

moment I think that his fate is not different from mine. We are both observing. I may have an advantage, some future, a little bit of time ahead of me. Before being killed. The fish is so intelligent. His eyes express love, I am not exaggerating. The clients go toward the aquarium, with a finger they point to the fish they want to eat. The fish that will be served at the table. They come to look at him up close. He is fresh. Because he is alive. Anyone can look. And they, the fish, ogle. I feel a certain kinship between the fish and me, especially with the one I remember very well. I remember his shape. His gaze. I can't save him. I leave the restaurant after taking my leave of him. I speak a few words of affection. I move my lips. As he does. And goodbye.

[Paeon]

AMOUR FOU

By Hervé Guibert (1955–91), from Crazy for Vincent, which was published in April by Semiotext(e). Guibert was a photographer, filmmaker, and the author of more than twenty-five books. Translated from the French by Christine Pichini.

In the middle of the night between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of November, Vincent fell from the third floor playing parachute with a bathrobe. He had drunk a liter of tequila, smoked Congolese grass, snorted cocaine. Finding him unconscious, his friends called the fire squad. Vincent suddenly recovered, walked to his car, took off. The firemen chased after him, rushed into his building, went up with him in the elevator, entered his bedroom; Vincent yelled, "Let me sleep." Them: "You moron, you may never wake up." Vincent threw the firemen out and fell asleep like a charm. At eight-forty-five, his mother shook him to wake him up for work, he didn't move, she drove him to the hospital. Two days later, he died of complications from a ruptured spleen.

I never comb my hair; I rub my wet head in a towel then rake through the curls with my fingers. Yesterday, I don't know why, I noticed the little comb that Vincent gave me sitting alone on the bathroom shelf (he gave me so few things). I picked it up, I combed my hair, the comb became enchanted. Vincent had buried a spell in the comb: "If you need me one day, comb your hair, and I will come." I listened carefully, but the telephone didn't ring. The

next day, I combed my hair again: The comb only regained its magic after the second rake. The day after that I combed my hair again: It became magical after the third, etc.

Once, Vincent showed up in a poppy-red nylon motorcycle suit, his head sticking ridiculously out of the top, and I burst out laughing, he said that if it was going to be like that he would leave, I made him stay, he didn't want to tell me what he did in the afternoon, he said that he wouldn't admit it to anyone, that he was in heroin withdrawal, I asked him to show me his arms, he started doing a striptease with the jumpsuit, peeled it like a banana from top to bottom, revealed a white cotton undershirt with buttons on it that covered his whole body, now he claimed to have been riding motorcycles all afternoon, he pushed away my hand.

[Research]

MACHINE YEARNING

From questions raised by Oliver Bendel, a machine ethicist, in a paper that was published this month on Springer. Bendel presented the paper last year at the Love and Sex with Robots conference at the University of London.

- Should the robot entice the partner to have sex?
- Should the robot make clear to the human being that it is a machine?
- Should the robot be able to refuse to perform the act?
- Should its appearance be "politically correct"?
- Should childlike sex robots be prohibited?
- Should sex robots be available everywhere and anytime?
- Who is liable for injuries or contamination caused by use of the machines?
- What if the sex robot collects information on sexual practices, or records them and disseminates the recordings?
- Is it possible to be unfaithful to a human partner with a sex robot?
- Can a man or a woman be jealous of the robot's other love affairs?
- How to handle shame and disgrace caused by the sex robot?
- Is sexual interaction a moral situation that is easy or impossible to overview?