

AETNA 35 7 1-4 7 3-4 9 1-4 42
 AETNA-5-8 42
 AETNA 1-2 42

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AETNA-P 40	1	13-16	42
AETNA 45	1-8	1 3-8 2 5-16	42
AETNA 45	3 1-4	3 7-8 4 1-4	42
AM C 5	5	5 4	-A- 29 5-8
AM C 80	3-8	1 3-8 1 13-16	29 5-8
AM C	-A-		5-8 29 5-8
AM EX			
AM EX			
AM EX			
COM	1-4	1 3-4	2
COM	-16	1-2	2
ASARCO	-A-		5 1-4
ASARCO 1	-8	2	4
ASARCO 2	-4		16 1-4
BEAT F 25	1	2	1
BEAT F 30		8	
BURRGH 60	16	7	
BURRGH	6	8	
	3	4 1-4	3-4 76 1-4
	1-16	1 5-8	1-8 76 1-4
	5 5-8	5 7-2	6 1-8 35 1-4
CHASE 35	7-8	1 7-8	2 1-2 35 1-4
C-TEL 15	15-16	-A-	-A- 15 7-8
C TEL 20	-A-	1-16	-A- 15 7-8
D'ERE 25	-A-	10 3-4	-B- 35 1-2
D'ERE 30	5 5-8	-A-	-A- 35 1-2
D'ERE 35	3-4	2 1-4	-A- 35 1-2
DIG EQ 40	9 1-4	10 3-4	11 3-4 49 1-4
DIG EQ 45	4 3-8	6 1-2	8 1-4 49 1-4
DIG EQ 50	1	3 5-8	5 1-2 49 1-4
DISNEY 35	7 1-2	8 1-2	-A- 42 3-4
DISNEY 40	2 7-8	4 7-8	6 42 3-4
DISNEY 45	3-8	2 9-16	3 1-2 42 3-4
DU PNT 100	33 1-2	-B-	-B- 131 3-4
DU PNT 110	21 1-2	23 1-4	24 1-4 31 3-4

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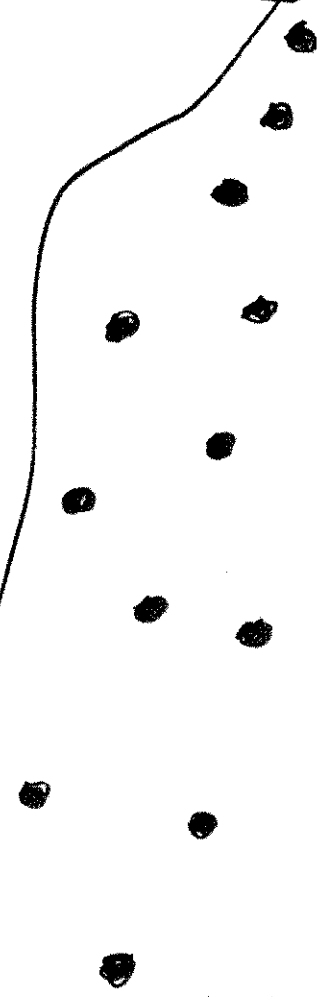
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Just to be mad.
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SCHIZO- CULTURE

Michel Foucault, <i>The Eye of Power</i>	6
Robert Wilson, <i>Interview</i>	20
François Péraldi, <i>A Schizo and the Institution</i>	20
Guy Hocquenghem, <i>We All Can't Die in Bed</i>	28
The Ramones, <i>Teenage Lobotomy</i>	32
<i>The Boston Declaration on Psychiatric Oppression</i>	34
William Burroughs, <i>The Limits of Control</i>	38
Louis Wolfson, <i>Full Stop for an Infernal Planet</i>	44
Lee Breuer, <i>Media Rex</i>	48
Eddie Griffin, <i>Breaking Men's Minds</i>	48
Wendy Clark, <i>Love Tapes</i>	60
Police Band, <i>Antidsestablishment Totalitarianism</i>	64
Elie C. Messinger, <i>Violence to the Brain</i>	66
David Cooper, <i>The Invention of Non-Psychiatry</i>	66
Martine Barrat, <i>Vicki</i>	74
John Giorno, <i>Grasping at Emptiness</i>	82
<i>The Hard Machine</i>	96
Alphonso F. Lingis, <i>Savages</i>	96
Bernard-Henri Lévy, <i>The "Argentine Model"</i>	108
Kathy Acker, <i>The Persian Poems</i>	116
Richard Foreman, <i>14 Things I Tell Myself</i>	124
Seth Neta, <i>To-Ana-No-Ye (Anorexia Nervosa)</i>	133
Andre Cadere, <i>Boy with a Stick</i>	140
Ulrike Meinhof, <i>Armed Anti-Imperialist Struggle</i>	140
Gilles Deleuze, <i>Politics</i>	154
John Cage, <i>Emptywords</i>	165
Pat Steir	175
Jean-Jacques Abrahams, <i>Fuck the Talkies</i>	178
Phil Glass, <i>Interview</i>	178
Jack Smith, <i>Uncle Fishook and the Sacred Baby Poo-poo of Art</i>	192
Jean François Lyotard, <i>On the Strength of the Weak</i>	204
Douglas Dunn, <i>Interview</i>	204
<i>Back Issues/Forthcoming</i>	220
<i>Credits for Visuals</i>	221

Michel Foucault

The Eye of Power

Jean-Pierre Barou: *Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon, a work published at the end of the 18th century that has remained largely unknown, nevertheless inspired you to term it "an event in the history of the human mind", "a revolutionary discovery in the order of politics". And you described Bentham, an English jurist, as "the Fourier of a police society". This is all very mysterious for us, but as for you, how did you encounter the Panopticon?*

Michel Foucault: It was while studying the origins of clinical medicine. I was considering a study on hospital architecture in the second half of the 18th century, at the time of the major reform of medical institutions. I wanted to know how medical observation, the observing gaze of the clinician (*le regard médical*), became institutionalized; how it was effectively inscribed within social space; how the new hospital structure was at one and the same time the effect of a new type of perception (*regard*) and its support. And I came to realize, while examining the different architectural projects that resulted from the second fire at the Hotel-Dieu in 1772, to what extent the problem of the total visibility of bodies, of individuals and of things, before a centralized eyesight (*regard*), had been one of the most constant guiding principles. In the case of hospitals, this problem raised yet another difficulty: one had to avoid contacts, contagions, proximities and overcrowding at the same time as insuring proper ventilation and the circulation of air: the problem was to divide space and leave it open, in order to insure a form of surveillance at once global and individualizing, while carefully separating the individuals under surveillance. For quite some time I believed these problems to be particular to 18th century medicine and its beliefs.

Later, while studying the problems of penal law, I became aware that all the major projects for the reorganization of prisons (projects that date, incidentally, from slightly later, from the first half of the 19th century) took up the same theme, but almost always in reference to Jeremy Bentham. There were few texts or projects concerning prisons where Bentham's "device", the "panopticon", did not appear.

The principle resorted to is a simple one: on the periphery runs a building in the shape of a ring; in the center of the ring stands a tower pierced by large windows that face the inside wall of the ring; the outer building is divided into cells, each of which has two windows: one corresponding to the tower's windows, facing into the cell; the other, facing outside, thereby enabling light to traverse the entire cell. One then needs only to place a guard in the central

tower, and to lock into each cell a mad, sick or condemned person, a worker or a pupil. Owing to the back-lighting effect, one can thus make out the small captive silhouettes in the cells. In summary, the principle of the dark cell is reversed: bright light and the guard's observing gaze are found to impound better than the shadows which in fact protected.

One is already struck by the fact that the same concern existed well before Bentham. It seems that one of the first models of this form of isolating visibility was instituted in the Military Academy of Paris in 1751, with respect to the dormitories. Each of the pupils was to have a windowed cell where he could be seen all night long without any possible contact with his fellow-students or even the domestic help. In addition there was a very complicated mechanism whose sole purpose was to enable the barber to comb each of the residents without touching him physically: the pupil's head extended from a kind of skylight with the body on the other side of the glass partition, allowing a clear view of the entire process. Bentham told how it was his brother who first had the idea of the panopticon while visiting the Military Academy. The theme was, in any case, clearly in the air at this time. Claude-Nicolas Ledoux's constructions, most notably the salt-mine he had organized at Arcet-Senans, tended to employ the same visibility effect, but with one important addition, namely, that there be a central point that would serve as the seat of the exercise of power as well as the place for recording observations and gaining knowledge. While the idea of the panopticon preceded Bentham, it was nevertheless he who actually formulated it. The very word *panopticon* can be considered crucial, for it designates a comprehensive principle. Bentham's conception was therefore more than a mere architectural figure meant to resolve a specific problem such as that raised by prisons or schools or hospitals. Bentham himself proclaims the panopticon to be a "revolutionary discovery". It was therefore Bentham who proposed a solution to the problem faced by doctors, penologists, industrialists and educators: he discovered the technology of power necessary to resolve problems of surveillance. It is important to note that Bentham considered his optical procedure to be the major innovation for the easy, effective exercise of power. As a matter of fact, this innovation has been utilized widely since the end of the 18th century. But the procedures of power resorted to in modern societies are far more numerous and diverse and rich. It would be false to state that the principle of visibility has dominated the whole technology of power since the 19th century.

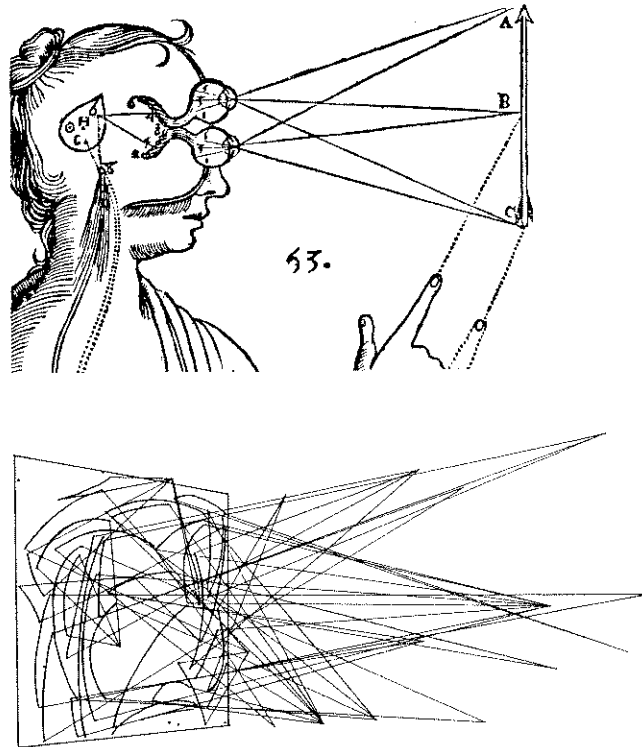
Michelle Perrot: *What might be said, incidentally, about architecture as a mode of political organization? For everything is spatial, not only mentally but also materially, in this form of 18th century thought.*

Foucault: In my opinion architecture, at the end of the 18th century, begins to concern itself closely with problems of population, health and urbanism. Before that time, the art of constructing responded firstly to the need to make power, divinity and force manifest. The palace and the church constituted the two major architectural forms, to which we must add fortresses. One manifested one's might, one manifested the sovereign, one manifested God. Architecture developed for a long while according to these requirements. Now, at the end of the 18th century, new problems are posed: the arrangement of space is to be utilized for political and economic ends.

A specific form of architecture arises during this period. Philippe Ariès has written some very important things on the subject of the home which, according to him, remains an undifferentiated space until the 18th century. There are rooms that can be used interchangeably for sleeping, eating or receiving guests. Then, little by little, space becomes specified and functional. A perfect illustration can be found in the development of working-class housing projects in the years 1830-1870. The working family will be situated; a type of

morality will be prescribed for it by assigning it a living space (a room serving as kitchen and dining room), the parents' bedroom (the place of procreation), and the children's bedroom. Sometimes, in the most favorable of situations, there will be a boy's room and a girl's room. A whole "history of spaces" could be written, that would at the same time be a "history of the forms of power," from the major strategies of geopolitics to the tactics of housing, institutional architecture, classroom or hospital organization, by way of all the political and economic implantations. It is surprising how long it took for the problem of spaces to be viewed as an historical and political problem. For a long time space was either referred to "nature"—to what was given, the first determining factor—or to "physical geography"; it was referred to a kind of "prehistoric" layer. Or it was conceived as dwellings or the growth of a people, a culture, a language or a State. In short, space was analyzed either as the *ground* on which people lived or the area in which they existed; all that mattered were *foundations* and *frontiers*. The work of the historians Marc Bloch and Fernand Braudel was required in order to develop a history of rural and maritime spaces. This work must be expanded, and we must cease to think that space merely predetermines a particular history which in return reorganizes it through its own sedimentation. Spatial arrangements are also political and economic forms to be studied in detail.

I will mention only one of the reasons why a certain negligence regarding



spaces has been prevalent for so long, and this concerns the discourse of philosophers. At the precise moment when a serious-minded politics of spaces was developing (at the end of the 18th century), the new attainments of theoretical and experimental physics removed philosophy's privileged right to speak about the world, the *cosmos*, space, be it finite or infinite. This double taking over of space by a political technology and a scientific practice forced philosophy into a problematic of time. From Kant on it is time that occupies the philosopher's reflection, in Hegel, Bergson and Heidegger for example. A correlative disqualification of space appears in the human understanding. I recall having spoken some ten years ago of these problems linked to a politics of spaces and someone remarked that it was very reactionary to insist so much on space, that life and progress must be measured in terms of time and becoming. It must be added that this reproach came from a psychologist: here we see the truth and the shame of 19th century philosophy.

Perrot: *We might perhaps mention in passing the importance of the notion of sexuality in this context. You noted this in the case of the surveillance of cadets and, there again, the same problem surfaces with respect to the working-class family. The notion of sexuality is fundamental, isn't it?*

Foucault: Absolutely. In these themes of surveillance, and especially school surveillance, the controls of sexuality are inscribed directly in the architectural design. In the case of the *Military Academy*, the struggle against homosexuality and masturbation is written on the walls.

Perrot: *As far as architecture is concerned doesn't it seem to you that people like doctors, whose social involvement is considerable at the end of the 18th century, played in a sense the role of spatial "arrangers"? This is where social hygiene is born; in the name of cleanliness and health, the location of people is controlled. And with the rebirth of hippocratic medicine, doctors are among those most sensitized to problems of environment, milieu, temperature, etc., which were already givens in John Howard's investigation into the state of prisons.*

Foucault: Doctors were indeed partially specialists of space. They posed four fundamental problems: the problem of locations (regional climates, the nature of the soil, humidity and aridity: they applied the term "constitution" to this combination of local determinants and seasonal variations that favor, at a given moment, a particular type of illness); the problem of coexistence (the coexistence of people among themselves, where it is a question of the density or proximity of populations; the coexistence of people and things, where it is a matter of sufficient water, sewage and the free circulation of air; or the coexistence of humans and animals, where it is a matter of slaughter-houses and cattle-sheds; and finally, the coexistence of the living and the dead, where the matter of cemeteries arises); the problem of housing (*habitat*, urbanism); and the problem of displacements (the migration of people, the spreading of illnesses). Doctors and military men were the prime administrators of collective space. But the military thought essentially in terms of the space of "military campaigns" (and therefore of "passing through") and of fortifications. Doctors, for their part, thought above all in terms of the space of housing and cities. I cannot recall who it was that sought the major stages of sociological thought in Montesquieu and Auguste Comte, which is a very un-informed approach. For sociological knowledge is formed, rather, within practices such as that of doctors. In this context Guépin, at the very beginning of the 19th century, wrote a marvelous analysis of the city of Nantes.

The intervention of doctors was indeed of such crucial importance at this particular time because they were moved by a whole constellation of new

political and economic problems, which accounts for the importance of demographic facts.

Now Bentham, like his contemporaries, encountered the problem of the accumulation of people. But whereas economists posed the problem in terms of wealth (population-as-wealth, since it is manpower, the source of economic activity and consumption; and population-as-poverty, when it is in excess or idle), Bentham posed it in terms of power: population as the target of the relations of domination. I think it could be said that the power mechanisms at play in an administrative monarchy as developed even as it was in France, were characterized by rather large gaps: this form of power constituted a global system based on chance where many elements were unaccounted for, a system that didn't enter into details, that exercised its controls over interdependent groups and that made use of the method of example (as is clear in the fiscal measures or the criminal justice system in question), and therefore had a low "resolution", as they say in photography. This form of power was incapable of practicing an exhaustive and individuating analysis of the social body. Now, the economic mutations of the 18th century made it necessary for the effects of power to circulate through finer and finer channels, reaching individuals, their bodies, their gestures, every one of their daily activities. Power was to be as effectively exercised over a multiplicity of people as if it were over one individual.

Perrot: *The demographic thrusts of the 18th century undoubtedly contributed to the development of this form of power.*

Barou: *It is therefore quite surprising to learn that the French Revolution, through people like La Fayette, favorably welcomed the project of the panopticon. One will recall that Bentham was made a "Citizen of France" in 1791 thanks to him.*

Foucault: To my mind Bentham is the complementary to Rousseau. For what is in fact the Rousseauian dream that captivated the revolutionary era, if not that of a transparent society, at once visible and legible in every one of its parts; a society where there were no longer any zones of obscurity arranged by the privileges of royal power or the prerogatives of a given body, or by disorder; where each man, from his own position, could see the whole of society; where hearts communicated directly and observations were carried out freely, and where everyman's opinions reigned supreme. Jean Starobinski made some very interesting comments on this subject in *La Transparence et l'Obstacle* and in *L'Invention de la Liberté*. Bentham is at once close to this Rousseauian notion, and the complete opposite. He poses the problem of visibility, but in his conception visibility is organized completely around a dominating and observing gaze. He initiates the project of a universal visibility that would function on behalf of a rigorous and meticulous form of power. In this sense one sees that the technical idea of a form of power that is "always and everywhere observant", which is Bentham's obsession, is connected to the Rousseauian theme, which in a sense constitutes the Revolution's lyricism: the two themes combine and the combination works—Bentham's obsession and Rousseau's lyricism.

Perrot: *What about this quote from the Panopticon: "Each comrade becomes a guardian?"*

Foucault: Rousseau would probably have said the opposite: that each guardian must be a comrade. In *L'Emile*, for example, Emile's tutor is a guardian, but he must also be a friend.

Barou: *The French Revolution did not interpret Bentham's project as we do today; it even perceived humanitarian aims in this project.*

Foucault: Precisely. When the Revolution examines the possibilities for a new

form of justice, it asks what is to be its mainspring. The answer is public opinion. The Revolution's problem once again was not one of insuring that people be punished, but that they could not even act improperly on account of their being submerged in a field of total visibility where the opinion of one's fellow men, their observing gaze, and their discourse would prevent one from doing evil or detrimental deeds. This problem is ever present in the texts written during the Revolution.

Perrot: *The immediate context also played a part of the Revolution's adoption of the Panopticon; the problem of prisons was then a high priority. Since 1770, in England as in France, there was a strong sense of uneasiness surrounding this issue, which is clear in Howard's investigation of prisons. Hospitals and prisons are two major topics of discussion in the Parisian salons and the enlightened circles. It was viewed as scandalous that prisons had become what they were: schools of crime and vice so lacking in decent hygiene as to seriously threaten one's chances of survival. Doctors began to talk about the degeneration of bodies in such places. With the coming of the Revolution, the bourgeoisie in turn undertook an investigation on a European scale. A certain Duquesnoy was entrusted with the task of reporting on the "establishments of humanity", a term designating hospitals as well as prisons.*

Foucault: A definite fear prevailed during the second half of the 18th century: the fear of a dark space, of a screen of obscurity obstructing the clear visibility of things, of people and of truths. It became imperative to dissolve the elements of darkness that were opposed to light, to demolish all of society's sombre spaces, those dark rooms where arbitrary political rule fomented, as well as the whims of a monarch, religious superstitions, tyrants' and priests' plots, illusions of ignorance and epidemics. From even before the Revolution, castles, hospitals, charnel houses, prisons and convents gave rise to a sometimes over-valued distrust or hatred; it was felt that the new political and moral order could not be instituted until such places were abolished. The novels of terror, during the period of the Revolution, developed a whole fanciful account of the high protective walls, the shadows, the hiding-places and dungeons that shield, in a significant complicity, robbers and aristocrats, monks and traitors. Ann Radcliffe's sceneries are always mountains, forests, caverns, deteriorating castles, convents whose obscurity and silence instill fear. Now, these imaginary spaces are in a sense the "counter-figure" of the transparency and visibility that the new order hoped to establish. The reign of "opinion" invoked so frequently during this period is a mode of functioning where power is to be exercised on the sole basis of things known and people seen by a kind of immediate observing gaze that is at once collective and anonymous. A form of power whose *primum mobile* is public opinion could hardly tolerate regions of darkness. Bentham's project excited such a great interest because it provided the formula, applicable in a wide variety of domains, for a form of power that operates by means of transparency", a subjugation through a process of "bringing to light". The panopticon utilizes to a certain extent the form of the "castle" (a dungeon surrounded by high protective walls) to paradoxically create a space of detailed legibility.

Barou: *The Age of Enlightenment would also have liked to see the sombre areas within man abolished.*

Foucault: Absolutely.

Perrot: *One is also struck by the techniques of power within the panopticon itself. Essentially there is the observing gaze, and also speech, for there are those well known steel tubes that link the principal inspector to each of the*



cells in which we can find not one prisoner, according to Bentham, but small groups of prisoners. What is very striking in Bentham's text is the importance attributed to dissuasion: as he puts it, "one must constantly be under the eyes of an inspector; this results in a loss of the capacity to do evil and almost even the thought of wanting to." This is one of the major preoccupations of the Revolution: to keep people from doing evil, to make them refrain from even wanting to; not being able and not wanting to do evil.

Foucault: Two different things are involved here: the observing gaze, the act of observation on the one hand, and internalization on the other. And doesn't this amount to the problem of the cost of power? Power is not exercised without it costing something. There is obviously the economic cost, which Bentham discusses: "How many guardians will be needed?" How much will the machine cost?" But there is also the specifically political cost. If power is exercised too violently, there is the risk of generating revolts; or if the intervention is too discontinuous, there is the risk of the development of resistance and disobedience, phenomena of great political cost. This is how monarchic power functioned. The judicial apparatus, for example, arrested only a ridiculously small proportion of criminals; from which the fact was deduced that if the punishment was to instill fear in those present, it must be glaring. Monarchic power was therefore violent and utilized spectacular examples to insure a continuous exercise of power. To this conception of power the new theoreticians of the 18th century retort: this power is too costly for too few results. There are great expenditures of violence of no exemplary value; one is even forced to multiply the violence and, by that very fact, to multiply the revolts.

Perrot: Which is what happened during the riots surrounding the executions on the scaffold.

Foucault: On the other hand there is a form of observation that requires very little in the way of expenditures. No need for arms, physical violence, or material restraints. Rather there is an observing gaze that watches over people and that each individual, due to the fact that he feels it weighing on him, finally internalizes to the point where he observes himself: everyone in this way exercises surveillance over and against himself. This is an ingenious formula: a continuous form of power at practically no cost! When Bentham

pronounces his discovery of this form of power, he views it as a "revolutionary discovery in the order of politics", a formula that is exactly the reverse of monarchic power. As a matter of fact, within the techniques of power developed in modern times, observation has had a major importance but, as I said earlier, it is far from being the only or even the principal instrumentation put into practice.

Perrot: It seems, from what you have just said, that Bentham posed the problem of power essentially in terms of small groups. Why? Did he consider that the part is already the whole, that if one succeeds on the level of groups this can be extended to include society as a whole? Or is it that society as a whole and power at that level were not yet grasped in their specificity at that time?

Foucault: The whole problem in this form of power is to avoid stumbling blocks and interruptions similar to the obstacles presented in the Ancien Regime by the established bodies, the privileges of certain categories, from the clergy to the trade guilds by way of the body of magistrates. The bourgeoisie was perfectly aware that new legislation or a new Constitution were not enough to guarantee its hegemony. A new technology had to be invented that would insure the free-flow of the effects of power within the entire social body and on the most minute of levels. And in this area the bourgeoisie not only achieved a political revolution, but also managed to establish a form of social hegemony that it has never relinquished since. This explains why all of these inventions were so important, and why Bentham was surely among the most typical inventors of power technologies.

Barou: It is nevertheless not immediately clear whether space organized as Bentham advocated could profit anyone, be it only those who occupied the central tower or who came to visit. The reader of Bentham's proposals feels as if he were in the presence of an infernal world from which there is no escape, neither for those who are being watched, nor for those who are observing.

Foucault: Such is perhaps the most diabolical aspect of the idea and of all the applications it brought about. In this form of management, power isn't totally entrusted to someone who would exercise it alone, over others, in an absolute fashion; rather this machine is one in which everyone is caught, those who exercise the power as well as those who are subjected to it. It seems to me this is the major characteristic of the new societies established in the 19th century. Power is no longer substantially identified with a particular individual who possesses it or exercises it due to his social position. Power becomes a machinery controlled by no one. Everyone in this machine obviously occupies a different place; certain places are more important than others and enable those who occupy them to produce effects of supremacy, insuring a class domination to the very extent that they dissociate political power from individual power.

Perrot: The operation of the panopticon is somewhat contradictory from this point of view. There is the principal inspector who keeps watch from a central tower. But he also controls his inferiors, the guards, in whom he has no confidence. He sometimes speaks rather distrustfully of them, even though they are supposed to be close to him. Doesn't this constitute an aristocratic form of thought! But it must also be recalled that supervision represented a crucial problem for industrial society. Finding foremen and engineers capable of regimenting and supervising the factories was no easy task for management.

Foucault: This problem was enormous, as is clear in the case of the 18th century army when it was necessary to establish a corps of "low-ranking"

officers competent enough to supervise the troupes effectively during what were often very difficult tactical maneuvers, all the more difficult as the rifle had just been perfected. Movements, displacements and formations of troops, as well as marches required this sort of disciplinary personnel. Work-places posed the same problem in their own right, as did school, with its head masters, teachers, and disciplinarians. The Church was then one of the rare social bodies where such competent small corps of disciplinarians existed. The not too literate, but not too ignorant monk and the curate joined forces against children when it became necessary to school hundreds of thousands of children. The State did not provide itself with similar small corps until much later, as was also the case with respect to hospitals. It was not so long ago that the supervisory personnel of hospitals was still constituted in large part by nuns.

Barot: *These very nuns played a considerable part in the creation of a female labor force, in the well known 19th century internships where a female staff lived and worked under the supervision of nuns specially trained to exercise factory discipline.*

The panopticon is also preoccupied with these issues as is apparent when it deals with the principal inspector's surveillance of the supervising staff and, through the control tower's windows, his surveillance of everyone, an uninterrupted succession of observations that call to mind the dictum: "each comrade becomes a guardian". We finally reach a point of vertigo in the presence of an invention no longer mastered by its creator. And it is Bentham who, in the beginning, wants to place confidence in a unique, central form of power. Who did he plan to put in the tower? The eye of God? Yet God is barely present in his texts, for religion only plays a utilitarian part. So who is in the tower? In the last analysis it must be admitted that Bentham himself is not too clear about who should be entrusted with this power.

Foucault: He cannot have confidence in anyone in that no person can, nor must be a source of power and justice like the king in the former system. In the theory of the monarchy it was implicit that one owed allegiance to the king. By his very existence, willed by God, the king was the source of justice, law and authority. Power in the person of the king could only be good; a bad king was equivalent to an historical accident or to a punishment inflicted by the absolutely good sovereign, God. Whereas one cannot have confidence in anyone if power and authority are arranged as a complex machine and where an individual's place, and not his nature, is the determining factor. If the machine were such that someone stood outside it or had the sole responsibility for its management, power would be identified with a person and one would return to the monarchic system of power. In the *Panopticon*, everyone is watched, according to his position within the system, by all of the others or by certain others; here we are in the presence of an apparatus of distrust that is total and mobile, since there is no absolute point. A certain sum of malevolence was required for the perfection of surveillance.

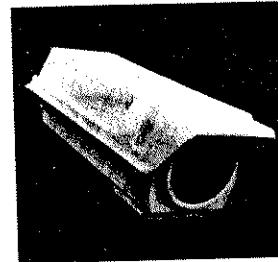
Barot: *A diabolical machine, as you said, that spares no one. Such is the image of power today. But, according to you, how did we get to this point? What sort of "will" was involved, and whose?*

Foucault: The question of power is greatly impoverished if posed solely in terms of legislation, or the Constitution, or the State, the State apparatus. Power is much more complicated, much more diffuse and dense than a set of laws or a State apparatus. One cannot understand the development of the productive forces of capitalism, nor even conceive of their technological development, if the apparatuses of power are not taken into consideration. For example, take the case of the division of labor in the major work-places

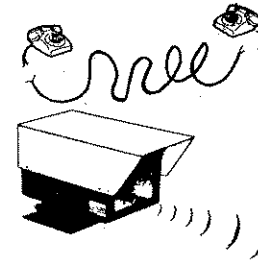
of the 18th century; how would this distribution of tasks have been achieved had there not been a new distribution of power on the very level of the productive forces? Likewise for the modern army: it was not enough to possess new types of armaments or another style of recruitment: this new form of power called discipline was also required, with its hierarchies, its commands, its inspections, its exercises, its conditionings, its drills. Without this the army such as it had functioned since the 17th century would never have existed.

Barot: *There is nevertheless an individual or a group of individuals who provide the impetus for this disciplinary system, or isn't there?*

Foucault: A distinction must be made. It is clear in the organization of an army or a work-place, or a given institution that the network of power adopts a pyramidal form. There is therefore a summit. But even in a simple case, this "summit" is not the "source" or the "principle" from which the totality of power derives as from a focal point (such as the monarch's throne). The summit and the lower elements of the hierarchy coexist within a relationship of reciprocal support and conditioning: they "hold together" (power as a mutual and indefinite "extortion"). But if what you are asking is whether the



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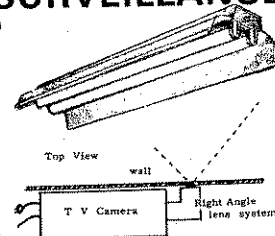


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new technology of power has its historical roots in an individual or in a group of specific individuals who would, as it were, have decided to apply this technology in their own interests and in order to shape the social body according to their designs, then I would have to say no. These tactics were invented and organized according to local conditions and particular urgencies. They were designed piece by piece before a class strategy solidified them into vast and coherent totalities. It must also be noted that these totalities do not consist in a homogenization but rather in a complex interplay of support among the different mechanisms of power which are, themselves, nonetheless quite specific. Thus it is that at the present time the interplay between the family, medicine, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, the school, and the judicial system, in the case of children, does not homogenize these different agencies, but establishes connections, referrals, complementarities and determinations that presuppose that each one of them maintains, to a certain extent, its own modalities.

Perrot: *You have protested against the idea of power as a superstructure, but not against the idea that this power is in a sense consubstantial to the development of the productive forces, of which it is a part.*

Foucault: Correct. And power is constantly being transformed along with the productive forces. The Panopticon was a utopian program. But already in Bentham's time the theme of a spatializing, observing, immobilizing—i.e. disciplinary—power was in fact outflanked by much more subtle mechanisms allowing for the regulation of population phenomena, the control of their oscillations, and compensation for their irregularities. Bentham is "antiquated" insofar as he attaches so much importance to observation; he is completely modern when he stresses the importance of the techniques of power in our societies.

Perrot: *There is therefore no global State; rather there is the emergence of micro-societies, microcosms.*

Barou: *Is the distribution of forces in the Panopticon attributable to industrial society, or should we consider capitalist society to be responsible for this form of power?*

Foucault: Industrial or capitalist society? I don't know what to answer, except perhaps that these forms of power are also present in socialist societies: the transference was immediate. But on this point, I would prefer to let the historian among us intervene in my place.

Perrot: *It is true that the accumulation of capital was accomplished by an industrial technology and by the erection of an entire apparatus of power. But it is also true that a similar process can be found in the Soviet socialist society. In certain respects, Stalinism also corresponds to a period of accumulation of capital and to the establishment of a strong form of power.*

Barou: *The notion of profit comes to mind here, which indicates how valuable some can find Bentham's inhuman machine.*

Foucault: Obviously! We would have to share the rather naive optimism of 19th century "dandies" to think that the bourgeoisie is stupid. On the contrary, we must take into account its master strokes, among which, precisely, there is the fact that it succeeded in constructing machines of power that helped in establishing circuits of profit which in turn reinforce and modify the mechanisms of power in a constantly moving and circular fashion. Feudal power, which functioned above all by means of capital levies and expenditures, drained itself. Bourgeois power perpetuates itself not by conservation, but by successive transformations, which accounts for the fact that its arrangement is not inscribed within history as is the feudal arrangement.

Which also accounts for its precariousness as well as its inventive resiliency. This explains, finally, how the possibility of its downfall as well as the possibility of Revolution have from the beginning been an intimate part of its history.

Perrot: *Bentham assigns an important place for work, and keeps coming back to it.*

Foucault: This is due to the fact that the techniques of power were invented to respond to the requirements of production, in the largest sense of the term (e.g. "producing" a destruction, as in the case of the army).

Barou: *May I mention in passing that when you speak of "work" in your books, this rarely refers to productive labor . . .*

Foucault: This is because I have been mainly preoccupied with people placed outside the circuits of productive labor: the mad, the sick, prisoners, and today, children. Work for them, such as they are supposed to accomplish it, is above all valued for its disciplinary effects.

Barou: *Isn't work always a form of drill or pacification?*

Foucault: Of course, the triple function of work is always present: the productive function, the symbolic function and the training, or disciplinary function. The productive function is perceptibly zero for the categories with which I am concerned, whereas the symbolic and disciplinary functions are quite important. But in most instances the three components coexist.

Perrot: *Bentham, in any case, strikes me as very self-confident concerning the penetrating power of observation. One feels in fact that he doesn't fully appreciate the degree of opacity and resistance of the material that is to be corrected and reintegrated into society, namely, the prisoners. Doesn't Bentham's panopticon share in the illusion of power to a certain extent?*

Foucault: It is the illusion shared by practically all of the 18th century reformers who invested public opinion with considerable power. Public opinion had to be correct since it was the immediate conscience of the entire social body; these reformers really believed people would become virtuous owing to their being observed. Public opinion represented a spontaneous reactualization of the social contract. They failed to recognize the real conditions of public opinion, the "media", i.e. a materiality caught in the mechanisms of economy and power in the forms of the press, publishing, and then films and television.

Perrot: *When you say that they disregarded the media you mean they failed to appreciate their importance for them.*

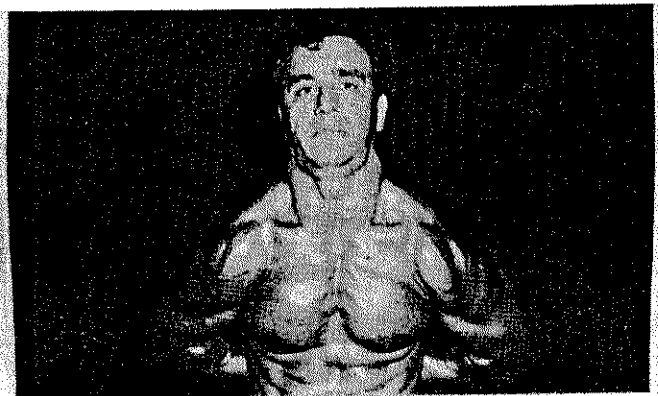
Foucault: They also failed to understand that the media would necessarily be controlled by economic and political interests. They did not perceive the material and economic components of public opinion. They thought that public opinion would be just by its very nature, that it would spread by itself, and constitute a kind of democratic surveillance. It was essentially journalism—a crucial innovation of the 19th century—that manifested the utopian characteristics of this entire politics of observation.

Perrot: *Thinkers generally miscalculate the difficulties they will encounter in trying to make their system "take hold"; they are not aware that there will always be loopholes and that resistances will always play a part. In the domain of prisons, inmates have not been passive people; and yet Bentham leads us to believe quite the opposite. Penal discourse itself unfolds as if it concerned no one in particular, except perhaps a tabula rasa in the form of people to be rehabilitated and then thrust back into the circuits of production. In reality there is a material, the inmates, who resist in a formidable manner. The same*

could also be said of Taylorism, the extraordinary invention of an engineer who wanted to fight against loafing, against everything that slows production. But we might finally ask whether Taylorism ever really worked?

Foucault: Another element does indeed contribute to the unreal side of Bentham's project: people's effective capacity to resist, studied so carefully by you, Michelle Perrot. How did people in workshops and housing projects resist the system of continual surveillance and recording of their activities? Were they aware of the compulsive, subjugating, unbearable nature of this surveillance, or did they accept it as natural? In brief, were there revolts against the observing gaze of power?

Perrot: Yes there were. The repugnance workers had to living in housing projects was an obvious fact. These projects were failures for quite a long while, as was the compulsory distribution of time, also present throughout the panopticon. The factory and its time schedules instigated a passive resistance, expressed by the workers' staying home. Witness the extraordinary story of the 19th century "Holy Monday", a day off invented by the workers in order to get out and relax every week. There were multiple forms of resistance to the industrial system, so many, in fact, that in the beginning management had to



back off. Another example is found in the systems of micro-powers which were not instituted immediately either. This type of surveillance and supervision was first of all developed in the mechanized sectors composed mainly of women and children, hence of people used to obeying; women used to obeying husbands and children used to obeying their parents. But in the "male" sectors such as the iron-works, the situation was quite different. Management did not succeed in installing its surveillance system immediately: during the first half of the 19th century it had to delegate its powers; it worked out contracts with the teams of workers through the foremen, who were often the most qualified workers or those with most seniority. A veritable counter-power developed among the professional workers, which sometimes had two edges: one directed against the management, in defense of the workers' community, and the other against the workers themselves insofar as the foreman managed to oppress his apprentices and comrades. The workers' forms of counter-power continued to exist until management learned how to mechanize the functions that escaped it; it was then able to abolish the professional workers' power. There are numerous examples of this: in the rolling mills the shop steward had the means at his disposal to resist the boss until the day when

quasi-automated machines were installed. Thermal control, to cite only one instance, was substituted for the workers' sight and one could now determine whether the material was at the right temperature simply by reading a thermometer.

Foucault: This being the case, one must analyze the constellation of resistances to the panopticon in terms of tactics and strategies and bear in mind that each offensive on one level serves to support a counter-offensive on another level. The analysis of machines of power does not seek to demonstrate that power is both anonymous and always victorious. Rather we must locate the positions and the modes of action of everyone involved as well as the various possibilities for resisting and launching counter-attacks.

Barou: You speak like a strategist, of battles, actions and reactions, offensives and counter-offensives. Are resistances to power essentially physical in nature according to you? What then becomes of the content of the struggles and the aspirations they express?

Foucault: This is in fact a very important theoretical and methodological question. One thing in particular strikes me: certain political discourses make constant use of a vocabulary of the relations of forces. "Struggle" is a word that comes up most frequently. Now, it seems to me that one sometimes refuses to see the consequences of such a vocabulary or even to consider the problem it raises: namely, must we analyze these "struggles" as the vicissitudes of a war, must they be deciphered according to a strategical, tactical grid, yes or no? Is the relationship of forces in the order of politics a relationship of war? I personally am not prepared to respond categorically with a yes or a no. It only seems to me at this point that the pure and simple affirmation of a "struggle" cannot be viewed as a final explanation in an analysis of power relationships. This theme of the struggle is only functional if it is concretely established in each case who is struggling, for what reasons, how the struggle is developing, in what locations, with what instruments and according to what sort of rationality. In other words, if one wishes to take seriously the notion that struggle is at the heart of the relationships of power, one must realize that the nice, old "logic" of contradictions is far from sufficient to determine the real processes involved.

Perrot: Put another way, and getting back to the panopticon, Bentham not only projects a utopian society, but also describes an existing society.

Foucault: He describes, within the utopia of a general system, particular mechanisms that really exist.

Perrot: Then does it make sense for the inmates to take over the observation tower?

Foucault: Yes, provided that this is not the end of the operation. Do you believe that things would be much better if the inmates seized control of the panopticon and occupied the tower, rather than the guards?

Translated by Mark Seem

"L'Oeil du pouvoir" was published in Jeremy Bentham's *Le Panoptique*, Pierre Belfond, 1977.

1. Thus described in Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, Pantheon Books, 1978.
2. John Howard made the results of this investigation public in his study: *The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations and an Account of some Foreign Prisons and Hospitals*, 1777.

Robert Wilson
interview

François Péraldi
A Schizo and
the Institution
(a non-story)

Sylvère Lotringer: How did you arrive at a theatre which is not primarily based upon language?

Robert Wilson: I never liked the theatre. I wasn't interested in the narrative or the psychology. I preferred the ballet because it was architectural—my own background is in painting and architecture. I liked Balanchine and Merce Cunningham because I didn't have to bother about plot or meaning. I could just look at designs and patterns—that seemed enough. There is a dancer here, another dancer there, another four on this side, eight on the other, then sixteen... I wondered if the theatre could do the same things as the dance and just be an architectural arrangement in time and space. So I first made plays that were primarily visual. I started working with different pictures that were arranged in a certain way. Later I added words, but words weren't used to tell a story. They were used more architecturally; for the length of the word or the sentence, for their sound. They were constructed like music.

