Emerging from the shadows, a voice overtook all space and time. I pledged to you, eternal love, to consecrate you to Death, in company with myself. Herz an Herz dir, Mund an Mund. Dressed in black, holding up machine guns, seemingly fearless, convinced of their superiority and victory. A declaration of love. Viktorija. La Victoire en chantant. I will find my throne, and with it, utmost rapture.

Dedicated to José, George and Alex.

Omne trium perfectum
Everything that comes in three’s is perfect
SHIT IS GOLD AND GOLD IS SHIT

shit is gold and gold is shit

gnoj je zlato  manure is gold
in zlato je gnoj.  and gold is manure.
oboje = 0  both = 0

0 = ∞
∞ = 0
A B <
1, 2 3

Kdor nima duše  Anyone who does not have a soul
ne potrebuje zlata  needs no gold
kdor ima dušo  who has a soul
ne potrebuje gnoja.  does not need to manure.

I, A.

Kons 5 by Slovenian/Italian poet from Trst/Trieste, Srečko Kosovel
(18 March 1904 – 26 May 1926)
Sweet Sixteen. To deter my Flemish teacher from questioning me about the book *De Leeuw van Vlaenderen* (in English: *The Lion of Flanders*) by Hendrik Conscience I told him that I grew up with shit-eaters and fish-fuckers. This, for the record, is entirely true. He was very disturbed and told me to leave. He passed me on the exam though and after that I became untouchable.

Shit happens.

I spent a lot of time at the library. The cellar department (-1) contained crime books, comic strips and VHS tapes. There was hardly ever anyone in the crime books section. I’d sit there for hours reading obscure erotic thrillers. I remember one book in particular. The main character was a female serial killer. She goes into a toilet where her next victim has just taken a shit. It smells so much shit. Another person’s shit. She sits down on the toilet and inhales the shit-air. She describes how as she inhales it deep into her nostrils, she enjoys it immensely. The horrible smell of shit suddenly smells so nice. It’s such a nice warm shit smell. You could sit there for hours just inhaling it and maybe adding your own personal shit-flavoured smell.

After that when I entered a shit-smelling toilet I would take my time and enjoy the smell of my and other people’s shit. It is until today the closest I have ever come to meditation. I gather that it is the closest I will ever come to meditation. To all Westerners wanting to be alternative and exotic by paying 40.000 € a year for meditation classes, I truly recommend shit inhalation as a very effective meditation method. Give me your GOLD and I will turn it into SHIT.
“I will go further: far from scandalizing me, the idea of obtaining a cosmetic from excrement, that is, aurum de stercore (‘gold from dung’), amused me and warmed my heart like a return to the origins, when alchemists extracted phosphorus from urine. It was both unprecedented and gay and noble besides, because it was ennobled, restored, and reestablished. That is what nature does: it draws the fern’s grace from the putrefaction of the forest floor, and pasturage from manure, in Latin laetamen – and does not laetari mean ‘to rejoice’? That’s what they taught me in liceo, that’s how it had been for Virgil, and that’s what it became for me.”

“Python shit. Their very scanty shit is worth its weight in gold; besides, they – and all exhibitors and owners of snakes – have permanent and exclusive contracts with big pharmaceutical companies.”

Arguably the most shocking ingredient found in skin care products is infant foreskin. It’s been dubbed the fountain of youth by some and Oprah Winfrey swears by a product derived from it. The use of beauty potions created using discarded infant foreskin remains controversial and Winfrey has received backlash in response. “The foreskin, obtained from circumcisions, promotes new skin growth,” says Tim Schmidt, CEO of the cosmetics company SkinPro.

1 Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*
2 Ibid.
Somewhere a human is going to pick up your oily stomach excrement and shout of joy, because guess what? That shit is worth stupid amounts of money.

“Shit is a more onerous theological problem than is evil. Since God gave man freedom, we can, if need be, accept the idea that He is not responsible for man’s crimes. The responsibility for shit, however, rests entirely with Him, the creator of man.”

