

Sketches on Human Love, Sexuality and Sensuality

Existential phenomenological knowledge

Richard Alapack, Ph. D., NTNU

**“To cheat oneself out of love is the most terrible deception. It is an eternal loss for which there is no reparation, either in time or in eternity”
(Kierkegaard, 1847/1962, pp. 23-24).**

*“Whatever I try to say
Explaining love is embarrassing!
Some commentary
Clarifies, but with love silence is clearer.
A pen went scribbling along, but when it tried
To write love, it broke.
If you want to expound on love,
Take your intellect out and let it lie down
in the mud. It’s no help.”
(Rumi, 1995 p. 229)*

*«In the slaughterhouse of love, they kill
Only the best, none of the weak or deformed.
Don’t run away from this dying.
Whoever’s not killed for love is dead meat»
(Rumi, 1995, p. 270).*

Words from the pens of Kierkegaard and Rumi always sear my consciousness even as they touch me with their beauty. These particular quotes set the tone for this article. Søren Kierkegaard’s lines are from the last ‘page’ of the longest love-letter ever written. Jalal al-Din Rumi’s verse comes in the midst of the world’s longest poem about longing for lost love. Rumi beseeches us to be humble when treating precious love-themes. Kierkegaard challenges us to have courage concerning each love-jump, because our lives depends upon it forevermore.

Both thinkers warn us across the millennia to spurn both abstract intellectualism and pragmatic approaches to love-sexuality. There are no ‘rats’, ‘stats’ or cognitive maps within Rumi’s 3000 lyrics and odes. Nor can we imagine Rumi giving ‘tips’ on how to flirt. Or writing a book about how to get from the disco into bed. And isn’t it bizarre even to suspect that Kierkegaard would be troubled lest we, after we managed to get into the ‘missionary’ position, might be swindled out of a vaulted orgasm? No. Neither was impressed with finite achievements. With wisdom that only a religious thinker and a mystic can give, they counsel down-to-earth sanity. Kierkegaard encourages us to look into our own hearts if we want to understand love. He tells us to accomplish a self-reflective search to locate ourselves within our own thinking and existing. We must understand ourselves before we can co-create an intimate bond that is worth living for.... And dying for. Rumi simply says: “Inquire of love itself. Ask the Lovers about ‘Loverhood’” (Rumi, 1968, p. 42). Sometimes the answers cut like a knife:

Passionate/Reflective Standpoint

This paper takes both Kierkegaard’s and Rumi’s lyrical warnings to heart. I sketch pictures of sexuality-love and its vicissitudes, vignettes of various sensual-tender-erotic phenomena. Each sketch samples topics that I have treated more extensively elsewhere. The sketches reflect my career-long work doing clinical praxis, lifeworld research, teaching and directing students’ research. They present a human scientific psychology, an approach based upon existential phenomenological theory and its philosophy of science. Thus they reject our culture’s dominant dualistic/rationalist/technical/pragmatic thinking. Although each sketch is a strand spun into a weave of its own, they are all cut out of the same cloth. I offer a single vision.

In terms of content, this article neither will confuse ‘making love’ with ‘sex’ nor artificially split love from sexuality or sensuality. Each sketch showcases embodiment as inextricably intertwined with consciousness/spirit, co-creating meaning. Each shows that both love and sexuality aim at union. From infancy until old age, any uprising of love is sensual-sexual and any manifestation of passion is, at root, love.

SKETCH # 1: LOVE’S BEGINNING

Virtual Parenthood

“What was the beginning of love in my life?” To that question I have an answer. I was ‘a twinkle in my daddy’s eye’ before, feet first, I popped out of my mother’s womb. A child in meaning or anticipation before I arrived in brute fact, a kicking and screaming newborn. Was this glint in my father’s eye the look of love or of lust? Did my mom wink back because she needed him desperately or loved him fiercely? At the moment of my absolute origin, what was their situation, psychosocially, and what their respective existential

predicaments? About one's own parents, whoever knows? So what was the tale of the deepest personal motives and attitudes that preceded and, perhaps, led up to their pregnancy?

