

GAS
Editorial 004

Do you remember your first kiss, well how can I forget, My hands still shiver from the very thought of it, sings the Swedish singer Jens Lekman. As his boyish voice continues the train cuts through the German night, now forgetting what the song is about other than sweet oblivion and love. The night train ends in Cologne. We are there to see an exhibition about love, strange love, abstract love, inexplicable love.

Before you tell someone you love them, you need courage. Love often begins with courage and fragile, slow movements towards the one you love. Comfortably numb. It is one of the most abstract feelings, so hard to explain, yet most people have experienced it. Comfortably numb.

Before you break up with someone you also need courage. Another kind of courage. Often *it's not you, it's me!* is used as a weak excuse for not being able to love. We know from experience that receiving and giving *it's not you, it's me!* makes you comfortably numb. When you part with someone, it should always be with love.

Dear reader, it's not you, it's us! GAS is taking a break, but we promise that next time GAS

is back there will be more issues about doorknobs, diseases and hobbies.

We are proud of this break-up LOVE issue of GAS, and we thank the GAS correspondents Lisa Anne Auerbach (Los Angeles), François Bucher (Berlin), Gæoudjiparl van den Dobbelsesteen (Bedsted), Surasi Kusolwong (Bangkok), Olof Olsson (Copenhagen), Emily Pethick (London), Mark von Schlegell (Cologne), Alina Serban (Bucharest), Taner Tümkaya (Stockholm), Alexis Vaillant (Paris) and Jan Verwoert (Berlin). Special

guest appearance by Judith Hopf (Berlin) and Henrik Olesen (Berlin).

With love,
xx P & J

stamp

address

GAS

★★★★

2009

004/The Love Issue/3.45€ ★★★★★

Leaving

By Olof Olsson, Copenhagen

At the day of the deadline, Saturday night, five minutes before midnight, I sat in a bar with a friend. Actually, it was more than a friend, it was someone I was in love with.

I had arrived by train late in the afternoon. I had hoped to write my text for the love issue of GAS magazine on the train. But it did not happen. The train left at 5:09 in the morning, and I had come directly from a party. So I slept a lot. When I woke up I had coffee, and then I tried to write. But I did not get very far. I did not know how to tackle the subject, so I just wrote what came to my mind; some attempts at poems that all turned out to be about love and death, and the beginning of an essay [text? story?] about the most beautiful body I had ever seen. But most of the time I just sat in my seat and looked out of the window, and tried to deal with the things that made me worried. I had been away for three months, and I had a lot of luggage. The direct trains were fully booked, so I had gotten a bad route, with three very tight changes. And I was worried about the future, and money. And I was worried about love.

When I saw that the Lavazza wall clock in the bar was five minutes to midnight, I told the owner of the most beautiful body I had ever seen that my deadline was running out. Her mind was as sharp as her looks, and I loved the way we could talk. I had to write about love, I told her, but I had not been able to figure out what to write. I had an idea, though. I wanted to start with writing about the time I had to take a photograph of a

LOVE

brain. I needed it for my first exhibition. It was an exhibition about a fictitious photographer who suffered from photomania – he could not stop taking photographs. The protagonist was based on various real and fictitious characters. One of them was me.

I went to the museum of natural history. But they only had plastic models of brains, which did not look satisfying. Then I went to a medical research centre. At the reception I said that I needed a brain. I was sent somewhere to talk to someone. But that person did not seem to want to take a decision. So I was sent further up in the hierarchy. This happened a couple of times. Finally I was sent to a professor. When I got there, he was having lunch. He asked me to come back a bit later. So I did. Then he said, “so you need a brain... well, we’ve got brains.” We took the elevator to the basement. And if this story would have been a film, there would have been a shot of us going through echoing, catacomb-like corridors. And probably we did. Finally I found myself in two connected rooms – quite large, about 10 metres square. The rooms were light. Along the walls there were shelves with grey boxes with lids on. The professor put on a pair of surgical gloves, lifted a few lids, and peeped down into the con-

tents of the boxes. Then, he put his hand down into one of them and took up a brain. He put it on a table made of opaque plastic, seamlessly transforming itself in one end to a backdrop; an ideal table for taking photographs. He left me alone there, and told me to drop by his office when I was finished. I put my camera (Olympus OM-1n) on the tripod (Manfrotto 144B), put on surgical gloves, positioned the brain, and took my shots. I was happy to see and hold a real brain. In stories, one hears about the fluidity of brains, but this was a solid thing, and I liked that. I liked the fact that my brain was a solid organ.

I do not know why I wanted to start with that episode, maybe it was because I had read in Wikipedia that brainscans of people in love show a “striking resemblance” to those who are mentally ill.

Then I had an idea to continue the text by writing about water beds. On-and-off I have been thinking of writing an essay on water beds for two years. My girlfriend at the time suggested it to me. It seemed to make sense when she suggested it, but actually – as I started to do research, I did not quite know what the text should be about. In the 70s the water bed seemed to carry certain erotic connotations. Maybe it was not a playboy thing, but at least some kind of happy bachelor thing – “I’ve got a water bed...” The water bed had slightly kinky connotations, but what the specific erotic possibilities were, my research never revealed. It might just be that the introduction of the water bed coincided with the era of the sexual revolution, and that they seemed connected, just because they got popular at the same time, and people often have sex in beds.

My friend was very enthusiastic about my ideas. She said, half the article was already there. But I was not sure. I felt I lacked material.

When the bar closed, we went to her apartment. I left it, finally, at around ten the next night. It was hard to leave, because I knew that I could not see her anymore. It rained. There had been a lot of crying, and talk, or just lying quietly in each other’s arms. When I got down on the street, I looked up, and there she stood in the window, looking at me. I lit up a cigarette, and stood under the awning of the entrance to a bar. While I smoked I looked back, standing completely still. Then I sat down on the steps. She sat down on the windowsill. I lit another cigarette, and smoked it. We continued to look at each other. When the cigarette was finished, I rose, and started walking home.



WINNER
GAS 002

International Herald Tribune and GAS are happy to announce the answer to Readers Competition GAS02: What is the yearly salary of director Glenn D. Lowry, Museum of Modern Art, New York. The right answer was C: more.



Director of The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA, New York), Mr. Glenn D Lowry



YOUNG MAN
Drawing by Mrzyk & Moriceau, The Valley, 2007. Commissioned by Alexis Vaillant, Paris

READERS
COMPETITION!

Do YOU remember your first (last) kiss? Tell us your most memorable love or break-up story and we will reward you with a flight to and dinner in Berlin.

Email your answer before Miss Albrethsen's 40th birthday December 15th, 2011 to gaspeople@hotmail.com

I first saw *Stupor* in the summer of 2001 at Tower Records in Pasadena. It stood out from the rack because it was tall and lean and printed with purple ink and had a pubic hair "of a real *Stupor* reader" outlining the "S" in *Stupor*. A long pubic hair, too. Not one of those Hollywood porn pubes. It was hair that wasn't afraid to state it's place in the universe. A proud hair. The rest of the cover had images of toilets and toilet paper. It was a perfectly shaped publication to fit on the tank of the toilet, and the stories inside were an excellent length for those who subscribe to the theory that one should not be sitting on the toilet all day but that a short distraction can be good for the pipes. The stories in *Stupor* #9 were mostly about what happens on that holy shrine. It was the first zine I ever read cover to cover. I hate to admit this, but it might be the only one I've ever actually read completely. There is really something compelling about shit stories.

So I wrote to Steve Stupor and sent him some of my own publications and he sent me some more *Stupors* and I read them all. Only #9 is about shit, but they all have themes. Accidents, Neighbors, Work, etc. The stories are ones that people send in or that Steve hears in local bars. People really have a way of opening up to him or maybe everyone is just too drunk to care what they are saying. I'd like to think that if you go into a bar with an open mind and ear, that the mysteries of the universe will be delivered to your ears and maybe *Stupor* proves that this is an impossibility, that if you open your ears in bars you just hear things that make it more difficult to sleep at night.

After my 2001 flirtation with *Stupor*, I didn't think much more about it until a couple of months ago. On November 10, 2007, I walked into Design 99 in Hamtramck, Michigan and saw a rack of *Stupors*. It was just like running into an old friend. I was so excited to see them and the people working in the store were so excited that I was excited. Turns out *Stupor* was published right around the corner from the store, and everyone knew Steve Stupor. They said he was a stand-up guy and that he'd be happy to know that a fan from Los Angeles had stopped by to pick up the new issues. I read them all on the plane home; more great stories about the human condition and the American dream. Stories of miscommunication, unhappiness, anger, and honesty. Seems like people who tug the ear of a stranger in a bar in Hamtramck, Michigan have something to say.

Stupor has themes; Gas has themes. I put two and two together and thought I'd see if Steve had any stories for Gas about love. He was happy to hear from me, remembered me from the things I'd sent years ago. He went out to some bars looking for love tales and didn't have much luck. If you're out drinking alone in Hamtramck, maybe there's not much to say about the subject of love. He sent me some stories anyhow, some that had been in old *Stupors*. And he sent me a leaf from Belmont Street.

Lisa Anne Auerbach
Los Angeles, Calif.

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN HAMTRAMCK: STORIES FOR THE WORLD FROM STUPOR

from GAS CORRESPONDENT
STEVE HUGHES
MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