People always talk about friendship forever. It seems to me that people find friendship more believable than love. There is an irrational fear to love. Friendship on the other hand is something people propagate, but which in reality is often hollow. The best friendships I have are from when I was a teenager. The age when a lot of things in life can fuck up. When society tells you, “You are a fuck-up”. Of course they do that your whole life if you don’t accept the rules and thereby become “they”. But from the age of 12 to 16 they have the opportunity to root out the different/revolutionary/idealistic minds. And they do everything they can to pull you down and crack you. Maybe it’s easier. For me that was a time when I was at my strongest. I knew what I wanted, I knew I had to fight for it, I knew I was bullied but I didn’t give a shit because I had a goal.

Vi är inte skit
Vi är inte skit
Vi är inte skit

3 Milan Kundera, The Unbearable Lightness of Being
And in contrast to all the middle class brats with a safe net under their arse, I knew who I was AND YOU DIDN’T FUCK WITH ME.

Ungdomens kulor träffar: boom boom
när underklassens arbetsmarknad övermättas
Åta eller åtas medan händelser berättas

“Thank U society for railroading my ass.”

---

Kalla mej våldsam, obehaglig o farlig
men d sanningen mannen,
Vi skildrar händelser, dont shoot the motherfucking messenger,
Vilka e ni? Fucking Auktoriteter?
Ni e en bluff som sätter en dyr kostym på verkligheten
Duckat uppvärmningen av planeten
som har totalt glömt bort arbetarnas rättigheter
Vilken demokrati, oss ni skiter i
Ni polariserar d land min pappa sliter i
Er tid e förbi, inget varar för evigt

---

4 Quote from Aileen Carol Wuornos (February 29, 1956 – October 9, 2002). Wuornos was an American serial killer who killed seven men in Florida between 1989 and 1990. Wuornos claimed that her victims had either raped or attempted to rape her while she was working as a prostitute, and that all of the homicides were committed in self-defence. She was convicted and sentenced to death for six of the murders and was executed by the State of Florida by lethal injection on October 9, 2002.
Vi är inte skit
Vi är inte skit
Vi är inte skit\textsuperscript{5}

I hate contemporary theatre. I love opera. One of my biggest performance inspirations is Antonin Artaud and his ‘Theatre of Cruelty’. Once you experience it, you never go back. It is the only true theatre I have ever seen. Because it wasn’t just theatre. It was real. It fucking scared me, nerves and heart. You couldn’t walk away or defocus. In that moment the actor’s pain sliced through me and became my pain. Stanislavski’s system finally worked.

“Shit on your whole mortifying, imaginary, and symbolic theatre!”\textsuperscript{6}

\textsuperscript{5} Kartellen feat Mikael Wiehe, \textit{Vi är inte skit}
\textsuperscript{6} Gilles Deleuze, \textit{Anti-Oedipus:Capitalism and Schizophrenia}
MEMORIES OF LOVE

Does love live on after death? No, but the memories of love do.

Pavel Šturm was a partisan. He was shot in the hand, and went to a partisan hospital that was set up in the mountains, safely hidden from the Nazi’s. They poured alcohol on his wound, seeing as they didn’t have any other antiseptics. Until his death, he would continue meeting the doctor who had treated him, once a year, every year. I often wonder what they talked about on these occasions. How did it go about? What did they do? This story was told to me last summer when my father and I went to a partisan museum in Idrija, Slovenia. The museum has been started by a guy who collects literally everything that has to do with the events of the Second World War in the Goriška/Gorizia region. He is an expert on the subject and probably knows more about your family than you do. My grandmother had loaned him my grandfather’s medals before she died. We wanted them back. He obliged and wanted to give us a tour of the museum. It turned out he knew exactly where my father had been born. He told us a story about a girl who had lived in the house next door. She was part of a large family with many siblings. One day she went out alone to pick blueberries in the forest. On her way back, she noticed that her house was on fire. Her family – parents and siblings – had been locked inside the house and were burned alive by the Germans. They all died. The young girl survived and is still alive. He claimed to have the original clothes which she had worn that fateful day. He also knew a lot about my grandfather. He had a whole room dedicated to the doctor, including all his original tools. Who knows, maybe one of them was used on Pavel? An academic and a low class worker, both partisans.
My grandfather never joined the communist party. Most of the people who joined, had simply “changed shirts” as the Swedish saying goes. From fascists to nazi’s to communists and yes after Pavel’s death they even became capitalists. Dirty pigs. Not joining the communist party meant that he was only given shitty jobs after that. He wasn’t an admirable man, or a good man. He was an ordinary unique person. He was a hero. He was a sinner. When my father left Yugoslavia, people stopped talking to Pavel and started walking on the opposite side of the street. Last summer he was presented in the local museum as a heroic partisan with picture, medals and all. Funny, how after someone’s death people change attitude. People who never cared about the dead person suddenly cry tears as if they were family, others declare the guy a hero, a genius.

