obsolete). A kiss by an othered person. Intimacy and rejection?
	Zerhackter Indianer	‘chopped Amerindian’ (local). Ironical. Meat salad.
	Nonnenfürzele	‘nuns’ farts’ (local). Mimicking medieval frivolity; folk etymology (< <i>farce</i>).
	Schuhsohlen	‘soles of shoes’ (outdated). A very tough biscuit: the hard way to the pleasures of being saturated. A legacy of Protestantism?

Unlike the examples given in (1), the culinym in (2) are now largely removed from the boards and packets. They have been replaced by more silent, invisible ways of creating intimate otherness. Erasures of culinym also affect words that express desires directed at social groups or figures that no longer are accepted or deemed noteworthy, such as in *Großherzogin-Luise-Torte*, *Großherzog-Friedrich-Torte*, *Katharinabedenktorte*, *Richelieutorte*, *Zeppelin-torte*, *Fürstenäpfel*, *Prinz-entörtchen*, *Bischofs-brot*.¹ In a similar way, names that refer to events and settings no longer considered memorable tend to be removed from menus and billboards, for example *Giraffen-torte*, *Havannatorte*, *Museumstorte*, *Kriegskuchen*,

Kriegsgebäck, *Kriegslebkuchen*.² These last examples refer to different kinds of sins, carnal in another sense, commemorative of violence and colonialism. Not erotic, not secretive: in my grandmother’s cookery book, there is no space and no time for such things. Its language aims at addressing what needs to be addressed.

Sinful food that promises, in an ambiguous way, lust, plumpness and magic is documented elsewhere – in more ethnographic sources, which deal not with one’s own but the Other’s culinary habits. Typically, today, such sources are lavishly illustrated cookery books on Other cuisines (Oriental cuisines) and travel guides to the places where the same can be

¹ An extended version of these introductory pages is available in A. Storch & N. Nassenstein (2020), *Metasex*. Amsterdam: Benjamins. Grand duchess Louise torte, grand duke Frederic torte, Catherine memorial torte, Richelieu torte, Zeppelin torte, prince’s apple, prince’s tart, bishop’s bread; all Wundt et al. (1927).

² Giraffe’s torte, Havanese torte, museum torte, war cake, war biscuits, war gingerbread.

found. There, magic of food is part of the expectations of what explorations into the intimacy of the domestic spaces of Others might bring. Entering the harem (Tapper 2015), eating like a sultan. And because all this remains a fantasy, a repression of what we seem to crave in terms of a transgression of the thin line between desire and ingestion, the public spaces of tourism and marketed specialty dishes remain void of most (not all) things like these:

(3) kadın budu	'woman's thighs'
kız memesi	'maiden's bosoms'
dilber dudağı	'woman's lips'
kadın göbeği	'woman's navel'
boca di dama	'woman's mouth'
souabaa al-aroussa	'bride's fingers'
aşābi' Zaynab	'lady's fingers'
ghraybeh	'fainting'
tel kadayıf	'angel's hair'
bülbül yuvası	'nightingale's nest'
ka'b al-ghazal	'gazelle's bones'
garn ghozal	'gazelle's horns'
imam bayıldı	'the imam fainted'

Mathilde Chèvre (2000: 36 f.) comments on the sweet dishes of Oriental cuisines that they were considered to have pleasant effects on the body and mind – making students obedient and girls amiable, promise adventure to young men and make young women mild. Such foods were, Chèvre observes, good for one's health, prosperity and fertility, well-being and luck; these dishes were associated with *baraka* and therefore possibly even continue to be part of ritual practice and magic. They were prepared and eaten in order to construct and maintain

community, and not in order to sustain one's basic physical needs.

A common feature of such magic, communal foods is that they have names that refer to the shape of objects which they resemble, whereby these objects are desirable body parts (*qalb al-luz* 'heart of almonds'), clothes or actions of authorities (*udun al-qadi* 'ear of the judge', or *razzat al-qadi* 'turban of the judge'), as well as desirable persons (see examples 3).

But these foods also are prominent ingredients of tales and stories that form part of heritage practices and literary traditions. For example, *Alf Leila wa Leila* is not only a rich source of tales about magic and transformation, but also of particular types of food. Many of the latter are grand medieval dishes such as *sikbāj*,³ which seem to be remembered rather as a motif of tales on Persian aristocracy of the period than as something that was part of one's family's festive eating habits (Perry 2006: 490). Food is not – like in Proust's *temps perdu* – a memory of previously experienced smells and tastes, but enigmatic, ancient and erotic; all the time, women feed their lovers with some kinds of fritters and marinated meats smelling of exquisite perfumes. Charles Perry (2006: 489) suggests that it is a motif which has a connotation of magic: "Luxury foods show up often in A Thousand and One Nights, as they should in a book of wonder-tales. They may even appear by magic, like the dishes the Moorish necromancer pulls from his saddlebag in 'The Tale of Judar and His Brothers.' But luxury is always subject to fashion, and many dishes that titillated fourteenth-century listeners are no longer made, or made in the same way."

³ This word is the source of our words *aspic*, *escabèche*, *scoveitch*, and so on (Zaouali 2007: xiv). It derives from Persian *sikba* 'vinegar-food' (Zaouali 2007: 185). Also see Jurafsky 2014: 35 ff.

Luxury and magic are also an integral part of the language of the period's cookery books. This important genre of Persian and Arabic medieval writing is characterized by the use of metaphorical expressions that linked ephemeral food, or rather eating, to more persisting material culture, such as to jewelry and architecture, in a way suggesting the conceptualization of the preparation of a particular dish as tantamount to the creation of artwork that could be kept and passed on from one person to another. And in fact, the cookery books with their precious calligraphy, illuminations and rich illustrations were much sought-after collectibles, either as separate pages or whole volumes (Pamuk 2001). Lilia Zaouali (2007: 20) suggests that the ways in which dishes and the practices related to them – cooking, serving, eating – could be described in these books, had something to do with particular language ideologies:

Exaggeration and excess compensated for the hardships and plainness of ordinary existence, the unhappiness of every-day life. Surely we are not to believe al-Tha'libi when he describes the gluttony of the Umayyad caliph Mu'awiya thus: "One day he ate thirty chickens and a hundred hard-cooked eggs, drank many glasses of date wine, then took his pleasure with two virgins"? Paradise on earth! The grandiloquence and lyricism permitted by the Arabic language helped transform food into something extraordinary, something marvelous and fantastic. Rubies and stars, diamonds, gold and silver were evoked to describe dates, sugars, pastries, eggs, and so on; it was feasting with the eyes and savoring with words. Another author, named Ibn Sirin, who wrote prose works, used the language of dreams to interpret food.

Writing about the language of jurisprudence in Ottoman Damascus, James Grehan (2004) makes a similar observation; language, especially in a particular style, was prone to change reality.

