

每月逢八、十八、廿八日出版

精裝

# 龍 虎 豹

\$ 12

PHOTOGRAPHY

## 本刊今期義賣

所得悉數捐贈北京學生

「學生們，我們遲來了……，但是，總好過沒有來！」

### 揭開北京民運的幕後主腦



# 咸濕

## SALTY WET

T ■■■ 謝 ■■■

### SPECULATIVE PLACE

Speculative Place is an experimental and independent space in Hong Kong hosting residents working on film, writing and art, providing a place for collaboration and exchange that stitches together a cross-disciplinary and geographically-dispersed community of new voices.

INPATIENT PRESS • 2019

Hey guys! Do you know where I can get my hands on some vintage Hong Kong magazines? Is there a place that sells these? 12:32 PM ✓✓

I'm not sure; but probably can rummage through SSP.  
There's a little vintage store there worth looking at for sure: but it won't be dirt cheap.  
Shop Little Two  
100號 Nam Cheong St, Mong Kok  
<https://goo.gl/maps/6uiYs6uqoCx> 12:56 PM

The address says Mong Kok , but google must be high. It's SSP. 12:56 PM



Something like this? 1:01 PM

Exactly 1:04 PM ✓✓

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香港冇了。"There is no Hong Kong anymore." For the past few weeks, these four words have been on the lips of my colleagues, friends and family. Even if you have never been, every Chinatown is a facsimile of Hong Kong. The city's specter also lives in pop culture, movies and cantopop and video games, and in these projections, we live its simulacrum. In history, dead cities have their morbid enigma and mythology from Pompeii to Rome. But if I could find coherence in living through political decay, outside of the frameworks of news journalism or historiography, then perhaps I would be able to find a more human way to mourn Hong Kong. I thought vigils, marches and demonstrations were good outlets for this, and pessimism does not preclude participation, but to abate is not to negate. Consider that Freud says that mourning is a reaction not just to the loss of a person but also to the loss of "some abstraction, which has taken place of one's own country, liberty, an ideal." How is a whole city supposed to mourn? What of its future? What about the kids who came of age on Harcourt? Realistically, the things we can accomplish are limited. We can hold out hope, we can buy time, and we can ask for the world to see Hong Kong people on our own terms. But visibility, hope and time are immaterial in the face of what's to come. Hong Kong is the world's first postmodern city to die.

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In geography, an antipodes is the place directly opposite of the globe as another. Hong Kong's antipodes is La Quiaca, a small town in northern Argentina. New York's antipodes is a spot in the middle of the Indian ocean, marked by this image on Google maps.



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“Dig your way to China”

That obscene myth that Asian women have sideways pussies draws a perverse parallel with the American child's fantasy of being able to proverbially dig their way to China, the logic as if the anatomy was inverted like the antipodes, like the cunt had its symbol as a hole in the earth.

Notes on longing and belonging  
And a book of smut and receipts

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We are no longer a part of the drama of alienation; we live in the ecstasy of communication. And this ecstasy is obscene. The obscene is what does away with every mirror, every look, every image. The obscene puts an end to every representation. But it is not only the sexual that becomes obscene in pornography; today there is a whole pornography

of information and communication, that is to say, of circuits and networks, a pornography of all functions and objects in their readability, their fluidity, their availability, their regulation, in their forced signification, in their performativity, in their branching, in their polyvalence, in their free expression. . . .

The Ecstasy of Communication, Jean Baudrillard

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Until around seven years ago, these were the only times I had significant, affectively-thick tactile experiences with glass or the glassy. Then I got my first phone with a touchscreen, and now, like most people I know, I touch, rub, tap, worry, flick, and stroke glass at least once an hour, almost every hour that I am awake, almost every day of the year. My days, and whatever intimacy they include, are inseparable from the feel of something that shivers as if brushed with ice, yet always touches the same way back. Through it, I fell in love from afar, finger-skating sexts to London on a Foxconned slab.