My favourite bar in Stockholm is City Krogen. It reminds me of shabby brown café’s in Brussels like Le Laboreur, Chez Marcel, De Archipel, Daeringman, Dada and Kafka. Whenever I’m there, they always play Lana del Rey. Some weeks ago she was quoted saying; “I wish I were dead already”.

My copy of La Divina Commedia by Dante Alighieri, was bought by my great-grandfather Carl August Nordlander in Stockholm. Carl Nordlander was a librarian and diligently carried the pacifist symbol of a gun broken in two as a pin on his jacket. He was also awarded the King Haakon VII’s Freedom Cross because he arranged and was responsible for many of the Norwegian Jews who escaped the Nazi’s in Norway by migrating to Sweden.

My great-grandmother Hjørdis Ragna Caroline (Nilsson) Lie grew up in Kampen, Tøyn in Oslo, Norway. She was the witch of my mother’s family. Her forefinger was missing. She also had a habit of singing in a way that resembles the Sami joik. Her father Frantz Nilsson had been born a bastard. At the time of his consumption his mother was a maid at the Royal Court in Sweden where Emperor Franz Joseph I of Austria was a regular visitor. It is unknown who Frantz’s father is, but it is said that Frantz and the emperor looked as alike as two peas in a pod...

In 1890, Frantz Nilsson ran a junk shop which went well until his wife Mathea Johnsen died of tuberculosis in 1912. Frantz started drinking heavily and finally became so desperate that he lined up his four kids in a row with the purpose of shooting them and himself. This attempt at murder and suicide was luckily prevented and the children were sent to various foster families. Hjørdis was placed in a farmer’s family, while her sister Märtha lived with a rich family and became an extravagant woman always covered in jewels.

---

King Haakon VII’s Freedom Cross (Norwegian: Haakon VIIIs Frihetskors) was established on 18 May 1945. The medal is awarded to Norwegian or foreign military or civilian personnel for outstanding achievement during war. It is ranked fifth in the order of precedence in the Norwegian honours system.
Do you ever wonder what’s worse? Destruction on the inside, but construction on the outside? <-> Being good on the inside, but bad on the outside?

My father has been very sick for a couple of years now. Every time I go home, he tells me he’ll die soon. Do you want your mother’s and my art, Merzedes? You better get it before either of us dies. Otherwise you’ll have to fight for it. After my father nearly died, I’ve got a very serious opinion on sorrow. I don’t feel great sorrow for all things. Don’t call the name of the dead, or he/she will never reach the afterlife. People are different. My mother lost her dog seven years ago to a heart attack. She still cries whenever her name is mentioned. Ascha.


“I want money and all your power, all your glory. I wanna take you for all that you got.”

8 Lana Del Rey, *Money Power Glory*
You tried to burn me, but I will rise again from the ashes of hell. I will remind you of what it means to be alive. Valhalla is only for those who have lived.
“The Socialist Revolutionary – the SR – Yekaterina Olitskaya didn’t consider herself worthy of being imprisoned in 1924. After all, Russia’s best people had served time and she was still young and had not done anything yet for Russia. But freedom itself was expelling her. And so she went to prison – with pride and happiness.”

Zofija (Tušar) Šturm was famous for her jokes and extravagant dresses. They were all very cheap and synthetic but had big colourful prints on them, flower patterns, polka dots, everything. Red nail polish and red lipstick. Super thick black hair, permanently curled. She got many wedding proposals after Pavel died. Even from a couple of rich guys. Even in LA, she was proposed to. Haha. Why not have some fun when you’re old. Joke around, flirt, be extravagant. The girl from the mountains. Underclass. She came from nothing and even made it to L.A. Ha!

