



OCCURRENCE

I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE TO GIVE

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WITH>>>>

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The lover's fatal identity is precisely: I am the one who waits.
>>>>Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*

On the one hand, I believe I know the other better than anyone
[...]; and on the other hand I am often struck by the obvious
fact that the other is impenetrable, intractable, not to be
found. [...] I wear myself out, I shall never know.
>>>>Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*

He doesn't even see the truck coming toward him, barreling into traffic against the light, and by the time he feels it, a tremendous crash crumpling the passenger-seat side of the car [...] he is already aloft, being ejected into the air. [...] He sees a flash of Jude's face: just his face, his expression still unresolved, torn from his body and suspended against a black sky.

>>>> Hanya Yanagihara, *A Little Life*

Should one continue? [...] Either you have some hope, and then you will act; or else you have none, in which case you will renounce. That is the discourse of the healthy subject: either / or. But the amorous subject [the person in love] replies [...] : I have no hope, but all the same, I stubbornly choose not to choose; I choose drifting: I continue.

>>>>Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*



Is it not indecent to compare the situation of the love-sick subject to that of an inmate at [the concentration camp in] Dachau? Can one of the most unimaginable insults of History be compared with a trivial, childish, sophisticated, obscure incident of his own Image-repertoire [his own set of images which allow him to see himself and to imagine how others see him]? Yet these two situations have this in common: they are, literally, panic situations without remainder, without return: I have projected myself into the other with such power that when I am without the other I cannot recover myself, regain myself: I am lost, forever.

>>>>Roland Barthes, A Lover's Discourse

For one is cruel to the same degree that one is capable of love. [...] The human being of great love and of great contempt [...] [is] a human being with the will to a terrible responsibility.

>>>>Friedrich Nietzsche, Unpublished Fragments (Spring 1885-Spring 1886)

I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE TO GIVE Credits

All songs written by Ken Urban, Cat Hollyer and Johnny Hager (© 2021 occurrencemusic)
Recorded and Produced by Ken Urban at the Berkshire Arms in Washington Heights, NYC
Mixed with Additional Production by Daniel Kluger at Archie & Fox Studios in NYC

Additional recording by Ken at Virginia Center for the Creative Arts in Amherst, VA (on "Boy Joy,"
"Flies Dead Midair") and Willapa Bay AiR in Ocean Park, WA (on "The Happy Years," "Bad Sleep Well,"
"A Parade of Regrets")

Additional recording by Daniel at Archie & Fox Studios (on "I Have So Much Love to Give," "Boy Joy,"
"The Happy Years," "The Preferred One," "Flies Dead Midair," "Your Body Is Made of Flesh,"
"Bad Sleep Well," "My Eternal Autumn")

Electric guitars on "The Preferred One" recorded by Peter at his home
Violas on "The Happy Years," "My Eternal Autumn," "I Had So Much Love to Give"
recorded by Ken at the Berkshire Arms on a TASCAM 4-Track Recorder

"Drift" mixed by Ken at the Berkshire Arms
Mastered by Jessica Thompson

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