To Claudia Roden, writing about Middle Eastern food and its language today is a means of writing forth such narratives, in so far as such writing necessarily involves turning the gaze to past pleasures and relationships. The history of Arab cooking, Roden furthermore observes, has much to do with the history European concepts and ideologies of the body and its potential to ingest or not ingest particular substances. And more than this; as if the grandiloquence of words needed to be moored in some kind of materiality, feudal European banquets would have correlated food with the architecture of the palace and the garden, fireworks, music and theatrical performances. The individual ingesting body is symbolically placed in its social context, as is the individual creating body in the Arab culinary world. In his 'tractatus logico-gastronomicus', Allen S. Weiss (2002: 101) contemplates on the style of taste as a fundamentally contradictory concept: intimate on the one side, and social on the other, culinary practices need the heightened contexts of heritage, performance and representation in order to sit firmly in one's own life: "In a consumer society of the spectacle [...] for many, *taste is the discourse of the other*. It is only through a combination of knowledge and pleasure, of connoisseurship and discovery, that we can make it our own."

The "grammar of food" (Montanari 2006) is, therefore, intimate and personal, as the ingesting body does nothing else but make things its own. The relationship between a food item and the Self is an egocentric one, which puts the body into a relation with the world. I

assume that precisely this is where concepts such as FOOD-AS-HEALING are at work. This means that food is an intimate affair *because* it is social, in the sense of Bourdieu (1984) for example, for it can be conceptualized in ways that allow for embodied reconstructions of a healthy way of being in the world. From this perspective, it makes sense when David Grumett and Rachel Muers interpret movements such as nineteenth-century vegetarianism, which had to do with attempts to revert to Edenic ways of life through an Edenic diet as movements that aimed at restoring “the health, vitality and longevity for which humans were originally destined” (2010: 137), as intimate projects. Interestingly, from such a perspective, discourse on the frugal vegetarian menu of the period is as grandiloquent as the feudal cookery books – food and language belong together there as something that has the power to transform reality and recreate paradise.

But some careful distinctions need to be made. Not any language, not any food. What is meant here is language that bears in itself ambiguity and performativity in a particular way, which sometimes is referred to as ‘deep language’, sublime and agentive; and then: food that is complex and layered, has the capacity for secrecy, for healing as well as for destruction (also see Grescoe 2008, Satin 2007, Smith 2002, Storch 2011, among others). And the lust and pleasure such food and words make obvious offends more visible, hegemonic regimes of the body. Discourse on how luxury food fattens, arouses, blocks, amalgamates bodies therefore is another effect of the ‘deep’, as an attempt to negate and to marginalize (Fuller et al. 2013). Food that so visibly and audibly transforms, that through its names and ways of preparation and presenta-

tion so clearly does more than feed, becomes alive in itself.

Here, I like to think about shamanic and spiritual connections between food, eating, speaking about food, and speaking in general. The voice, its sound and quality come in here, too. Like the shape of the letters in those medieval cookery books, illuminated, golden, beautiful, the voice in shamanic rituals and in spirit possession is never ordinary. It assumes a precious quality. The presence of the spirits and gods becomes audible through the vibratory sound of the shaman’s voice, symbolized by the amount of friction of air in the vocal tract, the cracks this produces in words, the sound of multiplied breathing and multiple vocal cords swinging (like a hammock), Joel Sherzer writes. This presence can also manifest itself in a hum. Humming, breathing. “Humming is like alphabet soup, wetlands, where all manner of life forms thrive”, Michael Taussig (2015: 34) explains, emphasizing the strong and complex connections between voice, food, poison, and magic:

Modernized apartments for hipsters stare at us from across the way as Juan Álvaro sucks his finger dipped in concentrated tobacco juice at the same time as he chews on the coca powder, like Huitoto men do when they gather in a circle to talk and tell stories. He keeps the tobacco juice in a small bottle shaped like a penis. He hands it around. The juice is extremely strong, toxic is what I want to say, roaring like fire through your innermost being, but his voice is soft as the coca powder. The ink black tobacco juice drips down either side of his mouth as he speaks, giving him black fangs. His mouth – organ of speech – is transformed and transforming, adding to that chain of storytelling

which has the power to change the world, storytelling being the art of penultimatecity [sic] – the one permanently before the last.

There are, quite obviously, substances that appear to be much more alive than the living objects that one might have once swallowed as a youth, in a test of courage. Ingestion of tobacco juice, as well as of effervescent powder I want to add, changing the tongue's color, and perhaps even more: changing the context of the body by moving it into a different reality, making it small again, tickling it, itching it. The shamanic power of food has complex effects, manipulating our nervous systems in various ways. Of course, this can be risky and needs to be handled. These foods, their ways of changing the mouth's and tongue's colors as well as the world as we see it, are different from other foods, as they have something to do with the foods of other worlds, the invisible, it seems, where gods and spirits reside. The danger is not so much, I suspect, a matter

of tasting these secret fruits, but rather to tread on the ground where they grow. What if one never comes back?

When browsing through the ethnographic texts, fairytales, poems, whatever is there, which describe the places where such magical food exists, I find these places almost always connected with water: waterfalls are where the shaman can meet mighty spirits, or rivers, and if one gets trapped in an enchanted land, intoxicated by its pleasures and unable to ever get back home, one usually gets trapped on an island or in an oasis. Intoxicating ingestions are, in other words, likely to be correlated with a state of being removed, unreachable, hidden, away. Dislocation and intoxication, disappearance and trance go together there. The trick of the colonization of places that must have, should we trust Greenblatt, resembled those netherworlds, was to transform them from gardens of forbidden fruit into orchards of lust. Consider the apples in this poem by Andrew Marvell, which dates from 1681:

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song.
'What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,

And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night;
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet
 And throws the melons at our feet,
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars, chosen by his hand,
 From Lebanon, he stores the land,
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple, where to sound his name.
 Oh let our voice his praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault;
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.⁴
 Thus sung they in the English boat
 An holy and a cheerful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

This text about the splendor of a colonized place tells about things that were already known, albeit in a poorer quality. Here, everything is better. Premium world, much kinder an island than that of their own: this is also about some kind of intoxication. Food here is safe though, even precious. And of course, all the previously unfamiliar fruits and plants that came from these places across the ocean

today are the ingredients of comfort food, edible bliss, tv delights: *spaghetti napoli*, pizza, chips and fries, popcorn, *nachos*, potato mush, *polenta*, chili as in *chili con carne*, chocolate, strawberries.⁴

Turning Other fruit into paradise fruit, and then into couch potato fruit⁵ is quite an act of appropriation, even cannibalization, one might want to say. And not only fruit of colo-

⁴ The large ones we eat today are American strawberries; the European ones are tiny and nowadays hard to get. They taste better though. Almost like chewing gum.

⁵ Note that potatoes were first suspected to be fruits by early modern Europeans. Culinyms such as *Grumbeere*, *Ädappel*, and so on, still testify of that. Potatoes were also used as flowers, and rightly so.

nized space elsewhere, but also in the gardens of those who colonized; consider the massive transformation of land into Monsanto-governed hyper-productive farmland, now laying barren under the sun of this summer that lacked rain. And ironically, at the end of this transformative process, imperialism becomes invisible, turns into a decorative item. The Royal Porcelain Manufacture in Berlin offers a porcelain potato that carries the emblem of emperor Frederic the Great (€ 115.-).

But of course, not every foreign land's delicacies were that readily devoured. Pleasures that came from other empires, such as coffee, were considered dangerous for a long time. A short piece of music composed by the educationist Carl Gottlieb Hering warns of the effects of coffee, because its consumption might have harmful effects on one's nerves and on one's national identity:

C-a-f-f-e-e,
trink nicht so viel Caffee!
Nicht für Kinder ist der Türkentrunk,
schwächt die Nerven, macht dich blass
und krank.
Sei doch kein Muselmann,
der ihn nicht lassen kann!