9 Alexander Solzhenitzyn, *The Gulag Archipelago*
She often told my father that she used to have balls, to be courageous. The Germans came to her family home and set it on fire. They told her that if she tried to put it out, they would come back and shoot her. When they left she did it anyways. This was considered very courageous. But after that, her courage failed her. What happened? Her family had been very poor, they mostly only ate soup, had little or no food and were often famished. She was also a courier for the partisans (Oslobodilna fronta/Liberation front) in 1943. Once, the Germans hunted her through the woods. She fell downwards off a mountain. After that, she had this huge black mark which covered nearly all of her lower leg for life. But it didn’t hurt. Anyways she got away. At her funeral my uncle’s family made this big point of her coming from nothing and working herself up and her son (my uncle), being a very successful businessman. Glory story.

It’s easy to talk about grandparents.

The film *The Night Porter* by Liliana Cavani, depicts the political continuity between wartime Nazism and post-war Europe and the psychological continuity of characters locked into compulsive repetition of the past. On another level it deals with the psychological condition known as Stockholm Syndrome. The movie also raises the issue of sleeper Nazi cells and their control, and possibly hints at what could have spurred the 1960s reaction to the Red Army Faction (aka Baader-Meinhof Gang).

On 23 August 1973 Jan-Erik “Janne” Olsson, on leave from prison, went into Kreditbanken at Norrmalmstorg, central Stockholm, and attempted to rob the bank. Police were called in immediately, and two of them went inside. Olsson opened fire, injuring the hand of one policeman. The other was ordered to sit on a chair and “sing something”; he started singing *Lonesome Cowboy.* Several bank employees were held hostage in a bank vault until August 28, 1973, while their captors negotiated with the police. Olofsson repeatedly walked around in the vault singing Roberta Flack’s *Killing Me Softly.* During the standoff, the hostages became emotionally attached to their captors, rejected assistance from government officials at one point, and even defended their captors after they were freed from their six-day ordeal.

The bonding is the individual’s response to the trauma in becoming a victim. Identifying with the aggressor is one way that the ego defends itself. When a victim believes him or herself to have the same values, the aggressor ceases to be perceived as a threat.

In *Martyrs* (France, 2008) a philosophical society inflicts systematic acts of torture upon young women in the belief that their suffering will result in a transcendental insight into the world beyond. After having reached a certain mental state the women are flayed alive. The goal is not to turn them into ‘victims’, but rather into ‘martyrs’, i.e. witnesses of the afterlife.
“This image of pain at once ecstatic and intolerable. What I suddenly saw, and what imprisoned me in anguish – but which at the same time delivered me from it – has the identity of these perfect contraries, divine ecstasy and the opposite, extreme horror and this is my inevitable conclusion of the history of eroticism.”

Selected stops along the way of a poetic journey through historically forgotten places in Europe where crimes against humanity have been committed.

– Goli Otok (naked island) and Sveti Grgur (St. Gregory)
These islands were in 1949 both made into high-security, top secret prison and labour camps run by the authorities of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia. Goli Otok was a male prison camp, while Sveti Grgur was a female prison camp. They were used to incarcerate political prisoners. Mostly known and alleged Stalinists, but also other Communist Party of Yugoslavia members or even non-party citizens accused of exhibiting sympathy or leaning towards the Soviet Union. Many anticommunists (Serbian, Slovenian, Croatian, Macedonian, Albanian and other nationalists etc.) were also incarcerated on Goli Otok. Both prisons were shut down in 1988, and since then the islands have been uninhabited.

10 Interview with George Bataille about Ling Chi Execution (also known as ‘Death by thousand cuts’ or ‘The mushroom of immortality’). Ling Chi was a form of torture and execution used in China from roughly AD 900 until it was banned in 1905. In this form of execution, a knife was used to methodically remove portions of the body over an extended period of time, eventually resulting in death.
Karst plateau) by the Yugoslav Communist partisans of Tito. These killings were forgotten during the Cold War in order to maintain a “good neighbour” policy between Titoist Yugoslavia and Italy, whose war crimes were forgotten as well. The Titoist regime never brought up the issue of the Fascist Italian war crimes, as long as the Yugoslav war and post-war mass killings were not brought up by Italy. This changed in the 1990s with the dissolution of Yugoslavia.

– La Risiera di San Sabba
La Risiera di San Sabba was a Nazi concentration camp for the detention and killing of political prisoners during World War II, located in Trieste, Northern Italy. Many occupants of La Risiera di San Sabba were transported to the Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz-Birkenau in Poland. Historians estimate that over 3,000 people were killed at the camp and thousands more imprisoned and transported elsewhere. The majority of prisoners came from Friuli, the Julian March, and the Province of Ljubljana.