For instance, when Lucinda speaks in *Einstein on the Beach*, what matters is the sound of her voice, the patterns of her voice. In *A Letter to Queen Victoria*, I was mainly interested in the contrast between George's voice and Jim Nau's, between Stephan's voice and Scotty's, between Sheryl's voice and Cindy's. I wanted to put together these different rhythms, these

Let's see first what this title does *not* mean, then we shall proceed to see what has *not* happened to our schizo, then the extraordinary results on the institution, and the final interdiction.

The title then: A schizo.

Schizophrenia is not an illness,¹ and thus, it cannot be cured, for only illnesses can sometimes be cured. This statement is our premise, very close to Thomas Szasz's,² in this particular case.

What is it then?

It is not abnormal behavior either, for not having yet found solid epistemological grounds for the meaning of "normal" we have decided to disregard this category as well as its opposite term: "abnormality". It keeps us at least from entering into this horrifying world of the behavioral sciences which, to us, is nothing but the most extraordinarily powerful and dangerous system of repression ever invented, because it has never been able to state clearly the political, economic and ideological grounds on which it has built its Skinner boxes of torture.

Shall we say that schizophrenia is a process? And if so then, what kind of process?

I'd venture to say that it appears to me as an affirmative process in the negative. Something like: "I am and I remain whatever you do not want me to be". Let's understand it as an *affirmation against*.

I have good reasons for not saying that it is a negative process. Freud has demonstrated one or two things; one of the most interesting is that when Being and Thinking are structured according to a certain pattern (afterwards taken as a model of normality) they are based on a fundamental activity which he calls *Verneinung*: Negation, or "Dénégation" as we say in French. But this negation presupposes a more fundamental principle: the principle of identity. Listen to

Freud: What is bad, what is alien to the ego, and what is external are, to begin with, identical.³

This has nothing to do with the schizophrenic process, which appears as a primarily affirmative process to be apprehended—but can we?—in the realm of difference or, should I say, using a Heideggerian term, in the realm of *appropriation*⁴ from which the principle of identity stems. But this discourse is becoming horribly metaphysical. Let's drop it.

Let's come back to the word schizo and add a word. We do not use the word Schizo as a label of seriousness or quality that would be the proof that I am an up-to-date psychoanalyst daring to face the dark and frightening forces of the unknown, "à la pointe" of a pseudo modern psycho-something. And I am very well aware of the dangers, as well as the great advantages in using such a word.

Let me give you an example of the advantages, in the institution I am going to talk about. Let's call it by its name: Lavans (it's in a remote part of France called the Jura known for its exquisite white wine and good food, which has to do with what we were able to achieve). In Lavans, we received from the State Social Services a certain amount of money daily per patient. That's how we functioned. When we could prove that more than 35% of the children we had in our care were schizophrenic, the allowance given daily for each child was augmented by 72%. A good deal! Don't you think? Shall I say something that would ring profoundly true in certain psycho-somethings. . . . Schizo is good money!

In order perhaps not to disagree with Félix Guattari, I should perhaps call the process I am talking about the psychotic process. Félix refuses to consider—as far as I know—schizophrenia as a process which functions from the beginning *against* whatever may be attempted to reduce and fit it into the Oedipal structure by what we might call the Family Power Machinery.

THE INSTITUTION

It is nothing but the socially structured field, place or as we say in France, *le Lieu*, where certain types of Power Machinery shape an object with the help of *semi-conscious* agents and through a medium which is the discourse in its function of "formation" (whatever word you want to put before formation, *in-formation*, *de-formation* or *re-formation* . . .).

Le lieu—the field—is an open institution, at least without walls and without drugs, both of which, to the schizophrenic, are identical.

The object in this case, was a group of 60 children chosen in an age group between 14 and 20, according to government regulations, in an IQ range between 20 (something like a living turnip) and 65 (politely called: Idiots, or *Les Débiles!*).

different ways of speaking in order to create a vocal effect. I wasn't primarily concerned with the content. At the same time, it is there.

When you listen to Mozart, you don't wonder what it means. You just listen. I consider what I am doing as a kind of "visual music".

Denise Green: Your interest in architecture as well as your extensive use of visual props didn't coincide with the minimalist trend of the sixties.

W: No. The theatre in the sixties wanted to eliminate 19th century techniques. They didn't want to use painted decors suggesting the forest, or a temple, or a Victorian drawing-room. This was too old-fashioned. Rauschenberg was painting a goat and putting it in the middle of the room. You could see it from all sides, from 360 degrees. There was a show called *Art Against Illusion* at the Whitney Museum which was supposed to be the summation of the arts towards the end of the sixties. I was just doing a play called *The King of Spain* which had really nothing to do with what they were doing. It had to do precisely with an illusion. I was actually trying to reveal the illusion, the mystery. I was somehow fascinated by two-dimensional space, three-dimensional space and the illusion that can be accredited on a box. I liked their formality. *The King of Spain* is a Victorian drama where giant Catholic kings thirty feet high walk through the drawing room. There's a complicated pulley system and no less than twenty men were pulling this big apparatus across the stage. It was obviously a 19th century concept of the theatre. All that was hidden behind a frame. In the sixties, they were trying to destroy the frame. I was actually putting a frame right in front of the machinery.

I have done other things that rebel against those ideas, but I believe as a philosophy that it is important to contradict yourself. At any rate, I am far apart from Grotowski and any kind of expressionistic or emotive theatre. I even do my best to eliminate all apparent emotion. But this mechanical presentation is not such a new idea either. Nijinski wanted

his dance to be purely mechanical...

We rehearsed *Queen Victoria* very often before playing it for the first time. Each time the rehearsal was done exactly in the same way, until it became totally mechanical. By contrast, Chris Knowles and I were doing improvisation. Everything Chris was doing in the play was largely improvised. Most of the text of *Queen Victoria* derived from Chris's very special use of language.

L: Both Raymond Andrews and Christopher Knowles seem to operate independently of our "colloquial" tradition. What made you so receptive to their own perceptions?

W: I could identify with them. When I first met Chris, his mother said: "You know, his notebooks look very similar to yours." So there was a common concern. In the case of Raymond, he didn't know any words when I met him. That fascinated me. I wondered how he thought if he didn't think in terms of words.

G: Can you really think without words?

W: Obviously this kid was thinking, and he was very bright. He was 13 years old and he didn't know any words. He saw everything in terms of pictures and that's how we made *Deafman's Glance*. He was living with me at the time so I conveyed to him the idea that we would make a play together. He would make drawings—drawings of a table, of a frog, of various things—and that became the play. What happened within these settings were mostly gestures, movements, things that he would observe. It was a language, so to speak.

Then I met Chris. I had heard a tape he had done about his little sister watching TV. I didn't know him but I was intrigued by the tape. Then I became more fascinated with him and what he was doing with language. He would take ordinary, everyday words and destroy them. They became like molecules that were always changing, breaking apart all the time, many-faceted words, not just a dead language, a rock breaking apart. He was constantly redefining the codes.

Chris constructs as he speaks.

The agents: specialized educators, non-specialized educators, non-educators, a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a few specialists that tamper with the ears, the hands or whatever . . . of the children, and . . . 3 psychoanalysts!

We could say that one of the three Power Machines' functioning in this institution was familial; its task is—or was at the beginning of the story—to Oedipalize the living turnip as well as the débile or (and there's the rub!) the Schizo!

As the following narrative demonstrates, the Schizos have made it obvious to the Institution which encloses them that this power apparatus (which could be termed familial) functions thanks to a type, a form of discourse unconsciously practiced by the agents of the apparatus—quite simply, the personnel employed by the institution. Power does not function through the substance of the contents, of the ideologies, but rather, on the level of the form of the contents, to use Hjelmslev's terms. More generally, it is those forms specific to communication which the power apparatus's agents are obliged to structure, excluding all other forms which could possibly manifest themselves but which consequently must be repressed, *forbidden*: for example, incestuous or homosexual forms of communication.

It was precisely this schizophrenic affirmation against the unconscious attempts at "formation" which led the employees of these institutions to reflect on their real function and to discover through modifying it their role as unconscious agent for a certain kind of power.

ANALYSE INSTITUTIONNELLE

The main principle on which the functioning of the institution was based was *displacement*. There were few permanent places or functions but rather temporary preferential zones and occupations between which everybody moved and functioned in a more or less disconnected way. And in the different workshops the production did not stem from necessity but was elaborated by groups of people having a common desire to do certain things together.

These groups functioned temporarily on all sorts of levels: verbal groups, the sex group, the kitchen group, the architectural group, etc. . . . But the entire staff was assembled once every two weeks along with the psychoanalysts. The main point of these "assemblies" was, to use Guattari's word, to unyoke (*désassujettir*) the existing groups in such a way that language and all forms of semiotic systems could *circulate* through the institution independent of any hierarchical relationship.

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He is seeing pictures as he is talking. He is making visual constructions. The same word "the" is a line and each line is different. I responded to what he was doing more as an artist. I didn't really try to think it through.

L: It seems to be very logically, even mathematically ordered although it may be futile to try to understand what that order actually is.

W: Yes. Chris can organize his language spontaneously into mathematical, geometrical or numerical categories. I can't do that as well as he does. I have to write everything down, which takes some time. Chris does it naturally. Now I can never explain why something is done. It just seems right. Things aren't necessarily arbitrary, but I can't say exactly why they seem to be so. I think it probably would have a logic of its own if you spent enough time to figure it out.

G: Can you explain further what you see in common between Raymond and Chris?

W: They are both highly visual. The typing of "C" on this diagram may stand for his name, Christopher, but it is very visual. Raymond's way of understanding and communicating with us was a visual one. He didn't hear the words.

We hear and we see with interior and exterior audio-visual screens. When our eyes are shut—we sleep, we are blind—then perhaps we see on this interior visual screen. But when our eyes are open, we see on this exterior visual screen. If we are deaf, then perhaps we hear on an interior screen; if we listen to the cars, then we hear on our exterior screen.

L: Can a play make the interior screen more visible?

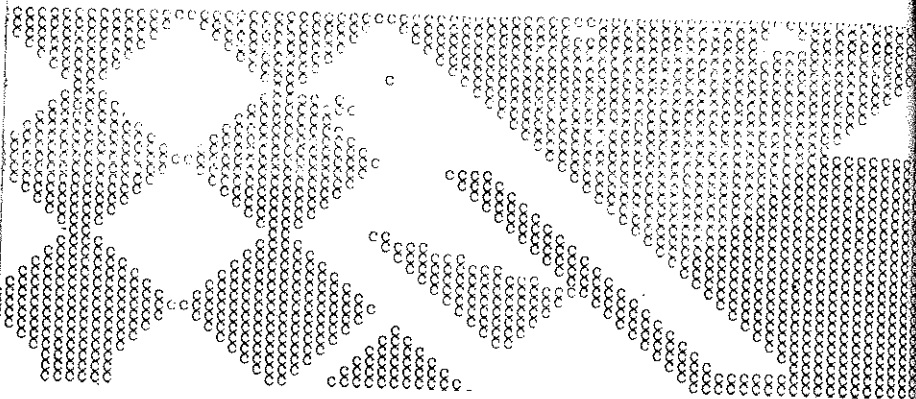
W: What happened in longer plays like *Stalin* invariably is that you get more of a balance. The exterior and interior audio-visual screens become connected and frequently people will talk about things that didn't actually happen on the stage because they were half-asleep. Something else happened and they began to see what they wanted to see. I think we all hear and see what we

want to hear and see. Tony Conrad made a film in the sixties that was just an alternation of black and white frames. In one second you would have 24 frames and maybe you would have one white frame, then one black, then two whites, etc., and people would invariably see different things. Perhaps we see all the time what we want to see. We are not hearing the same things. Some-

Of course this was the basic principle which in fact gave rise to innumerable conflicts and what I'd like to call sub-liminal repression and resistances.

THE OEDIPANIZATION:
or *What we have not achieved*

At that time (in 1969) we were all very much impressed by Bruno Bettelheim's performances in the Orthogenic school transforming Joey the electric-boy



one once made a loop of the word "Cogitate, cogitate, cogitate" and people heard all sorts of things, meditate, tragedy, all they wanted to hear...

L: People who deal with deaf or autistic children seem essentially concerned with enforcing on them our language and our own conventions. You apparently did just the reverse. You assumed that there was something to learn from them.

W: Right. Chris was in school. He was doing these kinds of drawings and he was being stopped. They were trying to correct it instead of encouraging it. No one was really concerned about his drawings as a work of art. I simply said: "It is very beautiful. Do more of them."

L: Do you think your theatre helps bridge the distinction between "madness" and art?

W: You have an apple [he draws an apple] and in the center of this apple there is a cube, a crystal. This apple is the world, this cube is a way of seeing whatever

into an electrician, that is, to "cure" a schizophrenic child. And the staff was also very much impressed by the clear writings of Françoise Dolto or Maud Mannoni, our psychoanalytical Waldküren of the Oedipal structure. And we figured out, with the assistance of a whole range of psychoanalytical literature and with the complicity of the 3 psychoanalysts (I was one of them), that *the key* to the treatment of schizophrenics was to repair this loss of reality described by Freud. This *Verwerfun*, reclosure of "forclusion" as Lacan calls it, which creates a hole due to the rejection of the Nom-Du-Père, the Paternal Law, again according to Jacques Lacan, which we believed necessary to the construction of any symbolic order of which the psychotic seems to be deprived. With, the Law, the Nom-du-Père, and the inevitability of castration, we enter into the Oedipal structuration of the subject.

According to this clear vision of the situation the schizophrenic has a central hole into which he might at any minute be drawn; the task seemed easy . . . : Fill the hole! So we did, at least we tried . . . and we failed! and even we began to be drawn into the hole. How did it happen?

In several steps:

1st step: Hook the fish!

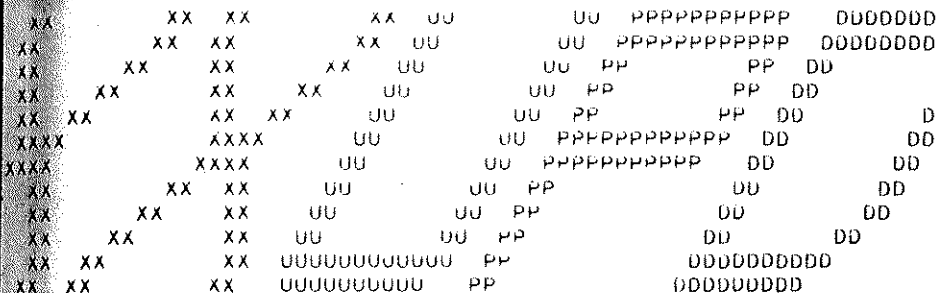
Have you ever noticed the fantastic use of space by a

schizophrenic? Only a Nijinski might have given us an idea of how it works. And dumb as we were, we thought that it was nothing but erratic wandering. I told you! We understood nothing! The story I am telling you can only be negative.

There stood all the educators and non-educators, at the edge of the schizophrenic flow, like fishermen . . .

And then Claire hooked Mimi, and then Leila hooked Michel and then Claude hooked Henri. . . .

happens in the world. In the case of Christopher, or even Raymond, there was a language there. One day I said his name, Raymond, very loudly, and he didn't turn around. I said "Aouna" and he turned around. It was startling. He would turn around and I would imitate his sounds, the sounds of a deaf person, and there would be a recognition of that sound. You could see it in the



A relation, as we said, had been established. But at that time we did not even try to find out what the bait had been and how it had been sent to the hooked schizophrenic. Well, anyhow . . . A chacun son Schizo . . . To each his own schizo.

2nd Step: Regression and surrogate maternal techniques.

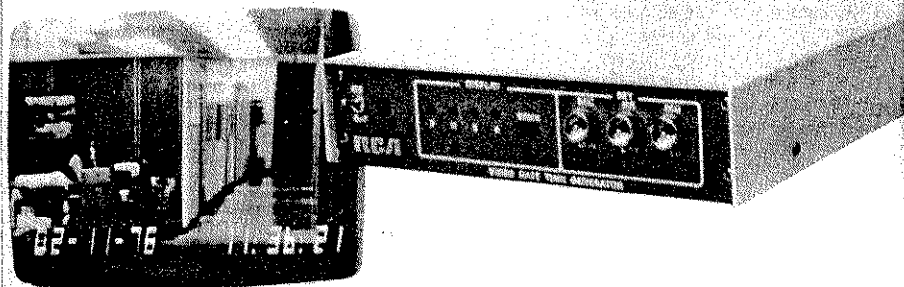
You all know these techniques and how delightedly we find proof that regression works when a big boy of 14 sits on his pseudo-mama's knees . . . while more or less sucking her ear . . . or whatever . . . Or when he goes back to these so-called primal screams, or the joyous babbling of the "infans".

Meanwhile a kind of tacit conspiracy was established. We continually strengthened the links between the schizo and his pseudo-mama by sending him back to her whenever he tried to ask someone else for something. Or by calling the pseudo-mama to help whenever the schizo did something weird, like strangling a defenseless young female educator. Even when you strangle, you have to strangle your mother, because only this can be interpreted in the Oedipal realm.

A short-story: I remember another schizo in another

face. When a deaf person speaks, "Eah Eeyan Eeash", you see in the face his nightmare of not being able to speak the hearer's own language. They are imitating us, but they will never be able to do that. In his face when I said "Aouina" I saw he knew what I was really talking about. There was a recognition of the sound. So perhaps that's a language too, like French is a language. And that's in the center of the cube. The language center. Maybe this is a language that could be learned, or discerned. And the same with Christopher. The arrangements of his sounds is something you can learn to do after a while. There are 2 C's, and there are 4 C's, and there are 8 C's, and there are 12 C's, or whatever. It is a language. It is a way of speaking, like French or German. This may be another language, too, but it could be learned at the center.

As long as you say to these two individuals that you don't accept their language, then in most cases it is difficult for them to



accept ours. You have to meet half-way: okay, we learn yours and you learn ours. I have never seen anyone working with deafs, no one actually that has ever embraced something like that and recognized their language as a language. They are not concerned about their language. There is a sign language, but they go to the sounds. I have never seen anyone try to relate to a non-hearing person with their own sounds and their own language. And the same goes with Christopher, the work with "autisms." His school was supposedly the best in the U.S., but no one there was really interested in what the kids were doing—they were there to learn our language.

Chris and Raymond both also have something in common with language which suggests that before we learn the meaning of a word, we respond to the sound. So there is something very basic in language, there is a language that's universal, so that was something else that was incorporated in the theatre. Ideally, this theatre can be appreciated by anyone anywhere. I just finished doing a play in Paris that is English words. People respond mostly to the sounds and apparently that's what the artists are doing too. They don't understand English but they listen to what is encoded in these words: energy. Last year, Christopher was taking old batteries, taping people speaking and playing the tapes so that he was getting these speeches "v-e-r-y s-l-o-w..." It's very strange what you hear. There are all these other sounds put in the words.

L: Have you ever thought of per-

institution who had agreed to be hooked by a pseudo-mama, but he used to change his mother every Sunday. At the beginning, people thought "It won't last! He will settle down!" But he did not, he was passionately attached to a different mother each week. The situation became more and more traumatic for the abandoned pseudo-mamas so that one day the director called a pregnant female educator into his office and ordered her to do the following: "When you feel on the verge of giving birth to your child, hook Peter, to be his mother-of-the-week and then we will take him to the clinic, to watch the birth of your child. And *then* he will have to understand that a child can only have *one* mother!"

3rd Step: The law of the Father

But there is no mother without a Father, and as soon as all the libidinal drives have been duly attached to the "mother", it is time to introduce the "Father" as a forbidding element. This introduction is supposed to break the imaginary relationship between the schizo and his pseudo-mama, and introduce him into the realm of a symbolic order where the object has to be known *mediately* through language taken here in its representative function.

I won't titillate you with the subtle techniques we invented to introduce a threatening papa, but only tell you the result.

4th step: The explosion

When it became plain to Mimi, Michel and Henri that they would have to cope with a third pseudo-something, a papa, they reacted in a very disconcerting way. Mimi broke three doors, 700 window panes and all the turntables in the institution within a week. Henri got lost in the nearby forest for three days. And the apotheosis of these fireworks was the reaction of Michel the evening of the day he was told that Claude would interfere in his relationship with Leila. He went down to the cellar where the furnace was and turned

on a few taps so that a few minutes later, the furnace exploded, nearly destroying an empty wing of the chateau in which the institution was located. Naturally Michel was punished and sent to the nearest psychiatric hospital, pointing out this story's real function in relation to the Familial Power Machinery.

5th Step: The schizophrenization of the institution

The explosion was quite a shock, and once we had dusted the remains of fear from our well-intentioned hearts, we began to reflect; and instead of trying, to no avail, to *understand* once again the cases of Michel, Mimi, Henri and the others, we began to question our own functions as agents . . . of what kind of power?

We began to suspect our therapeutic pseudo-analytical approach, or at least to question the whole structuration we had been trying to build within, or on, or around the schizo. And instead of asking "But what have they done? And why?", we began—and believe me it was not easy—to ask "What have we done, and why? What are we? And in accordance with what have we done what we have tried to do? What is exactly our function in this big bad world? Have we not been deceived somewhere along the line? What is our relation to this institution, to the Power Machineries, especially the psychiatric one to which we thought we had to entrust Michel?" We could not answer. But something began to crumble as we were raising questions along these lines. We suddenly realized to what extent we were . . . yoked—*assujettis*—to a technological world to which the Oedipal tool is essential.

And the inter-personnal structures began to change at a fantastic pace. Married couples began to truly look with undecieved eyes at each other and at what they thought they owned as their lawful rights. We began to reorganize completely all the existing structures, not into other structures but in two directions of transformation: 1) A political action against existing institutions and their Power Machineries; 2) Moving communities, organized or rather unorganized in such a way as to facilitate the circulation of libido and objects according to moving patterns, other than the Oedipal pattern—ossified with no other functions than self-reproduction.

6th Step: The complexification or the Realization of Schizophrenia

It seems that while the schizophrenization was taking place we forgot about the schizo, and in fact we did. But while a real displacement was introduced into the institution on many more levels than before, and also all sorts of translations from one level to another, we suddenly realized that the use of space by the schizos fitted into the new ways invented to use the in-

forming in the U.S. with foreign languages in order to create an effect that would be similar to the one you achieve in Europe with English?

W: I thought about that, yes. I have done something of that sort with *Stalin*: Haf, hap, hat, there was 2 hats and 3 haps, 2-3-2-1-2, 1-2-3-2-1-2 [He is tapping on the table]—that sort of thing. That was just a pattern of sounds.

L: In your theatre, several things can coexist on the stage without being logically connected. Relationships are established, but they don't have to be formulated in words...

W: This is the way we think. This is the way we are here sitting and talking and I am looking at a picture and I am thinking I've got to go in an hour, I've got to be in an airplane, I've got to pack my bag—you know, all these things are going through the mind at the same time while I have this conversation with you. Actually, I just did a piece called "Dialogue" last week in Boston talking like that with Christopher. I find frequently that you have a chance to express more things at one time in speaking that way.

Guy
Hocquenghem

We All
Can't Die
In Bed

Pasolini was killed by a
swindler.

We all can't die in bed, like
Franco. The Italian extreme left
is indignant. M.A. Macciocchi, in
Le Monde, speaks of a fascist
plot. More perceptively, Gavi
and Maggiori show how the inci-
dent was a microfascist coup: the
assassin, Pelosi, wasn't used by
fascism, he was the voluntary in-
strument of racism and the re-
fusal of difference, the day-to-
day non-politicized kind of
fascism.

Probably, probably. Some-
thing all through this explana-
tion does not convince me: the
external and political nature of
this view point on the murder of
a homosexual. Certainly you
can't help but agree with the
analysis of the Pelosi case, you
can't help but refuse to consider
him, too, as a victim. Turning the
other cheek is out of the
question.

At the same time, Pasolini's
death seems to me neither
abominable, nor even, perhaps,
regrettable. I find it rather satis-
fying, as far as I'm concerned. So
much less stupid than a highway
accident. In a way, I would want
it for myself and for all my
friends.

Sadian estheticism? I hope
not: it is only that a fundamental
aspect of this story of the murder
of a homosexual, of homosexual
murder, necessarily eludes the
political analysts and those who
mean to protect homosexuals
from their potential murderers.

stitutional space. And that in this space the relation-
ship with the schizos was becoming more and more a
sort of partnership, I call it in French *partenarité
schizophrénique*, and I would describe it as the spatial
relationship between two ballet dancers dancing a pas-
de-deux. A relation which functions on many more
levels than the relationship established through verbal
language. And relations which are not necessarily
structured like the verbal language, but are only
grasped by the different levels of semiotics described
by Charles Sanders Peirce and that are now being re-
considered, although slightly differently, by Felix
Guattari.⁷ Semiotics perhaps has to be considered in a
sort of generalized Pragmatism: I mean in a funda-
mentally pluralized space and in complex systems of
mobile connexions.

To us then, the schizos began to appear potentially
immensely rich. And the less the Oedipal pressure up-
on them, the more they complexified their relationship
to their environment. The question, though, was no
longer how to make them fit into the "normal" world,
but how to open a breach in the normal world for the
non-Oedipalized Schizo. It is in this sense, I believe,
that schizophrenia may be considered as a revolu-
tionary process, to use the words of Deleuze - Guattari,
and to me, this has been made obvious through the
effects that the whole process had on the Machinery of
State Power.

THE REACTION

Aware of the fact that something unbearable was
taking place in the institution because, I quote, "of the
excessive number of divorces. . . . and the strange way
of life chosen by the educators", the officials began to
react on all sorts of levels. Cutting financial resources,
prohibiting the use of this or that part of the château
for security reasons (doors were broken, there were no
locks, no fences. . . .), reducing the staff, etc., etc. . . .
But they had to cope with a very politically well-
organized group of people, who had already accom-
plished an immense task with the neighbors, the shop-
keepers all around, the families, with no small debt to
white wine and good food. The attempts at repression
immediately became an extremely violent and
unexpected political fight, including trade unions,
petitions signed by thousands of people, and so on
. . . . before the repression could have any positive
effect. So the officials withdrew their weapons. When
I left the institution, the officials were preparing the
second attack: they were ready to accept the new
means of functioning as a pilot experiment, and to
claim publicly that they were ready to help us
financially at the expense of other institutions of the
same type, thus nicely isolating us and turning the rest
of this particular professional field quite against us.

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HALDOL®
(haloperidol)

choice for starting

Usually
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relatively alert
and responsive

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Although some instances of
drowsiness have been observed,
marked sedation with HALDOL
(haloperidol) is rare. In fact,
HALDOL has been reported to
actually increase activity in
patients who are underactive,
while it reduces activity to a normal
level in those who are hyperactive.
HALDOL has been found to
"normalize" behavior and produce
a sensitivity to the environment
that allows more effective use of
the social milieu and the
therapeutic community.⁵

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It is the intimate, ancient,
and very strong bond between
the homosexual and his mur-
derer, a bond as traditional as
their delinquent prascrption in
the big cities of the Nineteenth
Century. We too often forget that
dissimulation, the homosexual
lie or secret, were never chosen
for themselves, through a taste
for oppression: they were neces-
sary for the protection of a de-
siring impulse directed towards
the underworld, of a libido at-
tracted by objects outside the
laws of common desire. Vautrin,
in *Balzac*, very well represents
this underside of the civilized
world born of the corruption of
big cities where homosexuality
and delinquency go hand in
hand. As an urban perversion, il-
licit homosexuality has, from its
origins, been linked with under-
world crime. There is a specific
"dangerousness" which sur-
rounds homosexuality, homo-
sexual blackmail, homosexual
murder.

Gavi and Maggiori quite
rightly point out that in the Pelosi
trial, the victim is just as guilty as
the murderer. Which is certainly
scandalous, but constitutes a dis-
tinctive feature of the homo-
sexual condition. In the eyes of
the courts and the police, there
is, in these cases, no difference
between victims and murderers,
there is but one suspicious
"milieu" united by mysterious
bonds, a free-masonry of crime
where the homo and the mur-
derer intersect. Homosexuality is
first of all, and will perhaps for a
short while continue to be, a cate-
gory of criminality. Personally, I
prefer this state of affairs to its
probable transformation into a
psychiatric category of deviance.
The libidinal link between the
criminal and homosexual figures
ignores the rational concepts of
law, the division of individual
responsibilities and the distribu-
tion of roles between victims and
murderers. A homosexual mur-
der is a whole, complete unto
itself. A captain of the Belgian
gendarmerie writes in an article
devoted to the situation of homo-
sexuals: "An attentive surveil-
lance of this particular milieu
makes it possible to compile a
very useful documentation for
the discovery of future swind-
lers, murderers, and possibly
spies."

"Decriminalizing" Homosexuality?

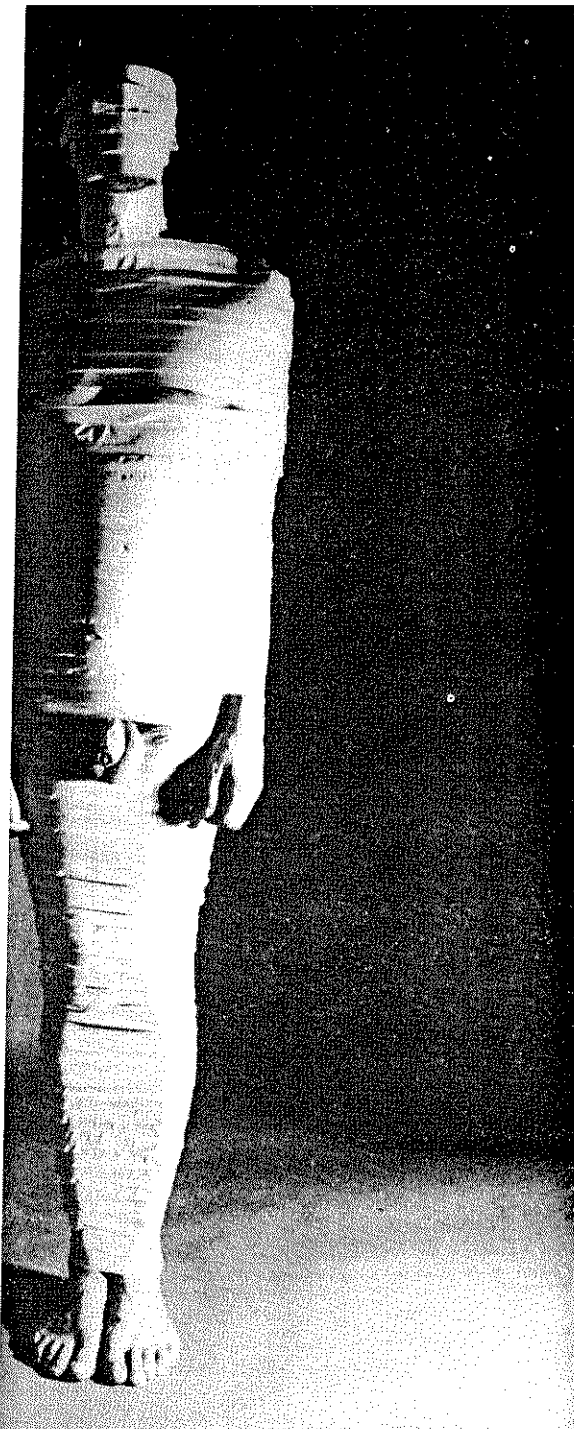
Some will tell me that this is precisely what we're fighting against. So? Are we going to demand the rational progress of justice in distinguishing victims and the perpetrators? Are we going to require, as do the respectable homosexual associations, that the police and the courts accept complaints from homosexuals who are mistreated or blackmailed? Will we see gays, exactly like women, demand the condemnation of rapists by the courts and request protection under the law?

I think on the contrary that even in a struggle for liberation, homosexuality's hope still lies in the fact that it is perceived as delinquent. Let us not confuse self-defense with "respectabilization". The homosexual has frequent contact with the murderer: not only through masochism, suppressed guiltiness or a taste for transgression, but also because an encounter with such a character is a real possibility. Of course, one can always avoid it. All one needs is to avoid cruising in the criminal world. To stop cruising the streets. Not to cruise at all, or only to pick up serious young men from the same social sphere. Pasolini wouldn't be dead if he had only slept with his actors.

This is what eludes all those who sincerely want to "decriminalize" homosexuality, to defend it against itself by severing its bonds with a hard, violent and marginal world.

These combatants are unaware that they are thus joining the vast movement, in France and the U.S.A. for example, of respectabilization and neutralization of homosexuality. That movement does not progress by increased repression, but relies on the contrary on an intimate transformation of the homosexual type, freed from his fears and his marginality and finally integrated into the law.

The traditional queen, likeable or wicked, the lover of young thugs, the specialist of street urinals, all these exotic types inherited from the Nineteenth Century, give way to the reassuring modern young homosexual (from 25 to 40 years old)



And this is the end of the non-story I wanted to tell, and I hope that you won't believe a word of what I have not said.

Translated by Daniel Sloat

BLACK & BLUE

"Get down there and lick that shit off my shoes!" He demanded. Excited and half terrified, I began to lick the shit from his boots.

★★ Discomfort ★★

★★ Torture ★★

★★ Pain ★★

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL
HUMILIATION OF A SLAVE



1. This is a polemic affirmation directed against an entire psychiatric current amply illustrated by the writings of George Heuyer and his epigones. From the very first line of his book *Schizophrenia* (PUF: Paris; 1974), Heuyer states that: "Schizophrenia is a mental illness." And it is this declaration which probably serves as the pretext for the practices which he describes as treatment for schizophrenia.

2. Thomas Szasz, *The Second Sin* (Anchor Press, Doubleday: New York) 1974.

3. Sigmund Freud, "On Negation", *Standard Edition*, XIX.

4. Martin Heidegger, *Identity and Difference* (Harper & Row: New York) 1974.

5. François Péraldi, "Institutions et appareils de pouvoir", *Brèches* (Aurore: Montréal), No. 6, Automne 1975.

6. Bruno Bettelheim, *The Empty Fortress* (U. of Chicago Press: Chicago) 1967.

7. Félix Guattari, "Pour une Micro-politique du désir", *Semiotext(e)*, 1: 1, 1974.

with mustache and brief case, without complexes or affectations, cold and polite, in an advertising job or sales position at a large department store, opposed to outlandishness, respectful of power, and a lover of enlightened liberalism and culture. Gone are the sordid and the grandiose, the amusing and the evil, sado-masochism itself is no longer anything more than a vestimentary fashion for the proper queen.

A "White" Homosexuality

A stereotype of the legal homosexual, integrated into society, molded by the Establishment, and close to it in his tastes, reassured, moreover, by the presence in power of an undersecretary who himself is a homosexual without any false shame (homosexuality is no longer a secret shared only by a few initiates), progressively replaces the diverse diversity of

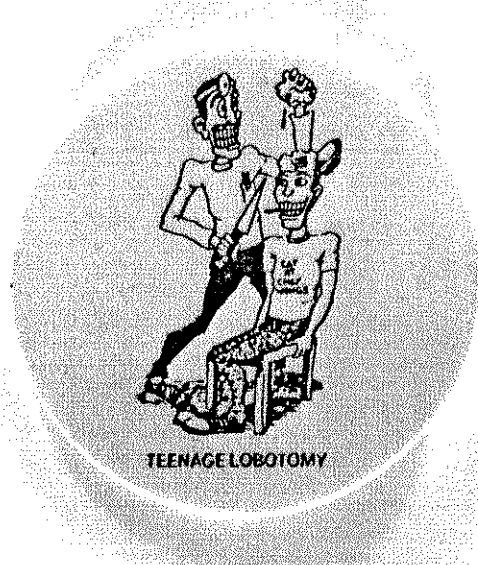
traditional homosexual styles. Finally will come the time when the homosexual will be nothing more than a tourist of sex, a gracious member of the Club Méditerranée who has been a little farther than the others, with an horizon of pleasure slightly broader than that of his average contemporary.

We cannot suspect any of this unless we frequent the homosexual circle, a rather closed whole which forges, even for the most isolated homosexual, the social image of his condition. Normalizing pressures more quickly, even if Paris and the bars of the rue Sainte-Anne are not all of France. While there are still queens seeking Arabs in the suburbs or at Pigalle, a movement has undeniably been launched for a truly white homosexuality in every sense of the term. And it is rather curious to note, looking at ads and films or at the exits of the gay bars, the emergence of a unisexual model—that is, common to homosexuals and heterosexuals—offered to the desires and identification of all. Homosexuals become indistinguishable, not because they hide their secret better, but because they are uniform in body and soul, rid of the saga of their ghetto, reintroduced fully and completely not into their difference but on the contrary into their similarity.

And everyone will fuck in his own social class, the dynamic junior executives will breathe with rapture the smell of their partners' after-shave, and even the Pope will no longer be able to detect anything wrong with it. A very natural thing, as a recent film said. The new official gay will not go looking for useless and dangerous adventures in the short-circuits between social classes. He will surely go on being a sexual pervert, he'll experiment with fist-fucking or flagellation, but with the cool good sense of sexological magazines, not in social violence, but in sex techniques. Pasolini was old-fashioned, the prodigious remains of an epoch in the process of being left behind.

Translated by George Richard Gardner, Jr.

The Ramones Teenage Lobotomy



Lobotomy, lobotomy, lobotomy, lobotomy!
DDT did a job on me
Now I am a real sickie
Guess I'll have to break the news
That I got no mind to lose.
All the girls are in love with me
I'm a teenage lobotomy.

Slugs and snails are after me
DDT keeps me happy
Now I guess I'll have to tell 'em
That I got no cerebellum.
Gonna get my PhD
I'm a teenage lobotomy.

© 1977 Taco Tunes-Bleu Disque Music Co Inc. [ASCAP].

Left, the isolation and despair of the mentally depressed patient. Right, electric convulsion therapy (ECT), still commonly used in cases of severe depression. The protective gag placed in the patient's mouth is to prevent him damaging his teeth or biting his tongue.



almost every detail of his experience, and described it vividly in *The Lancet* of February 12, 1966:

"I was chiefly struck by the godlike detachment of the hospital psychiatrist. To be fair, this varied from man to man, but I got the impression that, by and large, they thought they could cure anything with drugs and shock, in much the same way that a mechanic tackles engine repairs. The atmosphere of the place was such that once I began to recover, I tried to get out as quickly as possible, even though I was conscious of not being myself. I did sign myself out for a few days, but I was persuaded to go back. Perhaps this attitude to the medical staff was a symptom of my illness.

"On the effect of the drugs I was given, I am more sure of my ground. The worst part of the experience was when I began to recover. I could not concentrate for two minutes together. I could neither read nor follow the television. Occupational therapy needed a tremendous effort—not the actual work, but to take an interest in it. On the other hand, just sitting doing nothing brought no relief. The

The Boston Declaration

The Fourth Annual North American Conference on Human Rights and Psychiatric Oppression meeting in Boston Massachusetts, May 28-31, 1976, adopts the following positions:

We oppose **INVOLUNTARY PSYCHIATRIC INTERVENTION**, including, but not limited to involuntary civil commitment, forced psychiatric procedures, and "voluntary" procedures without informed consent

because it is immoral and unconstitutional;
because it is a denial of freedom, due process of law, and the right to be let alone;
because it is a denial of the individual's right to control his or her own soul, mind, and body.

We oppose **FORCED PSYCHIATRIC PROCEDURES**, such as drugging, shock, psychosurgery, restraints, seclusion, and aversive behavior modification
because they humiliate, debilitate, immobilize, and injure;
because they are at best quackery (attempts to "cure" non-existent diseases) and at worst torture (brutal, painful techniques to control human thought, feeling and conduct.)

We oppose the **PSYCHIATRIC SYSTEM**

because it is inherently tyrannical;
because it is an extra-legal, parallel police force which suppresses cultural and political dissidence;
because it punishes individuals who have had or claim to have had spiritual experiences, and invalidates those experiences by defining them as "symptoms" of "mental illness";
because it uses the trappings of medicine and science to mask the social control function it serves;
because it feeds on the poor and powerless: the elderly, women, children, sexual minorities, Third World people;
because it creates a stigmatized class of society which is easily oppressed and controlled;
because it invalidates the real needs of poor people by offering social welfare under the guise of psychiatric "care and treatment";
because its growing influence in education, the prisons, the military, government, industry, and medicine threatens to turn society into a psychiatric state, made up of two classes, those who give "therapy" and those who receive it;
because it is similar in important ways to the Inquisition, chattel slavery, and Nazi and Soviet concentration camps; that it cannot be reformed but must be abolished.

We oppose the **CONCEPT OF "MENTAL ILLNESS"**

because it justifies involuntary psychiatric intervention, especially the imprisonment of individuals who have not been convicted of any crime.

on Psychiatric Oppression

We oppose the use of **PSYCHIATRIC TERMS**

because they are fundamentally stigmatizing, demeaning, unscientific and superstitious, and propose that plain English be used in their place; for example:

<i>Plain English</i>	<i>Psychiatric Term</i>
Psychiatric Inmate	Mental Patient, Mentally Disabled, Mentally Handicapped Person
Psychiatric Institution	Mental Hospital
Psychiatric System	Mental Health System
Psychiatric Procedure	Treatment
Characteristic, Trait	Symptom
Conduct	Behavior
Drug	Medication
Drugging	Chemotherapy
Electroshock	Electrotherapy, Electric Stimulation Therapy

WE BELIEVE:

that people should have the right to suicide.
that alleged dangerousness, whether to oneself or others, should not be considered grounds for denying personal liberty; that only proven criminal acts should be the basis for such denial;
that person charged with crimes should be tried in the criminal justice system with due process of law and that psychiatric professionals should not be given expert witness status.
that attention should be focussed not on the potential dangerousness of the psychiatric defendant, but on the actual criminality of those who use involuntary psychiatric interventions.
that there should be no involuntary psychiatric interventions in prisons; that the prison system should be reformed and humanized.
that as long as one person's liberty is restricted no one is free.
that a voluntary network of care and support should be developed to serve the needs of people without limiting their rights or lessening their dignity or self-respect.
that the psychiatric system is by definition a pacification program controlled by psychiatrists and designed to help, persuade, coerce people into adjusting to established social norms. Throughout society, more and more people are abandoning these norms. More and more people are demanding self-determination and community control. More and more people are realizing that economic and political power is concentrated in the hands of a few, who are determined to keep it—by any means necessary including involuntary psychiatric intervention. But we are asserting that as an instrument of social control, involuntary psychiatric intervention is a procedure whose time has gone. We are demanding an end to involuntary psychiatric intervention and we are demanding individual liberty and social justice. We intend to make these words real and will not rest until we do.