Male, Hamtramck, MI:
We'd been split up for three miserable months, and now Sharron is hanging out with all these new people. Stupid people. She calls me and invites me to this party that this idiot dropout named Tony is having, but I haven't seen her since she decided to ruin my life. So I'm nervous, but I go anyway. The party is loud and Tony and all these bozo gangster types are playing dumb music and yelling at cars. I'm thinking there's no way I'm going in there, but Sharron meets me out front, and pulls me around back, into the kitchen, where her friend Molly is lighting a cigarette from the stove top. Sharron's wearing shoes that put her up like an extra two inches and this sleek skirt like she stepped out of a magazine. I can hardly look at her. It's funny because I feel so fucking depressed but she starts talking about how depressed she is because her cat died. Oh, I'm sorry, I say, that's awful. Then I say this stupid thing: Something died in me too. She doesn't say anything, and Molly doesn't either. And it's uncomfortable for a minute, until the girls look at each other and start laughing, and it's okay, I don't care. Laugh at me. And I pour a beer and pour shots of Blackberry Brandy and we drink to her cat and the dead thing in me. And we drink again and again. We drink to the end of school and we drink to the summer, and she wants to drink to parties, and more parties till the end of time, or till we're dead. I raise my glass, Till we're dead, I say. We drink and suddenly it's real late and we're good and buzzed, and Sharron's eyes are shiny and all spent out. "Let's go upstairs," Molly says. She's leaning against me. And I guess they're planning to crash in the 2nd flat. So we grab one more drink and go around back through the door and up the steps. The apartment is bare except for a mattress on the floor and a couch and a couple metal folding chairs. Not much else. Sharron is like, "I can't sleep like this. I've got to clean up. I smell awful." We're hardly up there for five minutes when this guy hammers at the door from downstairs and he wants us to know that there's been some shit going on and that these guys are coming back to shoot Tony. "There's always somebody saying they want to kill Tony," Molly says. And this guy has an extra pistol and he wants to leave it with us in case something crazy happens. Are you kidding? I say, Don't leave the pistol. We don't want that thing in here. I'm more likely to shoot myself than do anything, like protect people. He gets this look, like he just stepped in shit. "Oh, my god," he says. He hands the gun to Molly and tells her to hold on to it. "Don't give it to that pussy," he says, pointing to me. "You're cracked." That's true, I say. I'm messed up. And Sharron's running the shower, and Molly is examining the gun and talking about how stupid Tony is. And I check the bathroom door. Open it. And I'm in there with Sharron who's steaming the place up good. She's like, "What are you doing? You're letting all the cold air in. Close the door." And I strip out of my clothes and I step in the shower with her, and I know this is going to mess me up more. I shouldn't be in here, soaping her, but she lets me, and I kiss her, and I want to collapse into her. "Do you want to have sex or not?" she says. It's a lot more complicated than that, I tell her. She holds herself open, but it's wrong and she doesn't care. I say, This wouldn't mean anything, would it? "Give me a break," she says. I tell her I just want to hold her. The water is getting cold. She turns the faucet off. "Well, she says, "Are we going to or what?" And I feel all eroded. I feel like I've stepped out of myself, like I'm in the room watching myself mess everything up. She rolls her eyes and sighs. "Don't say it's my fault," she said, "Because it's not." I am shit, a cold pile of crap. She grabs the only towel in the room and starts drying off. I'm dripping naked freezing. Fine, I'll freeze then. And that's when we hear all the banging downstairs and the yelling. And the music shuts down and I can hear a man shouting, and another yelling back, and banging, and what sounds like a door slamming over and over. Don't get out of the tub! I say. It's bulletproof. That's when Molly lets herself in. "Sorry. I think it's those guys. Maybe they're going to kill Tony." She closes the door behind her. She's got the gun. And I'm like Jesus, you're going to get us shot. Put the gun down. "What if they come up here?" Sharron says. We listen, to the yelling man, trying to make sense of his voice, until I'm sure it's only the cops. They're clearing the place out. Put



the gun under the sink, I say, okay. "Okay." And she opens the cabinet and sets the pistol down. She gets in the tub with us. By this time, I've shriveled down to nothing. Do me a favor, I say, don't stare, okay. It's just going to get smaller if you stare. Molly pokes her finger behind it and gives it a quick flick. I smack her hand, Stop! I say. "Damn, Molly," Sharron says, and she's smiling like this is a real funny joke. "Yeah," Molly says, "You got to loosen up." After a minute, the banging and stomping stops. I wait for the cops to fling open our door and make fun of me and my shriveley dick. But everyone's gone. I pull on my clothes, and look out the front window. The street is dead still. I'm thinking of those guys who want to kill Tony, and how I'd like to be home in my own bed. Molly goes down to check things, and finds the door standing open. Nobody was there. So she locked the place up and shut the lights down. Sharron doesn't seem to care that none of us belong here. I'm thinking we should get out of here. It's like four in the morning. We're all stretched out on the mattress, me and Sharron and Molly, and I've got to be at work in five hours. I'm tired, I'm exhausted, I'm miserable, and Molly is running her hand over me. Don't, I whisper. Sharron has passed out and I do my best to ignore Molly, until it's impossible. Until I have no choice, and I pull her close and hold her. My misery.

Female, Belleville, MI:

I was in 11th grade, hanging out at Five Points, and drinking beer. It was me Sue and Margie. Sue was the bad girl. Sue was the reason I smoked pot and got drunk. Sue had long stringy hair, wore Motley Crue Ts and jeans, but had really bad skin. She looked like she'd dragged her face on the ground behind her. Road rash. It was red and raw and worse for all the scrubbing she gave it. Everyone liked Sue. She'd go home with anybody if they gave her a beer. Margie was short, overweight, and her hair was all burnt and kinky from using the curling iron. Me, well, I was beautiful, of course. What did you think? I was 17. So we bought pot from this guy, Leo who had like long floppy hair, and some rippled muscles, and I remember his teeth were all crooked, but he was real nice and I think we probably all slept with him at one time or another. I know I did, once. It happened at his parent's house. We were partying. Maybe six of us. And I followed Leo into the bathroom. We started kissing and he laid me down on this super shag rug with my head on the tile, kind of right next to the toilet and I was feeling it all, and I may have been a little drunk and a little high, but I could see out the window and it was warm and great outside: the breezy night air, the moon, the stars, and slow strands of clouds. The crickets and peepers, crying for it, and we're doing it. And it felt great, only I'm trying to ignore the toilet, which was clean, but still it's right there. The toilet, Leo and me. Beer and weed. And he was old enough, older than me by almost a year, and so he got his license way before us and he found us this one day, Me and Sue and Margie hanging out at Five Points, and he pulled up and told us about some party. It was summer and clear blue skies. We had nothing to do. Partying was always the best option — our highest priority. We got in his car and went to this liquor store. He got out, "Back in a jiffy," he said. We were all squeezed in the back seat and talking about whatever teacher who was so mean. And after a minute, Leo came storming through the doors. Mad because they wouldn't sell beer and on top of that there was some insult. Probably about his hair. He was actually really sensitive. Like his eyes were red with tears, and I could see the water in them, glinting. He was crying. My God. Leo. My heart hurt. And I was almost crying too, which doesn't maybe make sense. But I was crying, too. Because we're so connected. Like since that day in the bathroom. We're connected. I guess there was more to it than what I understood. I guess there was some other problem going on with him, something with his family, his crazy ass mother, was fucking up his brain. And this was something I didn't know about him at the time. One thing's for sure: on top of being really sensitive, he had a really bad temper. So he got in the car all red faced with his crooked teeth clenched together and he back up fast, squealed the tires and smashed us hard into the store owner's car. Oh, my God! And suddenly, we were laughing our asses off, like all that awful tension had just sucked away, out of the car. And Margie couldn't help it, she started snorting, which made us all laugh more. I turned around to see the other car all crumpled in, and then the owner of the store, came running out, yelling and he had a pistol. And Leo blasted off, spraying stones and cloudding the place with dust. And I don't know if that man shot his gun or not. I didn't look to see. I usually say he shot it. So this time I'm telling you it happened: he shot out the back window and all these little diamond size bits of glass sprayed us. And I'm looking down at

my hands, and all the diamonds and the fragments of light shooting like little rainbow spears, and I shake them off my fingers, and no one is bleeding or anything. And the air that rushed in felt cool and great. For a second I thought we were all dead. But we weren't. Margie squealed and Sue's cigarette ash burned her leg. And she was moaning about it for the rest of the day, until she got really drunk and fell asleep on the couch. Leo was a good driver. He got us out of there and got us to the party. And there was a keg there, so we didn't need the beer anyway. I remember I was kind of scared of Leo after that. Maybe scared is the wrong word. It was totally exciting being with him. But once I knew that he was sort of out of control, well, yeah, then I got this crazy great thrill, just being with him.

Female, Garden City, MI:

Everybody in my family is fucked in the head. The problem isn't my husband. I mean it's true that I'm the problem, and Jerry, too. Jerry and me, we're pretty much disowned and draped with a big red letter "R" as Ruiners of the whole fucking world. Mostly I'm worried about the kids. I hope this whole thing doesn't trash their lives. I don't think that's really possible, you know. Kids are so adaptable. They're at home now with my husband, so they're fine, tonight, right now. And once Jerry and I get married it'll be cool, because they'll all be brothers and sisters instead of just cousins. I tell you, I really don't know how I didn't end up with Jerry in the first place. He was really obviously always the right brother. My soul mate, and I'm serious about that. I'm not a corny person. And everything I've done up to this point, was just like so I could understand that, and know that, yeah, I did make a mistake, I made a lot of mistakes, and a lot of people hate me for it, but it wasn't falling in love with my husband's brother. That was like in the stars. That was like math or science. It was like a crazy long math problem, that takes a lot of steps to work through, but every time you set it up the answer ends up the same. So screw the world. I was young. I mean when I first got married. I didn't know myself like I do now.

Female, Hamtramck, MI

This was after my mom died, and all this other dumb stuff happened and I met Jimmy, and me and Jimmy just started drinking and drinking, and I got all messed up. And he had this iron railing that he wouldn't let go. It was about five feet long and too heavy for me. But I helped him carry it down to the lady's house. We were going to put it on for her. It was a job. Jimmy set it up. No, Carlos set it up, but Carlos didn't know shit. Carlos is a dumb fuck, so Jimmy took over. And we bought a fifth of Five O'clock and it was ten o'clock, so I wanted to buy two but we only had enough for one. We found a bench in the alley, and Jimmy drank so much he smelled like a hospital. I could keep up, too, no problem. Then we carried the railing more. "It's not far," he said, but I should have known because Jimmy never knows what he's talking about. I'm hungry, I said. Is that lady really going to pay us? "Yeah." He said, staring off at the gray sky. "She better." Suddenly, Jimmy stopped and started fishing around and shoving his hands in and out of his pants. What the fuck, Jimmy? "Fuck," he yelled and dropped the railing. It landed on my foot and a sharp pain stabbed my bones. Fuck! I was jumping around trying to hit him. I socked him a good one in the forehead. Dumbass fuckshit! "Ouch," he said. "That hurt," he said. What's your problem, I said, That killed my foot. "I can't find the address. It's gone." Perfect, Jimmy, I said, For a minute there I was worried you might get something right. Amazing. "I think it's the house with the red tree out front." We dragged the railing up the steps and sure enough the lady answered. "What do you want?" she said. "Hold on." Her husband came to the door. "What's up?" he said it just like a cop would say it. Like he had one of those beating sticks rammed up his ass. Jimmy tried his best to seem sober, "We brought over that railing you ordered. We're ready to put it on." The man stepped out the door. He was smiling. Why was he smiling? "I'm afraid you've got the wrong house. Now I suggest you move on." I sat down on his steps and shook my head. What the hell, Jimmy, I said. Jimmy—. "No," Jimmy said, "No, this is the right house. I remember that lady. She ordered it. I'm sure." "Look," the man said, "Get your railing and get the hell of my porch or you're going to be in a world of hurt." I couldn't drag the damn railing another inch, so we found a boarded up house and slipped it into the bushes. My foot hurt bad. "We'll get this thing straightened out," Jimmy promised. He said it so nice that I believed him. That night we slept in Carlos' house. He wasn't there, and we couldn't get the windows to close. They were painted open and the rain was coming in but not too bad. The cats were all upset. They slept together, curled and heaped like a bunch of warm hairy pillows. I love cats.