– Casa del Fascio in Como
The Casa del Fascio in Como, the headquarters of the Italian fascist party that was built in 1936 by the architect Giuseppe Terragni, has come to be revered world-
wide as an icon of the modernist architecture of the 20th century. Along the way it has managed to completely disassociate itself from the original clients and the sinister plans that they hatched behind its walls.

– Seveso disaster/Bosco delle Querce
Seveso made world headlines when, on 10 July 1976, storage vessels at the ICMESA chemical plant ruptured, releasing several kilogrammes of the dioxin TCDD (2,3,7,8-tetrachlorodibenzo-p-dioxin) into the atmosphere. Tens of thousands of farm animals and pets died or were later deliberately slaughtered, though it is believed that there was not a single human death directly attributable to the incident. The event later came to be known as the Seveso disaster. Nowadays in the main contaminated area there is a park called “Bosco delle Querce” (Wood of Oaks).

– Piazzale Loreto
On 29 April 1945, the bodies of Mussolini, Petacci, and the other executed Fascists were loaded into a moving van and trucked south to Milan. There, at 3 a.m., they were dumped on the ground in the old Piazzale Loreto. After being shot, kicked, and spat upon, the bodies were hung upside down on meat hooks from the roof of an Esso gas station. The bodies were then stoned by civilians from below. This was done both to discourage any Fascists from continuing the fight and as an act of revenge for the hanging of many partisans in the same place by Axis authorities. The corpse of the deposed leader became subject to ridicule and abuse.

– Mercury Mine/Živo srebro
Mercury was discovered in Idrija (known as Idria under Austrian rule) in the late 15th century. According to the legend, a bucket maker working in a local spring spotted a small amount of liquid mercury. Mining operations were taken over by the government in 1580. Idrija (modern day Slovenia) is one of the few places in the world where mercury occurs in both its elemental liquid state and as cinnabar (mercury sulfide) ore.

– Timavo River and the entrance to Hades (“the world of the dead”)
The Timavo River in Italy is only 55 miles long but 24 miles of it are missing. The river disappears into the ground and reappears 24 miles later. Seven of these missing miles disappeared in only the last ten years. The river dives underground at Škocjan Caves in Slovenia and flows for about 30 km before emerging at about 1 km from the sea in a series of springs near Duino, reputed by the Romans to be an entrance to Hades. Two thousand years ago the poet Virgil made reference to the strange fact that the river disappears into the ground. He too thought the river actually led to the gates of Hades.
When I lived in Milan I was truly myself, content. I didn’t care about the school at all. I never hung out with anyone. I walked around the city by myself, went to a café to skype with my parents, sat in the Braidense National Library and stayed up whole nights reading *Zeno’s Conscience* by Italo Svevo, *The Prince* by Machiavelli, *Steppenwolf* by Herman Hesse and others. I also took one hour long baths in the super small sitting bathtub, looked at Italian movies on the small television in the kitchen and cooked food. The apartment was shared with an Erasmus student from Bucharest. She went partying with her Romanian, Estonian and Slovakian friends. I never joined. We only communicated through notes. Or mostly she communicated to me through notes. The few occasions when we actually sat in the kitchen at the same time, she laughed very hard at my stories and told me I was such a good storyteller. I don’t think I’ve ever really told so many animated stories as I did to her in Milan. I never tell stories in Stockholm. In Brussels maybe occasionally, but not really. It’s rather opinions, not stories. In Milan however, I would tell her about all kinds of stuff.
Who will help decide which way the currents of our history will flow?
Calling the same thing white today and black tomorrow.
What kind of world will we leave behind?

Remember:
What doesn't kill you, simply makes you stranger.
DEATH MINUS TIME = STASIS = \( \infty = 0 \)

“I envied in him the boundless freedom of invention of one who has broken through the barrier and is now free to build for himself the past that suits him best, to stitch around him the garments of a hero and fly like Superman across centuries, meridians, and parallels.”