Over the years I've 'cooked up' quite a story about their initial and most decisive encounters! Maybe you did too. No matter what we were told, or what was kept 'secret', our memory-imagination took the 'data' and spawned a rich personal mythology.

Were you a 'love child'? An 'accident'? Proof positive that the 'rhythm method' of contraception does not work? Or did your parents want you so badly that they had a marathon session one cold night in order to make you become? Excuse me for being so pertinent as to ask! But those, and what follows, are some of "imagined tales of origins" that others have reported to me.

1) A Squeaky Clean Start: "To conceive me, first my parents starched all the bed sheets. Then they sprayed the bedroom to kill all lurking devils. Finally they doused the lights, slid under the covers and fumbled around for five minutes before they finally found each other. It was over in thirty seconds flat! But I was on my way."

2) Hot to Trot: "I know exactly how it happened. Dad couldn't keep it in his pants! Mom's beauty just blistered him! For months he'd been sniffin' her and panting after her like a puppy! Eventually she gave him a 'tumble' and then fell for his warm hands and warm heart. When he finally got her naked, and vertical, it was like he had died and gone to heaven! Neither of them even considered 'protection.' I was the result of the first spurt of their 'first time'. If I had been a girl, my daddy would have named me 'Regina,' the Latin word for 'Queen.' Since I came out with what my grandmother called a 'tossel', they named me after a King! Watch out, world,



Richard Alapack and his parents

here I come!"

Wait. I'm gonna shift focus (Bongaardt, 1996). I'm not just a son. I'm thrice a father. A grandfather too. So I myself can vouch for the power in anticipating one's future child. But let's get you into this too. Whether or not you are a parent, have you "imagined your future child"? Or have you discussed with your spouse or partner what your possible child would

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'look like' or whom would she 'take after'? "Would my child be me, cleansed of all my faults and flaws, me as 'perfect'? Or me repeating all my warts and scars?" (Monte, 1983). Have you ever 'seized up' someone as a potential mate on the basis of wanting to see a 'look like his' on a child of your own? That's virtual parenthood (Monte, 1983). First, in the period of pre-conception, we are parents in imagination and desire. So a given couple either fantasizes about a child, plans for one, 'tries' to get pregnant or else acts so thoughtlessly, carelessly impulsively or unconsciously, that they get pregnant ... by 'accident.'

Would research on this phenomenon be important? A political debate rages in Norway concerning the law regulating divorcing parents' share in the care of their child. How to balance support (støtte) for the child while guaranteeing equality between the genders (likestilling mellom kjønnene)? (Skjesol, 2001, p. 3-5). I affirm that we are severely handicapped trying to help a divorcing couple dissolve their family if we don't know the ideas and images which led to them to build it in the first place.

SKETCH # 2: THE LUST DYNAMISM The Emergence of Erotic Sexuality

At puberty the days of sand and shovels give way to the mysteries of life. A revolution happens. Genital sexuality, lust and passion enter existence. What do these words mean? Can we initiate "an amorous discourse which smells neither of the laboratory nor of the sewer"? (Howard, 1991, p. v).

Merleau-Ponty (1962) gives one answer. Sexuality enters our lives like an atmospheric change. Don't construe his words to be poetic fancy! Instead remember a time when you experienced such a change. Perhaps you were sitting in a library or restaurant, even in a classroom or just in a shop getting your haircut. You were gazing off, lost in your own thoughts. Then someone disturbed your being at home with yourself (Levinas, 1961/1969). Another looked at you, spoke a word, or made a gesture. Maybe he touched you. Or you caught her scent. Suddenly the atmosphere changed. The room became warm. It got hot in your chair. All you could see was light. And she was a-glow right before your eyes. Or he was beaming.

Sexuality is an atmosphere that envelops and quickens us. It is a field of contact, warm and bright, that is established between me and an Other. It is an ambiance of sparkle and shine, of sounds and scents. Inside ourselves we quiver, enervated and buoyant. 'Hot and bothered' and 'on fire', we are attracted, pulled beyond ourselves. 'All shook up' and restless, we must move, or else we would burst! On the outside we flush, blotch or blush. In gender-specific ways, we get 'hard' or become like 'jelly'. Will we swoon soon, or explode? If pure preference would be granted to us, we would be everywhere and do everything. We would be all hands, all

mouth and all genitals.