I'd lay my head on their soft purring bodies if they let me. They wouldn't let me. And later Carlos got home and had this fit, and yelled at Jimmy and kicked him in the back. I was just barely awake. My head throbbed with sleep. I remember him slamming the windows. It was freezing. The heater was running, but it took forever to get warm. Some bugs lived in his carpet. They bit my back. I lay tight to Jimmy. He reached around and patted me on the hip like he was glad I was there. He was warm, but not soft like the cats. He was boney but his gut was fat and it slopped out of his pants onto the floor. I rested my hand on his big tummy, and gave him a rub. "We'll try again tomorrow," Jimmy said about the railing. And we did. But it took us a while before we got going. I was thick and blurred. My head hurt, my foot was swollen and green, and my eyes were all dry, and blinking made it feel like my corneas were tearing off. We were out of money. Things were bound to change. Jimmy knew it, so did I. They were either going to get a lot worse or I'd figure some way to make them better. Right then I didn't care. I just needed a drink.

Male, Hamtramck, MI:

I am sitting at the Whisky and it's turned out to be a good night of drinking. I'm about ready to head out when this girl comes in who I sort of know, but not really and she plops down next to me and wants to buy me a drink, and I like drinking, so Okay, Sure, and she's like, "Oh, you're so hot. Are you hot or is it just me?" It's probably me, I say. Last I checked, I was super hot. But I guess she really is hot one, like over heating, because she takes her top off like that's just what people do when it's hot and they're feeling good, and I say, Whoa, it's not even my birthday. And we're drinking and her shirt is draped across the bar, and I'll say she looked pretty nice if not a little heavy, but her tits looked great, sort of swaying to the music, then resting between her arms on the bar, then swinging toward me as she put her hand on my shoulder and talked right in my ear, then heaving upward as she arched her back and made a big deal out of chugging her beer. It was nice of her to share them with me and everyone else. Then this other girl comes in and walks right over to us and gives us both a big hug. And this is like one of those rare nights, never to be repeated. They're both talking to me about pussy, about what makes one pussy nicer than another, and then the second one takes her shirt off, and for my pleasure and the benefit of the rest of the bar, they rub their titties together and kiss. I'm having more beer and feeling drunk and better than I have in weeks, and the one girl, the first one, digs her hands down her pants for some personal sort of grope and she's got a nice shine to her fingers, and she wants me to smell to see how clean she is. Are you kidding? I lean toward those slick fingers and take a quick sniff, careful not let them touch my nose, but they do, and I'm like, Oh shit. I've got pussy on my nose and upper lip. My wife's not going to appreciate that, but then I realize that either my nose is really good for nothing or this girl is amazingly clean because I don't smell a thing. Wow, I say, Clean. I'm laughing. And she's like, "Oh, sorry, I got pussy on your lip, right there. Oops, sorry." How about that. Then there's like this rapid disintegration of sense and thinking and the girls get down on the bar floor and start off some grinding Yoga exercise or something. This is the floor of the Whisky so you know what I'm saying. It's not like it was mopped this week or last or ever. And I figure it's sticky and nasty. Finally, it's all getting to be too much for me, so I throw my money on the bar, and they're like, "You can't go." But I can, and I realize I could go back to this girl's place and fuck both of them, but I don't want to, I'm drunk and tired and not quite sure if I'm actually getting divorced or what, and I don't feel like sealing the deal with either of these girls, so I get on my motorcycle and I don't have my helmet because, I don't know, I lost it, or left it somewhere. I can't remember, but my helmet was gone, and you know Michigan has a helmet law, and that would be like one red flag to the cops, and I'm sort of toasted too, so I'm not in the best position to drive home, but then this first girl, without her shirt walks right out of the bar, her tits standing up right there in the summer air, and she swings her leg over the back of my bike, and here we are. She's without a shirt, and I'm without my helmet. "Let's go," she says. I take the first turn, then do a loop around the block and back to the bar where, with apologies, I let her off. She gives me a kiss and I'm grinning at my good luck, and the greatness of the night. I feel like a million bucks as I'm driving home. My wife, who knows where the hell she is? Maybe she'll be at home when I get there. Maybe we'll stay up together. Maybe we'll smoke a joint and hang out the rest of the night talking, and maybe it'll be like the old times when there was so much to tell. But I'm thinking probably right now she's sitting on some other couch, telling her life story to some other guy.

okay!
I know what I must do
yes! I'll leave
nobody would recognize my absence
even I don't see myself here,
anyway
just a way
away
okay!
but should I say "bye" to Lola?

she would understand as she has
done before
huh!...does she care at all?
now, forget it!
bow your head down and walk by
hurry up!
don't touch anybody, don't see
anybody

a way!
so, straight ahead
that seems the way
so, proceed through
I don't want crowd
so, keep silent
stop murmuring
so, stop murmuring
this *is* the way

great!
just appropriate size
as much as the silence allows
detachment encourages another comet
to fly by
will one day this pretty little
birdy die?

it's not chance
me, being here, on line
chance cannot lie
I could hit here
and a bit there
to provoke the distance between
or to invite for a play
out is not
any way is
I will one only

the only one
what would it appear as?
a pause?
noooo
an unthought line?
noooo
a fresh smell?
noooo
a brand new synapse connection?
as I step in...
caipirinha company
what was the question?
which one?
whatever it is, the answer is "not
this!", "not that!", "none!", "no!"
if I've already known what I'm
looking for how could I possibly
find it?

oops!
this is not where I thought I've
stepped in
just a moment, wait...
so much Blanchot here
so, step back and ignore
so much Beckett then
so, step aside
so nothing disappears
and nothing-yet appears
its appearance disappears
so this appears
it's fine

fine?
this is not *me*
no! not me
sincerely!
I had a *destination*
here is nothing but flowers
yellow
don't touch them!
don't go out!
stay here!
stay here!

but I had an idea how
wait, wait...just a second
what's left in my pocket?
hmmm...just a moment
what the hell is that in my pocket?
no, there's nothing
well, except my pocket
can I count that?
I don't need any pocket
I will not use them
and I won't let anybody use my
pockets

I also had an idea why
I tried to remember
then I forgot a little more
so I got closer
and don't want it anymore
what is it there?
oh, so precious!

are my shoelaces tight enough?
more sweets?
is this really the right color?

don't look around
close your eyes...I mean your
eyelids
keep this for later, now you must
focus
more sweets?

no!
I am ready
yes!
I won't
I will stay here
here?
I haven't been here yet

no! I have:
lilies growing on my belly,
I can't masturbate anymore,
my face is getting out of its frame
and I remember an image:
out of the blue
by the seaside
one September evening
I don't smile
over and over again
everything seems okay
we are silent
over and over again

nothing feels the need to reveal
itself
nothing talks to me
I am not different from anything
everything is closed
can I use my teeth?
my mouth is closed

nothing needs my mouth
I didn't record anything, yet
it is empty
it should stay as it is

it will not
indeed, nothing will remain empty:
tar will be filled with ink
mud with caramel
vodka with gin
caoutchouc with béshamel

that image again:
out of the blue
by the seaside
one Mediterranean September evening
I don't smile
over and over again
I look at it
it looks at the sea
I look at the sea
but then I can't see where it's
looking at
I take a better look
I don't see anything
there's nothing else
well, except my look
what else?
there can be nothing behind the
face of Eurydice
well...very nice!
so be it!

now, forget!
let's turn back
anyway, it was just too rude to
disappear like that
you can raise your head now but
it's okay...you don't need to smile

By Taner Tümkaya, Stockholm





Masters and Servants or Lovers

On love as a way to *not recognise* the other

By Jan Verwoert, Berlin

1. Love and recognition

This is a text about being in love with the other. And it is a text about power. The question it seeks to address is: Can love conquer the power of power? That is: Can approaching the other through love create the possibility for a relationship that would not be determined by power games and power structures? Or is this ideal of love as a powerless relation a laudable but laughable illusion since, after all, we all know that there can be no love without power games because such games actually create the attraction between lovers in the first place. We love to dominate or be dominated. But this is not simply a strange path desire takes. The basic desire that firmly connects love to power is the desire for recognition. To love the other, we believe, is the most intimate way to recognise the other, to get to know and understand who he or she really is. Love in this sense is all about the intimate recognition of the other. But this is what power is about as well when it manifests itself in structures of domination. Modern regimes of power are built on the intimate knowledge of who the people are they dominate. Surveillance, espionage and market research are techniques of recognition that help to identify, understand and control the other – be that the citizen, the enemy or the consumer. The question whether love can be an alternative to power or not therefore implies another question: Is love a way to recognize the other that is fundamentally different from the mechanisms of recognition on which power is based? Or is recognition itself the very root of power – because to recognize others in itself means to subject them to one's rule by assigning a fixed identity to them and forcing them to be and stay exactly who and what they have been identified as and understood to be?

If that was so, relationships based on love or power would equally be about imposing a recognizable identity on people and forbidding them to change or be different. 'I see (x) in you. Don't ever change!' or alternately 'I do not accept who you have turned out to be. Therefore I want you to change and become (x).'

These are the formulae through which both lovers and regimes subject you to their discipline. From this cynical point of view love would merely be a more subtle and therefore more effective form of shaping someone through pedagogy and punishment. Cynicism always convinces. But it does so because it itself deals in generalisations. Is it not a stereotype in itself that love relations have to end in lovers trying to control each other? Can there not be a love that sets the other free? A love that does not bind but releases the other and gives the freedom to him or her to be whatever he or she is or will be? Consequently, this radical love would be a love that goes *beyond recognition*, that is a love in which the lovers would renounce their desire to fully grasp the identity of the other and no longer insist on understanding who the other is. But what would that mean? Would such a radical permissiveness not preclude any form of commitment to the other and in the end amount to little less than a general indifference to what the other may be or do? In this sense the notion of a radically permissive love may actually be what we have come to understand as the lie of liberalism, the tactic of smothering all differences under the cloak of a (potentially benevolent but effectively oppressive) indifference. What is at stake then, is a love that is at once a definite commitment to the specific difference of the other *and* a radical openness to who or whatever this other may be or become. To love like this would mean to love *how* the other is – from head to toe, including

the smallest detail or spleen about the way how he or she may look, talk, think, dress, laugh, cry, fight, make love and so on – and still resist the urge to know exactly *who* the other is. Could such a love be possible for real?

2. Equality between lovers and mortal enemies

A text that seeks to describe the relation between the self and other in terms of love, power and recognition cannot but start with the discussion of what probably is one of the most influential and enigmatic passages on this subject in the history of modern philosophy, the chapter on the dialectics of master and servant in Hegel's *Phenomenology of the Spirit*. [1] Hegel starts the chapter with a surprising reversal of the perspective on the relation between self and other as he shows the knowledge of the other to intimately effect the understanding of the self: The reason why it is so crucial for the self to recognise the other, he writes, is that only in this encounter with the other can the self be recognised for what it is *in* and *for* itself – by and through the other. The only form of true recognition, Hegel, claims, is mutual. You cannot work out your identity for yourself. It is only in the close encounter with the other that you can learn who you are. The other makes you who you are by recognising you as who you are, in the same way in which you make the other who he or she is when you recognise him or her.