In science fiction, stasis is a suspension of the passage of time, whether by biological means (deep sleep/hypersleep) or physical means, called stasis fields. A stasis field is a region where a stasis process is in effect. Stasis fields in fictional settings often have several common characteristics. These include infinite or near-infinite rigidity, making them “unbreakable objects”, and a perfect or nearly-perfect reflective surface. Time is often suspended in stasis fields. Such fields will thus have the additional property of protecting non-living materials from deterioration. There are real phenomena that cause time dilation similar to a stasis field’s. Velocity near light speed or a powerful gravitational field will cause time to progress more slowly.

11 Primo Levi, *The Periodic Table*
The angel of history has her face turned towards the past. She perceives a chain of events, sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of her feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm irresistibly propels her into the future to which her back is turned, while the pile of debris before her grows skyward.\textsuperscript{12}

Frozen time = •
Time =
Sped up time =

ENJOY IT AS LONG AS IT LASTS AND KILL ALL THE MOTHERFUCKERS
KILL ALL THE MOTHERFUCKERS
Personal Message from Charlemagne Palestine to Merzedes Sturm-Lie on her 19th birthday, 5/11/2010, transmitted by Jadran Sturm. This is the best and truest birthday message I’ll ever receive.

Infinite or near-infinite rigidity → “unbreakable objects”
The rigidity/stiffness of a body is a measure of the resistance offered by an elastic body to deformation. The artwork is not a thing among other things in the world. It does not rely on demand, nor does it satisfy wants or needs. Artworks are autonomous, unbreakable and indestructible. Ni dieu, Ni maitre (No gods, No masters).\textsuperscript{13}

\textsuperscript{12} Based on Walter Benjamin’s description of Paul Klee’s print Angelus Novus, in \textit{Theses on the Philosophy of History}
\textsuperscript{13} Anarchy
A perfect or nearly-perfect reflective surface
Reflection is the change in direction of a wavefront at an interface between two different media so that the wavefront returns into the medium from which it originated. As with the reflection of light, sound and water waves, art is part of reality. It relates to society, but nevertheless, has its own “law” or “tendency”. Art is critical because it sheds light on an aspect of reality that was previously invisible.

The suspension of time
Suspension is an interval during which there is a temporary cessation of time. Artworks are timeless and can therefore never be buried. Their visions will infinitely kick you in the gut and spit you in the face.

“Absorbed in the contemplation of sublime beauty... I reached the point where one encounters celestial sensations... Everything spoke so vividly to my soul. Ah, if I could only forget. I had palpitations of the heart, what in Berlin they call ‘nerves’. Life was drained from me. I walked with the fear of falling.”

An alternate reality, stasis field and eternal void.

14 Stendhal, *Naples and Florence: A Journey from Milan to Reggio*. When Stendhal visited the Basilica of Santa Croce and saw Giotto’s frescoes for the first time he was overcome with emotion and experienced ecstasy (Greek ékstasis, ék; out + stasis/histanai; to stand).
In medicine, stasis is a state in which the normal flow of a body liquid stops, for example the flow of blood through vessels or of intestinal contents through the digestive tract.

The dog guards the entrance of the underworld to prevent the dead from escaping and the living from entering. She studies the living and realises that most of them are asleep. Their deep sleep makes them prone to prematurely becoming as the living dead. The dog wants to return the living dead to the alive and free humans that they once were. In order to succeed, she has to wake them up. Thus she screams and screams.

To achieve the most authentic rendering of the flesh tones of the dead, Géricault made sketches of bodies in the morgue of the Hospital Beaujon, studied the faces of dying hospital patients, brought severed limbs back to his studio to study their decay, and for a fortnight drew a severed head, borrowed from a lunatic asylum and stored on his studio roof.

The Greek stásis means a state of standing, equivalent to sta- (stem of histánai to make stand; see stand) + -sis.
In politics, stasis refers to the state of equilibrium and inactivity caused by opposing (equal) forces. The grand chessboard. Our present state of stasis is the result of geopolitics or geopolitical competition, i.e. to be one step ahead in control over territory, resources, media, monetary financing and intellectual capital/knowledge value.
In an eternal stasis-like vacuum field, bullets ain’t got no name. A tumult of creatures are walking around in a frozen world. Liberated from the repeating cycle of birth, life and death. Vampire nirvana.