Interestingly, coffee, Stewart Lee Allen (1999) suggests, was not so much feared by European state authorities and the church because it would have had an Orientalizing effect on consumers, but because it wakes you up. Before the introduction of coffee, he writes, soups made of beer were common for breakfast, followed by refreshments such as more beer or wine. The slightly tipsy masses were no danger for their absolutistic rulers, Allen assumes. But this changed with coffee and tea, he writes,

which woke them up, turned them into enlightened thinkers and critical intellectuals. Or maybe it didn't. Better sing a stupid canon, they were told.

Today, explicit traces of all this are largely gone from our menus. There are fragments, here and there, for example when we struggle with the right word for food: *Schokokuss*, Irish potatoes, and when we have to ask the waiter about the difference between a *Balkanschnitzel* and a *Paprikaschnitzel* (one of them would be the previous *Zigeunerschnitzel*). Deodorized culinymys, making the imperial history and colonial reality of food appropriation invisible and inaudible. Food festivals, street food, food malls, food trucks, food blogs, pink polka dots covering the violent history of cuisine.

The seemingly harmless menus imply controlled transgressions. Not only at the artificial street food festival, for example offered in a South African restaurant in the city where I live (they offer a cocktail called *Soweto toilet*), but elsewhere too. The massively long sausages grilled by a German butcher at the Playa de Palma only faintly (well ...) remind us of the phallic thing as which they were advertised some years back. Alcohol offered in the giant bar next to the wurst stall comes as mixed drink, as very sweet lemonade with just a bit of liquor. The smell in the brothel just to the back of the giant bar is precisely the smell of a hairdresser's shop, and the atmosphere is such that I am inclined to ask for a head-and-shoulder massage. Soft lounge music, the owner of the brothel clad in ivory-white cashmere, women talking softly about every-day topics. How nice! Now I understand why men go there, and why people like these sausages. Sweet-sour ketchup, dry minced meat. A bar smelling of freshly washed laundry. Warm in here, just

right. Outside it got chilly already. Shopping bags next to my feet, I'd like to stay, order chips, have another lemonade. My fingernails need polish. Perhaps I should go get my hair dressed next week.

Underneath, other possibilities exist (Andrews 2009 & 2014, Briggs 2013). Bad when things go wrong. A "holiday" sounds like a harmless name for a drink. Sip a fruity cocktail, little cherry on a pink plastic skewer. In a club not far from here, a young woman participated in a party game. Then, three years ago and well before balconing, mamading was the latest craze. Not jump, but ingest. Who would perform the most blowjobs within a certain time would win a prize. A holiday: how attractive! The woman was filmed while she kneeled in front of many men, and the film was later posted online. It became really famous (went viral) when she hit the headlines in the tabloids – how her prize was not a journey but a cheap drink, how her family and colleagues saw the film, how she was shamed and exposed where she lived, in her very religious environment back home. Last year, the t-shirt vendors at the Playa began selling orange tank tops (orange like the drink, of course; tank tops like the one she wore in her video) with the inscription ENJOY MY COCKtail on it.

I have pictures of transgressive ingestions too. On one of them I am about two and I had just had a chocolate pudding feast. The picture still reveals the love my parents must have felt for me, because it is carefully taken, nicely composed, and has ever since been kept in a photo album, even though it hails from a holiday during which I had managed to destroy a souvenir shop by tearing down whatever I could, bit my mother in the tummy, and peed on my father's neck while being carried around on his

shoulders. On the picture, food as a major part of both transgression and control is visible: the chocolate pudding itself is there (around my mouth), its effects in terms of my rather peaceful expression, and the meal-accompanying social safety I enjoyed in general (safety chair, nice dress, combed hair).

Food blogs, as one of the most encroaching forms of touristic text production, usually do not show all this. They also hardly contain any grandiloquence, magic, secrecy and poetry of the cookery books and shamanic practices discussed before. Rather, they are egocentric – food is always seen from the perspective of the writing/photographing subject, gazing down on the plate – and monotonous. First a logo, or a label, then a picture and text, then comments. Likes. Give me 53 likes and I tell you who you are. What you eat. Your desires: everything. But first I speak about ME. Everything in the food blogs I visit has this false hospitality: welcome to MY world. And make sure YOU keep a distance! What a terrible suggestion; I would never ... But one could play with the format, its cheap aesthetics of multiple commodification, the nasty categories offered by its hosting machine.

An ideal form of playing with the machinery of power and control that replaces, in the form of the food blog, other forms of reflecting and depicting food, is the printed (analogue) collection of more or less silly texts which have useless hashtags, likes and dates that reach nowhere. The digital is not there to devour what I devoured before (what an abject image), and therefore it doesn't matter whether all this still makes sense. Why not have a trillion likes? Not only the digital mooring is missing; by retaining the – now useless – format, we also are faced with the lack of helpful categories: voice, magic, taste, smell, laughter, shared time. The food

blog offers restrictions rather than opportunities, and lacking their digital connections to the industry of surveillance and data-storing, the categories normally used in digital food blogs (likes, followers, hashtags) reveal their actual meanings: turning writers and likers into customers.

But apart from their successful functions as both data-making machines and narcissistic electronic games, do food blogs and other digital mediations of meals have meaning? Do they replace analogue interactive forms of meta-eating? Are they equivalent to dinner talk, for example? In Cornelia Gerhardt's (2013) overview on food and language, a negative reply to these questions is given. Discourse about food is typically rich in context, such as social learning while sharing kitchen work, meals and time, and it is linguistically complex. For example, cookery books may not only be lavish in terms of their materiality, but also tend to be rich in specialized vocabulary. Music may play a role too, if one thinks of dinner talk not led at the home but in a restaurant. Digital forms of meta-eating tend to do different things. Always on, according to Howard Rheingold, is a state in which something else happens, namely disciplining the individual rather than socializing a person. Rheingold thinks about the acts and effects of surveillance that cannot be fathomed or controlled any longer, which leave us with "colonized lives, blurred places, softened time" (2002: xx). Mobile media therefore put social order concerning food and eating into question: the food blog is available throughout and wherever we go, while dinner talk, for good reasons, is not. Heike Weber, in her analysis of the genesis of the mobile phone (2008), analyses this situation not as an increase of freedom, but as incipient incapacitation. The temporal accessi-

bilities and formal limitations imposed by platforms, hosts and services determine the ways in which food, language and bodies can be represented, shared and conceptualized, so that users develop dependencies on both presence in and feedback from these media (or rather, their makers and users) instead of becoming more liberated and creative in their reflections and practices.

Writing the analogue food blog felt like the opposite; it was fun mocking the totalitarian system, eating, forgetting about the photo, being reminded of it, thinking about a text that would go with something as banal as vegan calamari that came out of all the mocking-forgetting-reminding, and looking for the next thing to devour, simply because it feels better to have many chapters instead of a few. My food blog-positive attitude ended in massive embodiment, increasing myself in size, developing a dislike for pizza, and frantically reading my very old cookery books again. It taught me more than just a lesson on the limitations of wardrobe. Thinking about food and eating, intimacy and sharing, language and bodies, in the de-linked blog, offered particular revelations. I wonder what the egocentric gaze at a plate really does to language, to the hum of time, and to our eyes that should, at times, look up.