D. H. Lawrence (1923/1974) also gives a phenomenological answer: sexuality is a metamorphosis that announces the “deep mystery of the differences” between the genders (p. 103). Sexuality emerges, ambiguously, as “a terrible thing of suffering and privilege... and a terrible power given us, and a new responsibility” (Lawrence, 1923/1974, p. 113). “It is the hour of the stranger” Lawrence (1923/1974) bellows. “Let the stranger enter the soul” (p. 105).

Harry Stack Sullivan (1953) names the emergence of power and suffering the “lust dynamism” (pp. 263-296). “Lust is the last to mature of the important integrating tendencies or needs for satisfaction,” he says, emphasizing that sexuality is preeminently interpersonal (Sullivan, 1953, p. 259). Our new anatomical-physiological body (capable of reproduction) is now a new lived body. Sullivan (1953) refers to the ‘new’ genitals as “zones of interaction” (p. 282-286). The penis and vagina change in meaning. In childhood they were organs of excretion only. Now, along with our eyes, hands and breasts, they become channels of contact and communication, intercommunicating pipes for the flow of sensual-sexual pleasure and erotic satisfaction. “Love-zones” (Alapack, 1987).

SKETCH # 3: THE HICKEY
The Embarrassing Badge of
Burgeoning Sexuality

We can't get or bestow a hickey on the Internet. It's pure flesh-to-flesh contact, as far removed as possible from 'sex-in-the-head'. It's an ambiguous embarrassing emblem because, before it physically fades away, it lasts for a protracted period. Unlike a fantasy-image, or a text that disappears at the click of a mouse, the hickey lingers. Unlike the blush, which radiates and then quickly fades, the hickey persists. Then, even after it physically vanishes, like a painful phantom limb it remains, stigmatizing me with reminders of pure glee or broken promises.

Thus the hickey exemplifies carnal eroticism or ultra-material sexuality. It is literally and metaphorically a raw, concrete 'bite'. The hickey-transaction, like the mythical first bite of the apple in Eden, steals my innocence. After the “young wolf has made his mark,” then the “fleshy tattoo” is undeniably present, there on the throat, sensate and resistant to a quick fade-out. After the young maiden has fashioned her “erotic handiwork” with a “love-suck,” “the spots of prey” are splattered on the neck like glowing paint. Or etched above the collar-line, in shades of purple, crimson and yellow. At the spot where the neck and the chin meet; right below the Adam's apple; or maybe below the eye. Wherever it marks the body, it is equivocal and

emotionally laden.

Of course the ‘passion-mark’ is sometime made, spontaneously, on places where nobody else ever sees on: the breast, chest, thigh, or near the genitals. One young woman called her hickey “A ‘sweet secret’ that, by excluding everyone else, sealed a pact between him and me”. A young man titled his hickey “A Purple Heart earned during the heat of passion”. Another fellow wrote that in the afterglow of their first love making, “We traded hickeys as tokens of commitment”.

“Nothing is more intimate than a kiss,
not even sexual intercourse”

Most often the hickey is located where it flashes for the world to see. Thus we hide it from our parents, donning a scarf or turtleneck sweater. Or, by wearing an open-necked blouse or shirt, we flaunt it to selective friends or classmates. The hickey is like a flashlight. We either want it ‘on’ or ‘off’, depending upon whom is around to see its glow.

“Conspiring events,” Ron Cornelissen (1997) writes, “both internal and external, hurl us into uncharted and shifting waters, tempests, and whirlpools of chance wherein our experience of lived space, lived time, and lived embodiment collapse into a “situational vortex” (p. 2). We flounder. Using this concept, I show that something as trite and trivial as a hickey is rich in signification. Here comes a parable about a young girl whose ‘sucker-bites’ trapped her in a psychosocial whirlpool.