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Shard Cinema, Evan Calder Williams





Yuen Chan  
@xinwenxiaojie

Following



It's hard for people now to imagine what it was like in [#HongKong](#) in 1989, the strength and comprehensiveness of support, the intensity of emotion. Even the city's soft-core porn mag put its support on the cover and donated all proceeds to [#Tiananmen](#) students



3:38 AM - 5 Jun 2019

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Book of vintage smut  
Anti-travelogue  
Anti-travel travelogue

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芝士火腿 / Chez n' Ham (1993)

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was doubted, it could hardly be debated publicly. Scholars in communist China generally dismissed Hong Kong as a corrupt colony, and promulgated no further emancipation-revolution rhetoric after the failed leftist riots of 1967. The overriding discourse of the United States, Britain, and mainland China deprive the city of the agency to make its voice heard on the international stage, although the city's prosperous popular media (including film, television, radio, and pop music) since the 1960s has been persistently engendering a fragmented, inconsistent, anachronistic and phantasmal subject through the sights and sounds that can sometimes successfully travel across the globe. Yet the colonial history of Hong Kong is buried in and assimilated by Cold War narratives; and its political presence is reduced to an object to serve the strategic and economic interests of the West as well as China.

The Ghostly Presence of the Hong Kong Subject in Rey Chow's Postcolonial Critique,  
KwaiCheung Lo

What a journey this life is! dependent, entirely, on things unseen. If your lover lives in Hong Kong and cannot get to Chicago, it will be necessary for you to go to Hong Kong. Perhaps you will spend your life there, and never see Chicago again. And you will, I assure you, as long as space and time divide you from anyone you love, discover a great deal about shipping routes, airlines, earthquake, famine, disease, and war. And you will always know what time it is in Hong Kong, for you love someone who lives there. And love will simply have no choice but to go into battle with space and time and, furthermore, to win.

Nothing Personal, James Baldwin

Do you ever wonder who James Baldwin fell in love with in Hong Kong when he wrote this?

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**TRADE** - the sanctioning of crossing boundaries, to be queer without queering yourself, to compromise upon compromising. To consider the following: cum-pro-mise-en-abyme

*The ability to bilocate is considered miraculous* - to be both, a transgression and yet a transcendence

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Consider the link between Hong Kong and Berlin: A cross-cultural comparison of twin cities at the nexus of East meets West sharing loosely parallel histories as geopolitical stages in the Cold War era, and recently a new allyship when the German consulate granting refugee protection over Hong Kong activists, Ray Wong and Alan Li. When I was in Berlin visiting you, I tried to hard to feel this comparison between Hong Kong and Berlin. Having read in the news that Ray Wong Toi-yeung wept in the streets of Germany, thinking about Hong Kong and missing his home—imagining how the failure of the justice for these two activists culminated in some form of reparation by way of political asylum in Germany felt irreconcilable. I made a joke to you that Berlin felt like the chaotic-evil of the East meets West paradigm, but let's begin by saying first that the food in Berlin is terrible, and that losing one's home is an irretrievable loss. One can infer the gulf in between—in a way that one can get away with in Chinese more gracefully than in English, or to observe the effusive, deadening space between two things.

In Mandarin, the character for “entanglement,” 纏 (*chan*), happens to be a homonym with the character for “Buddhist meditation,” 禪 (*chan*), a practice, it is believed, that has the potential to lead toward spiritual enlightenment. In the gap between these conceptually disparate yet aurally indistinguishable phenomena, is there some whimsical relation to be dreamt? Some other loop, as yet unthought, that awaits being made intelligible?

Entanglements, or Transmedial Thinking about Capture, Rey Chow

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Is it simple to observe an optimism from Tagore to Glissant? That this cross-cultural space, born from horrors of colonialism and slave trade, begets too a generative interconnectedness between diaspora. “Every diaspora is the passage from unity to multiplicity” (Glissant). Tagore said borderless. Glissant looked upon the poetics of the sea and potentiality of relations.

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"[W]e realize that Relations does not have a morale, it creates poetics and engenders magnetisms between differences... None of our morals can be inferred or deducted from Relation, it is entirely up to us to inscribe them into it, by means of a terribly autonomous effort of consciousness/ conscience and our imaginaries of the world."