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Le langage a été plus résistant : il t'a fallu quelque temps pour que la viande cesse d'être mince, coriace, filandreuse, les frites huileuses et molles, le vin poisseux ou acide, pour que ces qualificatifs éminemment dépréciateurs, porteurs au début de sens tristes, évocateurs de repas pour pauvres, de nourritures de clochards, de soupes populaires, de fêtes foraines de banlieue, perdent petit à petit leur substance, et pour que la tristesse, la pauvreté, la pénurie, le besoin, la honte qui s'y étaient inexorablement attachés – cette graisse devenue frite, cette dureté devenue viande, cette acidité faite vin – cessent de te frapper, de te marquer, de même qu'à l'opposé cessent de te convaincre les signes nobles, exacts envers de ceux-ci, de l'abondance, de la bombance, de la fête : l'épaisseur sanguine et tendre des « pièces » de charolais, des « pavés », des coeurs de filet, des entrecôtes de fort des Halles, la croustillance dorée des pommes-paille ou allumette, des pommes soufflées, des pommes Dauphine, le bouquet du cru dans son panier. Nulle énergie sacrée, nul divin nectar n'emplissent désormais ton assiette et ton verre. Nul point d'exclamation n'accompagne tes repas. Tu manges de la viande et des frites, tu bois du vin. L'infranchissable distance qui sépare la côte de boeuf de la Villette du « complet » que, Presque chaque jour, tu commandes, à peine entré, au serveur du comptoir de la Petite Source, n'a plus de pouvoir sur toi.

GEORGES PEREC, UN HOMME QUI DORT.





annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



The cool woman and 5 million others liked this

annestorch Tapas for a late lunch. These are croquetas de espinacas, three of five. Nico had one and I had one. We found them both so-so: a bit sticky, not much taste apart of that of the batter and the potato mush that dominates this creation. Needs some dry vino tinto to be better appreciated, but we felt it was too early for this. The gentleman who was with us for a while sold stylish sunglasses.

#starter #beginnings #first

16:00



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



5 likes

annestorch These are calamari rings, fried, and served with a piece of lemon. Wonderful.
Ate them all, quickly. ✓
[#oily](#) [#healthy](#) [#savoury](#) [#hillbilly](#)

16:14



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



Mfumuyabwala and **WBRs** like this

annestorch A dessert that has a heart. Or does it give me a heart. Or is it bad for the heart because it makes me fat and then I'll die from all the sugar and coffee and lack of liqueur (I ordered it without any). Liqueur pour le coeur. It is important to think about the meaning of a heart when one digresses. One digresses in this place where there is much on offer. Non aver paura di avere un cuore!

#Herr Warnke said this first #heart #food #foodporn #coffeebeans #coffeeicecream #cream #chocolate sauce would be nice #calamari #Nico #AhmedWOLOF #superprofesseur #Festus picked me up #superkind #bus #sunshine #Pasolini #Seidl #a man peed next to me

0,31 SECONDS AGO NE

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...

**Omarsharif, Omarkhayyam, Omarbongo and Omagretel** like this

annestorch This drink is listed on the cocktail menu of a Moroccan bar behind Megapark. Hard to find a better place there. The cocktail is called *Creamer Orgasm*. I didn't feel at ease when I made my order. N. ordered seafood pizza or something like that. Even though pizza seems to be one of the most dynamic types of food worldwide – simply because one can prepare it with almost any ingredient (pizza & cheese, pizza & fish, pizza & fries, pizza & pizza) – cocktails are really more interesting. They are pure alchemy. But not alchemy in the usual sense of the word. No! Magically reversed alchemy, alchemy beyond alchemy. *Creamer Orgasm* is based, so the menu says, on vodka, passion juice, pineapple, creamy things and much more. The foamy substance in the chalice shines in different colors, depending on the light provided by the shisha tray. Is tray the right word? I don't know I don't know I don't know. I digress. Alchemy. The drink sounds complicated and intimate. Orgasms are achieved through sex and sex is intimacy. Yet, this cocktail tastes like any other: planter's punch, ace juice, singapore sling, breakfast juices on the buffets of cheap hotels. Orgasm as a concept of intimacy is fundamentally arbitrary.

#Morocco #most beautiful sons of proud mothers #sweet couscous #blind gay scientist #how many did the barman do tonight #shisha #nargila #punch punch five #Brubeck #NNNico #rather cold evening #Tammy #outside there are women #never sorry

3108456842690987 SECONDS AGO



annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



annestorch Sweet couscous at night.
[#yeah intimacy](#)

12 HOURS HAVE PASSED



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



Helma liked this when we were together in Cairo

annestorch Like a bastilla, but offered as mawlaw on the menu. Moroccan restaurant at the playa. Very generous: everything is served with much language. Layered pastry, cheese, honey. Pastry like bedsheets. Filling inside like a secret. This dish allows for poetic text, smiles at pale bodies on the beach, good decisions. Very happy about it.
#at night #intimate description #deep food #body #Lemchaheb

YEARS TO COME, YEARS TO COME

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



In the office there is nothing like this

annestorch This was a café con leche. I sprinkled some brown sugar on its foamy surface and ate that with my spoon. Then I drank the sweet liquid that was bitter and full and warm. Now nothing is left. Ahmed taught Wolof, and so I was given very good words while drinking this coffee (sant yalla bou bakh!). Coffee is intimate for many reasons: we drink it after waking up, still in our pyjamas. An intimate situation, in any case. We share it during a break while we gossip. Good coffee is shared coffee; the things one buys from filling station fridges are terrible. This is why we do not share fast food a lot: one cannot offer such a thing to a guest.

#Asalam alekoum #malekoum salam #mbat ya ngi si jamm #waw maa ngi si jamm #naka fo fou #waw sant yalla #naka koor gi #waw khaw na meti

JUST NOW

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...

**Helmut, Helmut and Helmut** like this

annestorch This is the XXL Bratwurst that is sold near the Megapark. It tastes nothing special but is ok. The ketchup was really nice in the combination with the dry sausage and the baguette. And it creates an interesting effect. The extra large sausage is usually conceptualised as a metaphor for a large penis. With the ketchup on it, it achieves new connotations: is this blood? Does subincision form part of initiation fantasies in the Megapark?