What at first may sound like an utopian moment of an ideal mutuality and reciprocal understanding, a utopia of perfect love, as you read on, comes to be described as an existentially painful and deeply complicated process. This is because, Hegel claims, to be recognised by the other first of all means to be *destroyed* by the other in the same way that, vice versa, to recognise the other means to *destroy* him or her. There is no recognition without a profound violence enacted between and against self and other. Why is that so? Hegel sees true mutual recognition as a moment that radically displaces and transforms the way how you understand and relate to yourself. Before that intimate encounter with the other the self indeed already has an understanding of itself, but only a premature one, it lives in a childlike state of unmediated self-love, the emotional bubble that Freud later described as a primary state of narcissism. The self rests *in* itself. Yet, it has not experienced what it means to be *for* itself, because to be *for* yourself implies that you have learned to look at yourself from the outside. This ability to see yourself as if you were an other depends on the ability to integrate an outside perspective on your self into your understanding of yourself. And this outside perspective is precisely what the self *in* itself, in the state of self-love, lacks or even rejects. But to acquire this outside perspective and reach the point of maturity is a painful process because it presupposes that the narcissistic bubble of self-love must be made to burst. And it is only the other who can do this for you.

By piercing that bubble, getting under your skin and disrupting the intimacy of self-love, the other, however, *kills you*, symbolically, as he or she wipes out your former understanding of yourself. If this encounter is truly mutual this means that you symbolically kill the other as much as he or she kills you – as you upset and uproot his or her world

as much as he or she upsets and uproots yours. True recognition, according to Hegel, implies that two people go through an experience together where they wipe each other out and annihilate who they were on their own before. This experience is one of complete *dependency* of the self on the other and vice versa. Each person in that relationship is completely at the mercy of the other. Yet, this is only a phase. Through realising this moment of absolute dependency on each other, each individual comes to see itself through the eyes of the other and, ideally at least, thereby acquires the ability to release the other again into the freedom to now not only be *in* but also *for* him or herself. So for Hegel true recognition can only be achieved through a dialectical procedure in which mutual dependency is pushed to the point of mutual annihilation. Only after forcing one another to overcome their premature self-love can both parties release each other into a higher form of freedom and self-understanding.

Surprisingly, the picture Hegel draws up when he imagines this ideal form of mutual recognition is less that of a bond between lovers and more that of a relation between mortal enemies. (That is, he never actually gives examples for the relations he construes in abstract terms, leaving it provocatively open whether he is talking about lovers or enemies – or in fact about both as being potentially the same thing). As you read on in the chapter, it becomes increasingly clear that Hegel does in fact take the idea that complete mutual recognition must presuppose the potential to *destroy* the other quite literally. He appears to be thinking of an actual threat. The way he portrays the true moment of recognition in this sense can be seen to invoke a scene on a battlefield where two opponents realise that they both have the power to kill the other here and now – and thus recognise each other as absolute equals. Whether they actually proceed to kill or spare each other then does not make any difference anymore because they have made the experience that it is through the other that they can die and hence it is only because of the other that both can continue to live, should they both decide to refrain from doing what is in their power to do.

3. Enemies and lovers in the cinema

The cinema has by now shown us as this supreme moment of recognition between equal adversaries in infinite variations, primarily in Thrillers, Martial Arts or Western movies. Some of the strongest images for this scene, however, were shot by Sam Peckinpah (from whom Quentin Tarantino learned a lot). A crucial moment in Peckinpah's ultra-violent Westerns, take the *The Wild Bunch* (1969) as an example, is a showdown between ruthless desperados, holding each other at gunpoint, ready to shoot and kill, whereupon all break out in loud laughter, lower their weapons and ride on together as one posse. As Peckinpah spells out Hegel's idea of a mutual recognition between supreme opponents, it becomes clear that this idea in fact implies a model for a social contract. It is the model of a clandestine society of sovereign individuals, a brotherhood of those who have no respect for the laws of ordinary society because all of them are kings and queens in their own right – but still a brotherhood of equals built on the shared experience that each member of the group could at any time give death to or receive death from any other. So the basis for this bond is neither friendship nor loyalty but the recognition of a kinship between sovereign loners. No doubt, this glorification of a heroic pact sealed by the temporary suspension but constant threat of violence seems overblown. Still, this model does evoke and describe many aspects of the bonds forged within bohemian circles where the mutual recognition that all members of a group are equally vulnerable to the criticism of all others seems indeed to create long lasting affiliations – as those who know how to deeply hurt each other flock together. And maybe this is not even as ironic as it sounds. After all, to share the secret of one's vulnerability with others who are vulnerable in the very same way (as they also long for recognition and fear rejection by the public) may not be such a bad way to bond.

In the movies this ideal of a bond between equal opponents has, however, not only been interpreted as a model for bonds between brothers in arms but also as a model for love. There is, of course, Nicholas Ray's *Johnny Guitar* (1954) in which Johnny (Sterling Hayden) meets his match in Vienna (Joan Crawford), a lady who is equally fast with her gun as he is. Yet, closer however to the idea of two adversaries becoming lovers through the recognition of their power to kill each other are the scenarios depicted in Martial Arts films, such as Zhang Yimou's *Hero* (2002) or *House of Flying Daggers* (2004). Here, the only way for the two heroes to realise their love is to perform an elaborate ceremony of fighting each other. It is only when they have their blades at each other's throat and have thus proven to be absolute equals that they can recognise each other as lovers. As much as this image of love as a heroic struggle with the other may

seem like a questionable return to the age-old fantasy of the battle of the sexes, it also breaks with it. Part of that fantasy has always been that there is no equality in this battle since women fight with other weapons than men (emotions and charms versus reason and physical strength). Notably then, in Zhang Yimou's fantasy women and men do engage in battle with the very same powers. As they are equals in conflict, full mutual recognition between them can be achieved. Whether this vision of the *equality* and *similarity* of self and other, women and men is truly emancipatory – or whether it is, on the contrary, a myth that obscures all those insurmountable *differences* between people (in terms of class, gender, race or social background) which inspire, complicate and often enough ruin love relations – remains the question.

4. Master and Servant and the revolutionary promise of happiness

It also precisely these differences and painful inequalities that Hegel focusses on towards the end of the chapter. As you read on, contrary to what you may at first have assumed, the state of full mutual recognition now comes to seem less like an actual possibility but more like an abstract ideal that in real life is hardly ever realised. According to Hegel human relations, on the contrary, tend to be shaped by the failure to fully recognise the other. This is because, Hegel argues, people rarely succeed to completely give themselves up, sacrifice and destroy each other in the moment of their encounter. One party always suffers more while the other prevails. Far more often than equal enemies intimate conflicts then produce a winner and a loser, a master and a servant. In this case, however, it is not only the chance to recognise the other that is lost. Since self-recognition only becomes possible through the recognition of the other, even the party that apparently emerges triumphant from the struggle has in fact lost all that there was to win: the full recognition by an equal opponent. The victor may have gained power over the other. By enslaving the other, however, the winner deprives the other of the very *dignity* that the other could have bestowed upon him or her in return, had the other been recognised and set free as an equal. In the moment of victory, winners thus deprive themselves of their own victory, since they rob the other of the very gift that the other could have given to them. They smash the mirror in which they could have truly recognised themselves.

In the long run, Hegel argues, time will therefore be on the side of those who lost. Without immediately realising it, their defeat has actually put them in a much better position to truly recognise who they are than the victor and master. As the self-esteem of the winner has suffered relatively little in the conflict, the winner has missed the chance to be changed and elevated by the relation to the other and will remain arrested in the original state of premature self-love – a child alone on its throne. Since, conversely, the self-love and pride of the loser has been shattered for good, he or she now has much better chances to rise above and develop a mature self-understanding. Those who have lost at first can gain the true victory over time, yet, Hegel argues, neither through fighting nor love but through *work*. The master will make the others work for him and they will do so at first in a state of utter humiliation. But precisely because they start with nothing their

work will fully transform them into people who know who they are and what they do *in life for* themselves. Their work will give them the very recognition that the master could neither give nor receive (as the fast and easy triumph has isolated the master in a lonely power position). This twist in Hegel's argument has in fact inspired some of the most influential ideas about the uprising of the oppressed other in modern history. Marx based his theory of the revolution of the working classes on this passage. With recourse to Hegel, Franz Fanon argued that the only way how the colonised could liberate and truly recognise themselves was first of all to fully acknowledge that what had initially been their culture and identity had been totally and irreversibly destroyed by the colonisers, to start from zero in a state of dependency and re-invent themselves as free people. Those who suffered oppression can thus open up a future for themselves that the colonisers will never have since they never lost their past.^[11]

No matter how much hope these thoughts inspire, the idea that humiliation is the condition for a later emancipation must equally provoke criticism. Rather than a theory of revolution, Hegel's initial model of master and servant could also be understood as being no more than a justification of a protestant work ethics and disciplinary pedagogy that breaks the individual first to then shape it into a hard-working citizen, worker or soldier. *Per aspera ad astra*, as they told you in school. Why should it be necessary to break anyone in the first place? Can such violence ever be justified? And how can you assume that the recognition you receive through work could ever equal the mutual recognition experienced in a moment of love? But then it would be wrong to assume that Hegel justifies the necessity of oppressive conditions since, notably, he starts his argument by picturing a situation of freedom and after this implicitly portrays all other constellations as less ideal. You could even find comfort in his words for, after all, he maintains that, when everything goes wrong, there are still ways to work through the crisis and resolve it through the pro-active acknowledgement of pain. So even though Hegel at first seems to give a rather grim outlook on the chances of human relations to ever turn out well, he never fully renounces the possibility that happiness may be found in the encounter with the other – and thus maintains and endorses a certain *promesse de bonheur*. That said, of course, it could be objected that the promise of *redemption* offered by the dialectic of master and servant does in fact closely resemble a fantasy of *revenge*. For what does the promise that one day the humiliated will prevail over their oppressors amount to if not to the age-old dream that, when judgement day cometh, it will be pay-back time? We know all too well by now that for centuries religions and ideologies used the promise that one day the last will be first to keep people quiet and make them accept their suffering as a necessary pathway to a happiness in an imaginary after-life (be it heaven or communism).

In much the same way we know that disappointed lovers whistling “time is on my side” will most certainly be fooling themselves. For even though, no doubt, you can't hurry love, you cannot wait for happiness either, can you? If happiness is to be real, it must be real now, in the present, in an *ongoing, uninterrupted state of presence*, must it not? Sounds familiar, no? “And they lived happily ever after.” Is the only state of happiness with the other we are prepared to accept the state of continuous bliss we learned about in church sermons and fairy tales? Has anyone ever met anyone who lived with an other in the continuous presence of happiness? Or is it not rather the crux of living with others that, by virtue of being others and having different needs and desires, they will always be disturbing the total harmony of continuous happiness? If that was so, would it then not be much closer to the truth to acknowledge that happiness in itself is a promise. Is it not the secret of the brief moments of happiness we experience that essentially they prove the best to be yet to come? So that the value of those glimpses of happiness lies in the fact that they make a promise seem real? To be happy with the other would then mean to experience the promise of happiness *with* the other, to feel that this promise is immanent to the relation to the other and to see that the *shared experience of this promise* – and not its phantasmagorical fulfillment – is in itself the root and reality of a fulfilled life with the other. True happiness may therefore already be realised in the shared sensation that you will *have a future* with the other, whatever that future may bring. Yet, to muster the amount of trust in the other that it takes to live together with little more to rely on but a promise, it seems, is one of the most difficult things to do.