"Il se réalise alors que la Relations n'a pas de morale, elle crée des poétiques et elle engendre des magnétismes entre les différents... La Relation n'infère aucune des nos morales, c'est tout à nous de les y inscrire, par un effort terriblement autonome de la conscience et de nos imaginaires du monde"

Poetics of Relation, Edouard Glissant

TIFFANY 2 MITCH: SORRY IN ADVANCE FOR ALL CAPS. I JUST STARTED AND THEN COULDN'T STOP.

*I LIKE THE IDEA OF LAYERING PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES OVER THIS IS IN A REALLY DIZZYING WAY TO INCITE AROUSAL AND LONGING ALONGSIDE INCITING FEELINGS OF DREAD AND IDENTIFYING WITH THE STRUGGLE OF ANOTHER PLACE FOR POLITICAL SOVEREIGNTY. A KIND OF TROJAN HORSE FOR PERVERTS- TO CONSUME PORN ALONGSIDE THE META ANALYSIS OF ITS CONTEXT, BEYOND JUST A PLACE THAT HAS A HISTORY OF EXOCITISM AND SEX TOURISM. LIKE A DIFFERENT KIND OF PLAYBOY WITH GOOD ARTICLES. LIKE A PLAYBOY WITH CRITICAL THEORY. THE LAST THING I WOULD WANT IS FOR THIS TO READ LIKE SOME KIND OF SEX ISSUE FOR TIMEOUT MAGAZINE- THERE'S PLENTY OF THAT KIND OF LITERATURE HERE ABOUT ILLICIT SEX BUT IT'S MOSTLY BORING STORIES ABOUT HANDJOBS IN MASSAGE PARLORS WRITTEN BY BANKERS. ANYWAY, SHOULDN'T PORNOGRAPHY INCITE A BIT OF DREAD? ISN'T THAT THE FUN OF IT? I'D LIKE FOR THERE TO BE A MIRROR FOR DREAD*

*ALMOST LIKE THAT THIS COULD BE DISTRIBUTED IN NEW YORK OR THE U.S. ONLY. I'LL BE IN BERLIN IN JUNE- ALTHOUGH THAT TIMELINE IS TIGHT. IN HONG KONG, ONLY HANDED OUT AT SPECULATIVE PLACE, OR CIRCULATED AMONG MY NETWORK HERE. I WORRY ABOUT DISTRIBUTING THIS KIND OF MATERIAL IN 'PUBLIC' IN HONG KONG FOR THE REASON OF MY OWN SECURITY. CALL ME PARANOID, BUT THE BOOKSELLERS THING IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE FEAR OF PRINT CULTURE.*

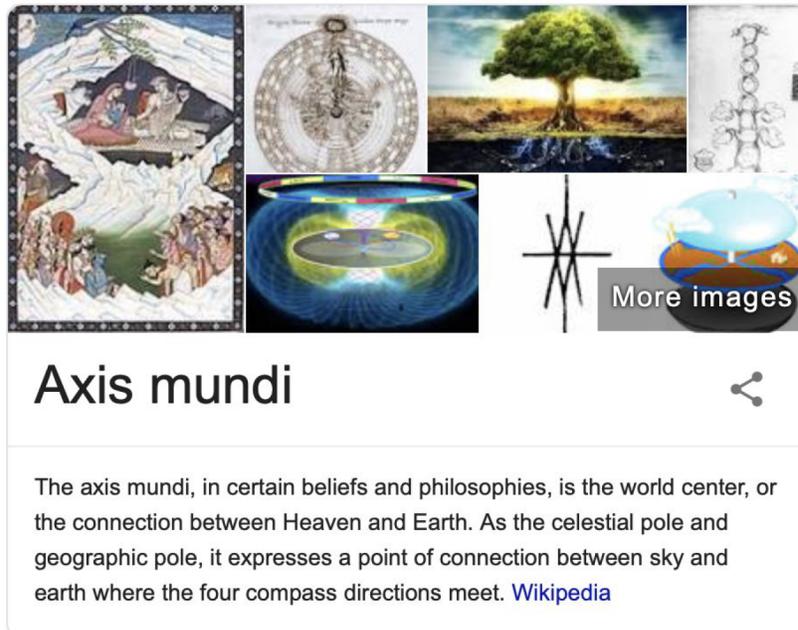
*I LOVE THE NOTION OF EXOTIC VINTAGE PORN-THE EXCITEMENT OF THAT OBSCURITY AND ITS FAR AWAYNESS- BUT THE CIRCULATION OF EXOTIC IMAGES AND INFORMATION SHOULD BE CONFRONTED I THINK IN THEIR TOTALITY, ALONG WITH CONTEXT.*