#männerbünde #double #foodporn #dickpic

MAY 2018



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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linguists like this

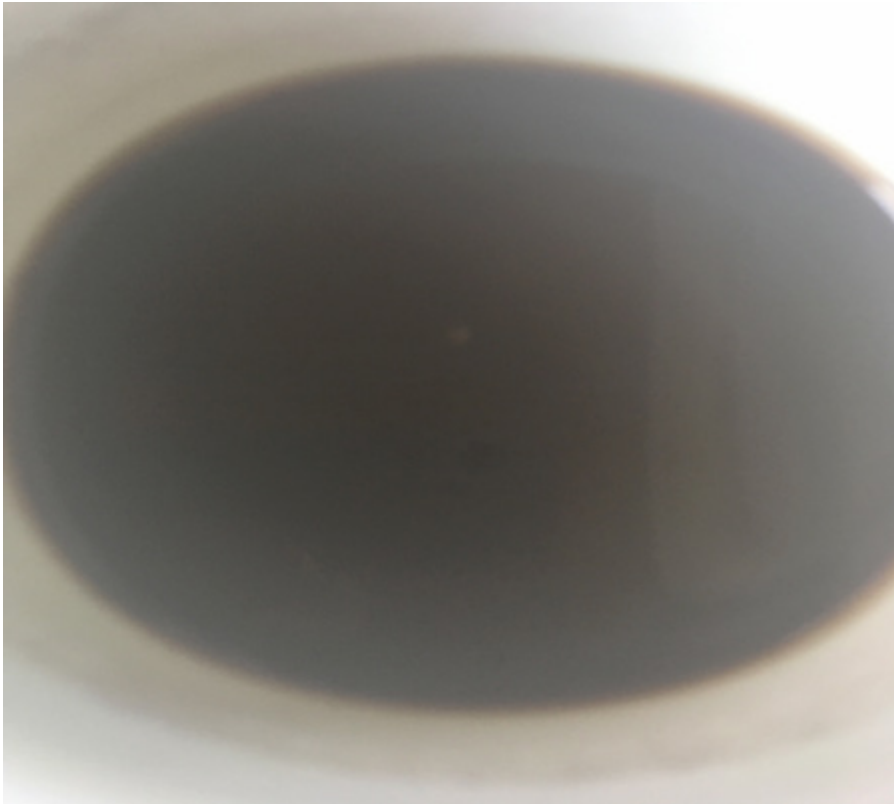
annestorch Pistachio ice cream bought at a gentrified café at the playa and eaten in the Schinkenstrasse. Ice cream is always intimate; think of how it's eaten. Tongue coming out. #artificial taste #terrible music #drunk people all around #melancholia

SADLY ONLY 1 HOUR AGO



annestorch • [follow](#) [or not](#)

...



Mohamed likes this

annestorch Café Touba in the morning. Sit on the verandah, and while I take this photo the lense fogs up. Chilly today. On the street, a couple walk by and talk about what has not happened last night.

[#needs sugar](#) [#spicy](#) [#homo fugit velut umbra](#)

SECONDS



annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



Hannes likes this

annestorch Ending a rather cold day in a little fast food restaurant at the playa. They offer pizza, döner and pasta, and in need of some soul food I opt for a lasagna. Overwhelmingly warm atmosphere, kind host. The lasagna is creamy and soft. A good night's sleep awaits me.

#oven

AT NIGHT



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Searchers and **wanderers** like this

annestorch Bissap from very close. There is a scent of flowers and spices, a first guess of sugar, and a deep sensation of color that make the encounter with this home-made drink intimate. Everything here is about closeness and intensity.

[#Café Senegales](#) [#afternoons](#) [#quiet](#) [#restores senses](#) [#selfcare](#)

ANYTIME



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



tell me **who** doesn't like this

annestorch Bəgəna mafé. Amoul bən problème! Ma si djam bəri. Djeredjef. This spoon ...
#teranga #Café Senegales #sant yalla

LUNCHTIME



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



Nico likes this

annestorch This is the end.
#this is a pizza

NEVER SUFFICIENTLY LONG AGO

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



7677 likes

annestorch There is no good in the bad. This should be a solid mass of sugar and nuts, something you can hardly bite, that kills your molars and makes loud sounds in your mouth while you eat it. Instead it's a chewy paste with almonds that have seen better times. Nevertheless, it is valuable for a study of food and intimacy. The important thing are the rhombic patterns on the oblate or wafer that enrobes the sugary nightmare. Rhombic decorations on things made of almonds, or shapes of the same, refer back to Arabic lawz, and lawzinaj – to layered sweets made of almonds and pastry and cut into rhombic forms that are common in the Near East. Such sweets have been appropriated by Europeans in many ways: layeredness and rhombic shapes are emblematic features of the lasagna (a word that hails back to the said Arabic culinym), and then there are losenges (not edible, but lawzinaj – losenges, well well), and designs as those of the wafers depicted here. Culinary rhombes testify of an intimate relationship between mashreq and maghreb, orient and occident. It cannot be coincidental that this intimacy is represented by layered delicacies that evoke alternate sensations of soft and solid in our mouths, and of savoury sweetness, and almonds.

#lbn Battuta didn't need a visa #sweets on a journey #border-crossing

IN A HASTE

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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Angi and 2 more like this

annestorch A cigarette with a sweet taste used to conclude lunches with my grandmother. After all this enjoyable food she would smoke one or two, and reminiscence a bit, or tell the latest story of something random. A bit of gossip, soft voices, coffee, sitting there and relaxing, while there still was time until we would have to leave. Shared meals are often believed to be intimate per se, but I doubt that this is true. It is the time spent together after all the eating, without any haste, that makes our shared meals meaningful meals. Here, I smoke a perfumed cigarillo that was bought at Magaluf, as the lighter testifies.

#bingo

AFTERNOON



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Fatou, Janine and Nico like this

annestorch Last night, I had a crema catalana for dessert. The orange flower-scented creme was rich and the caramelized sugar on its top was crispy. It was so good that I forgot to take a picture. So I decided to take a picture of this sweet instead, that tastes of tangerine and sugar. Such sweets contain intimacy: we keep them in our pockets and use them to provide comfort.

#cincarini #aranciata

LAST NIGHT THIS MORNING

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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9 million likes

annestorch This pastry is called palmera lisa and reminds me of pastry in many other regions of the Mediterranean. It is basically a moderately sweet millefeuille with caramelised sugar on top. Soft and solid, bland and accentuated at almost the same time. In the past, this was a labour-intensive thing: one needs to roll out the dough, cover the surface with fat or oil, fold everything, and roll it out again. Repeat this many times. Today, many bakers use dough from the factory. Still tastes good though. The shape is interesting: here, it is a palm leaf, which has something to do with Christian iconography. While such sweet, layered dough appears to be characteristic for Sephardic, Arab and Moorish cuisines, the present shape of the pastry suggests an interruption of all this. Appropriation and translation. Sometimes, this pastry is made with lard instead of oil or butter. In Germany, the name for it is Schweineohren, 'pigs' ears'

#soul food #Montserrat Figueras #layered travel

711 – 1492 AD

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



three people like this

annestorch Gambas with Pommes Schranke. Sweet sour salty savoury. The mouth tastes and feels so many different tastes and feelings so quickly, and says words so slowly (in comparison).

#olive oil #garlic (very little) #parsley? #à point #soft corail #rich texture #oily fingers #this scent #this colour #ultimate fries #rosemary #lemon #precision #elegance #forks are barbaric #the beauty of hands #this can be shared #simple #yet brilliant #fresh #really needs to be fresh #quick #but not fast #mediterranean #needs to be eaten warm not hot #lukewarm dishes of the mediterranean #the old world's center #an island just in front of this balcony #that overlooks the sea #on the island there are ruins #remains of an ancient civilisation #did they eat gambas? #of course no fries #these are from the new world #but they might have eaten bread #dipped it into the olive oil #that tastes of the shell #which is actually a form of skeleton #on the outside #roast bones #in order to prepare rich fonds #which make good sauces #roast the exterior skeleton of the gambas #so they turn red #such a tasty colour

ONCE



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



I like this

annestorch Aperol Spritz, candlelight, intimacy. Bittersweet. Look at the colours.