5. To love is to give what you don't have and get what (you think) you don't need

If you now, however, turn to psychoanalysis and read what Lacan had to say about the dialectics of recognition, love, power and the possibility of liberation and happiness even this moment of hope will come to seem questionable. Lacan

in fact argues that the single most important reason for the failure of relationships is precisely the desire to find someone who could make you happy by giving you the love (you think) you need. The source of the problem, according to Lacan, is that people do not understand what they need even if they believe to know what they want. What people want from love, Lacan writes, is easy to grasp: “To love is, essentially, to wish to be loved.”[III] To wish to be loved, however, does not just mean to wish to be loved in general – but to be loved in a specific way by a particular person. It is the wish to be recognised and understood by another person in exactly the way that you ideally want to be recognised and understood. You want the other to see the *ideal you* in you and confirm that you are exactly who you think you are and want to be. Yet, in the very same way that people are really bad at figuring out what they need, they are notoriously confused about who they are. As a result, love is bound to become a farce. You may get all the love and recognition that you want from the other. He or she may see you exactly like you want to be seen. Still you will not feel happy because even though what you get is what you want, it is not what you need. And even though you are recognised as who you wish to be, this is not who you are. You feel that something is wrong somewhere and become unhappy.

After this, things will only get worse. The more you get what you *want*, the more you will feel that this is not what you *need*. The more the other will try to understand you, the less you will feel understood. The more of the ideal you the other sees in you, the more shabby this will make you feel about yourself. Paradoxically, you will then begin to hate the other for giving you exactly the love you want – and not the love you need. This love, however, the love you truly need, Lacan writes, is a love that is impossible to get. Since you yourself don’t know what you need, it is even harder for the other to figure out what it may be. This is one more reason to hate your lover. For not only does he not give you what you need, he also fails to understand what that could be. And, if anything, to understand what you need, is something you would expect from a true lover, wouldn’t you? So the more confused you are about your own needs, the more you will demand from your lover to know what you don’t know and solve the puzzle of your needs for you, in your stead. Lacan accordingly describes the situation of the lover who is supposed to know as similar to that of a waiter in a Chinese restaurant. Confronted by a menu that is all in Chinese the confused guest will demand from the waiter: “*patronne – Recommend something*. This means: *You should know what I desire in all this*.” [IV] Naturally, this is impossible for the waiter to know. Still, he will be blamed for bringing something wrong.

This knowledge of your needs is exactly the *extra* bit of love that you will always demand from your lover as a proof of true love – but will always find missing. It is the most intimate knowledge about yourself that he cannot have because you don’t have it either. In other words: By demanding to be loved by the other, you seek that thing in the other that could make you feel completely fulfilled and totally happy with yourself. Yet, this thing is something the other can never have nor give. By demanding self-fulfillment from love, the thing you want from the other is *you*. But what the other cannot give

you is you, quite simply because the other is the other and not you. For this inevitable disappointment of your demands you will hate and punish the other. The formula of disappointed love, according to Lacan, therefore is: “I love you, but, because inexplicably I love in you something more than you .. I mutilate you.”[V] In short, you come to hate your lover because the only thing your lover can give you is *himself* and not *yourself*. “I was feeling bad and all I got from you was you.”[VI] This is the bottom line. But the disappointment is mutual. While you feel unfulfilled, your lover will feel that no matter what he gives, it is *never enough*. Worse still, when he gives himself to you, he will learn that he himself, all that he is, is not enough. Lacan captures this moment of utter disappointment and humiliation in the formula: “I give myself to you .. but this gift of my person – as they say – Oh, mystery! is changed inexplicably into a gift of shit.”[VII] In the end both lovers will feel empty and unfulfilled, one for not *getting*, the other for neither *having* nor *being* that which was needed and could have made both happy.

The irony of it all is that even though mutual disappointment seems inevitable, it could so easily be prevented. If people only knew what they really needed from the other, they might actually find that they were getting it all along. But since they were so fixated on what they believed they wanted, they were too blind to see that they maybe had all it would have taken for them to be happy with the other and with themselves. Still, Lacan remains guarded when it comes to the possibility of a resolution to the mutual misrecognition of lovers. He offers no hope for happiness. At best, and this is already a big effort, lovers may admit to themselves that giving each other fulfillment is beyond their powers. And ideal state of love, following Lacan, would lie in the mutual recognition that both sides do not have the power to give the other the fairy-tale happiness they desire. The ideal recognition of love would lie in the moment when you face each other *with empty hands*. By realising that the other doesn’t have what you don’t have either, you at least spare your lover the humiliation of having to learn that it was not him but *you* that you were looking for all the time. If you add a dose of humour to the moment when two lovers see through the farce they have been playing, this moment of recognition seems almost possible if not bearable. It might even be crowned by the realisation that, since no one really knows who they are and what they want, this charade of surreal misrecognitions might make you (unwittingly) become for the other what you have never been for yourself. In a moment of misunderstanding, you may find that you went beyond yourself and actually gave something to the other that you never had. Still, you must be prepared for the realisation that this never was what the other needed.

6. Love beyond recognition

To end on a low, however, seems inappropriate when it comes to love. After all, what is love if not that one feeling that, against all odds and reasonable objections, will always inspire hope. This, it seems, is because it lies in the nature of love to open things up, just as hate, conversely closes things down between people. In much the same way that hate marks the end of a relationship, true love stands at its beginning. Maybe love always and only exists in this mode of continuous beginning. If it lasts, this may only be, because *it never stops beginning*. But what could this love that never stops to begin to open up a relation to the other look like? It would have to be a love that can never be finished with the other and therefore can never finish, that is destroy, the other either. In the light of what Hegel and Lacan write on the fate of love it appears that, first of all, it is the desire for recognition that finishes love as it stops the relation to the other from remaining open. The wish to be recognised in a particular way by the other generates expectations and disappointments as much as it produces dependencies and the power game of masters and servants. It makes you dependent on the recognition given by the other in the same way as you make the other dependent on your wish to be recognised. Since the other is expected to give what the other does not have, the gift of self-fulfillment, the other lives with a debt that can never be paid. By putting the other in a state of debt that

Continues on page 16...

By Surasi Kusolwong, Bangkok





<MERKUR qomPURE, Mercury Station Borstal.
General broadcast, 5 July, 2150, 17:27 hours SST>

CURRICULUM VITAE EXTERIORUM



EDDARD J. RYAN

Mercury Station Borstal
PIS. 77465375
Room 122, Infirmary.
will travel.

PROFILE:

Born 2113, Luna Orbital Public Labs.
(S9 D11 E11 I22 E22 S4)

PROFESSIONAL IMPROVEMENTS:

Body:
standard low-grav skeletal reinforcement.
Single-armed.

Mind:
Language plurality, photo memory,
advanced demolitions.

SKILLS:

Judo 9
Vac Suit 8
Bomb 12
Electronic 10
Jack-o-T 12
Ukelele 24
Photorealist Paining 11

STATUS:

<blink>Forcefully and unjustly imprisoned.
</blink>

EDUCATION:

Primary:
Luna Park High, "honors," 2128.
The Orangerie. S.A. Irish Studies. 2130.

Secondary:
Mercury Station Borstal Academy.
Ph D. Engineering. 2133.
MSBA. Ph.D. Geometry. 2138.
MSBA. Ph.D. Physics. 2144.
MSBA. Ph.D. Astrobiology. 2148.
MSBA. Ph.D. Comparative Literature. 2150.

EXPERIENCE:

Security Guard. P. Agency, Luna City. 2130-31
Freelance Plumbing, Space. 2131-2136
Book-keeper. Parson's Crater Pharmaceuticals,
Luna City. 2132-2133.
Confidential Assistant. Count R. Simwe Skaw, The
Polly-Ann, Space. 2133-2134.
Toilet bomber, Mercury Station Borstal.
2136-present.

MEMBER

Black Rose Army Provisionals, Luna City Brigade.
2126-present.

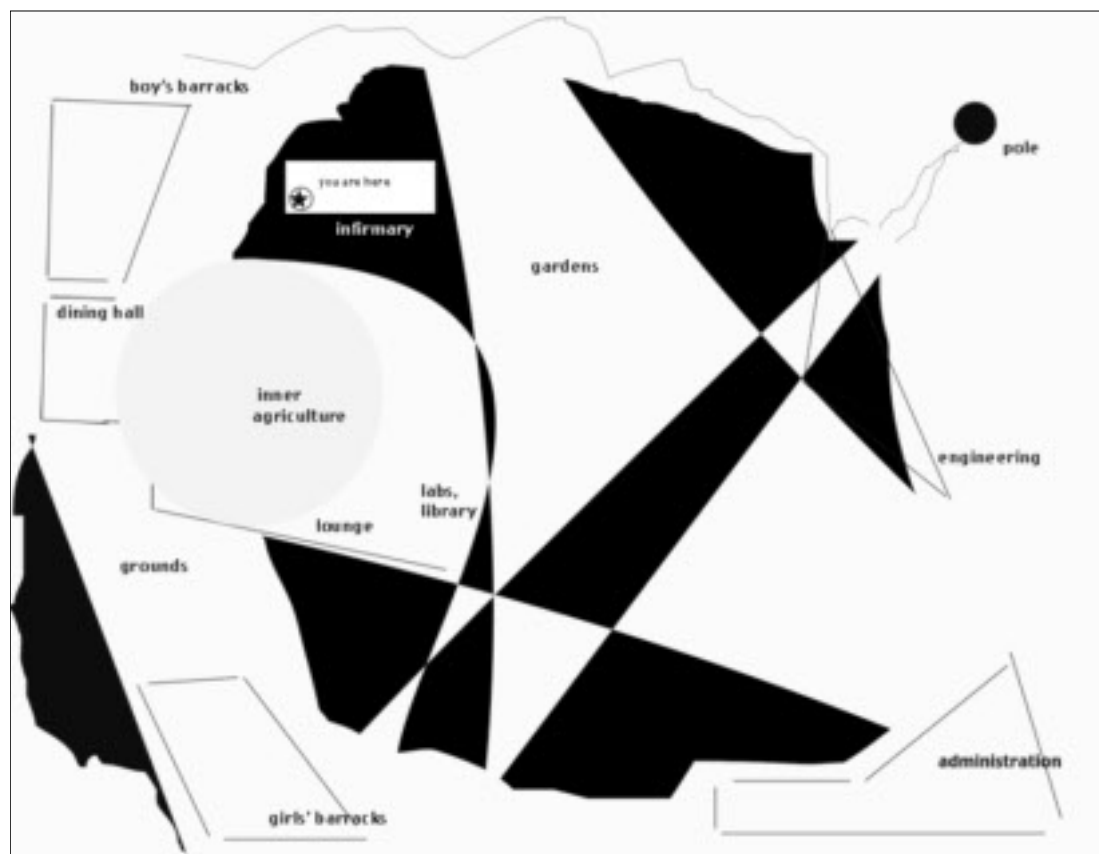
Plumbers Earth and Worlds, Luna City Chapter.
2128-present.