*ASIAN PORNOGRAPHY AS GENRE- TAKEN AS A KIND OF GENRE FILM, RIFE WITH ALL OF ITS STEREOTYPES, CAMPINESS AND QUEUES... EXPLOITATION AND MIS-EN-SCENE. THE REACTIONARY APPROACH TO THIS WOULD BE TO DUMP ORIENTALISM THEORY-OR EILEEN CHANG'S FEMINIST THEORY OF A YELLOW WOMAN. I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO THINK ABOUT THIS THROUGH A CRITICAL LENS OF EXOTICIZING ASIAN WOMEN AND RECKONING WITH ITS LONG HISTORY WITHIN A GREATER COLONIAL CONTEXT...*

*BUT THAT ANALYSIS IS RATHER SEX-LESS-AS IF WOMEN THEMSELVES DON'T ALSO OWN THE GAZE, OR "LOOK BACK AT IT," IF YOU WILL. DESIRE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY TO CHALLENGE YOU.*

It's funny that you're mentioning that crossover: Imagining a Kerouac-figure in China has been a persistent fantasy of mine. I fantasize about driving to hike the Tiger Leaping Gorge, venturing to K2 to even just look at it from the base, driving through parts of Xinjiang or through Inner Mongolia. Try going on Google maps and dropping your avatar onto any random photospheres in western or northern China – and pristine landscapes and the sublime are so plentiful. I wonder what my experience would be as the Kerouac protagonist in my *On the Road in China* narrative. I think what you're bringing up regarding the permeability of China is rather interesting - but perhaps some of those questions regarding permeability or a sense of openness also has to do with identity as my experience driving through the US ultimately provoked. As a Hong Konger, do you see yourself as Chinese? I'm not sure how I would answer that question either. Of course, in America, I'm an ambiguous hyphenated title: Asian-American. Chinese-American. Anything more specific, though more accurate, just sounds clumsy and meaningless here, e.g. Hong Kong-American? Hah.

It is a privilege to belong to more than one place. With it comes twice the access and added social capital. Theoretically when things are not going well in one place, I can go to the other. It is a kind of freedom of having to live 2 lives and not settle for one. Yet, homesickness is constant, and this question haunts me: Which even is my true home? Sometimes I worry I never fully or solely belong to either. Such as, if I belong to one place, doesn't that negate my membership in the other? So I feel the pressure to prove myself in both places, and feeling even grounded in one place takes work. Belonging then becomes a rolling process of negotiation of knowledge and connectedness and never taken for granted belonging to either, constantly putting work in the stakes of belonging and identity through emotional labor (staying connected with friends) and intellectual labor (keeping abreast on news and culture). So while it means a kind of liberation, this cultural double-dutch also means more work to still be engaged with both places in a meaningful way for the rest of my life - a predicament I do not take for granted and yet one I would not give up.



## Axis mundi



The axis mundi, in certain beliefs and philosophies, is the world center, or the connection between Heaven and Earth. As the celestial pole and geographic pole, it expresses a point of connection between sky and earth where the four compass directions meet. [Wikipedia](#)

I have been entertaining this daydream: A science fiction fantasy about Hong Kong, where Hong Kong was promised to be the axis mundi of the postmodern world. A series of escalators that lead to the center of the earth. Escalators are a huge feature of the Hong Kong landscape by the way. This is the so called umbilical cord to heaven and hell. Hong Kong has a long history of hauntings, so it being this node for traffic for the dead has its place in local folklore. But then the world order fails on their promise. Hong Kong loses its status as the axis mundi. Hong Kong as a city is a fiction founded on a series of countdowns: Countdown to the end of the colonial lease the British had on the territory. Now towards 2047. Each date that we count towards was not the promise this it was supposed to be of an arrival, but an expiration, a rotting.