Continued from page 13

Questioned after the session, John Grayson, the family social worker, verified these observations, noting that he thought the comment "will motivate us to be more active in our participation." He explained that the therapist usually faces a similar dilemma: how to present the information in a way that is not overwhelming but not minimizing the role of the family. He added that usually the family members do not seem to know that they could be more active in the patient's rehabilitation.

The only one who was not from the program was a young man who had been hospitalized for a long time. He was very quiet and seemed to be listening intently. He was the only one who did not speak during the session.

After the session, the therapist and the family social worker discussed the session. They agreed that the session was very successful and that the patients were very active in their participation.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the family in the patient's rehabilitation. They agreed that the family plays a very important role and that the therapist should help the family understand this role.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the patient in the family. They agreed that the patient should be encouraged to take an active role in the family and that the therapist should help the patient understand this role.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the community in the patient's rehabilitation. They agreed that the community plays a very important role and that the therapist should help the patient understand this role.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the hospital in the patient's rehabilitation. They agreed that the hospital plays a very important role and that the therapist should help the patient understand this role.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the family in the patient's rehabilitation. They agreed that the family plays a very important role and that the therapist should help the patient understand this role.

The therapist and the family social worker also discussed the role of the patient in the family. They agreed that the patient should be encouraged to take an active role in the family and that the therapist should help the patient understand this role.



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agitated, hostile, belligerent... on admission. These symptoms respond particularly well to Navane (thiothixene). Extensive clinical data and widespread experience support the effectiveness of Navane in rapidly reducing the agitation and hostility which can stem from thought and major mood disorders, hallucinations or delusions.

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Continued from facing page

overlook it." Thelma also implied that she was very concerned about the reaction of her boyfriend to her illness, which might indicate why she is not filling her medication prescriptions. Frankie, as well, is not taking his medication, ostensibly because it prevents ejaculation.

On the other hand, both Joe and Ben said they were not ashamed of the illness and that their relatives knew about it.

Former patients agreed that having understanding by their families and taking their medicine was the most important part of coming home. Zwiringer also emphasized the importance of continuing treatment after discharge even when a former patient feels "perfectly well." He noted they have found over and over again that discontinuation of treatment can be "a real disaster."

"When you're discharged, it's very hard even facing that you have been there and are coming out. It's good to be home where the environment is very different, very comfortable, and you can take things at your own pace," Ruth said.

Her husband added, "I've come to think that almost anything can be overcome if you have a real understanding... So with Ruth I've really understood. Sometimes I find it very difficult because I guess of the way I was brought up... Although he and Ruth speak excellent English, they noted the difficulty of using mental health services when one cannot speak it and the difficulty of using services outside one's own neighborhood.

A good deal of support was expressed for the treatment of mental illness. Helen noted the improvement since her husband was first diagnosed and Carol stressed the necessity of being completely open with the therapist, someone removed from one's life who would keep information confidential.

The project is financed by Lederle Laboratories in New York.

One-Day Course

The Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions, Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences in Baltimore, Maryland, will offer a one-day course June 24 on "Topics in Contemporary Psychiatry." Course topics will include schizophrenia, manic-depressive psychosis, dementia, and simple psychosis, metric procedures for use in clinical practice. In addition to series of short lectures, there will be clinical presentations of adult and adolescent patients. This program has been approved for six continuing education hours of Category I credit toward the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. For information, contact the Program Coordinator, Office of Continuing Education, Room 707, Johns Hopkins University, 725 North Wolfe Street, Baltimore, Md. 21205. (301) 955-1880.

International Symposium

The American Psychiatric Association is sponsoring the 1977 International Symposium on Schizophrenia, to be held in Washington, D.C., on June 14-15, 1977. The symposium will be held at the Marriott Hotel. For information, contact the American Psychiatric Association, 1000 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. (202) 638-1000.

William Burroughs

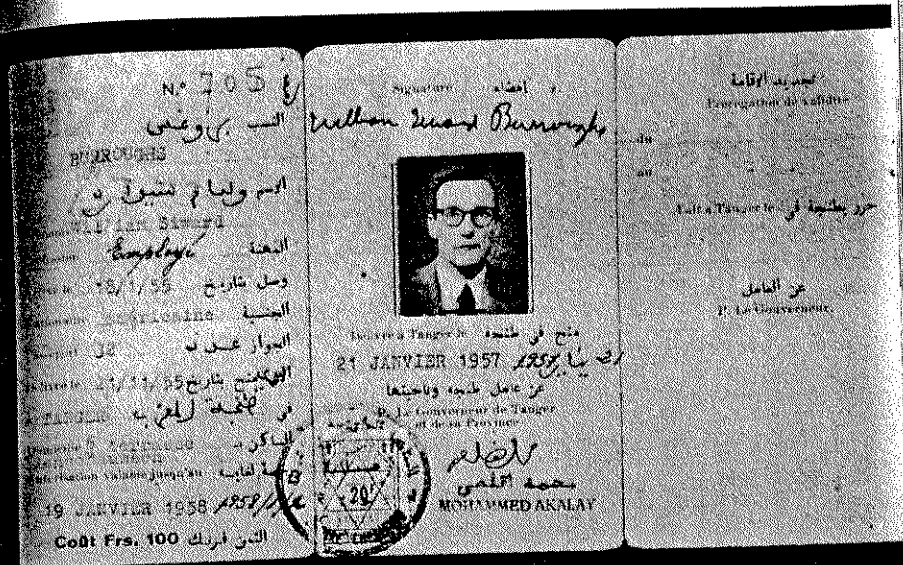
The Limits of Control

There is growing interest in new techniques of mind-control. It has been suggested that Sirhan Sirhan was the subject of post-hypnotic suggestion as he sat shaking violently on the steam table in the kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles while an as yet unidentified woman held him and whispered in his ear. It has been alleged that behavior modification techniques are used on troublesome prisoners and inmates, often without their consent. Dr. Delgado, who stopped a charging bull by remote control of electrodes in the bull's brain, has left the U.S. recently to pursue his studies on human subjects in Spain. Brainwashing, psychotropic drugs, lobotomy and other more subtle forms of psychosurgery; the technocratic control apparatus of the United States has at its fingertips new techniques which if fully exploited could make Orwell's 1984 seem like a benevolent utopia. But words are still the principal instruments of control. Suggestions are words. Persuasions are words. Orders are words. No control machine so far devised can operate without words, and any control machine which attempts to do so relying entirely on external force or entirely on physical control of the mind will soon encounter the limits of control.

A basic impasse of all control machines is this: Control needs time in which to exercise control. Because control also needs opposition or acquiescence; otherwise it ceases to be control. I *control* a

hypnotized subject (at least partially); I *control* a slave, a dog, a worker; but if I establish *complete* control somehow, as by implanting electrodes in the brain, then my subject is little more than a tape recorder, a camera, a robot. You don't *control* a tape recorder—you *use* it. Consider the distinction, and the impasse implicit here. All control systems try to make control as tight as possible, but at the same time, if they succeeded completely, there would be nothing left to control. Suppose for example a control system installed electrodes in the brains of all prospective workers at birth. Control is now complete. Even the thought of rebellion is neurologically impossible. No police force is necessary. No psychological control is necessary, other than pressing buttons to achieve certain activations and operations. The controllers could turn on the machine, and the workers would carry out their tasks, at least they might think so. However, they have ceased to *control* the workers, since the workers have become machine-like tape recorders.

When there is no more opposition, control becomes a meaningless proposition. It is highly questionable whether a human organism could survive complete control. There would be nothing there. No persons there. *Life is will*, motivation and the workers would no longer be alive, perhaps literally. The concept of suggestion as a control technique presupposes that control is partial and not complete. You do not have to give suggestions to your tape-



recorder, nor subject it to pain, coercion or persuasion.

The Mayan control system, where the priests kept the all-important Books of seasons and gods, the Calender, was predicated on the illiteracy of the workers. Modern control systems are predicated on universal literacy since they operate through the mass media—a very two-edged control instrument, as Watergate has shown. Control systems are vulnerable, and the news media are by their nature uncontrollable, at least in Western society. The alternative press is news, and alternative society is news, and as such both are taken up by the mass media. The monopoly that Hearst and Luce once exercised is breaking down. In fact, the more completely hermetic and seemingly successful a control system is, the more vulnerable it becomes. A weakness inherent in the Mayan system was that they didn't need an army to control their workers, and there-

fore did not have an army when they did need one to repel invaders. It is a rule of social structures that anything that is not needed will atrophy and become inoperative over a period of time. Cut off from the war game—and remember, the Mayans had no neighbors to quarrel with—they lose the ability to fight. In the Mayan Caper I suggested that such a hermetic control system could be completely disoriented and shattered by even one person who tampered with the control calender on which the control system depended more and more heavily as the actual means of force withered away.

Consider a control situation: ten people in a lifeboat. Two armed self-appointed leaders force the other eight to do the rowing while they dispose of the food and water, keeping most of it for themselves and doling out only enough to keep the other eight rowing. The two leaders now *need* to exercise control to

maintain an advantageous position which they could hold without it. Here the method of control is force—the possession of guns. Decontrol would be accomplished by overpowering the leaders and taking their guns. This effected, it would be advantageous to kill them at once. So once embarked on a policy of control, the leaders must continue the policy as a matter of self-preservation. Who, then, needs to control others? Those who protect by such control a position of relative advantage. Why do they need to exercise control? Because they would soon lose this position of advantage and in many cases their lives as well, if they relinquished control.

Now examine the means by which control is exercised in the lifeboat scenario: The two leaders are armed, let's say, with .38 revolvers—twelve shots and eight potential opponents. They can take turns sleeping. However, they must still exercise care not to let the eight rowers know that they intend to kill them when land is sighted. Even in this primitive situation, force is supplemented with deception and persuasion. The leaders will disembark at point A, leaving the others sufficient food to reach point B, they explain. They have the compass and they are contributing their navigational skills. In short they will endeavour to convince the others that this is a cooperative enterprise in which they are all working for the same goal. They may also make concessions: Increase food and water rations. A concession of course means the retention of control—that is, the disposition of the food and water supplies. By persuasion and concessions they hope to prevent a concerted attack by the eight rowers.

Actually they intend to poison the drinking water as soon as they leave the boat. If all the rowers knew this they would attack, no matter what the odds. We now see that another essential factor in control is to conceal from the controlled the actual intentions of the controllers. Extending the lifeboat analogy to the Ship of State, few existing governments could withstand a sudden, all-out attack by all their underprivileged citizens, and such an attack might well occur if the intentions of certain existing governments were unequivocally apparent. Suppose the lifeboat leaders had built a barricade and could withstand a

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concerted attack and kill all eight of the rowers if necessary. They would then have to do the rowing themselves and neither would be safe from the other. Similarly, a modern government armed with heavy weapons and prepared for attack could wipe out 95% of its citizens. But who would do the work, and who would protect them from the soldiers and technicians needed to make and man the weapons? Successful control means achieving a balance and avoiding a showdown where all-out force would be necessary. This is achieved through various techniques of psychological control, also balanced. The techniques of both force and psychological control are constantly improved and refined, and yet worldwide dissent has never been so widespread or so dangerous to the present controllers.

All modern control systems are riddled with contradictions. Look at England. "Never go too far in any direction" is the basic rule on which England is built, and there is some wisdom in that. However, avoiding one impasse they step into another. Anything that is not going forward is on the way out. Well, nothing lasts forever. Time is that which ends, and control needs time. England is simply stalling for time as it slowly founders. Look at America. Who actually controls this country? It is very difficult to say. Certainly the very wealthy are one of the most powerful control groups. They own newspapers, radio stations, and so forth. They are also in a position to control and manipulate the entire economy. However, it would not be to their advantage to set up or attempt to set up an overtly fascist government. Force, once brought in, subverts the power of money. This is another impasse of control: protection from the protectors. Hitler formed the S.S. to protect him from the S.A. If he had lived long enough, the question of protection from the S.S. would have posed itself. The Roman Emperors were at the mercy of the Praetorian Guard, who in one year killed twenty Emperors. And besides, no modern industrialized country has ever gone fascist without a program of military expansion. There is no longer any place to expand to—after hundreds of years, colonialism is a thing of the past.





There can be no doubt that a cultural revolution of unprecedented dimensions has taken place in America during the last thirty years, and since America is now the model for the rest of the western world, this revolution is worldwide. Another factor is the mass media, which spreads any cultural movements in all directions. The fact that this worldwide revolution has taken place indicates that the controllers have been forced to make concessions. Of course, a concession is still the retention of control. Here's a dime, I keep a dollar. Ease up on censorship, but remember we could take it all back. Well, at this point that is questionable.

Concession is another control bind. History shows that once a government starts to make concessions it is a one-way street. They could of course take all the concessions back, but that would expose them to the double jeopardy of revolution and the much greater danger of overt fascism, both highly dangerous to the present controllers. Does any clear policy arise

from this welter of confusion? The answer is probably no. The mass media has proven a very unreliable and even treacherous instrument of control. It is uncontrollable owing to its basic need for NEWS. If one paper or even a string of papers owned by the same person tries to kill a story, that makes that story hotter as NEWS. Some paper will pick it up. To impose government censorship on the media is a step in the direction of State control, a step which big money is most reluctant to take.

I don't mean to suggest that control automatically defeats itself, nor that protest is therefore unnecessary. A government is never more dangerous than when embarking on a self-defeating or downright suicidal course. It is encouraging that some behavior modification projects have been exposed and halted, and certainly such exposure and publicity should continue. In fact, I submit that we have a *right* to insist that all scientific research be subject to public scrutiny, and that there should be no such thing as "top-secret" research.

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Louis Wolfson

Full Stop for an Infernal Planet

or The Schizophrenic Sensorial Epileptic and Foreign Languages

We shall see at the time of the noblest, the most glorious, the most musical ("One Hundred Thousand Love Songs"), the sexiest, the most transcendent, the most altruistic and equally the most selfish, the most excusable, the most intelligent, especially the healthiest, and the holiest, the most divine instant that a humanity can attain anywhere and anytime, while the redemptive flame of one hundred thousand good H-bombs is lit and one hundred thousand new happy little celestial bodies are born, we shall see whether we suffer or lick the flames or if we are too stunned by the shock to understand what's happening or too blessed, or one or the other according to personal, individual fate, chance, Providence . . . Or perhaps the blessed apocalypse would come immediately after some scientists succeed in producing momentarily four whole ounces of so-called anti-matter, supposedly consisting of anti-particles, which alone would suffice for the sanctification of every one of us, four ounces of anti-water, for example, somewhat less than one hundred and twenty-five grams (the contents therefore of one-fourth of an enema, or little enema [or shouldn't we rather say "anti-enema"]?). All dead, all "equal", all good socialists, good communists, good democrats, good republicans, good crusaders, good zionists, good islamized . . . all beatified . . . no more reaction, revolution, counterrevolution, "establishment", consumer society, gadgets, or consumption of any kind . . . and finally the world-wide revolution consummated . . . no more need to seduce the voters, to agree with the leader or the *troyka* of the party, to pander to presidents of the republic, to erect altars to dead old enemas of politicians, to lick the arses of their corpses . . . no more need to fart, to piss, to shit . . . no more need to suffer, to make suffer . . . to ratiocin-

Louis Wolfson's *Le Schizo et les langues* or "the psychotic's phonetics" (Gallimard: Paris, 1970), echoes Raymond Roussel in its attack against morphology and syntax. Wolfson wrote his memoirs in French in defiance of his mother tongue (he is American). Although the title ironically intimates that Wolfson himself is the "schizo", what he explicitly pursues through his texts is the "Ultimate Truth and Writing". The following excerpt, which concludes the new version of his book to be called *Point final à une planète infernale*, attempts to give a "clear statement of the only possible response to the most important question that humanity in its cosmos should ask itself . . . planetary disintegration, radioactive deserts . . . BOOM!!!!!" (Letter of 29 May 1977 to S.L.)

ate, to philosophize on a frightful, monstrous phenomenon, to pray to God, all of us being triumphantly in His kingdom, with the angels . . . a planetary kamikase or Massada, a perfect Islamic submission . . .

N****
(date)

Mister President (or Minister, Chancellor, Senator, Ambassador, Representative, Mayor. . .) Y** Z**
(Dear) Sir,

I have sent a letter similar to what follows to the Secretary-General of the UN:

I cannot understand why people at the UN and elsewhere, who are supposed to be intelligent and who, apparently, like to think of themselves as "good people" keep talking about the limitation of nuclear arms or even about disarmament!

If you consider that around three thousand years ago our poor planet was infected with only 50 million (perhaps a slightly low estimate) copies (while, certainly, a single specimen would already have been too many) of the unfortunate human species; if you imagine having had at that time a pile of good H-bombs at your disposal and having used them to crumble the crust of this damned planet Earth and possibly to convert it into a second chain of asteroids, a first large ring of such little celestial bodies being located between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and if you consider then what a litany of unspeakable horrors which still continue and are synonymous with humanity would not have occurred . . . !! What philosopher would have even dreamed, thirty-five years ago, of thus attacking the so sick matter which we all are? What philanthropist? What man of good will?

But now we absolutely must not miss the chance—and to have such a chance is too good to be true—finally to bring to an end at last this infamous litany of abominations that we all are (collectively and individually); and I mean by that, obviously, in a complete atomic-nuclear way! Don't they say that the best medicine is prophylactic medicine? The tragedy, the true catastrophe—despite what the notable liars seem to want to sell us—is that humanity continues . . . while the divine benediction would be qualified as thermonuclear or some equivalent thereof. Not to be of this opinion is to be selfish, criminal, monstrous, if not stark mad.

Yours faithfully,

L . . .

P.S. I suppose that all, or nearly all, religions, if one also wants to look at things from that angle, conceive of Hell or Hades as a subterranean place. But if the Earth were converted into a large ring of planetoids around the sun, then no more "under world" . . . ! As go the words of a certain very popular song: "No more problems in the sky." And as the Pope said during his trip to the Far-East: "God is light", and without a doubt included there is the resurrectional light at the time of a planetary disintegration . . . the disintegration of an infernal star.

* * *

However, such letters naturally having no perceptible effect, perhaps even an effect contrary to the one sought, our protagonist would become a partisan of violence, of arsons and assassinations, and would hope—all the more naively, since a certain ignorance, a certain cowardice, a certain indifference reign . . . over all—that men and women of true good will would suppress as

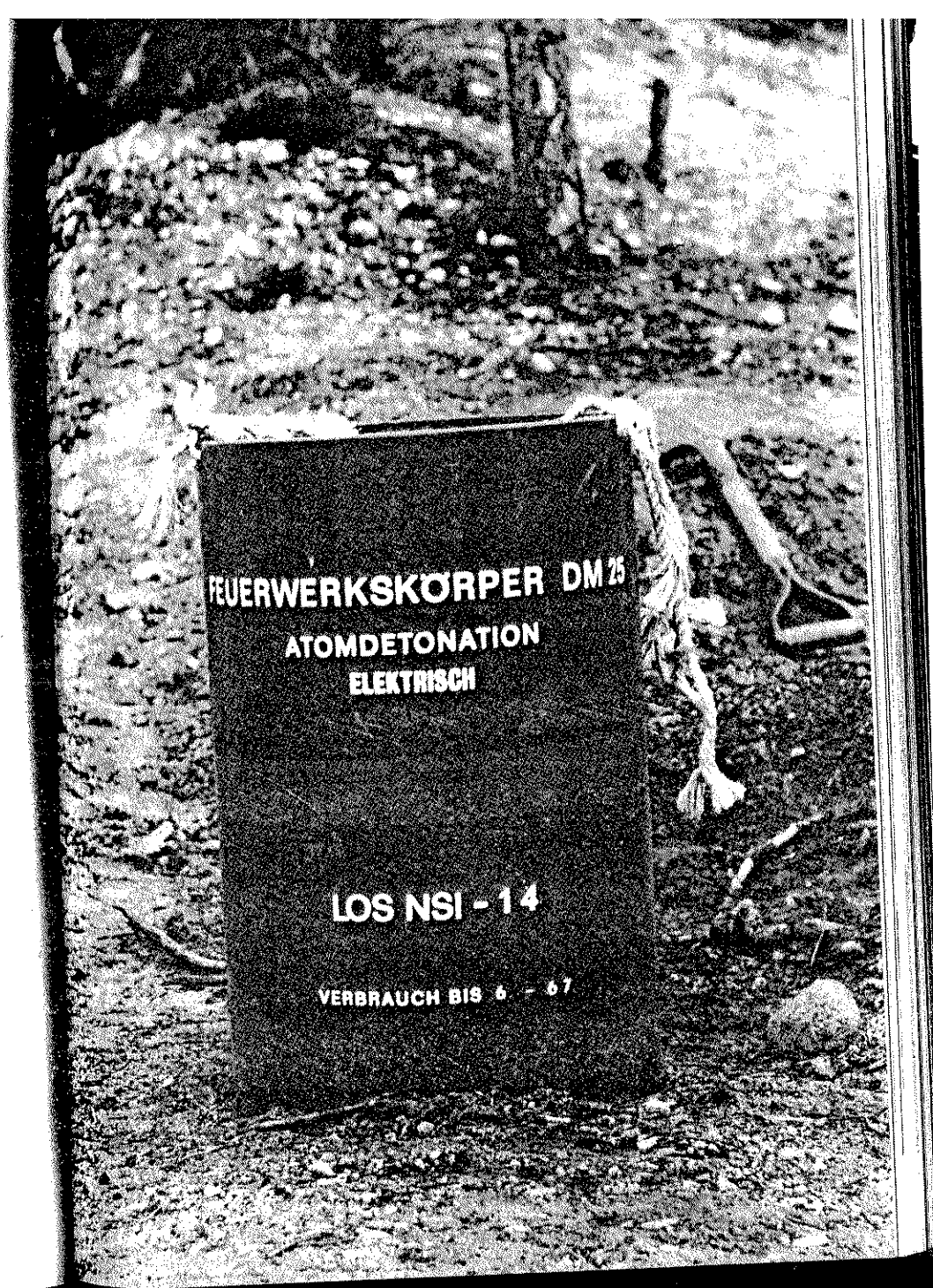
quickly as possible the monsters of cruelty all over the world who speak of the limitation of armaments . . . and thus reveal their "prenuclear", outdated, infantile, unrealistic, backward, hypocritical, inhuman way of thinking . . . and likewise a fanatical zeal for turning their backs on certain marvelous properties of matter which are known at last and infinitely beneficial. . . . ! (It is not then, for example, visits, be they reciprocal and with a minimum of red-tape, between East and West Berliners or between East and West Germans, that are needed, but rather the audacious attempt to enable *all* humanity, in as short a time as possible, to take intergalactic trips through the skies . . . ! It is quite understandable that so many made such a big deal over the famous lunar expeditions ["a giant step . . . !"], which however took a week for the round-trip in space although our natural satellite is only two light-seconds away. So if you consider that, flying at the speed of light [300,000 kilometers per second], it would still take one hundred thousand years [diameter of the disc] to traverse only our own galaxy [the Milky Way: 100,000 million { = 100 billion } stars among which our sun is only one of average size {less than two-thirds of a million typographic characters in the present work}] and that it would take one hundred sixty thousand more years at that same "giddy" speed to reach the nearest neighboring galaxy, one among hundreds of millions of others and whose numbers seem limited only by the lone power [extending however to a distance of billions of light-years] of man to penetrate his cosmos and these hundreds of millions of galaxies seem to move away from each other at unbelievable speeds [an exploding universe, but, alas! not quickly enough for the great salvation of all Earthlings] . . . !)

Whatever heights science may attain, it may only make more and more patent two facts: 1. Those heights can only be attained by mercilessly crushing and walking over mountains of human beings. 2. And indeed be it for this single reason, all of planet Earth should become as quickly as possible a radioactive desert or disappear through disintegration. Do those who hold power have to wait, before they'll submit to the obvious, until the world population becomes so enormous that more people will die every day than there are in a nation of respectable size today? Until the chaos and the impossibility of finding legitimate meaning are multiplied by the infinite? Until everyone has become raving mad? And the "future generations" down here that we talk about so much, are they anything but mineral salts in the earth, fluid or even solid water, gas molecules in the air, and such little "tripe", which—in the course of the processes of germination and growth—would become plants which would be guzzled up by pregnant women or gobbled by herbivores, whose flesh, in turn, would be ingested by those same pregnant women . . . ?! The true good fortune of the "future generations" would be for them not to materialize at all!!

To my mother, a musician, who died in the middle of May at midnight between Tuesday and Wednesday from a metastatic mesothelium (and medical failures) at the Memorial Death House in Manhattan, one thousand 977.

(Early in 1972, Rose (M(l)inarsky Wolfson) Brooke, nearly seventy years old—having witnessed the new tenants upstairs move out and the new tenant downstairs on the verge of doing likewise, as had others before her, and detecting the apparent worsening of her only son's schizophrenia—wanted to 'retire' once and for all by selling her three-family house after having found a good apartment in a better neighborhood, and to move there with the aforementioned son and her husband. Destiny (?) arranged that this semi-luxury apartment which she found in Queens (a borough of New York City) would be located on 138th Street and that, five years later, she would die on the 138th day of the year).

Translated by George Richard Gardner, Jr.



Lee Breuer of Mabou Mines Media Rex

Sylvère LOTRINGER: *What is your last "animation", Shaggy Dog, about?*

Lee BREUER: The story is simply the prototypical American love affair circa 1957-1977. Twenty years of emotional programming.

SL: *What about the dog?*

LB: The dog, in California slang (we are mainly West Coast), is a woman who follows, who has no consciousness of her own but derives completely from the male consciousness. Attachment to the male becomes a matter of life and death. *Shaggy Dog* is a description of this syndrome that eventually becomes the energy and motivation for liberation.

SL: *The woman is passive, but so is her John. He follows and reacts as much as she does. Everyone in the play is passive then.*

LB: That's right. By the time John is introduced, instead of finding the leader, you have the image of a man who himself was being led. So they both are being led by the fantasies of each other and not by reality whatsoever.

SL: *Where is reality then?*

LB: Beneath media consciousness, or above it. *Shaggy Dog* is an attempt to break the elastic blanket of media consciousness and find some base of realer action.

SL: *How can you break the blanket?*

LB: I tried to write simultaneous pieces that comment on each other. *Shaggy Dog* is divided into two plays: the sound track and the image track. The sound track is the story of John and Rose. The image track is the story of

Eddie Griffin Breaking Men's Minds

The use of behavior control and human experimentation techniques against prisoners is on the rise in the U.S. Indefinite solitary confinement, sensory deprivation, forced druggings and mind-control techniques are being used more and more to break prisoners and stop their attempts to fight deteriorating conditions in U.S. prisons.

The most ominous of these programs is the long-term control unit at the Marion, Illinois Federal Prison—the replacement for Alcatraz as the maximum-security prison in America. Many men have been driven insane in this unit. In the past five years, nine men have committed suicide in the unit or just after being released from it.

Because of this growing crisis, the prisoners in the control unit, the Marion Brothers, have brought a precedent-setting class action suit against the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. Bono vs. Saxbe, which seeks to close the control unit permanently, was tried in 1975 in the federal courts. In April, 1978 the court ruled in favor of the Bureau of Prisons. While closing the notorious sensory deprivation boxcar cells, the court allowed the control unit to remain open. In fact, the court justified the use of the control unit with one of the oldest and most repressive legal doctrines, the doctrine of preventive detention. Under

Eddie Griffin is one of the Marion brothers. He has been detained in the control unit—which he describes here as "the end of the line"—of the Federal prison in Marion, Illinois.

Rose's attempt to purge herself of the sound track. The narrative level (the sound track) is an amalgam of all kinds of pop records—we must have used 40 different singers—all the way from Billy Holliday to Stevie Wonder. The image track is a bit more obscure. I was interested in Eastern psychology as an alternate point of view to a Freudian or Jungian approach. In this perspective, the ego is composed of five parts, which correspond to the five rooms in Rose's house. Each of these has its imagery, its own color, its own symbolic shape. The bedroom is greed, the bathroom is pride, the kitchen hate or aggression, the cutting-room jealousy and the living-room, the center, is stupidity. The idea is that the four wings of the mandala all stem from ignorance, and stupidity is interpreted simply as inability to see the truth.

SL: *How do you deal with stupidity?*

LB: One of the tenets of the so-called avant-garde now has been elimination of media influence, purity of a certain sort: pure sound, no amplification, pure movement, the minimalist performance. What I wanted to do is just jump in the middle of a big steak dinner, in the middle of the whole garbage dump and then look for a way to jump it. My great thrill is that there is not one piece of acting in *Shaggy Dog* that does not represent a cliché. I wanted to commit myself to cheapness (on my own terms) and the only aesthetic control I had over this garbage was how I would manipulate the jumps.

SL: *How do you jump the garbage?*

LB: I use oppositions. Oppositions are the base of the acting technique as well as the writing technique. Of course, the idea of oppositions I originally got from Brecht (they are the key to the alienation effect), but I think I explored them in my own way. Oppositions pull apart a closed system, the closed system of popular or commercial emotional manipulation. If you allow your mind to pull apart, categories will not grab. They will leave a space of truth in between them so that you will not rest in an accepted perception. The objective was to pull apart the audience's expectation so that some new perception had room to materialize between these various poles.

SL: *A dramatic development usually results from a filling-in between two poles. A certain dose of ambiguity is dialectically created to be later resolved into mental unity. Shaggy Dog*

this doctrine, prisoners can be put in the control unit indefinitely on the basis of what behavior controllers call "predictive behavior"—that is, they can "predict that a prisoner will join a hunger strike, work stoppage, etc.

This decision is now being appealed. In addition, the National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers, organized in 1975, is leading an organizing campaign to win public support for the Marion Brothers. It is important that they win this battle. If the prison system wins, other control units like Marion's will be built.

I was one of the so-called "incorrigibles" who had come into conflict with the Terre Haute officials and was threatened with being sent to Marion. After receiving an injury in the prison machine shop where I narrowly missed losing a finger, I was patched up, administered a painkiller, then sent back to work. There was almost a repeat of the same accident soon afterwards, so I decided to quit my work. I was immediately locked up in segregation. Prisoners do not control their institution. My insistence led to my being shipped to Marion.

A BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION LABORATORY

The constructs of the prison are somewhat peculiar. Some not so outstanding features do not make the least economical sense, and are often totally out of physiological order. But these features, when viewed from a psychological angle, begin to take on new meaning. For example, the prison is minced into small sections and subsections, divided by a system of electronic and mechanical grills and further reinforced by a number of strategically locked steel doors. Conceivably, the population can be sectioned off quickly in times of uprising. But even for the sake of security the prison is faced with too many doors. Every few feet a prisoner is confronted by one. So he must await permission to enter or exit at almost every stop. A man becomes peeved. But this is augmented by the constant clanging which bombards his brain so many times a day until his nervous system becomes knotted. The persistent reverberation



obviously doesn't function in that way. The contradiction is not meant to produce movement. The two poles are kept far apart so that the energy becomes visible.

LB: The image I always had in mind was that of sparks jumping a gap. If you pull the electrodes too far apart, there will be no spark. If they are too close together, there will be a constant flow: too simple. But if they are just in the right position, you'll get ft., ft., ft. and these little jumps are the furthest extension that energy will jump. I kept experimenting with the right distance between image, sound, performing, dialogue so that the spark will jump the furthest.

SL: How do you actually create this distance?

LB: I make visual puns on verbal ideas. The metaphor of Rose's *Vogue* type of decoration, of interior decoration, is the decoration of one's mind in the light of romanticism and the attempt at splitting it. The split is done with a sword and so we use an axe as a joke because an axe of course alludes to guitar, and one says "one's axe," one's thing, one's weapon. I wanted to translate this as a visual joke.

SL: In other words, you literalize the metaphor in order to create a dramatization. This is quite a perverse use of the traditional metaphor. You don't assimilate the two terms, you don't substitute one term for another, you simply keep them side by side, and this produces the spark!

LB: We set up a pattern of this=this= this, etc., and the idea is that it will go on for ever.

SL: The more equal. . .

LB: The more it remains itself. A perfect example of this pattern is when Clover, the child, is talking about the Art World. JoAnne says: "See yourself as a heavyweight" and the boxing begins. This is just the style of association I wanted to establish. There is a woman speaking in a boxing metaphor and actually using Muhammed Ali's measurements. The metaphor for the heavyweight is a copy of an Eastern dance image, a certain stance with the head bent over and arm raised. Simultaneously the punching bag is used as a bass drum and dealt with musically. So Clover, the child, consciousness of the Art World, is perceiving herself as a heavyweight, a masculine image being spoken of by a woman who herself is a heavy using a traditional Eastern metaphor with a very literal metaphor of the

tends to resurrect and reinforce the same bleak feeling which introduced the individual to the Marion environment. It is no coincidence. This system is designed with conscious intent.

Every evening the "control movement" starts. The loudspeakers, which are scattered around the prison, resonate the signal: "The movement is on. You have ten minutes to make your move." The interior grill doors are opened, but the latitudes and limits of a man's mobility are sharply defined, narrowly constricted. His motion, the fluidity of his life, is compressed between time locks. There is a sense of urgency to do—what prisoners usually do—nothing.

At the end of the ten-minute limit, the speakers blare out: "The movement is over. Clear the corridor." The proceedings stop. Twenty minutes later the routine is repeated, and so on, until a man's psyche becomes conditioned to the movement/non-movement regimentation, and his nerves jingle with the rhythmic orchestration of steel clanging steel. It is, in prisoners' words, "part of the program"—part of a systematic process of reinforcing an unconditional fact of a prisoner's existence, i.e. that he has no control over the regulation and orientation of his own being. In behavioral psychology, this process is called "learned helplessness"—a derivative of Skinnerian operant conditioning (commonly called "learning techniques"). In essence, a prisoner is taught to be helpless, dependent on his overseer. He is taught to accept, without question, the overseer's power to control him.

But the omnipotent is also omnipresent. Nothing escapes Marion's elaborate network of "eyes". Between t.v. monitors, prisoner spies, collaborators, and prison officials, every crevice of the prison is overlaid by a constant watch. Front-line officers, specially trained in the cold, calculated art of observation, watch prisoners' movements with a particular meticulousness, scrutinizing little details in behavior patterns, then recording them in the Log Book. This data provides the staff with keys on how to manipulate certain individuals' behavior. It is feasible to calculate a prisoner's level of sensitivity from the information; so his vulnerability can be tested with a degree of precision. Some Behavior Modification experts call these tests "Stress Assessment"; prisoners call it harrassment. In some cases, selected prisoners are singled out for one or several of these "differential treatment" tactics. He could have his mail turned back or "accidentally" mutilated. He could become the object of regular searches, or even his visitors

American boxer related contrapunctually to a woman in sweats using a punching bag as an instrument. Nothing is left where it is, it is always jumped to another metaphor.

SL: *Your metaphors are not used to mean anything, only to produce another event, which in turn becomes another metaphor.*

LB: Ultimately the line is a circle, all of these events will encircle the area of perception and I perceive more precisely my own energy inside that circle.

SL: *It's like the Interpretation of Dreams, but without the interpretations! In a dream also language is dramatized according to what Freud calls "considerations of representability." Abstract expressions are turned into graphic, pictorial language which accounts for the apparent absurdity of the dream. But the pictures, for Freud, are to be interpreted since they simultaneously serve the interests of condensations and censorship. For him there is a truth of the dream and whatever the complexity of the transpositions, he will end up zeroing upon a definite, "original" meaning to the exclusion of any other. What you do in Shaggy Dog, on the other hand, is to extend the process of metaphorization to the point where it doesn't really matter where you started from, and what meaning can be derived from it. The technique itself becomes the truth.*

LB: I'm definitely not trying to get another language from the same story, this is very clear, Sylvère. It's not telling a story in a secret language. It's all circular and that's very much the way I perceive reality.

SL: *Mabou Mines has a reputation for being essentially language-oriented. But you seem to do your utmost to upset the linearity of narrative through a variety of dramatic means. This is a curious way of putting language at the center.*

LB: I like to write the script so it says everything. And then I want to commit myself to performance where language is completely secondary to the visual and dramatic dynamic. I prefer the acting experience where you lose half the lines rather than concentrating on getting all the little gems out. I have a perverse attitude about dialogue in that I do not really get off on reading it as it is intended to be read, but reading it the way it is *not* intended to be read. My intent is to both understand the line

could be "stripped searched". These and more tactics are consistent with those propagated by one Dr. Edgar Schein.

Behavior modification at Marion consists of a manifold of four techniques: 1) Dr. Edgar Schein's brainwashing methodology; 2) Skinnerian operant conditioning; 3) Dr. Levinson's sensory deprivation design (i.e. Control Unit) and 4) Chemotherapy or drug therapy. These techniques are disguised behind pseudonyms and under the philosophical rhetoric of correction.

HISTORY OF THIS BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION LABORATORY

In 1962 at a meeting in Washington, D.C. between social scientists and prison wardens, Dr. Edgar Schein presented his ideas on brainwashing. Addressing the topic of "Man Against Man: Brainwashing", he said: "In order to produce marked changes of behavior and/or attitude, it is necessary to weaken, undermine, or remove the supports of the old patterns of behavior and the old attitudes. Because most of these supports are the face-to-face confirmation of present behavior and attitudes, which are provided by those with whom close emotional ties exist, it is often necessary to break those emotional ties. This can be done either by removing the individual physically and preventing any communication with those whom he cares about, or by proving to him that those whom he respects aren't worthy of it and, indeed, should be actively mistrusted."

Following Dr. Schein's address, then-director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons, James V. Bennett, commented, "...one of the things we must do is more research. It was indicated that we have a large organization with some 24,000 men in it now and that we have a tremendous opportunity here to carry on some of the experimenting to which the various panelists have alluded. We can manipulate our environment and culture. We can perhaps undertake some of the techniques Dr. Schein discussed. Do things on your own. Undertake a little experiment with what you can do with the Muslims. There's a lot of research to do. Do it as individuals. Do it as groups and let us know the results."

and to expose an attitude toward the line in order to create a double meaning.

SL: *Your method—associating, or rather dis-associating—is also consistent with the existence of a company such as Mabou Mines. If you had to constantly tighten up your material, a collective work would somehow hamper you; but if you can add up elements, then the existence of a group becomes invaluable. The more varied the persons involved, the richer the result.*

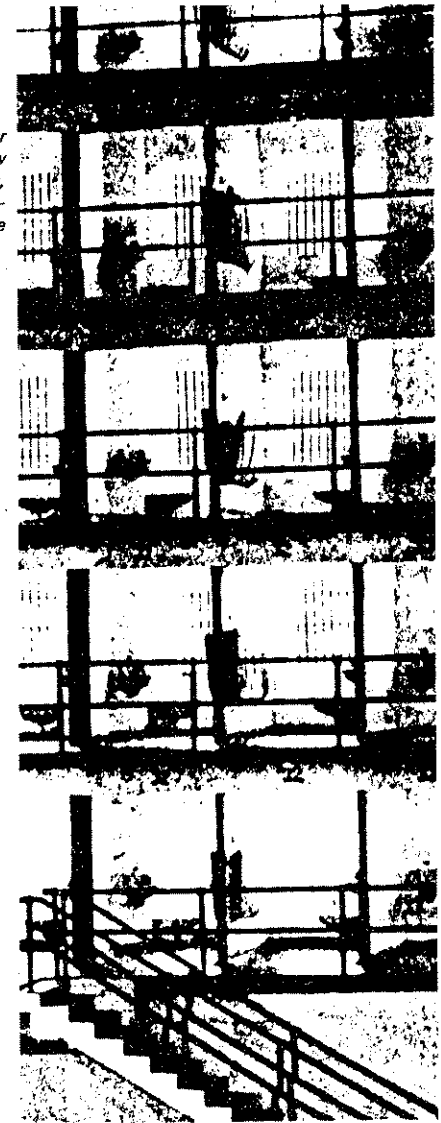
LB: The three animations we have done so far are in fact an experiment to define a contemporary reality for choral theatre. This is also what Andrei Serban and Peter Brook are doing. But I wanted to take an altogether different tack because contemporary stylizations of the chorus in theatre are all historical. What I gradually understood through the animations is that choral theatre is alive and well inside of popular lyricism. The verbal extensions that "lead" singers make are even more highly styled than Greek or Shakespearian readings, and yet they are perfectly grounded emotionally. They don't seem to have that fake remove that a plotted historical reading would have.