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"The Lads," ex. of Sod of Turf Orbital. Count
Reginald Simwe Skaw, The Golden Ass. Col.
Tom Park, ex. of U.S.A and Mercury Station.
Kentridge Ord, ex. of High Wichita. Nick Wesley,
ex. of Camden, Maine.

Koré McAllister! Wherever you are.

By Mark von Schlegell, Cologne



cannot be settled, the desire for recognition therefore sets an end to the relation with the other before it could even start to begin. But if it was true then that the desire for recognition is the source of all trouble, would that not mean that the one love that will never stop beginning an open relation to the other has to be a love that goes *beyond recognition*?

With this question we return to the question raised in the beginning: If you renounced the desire to recognise and be recognised by the other would you then not give up any commitment to the other? Could you ever *not* wish to be understood and made happy by the one you love? Could you ever cease to wish you could understand and make the other happy? Would such love beyond recognition not resemble a form of permissiveness that testifies to the lack of any truly intimate bond?

Giorgio Agamben tries to answer this question and show that there can indeed be a commitment in (and to) a radical openness in relation to the other, a commitment that in fact could not be deeper, more primary and existential.[viii] He argues that true love is *beyond* recognition because it comes *before* recognition. It precedes it. You may fall in love with the other, he writes, before you get to know him or her. In this sense love is a more primary approach to the other than controlled forms of recognition and rational understanding. To bring out this point more clearly Agamben quotes Heidegger quoting Pascal with the words: “And thence it comes about that in the case of where we are speaking about human things, it is said to be necessary to know them before we love them, and this has become a proverb; but the saints, on the contrary, when they speak of divine things, say that we must love them before we know them ..“ [ix] That would mean that to know the other you have to love the other first. There is no knowledge of precious things without and before love makes it possible. It is love that opens up the relation to anything of any worth in the first place. Opening up to the other in love is therefore a commitment that could not be more primary. Still, love is not blind. In what way could the intimate perception of the other it implies be said to be radically different from the power of recognition?

Love, Agamben concedes, indeed implies some mode of recognition, yet this mode, he continues, is fundamentally different from an understanding of the other in terms of the expectations projected upon a person of whom one believes to know what to expect. In this mode of love, Agamben claims, recognising the other means committing oneself to *whatever* the other is and may become. This *whatever*, paradoxically is all inclusive and open at the same time. To love the other in this sense means to love whatever – and that is anything and everything, not just some things – about the other. It is an unconditional love that implies a full commitment to the other’s *way of being*. But at the same time this *whatever* also implies an infinite patience and empathy towards anything the other may be. In its effects this *empathy towards whatever* the other would be impossible to tell apart from a general indifference towards the other, were it not for the one decisive difference that it is from the point of view of love – and that is from the vantage point of a primary existential commitment to the other’s way of being – that this all-inclusive dedication to the other becomes possible. In this sense, Agamben writes: “Love is never directed toward this or that property of the loved one (being blond, being small, being tender, being lame), but neither does it neglect the properties in favour of an insipid generality (universal love): The lover wants the loved one *with all of its predicates*, its being such as it is. The lover desires the as only insofar as it is *such* – this is the lover’s particular fetishism.” [x]

7. Letting the other be, in love, calmly

What is this way of being then that the lover loves about the beloved? How does it show itself? Agamben says that this way of being manifests itself in the guise, fashion and manner of how you live your life. As such this way of being then includes all mannerisms you may acquire, all misrecognitions you may suffer from and all the masks that you subsequently put on and present to others. In fact, an all-encompassing love for a way of being does not distinguish between a ‘real you’ and a persona you may play for others. It is the recognition of the particular style of performing that persona and shifting between different roles and selves that becomes the residue of this love. It is in this sense that the mode of recognition implied in a love for (whatever is part of) the other’s way of being differs crucially from the types of recognition Hegel and Lacan discuss:

It is neither the ideal nor the real nor the true self that this lover seeks to recognise in the other. It is neither perfection nor fulfillment but possibility that this lover recognises. To love whatever is part of the other’s way of being means to understand the other in terms of his or her possibilities, in terms of all the things which he or she can be – and also which he or she cannot be. When it comes to a particular way of being the difference between possibilities and incapacities disappears because what people can and cannot do equally determines how they live their life. Even more often than their positive possibilities, it is in fact their incapacities, limitations and blindnesses that push – and thereby enable – people to perform, improvise and invent the little tricks, ploys and betrayals that shape their way of being.

To love all this about the other and love the other because of all this, however is not the expression of some heavenly patience or sublimely detached point of view. Since all those things that make up a way of being manifest themselves in the facticity of everyday life, it is here that love finds its milieu. It is in and through the small, sometimes happy, sometimes failed exchanges and encounters that the love for the other’s way of being is realised. But how can you live that love? What can you do to put this commitment to the other into practice? The approach Agamben advocates is a particular form of *active passivity*. Loving whatever is part of the way the other is, is all about finding ways to *let the other be*. First of all, this approach implies an attitude of calmness and composure in relation to the other. It is about giving the other the time and space to emerge and show him or herself. As such the attitude of letting the other be is the opposite of an approach determined by the expectation that the other should declare his or her love and identity right away. Only this calmness, Agamben argues, can make you attentive to the manners and fashions through which the other shows his or her way of being. By rushing things, on the contrary, you make it impossible for yourself to recognise and attune yourself to the slow process in which these all important aspects come to show themselves.

The attitude Agamben invokes here is the existential stance of *Gelassenheit*, the notion of which Heidegger developed throughout his philosophy. In common language *Gelassenheit* denotes an attitude of calmness, composure or simply relaxedness. Heidegger, however, points out that the noun is built around the verb *lassen* which means *letting* (something be or happen) so that the word *Gelassenheit* literally translates as the attitude or state of mind of letting things be. According to Heidegger this attitude is crucial because it is only in this state of calm that you are ready and attentive enough to truly experience an unforeseeable event (or rather the event of the unforeseeable) and in this sense allow things to happen. Yet, beyond this stance of openness and attentiveness, *Gelassenheit* has a more pro-active meaning because, Heidegger reminds us, *lassen*, *to let* is in fact an active verb, a verb that denotes an activity. To let the other be in this sense then actually means to give the other the chance, possibility and opportunity to be – and thereby actively enable, empower or even provoke the other to be whatever he may be or become. In this active sense letting others be is a way to call them forth to present themselves, not by com-

manding their presence but simply by providing the space and attention to allow this to happen. So, practically, this love is about learning ways to make the other come, to make each other come.

8. *Calmness or crisis – can lovers ever let the other be?*

All of this may sound beautiful, but there are substantial objections. The first and most obvious doubt to be voiced is whether the celebration of *Gelassenheit* as an attitude that prepares you for all encounters is not in fact the quintessential illusion of philosophy? For what is that *Gelassenheit* if not *the* philosophical attitude to life? (Californians seem to have it, too, though.) So all that these reflections amount to may be an illusion perpetuated by philosophers that being philosophical about life actually helps. Since there is no evidence that philosophical people live more happily than others it may seem wise to treat their words of wisdom cautiously. And there are more reasons to be doubtful: Is it, for instance, not a common experience that passionate love can never be calm? Passionate love is a rush and demands for things to be rushed. If you are in love there is never time to wait. You want the other to know that you love him or her. Waiting too long for the right moment to make the other know may mean that this moment will have passed and the opportunity to come together will have been lost. What's more, can you ever wait for your lover to come? Does it not lie the nature of the need for a lover that it must always be satisfied right away? The time for love, it seems, is always now, this evening, tonight. The only true way to express the need for love hence is the insistent request: "Gotta find a lover, gotta make love tonight, so gimme a man after midnight, gimme shelter or else I'm gonna fade away." And, sadly for those who wait, that instant lover usually is readily available for those who feel they have no time to loose. But maybe this is how it goes when love has its way. There never is time to wait.

So forget *Gelassenheit*. Apparently, it is of no use between lovers. It might work between people in general and in fields of modern life where emancipated and respectful forms of behaviour are not only expected but also appreciated. But it takes a fool to assume that such ethical principles of emancipated and respectful behaviour would also apply to love. Even if a love without respect might at first seem unthinkable, it turns out, that the insistence on treating your lover respectfully can in some situations be perceived as the worst possible insult. In that moment showing respect is no longer a sign of love but a measure of actively withholding it, a way of remaining guarded and reserved in a situation that demands immediate actions. What is not needed in this second of crisis is words which suggest that someone understands. What is needed is acts that assure the lover of your love. The only choice left in that situation, it seems, is to *get physical* in whatever way – even if what the other demands you to do to would mean to treat the other without respect and do things that may make you loose your self-respect in the process, too. In the rush of this moment, when the assurance of the intensity of your relation through definite acts is desired right away, to refrain from doing such things out of respect for the other can then only earn you disrespect from the other, since, after all, you prove to

be not much of a lover by failing to act when actions are most wanted. Maybe this is a higher wisdom of the passions that is beyond philosophy and strictly a matter of practical experience.

But maybe this thirst for the rush of the moment also quite simply is one of the most physical manifestation of the unholy desire for recognition which Hegel maps in the dialectics of master and servant and which Lacan analyses as a psycho-pathology. So maybe it is in this moment of crisis that the desire to be recognised becomes so overwhelming that it can only be satisfied by a physical act that immediately delivers the intense physical sensation of self-satisfaction, no matter if that feeling is pain or pleasure. If that was so we would be right back where we started and *Gelassenheit*, the ability to keep calm and thereby calm the other down could indeed be an answer. Still, how can you ever calmly let an other *be* whose way of being (in love) includes the desire to perform *and* be subjected to potentially destructive acts? If love can never be therapy for the very reason that it can never give the other the feeling of complete self-fulfillment which the other may so desperately desire, the only question that remains then is how much trouble and pain love can stand and survive. Human beings are tough. So there is hope. But there are limits. Yet, to see where the limits are to what you can take may be as difficult as to grasp what it is that you really need or want.