**we can discern them at all, the same for both conditions. Mourning is regularly the reaction to the loss of a loved person, or to the loss of some abstraction which has taken the place of one, such as one's country, liberty, an ideal, and so on. In some**

Mourning and Melancholia, Sigmund Freud

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rected toward the economic sphere. Historical imagination, the citizens' belief that they might have a hand in shaping their own history, gets replaced by speculation on the property or stock markets, or by an obsession with fashion or consumerism. If you cannot choose your political leaders, you can at least choose your own clothes. We find therefore not an atmosphere of doom and gloom, but the more paradoxical phenomenon of *doom and boom*: the more frustrated or blocked the aspirations to "democracy" are, the more the market booms. By the same logic, the only form of political idealism that has a chance is that which can go together with economic self-interest, when "freedom," for example, could be made synonymous with the "free market." This, I believe, is how one can understand the unprecedented mass demonstrations over the Tiananmen Massacre by the hundreds of thousands of the middle class who had never before marched in the streets. June 1989 in Hong Kong was a rare moment when economic self-interest could so easily misrecognize itself as political idealism. There was certainly genuine emotion and outrage, which does not preclude the possibility that many of the marchers were moved by how much they were moved. In any event, the patriotic fervor in most cases was short-lived and without political outcome. In the aftermath to Tiananmen, amazingly complacent bumper stickers appeared for a while decorating the automobiles of the bourgeoisie, which read: "Motoring in dignity, for freedom and democracy." If the situation I have been describing can be called decadent, it is decadent not in the sense of decline (because we see what looks like progress everywhere) but in the sense of a one-dimensional development in a closed field. It is such decadence that has made it difficult to recognize the existence of a Hong Kong culture.

Hong Kong Culture and Politics of Disappearance, Ackbar Abbas

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What's the inversion of mourning? If we were to imagine the antipode of Hong Kong: In Argentina, it's some deluded logic that everything in this fantasy could be "fine" over there.

It is a kind of poetic injustice that as a bartering chip in a colonial treaty between Great Britain and China, Hong Kong was willed into existence, and under new powers, Hong Kong, finds itself as a bartering chip again in the trade war between U.S. and China. I always recall Samson Young's 2014 piece, reading in neon text, "NOTHING WE DID COULD HAVE SAVED HONG KONG IT WAS ALL WASTED"



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"When identity is determined by a root, the emigrant is condemned (especially in the second generation) to being split & flattened. Usually an outcast in the place he has newly set anchor, he is forced into impossible attempts to reconcile his former and his present belonging."

Poetics of Relation, Edouard Glissant

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Yet the tragedy of Hong Kong is not just its own history—but also that no one cares about this place. This goes back to the notion of the failed axis mundi. The whole world watched the handover, and saw it as a pivotal moment in global history. Since then, people have tuned in for a small moment during the Umbrella Movement, and now, we have the world’s attention for as long as one can sustain holding attention for a place most have never been to and have no ties to. How might people be tricked into caring about Hong Kong? Image-making is important to create attachments to a place one has never been to. In film, we experience landscapes and characters that shape the understanding of place, subtitled into intelligibility, even if what is portrayed is distorted or even fantastical. Better yet, pornography stages this relationship even more intimately, and along with all the ambivalent feelings of being a voyeur and participant, coupled with feelings of desire, dread and the irreconcilable immateriality of the pornographic image. Second to falling in love with someone who lives here or belongs here, lies a different connectedness of of jerking off to images from a place far away, to search “Hong Kong” in PornHub.