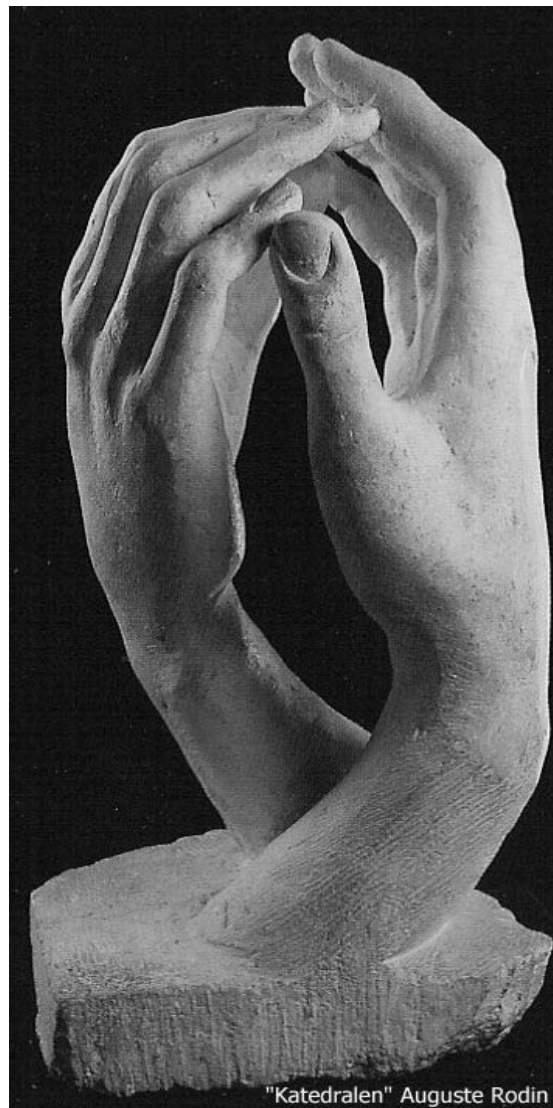
Psychological Parable on the
Hickey: In the Vortex

“We were in my room,” she begins, “necking, acting goofy, teasing and tickling each other. All of a sudden I noticed a large smirk on his face. He had been nibbling at my neck and then ‘POW,’ he did it. I was ready to kill him. Thoughts of wearing turtlenecks in the hot summer season came to mind.” A second ago she was an innocent kid. Now she is in a vortex. Trouble is just beginning.

“The next day was interesting. He and I were at school in a room full of guys. Somebody said something about my turtleneck. The guys were giving my boyfriend winks and one even patted him on the shoulder like he had scored a game-winning goal at soccer! A look of pleasure came over his face, a look of pain on my own. My face had never been so tomato-like before. The thought flashed, ‘They

think I let him screw me!’” She adds, “It was like an heat-wave. I suddenly felt ‘cheap.’ Why didn’t he blush?”

The gyre turns once more. Apparently she is still too indecisive to make changes. “The next time it occurred, I was



once again not ready. We were lying on my bed with him kissing my face. No problems, right? Wrong! He decided to give me a hickey on my eye. Wouldn't work? Wrong again. Why was he laughing? I got up to look in my mirror. My god, it was huge! This 'sucker-bite' of my selfish, cruel boyfriend had a lip-shaped form!"

She follows him back to school, thus exposing herself to more trouble. "There is no turtleneck made for eyes," she says, in what amounts to a cliché. Her friends assault her with intrusive questions. She concocts a story; "I was frying some onions and garlic to make hamburgers for lunch. The grease just splattered into my eye socket." She insists: "That was the truth." She qualifies: "That was my truth!" She sustains the lie. "Not even my best friend heard a different story for many years."

Now the vortex draws her into deeper complications. What about her mother? She had easily covered the first hickey with turtleneck sweaters. Would her mother "buy the splattered grease alibi?" As soon as she saw her mother, and saw that her mother saw the mark below her eyes, she stumbled on her "greasy lie" and broke into tears.

