

NEW YORK

love game.

a.bava

Arsenic's aphrodisiac effects have been well documented. In 1889 there was a highly publicized murder in Liverpool where Florence Maybrick was accused of poisoning her husband with arsenic-laced beef extract. She was convicted & incarcerated for 15 years.

Today arsenic is known solely as a poison, but the trial was complicated by the fact that at the time arsenic had countless household uses. There was flypaper, cat poison, various pharmaceuticals, not to mention homemade cosmetic solutions, (a fact that interested Florence Maybrick). It was also used as an aphrodisiac (which interested her husband). Apparently he was consuming at least 20mg of arsenic trioxide per day to "excite passion." Though his autopsy revealed arsenic in the blood & liver, he was not poisoned by Maybrick, but was simply trying to keep the fires of love burning in his loins.

The word "poison" is tricky, as there really is no such thing, only medicines that are lethal at comparatively low doses. Yet most of the chemicals that are generally recognized to be deadly poisons have a significant history of use as aphrodisiacs. (You could probably draw some socio-chemical conclusions from that, but I won't go there.)

Consider Albert Fish, he ate a stew made from the body of a little girl he had murdered & experienced an orgasm lasting seven days! That is impressive, even by the standards of the most accomplished Tantrist.

For Albert Fish, little girl stew was an effective aphrodisiac, but maybe it would be less effective for you. I guess you could say the science of developing aphrodisiacs is finding the "little girl stew" for each of us. Fish, though monstrous, possessed a human brain – perhaps similar neuro-chemical states can be achieved through less odious means.

Therapies that raise testosterone levels seem to increase the libido of post-menopausal women, but testosterone is not essential for sex drive, even in men. The main problem in finding an effective aphrodisiac is the tremendous variability in what humans find arousing &, from an experimental standpoint, the tremendous difference between what humans & lab mice find arousing.

If anything, at this point in my life I want an anti-aphrodisiac. Perhaps in 20 years things will be different, but right now I'd like to throw a little sand on the fire. I also have some concerns with the way technological advancements will alter our sexuality; I don't want to spend my life like a capybara, enervated from excessive ejaculation. The convergence of scientific & hedonist pursuits has the potential to become what Stanislaw Lem called "an exceptionally pleasant form of intellectual suicide." Eventually we will be nothing more than disembodied genitalia vibrating in the cosmos, which is not what I want. On the other hand, if someone offered me a dose of PL-6983... well, I might not say no.

Alessandro Bava is a student of the AA taking a break in NY.

BEDFORD SQUARE

la repubblica della rose.

I. cippini

I'm pretty discouraged by the amount of insurrectional movements that are going on these days. It's not that I mind them; at least you can see them on the TV. But honestly, what really interests me today is this question: which is your favourite revolution? Since feeling like a kid is an amazing moral palliative, I choose my revolution thus:

Dear Diary,

My favourite revolution was not on satellite TV, nobody wrote about it (except in some really boring national newspaper), and if you Google it you basically find four pictures of 135kb in size – which is a clear sign that the revolution I chose is really hardcore. Gdeim Izik is really cool. They are a group of funky Muslims that quite simply asked for the independence of Western Sahara. They organized themselves with an old Nokia, or some plastic glasses, and did a nice barbecue with tents in the middle of the desert. The problem is that instead of being sad, unhappy and hungry they admitted they were very happy without toilet paper.

This sparked such an incredible sense of unified suffering in Morocco that the military and riot police decided to build a wall around the tent camp. They then waited for just enough time to allow adventurous journalists to

hide in vans, sneak in and write their pieces (with poesy and seriousness) about the situation. These pieces now hang in my room. Once this activity had occurred, the Moroccans dedicated themselves to my favourite repressive effort: they destroyed the camp, killed a bunch of people, and heralded the dirtiness of the Gdeim Izik flag, which is obviously not as nice as the Algerian one.

I love this revolution because it is short, highly objectionable, and I can easily appropriate it. Just by reading four articles, I flaunt my political blathering without feeling guilty, because the period of mass killing is gone.

However, I have to admit I'm sorry about this fact: not only did these friendly Bedouins have a stupid idea (why would one want a piece of desert?) but most of all they were simply too short-sighted to go beyond the claim of a sand pile. Someone should tell them that the basis of every revolution is leading the liberal push that drives every individual and every ideology, where the contradictions are so explicit that the only possible thing is a huge explosion.

The last interesting thing is that the massacre of these Muslims has not really been well understood. This makes me not completely hate the friendly Moroccans, but to properly understand this previous sentence you should brush up on a bit of history.

Luigi Cippini is a third year student at the AA.

please circle as appropriate:

i feel fine / nothing