It seems to lie in the nature of love and other intense relations to the other that their failure or success is decided in extreme moments of conflict when antagonisms culminate in a crisis that either results in reconciliation or separation. And maybe the fabrication of crisis is the most effective way to bring about decisions by forcing them. Still, there is also another reality of love and relating to the other that exists beyond the drama of decisions concerning the success and failure of that relation. This reality might be about a different sense of drama which manifests itself in a less spectacular way in moments of small acts and performances. Adorno, for instance, points to the potential of situations where lovers intuitively mimic each other and mirror the manners of the other.[xi] Adorno's idea of attuning oneself attentively to the other's way of being implies an embrace of the theatricality of everyday exchanges. He writes: "What is human is attached to imitation: a human being turns into a human being first by imitating other human beings. In such behavior, the Ur-form of love, the priests of genuineness scent traces of that utopia, which could shake the apparatus of domination." [xii] The 'priests of genuineness' who Adorno mocks are Nietzsche and presumably also Heidegger. What he rejects is their belief in the possibility of the authentic fulfillment of the self. What he still embraces though, if hesitantly, is the utopian potential of mutual imitation. It is only that for him this potential lies precisely in the full acknowledgment of the in-authenticity and un-fulfilled character of human relations that is implied in the act of performing theatrically in relation to the other. It is an inauthenticity that is full of intimacy.

To picture such a moment would lead us onto the stage of ballet and the images of performers circling round each other attentively in a silent dance which intimately affirms the presence of the other through gestures and poses that draw the other close and give the other space, that seize and release the body of the other and maybe transgress the difference of self and other by pushing imitation to a point at which gestures are no longer owned by one or the other, man or woman, master or servant, but may equally be performed by either of them. So if there is hope in love it may lie in the way to touch the other and be touched by the other in an encounter not of egos but bodies that mimic each other and thus affirm their way of being in whatever it may come to be. In the absence of a desire for recognition this love would instead be propelled by the continued mutual fascination with all that remains inexplicable and ununderstandable about the other. Driven by this fascination, mimicking the inexplicable other will make the language by which the lovers address each other become creolic. Copying the other's idiom and accent, they will invent their very own kind of pidgin and, speaking in voices that are not their own, they will exchange compliments and gifts of undeterminable meaning and value. This way they may even learn to give what they do not have and happily receive what they do not need.

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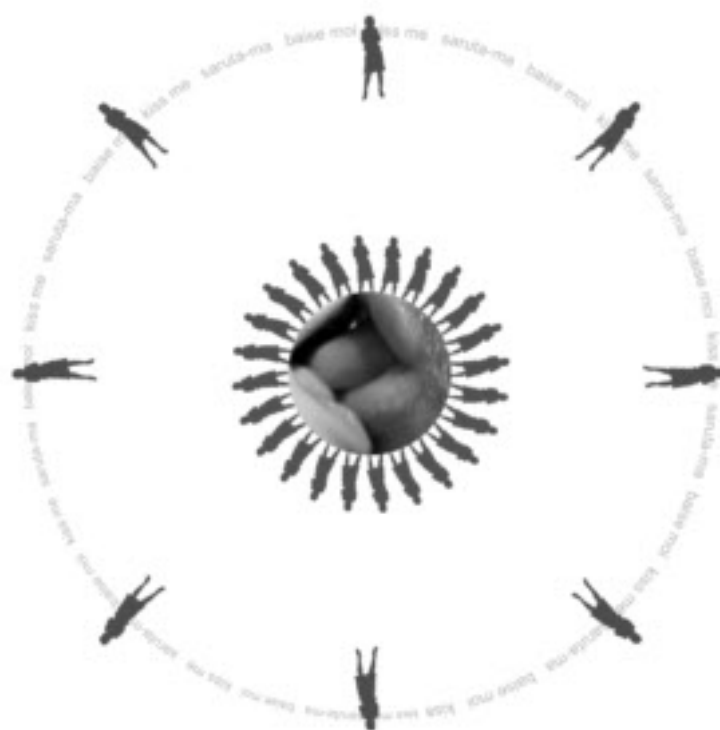
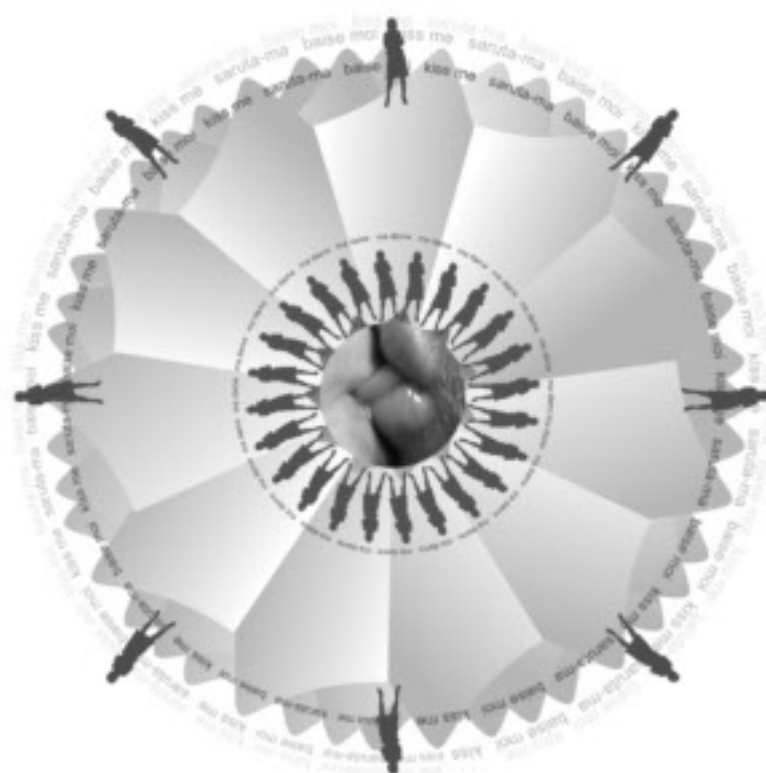
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Eroticnet Work

By Roolytoons, 2002, Bucharest
Commissioned by Alina Serban, Bucharest

Things we do for love

By Annette Krauss, Utrecht and Emily Pethick, London

'a true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love'

– Ché Guavara

To start our search for the meaning of 'love' we typed the word into google and, not surprisingly, found that the most popular definition is on Wikipedia. Here the numerous meanings are attributed to the word, which range from love being something that gives a 'little pleasure' (I loved that meal), to something that one would die for (patriotism or romantic love). It occurred to us that love has become such a generalised term, that it has to be used in combination with other words in order for the particularity and strength of one's love to be expressed, such as with the word 'really' – i.e. 'I really love you.' Furthermore, love often gets confused with other things, such as desire, and one is often – rightly or wrongly – convinced that certain things one does are for love, such as work, such as a labour of love.

Scientifically, studies have shown that mental scans of those in love show a striking resemblance to those with a mental illness and love suppresses activity in the areas of the brain controlling critical thought; as Freud wrote, 'one is very crazy when in love.' Furthermore, scientists have also claimed that love has some of the symptoms of 'obsessive compulsive disorder' – a condition that needs obsessive certainty.

It seems difficult to talk about the subject of love without risking slipping into sentimentality, or sounding self-confessional. As Michael Hardt said at beginning of his lecture *About Love*, 'when you talk about love there's a lot to work against,' as he describes, while love has gained in sentimentality, it has lost its political efficacy, and it is often not taken seriously. If one wades through the thousands of love songs on YouTube, one can find a clip in which a somewhat irate Jacques Derrida resists being questioned about love, saying 'I'm not capable of talking in generalities about love... I have an empty head on love in general... I either have nothing to say, or I'd just be reciting clichés.'

Despite the old cliché of the French being good lovers, Richard Beardsworth notes in his essay *A Note to a Political Understanding of Love in our Global Age*, that French philosophers have generally avoided the subject of love due to its associations with universality and oneness. It is only recently that love as a concept has been addressed again, most significantly in Michael Hardt and Toni Negri's *Multitude: War and Democracy in the Age of Empire*, in which they write about the 'deployment of force that defends the historical progress of emancipation and liberation,' adding that this power is 'an act of love', and that we need to, 'recover the material and political sense of love.' They conclude that 'when love is conceived politically, then, the creation of a new humanity is the ultimate act of love.'

Ché Guavara's declaration that 'a true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love,' leads one to think about the relationship between love and commitment, and the occasions when a person realizes that what he or she cares about matters so much that it is impossible to give up a certain course of action. Harry Frankfurt writes that 'love is a mode of caring,' in the sense that caring is a form of commitment: to ourselves, to others, and to various other activities and ideals. In caring we impart meaning to our lives by delineating those concerns and goals in which we have a stable interest. One could also reverse this and say that caring is a mode of love.

Richard Beardsworth sees that in an age that is marked by new forms of diremption between religion, politics and economics,

where extreme gulfs have appeared inbetween these areas through the rise of capitalism and religious fundamentalism, the concept of love is a potential response that 'upholds life in its manifold differences in a collective, secular manner.' As he sees it, 'a re-engagement with a political understanding of love is therefore an important historical and philosophical imperative.'

In *About Love* Michael Hardt similarly talks about the concept of love as having a socially transformative potential. While it has conventionally been conceived of as closed within notions of the couple and the family and in relation to Christian notion of unity and the love of one's neighbour,' which is a love prioritises those that are closest over those that are far away – i.e. one's partner, the family, one's neighbour, the state, the nation etc. – and is essentially a love of the same. Hardt sees the need for a more open social concept that simultaneously applies to those closest and those furthest away. Here the love of the neighbour is not limited by identity or proximity, but an open space that extends to all others – a love that preserves and experiments with differences. As he describes:

'We need to recover the material and political sense of love, a love as strong as death. This does not mean that you cannot love your spouse, your mother and your child. It only means that your love does not end there, that love serves as the basis for our political projects in common and the construction of a new society. Without this love, we are nothing.'

Perhaps a question one could ask here might be why should this be called 'love'? Are there not other or new concepts that could fit what these philosophers describe better? Hardt confronts this very issue within the lecture, and compares love to two alternative concepts that one could use in relation to what he is talking about: solidarity and friendship. His argument against the use of these is that love has a transformative and irrational nature that goes beyond their stability. As we described at the beginning of this text, love is a malleable concept that has a kind of sliding scale of strength, which can be seen as a weakness in terms of its generality, but, as it appears here, can also be a strength in terms of its ambiguous, controversial, and unsettled openness. However, for some, love still has its limits, as Meatloaf once said, 'I'd do anything for love (but I won't do that).'

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Love: Duty Free

By François Bucher, Berlin

Close your eyes and you're there – your own private oasis. Sense the freshness of Tangerine and Apricot, the coolness of Blue Basil and the delicate sweetness of Honeysuckle and Mediterranean Mimosa blended with Violet, Emerald Orchid and Blue Cypress wood.