SL: *T.S. Eliot wanted to recreate a choral entity by making it nearly invisible. You make it visible simply by putting it in its proper modern context.*

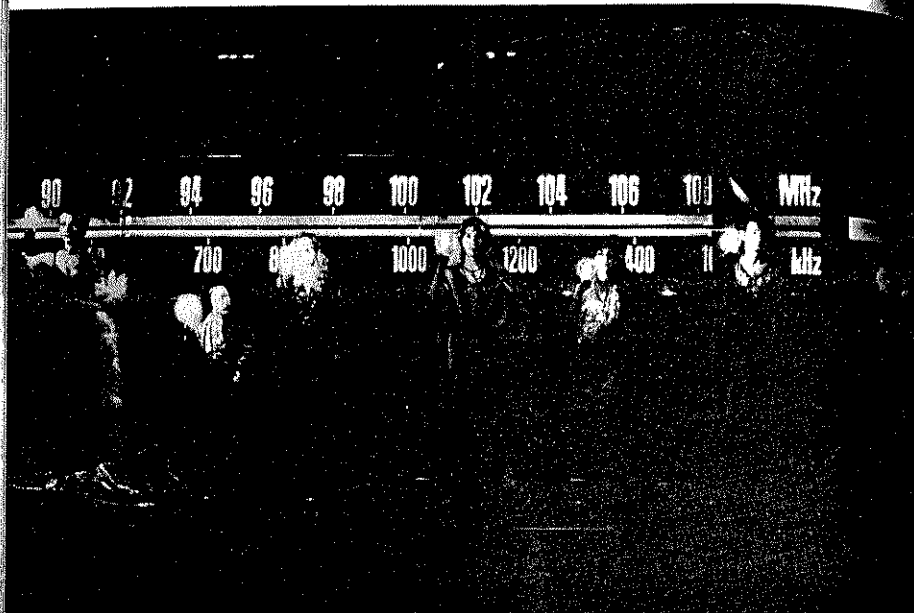
LB: The trick is that the true body of choral lyric expression and choral dramatic expression is an electronic manipulation. It is useless for an actor to figure out how to approximate these effects when the correct electronics will give you their perfect rendering.

SL: *Did you feel you were making a parody of the media? I once had an argument over this point. I don't think you did. What can create this impression is probably that different styles keep interrupting each other.*

LB: There was no need to criticize the media. The wonderful thing about electronics is that it produces its own irony by its gloss. You can always tell that it is an electronic reading and this allows you to separate. It allows you to feel an overwhelming emotional response and still you are conscious of how this response has been manipulated. You feel the machine at work. So you really do get a double experience. You can totally indulge and you can be totally objective at the same time. People asked if we were interested in moving an



experiment set up by the Cuban Government as one of several circular cell houses with do- cumentarily armed central guardhouse. All work was id were rarely attempted ILA



audience and Ruth said, Yes, from one place to another. That's the best definition of what we tried to do.

SL: *But in order to move people from one place to another, you need to move them first.*

LB: Identify and drop identity, never commit oneself to the reality of the drama. . . It is a very crazy position because ying is always changing into yang, black is always becoming white is becoming black, inanimate becoming animate and inanimate again. Reality is the energy of the transformation and only the energy of the transformation.

SL: *If it had been a parody, there would have been such a distance that you wouldn't have been able to move people. They just would have stayed in place. So you had to play the game. . .*

LB: Play the game while showing the game. Play it well, but show it perfectly. If you play it poorly, you don't have a good enough game to entice people. If you are clever enough to get people really empathetically involved and then you disengage, you've produced a small trauma of sorts where people in one instant can see and feel the entire process of their

EXPERIMENTATION IN ACTION

That was 15 years ago. Since then "the results" have been compiled and evaluated many times over; and all but one of Dr. Schein's suggested techniques have been left intact at Marion—along with the addition of a few new features.

According to the Bureau of Prisons' policy statement (Oct. 31, 1967) which, after a test period, finally sanctioned experimentation on prisoners, the benefit from any experiments must be "clear in terms of the mission and collateral objectives of the Bureau of Prisons" and "for the advancement of knowledge." In other words, prisoners are expected to feel inspired at the thought of "advancing knowledge" to benefit science and corrections. But what prisoner knows that he is aiding and abetting the development of Behavior Modification techniques to be used in controlling and manipulating not only other prisoners, but also segments of the public? Besides other things, he is denied knowledge of what he is involved in—or rather forced into. The truth of Behavior Modification is that it is applied to prisoners secretly and sometimes

involvement as it develops and disengages. They should be tied on and then cut off to be able to observe what they just felt.

The cut-up is essential.

That's right. The media is such an in-credible power that it forces you to respect it.

But you respect it only in fragments.

That's a way not to drown. It is a way of staying afloat. I respect the ocean but I'm going to do my damndest to stay on top of it. So I'm going to jump from one piece of ice to another.

William Burroughs did these jumps with a straight narrative. But he had to break it up completely because he dealt with language in fragments. You deal with a variety of dramatic devices and you can well afford to keep the narrative straight (the sound track, Rose's story) while still cutting it up with all the musical styles.

LB: The classic example, is Fred's *Recipe* because it is also the furthest out and the corniest in a way—Terry singing this complete schlock country-western background right out of Nashville and Fred starting this recipe and eventually beginning to cry in the middle of it. I could hear the audience every night first ride with Fred through sentimentality for about 3 or 4 lines, then somebody would start to giggle, so that you can feel a peeling away of consciousness and a realization of the sentimental manipulation that had gone on. The manipulation was so overt.

SL: *The stupidity of the media is in its depth.*

LB: There's a difference between what I am trying to do, and parody. It's closer to the idea of ready-made. I tried to take culture as an emotional ready-made. Now you can only show an emotional ready-made dramatically if you have a perfect representation or "reading" of the emotional cliché as it is manifest in the American consciousness. Without technique, it could never have been shown.

SL: *I was in a studio the other day while they were making a record. They had this incredible synthesizer and I understood a lot more about Shaggy Dog and what William Burroughs rightly calls "Studio Reality." Not one thing that will eventually come out in the record belonged to the original. Actually, there was no original. Every single split sound had been manipulated. It is only retrospectively that you can grant a record with a unity, as if a real*

remotely (via manipulation of the environment).

At Marion these techniques are applied for punitive purposes, and only one subsection of the prison population is allowed any relief. First, a man's emotional and family ties are broken by removing him to the remote area of southern Illinois and by enforcing a rule whereby he can't correspond with community people within a 50 mile radius. Sometimes the rule slackens, but when the correspondence expresses ideological perspectives it is enforced more strictly. Families of prisoners who move into the area are often discriminated against and harrassed by government agencies. Visitors complain of being intimidated by prison officials, especially when the visits are interracial. Children are repressed in the visiting room. And on three occasions, a man's wife who had travelled from Puerto Rico was stripped and searched. This incident caused great concern among prisoners because it could happen to any one of their wives, mothers or children. Another tactic used to break a prisoner down is to punish him by removing family and friends from his visiting list, or by placing him on restrictive visits. These types of visits are conducted in an isolated, partitioned booth across a telephone. Such restrictions often discourage families from visiting, especially when they have to travel long distances to visit. Officially, close family ties are encouraged; practically, they are being severed. And more often than not, a man's family is looked upon and treated with the same disdain as a "criminal".

Another method of separating prisoners from friends and outside supporters is the two-faced campaign waged by the prison administration. On the one side prisoners are told they have been totally rejected by society and that even those who "pretend" to be interested in prisoners are "only using prisoners for their own selfish benefit." By this a prisoner is supposed to believe he was never a part of a community or of society in general, that his ties among the people were never legitimate and that their interest in him is a fraud. On the other side, a brutish, bestial, and "sociopathic" image of prisoners is presented to the public. This further isolates the prisoner and makes him more dependent on the prison authorities.

But discernment into this sophisticated system is the furthest thing from a prisoner's imagination, or even his comprehension. It is impossible for him to conceive that he is being reduced in the eye-sight of humanity to the level of an amoeba and placed under a microscope.

band had physically played somewhere, at some point in a studio and produced the record that you hear. The whole thing is totally made up.

LB: It should be technically possible soon not even to have the artist in the studio. You will just pick up voices off old records and construct the tones on a synthesizer in order to produce a complete pop record. You don't even need a singer. The cliché I throw at people sometimes is that you can't say "I love you" anymore without an echo chamber. Because it isn't true without an echo chamber. The echo chamber has captured the myth of the expression more clearly than the human voice.

SL: And at the same time it is the echo of something that hardly exists anymore. An echo of an illusion.

LB: It's illusion echoing illusion.

SL: But if you look at it backwards, you can't help believing that there actually was an event. In the same way, you can follow a narrative—life as a narrative—and imagine that there actually was such a thing as an individual in his own right. The individual as we conceive it (not as we live it) hardly exists any more than the original performance of the record. It is a constant re-creation which echoes something that has practically ceased to exist.

LB: The idea is that once all this is cleared away, there is nothing.

SL: There is the machine.

LB: Yes.

SL: You can purge yourself of the emotional response to the electronic machine, but not of the machine itself.

LB: Now tell me what the machine wants: it wants to be left alone.

SL: I think it wants to grab more, to amplify, to expand. That's what your play is all about. New territories, new markets, new possessions. But it is very dangerous to constantly swallow new grounds. You also have to digest it. The media orchestrates the digestion. The process is very dynamic and the assimilation soporific. Energy doesn't go against the system, the system is energy. It is the very sparks you uncover. But it keeps checking its own flow with an endless series of dams, of powerful representations that pass for reality, and actually become our reality. In bureaucratic

He can't understand why he feels the strange sensation of being watched; why it seems that "eyes" follow him around everywhere. He fears his sanity is in jeopardy, that paranoia is taking hold of him. It shows: the tension in his face, the wide-eyed apprehensive stares and spastic body movements. Among the general population, paranoia tends to spread like wildfire—from man to man. The induced state of paranoia is the primary cause of the violence which has occurred throughout Marion's history.

The pervasive "eyes" at Marion are not without the complement of "ears". Besides officers' eavesdropping and the inside spies trying to collect enough intelligence to make parole, there are also listening devices out of view. The loudspeakers, for example, are also receivers, capable of picking up loose conversations in the hallways, cellblocks and mess hall. Recently a strange device which someone called a "parabolic mike" was found. It is hard to figure out exactly how many more such devices are scattered around the prison, embedded in the wall or placed behind cells.

Sometimes a prisoner is confronted with the information in order to arouse suspicion about the people he has talked with. At other times, the information is kept secret among officials, and traps are set.

It is a standing rule among the prisoners never to let the enemy know what you are thinking. At Marion, a man is labelled by his ideas, and his "differential treatment" is plotted accordingly.

What life in Marion boils down to is an essay in psychological warfare. An unsuspecting, unequipped prisoner—a prisoner unable to adjust and readjust psychologically and develop adequate defense mechanisms can be taken off stride and wind up as another one of Marion's statistics. Prison officials and employees come well prepared, well-trained, pre-conditioned, and well aware of the fact that a war is being waged behind the walls.

BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION AND THE MISUSE OF THERAPY TECHNIQUES

The behavioral school of psychology is based on the premise that man is only capable of reacting to the stimuli of his environment and that over a period of time of reacting in the same way to the same stimuli his behavior becomes habitual and sociopathic. However, through his cognition and rationalization, he can not only transform his environment, but also transform

societies, you control things from the outside; the American way is by far more sophisticated. You simply market a new product or, for that matter, an obsolete product under new glossy wrappings. You erect new values as a positive object of control, and it is the whole complex of emotions and desires that make up the normal neurotic individual.

LB: There is an accent called a mid-Atlantic accent that is neither American nor European, it is a media accent. It carries an emotional attitude that makes catastrophes entertainment. This is the way reality is represented. The media can tell you how to live your life, how you are supposed to feel, what you are supposed to do and how you are supposed to die. A laugh track tells you what's supposed to be funny. It produces a somnambulistic circle, it creates room for certain power manipulations to take place in peace. The curious thing is that even the people who manipulate this imagery fall into it so that ultimately nobody is steering the car!

himself into a different social being. Prisoners are making this transformation.

There is a small, elite group in the prison population which is looked upon by the administration with great favor because the group shares the same basic ideals with the administration. The group's members see the prison authority as a "parent". They think of themselves as "residents" rather than prisoners or captives—because to change the word is to change the reality. At Marion, this program is called Asklepicion—which literally means nothing. The prisoners call the group "groders" or "groder's gorillas", named after the psychologist who implemented Dr. Schein's brainwashing program.

The "groders" live in a special cellblock which, by prison standards, is plush. They are allowed luxuries and privileges which regular prisoners can't receive. They, however, are convinced that they "earn" these things because they are trying to do something to "better themselves". Generally, they look on other convicts with contempt. When confronted with evidence that they are a brainwash group, they



SL: Representation is total manipulation. The emotional output of the media is purely made up and, in many ways, incredibly archaic. The technology of it, though, is everything but stupid. Actually, it is highly sophisticated. It only deals with surfaces. It manipulates pieces of sound, fragments of voices, figments of fiction in order to fashion full-fledged individual emotions. So if you kept breaking up its final imagery and thus disengage from its emotionality, you would stand a chance to recover reality.

LB: The collective nature of our work fits in with this because it abstracts the persona across the entire piece. Almost any voice can be made a viable part of the consciousness as long as the center is this neutral stage of wood that these neutral voices are talking to.

SL: The voices are talking to something, they are not talking to someone.

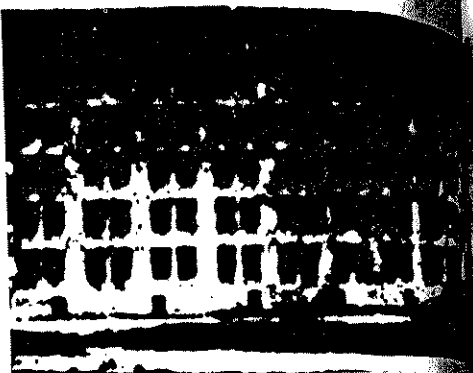
LB: No one relates to anyone else in the entire piece. Nor do they in any of the animations.

SL: Ronald Laing wrote somewhere that schizophrenia is a voice such that you don't know who is speaking and who is being spoken to. I think it is definitely a media voice. Rose is speaking through the voices of all the performers, but who is Rose after all? And the performers, whom do they talk to? They don't talk to someone, nor do they talk to each other. Maybe they address themselves to the audience as an artistic or aesthetic concept.

LB: They are actually talking to a point between themselves and the audience. The audience observes a conversation between the actor and a point in front of them. It is not direct address in the Brechtian sense. It is rhetorical since it is spoken to the ideal abstract listener. The audience can observe this rhetoric for what it is.

SL: The collective entity is given an existence separate from the actual audience. Since the audience is not talked to, it has to take a distance from the role it is supposed to assume.

LB: The play is making up the audience precisely at the time the audience is making up the play. I don't like confrontations with an audience, with all the activist and political connotations this entails. Our production is a little purer. It is an abstract conflict, but it is also dramatic. It involves all sorts of games, tricks, humor.



circular cell houses. Each of these is a good conduct building

reject the proof and accuse other prisoners of being envious.

But the reality speaks for itself. The program employs a number of noted therapeutic techniques, e.g. Transactional Analysis, Synanon Attack-Therapy, psychodrama, Primal therapy, and Encounter Group Marathon sensitivity sessions. The administration's favorite is T.A. Essentially T.A. propagates the theory that people communicate on three different levels: parent, child and adult. These become character roles. It is up to the corresponding party to figure out which role the first party is playing, then communicate with the person on the proper counter-part level.

What this technique actually does is create an artificial dichotomy between people, each straining to fit into the proper character role. Ultimately, it propagates the idea that the authorities always fit the role of a "parent" and the prisoners must submit to the role of a "child". Although some "groders" pretend this practice is a fakeout on "the man", it still is a real social practice.

Other techniques include Dr. Schein's "character invalidation". These techniques are incorporated under the auspices of "Game Sessions" (Synanon Attack Therapy) and "Marathons" (Encounter Group sensitivity sessions). In "Game Sessions", members of the

SL: The representation of Rose also is constantly displaced: it is a dog represented by a puppet which itself represents a woman. . .

LB: Which is often acted by three different men, one child, three different women. . .

SL: Even though the center is also represented by the Bunraku puppet. This series of displacements from actual audience to idealized listener, from collective entity to choral structure, from performers to individuals and from individual to puppet allows for a growing realization of the media manipulation. But there is a point in the performance where the puppet is obviously manipulated for itself, made to dance for its own sake independently of any dramatization. . .

LB: Style is emphasized—annotated. To isolate and cool off the psychology.

SL: The puppet, then, whatever her other functions, represents simultaneously commitment to the theatre. What about the very last sequence of Shaggy Dog? The nostalgic chorus of the aged was, I thought, quite moving. You seem to have deliberately let pathos set in. Did you want at this point to shift the emphasis from media stupidity to some sort of existential meditation—to go full circle from Rose to Sélavy?

LB: That at their age they could still be so totally committed to this sort of romantic energy was, I thought, pure dramatic irony, irony ultimately concerned in not being funny so much as being moving. Beyond that point, there is a final commitment to a cathartic experience, a traditional experience. No matter how much art is played with in the piece, it is not a final commitment to art, as most conceptual theatres would do, it is a final commitment to the theatre. It's allowing empathy to grow and you needed almost a classic Brechtian moment to cut it at that particular point.

SL: This is the power failure.

LB: Yes. The power failure is the classic metaphor for it all the way through. Seeing the light through the power, I guess, is the game that is being played between the lighter and the lighted.

SL: But the light that you see during the power failure, the actual lighter held by an actor, is still part of the power.

LB: And it is held by your own hand.

group accuse a person of playing games, not being truthful with the group, lying; or he is accused of some misdeed or shortcoming. Before he is allowed a chance to explain (which is considered as only more lying), he is barraged by dirty-name calling until he confesses or "owns up" to his shortcomings. He is then accused of making the group go through a lot of trouble in having to pry the truth out of him. So, for this crime he is forced to apologize.

"Marathons" are all-night versions of literally the same, except that they include local community people who come into the prison to be "trained" in the techniques. After so many hours of being verbally attacked and denied sleep, a person "owns up" to anything and accepts everything he's told. After being humiliated, he is encouraged to cry. The group then shows its compassion by hugging him and telling him that they love him.

These techniques exploit the basic weaknesses produced by an alienating society, i.e. the need to be loved, cared about, accepted by other people, and the need to be free. In turn, they are transmuted into "submission and subservency", the type of behavior conducive to the prison officials' goal of control and manipulation. The "groders" will not resist or complain. Nor will they go on a strike to seek redress of prisoners' grievances. They are alienated from their environment, and their emotional interdependency welds and insulates them into a crippled cohesion (of the weak bearing the weak). They aren't permitted to discuss these techniques outside the group because one of the pre-conditions for admittance is a bond to secrecy. Yet almost anyone can spot a "groder" because the light has gone out in his eyes.

Some years ago, the prison population wanted to do them bodily harm because they allowed themselves to be used as guinea pigs, and because the techniques developed would be used on other prisoners and other people in the outside world. Today, they are generally looked upon as mental enemies. So prisoners just leave them alone. Nevertheless, the brainwashing techniques are still finding their way into communities in the outside world—under a number of pseudonyms other than Asklepion. And the "groders" still have hopes of joining these programs when they are sufficiently spread. They will become "therapeutic technicians". This is what Dr. Groder laid out in his "Master Plan", the utilizing of prisoners as couriers of the technique back into the

Wendy Clarke

Love Tapes

The 'love tapes', a series of 3mn, video-tapes, were made by participants of various ages and ethnic backgrounds sitting alone in a room talking about love while sentimental music ran in the background. The three following participants are from L.A., Calif.

KATHERINE, 55.

I just came from the therapist and I think it was the last time. He asked me what's going on, as a matter of fact I had to go to him, I had a deep depression, but it's over, and I said to him every thing is fine, the only thing is I wish I would be in love again, really really deeply in love. And of course as the years pass and I get older, it's not as easy as it was when I was 16 and 18 and fell in love all the time and thought that was the real one, the big one. And funny enough when it's over then you think it can never happen again, and you are terribly sad and think it's over, never again. And there it is, around the corner there is someone else, and you think I was never as much in love as this time. No it wasn't that many times, of course, and it doesn't change as one gets older, I get older. I wish I would be 20 or 30 years younger, but I have the same feelings and the same longings, maybe even more so. And I think gee wiz maybe this time I won't make this or that mistake and, and ah, but where is he? Where is he? Oh I can't complain I have a lot of friends, good friends some who like me and love me but that passionate feeling that is so important, that I would like to have. It's not enough to love it's even more important to love, that is a fantastic feeling, that just makes you

community. It is also what former warden Ralph Aron meant when he testified at the 1975 *Bono vs. Saxbe* trial (to close the Control Unit) that "the purpose of the Marion control unit is to control revolutionary attitudes in the prison system and in the society at large". What the "groders" fail to realize is that even as "therapists" they will remain under observation long after their release from prison—under what is euphemistically called "post-release follow-through."

CHEMOTHERAPY: THE MISUSE OF DRUGS

Chemotherapy is conducted four times daily at Marion. The loudspeaker announces: "Control medication in the hospital...pill line." Valium, librium, thorazine and other "chemical billy-clubs" are handed out like gumdrops. Sometimes the drugs mysteriously make their way into the food. For example, the strange month of December, 1974, recorded five unrelated, inexplicable stabbings. During the same time, eight prisoners suffered from hallucinations in the "hole" and had to be treated (with thorazine injections). Drugs are often prescribed for minor ailments and are commonly suggested to prisoners as a panacea for all the psychological ill-effects of incarceration. Some drugs such as prolixin make prisoners want to commit suicide. Some attempt it; some succeed.

THE END OF THE LINE: THE LONG-TERM CONTROL UNIT

Segregation is the punitive aspect of the Behavior Modification program. It is euphemistically referred to as "aversive conditioning." In short, prisoners are conditioned to avoid solitary confinement, and to do this requires some degree of conformity and cooperation. But the "hole" remains open for what prison authorities and Dr. Schein call "natural leaders". These prisoners can be pulled from population on "investigation" and held in solitary confinement until the so-called investigation is over. During the whole ordeal, he is not told what the inquiry is about—unless he is finally charged with an infraction of the rules. If the prison authorities think that the Behavior Modification techniques will eventually work on the prisoner, he is sent to short-term segregation. If not, they use the last legal weapon in the federal prison system: the

creative, that helps your art, that helps your work, that makes your life. Yes if it's not there you bury yourself and maybe even overwork and do all kinds of things and look for things, but, so I'm still hoping. The year is not completely over. It's the 21st of December, the beginning of winter.

REGINA, 35.

Well here I am getting to talk about love and I'm getting a little nervous cause it's a hard topic. There are many ways that I feel love. I feel love for my children, I feel love for my women friends. I just experienced a nice new affair. That experience was "LOVEly". It made me be in touch with old, old romantic feelings of being in love, feeling happy and anxious and excited, a time when I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, but I just had this wonderful feeling. And it's like exhilarating. Exhilarating. It's a nice feeling. And all of a sudden you get a feeling from the other person that it's over. And I've experienced a collusion with me and my fantasies and my illusions. And the reality is that his feelings ended before my feelings ended and it was hard to deal with, it was very hard. But because I have other love relationships with women, other men, my children, older people, flowers, trees the sky, I guess just feelings, I was able to work through with some anxious feelings of depression and sadness. And love just does create all of those wonderful wonderful feelings that we dream about, that we read about, that we see in films. There's that old song I remember about a stranger across a crowded room, and I still have that illusion that someday I'm going to meet that stranger and he's going to appear. It's that old Cinderella story, it is. I really bought into the fantasy of what newspapers and magazines and films have told me that I should feel about love. And my real feelings when I express them, especially my last affair, that person I think was shocked that I could be so open and so vulnerable. And it was a wonderful time, 2 wonderful months with him, different feelings, different emotions. It was very nice and I hope to find someone else again soon.

ELIOT, 30.

You know I cry in movies sometimes over the weirdest things, but then when I want to, you know, when I really want to feel something I can't, and I know I should, and I want to, but I'm locked in, you know. It's like with your family, you know, you love them because somehow they're your family, but I don't really like them.

long-term control unit.

The long-term control unit is the "end of the line" in the federal prison system. Since there is no place lower throughout all of society, it is the end of the line for society also. Just as the threat of imprisonment controls society, so is Marion the control mechanism for the prison systems; ultimately the long-term control unit controls Marion.

Usually a prisoner doesn't know specifically why he has been sent to the Control Unit. And he usually doesn't know how long he will be there. A prisoner is told he is being placed on 30-day observation and that he has the right to appeal the decision if he wishes. Until recently, most prisoners simply waived the appeal because they were given the impression that they would be getting out soon.

In the control unit a prisoner does only two things—recreate and shower. Although everyone recognizes that the work is exploitative, it is generally considered a privilege. The rest of the control unit prisoners spend 23½ hours a day locked in their cells (which are smaller than the average dog kennel). He sees the Control Unit committee for about 30 seconds once a month to receive a decision on his "adjustment rating". He may see a caseworker, the counselor or the educational supervisor for books. Other than that, he deteriorates.

The cell itself contains a flat steel slab jutting from the wall. Overlaying the slab is a one-inch piece of foam wrapped in coarse plastic. This is supposed to be a bed. Yet it cuts so deeply into the body. After a few days, you are totally numb. Feelings become indistinct, emotions unpredictable.

Besides these methods of torture (which is what they are), there is also extreme cold conditioning in the winter and lack of ventilation in the summer. Hot and cold water manipulation is carried out in the showers. Shock waves are administered to the brain when guards bang a rubber mallet against the steel bars. Then there is outright brutality, mainly in the form of beatings. The suicide rate in the Control Unit is five times the rate in general population at Marion.

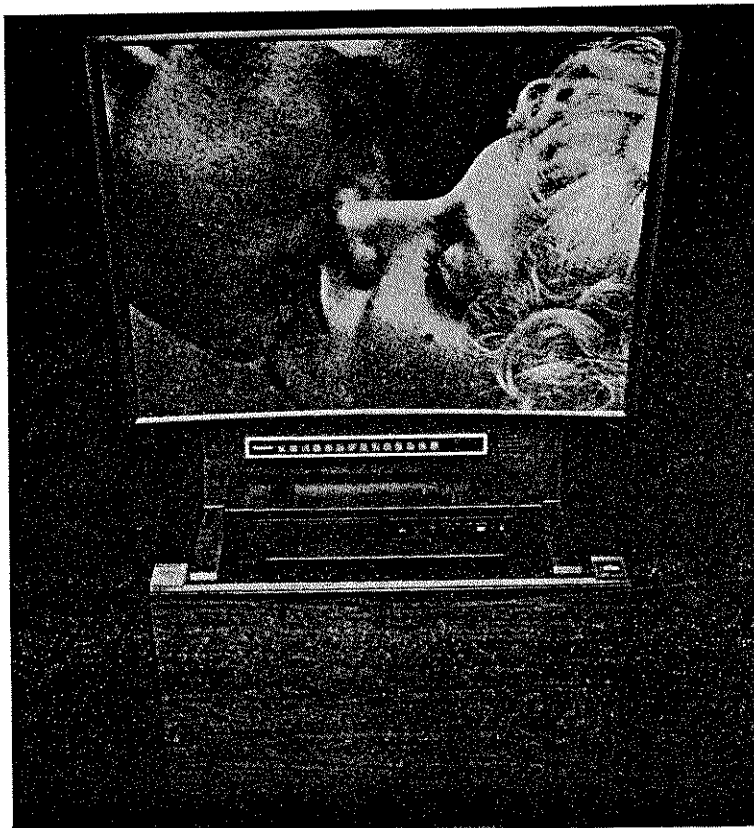
At the root of the Control Unit's Behavior Modification Program, though, is indefinite confinement. This is perhaps the most difficult aspect of the Control Unit to communicate to the public. Yet a testament to this policy was a man named Hiller "Red" Hayes. After 13 years in solitary confinement (nearly six in the control

You know, somehow would I really love 'em if I just ran into them on the street, nope. But there are people that I want to love, but somehow I just can not let it out. I'm still not at the stage where I can feel love. And I really want to. And so people come and they go and you want to love them, but you never could tell them that. And so they leave and they never know that you loved them. So people end up thinking that you're something you're not. Because you never could express yourself. You couldn't love them and you couldn't hate them. Because when you love them you can hate them. It's the same way, I couldn't love them—I have a problem hating them. So then you say, what the hell do I really feel? So you let it all out in a movie, over some made-up situation, when you get tears in your eyes. Because you wish you could at least be like the movie.

unit), he became the "boogie man" of the prison system—the living/dying example of what can happen to any prisoner. The more he deteriorated in his own skeleton, the more prisoners could expect to wane in his likeness. He died in the unit in August, 1977.

In essence, the Unit is a Death Row for the living. And the silent implications of Behavior Modification speak their sharpest and clearest ultimatum: CONFORM OR DIE.

1. Write letters urging that the Marion control unit be closed completely to: Judge James Foreman, U.S. District Court, 750 Missouri Avenue, E. St. Louis, Illinois 62202. Information: *National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers* 4556a Oakland, St. Louis, Missouri 63110



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Offner Electric Shock Therapy Apparatus

Police Band



Antidisestablishment Totalitarianism

Sylvère LOTRINGER: How did you get to rock?

POLICEBAND: Mostly through the technology of it, being saddled with the various instruments and the noise and the amplifier. Just being attracted to it as an object.

S: Did you start working by yourself from the very beginning?

PB: No. I found out what the machines were capable of. They led me straight to Policeband. It was almost as if the technology applied its own politics.

S: Are you interested in politics?

PB: I like the news that comes out of politics. The one statement that this happened or that happened that I get over the radio. Politics is an exchange of paper. I hate paper, the feel of it.

S: Didn't you write before?

PB: I did, but not on paper. On tapes.

S: Why did you call yourself Policeband—a collective name?

PB: I see myself as being a lead singer with back-up musicians. The buzzers and the amplifiers are quite out of control. They definitely are like a band.

S: The text you read is not yours. Do you choose it at random?

PB: I borrow randomly but it's my random

S: What is your criterion of choice?

PB: It has to do with time, filling up the space. It comes through the headset. I repeat it or I improvise with it. Mostly I repeat it. It comes from various sources. Directly from the police themselves, or from something I myself have said into a tape recorder, or directly from a radio. I have it plugged directly into a radio so that I can recite the weather if I wish. Or they have these scanners that enable you to monitor the police communications and the F.B.I. as well. The sources are very immediate and I have to react to them immediately. It's the raw material I respond to directly. I incorporate it. I need it. Without it I would just be another cabaret pianist.

S: What about the police?

PB: They're always looking for trouble. It's always looking for them. They're obliged to respond to very random input.

Random violence. They don't know where its coming from or why.

S: Don't they also produce it?

PB: They produce it themselves if they get bored.

S: Do you think the police are that repressed?

PB: The police are incredibly repressed. They're obliged to uphold all sorts of rules and regulations that they feel alien to. They'd just rather go out and do whatever they feel like. I know it. And yet, they can't do it. It's not like Mexico where you can kill the criminal immediately upon discovery. Quite frequently the crime becomes irrelevant to whatever procedure follows it or instigates it, or it just becomes a theatrical procedure. It just continues in the theatre of the courts and right back to the streets again where it starts all over.

S: So what is not theatre in this society?

PB: In our society, nothing. America is the entertainment capital of the world.

S: At all levels?

PB: I think so.

S: Sex is theatre?

PB: Don't you know it.

S: What about drugs?

PB: I don't take drugs.

S: You never did?

PB: No, I'm an athlete and drugs only interfere with the body's ability to maintain its own sense of self. . . . The body, it's so powerful, it's a fascist, the body. . . .

S: Why do you say that?

PB: Its completely organized, and if you abuse it, it beats you. It's incredibly oppressive and then when you start trying to control it, you start looking for others to control. . . . Schizophrenia is a solution, of course, because it allows you to jump back and forth from position to position without any sense of self. Hopefully one position will click. It's like the scanner. I tell you, you should look at this piece of equipment. It just bounces back and forth until it finds something to signal into and it just stops if there's information coming over that wavelength. So, in effect, my act's quite schizophrenic.

Eli C. Messinger

Violence to the Brain

The theories and technology of medicine and psychiatry have long been used to buttress the views of, and to maintain social control by those who hold political power. The technical means have changed from one historical area to the next. The more important techniques now in use include psychoactive drugs, brain surgery, behavior modification techniques and electroshock therapy.

The theory that personal violence is due to brain dysfunction and that it should be treated by brain surgery is presented by Vernon Mark and Frank Ervin in *Violence and the Brain*.¹ They recommend the development of mass screening and treatment programs for individuals prone to violence because of brain dysfunction. The pseudo-scientific arguments they advance are not unique. A theory of brain dysfunction has been advanced to explain the so-called hyperactivity of childhood. Both theories attribute behavioral problems solely to an organic cause; in both cases, the treatment is organic. While brain surgery for behavior control is not common at this time in the United States, several hundreds of thousands of American

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David Cooper

The Invention of Non-Psychiatry

Non-psychiatry is coming into being. Its birth has been a difficult affair. Modern psychiatry, as the pseudo-medical action of detecting faulty ways of living lives and the technique of their categorization and their correction, began in the eighteenth century and developed through the nineteenth to its consummation in the twentieth century. Hand in hand with the rise of capitalism it began, as a principal agent of the destruction of the absurd hopes, fears, joys and despair of joy of people who refused containment by that system. Hand in hand with capitalism in its death agonies, over the coming years (it might be twenty or thirty years), psychiatry, after familialization and education, one of the principal repressive devices (with its more sophisticated junior affiliate psychoanalysis) of the bourgeois order, will be duly interred.

The movement, schematically, is very simple: psychiatry, fully institutionalized (put in place) by a state system aimed at the perpetuation of its labour supply, using the persecution of the non-obedient as its threat to make 'them' conform or be socially eliminated, was attacked in the year 1960—by an anti-psychiatric movement which was a sort of groping anti-thesis, a resistance movement against psychiatric hospitals and their indefinite spread in the community sectors, that was to lead dialectically to its dialectical issue which we can only call non-psychiatry, a word that erodes itself as one writes it.

Non-psychiatry means that profoundly disturbing, incomprehensible, 'mad' behaviour is to be contained, incorporated in and diffused through the whole society as a subversive source of creativity, spontaneity, not 'disease'. Under the conditions of capitalism, this is clearly 'impossible'. What we have to do is to accept

this impossibility as the challenge. How can any challenge be measured by less than its impossibility. The non-existence of psychiatry will only be reached in a transformed society, but it is vital to start the work of de-psychiatrization now.

After being sufficiently fed and housed, there is the radical need to express oneself autonomously in the world and to have one's acts and words recognized as one's own by at least one other human being. The total ideal autonomy of not needing one word of confirmation from anyone else remains ideal. While some people certainly find great satisfaction in a certain type of productive work, there are immense needs for confirmed, autonomous expression that exceed such satisfaction. But this personal expression becomes increasingly difficult. Madness becomes increasingly impracticable because of extending psycho-surveillance.

Orgasmic sexuality is destroyed by the hours and quality of labour and, at least for the bourgeoisie, is replaced by the passivity of pornographic spectacle or Thai massage. People attend classes or 'therapy' for corporal expression. Universal, popular artistic expression (such as Japanese *haiku* poetry or the formerly universal popular invention of song and dance) is overshadowed by the professionalization and technologization of the specialized art forms deformed by the market.

The key question for revolutionaries is how to avoid the recuperation of people and their autonomous expression (and for that matter, of all new revolutionary ideas) by the state system (as opposed to the recuperation of invalidated persons and ideas by the people). The question within this question centres on the word 'avoid'. Avoiding here involves the systematic abolition of all institutional repression, but we are focusing here on the abolition of all psycho-technology—a wider question than the abolition of psychiatric institutions inside and outside hospitals by the forms of non-psychiatric action.

One should understand by psycho-technology not only psychiatry, psychology, psychoanalysis and alternative therapy, but also the mystifying techniques of the mass media (one has only to follow the desperately, and accelerated, mystifying 'moral' convolutions in the editorials of the capitalist press from day to day). Then reward and punishment doctrine (or bribery and blackmail) of Kissinger-type foreign policies. The use of psycho-technology in law courts, prisons, and by the military. Technology is for things, not people.

In a bookshop in now fashionable Cannery Row in California I found, after an ironic display of all the works of Steinbeck, the department of best-selling technology. The books (and I'm certainly not implying that they are on the same level) included treatises on

school-age children have been diagnosed as having minimal brain dysfunction (MBD) and are treated with stimulant drugs: amphetamines, Dexedrine and Benzedrine, and methylphenidate or Ritalin.

MBD: MEDICAL DISEASE OR SOCIAL STRATEGY?

True medical diseases are defined on anatomical, biochemical or physiological grounds. They exist independently of the social setting. Diabetes, for example, is defined by abnormalities in glucose metabolism. While the diabetic's social environment can influence the course of the disease, the abnormality in glucose metabolism, rather than the diabetic's social behavior, indicates that diabetes is present. In contrast, most behavioral syndromes, including MBD, are diagnosed by a physician because of the subject's dissonance with the social environment.¹ This explains the puzzling observation that the "symptoms of MBD" commonly subside during vacations from school...

The data used to establish the diagnosis of MBD are highly subjective. The judgment by a teacher or parent, for example, will depend on his/her criterion for hyperactivity and the social setting where the activity was observed. Even the direct observation of a child is influenced by the clinician's skill and experience, the meaning of the examination to the child, the physical setting, and the child's physical and mental state at the time of the observation.

The following list of "symptoms" appears in a pamphlet written for teachers, doctors and counselors prepared by Dr. James Satterfield, director of the Gateways Hospital Hyperkinetic Clinic:

Overactivity: unusual energy, inability to sit still in the classroom and at mealtime, talking out of turn in the class, disrupting the class.
Distractibility: not getting work done in school, daydreaming in the classroom, tuning out teachers and parents when they try to give directions, being unable to take part in card games and other games such as Monopoly.

Impulsiveness: being unable to save up money for something that is badly wanted, blurting out secrets or things that are known to be factless, saying sassy things to teacher just to show off.

Excitability: getting very wound up and overexcited and more active around groups of children or in stimulating new situations.²

It is clear that this is really a list of behavior considered unacceptable to teachers, parents or other adults. The child who is at odds with the educational system is sent to the medical-psychiatric system. There a classroom behavior or learning difficulty is diagnosed as MBD; the difficulty is re-defined as a medical or psychiatric problem. The child is returned to the classroom with a diagnostic label, and frequently with a chemical control agent.

EARLY DETECTION

Early detection of disease is a valid principle in medicine. However it lessens accuracy in diagnosis. Mark and Ervin wrote their book for the general public because they wanted public support for the establishment of early detection programs:

We need to develop an "early warning test" of limbic brain function to detect those humans who have a low threshold for impulsive violence, and we need better and more effective methods of treating them once we have found out who they are. Violence is a public health problem, and the major thrust of any program dealing with violence must be toward its prevention—a goal that will make a better and safer world for us all.³

They urge programs to identify persons "as being potentially violent."

The reductio ad absurdum of this reasoning is the theory that "hidden brain disease" can cause violence:

All the persons we have described thus far were known to have brain disease, which, as we have shown, proved to be related to their violent behavior. But what of those individuals who are uncontrollably violent but do not have epileptic seizures or other obvious signs of brain disease?.... Is it possible that they, too, are suffering from an

T.A. (Transactional Analysis), T.M. (Transcendental Meditation), E.S.T. (Erhard Seminars Training, not exactly electro-shock, E.C.T.), Creative Fidelity, Creative Aggression, Provocative Therapy, Gestalt Therapy, Primal Scream, Encounter Therapy, the conducting of three-day 'Marathons', a form of deep massage, Bio-energy, Japanese Hot Tubs (you take off your clothes and enter them *en groupe* as part of liberation). Then, 'Behaviour Mod' (the new generation Skinner) on how to toilet-train your child in twenty-four hours—and then on the next shelf another book advertising a method of toilet-training your child in less than twenty-four hours! I've no doubt that after some of these experiences some people feel better, or begin to 'feel', or feel more 'real'—or whatever the ideals of capitalism prescribe for them.

One day the United States, together with the European countries of 'advanced liberal democracy' (whose fascist nature will more rapidly and nakedly emerge), will have to stand on their own feet rather than sit on the back of the rest of the world, and then there will be another less easy and lucrative sort of 'reality' to face.⁴

In the meantime there is a growing cultural imperialism, by which highly commercialized psycho-techniques are being insidiously imported into the poorer but more politically advanced countries of Europe and the Third World by professional liberators who go to the U.S. for crash courses in the latest techniques and return to their countries to reap the cash results. While this development is clearly not on the scale of exploitation by the multinational drug companies with their psychotropic drugs, its ideological content is significant. After psychiatry based on de-conditioning (in fact a sad re-conditioning) or conventional psychoanalysis, there is the 'third force' of 'alternative therapy' to seduce the desperate who shun the first two. The ideology of personal salvation presents highly effective strategies of de-politicization.

Once again, *there are no personal problems, only political problems.* But one takes 'the political' in a wide sense that refers to the deployment of power in or between social entities (including between the parts of the body of a person which incarnate certain social realities). Personal problems in the commonest sense reduce the political to things going on between one person and a few others, usually on an at least implicit family model; problems of work, creativity and finding oneself in a lost society are clearly political problems. Therapies and conventional psychoanalysis reinforce 'oedipian' familialism and, whatever contrary intentions, exclude from the concrete field of action macropolitical reality and the repressive systems that mediate this reality to the individual . . .