Her mother jumped to the conclusion that she was crying because she had "lost" her virginity. "Mom started screaming that she was going to tell my father, that I was never going to see my boyfriend again."

Listening to her mother rant and rave, she felt trapped in "somebody else's nightmare." The vortex slowed when the mother confessed: "When I was your age, I got a hickey, lost my virginity and got pregnant with you on the same night." Mother and daughter cried in each other's arms.

The daughter made the choice to terminate the relationship with the cruel, controlling and tormenting boy.

SKETCH # 4 THE KISS

The whole story of human love, and our own romantic stories too, could be told through the history of the kiss.

The Adolescent First Kiss: Our Gateway to Romance

Our first kiss was a revelation no matter whether it surprised, shocked or revolted us (Alapack, 1991, 1993). We didn't know how to do it 'right'! We didn't even know how to do it wrong! 'Where do the noses go?' 'How long should it last?' 'What do

I do with my hands?' About human love and human sexuality, we are never determined or helped by instincts. Sexuality is not adequately understood by biological data. In the matters of love, we make choices and take risks. To kiss or not to

kiss? Sexual intercourse: yes or no? Every leap is without assurance or sanction.

Kissing, as part of the lust dynamism, romanticizes our total body in both the anatomical-physiological and lived senses. After tasting another's lips, no surprise, we all wanted more, didn't we? 'More, please' we asked, or thought to ourselves. And we don't even know what 'more' we were aching for. But we found out.

If you still haven't remembered your own first kiss, then think about your last one! Or pause a moment. Conjure up your romantic-erotic partners. Remember the place that kissing held within your relationships. See what I mean? The way we kissed each partner existentially diagnosed the relationship. The kiss is always 'truth' detecting. Here come some general findings.

1) Nothing is more inti-



“The kiss cannot be faked. Either we are ‘in’ the kiss, or it’s empty and cold”

mate than a kiss, not even sexual intercourse. The kiss, like intercourse, is touch, an expressive act. But the kiss is more personally expressive than intercourse. How do I mean that?

A kiss, to be meaningful, must be reciprocated. We simply cannot experience jouissance (Lacan, 1977), genuine and uplifting satisfaction, if the kiss is not willingly returned. Intimately shared kisses prompt statements like: "You take my breath away.", "I can't get enough of you.", "I want to eat you up." "Such kisses," Lawrence (1928/1983) writes, "that they must kiss each other for ever" (p. 143).

2) The kiss cannot be faked. Either we are 'in' the kiss, or it's empty and cold. There is no place to hide while kissing and no way to camouflage heartfelt emotions. When someone tries, for whatever reasons, to pretend, the kissing partner knows immediately and unerringly. "Kiss me as if you mean it!" the discerning partner is apt to respond when faced with lack of enthusiasm or downright coldness. Or perhaps

we say, "Why did you turn your head?" "You stiffened when I held you!" "Please don't close your mouth!" "You kissed me like you were kissing your sister! What's wrong?" "Hey, does the cat have your tongue?"

It is easier to fake sexual responses, to feign our feelings during 'sex' and even to fake orgasm. Any act of intercourse can be sheer coupling performed without passion or tenderness. We all look beautiful or handsome in the dark. Just kill the light. Then we can experience powerful pleasurable sensations with anyone: with a total stranger; with someone who is drunk; even during a 'quickie' in the toilet at the disco on a Friday night! Rape is the worst /best example.

American men, especially during 'locker room talk', use more than a few pathetic macho phrases to describe women. One such expression is "Just put a paper bag over her head." That demeaning phrase makes my point perfectly. If a woman does wear a paper bag, then you can't kiss her or share intimacy. Of course 'the bag' does not actually get used. But the attitude betrays the aim of interacting to get a good 'lay' or 'a piece of ass'. 'Screwing', we call it. Or 'banging,' 'balling' and 'jumping his bones.'

The 'paper bag' demeans a woman.

3) From the perspective of abstract thought, the kiss seems trivial. But as soon as you 'taste' it, the whole world of love opens up! Or the world ends! What do I mean?

