



magazine **me**

no 04

fly, human fly.

fly, human fly.

is a collection of photographs, texts and drawings that present creative perspectives on the human need to be free. Is freedom a solitary process or is it only possible in conjunction with others? How much does the quest define us? And how much do we need others to liberate us and make us feel genuine?

magazine **me** doesn't explain. We will not learn whether freedom is the source of authenticity. Whether it liberates or isolates us, whether it makes us lonely or happy. Rather, free associative works come together here in an artistic, electronic installation where the most diverse people from various creative perspectives reveal situations that, for us, are liberating and true but, at the same time, also connective.

magazine **me** understands art as an artificial space where people can explore, expand or transcend thoughts, reasons and limits. And as only art can ask us, the participating artists and I will ask each time: truth, whose truth?

content fly, human fly.

martin niklas wieser

nikolas tantsoukes

thomas carlhed

stefan heinrichs

thorsten weiss

sabine comper

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land under

collages and drawings by nicholas tantsoukes

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true colors

text by thomas carlhed

director for branding and coordination

lives and works in stockholm

The voice of Eva Cassidy faded away. This is your song... This is about you... David said the words slowly as if he was speaking to himself and then turned around in bed and looked at me with a sincere and affectionate face. I looked back at him a bit stunned. After eleven fuck, four days and an intensive spending of time together, speaking about everything and nothing, it felt as if he saw right through me - and the presumptuous and insecure shell I used to keep around me. We laid in silence for a while, naked and close. It felt so sudden... the shift from irresponsible flirting, snogging, dating, fucking or whatever it was. Why is it that love always comes when you least expect it?

David took my hand and kissed me on the cheek. I felt emotionally exhausted after the last days and tried not to show that tears had started to run from my eyes. God, why do I cry? What happened?

He wiped away a tear and smiled at me with a warm face. I looked back at him with a giddy feeling. Is that? But I remained silent as it was so clear.

You know love when you see it, as I saw it in his eyes then. Even if one hasn't met love before one knows how it looks when it crosses one's path. It's immediate. How did he do that? How did he open me up? And in four days? A series of unexpected thoughts went through my brain. I felt completely skinless as he laid by my side in silence with my hand in his. And why did he stay? He had seen the thing I had tried to hide the most - probably from the start. But he stayed. And it changed me forever.

contributing artists

martin niklas wieser, maxime touratier,
megan marissa steinman, nikolas
tantsoukes, sabine comper, stefan
heinrichs, thomas carlhed, thorsten
weiss, xu guofeng, zsuzsanna ilijin

thank you

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translation

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cover

into the mountains
by nikolas tantsoukes