The word 'therapy' had better be banished because

of its medical-technical connotation. But people still seem, non-'radically', to talk with articulated words. But it should not take many hours to say the few things that matter in one's life if the other person unstops his ears. Listening to someone in 'full flight of delusion' one can effectively stop one's ears by trying to interpret the 'content' of the words, or by the ridiculous attempt to speak in the same language. The words attempt to express the inexpressible which is never the content of the words but always in the very precise silences formed in a unique way by the words. So, unblocking one's ears, one listens to the silences in their preciseness and their specificity. There is never any doubt that the 'deluded one' will know whether or not one's ears are unblocked. Beyond that, with 'paranoia', there is always the practical task of ascertaining the real past and present forms of persecution. Psycho-technological training, to fulfil its social purpose of mystification, tends to blind and deafen people to what should be obvious.

Franco Basaglia and his associates recently set up a centre at Belluno, in a large country house in the Dolomites, to receive people from the psychiatric hospital at Trieste who live for varying periods in a relatively de-institutionalized setting. One day while I was living in the house a man who had been a hospitalized withdrawn 'chronic schizophrenic' for over twenty years smashed the television set in the middle of a football match, and then three windows (to see the world 'outside' rather than the world 'in the box' etc. etc.). The point was that in the group situation of anger and fear he was not immediately 'dealt with' by a large injection of a neuroleptic drug (costing much more than occasional broken windows) but was taken on one side by one of the staff, who made no comment but opened his ears while the patient with great feeling told the history of his life for two hours. Of course the problem remained of finding a mode of insertion in the outside world after twenty years of systematic institutional incapacitation, but the point was that 'chronic schizophrenia' was abolished by the conjunction of a more reasonable context, one or two acts, and a few more words and a lot more feeling—and by the personal 'policy' on the part of someone to have 'open ears' rather than just the simple mystification of 'open doors'.

So now one says that psychiatrists have one option—either they kill themselves or we assassinate them—metaphorically of course.⁵ What does that mean? It means that one recognizes just how difficult it is for someone formed, preformed, deformed as a professional psycho-technologist principally in the medical policing racket of psychiatry but also in the areas of psychoanalysis and psychology, social psychology, 'socio-psychoanalysis' and so on, to change their life structures, which entail gaining money as part

*abnormality of the limbic system?*⁶

Pressure is also put on the practising physician to diagnose MBD early. The "symptoms" of MBD are very common, particularly in younger elementary school-age children. In a study of the entire kindergarten through second-grade population of a Midwestern town, teachers were asked to rate the frequency of 55 behaviors.⁷ In boys, restlessness was found in 49 percent, distractibility in 48 percent, disruptiveness in 46 percent, short attention span in 43 percent, and inattentiveness in 43 percent. Should nearly half the boys in the first three grades of a public school system properly be considered suspects for the designation MBD?

THE NUMBERS GAME

Another maneuver used by those who propose a medical model for violence and hyperactivity is to exaggerate the magnitude of the problem. Mark and Ervin studied only a small number of patients with limbic brain disease. They stretched the significance of their limited clinical experience by referring to a pool of many millions of Americans with brain disease who might be violence-prone, an implication that is clinically false. In a parallel fashion, millions of children are said to have MBD. When Lauretta Bender surveyed the admissions to Bellevue Hospital's children's psychiatric service, she found that only 0.14 percent suffered from post-encephalitic behavior disorders, one of the few conditions in which brain injury directly causes disordered behavior.⁸ Estimates of the incidence of MBD in the school-age population, however, run as high as 5 to 10 percent. Paul Wender, a prolific writer on the subject, would apply that diagnosis to almost any child who has the misfortune of being taken to a child guidance clinic:

With no further knowledge, any preadolescent child admitted to a child guidance clinic is most probably in the category until proven otherwise. If, in addition, one knows that a child is not bizarre or retarded and has not been recently disturbed by a presumably noxious environment,

one can make the diagnosis with some certainty. This diagnostic technique lacks subtle nicety but is quite effective.⁸

Effective for whom? The consequences are very serious because Wender prescribes stimulant drugs to all children he diagnoses as having MBD. Ritalin commonly causes loss of appetite, sleeplessness, irritability, and abdominal pain. Long-term use of Ritalin in higher doses, or of Dexedrine at all dose levels, can interfere with normal growth.⁹ In rare cases, Ritalin has caused a toxic psychosis marked by hallucinations and bizarre behavior.¹⁰ Ritalin can cause an increase in heart rate and blood pressure. The main psychological hazard of medication for children diagnosed as having MBD is that they often come to view the drug as a magic pill which they feel they need for self-control. Indeed, that is how the drug company portrays Ritalin in its advertisements for physician prescribers:

Here is a child who seems to get very little out of school. He can't sit still. Doesn't take directions well. He's easily frustrated, excitable, often aggressive. And he's got a very short attention span.... He is a victim of Minimal Brain Dysfunction, a diagnosable disease entity that generally responds to treatment programs.¹¹

Either millions of American school-age children suffer from a poorly defined and hard-to-diagnose brain disorder, or it is in the interests of the medical profession, the drug industry and the school establishment to convince us that this is so.

The labelling of school children as brain damaged is an example of what William Ryan calls blaming the victim. The individual is blamed for the shortcomings of the social system, here the educational system. The impetus for fundamental social reform is thereby blunted. The only change prompted by the blaming-the-victim ideology is the familiar formula of help for the victim. This is usually garbed in humanitarian terms of remediation, rehabilitation and other compensatory programs. In all cases, the victims are labelled as pathological while the social sys-



of the system. To make a clear enough rupture with the system means risking every security structure in one's life—and one's body and one's mind; family, house, insurance, highly acceptable social identity and highly acceptable means of making enough or more than enough money to live by, all these possessions that one cannot contain in one suitcase (pianos excepted). For some few professionals that has been an historic necessity, for others a temporary historical compromise is possible. We don't all have to have a total destructuring all the time (the 'suicide' of the psychiatrist)—on the same side, and with total solidarity with the other madmen who are murdered. But if psychiatrists don't destructure *enough* of the time they produce the necessity for their 'murder'.

When in the early 1960s, in the course of various polemics in England, I produced finally the wretched and infinitely distorted term 'anti-psychiatry', there was no collective consciousness of the necessity of political involvement. In those years we were all isolated in our national contexts of work. Now there are thousands and thousands of us who begin to recognize a dialectic in our struggle through the growing solidarity of our action.

There is a dialectic that proceeds from psychiatry

through anti-psychiatry to non-psychiatry (or the final abolition of all psycho-technological methods of surveillance and control). The development of this dialectic is inseparable from the development of the class struggle. It does not, however, follow automatically from the dialectic of the *political revolution* that leads from capitalism through socialism (whether achieved in some cases by the dictatorship of the proletariat, direct seizure of power by the working class with popular elements of the military, in other cases by guerrilla warfare (urban, rural) or in others by using the bourgeois democratic machinery, including turning the mystification of the electoral process against itself) to the classless society of communism that abolishes also the last elements of bureaucratic power. The Anti- non- dialectic does not follow a political revolution because it follows a *social revolution*, against all forms of institutional repression that retains its own, highly variable, momentum. Those things that condition the variability of this momentum are made clear in the concrete struggle for social revolution in each country on the way to its national communism as the base of the only possible internationalism. If anyone finds an idealism or utopianism in this, one can only reflect that it is as utopian as the active aspirations of just about all human-kind. As the political revolution is against class (infrastructural) and national oppression, so social revolution is the struggle against institutional repression as we experience ourselves victimized by it wherever we are, the struggle against the mystification of our needs.

If we begin to see madness as our tentative move to disalienation, and if we see the most immediately present forms of alienation as arising from the class division of society, there can be no psychiatry in fully developed socialism (i.e. in a society where the gap between political revolution and social revolution has been 'adequately' narrowed) and no form of psycho-technology whatever in communist society. Such, in very crude outline, are the 'hypotheses for the non-psychiatry' and the creation of the non- society. To fill in the outline and make it less crude depends on specific people and groups of people seizing consciousness not only of their oppression but of the specific modes of their repression in those particular institutions in which they live as functioning organisms and strive to keep alive as human beings. The living, palpating and now palpable solidarity that they invent is what brings the vision down to earth. This solidarity as revealer of the concrete is what we witness today in some of the more authentic anti-and non-psychiatric strivings . . .

We may say that anti- and non-psychiatric movements exist, but that no anti- or non-psychiatrists exist, any more than 'schizophrenics', 'addicts',

tems which generate the pathology are left undisturbed.

1. Vernon H. Mark and Frank R. Ervin, *Violence and the Brain*. New York, Harper and Row, 1970.
2. Thomas Szasz, *Ideology and Insanity*. Garden City, Doubleday, 1970.
3. James Satterfield, "Information for Teachers, Physicians and Counselors."
4. Mark and Ervin, op. cit., p. 160.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 112.
6. J. S. Werry and H. C. Quay, "The prevalence of behavior symptoms in younger elementary school children," *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry* 41:136, 1971.
7. Lauretta Bender, "Post-Encephalitic Behavior Disorders in Childhood," in *Encephalitis: A Clinical Study*, ed. J. Neal, Grune & Stratton, 1972.
8. Paul H. Wender, *Minimal Brain Dysfunction in Children*. New York, John Wiley & Sons, 1971, p. 61.
9. Daniel Safer, Richard Allen, Evelyn Barr, "Depression of Growth in Hyperactive Children on Stimulant Drugs," *New England Journal of Medicine* 287:217, 1972.
10. A. Lucas and M. Weiss, "Methylphenidate Hallucinations," *Journal of the American Medical Association* 217:1079, 1971.
11. CIBA advertisement in *Psychiatric News*, September 20, 1972, p.9.

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Prescriptions: Use cautiously in geriatric patients.

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Psychiatric News, September 2, 1977

'perverts', or no matter what other psycho-diagnostic category. What *do* exist are psychiatrists, psychologists and all manner of other psycho-technicians. The latter exist only precariously; when no roles remain for them to live, their very securizing identity is at stake—on the stake waiting to be roasted. Psychiatrists and their associated tribe have cannibalized us too long in the perverse mode of fattening us up for the slaughter with masses of neuroleptics, injections, shocks, interpretations in their masters' voice, and with their projections —of their fear of their madness, their envy of the other's madness and their hatred of the reality of human difference, of autonomy. Now, though fed up, we will de-vow them! Even though they are small fry they fry quicker than quick since they wash whiter than white.

There are two things to be done: firstly, the final extinguishing of capitalism and the entire mystifying ethos of private property; secondly, the social revolution against every form of repression, every violation of autonomy, every form of surveillance and every technique of mind-manipulation—the social revolution that must happen before, during and forever after the political revolution that will produce the classless society.

If these things do not happen well within the limits of this century, within the life-span of most of us now living, our species will be doomed to rapid extinction. In such a case, if our species is not extinguished, it should be, because it will no longer be the human species.

It is not true as the philosophers of pessimism say that 'the dreadful has already happened' (Heidegger), but it is true that we are haunted by the dreadful and it is true that there *is* no hope.

There is only incessant, unrelenting struggle and *that* is the permanent creation of the hoped for . . . a forgotten intentionality.

After the destruction of 'psychosis' and the deplacement of the structures that invented it for their system, we can now consider the abolition of madness, and the word 'madness'. But first let us consider this state of affairs: The madman in the psychiatric situation is faced, in short, by a three-fold impossibility:

1. *If he lies*, enters into a collusive situation of pretense with the psychiatrist, he betrays his own experience, murders his own reality, and it is not likely to work anyhow in a situation where the other (respectable one) is defined by his role as being always 'one up' with regard to reality.

2. *If he tells the truth* he will be destroyed by all the techniques available, because who can dare express things that exceed the wretched limits of normal language imposed by the ruling class and all its psycho-agents. He must be protected from such a suicidal

defiance; he is logically saved from such a suicide by the simple act of murder.

3. *If he stays silent* he will be forced to chatter acceptable nonsense (withdrawal would be seen as katatonic or paranoid, as if there were something to feel suspicious about in the psychiatric, or any of all the other repressive situations surrounding the psychiatric one).

Schizophrenia has no existence but that of an exploitable fiction.

Madness exists as the delusion that consists in really uttering an unsayable truth in an unspeakable situation.

Madness, presently, is universal subversion desperately chased by extending systems of control and surveillance. It will find its issue with the victory of all forms of subversive struggle against capitalism, fascism and imperialism and against the massive, undigested lumps of repression that exist in bureaucratic socialism, awaiting the social revolution that got left behind in the urgency of political revolution, understandably perhaps, though never excusably.

The future of madness is its end, its transformation into a universal creativity which is the lost place where it came from in the first place.

1. Even such remorseless critics of psychiatry, from the interior of the establishment, as Dr. Thomas Szasz equate freedom with the U.S. Constitution and bourgeois law. What freedom is it that depends on the enslavement of the rest of the world, particularly the Third World on which capitalism (parasitic even in its origins, the genocide of original people and the destruction of their civilizations and black slavery) depends—and could not survive without. The implantation, the direct and indirect support of fascist military dictatorships by the imperialist countries, neo-colonialism and multinational company criminality exist, even though schizophrenia doesn't. Dr. Szasz (who has accused all psychiatrists of crimes against humanity while one mental patient remains compulsorily detained against his will) is far more consistent and honest than most ('Psychiatry is a religion . . . I teach the religion'). In general however, the teaching of psycho-technologies introduces a police operation into the universities and is in contradiction with the celebrated Academic Freedom.

2. Wolfgang Huber (a psychiatrist) and his wife, of the Socialist Patients' Collective (S.P.K.), Heidelberg, were imprisoned for four years for being, very obviously, taken as literal. They wanted to establish an autogestation in the university psychiatric centre. The police, directed by the psychiatric establishment, 'found' guns in their possession. The S.P.K., now resuscitated, had the aim of using 'illness' as an arm against the capitalist system, a method of political education, not therapy.

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Martine Barrat

Vicki

Martine Barrat: *Have you been writing again the way you used to when you were in jail?*

Vicki: Yeah. I write when I think of what's like today. You know, sometimes when you're alone you just lay back and look up at the ceiling and just think about good things...

As a matter of fact, I was thinking of the gangs. Thinking of the time that we rumbled against the *Immortal Girls* and, at that time, it didn't seem funny because I had a one-on-one. I fought the Prez of that division. Her name was Nancy.

Martine: *Was she big?*

Vicki: No, she was tall. And now that I think of it I laugh because I should have felt stupid at the time. The girl was one of those girls that just has a lot of mouth.

So her girls came in our club. The second division club... of the *Royal Queens*... and messed it up. Threw the furniture down and everything. And one of our girls went into the club at the time they

Martine Barrat has been making videotapes in the South Bronx in collaboration with street gangs since 1971. They were presented at the *Schizo-Culture Colloquium* and, recently, at the Whitney Museum. Vicki, who was 16 when this conversation was taped a year ago, has two children. She is the "Prez" (president) of the *Roman Queens*, the female counterpart of the *Roman Kings*.

were doing it. They beat her up. One of my girls. So, I was in the movies with half of my girls. We usually sit right in the middle. I had my girls there and we were smoking. We was all fucked up at that time. We was drinking a lot of beer and wine and was just goofing on the picture. It was *Foxy Brown*. All of a sudden this girl comes in and she's bleeding. She tells me, "Hey, man, the *Immortal Girls* just beat us up." You know how fast I jumped up? And I was high. We all ran down there. They fucked her up, you know. There was about six of them and only one of her. It really wasn't fair. So we went down there.

Martine: *You went to their club?*

Vicki: Yeah. The *Immortal Girls* comes out. We was in the school yard. We was all packing. The Prez, all she says is, "Why the fuck you want some static? You don't like what we did?"

And I said, "No. I don't like what you did and I could blow you away right now."

So she said, "Yeah, that's all you need. That's all you use is a gun."

I said, "Look, I use my hands, too." I'm very good with my hands. My brothers, they teach me to fight, you know..."

Martine: *Do you find it difficult to use guns? Because you're a girl? Do you feel you need a lot of strength to use them?*

Vicki: Not really because since my brothers were *Nomads*, which was before they

were *Roman Kings*, they had guns. So the first gun that they had lent to me was a .22. It was small, and my brother, I think it was Ace, told me, "You never shot a gun, right?", and I told him "no."

So he told me, "Come with me up to the roof." He shot and says, "Now is your turn."

I didn't know what the hell to do, so I said, "What do I do with this?"

"Just do straight," he says, and I shot it. The first time you feel kind of nervous after you shoot a gun because it kicks a lot. From that day on, every time I'd get a gun I'd start shooting on the roof. And that's how I learned. But a big gun isn't easy for me to handle.

Martine: *How old were you then?*

Vicki: I was small. I was about eleven. But from that day on I have a .32 automatic on me. I always carry it around, especially when I get my check... or when I'm ceasing home alone at night. You know, somebody is going to jump me and stuff, so I just pull it out. I won't shoot to kill, but I'll shoot them so they know not to fuck around with me no more. That's how I am. But that time, with that girl, I didn't want to take up the gun because I feel, boy, I'll just slap her around a few times and the girl will shut her damned mouth. I don't like to talk when I argue with somebody. I'll swing first. I lost my temper fast... even with a guy (laughs). That's why most of my boyfriends, they left me. It's not that I'm a manhandler but it's the type of thing where I don't like nobody to slap me around. My mother don't hit me. My own mother, she hit me only twice and that was when I was small.

Martine: *You think guys leave you for that. They can't take it?*

Vicki: They can't take it because they argued with me, I get mad fast. Especially when they cuss at you, say "Ah, fuck you" or something like that. And I say, "What?" They don't have to swing at me first because I'll turn around and I'll swing at them and we just fight right there. I'm not as strong as a man and really they kick my ass, you might as well say. But I've proved to them that when you raise a hand on me, I'm going to raise one back. Because he would lose respect for me just

as much as I am losing respect for him. We just fall sliding all over the place until one of us give up... and most likely he's going to give up because I lost my temper and if I grab their hair, whatever I got, I won't let go.

Martine: *You are lucky to have brothers teaching you how to fight.*

Vicki: Yeah. Like when we was the *Young Nomads*, they used to put me up to fight with the girls.

Martine: *For initiation?*

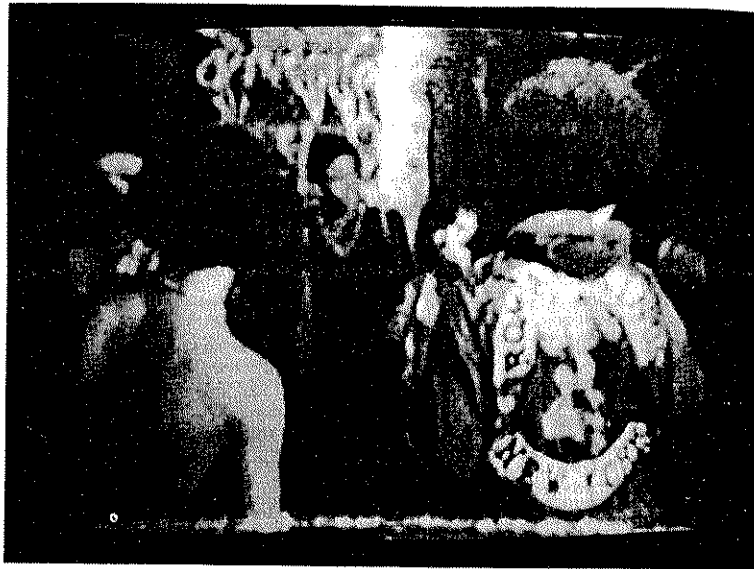
Vicki: Yeah. If I would lose a fight, they'll make me fight her and fight her until I win. I could be dead on my feet and, boy, they tell me to go ahead and fight, fight until I'm going to get real mad and I'm going to whip her ass. That's how they taught me. Don't be scared of nobody. Especially if they raise their hand to you. So, that's what happened.

Martine: *And that's why you want to teach your little girl to fight?*

Vicki: Right. Now she gets real mad. She starts swinging at anybody that's there, whoever bothers her. I teach her. I tell her, "You hit back because they only going to fuck over you if you don't hit back." She's like that and I'm like that. But I don't tell her to go around hitting everybody in the head... I just tell her, "When somebody hits you, you hit back. And if they argue with you, you argue with them. If they talk back to you, you talk back to them. Just don't let nobody talk about your mother or your father or your family." One thing I don't want anybody calling me is a mother-fucker... because I feel I don't fuck my mother. I got a lot of respect for my mom—to a point where if somebody puts her down that's it. Right there I see blood in my eyes and I just go at them. I say, "Look, I'm not a mother-fucker. Don't ever say that." Either they say, "Ah, you know, it's only a joke, we're only goofing around". But it's my heart. That's my mother, you know, and I love her. I'm not going to let somebody else talk about her, especially not in my family. Even my own brothers. I say, "Don't talk about Ma like that, because we all got the same mother and the same blood and we love her a lot." And they understand what I'm saying.

Martine: *I love your mother.*

Vicki: She's very sweet and she worked



hard to get where she's at. She tries her best.

Martine: *When there are rumbles between cliques, are they between cliques of girls or do they involve the guys?*

Vicki: It was mostly with guys because there wasn't a lot of trouble with girls. Really and truly.

Martine: *You think girls fight as much as guys?*

Vicki: Well, guys fight a lot. Girls don't fight as much. Like if it was all up to them we'll fight. The guys, they got to fight because their prez tells them to fight. But if it was up to us girls, we'd hand out together. We would like to have a brotherhood. But sometimes it's the girls. I'm the one who started rumbling with the *Immortals* because I have something against that girl from school, Nancy. We fought and then she told the school I pulled out a knife on her and they threw me out. I couldn't go to school no more, so I had something against the *Immortals* because of her.

When I have something against somebody, I take it out in one fight. One fight. As long as I get my shit off. After that if she want to talk to me, she talk to me but

she could go to hell, too. I tell her, "I was born in this world by myself. I'm going to tell you personally that you got me now... but I'm going to pay you back." That's how I am. I hold it in, hold it in. They fuck me today. I get my ass kicked today. But I always get revenge.

Martine: *Like your rumble with the Immortals?*

Vicki: Yeah, like that girl. I grab her alone and we straightened it out and now me and her don't have no trouble. I see her. She's in jail right now when I go to see her.

Martine: *Why is she in jail?*

Vicki: She was selling drugs. She sold drugs to a cop and now she's facing ten to twenty-five.

Martine: *Were there many fights with knives and guns at the time you were in school?*

Vicki: No guns or knives, we just fight with the hands. Most of the time that there's fights is because someone don't like you or someone try to take my boyfriend away. So, they fight and scratch each other up.

Martine: *But you've fought with knives and stuff. Was that outside of school?*



Vicki: Yeah, outside. Say I fight somebody and I beat her up. She ain't going to like that. So she know if she fights with me again, I'm going to beat her up again. So she'll bring something to stab me with, or she'll bring a gun and shoot me with it. We don't trust them just like they don't trust us.

Martine: *So you think that's one of the reasons why kids in the clique carry guns?*

Vicki: Yeah, that's why. God knows what they going to do when we turn our backs, just like God knows what we going to do when they turn their backs. That's all.

Martine: *Do you remember when Charlie organized that big meeting with all the cliques after Benji got killed? To try to get them together so they wouldn't fight anymore?*

Vicki: I was upstate at the time. I heard about it. By the time I got back everything passed and everybody was walking the streets again. All the cliques.

Martine: *You're a leader of a clique, too. Did you ever think about getting all the cliques together?*

Vicki: Yeah. I tried to do that a lot. I would talk to my girls and tell them we

should get all the cliques and the girls together. You know, make truce and then throw parties and shit. But it could never happen that way. Because of the guys.

Put it this way, a woman has a softer heart than a man. A man, if he holds something against somebody, he's going to get them. Kill them. And they're determined to do even that. That's what's wrong with the gang. Like if somebody from another clique do something to a *Roman King*, they'll hold it in for a while and then, when they catch that person, forget it. You might as well say they finished. They dead. If it was up to the girls we'd be friends with everybody. But the guys, shit, they'll kick you with their M.C. boots.

Martine: *You were telling me about the Outlaw Marriage in the cliques. You told me that the girl who gets married in certain cliques has to get down with all the guys in the clique. Do the girls feel like that is being raped?*

Vicki: I feel that they do, yeah. It's just like rape. When a girl has to get down with all of them. I wouldn't do that. I couldn't walk in the street proud. I think a good man is the type that will make love to a

woman and won't talk about it to nobody. It's his personal thing. The thing he should keep inside. A man that lays with a woman and then tells every guy, "Oh, I lay with that girl, she's a good fuck," he's bad. That make you feel like a piece of shit on the floor. If I'm going to marry a dude from a clique, I'm going to give myself only to him. You might as well be alone or become a tramp or something if you lay with every guy.

Martine: *But the guy doesn't have to get down with all the girls?*

Vicki: (laughs): No. But if he lets his wife that he just married get down with the other guys, then the marriage is over. Really. Has to be.

Martine: *You think that will change one day?*

Vicki: Yeah. It will change. Like now most of the cliques ain't that way. I got married Outlaw. We don't do that in the *Roman Kings*.

Martine: *Can you describe the marriage to me because I've never been to one?*

Vicki: The *Roman Queens* are on one side and the *Kings* on their side and everybody flies their colors. We're clean. We're never dirty. You know, we have our dungarees, our tee shirt, our jackets with the colors on it and our boots. The guys have on their Outlaw pants, a tee shirt, all their colors. Their hats, whatever. And their M.C.'s. And the girls are on one side and all the guys on the other side and we get in the middle. Me and him. Well, when I got married to Baba, his twin brother got married too. Behind them was the bridesmaid and the... what you call... best man. The guy that married us was Husky Pekiching'. So we walked up to him. We stand there because it was like a double wedding. And Husky was there telling us, "I now pronounce you man and wife," like all the things they say in church.

Martine: *Did he hold a book like a priest or something?*

Vicki: Oh yeah. It was a bible. He was holding it in his hands. We even had rings. You know, I'm not saying expensive wedding rings but they was real sterling. Anyway he say "kiss your bride and put the ring on the finger," and it was just like a real church. Except that afterwards, in-



stead of throwing rice like they do in church, they're pouring beer all over us. While we're walking down the aisle. Three quarts.

Martine: *Did you sing?*

Vicki: No. But the *Roman Kings* they buy beer and they get us real high and then we're allowed to stay in the club. The club was our apartment for three days. It's in this wrecked building. It was our honeymoon. We stayed there for three days... without coming out (laughs). If the *Roman Kings* would have seen us out before three days they would have sent us back in. Yeah.

Martine: *Did you cook?*

Vicki: Yeah.

Martine: *And love?*

Vicki: Yeah. (laughs).

Martine: *And care for each other?*

Vicki: Yep. And from that day on—this happened four months ago—we're still together.

Martine: *And where was your little girl?*

Vicki: My mother was with her. I told my mother about it. She didn't say nothing.

Martine: *Did your mother come to your wedding?*

Vicki: Are you crazy?

Martine: *There were no parents?*

Vicki: No, just us. But I feel it was nice, you know, because I've been raised by the gangs.

Martine: *But in other cliques, like when Cheena got married with Black Ben in the Savage Nomads, the ceremony was different because she had to get down with...*

Vicki: She do the same thing that they do in church except that then they cut themselves.

Martine: *Cut themselves. Where?*

Vicki: Not on the vein. On the wrist. A little bit just to show their blood and then they rub it. With two hands. Like this.

Martine: *Like Indians were doing?*

Vicki: Yeah. Right. And then they got down in front of everybody and then she had to get down with the clique. And that was it. But that's how I feel about the rape thing. I fell that I married Baba right. The other guys respect me. And they tell me, "I would like to rap to you if you wasn't this

guy's." And he feels proud because, you know, I'm not conceited, but I know I'm not ugly.

Martine: *When Cheena got married with Black Ben, how many years ago was that?*

Vicki: Four... five years ago.

Martine: *Do you think she was upset being raped by the division. Was it all the members of the gang, or was it a division only?*

Vicki: There was a lot of guys but I think it was a division only.

Martine: *About how many people are in a division?*

Vicki: Thirteen. It's a good luck number. That's all there was. She felt bad, but she got over it.

Martine: *Did she talk about it to you?*

Vicki: No. She was on her honeymoon at that time and when she came back she wouldn't hardly come around. She used to stay with Ben most of the time so we didn't have a good chance of talking.

Martine: *But I'm sure she didn't go for that at all.*

Vicki: No, nobody go for that. Only the girls who like it and they must be stupid or crazy or something. Nobody likes to be raped. I wouldn't. I feel I would go through a lot of changes if I did get raped.

Martine: *Are there many girls who are getting raped around here by cliques?*

Vicki: Well, before yes. But now, no. I think the guys got sense now. You know, they rap for it instead.

Martine: *Some people say that more and more young people of your generation are bisexual or homosexual. Is that true?*

Vicki: Yeah, it's true. Some girls turn gay because they got raped by their father. Some girls turn gay because a lot of guys raped them or a lot of guys used them and hurt them. Or some fell in love and every-time the guy hurts her. Leaves her. That's why they could go to a girl... because they know the girl won't leave. I think girls, butches and friends, can stay together longer than a man and a woman, a man and wife. I guess it's because they understand each other. When they have a problem they could both talk it up, you know, because they're both womans.

The men, too. I guess the men has the same problems. Like in the project. Put it

this way, half of the building are butches and faggots. I guess that's what's happening now. Just a new style I guess. Like me. I done gay when I was locked up.

Martine: *When you were in jail?*

Vicki: I had turned gay because I didn't have no man to turn to. I guess I had a shoulder to lean on. It was a thing where I was lonely. A lot of girls are like that when they get locked up.

Martine: *And the same for the guys?*

Vicki: The same for a guy, too. They know all they going to see is boys so they say, "What the heck. You going to be here for a while, why not enjoy it?" So, girls turn to a girl and the guys turn to a guy. That's why I think that sex is bisexual.

Martine: *And when you were in jail most of the girls were going with girls?*

Vicki: Yeah. Most of them. Some girls don't like gay but if they know they're going to do a long time they get curious... Some of them they just stay straight. They won't turn cookie for nothing.

Martine: *You were telling me about your sister who got raped in your building. What happened?*

Vicki: Well, she was going to school and she forgot her wallet. She came back up and this guy was in the elevator with her. They're friends so they was talking to each other. When they got to his floor he pushed her out and then he raped her right there. She stayed in her room after that. She didn't want to talk to nobody. She didn't want to tell nobody until long after. My sister, she always remember that. Right now she's living with her husband and when she has sexual, you know, intercourse with him she thinks of that and that fucks her up. But at least she told him. She told him what happened to her and he don't blame her. He knows what she went through. Now they're all right. The rest of the rapes ain't around here. They're a few blocks down... on Fox Street.

Martine: *There are a lot of abandoned buildings there?*

Vicki: Most of Fox Street is abandoned. The buildings are standing up by surprise. The gangs go there and forget it. First they use the basement and from the basement they move up and up and up. Then they have the whole building. In a few months

the whole building is condemned.

Martine: *Like after a war. Your mother and people who live in places like that call those places "Korea." Do you think it's getting worse?*

Vicki: Oh, it's getting worse and worse. I've been living here for about eleven years. Since I was small. I seen buildings that just get put up and then I seen them get knocked down. I seen this place we live in when it was pretty. Yeah, pretty. Locks on the door in the front of the building and everything. But now it's all knocked down. There was a movie house up here. Right up the block but it burned down. It ain't a movie no more. People that are very close

to me moved away because of the neighborhood. But you got to live through it because everywhere you go people are going to move away. There's going to be trouble no matter where you are.

Martine: *Do you think of moving out when you get older?*

Vicki: Sometime. But in a way I can't move because I love this place no matter how fucked up it looks. I was born here and raised here and I guess I'm going to stay here.

I guess if I'm going to become something or if I'm going to get fucked up I don't have to go out of state to do it. This is the South Bronx and you take it the way it is.



John Giorno

Grasping at Emptiness

You are walking down Lafayette Street
and your face twists up
and starts crying
turn your face to the wall
so nobody'll see
there's tears running down your cheeks
don't hold on
cause I'm already gone
You are walking down Lafayette Street
You are walking down Lafayette Street
and your face twists up
and starts crying
and starts crying,
you are walking down Lafayette Street
and your face twists up and starts crying
turn your face to the wall
so nobody'll see
so nobody'll see,
there's tears running down your cheeks,
there's tears running down your cheeks,
don't hold on
don't hold on,
cause I'm already gone
cause I'm already gone;
cause I'm already gone;

and there ain't nothing worse in a relationship
than stupidity
you're so fucking up tight
blind ignorance
and no matter how much I love fucking you
no matter how much I love making love to you,
I can't stand being here another moment
as a matter of fact I never want to see you again
and as I said to you over the telephone
"I hope you have a nice weekend"
you're running on empty
and I feel
and there ain't nothing worse in a relationship and there ain't nothing worse in a relationship
than stupidity than stupidity than stupidity than stupidity,
you're so fucking up tight you're so fucking up tight,
blind ignorance blind ignorance
blind ignorance, and no matter how much I love fucking
and no matter how much I love making love to you,
I can't stand being here another moment
I can't stand being here another moment
as a matter of fact I never want to see you again,
I never want to see you again,
and as I said to you over the telephone
"I hope you have a nice weekend,"
I hope you have a nice weekend,"
you're running on empty
you're running on empty,
and I feel

old
 and ugly

 and I don't
 want
 to talk
 to anybody

 nothing
 I've ever
 loved

 no matter
 how much
 the potential

 was ever
 worth
 the suffering

 you're on
 United
 Flight Number
 222

 I think
 we're over
 Kansas

 because
 the earth
 is covered
 with squares
 and rectangles
 because the earth
 is covered with squares and rectangles,
 flying
 back
 to New York
 flying back to New York,
 covered with squares and rectangles,
 sipping
 a whiskey
 sipping a whiskey,
 flying back to New York,
 no matter
 how

old
 and ugly
 and I feel old
 and ugly
 and I feel old and ugly,
 and I don't
 want
 to talk
 to anybody
 and I don't want to talk
 to anybody
 and I don't want to talk to anybody,
 nothing
 I've ever
 loved
 nothing I've ever
 loved
 no matter
 how much
 the potential
 nothing I ever loved
 no matter how much the potential
 was ever
 worth
 the suffering
 was ever worth
 the suffering
 was ever worth the suffering,
 you're on
 United
 Flight Number
 222
 you're on United Flight Number 222,
 I think
 we're over
 Kansas
 I think we're over Kansas
 because
 the earth
 is covered
 with squares
 and rectangles
 flying
 back
 to New York
 sipping
 a whiskey
 no matter
 how

famous
 I become
 no matter how famous I become,
 no matter
 how much
 money
 I make
 no matter how much money I make,
 no matter how
 beautiful
 I used to be
 no matter how beautiful I used to be,
 I'm always
 totally
 lonely
 I'm always totally
 lonely
 I'm always
 totally lonely
 I'm always totally lonely,
 and if I wasn't
 a fucking
 Buddhist
 I'd love
 to put
 a gun
 in my mouth
 and blow
 my fucking
 head
 off
 in slow
 motion,
 and the pilot
 says
 we're flying
 at 37,000
 feet
 over Kansas
 wide
 open
 blue
 evening
 sky,
 grasping

famous
 I become
 no matter
 how much
 money
 I make
 no matter how
 beautiful
 I used to be
 I'm always
 totally
 lonely
 I'm always
 totally
 lonely
 I'm always
 totally lonely,
 and if I wasn't
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 I'd love
 to put
 a gun
 in my mouth
 I'd love to put
 a gun in my mouth
 I'd love to put a gun in my mouth
 and blow
 my fucking
 head
 off
 and blow my fucking
 head off
 and blow my fucking head off
 in slow
 motion,
 and the pilot
 says
 we're flying
 at 37,000
 feet
 over Kansas
 we're flying at 37,000 feet over Kansas,
 wide
 open
 wide open
 blue
 wide open blue
 evening
 sky,
 grasping

at emptiness at emptiness
 grasping at emptiness
 grasping at emptiness,
 I keep repeating
 I keep repeating
 this this
 to myself to myself
 I keep repeating
 this to myself
 I keep repeating this to myself,
 I said
 it to you
 I said it to you,
 I remember saying it to you,
 you get
 you get
 you get
 you get
 no cover
 no cover
 from your backdoor
 from your backdoor
 lover lover
 you get no cover
 from your backdoor lover,
 you're standing
 you're standing
 at a subway at a subway
 urinal urinal
 you're standing at a subway urinal,
 pulling
 pulling
 on your meat on your meat
 pulling on your meat
 pulling on your meat,
 cause
 cause
 I want I want
 to make love to make love
 to somebody to somebody
 on my way on my way
 back back
 downtown downtown
 cause I want to make love
 to somebody
 on my way back downtown
 cause I want to make love to somebody
 on my way back downtown,
 you're standing at a subway urinal,
 somebody
 somebody
 is sucking is sucking
 your cock your cock
 somebody is sucking
 somebody is sucking
 your cock your cock
 somebody is sucking your cock,
 and someone
 and someone
 else else
 comes up comes up
 next to you next to you
 and someone else comes up next to you,

and you're
 kissing him
 and you're kissing him
 and you're kissing him,
 the Howard
 Johnson
 toilet
 on the Garden
 State
 Parkway,
 the Long Island
 men's
 room
 in Freeport,
 I saw it
 in a Walt Disney
 cartoon
 once
 I saw it in a Walt Disney cartoon once,
 here
 you're gone
 today
 here you're gone
 today
 here you're gone today
 and all
 I ever
 wanted to do
 was to love you
 and all I ever wanted to do was
 to love you
 here you're gone today and all I ever
 wanted to do was to love you,
 grasping
 at emptiness
 grasping at emptiness
 grasping at emptiness,
 I've made
 so many
 mistakes
 in my life
 I've made so many mistakes
 in my life
 I've made so many mistakes in my life
 I only got
 3 dollars
 in my pocket
 I only got 3 dollars in my pocket,
 I'm sitting
 in a car
 on an expressway
 in a traffic
 jam
 I'm sitting in a car on an expressway
 in a traffic jam,
 and you're
 kissing him
 the Howard
 Johnson
 toilet
 on the Garden
 State
 Parkway,
 the Long Island
 men's
 room
 in Freeport,
 I saw it
 in a Walt Disney
 cartoon
 once
 here
 you're gone
 today
 and all
 I ever
 wanted to do
 was to love you
 grasping at emptiness
 I've made so many mistakes
 in my life
 I only got 3 dollars in my pocket,
 I'm sitting in a car on an expressway
 in a traffic jam,

I like
 dirty
 sex
 I like
 dirty sex
 I like dirty sex,
 I like it
 when
 you
 cum
 when I'm pissing
 in your mouth
 I like it when you cum
 when I'm pissing in your mouth,
 and hot
 concrete
 road
 and hot concrete road
 and highway
 and highway
 and overpasses
 popping
 and overpasses popping,
 you haven't got
 anything
 to lose,
 cause nothing you've ever done
 has been any good
 big ego
 and hustle
 it's all over now, baby,
 and I don't know where

I like
 dirty sex
 I like it when you cum
 when I'm pissing in your mouth,
 and hot concrete road
 and highway
 and overpasses popping,
 you haven't got
 anything
 to lose,
 cause nothing you've ever done
 has been any good
 cause nothing you've ever done
 has been any good
 cause nothing you've ever done has been
 any good,
 big
 ego
 big ego
 big ego,
 and hustle
 and hustle
 and hustle,
 and it's all
 over now,
 baby
 it's all over now, baby,
 you haven't got anything
 to lose
 you haven't got anything to lose,
 and I don't know
 where
 the money
 comes from
 and I don't know where

the money comes from
 it's all going to end
 tomorrow
 three
 times
 today
 I dialed
 your number
 three times today
 I dialed your number
 three times today I dialed your number,
 you weren't
 there
 you weren't there
 you weren't there,
 I keep
 thinking
 about you
 I keep thinking
 about you
 I keep thinking about you,
 and I know
 you're a reflection
 of my mind
 and I know you're a reflection
 of my mind
 and I know you're a reflection of my mind,
 I'm lying
 down
 here
 on my bed
 I'm lying down here on my bed,
 thinking about
 when
 I'm going
 to see you
 thinking about when I'm going to see you,
 I'm going
 to say to you
 I'm going to say to you
 I'm going to say to you,
 don't think
 too much
 tonight,
 baby
 don't think too much tonight, baby,
 spend
 the night

the money comes from,
 and I don't know where the money
 comes from
 it's all
 going
 to end
 tomorrow
 it's all going to end
 tomorrow
 it's all going to end tomorrow,
 three
 times
 today
 I dialed
 your number
 three times today
 I dialed your number
 three times today I dialed your number
 you weren't
 there
 you weren't there,
 I keep
 thinking
 about you
 I keep thinking
 about you
 I keep thinking about you,
 and I know
 you're a reflection
 of my mind
 and I know you're a reflection
 of my mind
 and I know you're a reflection of my mind,
 I'm lying
 down
 here
 on my bed
 I'm lying down here on my bed,
 thinking about
 when
 I'm going
 to see you
 thinking about when I'm going to see you,
 I'm going
 to say to you
 I'm going to say to you
 I'm going to say to you,
 don't think
 too much
 tonight,
 baby
 don't think too much tonight, baby,
 spend
 the night

with me
spend
the night with me
spend the night with me,
stay
until
the break
of day
stay until the break of day,
share
this night
with me
share this night with me
in my arms
in my arms
in my arms,
I keep
looking
for the feeling
I lost
when
I lost you
I keep looking for the feeling
I lost when I lost you
I keep looking for the feeling I lost
when I lost you,
and it was
bullshit
and it was bullshit,
and now,
baby,
it's chickenshit
and now, baby, it's chickenshit,
we're sitting
on the green
couch
we're sitting on the green couch,
I'm hugging
you
I'm hugging you
I'm hugging you,
we're kissing
we're kissing,
I wish
I knew
how
to make
love
to you
I wish I knew how
to make love to you
I wish I knew how to make love to you,
when
I was in

spend the night with me,
stay until the break of day,
share this night with me
in my arms,
I keep looking for the feeling I lost
when I lost you,
and it was bullshit,
and now, baby, it's chickenshit,
we're sitting on the green couch,
I'm hugging you,
we're kissing,
I wish I knew how to make love to you,