Kisses are initiating acts. They surprise us. 'In the beginning was the kiss!' We might not be aware of romantic feelings for a person until we 'surprisingly' kissed. Then, after we broke the moment, and opened our eyes to look at each other, we both knew. It would never be the same. We had just

changed each other's lives.

Kisses diagnose endings too. We can taste a 'dead' relationship in a kiss that lacks passion or tenderness. I can use all the 'right' words, tell you that I love you and even mean it. But if I kiss you in a cold and empty way, then the kiss reveals the lie that is coiled within the words. Either we kiss each other with feeling, or it's nothing. Indeed, worse than nothing.

4) The kiss is a symbol in the truest sense: It is what it signifies: joining, a mingling, a fusion. The two become one flesh.

SKETCH #5: THE CARESS

The Miraculous Movement of Tenderness

"Sex is really only touch, the closest of all touch. And it is touch that we're afraid of." (Lawrence, 1928/83, p. 301).

"Under the lurking shadow of death... we sense that there is someone who waits for our kisses and caresses... We sense we have in our hearts and in the sensuality of our hands a love to pour upon someone like no love ever poured forth" (Lingis, 1998, p. 154).

What is the difference between being caressed and being pawed? And what can that difference reveal about inter-sexual encounters? Use of objective instruments, either a questionnaire, the measurement of galvanic skin responses or film-data, are useless to show distinctions. At best they would yield some record of a material transaction. The human subject who was touched must report its qualitative meaning. Only a woman could tell us that she felt 'manhandled' and that it made her flesh 'creep'. Only a man can say that he was 'jacked off', and that the act 'reduced' his tension but made his skin 'crawl'.

I gathered descriptive data in the form of stories. Here



"kjærlighetspar" Odd Nerdrum

come some findings.

1) Pawing is a 'hit-and-run' touch, the movement either of lust, need or pleasure/thrill-seeking. For example: He grabs; she has the repulsive sensation of having been being "felt up". He 'cops a feel'; she experiences violation and infringement. "Let me 'do' you," she says, because she wants him to want her. "I'm gonna give you the best 'blow job' you ever had," she boasts, because she wants him to ask her out again. "Let me 'get you off'," he promises, hoping to impress her with his sexual prowess and with his considerate attitude that she 'come' too. See what I mean? Pawing is crass and crude touching, the technique of seduction or manipulation. Spiritless.

2) Caressing is precisely the touch of tenderness, the movement of carnal intimacy, of sensible flesh in communion with sensible flesh. By touching and fondling; with smell and taste; with squeezes and hugs; with nibbles and licks; by biting and sucking. When I caress my Beloved, I give the messages, "This is my body! With this body I love every part of you. Give 'it' to me."

3) But the caress is an ambiguous double of both material and immaterial contact. "Touch me on the outside," the lyrics flow, "and make me feel it on the inside!" A caress is more than material contact. Indeed, the hand that caresses is not reducible to muscles, bones and nerves as if it were an instrument, a tool or a weapon. The hand that caresses is my hand. The fingers are mine. I have my hand in lots of ways. This is my loving hand." When I gently stroke my Beloved, softly rub her and probe, my actions express my meanings better than words: "My heart is in my hands." Or "This is my very soul." Sometimes, "This is my entire life!"

4) The caressing body enjoys the qualitative presence of the Beloved. It applies light friction against soft, smooth skin, silky hairs and hot thighs. It rubs more deeply the 'hard' organ or the 'moist' delta. The caress is complacent when the Beloved is near and accessible. In voluptuous swoon, it feels like 'heaven on earth'. Skin against skin, locked in an embrace, chest to chest: that's home!

5) The caress searches blindly beyond the tangible too, moving without knowing what it wants or what it is doing, daring and restless. Reaching for a feeling. Reaching for the Beloved who is always more than the body stretched out at my fingertips. Reaching for Her who never fully can be grasped, for Him who is inexhaustible. So the caress craves absence too, the 'not yet' which is the future. Fingers stretch and the hand aches for a future that cannot come quickly enough. Put slightly differently, the caress seizes upon nothing. It solicits what ceaselessly slips away.