COMME D'HABITUDE

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

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450 likes daily

annestorch A bocadilla served in a small bar that overlooks a square. Orange mosaic, shady trees, purple flowers. A dog barks, his owner comes and smiles at him: has tied him to a tree for a short while, in order to have a coffee and a snack. Shares a joke or two with a woman who spends her break here, each afternoon, before work starts. A policeman comes by, asks about the dog: anybody left him here, abandoned this poor animal? No, no such cruelty. Just an old man joking with a barmaid.

#Las Vegas

ONE DAY AGO

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**Mohammed Hamma Dada** liked this

annestorch It is Ramadan, and many people are fasting. No food and drinks until nine in the night, and the weather is slowly getting hot. Yet, monsieur notre professeur brings along a bag with cans of ice-cold lemonade so that we are refreshed while we learn Wolof this afternoon. He himself doesn't take anything, but that doesn't matter he says. His gesture of hospitality reminds me of visits to places elsewhere. One brings along time, a story to share, an open ear to other people's stories, perhaps some fruits. A child would be sent to buy some canned drinks, luxury items with lots of sugar, fresh from the local shop's fridge. These drinks signify hospitality, as well as conviviality, because one does not drink them carelessly. They have been brought especially for this occasion, they are special. Very different from the ways in which lemonades are consumed in northern contexts: one buys them quickly from an automat or in a supermarket, drinks them in a haste, while walking, while driving. Does not drink the entire can. Does not need a glass. Gets obese as a child. Is told how ruinous is is. This single glass of lemonade that sustains an afternoon of language lessons looks beautiful though. It contains the sugar needed to enjoy the lesson without getting tired. It fits well: the green geranium that forms its background matches in colour.

#imun

1995

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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13 million likes

annestorch This is thiebou yapp, or ceebu yapp, comme tu veux, and should be one of the most successful dishes ever invented by homo sapiens. It is everything: nutritious and healthy, lovely on the palate and nice to the eyes. The rice is cooked together with its nokkos, that is with onions and vegetables and spices (and possibly meat) that have been fried in oil. This way, the boiled rice has a lovely quality: al dente, like brownish pearls that stick loosely together. On top, there is a light mixture of pickles and fesh vegetables, a few pieces of well-fried beef and nokkos.

#sokhna si mbat ya ngi si dyiam

YESTERDAY

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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**EcoOil**, **Aceite.com**, **Olioaglio servá** and **Savannahmalt** liked this

annestorch While briefly forgetting that yours truly is a foodblogger (!!!!!), this meal was finished before its photo was taken. Pasta with gambas and a light touch of peperoncini. Much olive oil. But then, suddenly, while lifting my head and gazing around, I realised how very, very appropriate this empty plate was. I found myself sitting in a gentrified Italian eatery just opposite the unfamous balneario 06, also known as Ballermann 6. The former drinking hub has been transformed into a cool beach restaurant and now offers fruit shakes and salads. No more sangría in a bucket. As a consequence, the guests stay away. A deeply melancholic sight. The word for solitude in Wolof weeta. Empty plates, empty places.
#once upon a time

2018 WITH ALL ITS CONSEQUENCES



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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28 likes

annestorch No words needed. Panacotta with passion fruit treacle on top. A spritz at the beginning, this one at the end of a meal. The colours match so nicely.

SEVERAL TIMES ALREADY

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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I liked this

annestorch This dish and its name are a fascinating example of the connectedness of culinary practices and concepts, language and its capacity of reflecting complex transmissions, and the dynamics of it all. These meatballs are called albóndigas; they have the size of golfballs and are enrobed with a wonderful tomato sauce. The Castilian culinym derives from the Arabic al-bunduqa 'hazelnut, small round object', which comes – possibly via Aramaic and other Semitic languages of the Near East – from the Ancient Greek word for 'hazelnut', pontikon. In modern Greek, this would be fountouki. The term 'Pontic' is related to it, which refers to the Black Sea. The original dish might have consisted of very small meatballs (of the size of hazelnuts), and should have been introduced to the Iberian peninsula by Arab cooks. Two innovations have since taken place: the balls are larger, and they are combined with the tomato which comes from the Americas. A dish as simple as complex. And without migration and the dynamics of cultural practices this would be terrible stuff: just meat, perhaps.

#hazel #closely related to the birch tree #did you know #no meat ball without a nut tree #nuts about the tomato sauce

NEOLITHIC

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



Ulysses and 24 million others liked this

annestorch These are chipirones fritos, fried small calamares. Like the octopus and squid the sepia is a member of the very ancient family of cephalopods. All of them have in common very soft, almost sweet meat and ink. One can make sauces of the ink that taste of the sea more than the sea itself. The so-called baby calamar is either a juvenile form of *sepia officinalis*, or the adult form of *sepia elegans*. Or perhaps a different type of *sepia* that is hard to identify unless one knows where it is imported from (e.g. Indian Ocean). Around El Arenal, the sea has become impoverished of cephalopods and fish. Therefore, it is likely that restaurants offering this dish will make use of frozen imported products.

#very intelligent animals #tales of giant squids #cachalots feed on giant cephalopods #ambra

CHILDHOOD SUNDAYS



SUMMER



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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likewise

annestorch A majestic spritz. Still in Palma, in a little bar. Very quiet. A good place for writing: completed another chapter for "Café Senegales". Writing in bars. Not much else to say about this otherwise common drink.

#olives would be nice #pffffrrrrps

WON'T TELL



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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several very slim blondes liked this

annestorch Aubergine is always a good choice. Here it is served as a tapa; two slices of grilled aubergine, melted goat's cheese, olive oil, rosemary. Aubergine comes from afar, originally (China). Everytime I wonder how the ancestors discovered the wonderfully complex taste of this thing that tastes horrible when raw. How did they experiment with such ingredients? In medieval Persia and Baghdad, cooking and collecting recipies was the privilege of noblemen.

18:46, A SUNNY DAY

annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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**my mother** likes this

annestorch Tapas again. A slice of white bread. Spoonful of shrimp salad with a beautifully sour dressing made of fresh (homemade) mayonnaise. Grilled shrimp on top. A perfect composition that really is an appetizer: it evokes appetite for a meal to come, some wine, perhaps even a dessert. While I write this, the old man sitting next to me begins to freak out because I type loudly. Hits my laptop, wants to hit me, eyes wide open. Time spent in the non-place; I can still reminiscence.

#Plöger

FINISHED



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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3 million likes

annestorch I had this thrice. Coffee ice cream with chocolate sauce and cream. It is served even for breakfast, and with good reasons. The layeredness of this composition is interesting in terms of intimacy: revealing and obscuring. We know what is inside. Soft and crisp things. Intimacy in food is about the harmony and clarity of tastes, textures, temperatures.

#sin liquor

LATE MORNINGS



annestorch • [follow or not](#)

...



190 million likes

annestorch Canned lemonade from a local shop where Ahmed works. Very refreshing and nice design too.

#djeredjef

21:13



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



liked this

annestorch Fresh orange juice. Orange trees with ripe fruits on them can be found in old squares. This juice is reminiscent of ancient gardens and squares.