Rome
Italy
when I was in Rome Italy,
fettuchini
alfredo,
Marion
Javits
give me
another
hit
of the popper
Marion Javits give me another
hit
of the popper,
you're not
going
to find
what you
want
in this bar
you're not going to find
what you want in this bar
you're not going to find what you want
in this bar,
you know
you're not
going to
find him
anywhere
you know you're not going
to find him anywhere
you know you're not going to find him
anywhere,
you're cruising
the baths
looking in
the dimly
lit
rooms
these guys
posing
for pornographic
pictures
I want
to make it
with you
I want to make
it with you
I want to make it
with you

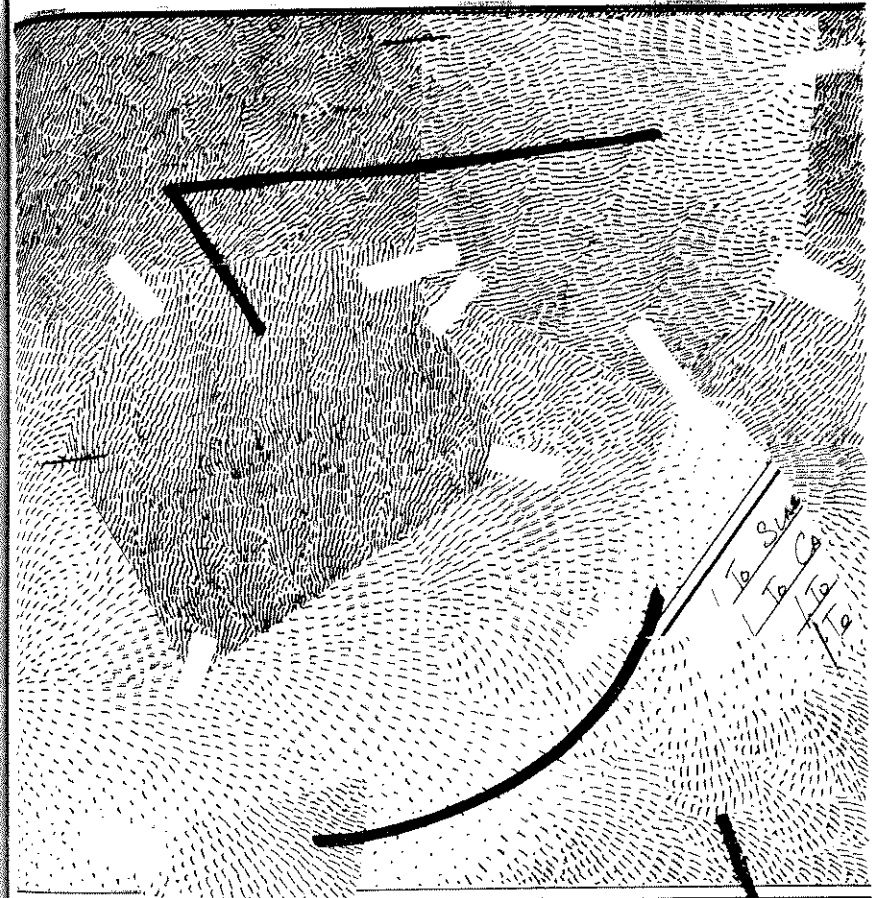
when I was in Rome Italy,
fettuchini
alfredo,
Marion Javits give me another
hit of the popper,
you're not
going
to find
what you
want
in this bar
you know
you're not
going to
find him
anywhere
you're cruising
the baths
looking in
the dimly
lit
rooms
these guys
posing
for pornographic
pictures
I want
to make it
with you
I want to make
it with you
I want to make it
with you

is mostly stoned on grass,
 listening
 to disco
 listening to disco
 listening to disco,
 aint no
 way
 I can
 live
 without you
 aint no way
 I can live without you
 aint no way I can live without you,
 standing
 right
 here
 standing right here,
 waiting
 on your return
 waiting on your return
 waiting on your return,

is mostly stoned on grass,
 listening
 to disco
 aint no way
 I can live without you
 standing
 right
 here
 waiting
 on your return

I just
 love
 to turn
 the FM
 radio
 to dancing
 music
 I just love to turn the FM radio
 to dancing music,
 get stoned
 get stoned
 get stoned,
 sip
 some vodkha
 sip some vodkha,
 and think
 and think
 and think
 and think

I just love to turn the FM radio
 to dancing music,
 get stoned
 sip some vodkha,



To CORRODE / TO LACERATE / TO SCARIFY / TO GUT
 TO DISRUPT / TO INCISE / TO PERCE / TO SPUR
 TO STIGMATIZE / SCRATCH / TO STRIATE / TO SPLIT / TO DISTURB
 TO CORRUPTATE / DISLOCATE / TO SEVER / TO ABSCHIND / TO PEEL
 TO SUNDER / TO CLEAVE / TO DIVELICATE / TO CAESURIZE
 TO CIRCUMCISE / TO REND / TO ETCH / TO BITE-IN / TO DRAW
 WITH A STYLUS / TO DO LIKE THIS

The Hard Machine

Alphonso F. Lingis Savages

TECHNIQUE

The original machine for electric convulsive therapy (ECT) was built by Bini. A large number of modifications has been recommended since, but many of the machines used are still based essentially on Bini's design. It consists primarily of a stop watch for time regulation to fractions of a second and of devices for measuring and regulating the current. Alternating current from electric light circuits having a frequency of 50 to 60 cycles is used. A volt-meter regulates the voltage to be applied. The original machine had a second low-voltage current circuit for preliminary measurement of the resistance of the patient's head. An automatic time clock or various time relays from 0.1 to 0.5 second or more interrupt the current after the desired length of time. Holzer devised an apparatus which generates rectangular alternating current, independent of any city current. Several workers use machines which permit the setting of the actual milliamperage to be allowed to flow through the patient's head. The reliability of this development is a matter of controversy, however. All the various machines on sale serve their purpose to produce convulsions. The simplest models seem to be the best for they are not complicated by many gadgets which are clinically unimportant and a frequent cause for breakdowns of the machine.

Of all that is savage about savages, the most savage is what these people, who construct nothing, who do not even labor the earth, who write nothing, do to themselves. They paint, perforate, tattoo, incise, circumcise, scarify, cicatrize themselves. They use their own flesh as so much material at hand for—what? We hardly know how to characterize it—art? inscription? sign-language? Or isn't all that more like hex signs? Aren't they treating themselves rather like the pieces of dikdik fur, bat's penis, warthog's tooth, hornbill bird's skull they attach to themselves? At any rate, it excites some dark dregs of lechery and cruelty in us, holding our eyes transfixed with repugnance and lust. Otherwise, a naked savage would be no more interesting than the baboons, sticking out their bare asses and genitalia as they scramble along, or the orangutangs, with their thin hair that doesn't soften or adorn and thus really doesn't cover over their gross bodyness.

The Mayas inserted the soft skull of a baby into a wooden mold at birth, which flattened back the forehead, and pushed the brain cavity out at the sides. They hung a stone in front of the baby's brow, so that it would become somewhat cross-eyed, a characteristic they found attractive. They perforated the earlobes, nostrils, lower lip, to insert wires, teeth of animals, beads, chains, rings. They filed the teeth, and inserted inlays of stone or obsidian into them. They clitoridectomized the girls and circumcised the boys, tattooed the penis and inserted pieces of bone and colored stones and rings into the flesh of the glans. They scarified the plane surfaces of the body, abdomen, breasts, buttocks, such that welts and raised warts covered the body, in rows and patterns. They left their fingernails and toenails grow into foot-long twisting useless claws. They pierced the nipples, and inserted

rings in them. In most of Africa circumcision and clitoridectomy—this inordinate involvement of the public in your private parts, this cutting into the zone of the most sensitive pleasure nerves and glands—is in fact the main ceremony; most of the songs, dances and instrumental playing the tourist who demands and pays for the maintenance of indigenous cultural forms in the neocapitalist African nations of today hears and sees are in fact songs about circumcision and clitoridectomy, dances these bizarre operations excite in the encampments in the bush. As in the dreamy equatorial paradise of Bali, the principle festivity, the high-point of Balinese social existence, is the sumptuous and hilarious cremations.

What we are dealing with is—to try to get scientific—inscription, graphics. In a prehistorical people. Where writing, where inscription, was not inscription on clay tablets, bark or papyrus, but in flesh and blood, and also where it was not yet historical, narrative. We could say it was not yet significant, not yet a matter of signs, marks whose role is to signify, to efface themselves before the meaning, or ideality, or logos. For here the signs count: they hurt. Before they make sense to the reader, they give pain to the living substrate. Who can doubt, after Nietzsche, after Kafka (*On the Genealogy of Morals*, II, *The Penal Colony*) that before they informed the understanding of the public their pain gave pleasure to its eyes?

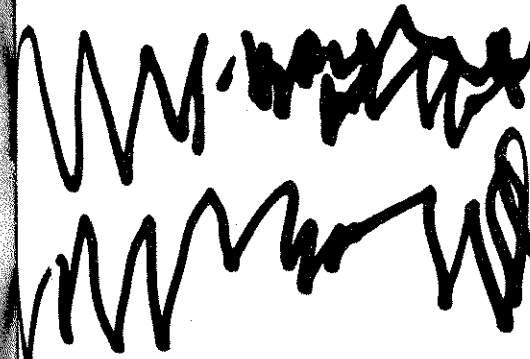
Moravia distinguishes between what he calls the psychological face, that of the African living in cities, already civilized, and the sculptured face of the African who lives in the bush. Italian bodies are expressive; they make, minute by minute, every part the exterior their bodies present into signs. But they do not scarify, cicatrize, clitoridectomize themselves, like savages. What they do is a work done on the surface layer by which it is made to connect up, not with the glandular secretions, digestive processes, flows of blood, fermenting gases, bile in the inner functional body, but rather with the intentions in the psychic depth. The surface figures, articulations, moves are made into a zone of systematic mediation between inward, depth, intentions and transcendent objects,

Several types of electrodes are in use. Metal strips on a mesh-work mounted on a rubber sponge were originally recommended because they permit the greatest adaptability to the shape of the patient's head, but simple metal discs may also be used. We still very definitely prefer Bini's forceps electrode in which the electrodes are mounted by movable articulations on a bearer system whose two arms act like the two blades of a large forceps. This type of electrode permits strong local pressure on the head and can be much more easily applied than electrodes fixed with rubber bands which slip off easily when the patient moves his head.

HANDLING OF THE PATIENT

The patient's position was dictated by the endeavor to prevent fractures, but the suggestions as to how to accomplish this are diverse. Many workers assumed that hyperextension is a suitable way to prevent vertebral fractures. Hyperextension of the spine was achieved by sandbags placed under the curvature of the middorsal spine, by especially constructed treatment tables, or by a surgical Gatch bed (Impastato and AImansi) in which the patient's back rests on the elevated part of the bed. We always considered it preferable to have the patient in a most relaxed and unrestrained position with moderate flexion of the spine. The shoulders are lightly held by one nurse in order to prevent extreme movements of the arms. The legs are not held at all since we saw two cases of severe fractures of acetabulum and femur obviously resulting from a too strong "protection" of the legs.

A mouth gag is necessary in order to prevent tongue bite. Unlike metrazol convulsions, not all patients open their mouths at the beginning of an electrically induced seizure, and it is safer to insert the gag before the treatment; the lips should be protected from getting between mouth gag and teeth. The mouth gag should be neither too hard nor too soft. We prefer a looplike mouth gag made of two rubber tubes, one within the other, covered with gauze. This prevents biting on the more precious



incisors. Protection of the teeth is an important problem which has found too little attention. In patients with loose teeth, and particularly those with only a few isolated teeth left, the powerful bite would concentrate on these few teeth. The use of muscle relaxants does not justify abolition of mouth gags because there is often sufficient strength left in the jaw muscles to endanger the teeth. Special mouth gags have been devised permitting oxygen supply through an opening in the mouth gag (Hard).

After the unmedicated convulsion, the therapist's attention should first be directed to the patient's respiration. A few artificial respiratory movements should be given immediately as a safety measure. If the patient is very cyanotic, oxygen can be given, but this is not indispensable. After regular respiration is secured, the patient must be watched so that he does not fall out of bed. Straps or sheets to tie him to his bed should be available in case the patient becomes assaultive in the postconvulsive state. This may increase his panic, but it is unavoidable when help is limited. No patient should get up until he is quiet and able to answer simple questions satisfactorily. Even when this is the case, the patient may still misinterpret the situation and become dangerous.

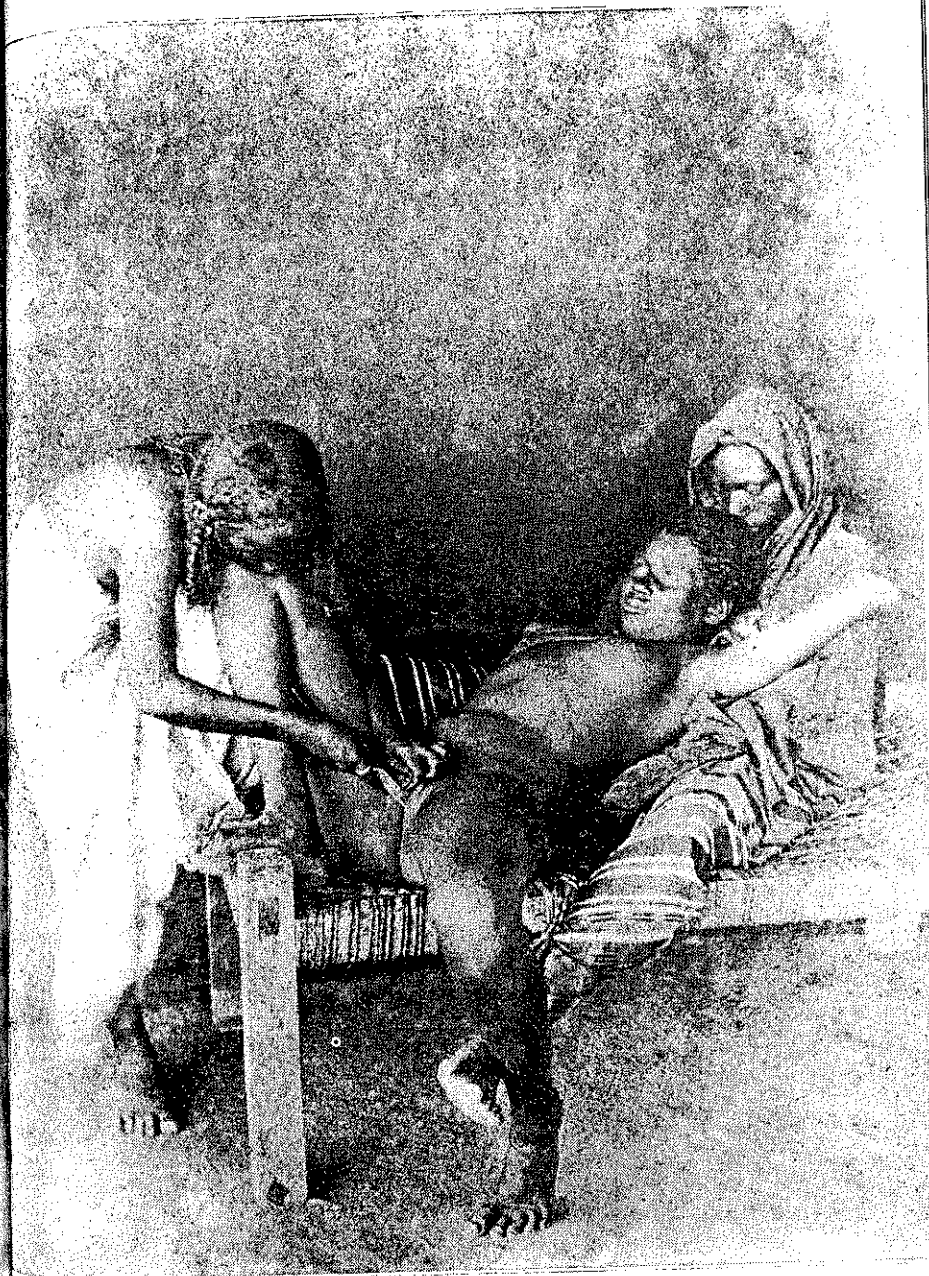
POST-CONVULSIVE EXCITEMENT

Some patients, particularly males, become dangerously assaultive, develop enormous strength, try to escape, run around and injure themselves, and may strike anyone who attempts to control them. This reaction is not specific for ECT; we have seen it every time in a patient having twenty consecutive convulsions produced partly by metrazol, partly by electric current. In some patients, excitement occurs only following the first treatments. It seems to be more frequent in patients who have a strong fear of the treatment. Individuals who show this response often have had similar experiences after general anesthesia during surgery or when they were intoxicated. Some workers have attributed diagnostic importance to the postconvul-



goals, landscapes of the world beyond. The surface is not laid out for itself; it is completely occupied by signs which simultaneously refract your gaze off into the street, into the horizon, into history where their signified referents are, and open in upon the psychic depth where the intentions are being formed. Whence this transparency of the Italian exterior; the cartilage and opaque, rubbery padding of blind flesh with all its lubricating and irrigating pores thins out; you see by looking at him how an Italian fits into the field of operations of the middle and high bourgeoisie, how he relates to a landscape of renaissance palaces, baroque churches, fascist imperial avenues, you see what he is thinking and what he wants. The way she plucks her eyebrows and he cuts his mustache, the signs she paints across her mouth in phosphorescent paint and the angle at which he braces up his cock in its pouch under his nylon swim trunks—all that has nothing to do with the tattooing and body painting and penis sheaths of savages. All that is civilized, *significant*.

These cicatrizations, these scarifications, these perforations, these incisions on the bodies of savages—they hurt. The eye that looks at them does not read them; it winces, it senses the pain. They are points of high tension; intensities zigzag across them, releasing themselves, dying away orgasmically, into a tingling of



sive behavior. Sargant and Slater felt that the true depressive generally remains quiet and pleasant, while the unrecognized schizophrenic may show suspicious and aggressive behavior. We cannot confirm this and feel that postconvulsive excitement bears no relation to the type of psychoses, but that personality traits and preformed patterns play definite roles. The most severe excitement was seen in a very good-natured patient who was a wrestler by profession and who, therefore, was accustomed to fight even in a half-conscious state. Treatment of this reaction is by intravenous injection of sodium amylal immediately prior to treatment. In ECT under anesthesia post-treatment excitement is only somewhat less frequent.

AMNESIA

Convulsive treatment is followed by amnesia which first includes a long time-period before the treatment and gradually diminishes to the events immediately prior to the treatment. Stengel demonstrated how the retrograde amnesia shrinks only very gradually, while Mayer-Gross, who studied this symptom experimentally, saw surprisingly short retrograde amnesia. This is more in accordance with our own experience. Something quite different is the patient's frequent amnesia for the entire psychosis (Badamer) or for one single delusion (Delay, Delmas-Marsalet). Observations regarding amnesia for the psychotic content are not uniform, and no conclusion of general validity can be drawn from them.

HOSPITAL

It is easy to establish a pleasant atmosphere in ECT units if those administering the treatment are aware of this problem. What we see in many treatment centers contrasts strangely with the opposite extreme of providing music as an aid to the patient in his experience with shock therapy. Price and Knous describe three different types of music which should be played during the three stages of preparing the patient for the treatment, for his return to consciousness and for

pleasure. In voluptuous torments, more exactly, and not in contentment, that is, comatose states of equilibrium. In intensive moments when a surface, surplus potential accumulates, intensifies, and discharges. The savage inscription is a working over the skin, all surface effects. This cutting in orifices and raising tumescences does not contrive new receptor organs for the depth body, not multiply ever more subtle signs for the psychic depth where personal intentions would be being formed; it extends the erotogenic surface.

Sure, it's a multiplication of mouths, of lips, labia, anuses, these sweating and bleeding perforations and puncturings, it's a proliferation of pricks, these scarifications, these warts raised all over the abdomen, around the eyes, these penis heads set with feathers and hair, these heads with hair tressed into feelers, antennae of beady and lascivious insects. The oral and anal phase not overcome, renounced, but deviated, the excitations gone to seed, running everywhere, opening up lips and sphincters all across the weaned body, lunatic like the sea, according to Nietzsche, rising up in a million lips to the full moon. The phallic dominion decentralized.

But what does one gain by all that? Isn't it civilized, efficient, to invest everything in your cock, and incorporate everything in your vagina? Isn't all the rest so much stupidity, savagery? What is more unnatural than a savage?

In fact the libidinal zone is perverse from the start, and is constituted in perversity. Freud finds it beginning as soon as life begins—but by a deviation. He does not see it in the sucking and in the pleasure of sucking, that is, the contentment of filling up and becoming a full sack of warm fluid. That is no more libidinally productive than the cactus roots drawing in the rain. He sees it in the slobbering, the drooling, in this surplus potential left on the surface, and from which the coupling derives a surplus pleasure. It is not the holding in, or the expelling of the shit that makes the dirty baby, it's the smearing it around. That is why, in our analysis, we can distinguish two processes, the production of the closed and sterile body without organs, full and contented, and the production of the libidinal excitations, the surface effects.

The white men, the electrical engineers and the geologists on contract, have their own view of the excitations and of the earth. They are Reichians by night, believing in total orgasm; they are, Derrida says, phalocrats. For them the penis is the drive shaft of the inner machinery of the body; it delivers the power. That's how it works. For whitemen know how things work, not like the jerk-offs in the bush. That's the productive attitude, or, more exactly, the reproductive. But isn't that what sex is really about, filling that hole with a man?

The savages don't seem convinced. Freud neither. An erection, it's true, that delivers the baby, but the fun is not in that. Libidinally, an erection extends the surface. And, of course, hardens it, concentrates the tension, for the voluptuous release. Opening up your labia, letting the vaginal fluids run, that of course delivers the egg. But the orgasms extend on the surface. When you get laid you get laid out. The Mobius band coils in on itself, but it's still all surface, inner face or outer face, it's all equivalent. The tensions dance. Ephemeral subjectivities, brief egos, throb and get consumed down there, in the flows.

And it is hard. What is comparable to that feeling tight under one's skin? That feeling of filling out, of compacting one's skin? Mishima contrasted vehemently the vague, visceral, dark inwardness of the intellectual, loose and amorphous under his skin, with that feeling (*Sun and Steel*). That phallic feeling. That Arnold Schwartzenecker feeling—of having a hard on everywhere, ankles, neck, everywhere, being a hard on, coming... That's the male denuding, on the beaches of Sylt, under the northern sun. The female is complementary.

It's not an erotogenic surface, spreading perversely its excitations over a closed body without organs beneath. It's body and soul one, nature and culture one, it's surface and depth one. It's the organism. A functional whole, coded from the inside.

And it's male, female. Human. Phallic. That is, the whole body organized, as a lack of the other. Which other? Alterity itself, the transcendent, the beyond? Shiva, Sita, Ngai, Agazu? Oh no, here we are *en famille*. For a mummy, for a big daddy. For Agamemnon, for Jocasta. For mummy, for daddy.

That—is civilized nudity. It is also capitalist nudity. *Der Spiegel* features it every week; it goes with the Leicas and the Porsches.

In short, there is, on the one hand, a going beyond the primary process libido to the organization man. The dissolute, disintegrated savage condition, with the perverse and monstrous extension of an erotogenic surface, pursuing its surface effects, over a closed and inert, sterile body without organs, one with the earth itself—this condition is overcome, by the emergence of, the dominion of, the natural and the functional. The sane body, the working body, free, sovereign, poised, whose proportion, equilibrium and ease are such that it dominates the landscape and commands itself at each moment. Mercury, Juno. Olympian ideal.

And, on the other hand, there has occurred a phallicization. Such a nakedness, healthy and sovereign, is at the same time nothing but the very image, the very presence of a lack. It calls for the other, for kisses and caresses, for the one that exists veritably qua lack-of-a-phallus. It cannot disrobe itself without

the rest period after the treatment. We are not opposed to such efforts, but the most important requirement is to avoid observation of the treatment by patients who are not only frightened themselves but through their reports contribute to the opposition against the treatment by others.

COMPLICATIONS

Complications in convulsive therapy were much publicized. They are still overemphasized by many psychiatrists. The recognized concept of *nil nocere* remains the basic concept for every physician, but it is not meant to lead to therapeutic nihilism. The surgeon does not refuse a necessary operation because of its impending risks. Since active therapy is available in psychiatry, it should be used for the benefit of many patients even though a few may develop undesirable complications. Fortunately, fatal complications in convulsive therapy are extremely rare.

We agree with Sargant and Slater's statement that mental disorders are as destructive as a malignant growth and far more terrible in the suffering they may cause. Risks are therefore justified. It is gratifying that the Pennsylvania Department of Justice, quoted by Overholser, expressed an opinion to the effect that ECT is of recognized value and, therefore, may be applied to mental patients without the consent of the patient or his family.

Fractures and Dislocations: The most frequent complications in convulsive therapy were fractures caused by muscular contraction. The types of fractures occurring in metrazol and ECT are essentially the same and, therefore, will be discussed together. They have in common the fact that they seem to occur during the first sudden muscular contraction when many observers had reported hearing the first cracking of a bone. The frequently sudden onset of artificial convulsions may explain why fractures occur in this treatment but are seldom seen in epileptics who customarily go slowly into the tonic phase of the convulsion. This is also substantiated by the fact that with the more sudden and lightning-like onset in metra-

zol convulsions, fractures are more frequent than in ECT. The delayed electric convulsion should, therefore, be the least likely to produce fractures, but delayed seizures are difficult to obtain due to inability to estimate the necessary dosage. Lately, we have made every effort to use threshold stimuli even if we have to repeat the stimulation two, three or more times in succession, in the hope of obtaining a slowly developing seizure. The application of a petit mal response, followed immediately by a second convulsive stimulus, is another useful measure as in this way the patient goes into the convulsion with a relaxed musculature. This procedure is especially desirable if the patient is very tense or struggles against the treatment.

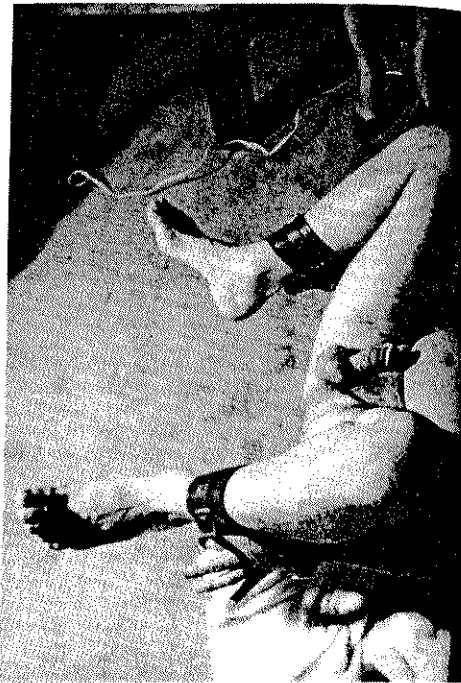
Hyperextension of the spine was recommended because the spine seems to bend forward during the convulsion. An important attempt to clarify this problem was made by Flordh, who demonstrated under x-ray control that the vertebral column during the treatment is not bent forward but compressed in a longitudinal direction. This mechanism would suggest that no position can diminish the danger of fractures.

Special treatment of these vertebral fractures is not indicated and will frighten the patient unnecessarily. Originally, orthopedic appliances were recommended but they are superfluous. Schmieder found that when treatment is continued after a few weeks, compressed vertebrae are more resistant to new damage than are healthy ones. We continued such patients and we have sometimes seen even the pain disappear during subsequent treatments.

Excerpted from: *Somatic Treatments in Psychiatry* by Lothar B. Kallnowsky, M.D. and Paul H. Hoch, M.D., Grune & Stratton

SHOCKED

In 1966, 1971 and 1974 I was a patient in Glen Eden in Warren, Michigan. I believe I was in the hospital between 1971 and 1974 also, however I have no memory of it due to my shock treatments. The exact dates can be obtained from hospital records.

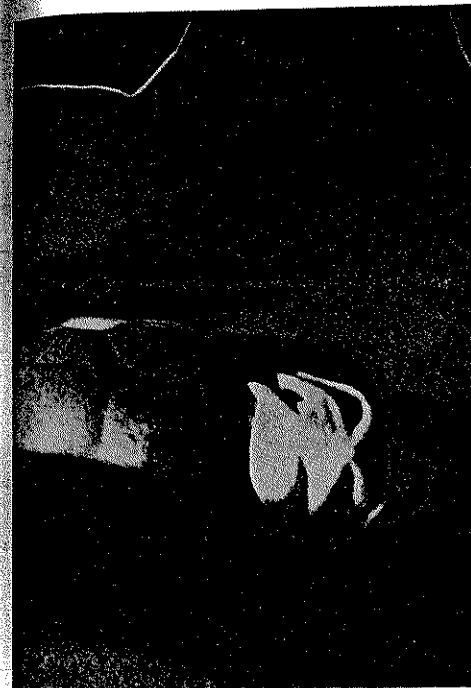


being that visible, palpable lack, that want. And through and through. We civilized ones feel not only a repugnance for the unnaturalness, the unhealthiness, the ugliness of that tattooed nakedness the savage affects; we find it puerile and shallow. The savage fixing his identity on his skin... Our identity is inward, it is our functional integrity as machines to produce a certain civilized, that is, coded, type of actions.

What then is this thing about savages? Who, instead of taking that train to the beaches of Syt, flies off to the savages—with a ton and a half of gear, shipped air freight? Very civilized people, no? Capitalists...

To be sure, capitalism goes everywhere, and goes to the savages too, to capitalize on them. The hour is late, in history; savagery cannot go on for much longer. It's the lot of savages to get civilized. To get despoitized, first, tyrannized. Then colonized. Then civilized. Priests go to them, and colonels, on a mission, and executive managers, on safari. In short, capitalists, to civilize them.

But there are also some few nuts—schizophrenics—themselves highly civilized and capitalized, who go



to them, in order to go back to or forward to savagery! Whose libido is such that that is what turns them on.

But they are the nuts of capitalism. Extra parts, surplus products produced by capitalist means of production.

For capitalism is the stage in which all the excitations, all the pleasures and the pains produced on the surface of life are inscribed, recorded, fixed, coded on the transcendent body of capital. Every pain costs something, every girl at the bar, every day off, every hangover, every pregnancy; and every pleasure is worth something. The abstract and universal body of capital fixes and codes every excitation. They are no longer, as in the bush, inscribed on the bare surface of the earth. Each subjective moment takes place as a momentary and singular pleasure and pain recorded on the vast body of capital circulating its inner fluxes. Kant understood this when he wrote, in *The Metaphysical Principles of Virtue*, that a man, as a sensuous being, is a commodity whose "skill and diligence in labor have a market value; wit, lively imagination, and humor have a fancy value...." but that money, which purchases all that, and measures its value, and which is abstract and independent of its ma-

In 1966 I went because I was depressed with family problems and wanted marriage counseling. I saw a psychiatrist, Dr. Morris Goldin, whose name I obtained from Catholic Social Services. Dr. Goldin told me that there was nothing wrong with my marriage; that I was emotionally sick and should sign myself in to Glen Eden. I did this because I respected him and believed him to be an authority on mental health. He told me that I should have shock treatment and that it would not hurt me or my unborn child (I was four months pregnant). He did not warn me of the dangers of shock treatment and I believe it was given to me without informed consent. I had them on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for one month until my Blue Cross Coverage ran out at which point he recommended to my husband that I be transferred to Pontiac. I am independent by nature but became very scrambled and compliant after the treatment. When my husband took me home I was bordering on catatonic. I would stare at the wall for hours. He would have me hold our newborn baby and slap my face gently to try to snap me out of it. We had to hire a woman because I could not take care of house or function. Through the efforts of my husband and myself, in one year I became better again.

In 1971 my father died and my marriage was falling. I decided to get a divorce and was feeling down. My husband talked me into going back to Dr. Goldin and I agreed to do it to try to save our marriage. Again I asked for a marriage counselor. Dr. Goldin said I should have more shock treatment which I did until my insurance ran out again and I went home. For three years I couldn't work or watch TV. I had to drop out of college. My memory was seriously damaged. I used flashcards to learn to speak English well again; as there were many words which I simply did not know anymore. As an amateur writer I found this very distressing. Many books that I have read are unknown to me now; as are some neighbors, friends and many events. What I regret very much, is the loss of many, many precious memories of my children growing up—I simply don't

have them. Seven years of my existence are almost wiped out. I had believed that my mental illness was the source of my trouble. Now I realize that the shock treatments I had nearly destroyed me.

AFFIDAVIT

September 18, 1976

I, Jean Rosenbaum, M.D., of P.O. Box 401, Durango, Colorado 81301 do hereby attest that the following statements made by me are true and accurate to the best of my knowledge:

That I am currently the Director of Child Development and Family Guidance Institute in Durango, Colorado.

That I have resided in Durango since May, 1972.

That when I moved to Durango, I was in the process of retiring, but due to the demands of numerous physicians and consumers, and due to their multiple complaints about mental health services in this area, I agreed to open a limited practice offering options to the current treatment modalities being used in Durango.

That in the process of establishing this practice, it was forcibly brought to my attention a number of complaints about excessive use, misuse, and abuse of electro convulsive therapy (ECT) in the community.

That I investigated these complaints and found many cases where the complaints were valid.

That Dr. Howard Winkler is the only psychiatrist in Durango who uses ECT.

That when I was asked by Dr. Winkler in 1972 to cover his hospital practice, I refused, as this would have put me in collusion to practice that which I considered to be unethical medicine.

That in the process of further investigation, I came to know Rodney Barker, editor of the *Animas Journal*, in 1975. Independently of my interests, Rod was investigating complaints about excessive use of ECT in Durango.

That to my personal knowledge, he contacted the following agencies in order to obtain documentation: Mercy Hospital, Durango; State Department of In-

stitutional, paper or metal, tokens, is of preeminent value. At this advanced stage of capitalism, one has lost a lot of regional, territorial, civil, professional identities; one is finally more and more a pure succession of pleasures and pains, of surface moments of subjectivity, forming and disintegrating at the surface where there are intensive couplings with what the flux of capital washes by.

The human, phallic protest is in reality a last-ditch expedient. This effort to congeal into a unit, a functional whole, and maintain that by one's own efforts, in the universal gym and on the bicycle that you ride without going anywhere, in your bathroom. And by this form of identity to be something someone needs. Not capitalism, of course, which just needs hands, and brains. Someone, a human being. A woman, lack of a phallus. A man, bearer of a phallus.

It's a little discouraging, after all these years, to realize that the problem boils down to that of the one and the many, more exactly, of the nature of the identity involved in subjectivity. The arithmetical solution seemed the simplest, to the Western mind; ascribe everything to a transcendental ego. What one has, in the air-conditioned bedroom, is an entity: a man, a woman. A phallic machine, coupled on to a woman, a womb. The subject, to which this complex, but everywhere lined up, operation is predicated, the subject which is affected by it all and contented with it all, is a unit, a transcendent selfsameness. It's behind everything, the information-seat, it's under everything, the support or substrate.

But let's try, now, to see things from the libidinal point of view, where the egos are multiple and superficial, surface effects. They form at the couplings, where an excess potential develops. A mouth, it's adjustable. It can couple on to a nipple—or a bottle, or a thumb. A hand can curl around a breast, or an arm, or another hand, or a penis. An ear is an orifice in which you can insert mother's or lover's babble, or a finger, or a penis, or a cheetah's tooth. A baby in a buggy, a savage in the bush, proceeds by bricolage, and not by blueprint. As long as the inner sack is filled, what does it matter? The body without organs is profoundly indifferent to these surface couplings. No ego still burns in the suffocating morass down in there, in that, Id. The moments of subjectivity, of pleasure tormented with itself, of torment incandescent with itself, are all on the surface.

As a result the egos that form are not necessarily of the male, lack of a vagina, form, and of the female, lack of a penis, form. There are lips sucked out on my thighs—places where the green mamba kissed me, and these incisions that remain, to mark the pain and the pleasure. The couplings multiply, extend the libidinal zone. They leave their marks, so that one can return to them, or, more exactly, so that an egoism can take pleasure at these points where tensions accumulate,

can consume that surplus energy. We have to not only fasten our attention to these multiple and unstable erotic identities, which requires a certain discipline so that we do not slide back into our civilized habit of just ascribing everything to some ineffable, transcendental, but simple, selfsame ego activating everything. We also have to try to maintain that strange neoplatonic logic of identity involved in the Id, in the closed and full vesicle whose membrane is irritated and inscribed by these excitements, and which is all closed in itself, inert and sterile, and yet is indistinguishable from dirt, from the closed body of the earth itself—like the One in Plotinus from which emanates another one, which cannot get out of it enough to make two. These cuts and scars on the face of a Yoruba are the claw-marks of Agazu, but they are not just zones of his body destroyed by the totemic leopard, for they are his pleasure and his pride and his very identity. He arises, out of this coupling, as the one that was strong enough to be chosen by, and to hold the embrace of, the leopard. And this identity, this subjectivity, is not just attached to the physiological unit of this Yoruba male, it is attached to the leopard land. What social security identity, by number, can compare with this identity born in pain and pleasure, voluptuous identity?

It belongs to the nature of graffiti not to pay heed to borders, to spread right over obstacles, to make walls of different angles, doors, openings all the support of one inscription that pursues itself. The inscription extends the erotogenic surface.

It is also a first codification of desire. Not coding in the sense that the operation of every machine, of every gene and cell carries its own code, by which its operations are internally determined. Codification in the sense of conventionalization, socialization. But this socialization is already oppression, forced from the outside but working within by repression.

We said that these incisions, these welts and raised scars, these graphics, are not signs; they are intensive points. They do not refer to intentions in an inner individual psychic depth, not to meanings or concepts in some transcendent beyond. They reverberate one another. But they are lined up. Warts and scarifications in rows, in circles, in swastikas, in zigzags.

What is the nature of the system involved? These are, for the most part, not representations. The Japanese art of tattooing pictures of animals, people and landscapes on the body belongs to civilization and not to savagery. But the patterns of marks are also not governed by a logical grammar. Thus we have to fix the level at which inscription is neither representational, pictogrammic, commanded by sensuous originals, nor alphabetical, made to correspond to phonic originals, nor ideogrammic or logical, corresponding to a conceptual order, to ideal

stitutions (Colorado); State Department of Social Services (Colorado); and Colorado Foundation for Medical Care.

That he was refused information on all public cases, without exception.

That one such case that was brought to my attention was that of X.

A letter of authorization was obtained from her by me to examine her medical records on or about February 18, 1976. I examined her records of a psychiatric hospitalization at Community Hospital, Durango.

That in studying these records, I observed that an informed consent agreement was not filled out by the patient. Neither was a separate informed consent agreement filled out or signed by the patient.

That I further observed that the administration of ECT did not coincide with the diagnosis of the patient. She was originally admitted to Community Hospital with the diagnosis of a personality disorder of an hysterical type, a diagnosis for which ECT is absolutely counter-indicated according to the guidelines for use of ECT as provided by the American Psychiatric Association.

That she was readmitted to the hospital one month later with a change of diagnosis to severe depressive reaction, asthmatic bronchitis, and thyroid disorder. There was no history of either of these medical conditions. Also, both of these conditions would rule out the use of ECT. She received a series of six (6) shocks at this time. Shortly thereafter, she made a suicide attempt.

That subsequently, I was refused access to these records by the hospital administration, and furthermore, denied a copy of said records.

That in the process of investigating the numerous unethical psychiatric practices in Durango, I discovered that they were widespread throughout the country.

That as a result of this, I recently resigned my seventeen year membership in the American Psychiatric Association, as this organization has consistently refused to take a stand against fully recognized members who daily and on a massive basis, violate the ethics of medicine.

That I have also observed

many other cases of misuse of ECT, including its administration to children in Durango.

That I have no motivation of a monetary nature, as I am financially independent and in the process of retirement.

That I have become a member of the Citizen's Commission on Human Rights for the purpose of eradicating unethical psychiatric practices in this area and this state.

Research Contributions by the Citizen's Commission on Human Rights.

PSYCHIATRY EVALUATED

John Suggs,

Appellee

v.

J. Edwin LaVallee,
Superintendent
Clinton State Correctional
Institution,

Appellant.