Gloriously someone sang “E lucevan le stelle”\textsuperscript{15} (“And the stars were shining”) to obtain Extasy before Execution. And I never before loved life so much. Loved life so much!

**ENJOY IT AS LONG AS IT LASTS AND KILL ALL THE MOTHERFUCKERS**

**KILL ALL THE MOTHERFUCKERS**

\textsuperscript{15} *E lucevan le stelle* is a romanza from the third act of Giacomo Puccini’s opera *Tosca*, composed to an Italian libretto by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa. It is sung by Mario Cavaradossi (tenor), a painter in love with the singer Tosca, while he waits for his execution on the roof of Castel Sant’Angelo in Rome.
Bibliography


Benjamin, Walter: *Über den Begriff der Geschichte/Theses on the Philosophy of History.* 1940

Bourriaud, Nicolas: *The Radicant.* 2009

Deleuze, Gilles & Guattari, Félix: *L’anti-Oedipe/Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia.* 1972

Garlaschi, Carla: *How to be someone, A Formula to Conquer the World.* 2012

Guerilla Girls: *The advantages of being a woman artist.* 1989

Kundera, Milan: *Nesnesitelná lehkost bytí/The Unbearable Lightness of Being.* 1984

Levi, Primo: *Il Sistema Periodico/The Periodic Table.* 1975

Montagne, K.: *The 6 Most Horrifying Ingredients in Everyday Cosmetics.* 2010

Nakov, Andrei: *Black and White, A Suprematist Composition of 1915 by Kazimir Malevich.* 2009

Pelzer, Birgit: *Marcel Broodthaers, Collected Writings.* 2013

Ravini, Sinziana: *The Black Moon.* 2014

Rimbaut, Arthur: *Une Saison en Enfer/A Season in Hell.* 1873

Solanas, Valerie: *Scum Manifesto.* 1968

Solzhenitzyn, Alexander: *Arkhipelag Gulag/The Gulag Archipelago.* 1973

Tavagnutti, Maurizio: Giovanni Fortunato Bianchini and the first studies on the subterranean river Timavo in the ancient county of Gorizia. 2000

Verminck, Marc: *Onheil, pijn, bloed: Voorstellingen van lijden.* 2009

Filmography


Anger, Kenneth: *Scorpio Rising.* 1964

Argento, Dario: *La Sindrome di Stendhal/The Stendhal Syndrome.* 1996

Belvaux, Rémi, Bonzai, André & Poelvoorde: Benoît: *C’est arrivé près de chez vous/Man Bites Dog.* 1992

Besson, Luc: *Lucy.* 2014

Broodthaers, Marcel: *Interview With A Cat.* 1970


Despentes, Virginie & Trinh Thi, Coralie: *Baise-moi/Fuck me.* 2000

Du Welz, Fabrice: *Calvaire/The Ordeal.* 2004

Fraser, Andrea: *Untitled.* 2003

Gondry, Michel: *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind.* 2004


Laugier, Pascal: *Martyrs.* 2008

Pasolini, Pier Paolo: Salò o le 120 giornate di Sodoma/Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom. 1975
Rollin, Jean: Vierges et vampires/Requiem for a Vampire. 1971
Roskam, Michael R.: Rundskop/Bullhead. 2011
Scott, Ridley: Prometheus. 2012
Sorrentino, Paolo: Le Conseguenze dell’amore/The Consequences of Love. 2004
van der Horst, Aliona: Boris Ryzhy. 2009
Vibenius, Bo Arne: Thriller – en grym film/Thriller – A Cruel Picture. 1973
Zéno, Thierry: Vase des Noces/Wedding Trough. 1974
Publication
Stockholm, March 2015.

Text
Merzedes Sturm-Lie

Diagrams
Merzedes Sturm-Lie

Website
www.merzedessturm-lie.com

List of images
* Page 7: *Paolo Sturm in the 28th Infantry Division Aosta of the Italian Army*, Sicily (IT). 1943
Mercedes Sturm-Lie with the Japanese band BOMBORI. Kid Ailack Art Hall, Tokyo (JP). 2013


*Page 19: *Where the Battle took place*, bronze sculpture by Mercedes Sturm-Lie. 2014

*Page 20: *Chocolat Champ de Bataille*, performance by Mercedes Sturm-Lie at BA Spring Show, Royal Institute of Art, Stockholm (SE). 2013