ON A WARM DAY



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

...



whales like this

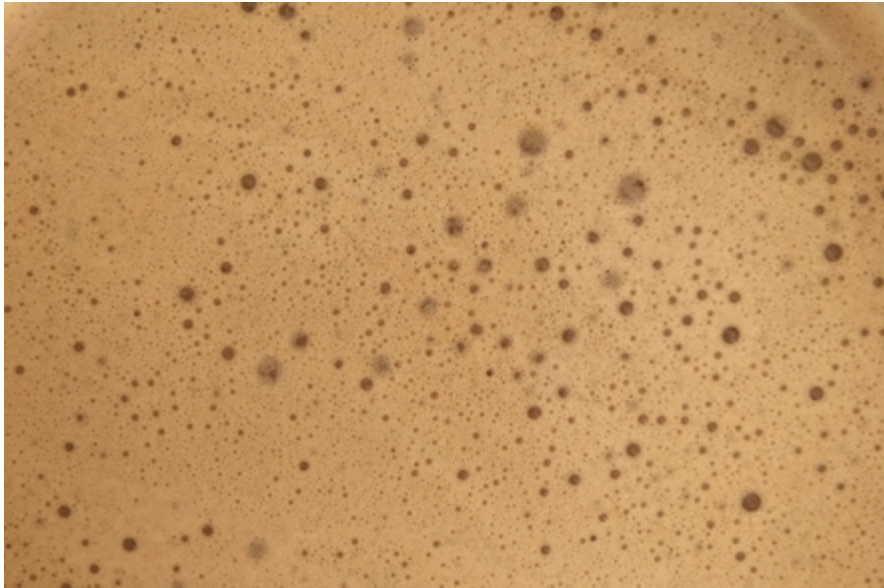
annestorch Grilled squid, garlic, herbs, olive oil. Some rice. Served on a balcony: watching the beach and the street while slowly eating this. Delicate. A sportscar is kickstarted. Men walk by, slowly. The sun begins to set over the mountain range. Looking out from what is not beautiful at what cannot be spoilt. Another concept of beauty from within.
#sol

EARLY EVENING



annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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Janine liked this

annestorch Looks as if a camel has peed on desert sand says my colleague. But this has never seen a desert: iced coffee with mokka ice cream. No cream on top. No syrup no choc chips no cooky dough no concept store. Freshly made coffee and this ice cream basta. Intimacy is about simplicity: this is what it is. If there is more than we immediatly create our distances, asking about hidden ingredients, such as artificial flavours, colours, globalised chains and low-quality products. Intimacy is also clarity. If there is nothing hidden, nothing to suspect, we can open ourselves and be close, or come close. I think of Fatou's research: even in these homes where she takes photographs, the decoration is clear. Hidden in the privacy of sleeping rooms, but very direct and unequivocal.

#sudanese coffee

24/05/2018

annestorch • [follow or not](#)

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Fatou & Janine liked this

annestorch Eating out involves asking for the check at the end of the meal. One has to pay, cash or by card. Money, as numerous sociopsychological tests have shown, creates distance – between individual persons and in society in general. Money distances, helps us to maintain distances and even enjoy them. Money buys us out of unwanted intimacies, for example by allowing us for engaging others to look after aged parents, but also by buying ourselves out of intimacy. Paying for sex is not only something that is done because of a lack of other opportunities, or a lack of social contacts. No! It also is about making it uncomplicated – just sex, and no romance, lengthy phone calls, perhaps even tears, or gossip. Just fulfill a carnal need, and that's it. Like asking for food in a restaurant. No thinking about it afterwards. Yet, restaurateurs do much to let you forget that the bill also works as an instrument of alienation, so to say, because you are wanted to return. Therefore, the little box contained not only, in a discreet way, the bill itself, but also four sweets (for three guests).

#JT says she counted 17 brothels between Ballerman six and balneario 1

OLDEST


 annestorch • [follow](#) or [not](#)

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a like

annestorch Shopping at Hiper China. We search for a huge bag for all the ugly t-shirts. We also look for another sexy squirting bananaa and things one needs in a café. The afternoon has been warm, and now we are a bit tired. But the diverse selection of goods in the shop is so interesting that we feel reenergised. There are several shelves that offer party things. These objects are designed for hen parties, and we have seen them with young women who went to party locations at Arenal: party hats with penises on top of them, aprons with penises, cups with penises, penis-shaped candles, penis-shaped straws, and so on. Occasionally a vulva-shaped/-decorated object too. JT says these are cheaper than the phallic things. Transgression hierarchies, scripted carnival, nothing too surprising. But then, in the corridor where household items are offered, we find ourselves facing two huge dustbins that are both lavishly decorated with pornographic images of women. No men, no phalli. Just nude women, legs spread, inviting us to throw our rubbish at them. Women as rubbish. Garbage women. Why should a group of young women celebrate their last week-or-so of independence before matrimony by enjoying the company of male striptease artists and plastic phalli? Because married life is about being responsible for a home, cleaning it and supplying whatever is needed, and one will never ever be able again to fulfill one's own needs? Because, after se casa, one becomes rubbish? Or are those who are not blissfully married rubbish? We snap a picture and go on. The Chinese owner does not seem to be concerned about our bewilderment. While we pay I see the fridge just next to the cashier and take a can of lemonade. The sugary drink fills my mouth with its soft bubbles. It reminds me of childhood summers when I was still unaware, for a long long time, that there are such dustbins and that one may have a hen party that is somehow related to an idea of misogyny. I also recall, while sipping my drink, an email by an old childhood friend that reached me a while ago: she wrote that these lemonade days were the happiest of her life. Since then, she had been married twice, to abusive and violent men, and now has a drinking problem. What a privilege it is to walk out of a strange supermarket with a cold soft drink in my hand and never having owned such a dustbin.

#calling women girls #or gals #or Mädels #Mädelsabend

NEVER EVER

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52018 likes

annestorch Couscous with vegetables and chicken. It was served in a Moroccan shisha lounge that was located in a tent at the back of the Megapark. A strange sight: gothic castle and Berber tent. The boiled carrots and cucumbers blended extremely well with the savoury onions and raisins. A very elegant composition in any respect. Consider the chickpeas and bits of meat that contribute something whitish here; a taste of white, how interesting. Excellent.

#holistic pleasures

ALMOST MIDNIGHT

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**Ahmed** and 35 million others liked this

annestorch I have a new idea about the relation between ramadan and the concept of hospitality. Ahmed has passed by our temporary veranda and gave us a packet of biscuits, as a spontaneous gift. He himself couldn't take any, until about nine in the evening, because he is still doing the ramadan. Could it be that while one is craving for things that one cannot have (for the moment), one gives such things to others in order to get some sense of fulfilment? I think giving out gifts really feels good, and giving while not being able to take feels extragood. So, perhaps, doing the ramadan in a foreign land provides some very special, quite intimate pleasures in spite of the hardship.

#really need to practice

UNCLEAR

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Jörg and Jürgen liked this

annestorch A mojito in the Moroccan lounge. A TV screen shows German news, and next to us youthful muscle men. This looks so banal, as the mojito has been made banal. But it isn't. The mojito stands in front of a decoration that consists of glass lamps in the form of human skulls which change their colors all the time. Red light, blue light, green light, white light. Magic. The mojito has a long history of onomastic sorcery and gustatory secrecy. It seems to have been invented in the Caribbean sometime at the height of planation colonialism. People mixed rum, lime juice and sugar and named this in diverse ways, often making reference of magic and power. Mojito as a culynym appears rather late. It derives from mojo, which must come from a West African language (unclear) and denotes magical objects. Things that are used for witchcraft and sorcery. Like juju things. Few people seem to know, and rather think of Hemingway when they order this drink. I personally never liked Hemingway's books.