6) Under the caressing hand, I am vulnerable and trusting. When the beloved and I caress, we surrender to each other. Hence we create surprises, evoke unprecedented emotions and bring ordinary miracles to pass. "I never felt anything like this," he says, taking the words right out of her mouth. "You make me feel 'brand new'," she says, before he might say it first! "How do you want this touch to end?" she asks. "I want this touch to end never," he answers. "I want you to be the first, the last, the only one to touch me."

7) The caress is a non-climatic experience. It goes without ever wanting to finish. It wants another 'feel', one more 'rub', one more kiss, and then still another and yet another....

The difference is clear. Sexual intercourse is touch, part of either a caress/ embrace or of what D.H. Lawrence calls

cold-hearted fucking. An intimate sex act does not end with climax. Orgasm does not put the 'finishing touch' to the sexual moment. Potentially the lovely spasm or spurt and the little scream are just the beginning of the lovemaking. Intimate lovers continue to cuddle, not wanting the moment done with. Or rather, then and there, it would be 'super fine' if the world came to an end! In the afterglow, they relish the prolonged embrace which is just as much a part of the love making as the in-and-out twist and thrust.

However, if the motive for sexual coupling is 'recreational sex' or 'a one night stand', then the accent is on skillful foreplay, proficient performance and the pleasure traded. The afterglow? Well, the curtain comes down quickly! And talk is meager: "Oh, good, you 'came'!" "Yeah, I 'got off'." Or else, "I'm sorry, I..." "Never mind. It doesn't matter... Next time...."

The act is some version of "wam-bam, thank you, mam!" "It ain't love," she muses, "But it ain't bad." She almost says, "I knew you'd 'get off' on my body!" But she bites her lip before betraying her self-aggrandizement. Pornography? What is it? 'Dirty' books, strip tease, pin-ups and X-rated videos? Or certain attitudes: that a male's body 'needs' regular sex to 'keep the pipes clean'?; that a woman's body needs sex, periodically, just as her piano needs tuning?

Bob Dylan's music nailed the moment:

"Been so long since a strange woman has slept in my bed."

Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams....

Think I'll go out for a walk,

Not much happenin' here, nothin' ever does.

Besides, if she wakes up now, she'll just wanna talk.

I got nothin' to say, 'specially about whatever was"

(Cape, 1988, p. 480).

Dylan titles his song "I and I" and then repeats the refrain ten times. One day, a fourteen year old male client who was just discovering his sense of self, crowed jubilantly in my office: "I luv me! I luv me! I wish there were two of me so that I could hang around with myself!"

Risk-talk trickles from the lips of intimate lovers: "I can't get enough of you." "You're too much!" "Don't stop. I don't know what you're doing, but don't stop." So we hear words we can build a love upon: "I could die for the touch of a woman like thee" (Lawrence, 1928/84, p. 135). We say words that we can build a life upon: "Anybody, or almost anybody, can have sex. No matter what we do, we are making love all the time."

Final Punctuation

In clear and honest language, D. H. Lawrence peerlessly expresses the wholesomeness and holiness of passionately tender encounters, the fleshy and deeply mystical moments of sexuality between a man and a woman:

«So I believe in the little flame between us.... I've got something from you. My soul softly flaps in the flame, the little glow between me and you... I love the chastity that is the pause of peace of our fucking. We fucked a flame into being... I love the chastity now that it flows between us. It is like fresh water and rain... like a snowdrop of forked white fire. For me it is the only thing in the world. ...A great deal of us is together, and we can abide...»

(Lawrence, 1928/1984, pp. 313-314).

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Foynoter

¹ These sketches are based upon my following work: (1987, 1991, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1997, 1999a, 1999b, 1999c)

STOP

Turbohjerne

Den er ikke vakker, men den er et fantastisk organ, hjernen vår. Man antar at mennesket gjennomsnittlig bruker 20 % av hjernens kapasitet. Det skulle ikke forundre oss om den sitrer etter noe mer å bite i.

HUSK PÅFYLL!

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