KAUFMAN, Chief Judge: (concurring)

I concur in Judge Oakes' meticulous and well-reasoned opinion. I would merely add that his painstaking exposition of the unfortunate details of Suggs's "coming of age" points to an emerging and highly significant problem in the law, namely, the troubled relationship between the vagaries of psychiatric evaluation and the difficulties of judicial determinations of incompetence. At the time of Suggs's plea, before one could be deemed incompetent to stand trial in New York, a judicial finding was required that he was in "such a state of idiocy, imbecility or insanity as to be incapable of understanding the charges against him or the proceedings, or of making his defense..." New York Code of Crim. Proc. §662-b(1) (McKinney Supp. 1970).

Of course, psychiatrists are invariably enlisted to aid in such determinations. Yet, psychiatry is at best an inexact science. If, indeed, it is a science, lacking the coherent set of proven underlying values necessary for ulti-

mate decisions on knowledge or competence. It is suited, as it should be, to the diagnoses of illness or maladjustment for the purposes of treatment. Judges, on the other hand, while provided with a set of determinate values through the development of legal principles, simply lack the expertise to apply meaningful standards in individual cases. And, unfortunately, because of the imprecision of the norms in this area, much is lost in the translation from psychiatrist to judge or jury, between diagnosis and decision. This problem is even more striking where an individual is found not guilty by reason of insanity. There, the absence of a coherent psychiatric notion of volition and of workable legal standards results. It has been repeatedly claimed, in the administration of ad hoc justice.

Throughout his tortuous ten year history in the courts and in the psychiatric clinics, John Suggs was—and still is—a victim of our inability to deal adequately with this dilemma. It is clear from the record that his behavior is bizarre and destructive, and that he has never had much more than a tenuous grasp on reality. Perhaps Dr. Messinger's assessment of his condition as "emotionally unstable, with depressive and paranoid trends" is correct; perhaps Dr. Lubin's diagnosis of his condition of "schizophrenia" may be more accurate. Fortunately, we need not reassess the medical testimony. Judge Duffy, who considered Suggs's complete psychiatric history for the first time, was clearly correct in his decision to redetermine the issue of Suggs's competence at plea, and his findings have ample support in the record. Yet, one cannot help but have the gnawing uncertainty, in deciding after ten years that civil commitment proceedings might be appropriate, whether both judges and psychiatrists have led Suggs on a long day's journey into night.

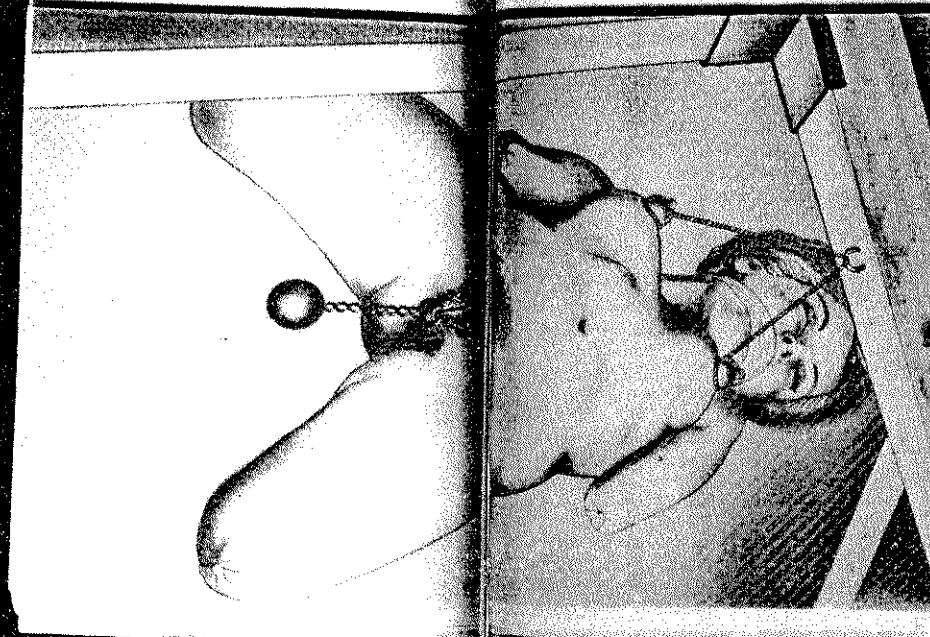
UNITED STATES
COURT OF APPEALS
FOR THE SECOND CIRCUIT

No. 137—September Term, 1977
(Argued September 2, 1977
Decided January 21, 1978)
Docket No. 77-2053

up and called for Mundt and Lucas to come at once. When he banged down the receiver again, he turned and glared at her in contempt. "I can see you still have a long way to go! You enjoyed that, didn't you? You enjoyed the come in your mouth?" he cried in a high, tight voice. "You aren't supposed to enjoy things, you cunt! You are supposed to do your job correctly. I'm going to teach you a lesson you will never forget!"

Sylvia was lying on her side on the carpet, shivering in fear as the two men arrived. They walked over to her and picked her up, dragging her across the room and down the hall to the bathroom. They locked the door and sobbed.

"I'm going to handle this one myself," he muttered darkly. "If it's the last thing I do, I am going to cure this cunt of her God damn stupidity and self-centered attitude! Mundt and Lucas held her tightly in their grasp as Belasco fitted a silken gag around her mouth, muttering about not wanting to hear her stupid screaming. He tied the scarf tightly and the young woman could do nothing but mumble frantically, her voice completely muffled by the scarf.



Bernard-Henri Lévy

The Argentine 'Model'

Robert Guidice, 50 years old, a merchant by trade, lives on Paraguay Street. He asked to see me, and despite my reservations, insisted that I print his name. He sat before me, slouched in an armchair, and I had the strange impression that while he was speaking to me, he neither saw nor heard anything. He was nothing more than a hollow, monotonous voice, narrating anonymously and absent-mindedly. It was nonetheless his own story that he came to tell me. An atrocious and unbelievable story of a "living-death".

It all began a year ago, one winter night, when a group of men broke into his house on Paraguay Street. Everyone was herded into the dining room: Guidice and his wife, their oldest daughter, age twenty-two, and the three small children, ages eight, nine, and eleven. She was the one for whom these unknown men had come. The next day, when Guidice went to the police, they at first refused to register his writ of habeas corpus. "Your daughter", they told him, "has undoubtedly been kidnapped by an unofficial group. We'll find her sooner or later, but only if you keep your mouth shut and take your misfortune patiently."

Months went by, cast in an unimaginable atmosphere. Periodically, a policeman would come by to collect five or ten thousand pesos in exchange for meager, useless bits of information. One

forms. They are, we said, lined up with one another, the duplication is lateral, in the same plane. Penises and fingers, vaginal, oral and anal orifices repeating themselves. The repetition across time of intensive discharges of which they are the centers gives rise to a repetition of intensive centers across space. But putting it that way is to speak as though we have a time and a space already given a priori, in which the excitations occur, repeating themselves and projecting new sites for themselves. In fact it is the pulse of intensification and discharge that is the first form of a moment in life, and the libidinal impulses first mark out, or temporalize, a time made of moment upon moment. And it is the incision and tumescence of new intensive points, pain-pleasure points, that first extends the erotogenic extension. What we have, then, is a spacing, a distributive system of marks. They form not representations and not signifying chains, but figures, figures of intensive points, whose law of systematic distribution is lateral and immanent, horizontal and not transverse. This Nuba belly is a chessboard or pinball machine; there are places marked, fixed, but each place communicates laterally with further places, and the ball you shoot into it can jump in any direction from any place, according to the force with which it spins.

So far we have been envisaging the inscription purely as productive. By its material operation—by the incisions, the scarification—and by its systematic distributive spacing—which proceeds by repetition and divergence—it extends the erotogenic surface, produces a place or a plane productive of pleasurable torments, of voluptuous moments of subjectivity. But these very same intensive points now become demands, appeals. For something, someone, absent. They become marks for another, they form the gaping openness of a demand, a want, a desire, a hunger. They have not yet become signs—for what they refer to is not something ideal, transcendent meaning, but another intensive point; these scarifications, these raised hardnesses on the pliable flesh call for another's eye, another's touch, finger, nipple, tongue, penis. The reference becomes a lack, and its direction unilateral.

As I say, this is not yet a semiotic system. Yet it is out of this kind of distributive movement of inscription that the differentiated material for a semiotic system will be taken, and on this purely lateral and libidinal function of craving and want that the intentional reference of signs will be developed.

What is disturbing is the reversal we find here: an intensive mark, produced by voluptuous pain and productive of pleasurable torments, becomes a point of lack, demand, and craving. But there has not been a dialectical reversal, from potential to craving, from positive to negative. They are both there, in something

less than a synthesis. There has occurred a kind of depression, a hollowing out, such that the force and excitement of an intensity, productive of an egoism, a local and intensive subject to consume it, becomes now the force of a craving for another, becomes a demand for, an appeal to another. This depression is the very locus of repression and oppression; here is the vortex where the explosive libidinal excitations are repressed, and where the force of oppression by the social body invests the singular one. Here begins the breeding of the herd animal, a form of life in which every impulse is felt as a want, in which every excitement, every libidinal intensity that produces a moment of subjectivity, appeals to the herd. The ephemeral singularity of subjectivity becomes intrinsically gregarious; the human animal becomes socialized.

Nietzsche wrote that only the least and worst part of our life becomes conscious, that is, gets verbalized, gets put into signs. But more profoundly it is all our impulses, all our libidinal intensities productive of moments of subjectivity, that get transformed into signs, that is, into wants, demands addressed to another, appeals made to another. A subjectivity completely made of impulses, we become a bundle of needs, of wants, servile animals, consumers. The force of the libidinal excitations becomes the sniveling need to be loved. All our productive forces, all the surplus excitement produced on the libidinal surface, only serves to bind us into herds of animals that need one another. The intensive surface of our life is exposed to the public eye, not to the eye that feels and caresses, that is pained and exhilarated, but to the judging eye, the eye that appraises and evaluates, rewards, redeems, and blames, culpabilizes. The eye that makes human animals ashamed of their nakedness.

But these must not be taken as successive operations. There is a kind of inscription that decrees, condemns and punishes—all at once. Kafka depicted it in *The Penal Colony*: the punishment is to be strapped into the machine that cuts into living flesh, engraving on the prisoner himself, and thereby making known for the first time, both the sentence and the law itself.

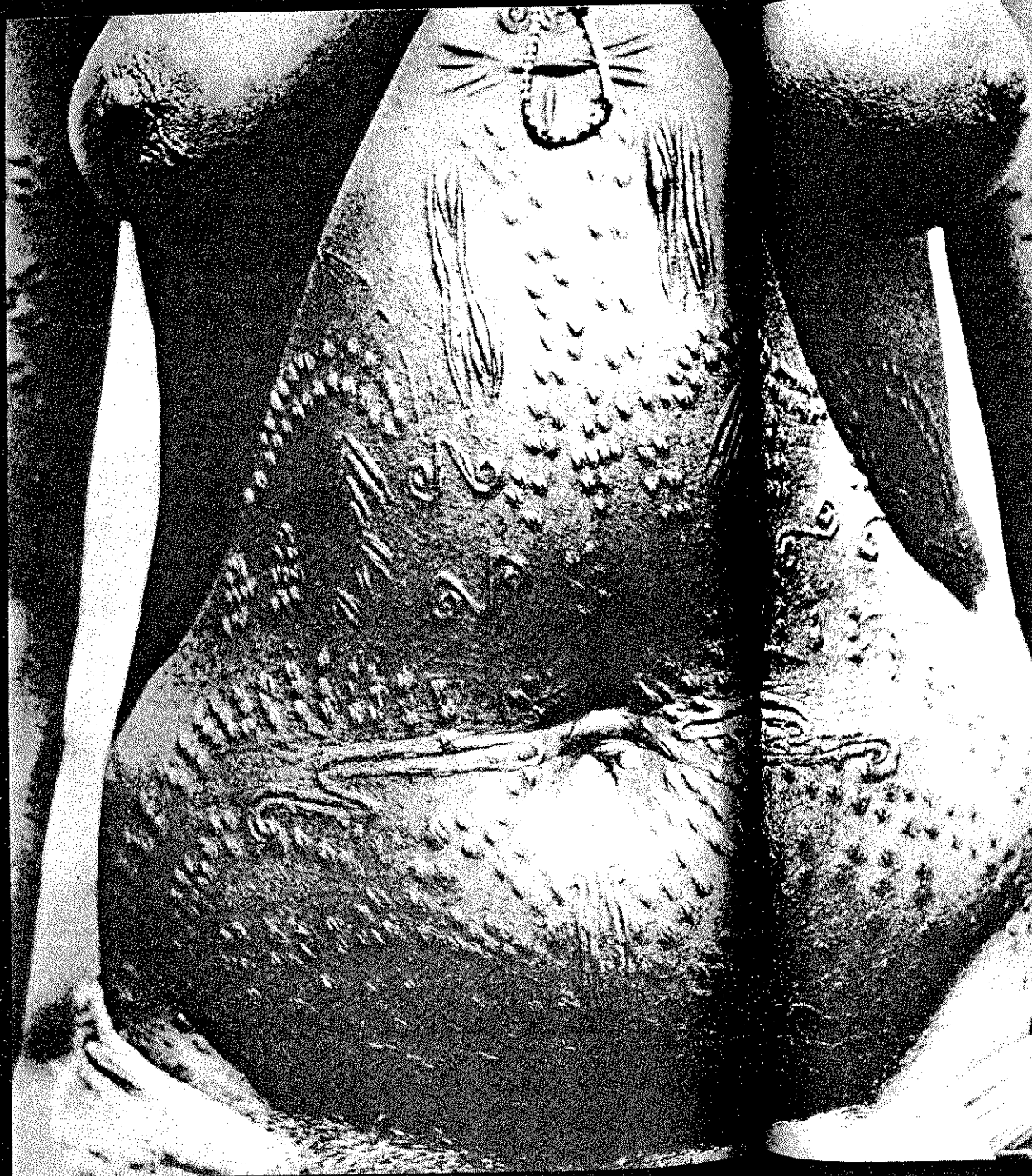
This kind of machine, contrived in the bush, is especially circumcision and clitoridectomy. Their supremely public character is essential to them, and contrasts with the scarification, cicatrization and tattooing one warrior, one woman, does on another. They appear, we already noted, as the high-point of the tribal self-celebration, and efforts to abolish them, by missionaries, shepherds of foreign herds, or by public health officials, are resisted vehemently, as though the very existence of the tribal bond itself were at stake. Circumcision and clitoridectomy, done at 12 to 14 years, and without anaesthesia or hygiene, is an extremely painful torture, done by the public in one's most sensitive and pleasure-producing zone. This in-

day, however, on the verge of a breakdown and in desperation, Guidice broke down, and without warning, decided to contact the Ecumenical Commission for Human Rights. There was an immediate reaction; one week later he was kidnapped, and led blindfolded to a deserted house in the suburbs of the capital. There, he was reunited with his daughter, now unrecognizable, emaciated, almost toothless; her body was covered with wounds, and she was severely burned on the neck, breasts and stomach, by electrodes.

At this point the nightmare resumed before his very eyes, the eyes of a father, drowned in sadness and despair. A rat was inserted through the young girl's vagina into her stomach. As a result, she died. Can we say that Guidice, who was freed shortly thereafter, is really alive today?

It was clear to me that thousands of these tragedies have taken place within the past two years. An architect from Rosario told me that there isn't one Argentinian who hasn't been directly or indirectly involved at least once. And nevertheless it is very rare for anyone to spontaneously talk about it. It's difficult even to mention the subject without watching the most friendly face instantly freeze. No, no one knows. . . No one wants to talk about it. . .

Generally speaking, the terror in Argentina isn't as massively and indecently evident as we so willingly imagine from afar. It is an infinitely more diffuse, capillary, and cloistered system. X, who knows more than a little bit about it, even claims to have learned the skill at the beginning of his career, within the walls of the famous Marine Academy. "Here, the prisoners are assigned to small, very mobile units. They are never tortured for long in the same place. The same goes for the torturers; they are never allowed to torture for a long time, nor do they return to the same prisoners. Everyone circulates ceaselessly. Sometimes, we too have had enough. So, they don't give us the chance to get to know one another very well, to get together and talk about it." There are none of Pinochet's concentration camps, no packed stadiums; only small



cision pronounces and inscribes the sentence by which the public disposes of the individual. It is at the same time the means by which the law itself, the prohibition and oppression that is the essence of the gregarious order, is made known and comes to exist.

It is an operation that makes libidinal impulses into desire and want, through castration. For the circumcision castrates the male of the labia about his own penis, and the clitoridectomy castrates the female of her penis. It is through castration of the natural bisexual that the social animal is produced. The marks now become signs, by which the intensive zones of one refer to, need, another. A memory, a mind, is being produced for the fugitive and capricious unconscious of the libidinal animal; and nothing was more cruel, more painful, Nietzsche wrote, than the mnemotechnics by which the savage animal gave itself a mind, a memory in which singular excitations are transformed into intrinsically generic signs.

The German nudity is beautiful. With a beauty that is not just skin deep. This nakedness does not expose a skin claiming to be attractive by the scars, welts, incisions, inscriptions covering it. No, the German nakedness celebrates the naturalness, what a German is by virtue of being born healthy and Aryan and vigorous, the beauty that is not decorative, rococo, but functional. The Bauhaus body, with broad ribs and biceps heroic, and proportion too, for that means poise, agility, freedom in movement. The body built: power, and delineation, that is, all the articulations of that power clear and distinct, and proportion. Breasts full and firm, thighs pivoting and loose, for moving on her own, and for strip tease dancing. A male on his own, a female on her own. This nudity, and this beauty, and this naturalness exposes a body integral and functional, where the exposed exterior is one with the functional inner axes and drive shafts.

It's hard, though, to believe in all that. Where, after all, on the planet are still more human beings needed? All that is just a game, isn't it, on the already overcrowded beaches of Sylt? Capitalism looks on it with a kindly eye; coupled up with the Mercedes and the Nikons, it helps sell.

But away from the beaches, what gets produced is—at the limit—someone without real human or phallic identity, not *male*, not *woman*, not human, someone without central or functional identity, a certain extension of erotogenic surface, couplings with superfluous and surface things, with Suzukis, with Nikonos cameras, with Scuba tanks; with parasailing parachutes, with which there is produced the pleasure of driving, of consuming the miles, of covering the earth, of floating adrift in the sea, of being dragged through the sky. These couplings with the elemental do not feed into, do not serve the functional inner machinery of the working body. They are surplus poten-

houses, cellars and apartments, a total of sixty for all of Buenos Aires, dispersed throughout the suburbs. Floating torture centers, like the "Bahia Aguirre". In short, a kind of archipelago whose geography grows more and more elaborate.

Thus, it is not rare that in order to create confusion and to cover up the traces, small groups of prisoners are transferred, without apparent reason, from one center to another. Sometimes, two or three of them are set free at the door of the prison only to be immediately picked up by a new team who take them away to a new center. Prison administration can then point to the records showing that the missing persons left their units safe and sound. Even though at that very moment, they are again on their knees in some clandestine cellar being tortured . . .

To this day, Latin America has had the sad privilege of embodying the terrors of a particularly omniscient state. Nevertheless, the continent under Videla is being modernized and new fear accompanies the newly equipped and technologically trained police who operate in the shadows, in silence. Compared to the long tradition of tropical fascism, it is perhaps this innovation which makes for the originality of the "Argentine Model".

Excerpted from *Le Nouvel Observateur*, June 5, 1978

Torture in Argentina

They immediately put cotton over my eyes and bound them with masking tape so that I would not see their faces. But since the cotton became quickly soaked, I was able to see by throwing my head back. I realized that we were in a house and not in a military camp as they wanted me to believe. I was also able to see a young man who was despairingly crying. I moved closer to talk to him when our guards had left us alone for a moment and I learned that at the marine Academy they had tortured his wife in a terrifying manner; they cut off her hands at the wrists with a hacksaw, causing a hemorrhage so great that

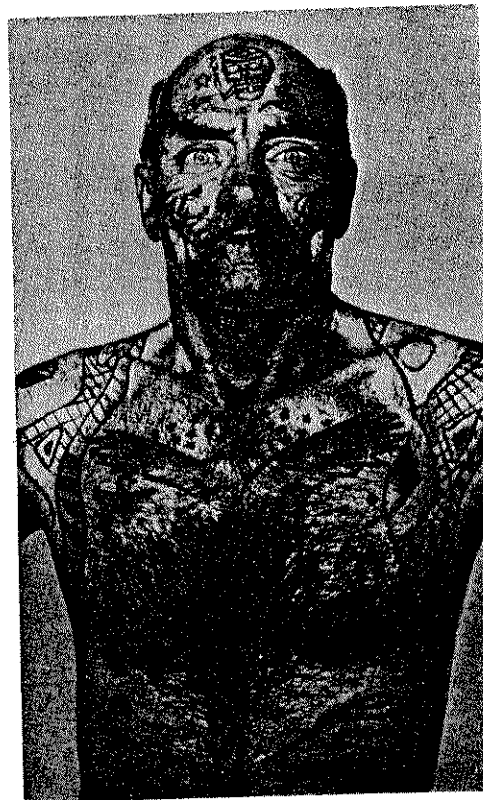
tial, accumulating on the surface, consumed by local and momentary egoisms. What is beneath, what is the full and sated body upon whose surface they effervesce? An anonymous, sterile and inert body, a certain stock whose worth is determined by the universal body without organs of capital, which measures everything and distributes all the pleasures and pains. Itself just a fund of capital, then. This kind of dehumanized, dephallicized, insignificant . . . entity is the final product of capitalism. I was going to say: this kind of subjectivity—but what there is here is not a subjectivity, but a split, fragmented, dismembered, disintegrated field of momentary subjectivities, forming in pleasure and pain. Schizophrenicized subjectivity.

And it is this kind of schizo personality that goes off to the savages. Not to live with them as among brothers and sisters. Not to find real men, and real women, finally, to fill up that aching hole, that phallic lack you have made of yourself. But to feel the sun in the empty savanna, to stand in antedeluvian landscapes unmarked by all history, malignant bush country, whitish plains without contour or dimensions where there is nothing moving but the termites and the tsetse flies, the squalor of eternity.

And to collect pictures, some beads and neck hangings, some fetiches, some warhog's teeth, to stick in your mouth, to suck, and to get in some hours flying a private two-seater over the Mountains of the Moon, parasailing alongside the Indian Ocean, scuba-diving in equatorial waters. Putting together your own pleasure chains, out of the debris of civilization, not according to its codes, by bricolage. Like savages do.

But driven by a libido that wants to wander off to the land where there are those who are kissed by the green mamba, who are strong enough to be chosen by, and to hold the embrace of, the leopard.

—February, 1978
Kenya



she died within a few minutes. He had also seen them cut a woman in two, from her vagina to her head. And because he saw this, they were going to kill him also. I was so terrified that I dragged myself far away from him and spoke to him no more, so horrified was I by his account.

I remained there several days, night and day haunted by the cries of those being tortured. Finally, I was set free. They drove me into the city, blindfolded and hooded, insulting me and shouting all the while that the next time, they would treat me with less tenderness—they would kill me right away. Then they left me.

—Translated by Tom Gora

Testimony of Ema Parafiorito, recorded by the Argentine Commission on Human Rights.

Academic Approach to Torture

Mr. Mitrione, head of the United States Agency for International Development's public safety program in Montevideo, was killed by Uruguay's Tupamaro guerrillas following his kidnapping in 1970. At the time, the State Department denied charges by leftists that Mr. Mitrione had participated in the torture of political prisoners.

"If you ask me whether any American official participated in torture, I'd say yes, Dan Mitrione participated," Mr. Hevia said at a news conference. "If you ask me whether there were interrogations, I'd say no, because the unfortunate beggars who were being tortured had no way of answering because they were asked no questions. They were merely guinea pigs to show the effect of electric shock on different parts of the human body.

Mr. Hevia, who attended high school at Watertown, Conn., in the early 50's and speaks perfect English, said that the interrogation courses brought by Mr. Mitrione involved the use of electric shocks, special chemicals and modern psychological techniques against detainees.

"The special horror of the course was its academic, almost clinical atmosphere," he recalled. "Mitrione was a perfectionist. He was coldly efficient, he insisted on economy of effort. His motto was: 'The right pain in the right place at the right time.' A premature death, he would say, meant that the technique had failed."

The New York Times, Aug. 4, 1978



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Aerolíneas Argentinas announces the lowest prices to South America, the best schedule to South America and the world's newest terminal.

Aerolíneas Argentinas is proud to announce our new APEX® fares. From New York to Rio: \$750. From New York to Buenos Aires: \$775. All round trip, of course.

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8 direct flights a week to Buenos Aires, 4 to Rio.

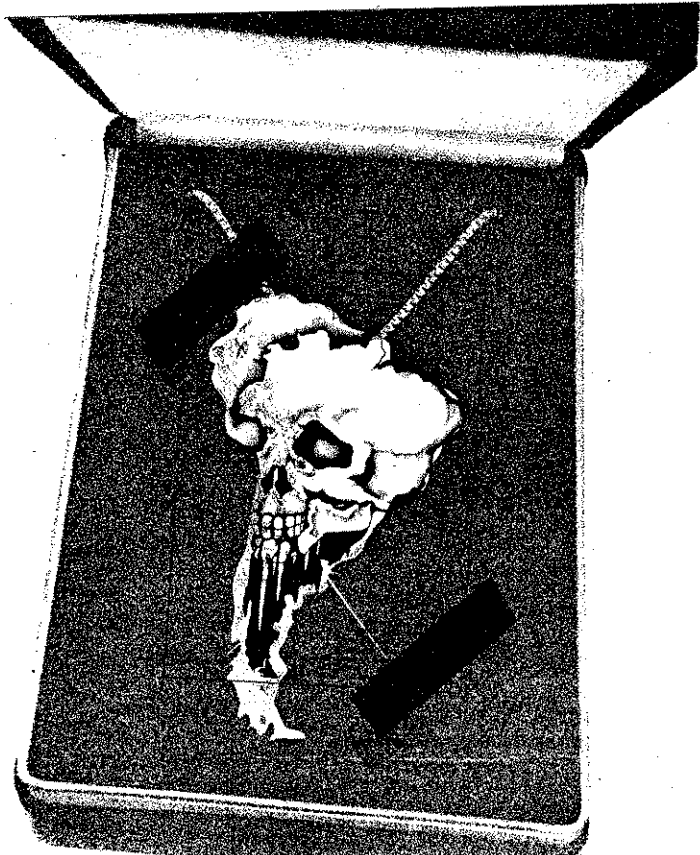
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It's very European. (Just like our country.) Very gracious. Very efficient. Very good.



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دانستن to know

(Past stem: cut off the "an" (ان...))

داشت... have

خرید... buy

خواست... want

دید... see

آمد... come

زد... beat up

خورد... eat

گرفت... rob

بُرد... kidnap

کُشت... kill

دانست... know

(Present stem:

(1.) Verbs ending "id" lose "id":)

خرید... buy

(2.) Verbs ending "nd", "rd", "ad", "ud" lose "d":)

خورد... eat

(3.) Verbs ending "ft", "st" lose "t":)

کُشت... kill

(4.) Verbs ending "est", "eft", "oft", and "ad" lose this syllable:)

دان... know

(5.) Irregulars - most of them:)

دار... have

خواه... want

بین... see

آ... come

زَن	beat up
گیر...	rob
بُر...	kidnap
داشتن جانی	to have Janey
خریدن جانی	to buy Janey
خواستن جانی	to want Janey
دیدن جانی	to see Janey
آمدن جانی	to come Janey
زدن جانی	to beat up Janey
خوردن جانی	to eat Janey
گرفتن جانی	to rob Janey
بردن جانی	to kidnap Janey
کشتن جانی	to kill Janey
دانستن جانی	to know Janey

(translate into English:)

I listened to the smoldering ship's engines that were carrying me along, and relaxed. I shouldn't have. I should have grabbed a buoy and jumped overboard; and flagged down a passing tramp to carry me straight back to the Athens Hilton and the airport.

۱. آیا سر سیاه اینجاست؟

1. Is there a black head here?

۲. بلی خانم (جانی) نزدیک است

2. Yes Mrs (Janey), it's near.

۳. این سر مال جانی نیست

3. This head isn't Janey's. (Lit. This head

isn't the property of Janey.)

بکرهای سیاه شهر تهران خیلی هست

4. There are many black heads in the city of Tehran.

جیبانها سیاه است بزرگترین و فاقه جهان

سر و لی از آن تیزتر خود است

5. The streets are black. You haven't fucked for a long time. You forget how incredibly sensitive you are. You hurt. Hurt hurt hurt hurt hurt. You meet the nicest guy in the world and you fall in love with him. You do and you manage to get into his house and you stand before him. A girl who puts herself out on a line. A girl who asks

trouble and forgets that she has feelings

and doesn't even remember what fucking's

about or how she's supposed to go about it

because she wasn't fucked in so long and now

she's naive and stupid. So like a dope

she sticks herself in front of the guy:

here I am; understood: do you want me?

No, thank you. She did it. There she is. What

does she do now? Where does she go? She

was a stupid girl: she went and offered

herself, awkwardly, to someone who didn't

want her. That's not stupid. The biggest

pain in the world is feeling but sharper is

the pain of the self.

سُولِ (روح) soul
وَقْتُ (سرنوشت) fate

آیا گوشت تازه هست؟

6. Is there any fresh meat?

بل خانم ول گوشتت از آن مالِ جانی بهتر است

7. Yes Mrs, but your meat is better than Janey's.

آیا وقت هست؟

8. Is there any fate?

بل خانم وقتت از آن مالِ جانی بهتر است

9. Yes Mrs, your fate is better than Janey's.

همه مردم راضی اند

10. "All the people are content."

جانی راضی نیست

Janey is not content.

12. کوچکترین عمارتِ این خیابان خانۀ جانی است

12. The smallest building on this street is Janey's cont.

13. این کارگر بزرگترین کارگرِ ایران است

13. This worker is the biggest in Persia.

14. اکثریت مردم کارگر یا دهقان اند

14. Most people are workers or burms.

15. خیابانها سیاه است

15. The streets are black.

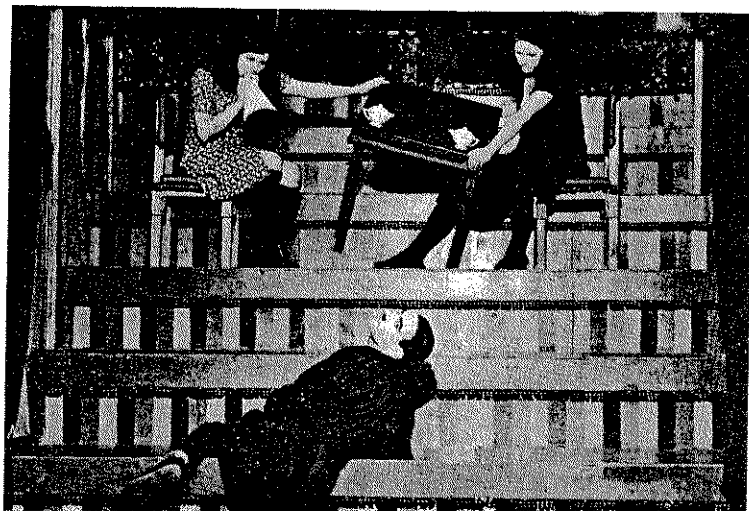
16. آیا گوشت تازه هست؟

16. Is there any fresh meat?

• • • • •

Richard Foreman

14 Things I Tell Myself when I fall into the trap of making the writing imitate "experience"



1. The art . . . aims to reflect something that "stands under" experience, rather than experience itself. Each situation we are in, each experience, quivers with the different
not-yet-known-how-to-use
ways in which the materials of that situation might otherwise be combined, organized, set to work upon each other.
Against that free-play of elements as a backdrop, one (in life) makes one's choice of act, thought, gesture

(a choice always rules by the need to echo, imitate or extend previous choice-patterns in order that that choice shall fit within the pre-defined limits of the rational.)

But! It is those continually REJECTED choices of the backdrop, never articulated yet always present as the un-thought 'possible', which give plasticity and depth and aliveness to what is chosen.

Our art then, to discover the secret of liveliness, shows by example

- not—what choice to make (as does all theater which imitates 'actions')
- but—shows, concretizes, that which—though it cannot be chosen—stands under what is chosen, so that choice is alive and energized.

The not-thought, the purposeless, which nourish all activity and experience. The acts of the play are then a series of acts and gestures not-chosen in life, which for that very reason serve as the roots of life's (or should we say consciousness's) liveliness.

2.

The audience must watch not the object, not the invention, but the way in which the object twists, is displaced, distorted.

But the important thing is to realize there is no agency responsible for this twisting, this distortion—there is a groundless displacement which is the very source of the play's meaning, and the very seat of consciousness (concretized by the play) itself.

This groundless twist, picks up the objects at hand and fills them for a moment, gives them being for a moment, and then lets them fall back into the sea of the non-manifested.

This groundless twist is the energy without a source about which we cannot speak—only ride its back as it were. The one choice we have is either

- seeing and experiencing—which means having no contact with the generating energy
- or standing-under seeing and experiencing, and so being where energy is; mis-matched with it—but the double condition of being-there and not matching (i.e. distorting it) being the only real condition of self-reflexive 'knowing', which the play—also mis-matched but being-there, knows.

3.

Our art then = a learning how to look at 'A' and 'B' and see not them
but a relation
that cannot be 'seen'



You can't look at 'it' (that relation)
because
it *IS* the looking itself.
That's where the looking (you) *is*, doing the looking.

4.

The compositional principle is NOT
anything goes
but

only write that which allows itself to be
deflected by the world (which world includes
the act of writing, of course).

Most stuff you might write wouldn't be so deflected
(and so must be rejected). Either it would be too porous,
the world going through it without deflection;
or too heavy, it wouldn't budge—or it's in a sealed room
where the world doesn't even notice it—hence no
contact and no deflection.

Writing is also the invoking (of the gap, the mis-matching,
which is where *we are* as consciousness, and which
is a force). The invoked energy or force isn't what
gets written. It arises, then in the staging, but it
isn't in the staging.

The writing invokes the force *WHEN* that writing is then
staged, so long as that staging is such that it *allows*
the force to come. The staging doesn't make it (the
force) but the staging gets the writing (which is the
original invoking) out-of-the-way in the proper way, so
that-then the force can be-there.

The force IS disassociation, consciousness, displacement,
a groundless 'twist'. . . . so it is there and not there. It is
'other', it is 'possibility'. . . . not as a category, but as
a force.

5.

Writing has not a subject
(aimed for)

but is a being-responsiveness, to the currents
within it as it generates itself. "It" is
writing thru me, and it is doing *other*
things also so try and show those other things.

It's not the item; it's how one slides off it,
leaving a *wrent* in the fabric.

Theme: that slidingness: which can't be said, because
to say IT would be to *not-slide off IT* being said.

6.

One must find ways to sacrifice 'what comes' to one
in the writing.

Offer it up. . . to what Gods?
Destroy it as useful to us in daily life as-it-is. Rather
serve it up to the elsewhere in us.

The play is then a ceremonial ground. Certain operations
are performed. Not to tell (you) something. Not to take
(you) elsewhere. But an important and significant
activity goes on

which you watch or not watch.

But it isn't there for you or for me, it's for the
benefit of someone else, hidden within us both, who
needs to be fed so that everyday you and me can still
be alive in a way that has plasticity and aliveness of
thought and perception. Understand, it's not a question
of refining the GOALS of thought and action, but of
keeping the process itself grounded in a kind of energy
that makes the process itself want to continue.

7.

In writing (as one takes dictation from what wants to
be written) the received is twisted. It (the received)
looks at itself through the twist (which is yourself) and it
(not-you) gets a sense of itself and proceeds.

And then that which proceeds. . . is received, twisted, etc.,
and the process continues and a text is generated.

8.

I'm lying on the bed.

Looking toward the window.

The curtain moves in the wind

A motorcycle noise in the street stops some other
process of watching going on in me.

I write that down.

Desire plays through me for a moment.

Music from a window across the street and the sound
of water running in the tub.

A level. Everything level for a moment.

The writing is a certain thing
The action of wind, etc., noticed but not thought about, is
a certain thing.

The writing is imprinting
a certain noticing
on a certain existent system.

It never matches.
That's why displacement is a rule, and a generative
principle.

o o

I make a model for the way it is.
One can't express the real experience.
Experience is one kind of making.
Saying is one kind of making.

The gap between is, of course, the source, the fuel.
Mis-match
Displacement.

So I don't (try not to) notice thought
But rather the gap between experience and thought
input output
passive active

What I write (notate) is the gap.

9.

The plays are about what they do.

Which is to concretize (show) a certain sort of
system which goes-on in me.

In which lived moments . . . are open to displaced
energy which is objectified as an energy that wants
to handle and penetrate the object, and that handling
and penetration twists, displaces,
distorts the object (which is the lived moment).

As a result the lived moment is denied as a self-
sufficient experience . . . and re-constituted as an energy-
exchange which, as it leaves the evidence of its being
on the page being written, is no longer an experience but a
mark.

In the beginning: the mark.

That mark, that concretized evidence is, for me, heavier,
denser than experience itself. The play is an energy
diagram in four dimensions. A condensation of what
goes on in me, objectified.

I don't make pictures evoking the experience of things,
but notate what circles through us, leaving
a residual grid that makes experience then possible
(registerable). That grid . . . made intense . . . is the
work of the play.

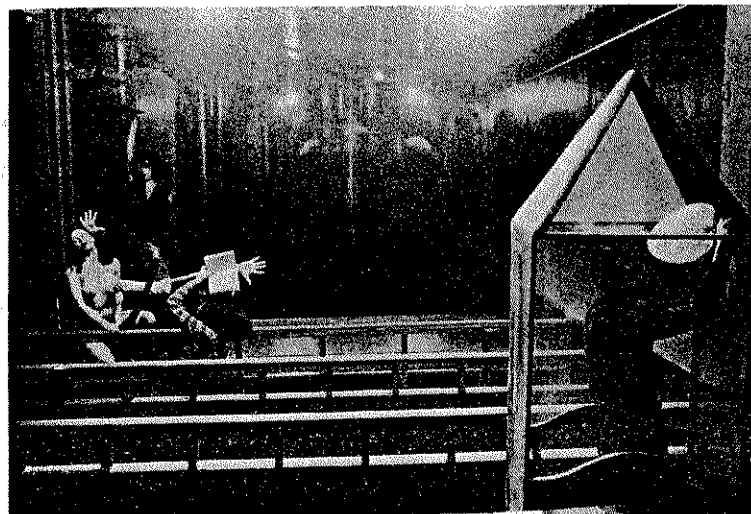
Experience is then burned up, petrified, sacrificed on
that intense grid of the play.

10.

Within the play as an object, there must not be
'A' theme, because one theme or meaning closes the doors
on all others—and ALL THEMES AND MEANINGS MUST BE
PRESENT AT ALL MOMENTS.

The organization of the composition should dis-organize
the ego (which is what wants a theme to be-at-home in) and
evoke in the self the dispersed self (in which ALL themes
are).

(Simple dada & surrealism don't do that. Nonsense,
irrationality, don't do that, they don't dissolve the ego,
they are rather anti-bodies which, injected,
strengthen the ego. They wall themselves in from
the world as non-sensical or supra-sensical, which
only increases the need and ability of the ego to
define its territory as against 'external', irrational territory.)



The OBJECT of the play, then, is to make the spectator
be like the play

(or recognize that he *is* like the play)

I am like the play

(We are what interferes with us. Result, a kind
of self-knowledge. But whose self-knowledge?)

There is no *who*. Only knowledge.)

11.

Always, at the beginning (which means finally) a sentence
wants to write itself.

Then, that sentence suggests a next sentence, because of

habits of association, because of a world in which we are trained, taught that one thing must lead to another, that there are paths to be followed like responsibilities, etc.

To escape that.

Write the sentence that wants to be written.

But then pull away from it—or from the inherited associations and commands and rules that cling to it.

Pull away from it. Let something that interferes. . .

twist
the sentence, as it emerges or in the next moment,
as you look at it.

There must be no theory of writing. The writing is the phrase or gesture that floods one and wants to be written. But then, there must be

A theory of what to do after the writing has had its way and written itself as a word or sentence or sentence cluster.

The 1st moment:

What floods one. Then, twist it. Find ways to inhabit it, plant it in the world NOT as a tool, not as a lever to move the known in known ways, but to turn it into a self-reflexive item, around which a whole new world crystallizes.

The 2nd movement

In staging. . . interfere. Let the sentence be so crystallized, become so intensely itself, reflecting itself. . . that interference actually FEEDS it

Strengthens it in its clear uniqueness by being not-it in a subtle and interfering way.

12.

The choice is to discover what is (clarity) by *seeing* desire at work (not simply letting desire produce, because its products often cloud seeing).

There is a choice—either seeing desire at work or

Form production (which is to cover over what-is with 'what should be').

Make desire-energy produce a structure that is self-reflexive. That is, make desire as it produces, produce the right form, which is a form that will see itself (so that we can see, through it, since the desire is *us*, what-is-there).

Is that not form production? Not really, because we are not speaking of willing a certain form and then 'using' desire to fill it.

We are speaking of working on the desire itself, through conscious displacement, distortion, employing a strategy of identifying with what-interferes. Then. . . what is produced has the 'right' form whatever the form of what-is-produced. Because when the desire is producing. . . through identifying with what interferes there is a displacement, it doubles itself and so mismatched it sees itself. And the play is isomorphic with that activity of twisting, splitting—looking at itself.

And the play at work is clear, not producing a form but producing a doubling, a displacement which is a real mirror, and clarity.

13.