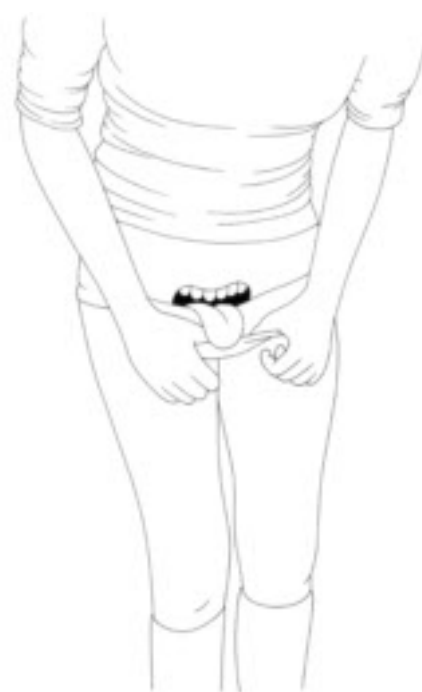
Float away and feel the warmth of the sun caress your skin. This is your dream, this is your moment, all to yourself. Emerald Dream. The new destination. A fruity-floral signature. A fragrance that imposes the piquant freshness of pure pink pepper as a head note and the sugary eagerness of frozen Morello cherry... The charm is vivid in the tide and spontaneity of fruity sensations whose flowers trigger off pleasure as a heart note. Jasmine, violet, freesia, a light procession of intertwined flowers like a voluptuous crown, a halo of seduction. A woody shroud of amber, Tonka bean and sandalwood as an ode to feminine power, praising seduction as a caress on the skin. Empowering and sexy; just like the star herself. Jasmine, Peony, Musk, Amber Grapefruit, Magnolia, Violet, White Amber and several more fragrances. Pure and simple, a best-seller in Hollywood. Lime, Lemon, Jasmine and more. A star fragrance, classic and romantic. A blend of Benzoin, Plum, Sandalwood, Vetiver, Patchouli, Verbena and Cederwood. Grapefruit, Magnolia, Violet, White Amber and several more fragrances. Lime, Lemon, Jasmine and more. A captivating bouquet of Geranium, Lemon and Lavender among other scents. Captivating sophistication with Thyme, Juniper, Nutmeg, Sandalwood and more. Enjoy a modern aromatic note of Basil, Mint and Crushed Ice. Mediterranean sensuality; including Rosewood, Musk, Juniper and Sichuan pepper. Femininity is timeless. A bouquet of abstract flowers with an indefinable femininity and a legendary elegance. An oriental fragrance with a strong personality, yet surprisingly fresh. Association of original combinations, waves of extreme freshness composed with floral notes and sensual, sweet and spicy elements. From one moment to the next, the fragrance evolves. For every moment is unique. A feminine, elegant and precious scent filled with the grace of white flowers and sweet fruits. A creative, superbly luxurious and young fragrance, reminiscent of a contemporary, colorful jewel. A modern floral fragrance dedicated to women embodying core values of creativity, elegance and sophisticated modernity. A romantic luxury; a feminine, elegant and precious scent filled with the grace of white flowers and sweet fruits. The perfume of absolute femininity. A generous fruity floral fragrance, enhanced by the luxurious gold light. Let yourself be tempted by this emotional experience. Symbolizes the timeless with a modern twist. An impertinent and gourmand fragrance which allies a classic structure with more surprising notes. A lush mix of watermelon, mandarin, passion fruit, apple, tuberose, caramel crème brulee with woods and patchouli. A wearable lov-

er's locket. A sensation of color inspired by crystal blue waters. Enjoy an indulgent, energizing splash. For the modern-casual yet simple woman. This fragrance is light and clean yet sophisticated and refined due to its complex scent. Rebellious, independent, free spirited. Delicate flowers combined with rose and lotus notes reveal a fresh aquatic floral with a fragrant woody aura. A powdery-floral fragrance with contemporary poetic power. Because the poppy has no scent, Kenzo has created its fragrance. A hint of rose, vanilla and violet for a perfect sensory. Eternity for Women. Allure goes physical. A new interpretation of masculine allure. A sparkling and energizing freshness, combined with sensuality. A fusion of unexpected contrasts creates a truly captivating fragrance like the man who wears it. The elegance and glamour of Hollywood mysteriously wrapped in a midnight blue bottle. It is the first oriental fragrance for men. A mysterious fragrance that evokes modernity and fascination with its luxurious and masculine packaging. A symbol of modernity and originality that will reveal your bewitching power of seduction! A musky amber sensuality as base notes, a green aromatic floral signature in the heart notes and a spicy green freshness as head notes. Timelessly elegant yet totally modern. It combines a woody, spicy masculinity with an oriental fougère bouquet. For a modern, daring and sophisticated man. Bold fusion of iced mango, silver armoise and patchouli noir. Classic meets modern... built around a powerful combination of classic citrus and modern cool spice, to create an olfactory signature that expresses a masculine and sophisticated elegance. Obsession for Men. Absolute masculinity, unforgettable presence: a man's signature. Attitude is a woody oriental fragrance, an appeal to sensuality, pleasure and elegance. Classic yet modern, this spicy woody fragrance is designed for an active, nonconformist man. Reinterpretes the legendary harmony set off by a floral, fruity chord with heady notes of vanilla, amber and iris. An oriental, woody nature. Wonderfully exotic flowers, spices and woods are blended together to form a delightful evening wear scent. A sweet, woody, oriental fragrance. Ideal for Romantic occasions. This sharp, aquatic scent possesses a blend of fresh water florals including lily. Along with a touch of carnation. A crisp scent that lives on the sea breeze. For the woman of unfettered emotions, in love with life and all it brings. An oriental-based fragrance with essences of flowers, fruit and amber the result is a clean, alluring daytime scent. This refreshing, flowery scent possesses a blend of an intense floral, including jasmine and green leaves. It is ideal for romantic wear.



A classic flowery scent with unique jasmine floral notes. A must for romantic occasions. Contains lilac, citrus, ylang-ylang and is accented with orange, leather and musk. It's fresh and light scent makes it perfect for romantic occasions. This refined, oriental, floral scent possesses a blend of water lily, magnolia, and white musk. Based on the fragrance departing soldiers gave their sweethearts, continues today to be the gift for a true lady. The soft floral scent has a blend of green florals. The glamour of the fashion world. A truly evocative perfume for the select few, with a soft floral aurora. A refreshing floral scent with wonderful notes of fresh-cut flowers, greens, fruits and woods. True Love. This sweet floral-based, appeals to the romantic nature of younger women, and then remains precious for life. Make it your secret perfume for true love at first sight, and capture its spirit forever. A classic woody, arid fragrance. Luxurious, a scent with dry and woody, with light shades of citrus notes for the romantic minded male. Beautifully gentle, floral scent with bulgarian rose as a top note, as well as bergamot, apricot and raspberry. Heart notes of jasmine, rose and water lily. Allure goes physical. A sparkling and energizing freshness, combined with sensuality. A fusion of unexpected contrasts creates a truly captivating fragrance like the man who wears it. Evokes modernity and fascination with its luxurious and masculine packaging. A symbol of modernity and originality that will reveal your bewitching power of seduction! A musky amber sensuality as base notes, a green aromatic floral signature in the heart notes. A powerful combination of classic citrus and modern cool spice, to create an olfactory signature that expresses a masculine and sophisticated elegance. Re interprets the legendary harmony set off by a floral, fruity chord with heady notes of vanilla, amber and iris. A classic fragrance that's distinctly masculine, authoritative, warm and provocative. Citrus and bergamot oils in the top note lead onto a mid note of Sage, Cardamom, Clove and Sandalwood. Finally a masculine blend of Leather notes and Oak Moss. A woody, oriental fragrance. Musk, amber and tobacco are topped by citrus fruits. Woody scent with aromatic woods and benzoin combining with incense and eucalyptus. Perfect for daytime wear. A spicy, sweet scent with a refined touch. Citrus notes of lemon and orange are followed by

lavender, sage, cedar and tobacco. Refreshing, oriental, woody fragrance. This masculine scent possesses a blend of a lively citrus scent of blended spices, woods, amber and musk. Refined, oriental, woody fragrance. This masculine scent possesses a blend of oak musk, lavender, grapefruit and mandarine. Spicy, sweet fragrance with citrus notes of lime and mandarin, floral notes of rosemary and iris, and woody notes of sandalwood, cedarwood, and musk. A fruity masculine scent consisting of fruits with lower notes of peppermint and figwood. For the romantic male who craves luxury.



Drawings by **Mrzyk & Moriceau**, The Valley, 2007. Commissioned by **Alexis Vaillant**, Paris

GAS

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★★★

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MORT AUX VACHES
EKSTRA 2004 IGEN
FOR Henning Christiansen
(bjørnstjernes faæaaæear)

This piece was originally intended to be
printed in a book on Henning Christiansen.

WITH LOVE & DELIGHT It
later changed into a book about FLUXUS in
general.

AGAIN WITH SOME SORT OF
LOVE & A BIT OF DELIGHT
And then even later there was NO book at
all.

ALMOST WITHOUT LOVE BUT
STILL WITH A BIT OF
DELIGHT But NO way can it end there
so we now place it in this magazine.

- And - HAWKY HAWKY HAWK
THE LOVE & DELIGHT IS
BACK

2004 IGEN FOR HENNING CHRISTIANSEN

(BJØRNSTJERNES FÆAAÆEAR)

BIDRAGET TIL DENNE PUBLIKATION ER SPALTET OG FLYTTET I TID OG STED SÅLEDES, AT DET NU ER EN DEL AF MORT AUX VACHES EKSTRA SERIEN.

BIDRAGET ER FLYTTET TIL AMSTERDAM DEN 5. SEPTEMBER 2004 SAMT EN PLADEINDSPILNING PÅ ET UDEFINERET TIDSPUNKT I DRONNINGENS KØBENHAVN.

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BIDRAGET ER UDFØRT MED HJÆLP FRA FØLGENDE AKTØRER: VAGN E. OLSSON, EVOL OG ANDREAS JOHNSON.

BLEV DETTE SAGT AF
GOODIEPAL, BEDSTED 2007?
ELLER AF
GÆOUDJIPARL VAN DEN DOBBELSTEEN, AMSTERDAM 2004?

Some elements that are condensed in the notion of of sexual identity,

your biological (e.g., chromosomal) sex, male or female;

your self-perceived gender assignment, male or female (supposed to be the same as your biological sex);

the biological sex of your preferred partner;

the gender assignment of your preferred partner (supposed to be the same as her/his biological sex);

the masculinity or femininity of your preferred partner (supposed to be the opposite⁶ of your own);

your self-perception as gay or straight (supposed to correspond to whether your preferred partner is your sex or the opposite);

your preferred partner's self-perception as gay or straight (supposed to be the same as yours);

your most eroticized sexual organs (supposed to correspond to the procreative capabilities of your sex, and to your insertive/receptive assignment);

your sexual fantasies (supposed to be highly congruent with your sexual practice, but stronger in intensity);

your preferred sexual act(s) (supposed to be insertive if you are male or masculine, receptive if you are female or feminine);

the people from whom you learn about your own gender and sex (supposed to correspond to yourself in both respects);

your procreative choice (supposed to be yes if straight, no if gay);

your enjoyment of power in sexual relations (supposed to be low if you are female or feminine, high if male or masculine);

your community of cultural and political identification (supposed to correspond to your own identity);