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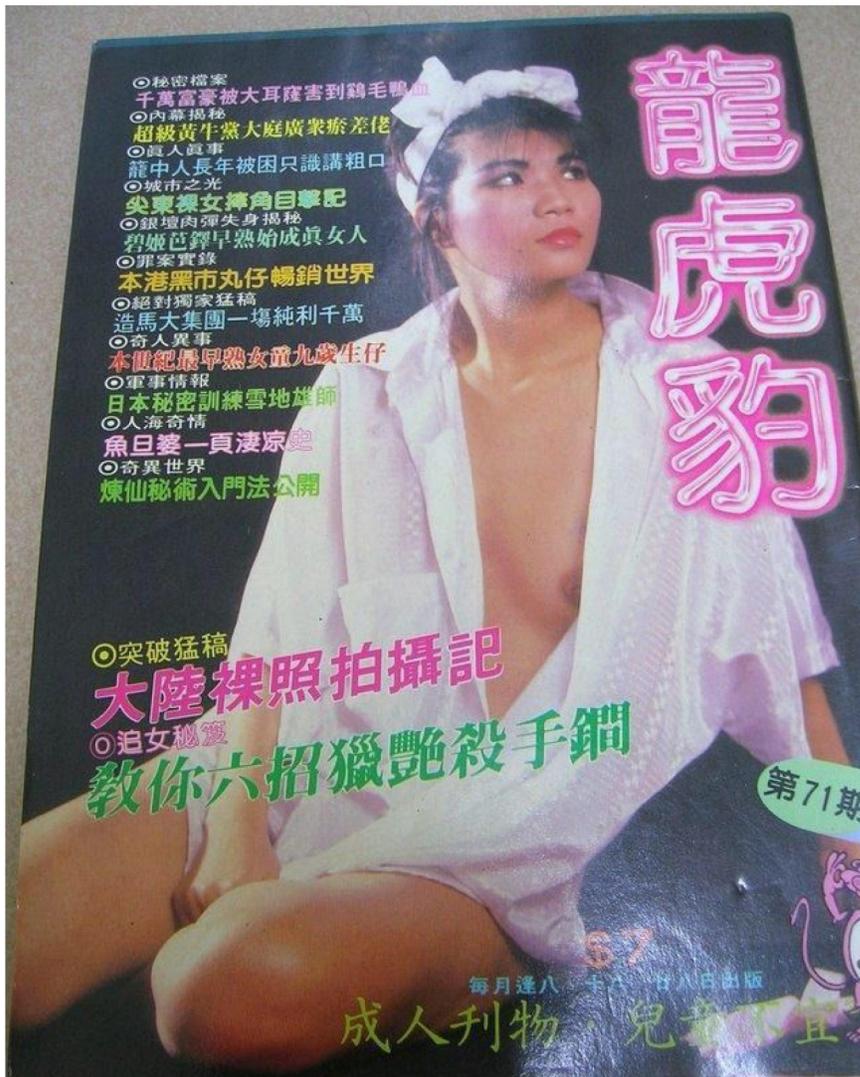
咸濕, which means “perverse” or “perverted” in Cantonese literally translates as “salty wet”

It feels particularly evocative in Cantonese: Vivid, tasty and subtropical.

Based on this idea, I turned this into a porno tumblr: [Saltywet.tumblr.com](http://Saltywet.tumblr.com), which I started in 2011.

Is Salty Wet the title of this book of smut?

A nightmare: In 2050 in Hong Kong, we will see what collective memory means for a past city, for at best, many who knew are no longer living, those who may remember have been overwritten and the communities emigrated have since forgotten, their memories scattered. So what of it then? A Hong Kong as a simulacrum lived through science-fiction movies of proto-apocalypse, vintage flight simulation video games of Kai Tak Airport and bad takes on Wong Kar-wai films. A dead city operates only as a myth.





Yuen Chan  
@xinwenxiaojie

Following



It's happened. A #HongKong porn site is urging users to suspend activities to march against #ExtraditionBill "not because we have hope, not cos we think numbers=success, but because we need to come out even if we fail"

#NoExtraditionToChina #反送中

香港生死存亡 仲掛住打打?

你今日要射出嘅唔應該係寂寞 而係你還剩餘的一股熱血!

我地行出嚟唔係因為覺得有希望, 唔係相信人多就可以成功, 而係知道就算唔成功都要行出嚟! 就算豬要俾人湯都會叫幾聲,

更何況我哋係人有尊嚴, 點可以默默地任人宰割?

係時候行出嚟釋放出您嘅汗水同熱血!

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7:33 PM - 8 Jun 2019

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“The wise and honest can repair”

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“Transparent time knows neither fate nor event. Images are transparent when - freed from all dramaturgy, choreography, and scenography, from any hermeneutic depth, and indeed from any meaning at all - they become pornographic. Pornography is an unmediated contact between the image and the eye.”

- The Transparency Society Byung-Chul Han