#sugar at the bottom of the glass

AGAIN

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**the hakuna matata band** liked this

annestorch Getting ready for the night. What to write? Wanted to collect more small stories on what happens at night in the little streets around the square of Queen Christina. But then I realised that the bars and brothels, ruined buildings and shabby convenience stores are all just ordinary places where people know each other, greet each other extensively, look after each other, chat. Very relaxed, open, calm. Nothing special. While the tourist mile at the beach offers impressive sights of transgressive intimacy, violence, intoxication and objectification, here it is different. These streets and the square in their midst are real places (in contrast to the touristic non-place) and therefore have a human quality, something that makes one want to be there. While the Ballermann needs extensive performances to be the "home" that some people see in it, this area simply is a home. I feel my presence as a person who asks questions and takes pictures is intrusive and inappropriate and decide to return to the tourist strip by the beach. A few women whom I suppose have Nigerian backgrounds sit at the entrance of a building that looks unused.

#bingo

LATE



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9 million likes

annestorch A very hospitable form of serving sweet Moroccan pastry: rolled up and cut into nice pieces, each with a toothpick so that it can be shared as fingerfood. The pastry itself is not too sweet, which compliments nicely with honey that has been poured over it. A well-composed dish that helps to restore intimacy and feelings of belonging after a night of partying. It is also an item that can be taken for breakfast, but then it doesn't look that purple. #ça va aller alhamdoulillah ça va aller

AT NIGHT AGAIN, ALWAYS AT NIGHT

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Gisela liked this

annestorch A recently established shop offers yoghurt ice creams with diverse accompaniments. Here, we have yoghurt ice cream with three different chocolate sauces (dark, milk, white), a bisquit, chocolate flakes and chocolate shavings. Everything is put into the cup in layers and looks very tempting. But after eating this halfway, neither the visual nor the gustatory sensation is overwhelming. It's too cold, too much, too fat and too rich to make any sense as seductive food. Originally designed to attract young couples on their first date in the ice cream parlour, it really makes one want to go for a walk and burn calories.

#neeee echt nicht

1956

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**Siebeck** liked this

annestorch One of the best things so far. Simplicity wins again. The cheese was recommended at one of the specialty shops at the playa: it is locally made and has aged a bit. It resembles manchego, but not quite. Aromatic and not soft, but also not too solid. A very good colour and lovely smell. It needs a few grapes only to make a perfect summertime snack. By no means combine it with a mostarda or anything like that. The cheese is much to delicate for such a strong aroma. It needs clarity and purity. The perfect intimate food, and a perfectly happy intimate foodblogger.

#cheese #sneakers #airport

EVERY TIME

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**Souleymane** and 300.000 others liked this

annestorch An hour at the beach. The sea is still cool and refreshing, and the beach vendors have a hard time selling their cold drinks and fruits. But after a while I got thirsty and decided to buy this bottle. Plastic bottles are not only bad for the environment, they also make water taste strange. A global problem. During my first visits to Khartoum, people still cared huge pots in the streets of their neighborhoods in which fresh water was kept cool and was made available to anybody who passed by. Later, these water dispensers were gone and people bought water in plastic bottles. The water from before had been wonderful – a taste of the earth, cool and refreshing. Plastic water never tastes refreshing, not even when it is really cold. I wonder whether the beach vendors or any other person at this desert has memories of that old water and of neighborhoods in which wanderers and strangers would be welcome to take a rest.

#suq ithnain

THEN



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a few insignificant likes

annestorch In an airport restaurant. The salad on the menu consists of salad greens, pine nuts, goat cheese, chutney, onions, balsamico dressing. The actual meal consists of roasted onions (convenience food), onion marmelade, a few drops of balsamico, a thin slice of cheese. Gustatory disappointment is an intimate sensation.

#quite boring

DELAYED



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liked somehow

annestorch An airport snack: nachos with beans, sour cream, chilis, cheese, salad. Intimate moment, noise all around. The selection and ingestion of food appears to be almost the only way to transform the non-place into a place. Because they involve complex interactions with others that are not part of, e.g., falling asleep or going to the toilet, or waiting.

BEFORE LEAVING



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Didn't like this

annestorch I reminiscence on my week of incorporation. Things I didn't eat or drink, inspite being offered them, include

Döner	Milk	Mustard
Cornflakes	Short Bratwurst	Schnitzel
Paella	Hamburger	Jamòn
Cheese sandwich	Crêpe	Beer
Cake	Sex on the beach	Soft turrón
Tiramisu	Lollipops	Ensaïmada

Sobrasada
 Margarita
 Seafood pizza
 Vodka lemon
 Kebab
 Spring rolls
 Pa amb olio
 Popsicles
 Rippchen
 Roast pork
 Chili con carne
 Weisswürstchen
 Sangría
 Steak
 Chicken nuggets
 Pasta salad
 Nescafé
 Potato salad
 Fruit shake
 Milk shake
 Wafers
 Mixed pickles
 Mixed nuts
 Jelly beans
 Popcorn
 Bacalau
 Pimientos de padròn
 Tuna
 Fitness salad
 Energy drinks
 Sushi
 Sardines
 #so many opportunities missed

FRIDAY TO FRIDAY

Scrambled eggs
 Beef tartare
 Slush
 Screwdriver
 Baked potato
 Chicken wings
 Veggie burger
 Hotdogs
 Spaghetti carbonara
 Pepsi
 Frikandel
 Melon
 Ice tea
 Mortadella
 Mozzarella
 Giant fishbowls
 Dürüm
 Caipirinha
 Cheesecake
 Cava
 Tzatziki
 Tortilla
 Cappuccino
 Leberknödel
 Laugenbrezel
 Jägerschnitzel
 Potato chips
 Almond tart
 Chicken curry
 Green apple
 Weed
 Speed

Entrecote
 Lobster
 Tunel
 Asparagus
 Strawberries
 Dates
 Fabada
 Chorizo
 Strawberries
 Pina colada
 Cigarettes
 Salami
 Mushrooms
 Bodily fluids
 Mutton
 Mussels
 Rabbit
 Caviar
 Oysters
 Asparagus
 Pills
 Sirro menth
 Fish
 Ravioli
 Makkaroni
 Almonds
 Raisins
 Chewing gum
 Chocolate
 Softeis
 Sweet potatoes
 Yassa



Comments

Oh, Sieht Super aus!
Aber sag mal,
wie war der
Urlaub letzte
Woche?

pass mal gut
auf, dass du
dir keine
Schwermetall-
vergiftung
reinfäfst :)

na, diese
Wurst hätte
meine Frau
nicht geschafft

cool post!
check this
site:
www.fancyheaven.de

Ist das Kunst
oder kann
das weg?

Voll poetisch
+ toller Beitrag!
Du bist meine
Inspo

Arghh...
Foodporn!
#Tuttenleid

Sommer
pur!

Warum reist
du mich
nicht mehr?
:C