The meaning is in the suppositions that start one:

In my case, small bits of experience and thought interfered with—

how the unconscious and the world (the same) get-in-the-way, and how that interference is allowed.

The text = strategies for allowing the world to interfere.

And making that interference one's own, as an oyster makes a pearl of the interfering, irritant, grain of sand.

Now—what is interfered with is *NOT* a project, or aim, or narration

but just being-there in one's self.

If it is a narrative or project that is interfered with, then the self is still there.

But interfere with just-being-there and the self is dispersed

14.

So. . . Each moment has a different meaning, each moment a different theme. The piece is about making oneself available to a continual barrage of meanings and themes, so that one is transformed into a being spread, distributed a different configuration of the self.

The composition always implies, no, no the meaning is not here, but elsewhere, spread. The piece is always pointing away from itself. Meaning is equally distributed, everywhere. Classical art, everything is focused in on a certain theme, points to the center, each moment cohering. Here—each moment takes off in a different direction.

The unity is the procedural way of turning away from the center. There is displacement, continual replacement of one meaning with another.

There is a sequence of a certain sort of item, called 'possibleness of manipulation'. There is a straining after certain figures that the mind-as-a-body wants to articulate in space.

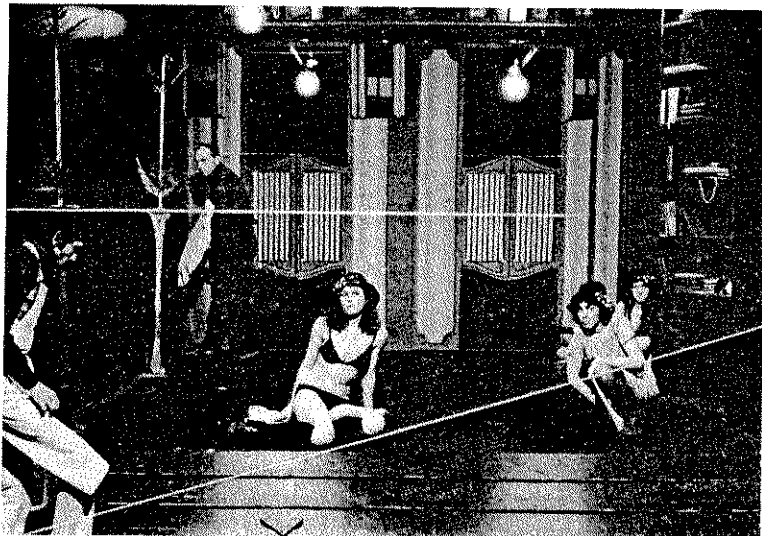
Exemplary titles: Book of Levers
Action at a Distance

Theme: Showing that mental acts take place on a surface, not in the depths.

Depth as the ultimate fantasy. The ultimate evasion. Linked, of course, to a concept of center. So de-center. Displace. Allow thought to float up from the depths and rest on the surface. Look at it. . . handle it. Match your life to it. . . as does the play.

The play, finally, must be fed and 'controlled' by a multitude of sources. As many as there are 'sources' of experience in one's own life.

That multiplicity, acting in concert, becomes the 'unity' of the process of continual displacement. Only work to make sure no single displacement escapes the immediate interference which must arise in the next moment, allow no single displacement to begin to build a wall around itself and form its own kingdom, its own order of being. Such a kingdom or order would be a return to the sleep of experience within which most art keeps us forever imprisoned.



Seth Neta

To-Ana-No-Ye Anorexia Nervosa

Anorexia Nervosa: A term we can discard, latin modular medical lingo identifying cipher of authority locating an anti-social practice (self starvation) within the field of disease/disorder/danger/crime. Medical business label.

That day we often heard dogs barking some distance away. We assumed we were near a village and two comrades went to investigate hoping to get some water. They returned a few hours later, reporting there was no village. It seemed odd, a dog but no village; we

We had a strict routine at the training camp. Early each morning we did tough exercises. While the cold weather lasted our group did them in the barracks, the others, however, trained in the snow. Then we changed for inspection and afterwards did marching drills. We also had an intensive course in Russian. On weekends we were taken to museums and historical sites.

One morning as we rested under some trees, a youth with his cattle approached. We didn't want him to stumble on us as news of the presence of a large number of well armed Africans in the area would spread very fast. Before we could decide what to do he stopped and sat down by a creek some 50 yards away. Our troubles weren't over however. His cattle kept grazing closer and closer to our position. We'd silently chase them away so he wouldn't come after them but soon they'd graze close to us again.

anything, then to have control over your body becomes a supreme accomplishment. You make out of your body your very own kingdom where you are the tyrant the absolute dictator." In this frame of mind not to give

Some will talk about it when they start to express their disgust with the female body

later in college became quite popular. was disturbed by not feeling like her own person in relation to others. She described one episode: "I was sitting with these people but I felt a terrible fragmentation of myself. There wasn't a person inside at all. I tried with whoever i was with to reflect the image they had of me, to

Behavior Modification
Professor Arthur Crisp (St. Georges Hospital, Tooting, London):

I said provided you achieve certain goals you will be rewarded in certain ways, and unfortunately she still felt that she couldn't keep to this contract.

BBC TV: And how did it work out, what were the rewards?

Herr Crisp: Well the rewards were, for a start she was treated in bed as are most cases of this degree of severity and the arrangement was that when she reached a certain weight she would be allowed . . . uh . . . the sort of reward would be a visitor or two visitors or a telephone by the bed, and so it progressed so that at a certain stage she was allowed out of the bed for several hours, and out of bed for half a day, fully up, clothed, able to move around the ward, go to occupational therapy, and so it progressed.

Occupational Therapy Reward

The treatment/cure of anorexics is the process by which the Clinic/Hospital (medical production) through behavior modification, drug therapy, psychotherapy, and hyperalimentation (forced feeding which bypasses the mouth and digestive organs intravenously) returns/enslaves the anorexic to a healthy body capable of fulfilling the role of consumer/producer (producer of children, new workers, new consumers) prescribed to all organisms in a consumer economy.

The clinic here is a factory whose product is healthy bodies.

ROSA RIKE	ROSA DORA	ROSA CHIDOR	DORA MORO
ROSA MEINS	ROSA DORO	ROSA SHIDORA	ROSA ADORO
DORA KOLWEZI	DORA MEINS	ROSA YEMEN	DORA ROSO
ROSA MORO	DORA MOURN	ROSA AD	ROSA KOLWESI

disease/desire/disorder

anti-organism

ANTI-CORPORAL/ANTI-CORPORATE

the body/arena for the exercise of control
sex identity/de-identify
ill/veil
a job for medicine

ANA-CORP-I-A Videotapes: Interviews to be recorded in hospital during treatment, texts read to the camera, putting words in their mouths, hyperalimentation monologues:

Text Sampler

LIFE HISTORIES OF THE REVOLUTION, LSM Press

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY, Tournier

NEO COLONIALISM, Kwame Nkruma

HOLGER MEINS, THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES, Red Army Fraction

KEEP FIT TO EAT RIGHT, Adelle Suicide

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY, PRIVATE PROPERTY,
AND THE STATE, F. Engels

PARIS MATCH 2 June, 1978 HORREUR A KOLWESI

APPLIED PHARMACOLOGY REVIEWS (in-house medical publications)
Adis Press

POEMS OF AGHOSTINO NETO

W M 9 *W*
The Hunger Disease

only a f-

~~THE GOLDEN CAGE~~
The Enigma of Anorexia Nervosa

Hilde Bruch, M.D.

psychotherapist shop forman of hospital factory prison
research departments for the development of new methods of control

TOMB OF TEXT
AUTHORITY.

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts
1978

COERCIVE STRENGTH OF HUNGER STRIKES

Hoiger Meins

Rosa Meins

be "in." All of a sudden everyone in school was wearing a nylon jacket around 1960. Then the FDJ* did something about these parkas, these caps that we had bought. They had security groups, and the FDJ groups stood in front of the school and took away our nylon jackets. They argued that the jackets were stained with the blood of the Vietnamese—which was certainly possible. Well, this is where a whole process is ignited—a real problem: one starts to become

Menstrual rhythm prison

control over bleeding

Brasch: Right from the beginning it was. To be honest I was rarely with my parents. My earliest years—up until I was four—were spent with a family of Social Democrats, who were workers and lived near the East train station.

lowering temperature

coma/orgasm

forms, especially the kind of uniforms you have in the People's Army. Of course you end up with a frustrating situation—and it's the same in jail or parochial schools where there are young boys without any girls, something especially important when you're between 11 and 15. Regarding homoerotic relations: that's possible, but I didn't see much of it. You're usually so pooped that you don't much worry about your sexuality, outside of the usual masturbation scene. Our teachers were mixed; about 70 percent I'd say were officers and the other 30 percent civilians, biology or chemistry teachers. The pressure to perform was pretty much the same one you find in similar schools. The year was divided into: September, which was the beginning of the school and training year, to January; then the annual winter camp in February, where we went into the mountains, into barracks in an isolated area, where we learned to ski and to shoot on skis and things like that. And during the same time we still had classes. Then we went back for more instruction and military training. In June we had the so-called summer camp on the Baltic Sea where we went on maneuvers with tanks and other things like that. And during that time there was no school. After

weight loss is measurable progress

consuming and excreting is work

NGC: Could you tell us more about the circumstances which caused this? For instance, these jackets. One doesn't become reactionary or progressive all of a sudden because of jackets. There are issues where things come to a head.

POLITICS OF THE TREATMENT

THE FEMALE BODY IS NOT BEAUTIFUL

menu for ROSA YEMEN
1 egg scrambled with shell

sodium perborate
sterilize the mouth

habituéas colorades,
the red intestines

200 amotryptiline
+ stomach pump

medical attention

vomit up the 8 hour day

1 dozen eggs broken
my eggs

attending coma
internal bleeding

De la mastication
MENU BY ROSA YEMEN.

Prehension buccale/
Attouchement-gustatif-Langue
Mecanisme de la machoire
(temps determine selon
l'aliment)
Crachat-rejection
Gargarisme bref.

1 gorgee de gordons gin+
morsure de citron vert.
(rejet bref)

1 demi louche de taboules
(rejet bref)

1 olive noire avec noyau

Sake en quantite
(rejet long)

1 cuilleree a cafe de matieres
fecales de poisson
(rejet indetermine)

1 biscotte
(rejet instantane)

Persil + blanc d'oeuf
Bacclava + Eau
(rejet brut)

Ice + Chewing-gum
(indetermine)

Type Carebro-spinal
de guerre froide 45% \$%#@#%
LA MASTICATION en relation
directe avec le baillement
(dans les deux sens)
Le sommeil,
sans la masturbation.



TATE CHARA



AU ON



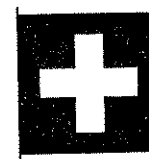
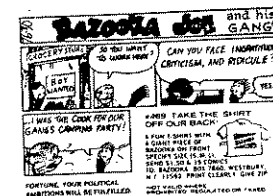
POLITICAL
BE FULFILLED.



MATCH

Bazooka Joe Story

Joe is trapped in the flavor, extracted in the mouth (JOE HAS NO MOUTH) The body is perfumed/connected, his empty body ejected/spat out. Nothing is swallowed, the organs are excluded from this relationship, a secret total consumption/excretion, to be repeated as often as desired.



1. SWITZERLAND, National Flag



2. AUSTRIA, National and

CHOOSE FROM 12 SIMULATED
GEMS, 1 FOR EACH MONTH.
INDICATE MONTH OF BIRTH.
SEND 275 BAZOOKA COMICS.

MEIN GROSSVATER IST TOT

Und die schnellsten.

MEIN GROSSMUTTER IST EIN MÖRDER



Für Ihren Flug nach Südamerika bietet Ihnen nur Air France zwei Superjetive zur Auswahl: das schnellste Flugzeug der Welt und das größte. Deshalb lohnt es sich, den Weg über Paris nach Südamerika zu nehmen – er ist von Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Köln, München, Stuttgart und Berlin ohnehin gerader als über Frankfurt.

Und damit er noch gerader wird, hat Air France als einzige Fluglinie drei unterschiedliche Routen anzubieten, die die Flugstrecke abkürzen.

Buchen Sie in Ihrem IATA-Reisebüro
Oder bei uns: Ihrer Linie für Langstrecken

~~ULRIKE INC.~~
ULRIKE INC.

Nach Südamerika fliegt nur ~~ULRIKE~~
die bequemsten Sessel.

UNLESERLICH-UNGESETZLICHE



ULRIKE INC.

Andre Cadere

Boy with Stick

Sylvère LOTRINGER: How would you define your work?
Andre CADERE: It's an independent work.

L: How does it differ from any other independent work?
C: It differs in that it does not depend exclusively on the existing structures of art.

L: What structures?
C: Galleries and museums. I don't mean to say that it dispenses with them, but it can function otherwise. It's this margin that interests me.

L: What gave you the idea of operating within the margins?
C: It's very difficult to say. Perhaps it's because I come from Roumania, a country which is outside the Western cultural system, a totally marginal country. I came to France without money, without relations. With respect to the social order, I was nothing at all. I had no means of support. The sole possibility that was left for me was to do my work all alone, independently of the existing social system. But I don't want to play the idealist. The goal is to penetrate the predominant system.

Andre Cadere, a Romanian artist, moved to Paris in 1967. This interview took place in April, 1978 in New York where he came to do his work. He died in Paris shortly after. He was 42.

Ulrike Meinhof

Armed Anti-Imperialist Struggle

West Germany: post-fascist state, consumers, culture, metropole chauvinism, mass manipulation through media, psychological warfare, Social Democrats. The GUERRILLA is a politico-militaristic organization within illegality. It struggles aligned with internationalism, the Internationale of the liberation movements waging war against imperialism in the third world and in the metropolises. These liberation movements are the avant-gardes of the world proletariat fighting in arms.

Reality can only be perceived in a materialistic way related to struggle—class struggle—war. Revolutionary action—no matter how it is brought about—will always be understood by the masses. Words are senseless, outrage is no weapon, it takes action.

The Guerilla has no real viewpoint, no basis from which to operate. Everything is constantly in motion, so is the struggle. Struggle comes out of motion, moving on and is moving on. All that matters is the aim. The guerilla perceives class struggle as the basic principle of history and class struggle as reality, in which proletarian politics will be realized.

Man and woman in the guerilla are the new people for a new society, of which the guerilla is the "breeding cell" because of its identity of power, subjectivity, constant process of learning, action (as opposed to theory). So guerilla means collective process of learning with the aim to "collectivize" the individual, so that he will keep up collective learning. Politics and strategy are within each individual of the guerilla.

(Speech of Ulrike Meinhof on Sept. 13, 1974, in Moabit Prison, West Berlin, on the escape of Andreas Baader from prison.)

Armed Anti-Imperialist Struggle and the Defensive Position of the Counterrevolution in its Psychological Warfare Against the People

Anti-Imperialist Struggle

Anti-imperialist struggle, if not meant to be merely a phrase, aims at destroying the imperialist system of powers—politically, economically and in militaristic terms; the cultural institutions through which imperialism provides homogeneity of the ruling elites and the communications systems for its ideological predominance.

Military destruction of imperialism means on the international level: destroy military alliances of U.S. imperialism around the world; in Germany: destroy Nato and Bundeswehr; on the national level: destroy the armed formations of the state apparatus, embodying the monopoly of violent power, of the ruling class, its power within the state; in Germany: police bundesgrenzschutz, secret service; economically means destroy the power structure of multinational companies;

politically means destroy state and non-state bureaucracies, organizations and power structures—parties, unions, media—which rule the people.

Proletarian Internationalism

Anti-imperialist struggle here is not and cannot be a national liberation struggle—its historic perspective is not socialism in one country. Transnational organizations of capital, world-gripping military alliances of U.S. imperialism, cooperation of police and secret services, international organizations of ruling elites within the power range of U.S. imperialism—are matched on our side, the side of the proletariat, of revolutionary class struggles, of the liberation struggles of third world peoples, of urban guerilla in the metropolises of imperialism: by proletarian internationalism.

Since the Paris Commune, it has been obvious that the attempt of one people in an imperialist state to liberate itself on a national level will call for revenge, armed powers, the mortal hatred of the bourgeoisie of all other imperialist states.

"One people suppressing others cannot emancipate itself," Marx said. The urban guerilla, RAF (Red Army Faction) here, Brigade Rosse in Italy, United Peoples Liberation in the U.S. receive their military significance from the fact that they can, aligned with the liberation struggles of the third world peoples, out of solidary struggle, attack imperialism from the back here, from where it exports its troops, its weapons, its training personnel, its technology, its communications systems, its cultural fascism for the suppression and

L: What does your work consist of?

C: It consists of these round wooden rods that you see. They conform to a precise definition and are structured in a specific way. It's a very short wooden dowel composed of segments which are assembled once they are painted different colors. The colors succeed one another according to a mathematical system of permutations, within which I introduce an error each time. There is a dialectical rapport between mathematical order and error.

L: Once the baton is completed, is your work done?

C: There must first of all be the reality of work. I sell this work; I make my living from it. Therefore, with respect to the reality of art, I have no exterior point of view. I am completely inside of it. I move throughout the circuit.

L: You do, however, have a particular mode of operation. Rather than depending on the gallery circuit for exposure and sale of your work, you utilize the very mobility of what you do—a staff, a pilgrim's staff—in order to establish your own network.
C: That's true. I can go to the Museum of Modern Art or to Cas-telli's and present my work without anyone inviting me.

If it were an orthodox work, say a canvas, could it still function in the same way?
C: No, because there is an indissoluble dialectical bond between the wall and the canvas. The canvas has a recto and a verso. It is made for the wall and it depends on it.

L: Is the staff or the baton the only form you can imagine for mobile art, for nomadic art?
C: It is nomadic, but of course it can enter the power apparatus without being invited, that is to say, without being a part of it.

L: Then you use the baton to put a monkeywrench in the works.
C: Yes, that's it.

L: Your baton is at once an object and an act.
C: Exactly.

L: A symbolic act. . . .
 C: Obviously, it is not because I go to Castell's that I am exhibited there. Nothing can prevent me from being concretely, materially inside the place. He can throw me out, and it's interesting if he does. This has happened elsewhere, and in other circumstances. When the institution defends itself, it becomes, in no uncertain terms, brutal and aggressive.

L: Is it only the institution which reacts like this?
 C: There are the artists.

L: The artists?
 C: Yeah.

L: Is the institution also the artists?
 C: Yeah. You see, one always speaks of galleries and museums, but the artists, at least those who are caught up in it are much more extreme than the galleries themselves.

L: How do you explain that?
 C: Jealousy and competition, for the most part.

L: The fact that you can short-circuit the traditional channels by showing up in the best known galleries?
 C: Yes.

L: In fact, this short-circuit permits you to benefit equally from all the prestige of the normal circuit.

C: Altogether, and I've nothing against that. When I began my work eight years ago, everyone told me, "Fine, you'll end up with a gallery where you can hang your baton on the wall; you'll end up cooling it just like everyone else." It was considered an opportunist's activity. Now, I've been exhibited quite a bit in Europe, thank God, and in plenty of important places. Museums have bought my work. But regardless of all that, I continue to hang out with my stick. And this is where it really becomes interesting. I've established my little artistic career like anyone else, but parallel to that, I continue my work, I make the scene, completely alone, outside of everything, although the system can open certain doors for me.

exploitation of third world peoples. This is the strategic destiny of the urban guerilla: in the backlands of imperialism, to bring forth the guerilla, the armed anti-imperialist struggle, the people's war, during a long process—because world revolution is surely not a matter of a few days, weeks, months, not a matter of just a few people's uprisings, no short-term process, not taking over the state apparatus—as revisionist parties and groups imagine or rather claim, since they really don't imagine anything.

About the Term "National State"

In the metropolises the term "national state" is a fiction, no longer having any basis within the reality of the ruling classes, its politics and power structure, which have no equivalent even in language borders, since millions of labor emigrants can be found in the rich states of West Europe. Rather through internationalization of capital, through the news media, through reciprocal dependencies of economic development, through enlargement of the European community, through crisis, an internationalism of the proletariat in Europe emanates even on the subjective level—so that union apparatuses have been working for years already at its suppression, control, institutionalization.

The fiction of a national state, which the revisionist groups with their form of organizing cling to, is matched by their legalistic fetishism, their pacifism, their mass opportunism. We hold against them not the fact that members of these groups come from the petit bourgeoisie, but rather that in their politics and organizational structure they reproduce the ideology of the petit bourgeoisie to which internationalism of the proletariat has always been foreign, and which has—and this cannot be different because of its class position and its conditions of reproduction—always organized itself complementarily to the national bourgeoisie, to the ruling class in the state.

Arguing that the masses are not yet ready reminds the U.S., RAF and captured revolutionaries in isolation, in special prison sections, in artificial brain-wash collectives, in prison and in illegality, only of the arguments of the colonial pigs in Africa and Asia for over 70 years: black people, illiterates, slaves, the colonized, tortured, suppressed, starving, the peoples suffering under colonialism, imperialism were not yet ready to take their bureaucracy, industrialization, their school system, their future as human beings into their own hands. This is the argument of folks who are worried about their own positions of power, aiming at ruling a people, not at emancipation and liberation struggle.

**Something
 seem
 suspicious ?**

**JOIN YOUR
 CHICAGO POLICE
 IN OPERATION
 CRIME-STOP**



CALL P05-1313

The Urban Guerilla

Our action of May 14, 1970 (freeing Andreas Baader from prison), is and will remain the exemplary action of the urban guerilla. It does/did combine all elements of the strategy of armed anti-imperialist struggle: it was the liberation of a prisoner from the grip of the state apparatus. It was a guerilla action, the action of a group, which turned into a military-political cell because of the decision to undertake the action. It was the liberation of a revolutionary, a cadre, who was essential for the set up of the urban guerilla—not just as every revolutionary is essential within the revolution, but because even at that time he incorporated all that was needed to make the guerilla, military-political offensive against the imperialist state possible: decisiveness, the will to act, the ability to define oneself only and exclusively through the aims, along with the keeping of the collective process of learning of the group going, practising leadership from the very beginning as collective leadership, passing on to the collective the processes of the learning of every individual.

The action was exemplary because anti-imperialist struggle deals with liberation of prisoners, as such, from the prison, which the system has always signified for all exploited and suppressed groups of the people and without historic perspective other than death, terror, fascism and barbarianism; from the imprisonment of total alienation and self-alienation, from political and existential martial law, in which the people are forced to live within the grip of imperialism, consumer culture, media, the controlling apparatuses of the ruling class, dependent on the market and the state apparatus.

L: What you do is sneaky because it is at once altogether shrewd and yet completely naive.
 C: Yes, it is rather twisted.

L: And yet it's very direct. You do something, you produce something visible. Only you use it differently. You're a sort of squatter in the art world.
 C: I'm a squatter in the art world, and what's more, one who would have his little studio downtown like anyone else.

L: Have you considered moving into and living in a gallery, being there every day with your work? If you squatted long enough, you might provoke some real trouble. Whereas if you only pass through. . . .

C: It's one of the possibilities that I have not yet made use of, but I don't see why I shouldn't do it. I'll wait for the right occasion, a really important exhibition, then I'll move in for a month.

L: Have you ever gone to the Museum of Modern Art to exhibit?

C: Yes, but at MOMA I have to have a pocket-sized piece, because they won't let me in with this big piece.

L: Do you have pocket-sized pieces?

C: Once, I made it known that I was going to exhibit in the Mann Gallery in Paris, which is an extremely well-off place. What's more, I had had cartons of invitations sent from Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia's the home of real bohemian bastards, these folks from the East, and they dared to show their baton at Mann's, amidst the good French bourgeoisie! When I arrived on the night of the private viewing, some woman threw herself on me and confiscated the baton. I was ready for it and I had a smaller one in my pocket. So I said, "O.K., may I go in now?" I entered, took out my little pocket-piece and placed it on the nice carpet, on the floor. Everyone gathered around!

L: Do you have great big pieces as well?

C: I left a large work, a really big piece, in a group show where I obviously had not been invited.

It got different reactions. One time, the organizer took it all in stride and asked me to leave my work with him. Another time, I found my work in a closet. That was fine with me—I see no reason why I shouldn't exhibit my work in a closet. I was happy, and they were just as happy to have rid themselves of this annoying asshole. Great. But wait! I sent out a flyer telling everyone that one of Cadere's works was exhibited in the closet at the Place Vendome. And plenty of people came to rummage through the closet. They all went nuts! What's more, the New York art critics showed up. In fact, the thing was confiscated from me, and I never saw it again.

L: Have you ever had any contact with political organizations?

C: No, none. I've been accused of being a Marxist. I completely deny that charge. It's true, I've never written anything that would tie me to Marx. At most, and just in passing, I once quoted Plato.

L: That's rather incriminating.
C: (laughing): I'll have to send you the text.

L: In a sense, if you carried out an explicit attack on institutions, you would automatically be associated with a certain element that challenges the artistic system.

C: Exactly.

L: What must be a bit perplexing to people is that you outline what could be a systematic challenge, and then you leave off without giving it a direction. Don't you think that's rather absurd?

C: Yes, it's absurd enough. Precisely, there is no systematic challenge in it. I think that's an interesting point.

L: Does it seem to you a positive point?

C: Positive, negative, I don't know.

L: Your work is marginal, and yet at the center.

C: Well put.

L: What might limit your work, ultimately, is that however



The guerilla, not only here—this was not different in Brazil, in Uruguay, in Cuba and with Che in Bolivia—always emanates from nothing; the first phase of its set-up is the most difficult; insofar as coming from the bourgeois class, prostituted of imperialism, and the proletarian class which the latter colonized offers nothing that could be useful in this struggle. There is a group of comrades, having decided to take up action, to leave the level of lethargy, verbal radicalism, of strategic discussions, which become more and more nonsubstantial, to fight. But everything is still missing—not just all means; it only becomes evident at this point what kind of a person one is. The metropole individual is discovered, coming from the process of decay, the mortal, false, alienated surroundings, of living in the system—factory, office desk, school, university, revisionist groups, apprenticeship and short-term jobs. The consequences of the separation between professional and private life show up, those of division of labor among intellectual and physical, of being rendered incompetent within hierarchically organized processes of labor, of the psychic deformation caused by the consumer society, of the metropole society having moved into decay and stagnation.

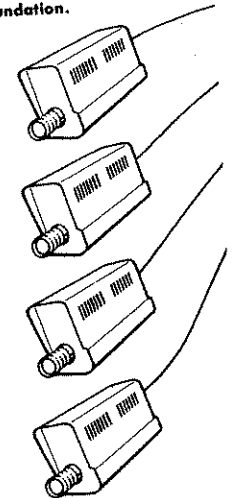
But that is us, that is where we come from: bred by the processes of elimination and destruction in the metropole society, by the war of all against all, the competition between each and everybody else, the system ruled by fear and pressure for productivity, the

game of one at the expense of somebody else, the separation of the people into men and women, young and old, healthy and sick, foreigners and natives and the fight for reputation. And that is where we come from: from the isolation of the suburban home, the desolate concrete public housing, the cell-prisons, asylums and special prison sections. From brain-wash through the media, consumerism, physical punishment, the ideology of non-violence; from depression, sickness, declassification, insult and humiliation of the individual, of all exploited people under imperialism. Until we perceive the misery of each of us as constituting the necessity of liberation from imperialism, the necessity of anti-imperialist struggle and understand there is nothing to lose by destroying this system, but everything to win in the armed struggle: the collective liberation, life, humanity, identity; that the concern of the people, of the masses, the assembly-line workers, the bums, the prisoners, the apprentices, the poorest masses here and of the liberation movements in the third world is our concern. Our concern: armed, anti-imperialist struggle, the concern of the masses and vice versa—even if this can and will prove to be real only during a long-term development of the military-political offensive of the guerilla, the unleashing of the people's war.

This is the difference between truly revolutionary and only presumably revolutionary, although in reality, opportunistic politics: our concept is based on the objective situation, the objective conditions, on the real situation of the proletariat, the masses in the metropolises—which includes that the people, no matter of what material status, are within the grip and under the control of the system from all sides, the opportunistic viewpoint is based on the alienated consciousness of the proletariat—we rely on the fact of alienation, which constitutes the necessity for liberation. "There is no reason," Lenin wrote in 1916 in opposition to the renegade pig Kautsky, "to assume seriously, that the majority of proletarians could be united in organizations. Secondly—this being the main point—the question is not so much about the number of members of an organization but the actual, objective significance of the politics: does it represent the politics of the masses, does it serve the masses, i.e. the liberation of the masses from capitalism, or does it represent the interests of the minority, the accord with capitalism? We cannot and nobody can figure out exactly which section of the proletariat follows and will follow the social chauvinists and opportunists. Only the struggle will prove that, the socialist revolution will finally decide that, but it is our obligation, if we want to remain socialists, to go deeper to the lowest masses, to the real masses: this constitutes the full significance of the struggle against opportunism and the entire contents of this struggle."

bizarre your insertion into artistic structures, what you do remains essentially symbolic. It's a work that deals with the very meaning of art, the manner in which art is presented and represented. You don't question artistic authority itself, you symbolically show what it involves. Now what is symbolic is immediately recovered. Since such an act belongs in an institutional context. There's the problem.

C: Perhaps that's why I need to work with someone like David Ebony, who is outside of the circuit. It allows me to broaden my foundation.



L: How so?

C: The situation with David Ebony is very interesting. Here is someone who calls himself a gallery when there is none. He pays no taxes, he has no social or corporate existence, nothing.

L: There's a certain derisive side to what you do that calls to mind, besides Kafka, the punk rock set and what they're into.

C: The British punks, yes. I like them. They kiss off and drink their beer. They don't give a damn. They live on the outside.

L: With no more thought for authority. . .

C: Not even the anarchy of authority, not even dropping bombs. It's really naive.

L: It's really disgusting.
C: They are totally indifferent.

L: Which is not exactly your own attitude. There's no violence in what you do, no provocation. Your provocation adheres closely the movement of the system. In fact, you're even more systematic than the system, which is why you give the impression that you are less so. You do too much, and at the same time not enough.

C: Yes, but wait! It's a matter of personal evolution. The petty events that I've related to you happened some years ago. I plan to do these more violent acts less and less. I'm much more interested in an activity that's more diffuse, more neutral, more drab, whereas it's the spectacular side of the punks that interests me.

L: And if you remove the spectacle side, what's left?

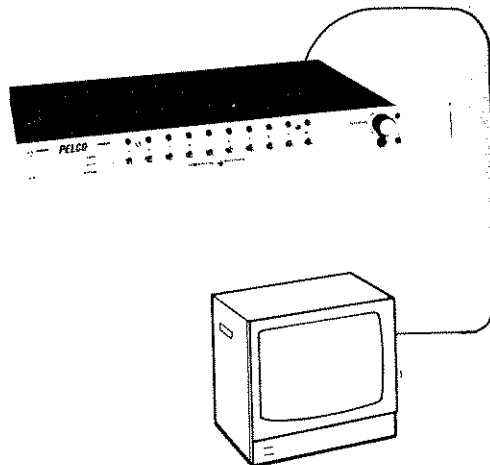
C: Perhaps a permanent activity. At least, I would hope so.

L: If you were to consider positively your relation to a certain conception of art, do you think that you introduce a distinct notion or attitude toward this system in which one nails a work of art to the wall?

C: I think that this is something that has never been done in this way throughout the history of painting, this sort of dialectical relationship between a work and the world, between a work and its space. It is a different mechanism, and for that reason it permits a different activity.

L: Perhaps you are offering certain ways of living art, as opposed to living off art. A new art of living. Obviously, your baton could be attached to a wall forever, but it is only truly meaningful as a part of your activity. There is an undeniable aspect of performance—or is it performative?—in what you do.

C: Yes, that's true. But anyone who owns one of my batons can hang out with it. I have nothing at all against that. And there are people who do it! There's a California artist who's been doing it for six years. We met in Germany in 1972, and it changed his life.



The Guerilla is the Group

The function of leadership in the guerilla, the function of Andreas in the RAF is: orientation—not just to distinguish in every situation the main points from the minor ones but also in every situation to stick to the entire political context in all aspects, never to lose sight, among details, technical and logistic, single problems, of the aim, the revolution, on the level of policies of alliances, never to forget the class question, on the tactical level, the strategic questions; this means: never to succumb to opportunism. It is “the art of combining dialectically moral rigidity with smoothness of action, the art of applying the law of development to the leadership of revolution, which turns progressive changes into qualitative steps,” Duan said. It is also an art “not to withdraw with fright from the immenseness of one's own purposes,” but to pursue them rigidly and unwaveringly; the decisiveness to learn from mistakes, to learn first and foremost. Every revolutionary organization, every guerilla organization knows that. The principle of practice demands the development of such abilities—every organization, which bases its concept upon dialectic materialism, which has the aim of the victory in the people's struggle rather than the set-up of a party bureaucracy, partnership within power of imperialism.

We do not talk about democratic centralism, since urban guerillas, in the metropole federal republic cannot have a centralistic apparatus. It is not a party but a political-militaristic organization, developing its functions of leadership collectively from every single unit, group—with the tendency to dissolve them within the groups, within collective learning. The aim is always the independent, tactical orientation of the fighter, the guerilla, the cadre. The collectivization is a political process, noticeable everywhere, in interaction and communication, in learning from one another in all work and training. Authoritarian structures of leadership lack material basis in the guerilla, also because the true, i.e. voluntary development of the productive energy of every individual contributes to the effectiveness of the revolutionary guerilla: to intervene in a revolutionary way with weak energies, to unleash the people's war.



L: So he displays a work that isn't even his?

C: Exactly. It's rough. It's extremely difficult.

L: This artist, then, is not only alienated from existing structures, but also from his own art, which is not his own!

C: He is equally alienated from his own personality. He does away with himself. It's rather an extravagant phenomenon.

L: This is why I spoke of a pilgrim's staff. It inspires one to hang out, to travel, to roam, to wander about the margins.

C: This artist is not alone. There are others.

L: Have they met with the same sort of reactions that you yourself have encountered?

C: More so yet, with even more hostility. People say to them, "Oh, so you're one of Cadere's fans! A little Cadere!" It's much worse for them. I know one fellow who suffered a nervous breakdown. I told him, "If you want to buy it, that's your business. But I don't advise you to carry it. Watch out, it's dangerous." Just the same, he carried it around for a whole year. He loves art. He loves to hang out in that world, and he really believed in it. He ended up having a fit. As for the California artist, he's really off the wall!

L: Don't some people think you're really off the wall?

C: They can, yes, but ultimately they say . . .

L: . . . that after all, you're not really dangerous. After a while, however bizarre or deviant, you are recognized as an artist who is involved in a work that has its worth.

C: It's an inescapable process.

L: Have you ever been in touch with artistic movements opposed to the gallery system?

C: No.

L: It doesn't interest you?

C: No, not in the least. What's more, it doesn't exist. We're talking about artists who create works that must be displayed. So they say, "O.K., we'll set up a cooperative gallery—

Psychological Warfare

The principle of psychological warfare, in order to instigate the masses against the guerilla, to isolate the guerilla from the people, is to mystify the material, real aims of revolution, which matter—liberation from the rule of imperialism, from occupied territories, from colonialism and neo-colonialism, from dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, from military dictatorship, exploitation, fascism and imperialism and to distort through personification psychologization, to make the perceivable nonperceivable, the rational seemingly irrational, the humanity of revolutionaries seem inhuman. The technique is: instigation, lies, dirt, racism, manipulation, mobilization of the hidden fears of the people, of the reflexes of existential fears and superstition in regard to uncomprehended authorities, because of non-perceivable power structures, all of which have been burnt into the flesh through decades and centuries of colonialism and exploitative control.

In the attempt of the pigs to destroy through psychologization the thing: revolutionary politics, armed anti-imperialist struggle in the metropole federal republic and their implications on the consciousness of the people, they make us seem to be what they are, the structure of the RAF as that one by which they rule—the way their power apparatuses are set-up and function: being Ku-Klux-Klan, Mafia, CIA and the way the character masks of imperialism and their puppets force through their interests: by blackmail, bribery, competition, protectionism, brutality and the path across dead bodies.

In their psychological warfare against us, the pigs count on the merging of pressure for productivity and the fright, which the system burnt into the flesh of everyone, who is forced to sell his working energy just to be able to exist. They count on the instigated syndromes: anti-communism, anti-semitism, sexual repression, religion, authoritarian school systems, racism, brain-washing through consumer culture and imperialist medias, reeducation and "wirtschaftswunder", having been directed against the people for decades, centuries.

The shocking thing about the guerilla in its first phase was the shocking thing about our first action, by having people act without letting themselves be determined by the pressure of the system, without seeing themselves with the eyes of the media, without fear. Folks acting based on true experience, their own and that of the people. For the guerilla relies on those facts, which the people suffer from every day: exploitation, media terror, insecurity of living conditions in spite of most refined technology and greatest wealth in this country—psychic illnesses, suicides, child molesting, distress of schools, housing misery. The shocking

thing about our action for the imperialist state was that the RAF has been perceived in the consciousness of the people to be what it is: practice, the thing, which results logically and dialectically from the existing conditions—action, which as expression of the real conditions, as expression of the only realistic possibility to change them, overthrow them, renders back dignity to the people, and meaning to the struggles, revolutions, uprisings, defeats and revolts of the past—once again enables the people to have a consciousness of its history. Because all history is history of class struggle, because people, having lost sense of the dimensions of revolutionary class struggle, are forced to live in a state of no history, deprived of its self-consciousness, i.e. its dignity.

In reference to the guerilla, everybody can define for himself, where he stands—is able after all to see, where he is standing, his position in the class society, within imperialism, define it for himself. For many think they are standing on the side of the people—but as soon as the people start to fight, they run off, denounce, step on the brakes, move to the side of the police. This is the problem which Marx cited endless times, that a person is not what he claims but what his real functions, his role in the class society, defines him as, this is what he, unless acting consciously against

there's no other solution." A cooperative gallery? Thanks, I can do without it. I do my work all by myself. It's the same old enclosed space. It's not John or Mary Doe who get the bucks, but ten artists. What the hell should I care about their boxes and their naked galleries!

L: But you're no less glued to the artistic world than they are, because ultimately, what you do depends on a very restricted circuit. Doesn't the fact that you inhabit the artistic ghettos confirm its existence? Wouldn't it be preferable to shuffle the cards—and not only inside the institution; to challenge the distribution among the elite, which is to say the art scene, and the world at large?

C: I'm in the street all day long. But not just in the street.

L: In the street people see you as someone who's a bit extravagant, but New York is full of eccentrics. How are people to understand that what they're

GERMANY
BAADER-MEINHOF
ENGLAND GOT
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BUT
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KILL IT.

seeing is an artistic statement?
 C: They don't have to understand that. I address the artistic statement solely and uniquely to art's power structure. In the street, it's an altogether different thing.

L: Then is it only artistic structures which confer artistic characteristics on what you do?
 C: Yes.

L: So you have a need for this authority or power, even to come down on it.

C: I could give another definition for "art". I can say, a priori: "Art is this baton which I carry. Therefore, in the subway, in the galleries and museums, in the street, wherever, this is what art is all about. And I show it to people. Some think it's very beautiful, others remain completely indifferent. And so it goes. If, on the contrary, I give a specialized definition for "art", as certain institutions do, then I must show something within the framework of the institution.

L: You have been classified with the conceptual artists. Does this correspond to what you feel?

C: I define myself precisely as having nothing to do with the conceptual movement.

L: Would you have been able to do your thing without conceptual art?

C: Well, there is a connection, but nothing more. Conceptual art is an historical classification.

L: The Itinerary you chose to follow on West Broadway on April 8, 1978, included not only galleries . . .

C: We wanted to include boutiques, stores, prestigious galleries, schmaltzy galleries, whatever. In this way, everything was reduced to the same level—which is business.

L: In setting up an equivalence between one gallery and another, you're recognizing, just the same, that there are differences between them, and you exploit the very fact that these differences exist.

C: David Ebony and I have discussed this question in depth. At first we figured we should re-



fer to the different galleries and the various stores by name. Then we decided not to give our own action too polemic and personal a dimension.

L: Personal? Aren't we talking about structures and not people?
 C: The name of a gallery is first of all the name of a person. We ended up reducing our itinerary to a succession of street addresses.

L: Then, on the one hand, you equate what is artistic with what is not, and on the other hand, you level the internal hierarchical differences within the art world.
 C: Right. But there's another thing. When I'm in New York, I walk around with my work under my arm every day. But through our itinerary, David Ebony and I just wanted to highlight what for us is a simple daily activity. There's nothing exceptional about it, only at certain moments. . . .

L: It becomes official.
 C: Not exactly. It becomes conscious.

L: It crystallizes.
 C: Yes.

L: You sent an invitation, a gilded invitation to boot, announcing your exhibition in places you are not connected with, like a gallery which doesn't exist. That's a cool parody of the institution.

C: Strictly speaking, it's not meant to be humorous.

L: Did anyone come specifically to see your work?
 C: Three, or perhaps five did, I think. But what do I care about the way people reacted? It was enough to do it—with reactions, without reactions, any which way.

L: One could say that you attempt something which is close to what William Burroughs describes. The virus he invokes is a parasite which invades a living organism and turns its whole substance. It energy and its desires toward another end. Now

the system, i.e. taking up arms and fighting, is being lived as by the system, has been practically instrumentalized to be for the aims of the system.

The pigs in their psychological warfare try to turn upside down those facts which have been rightside up in the guerilla action—being that the people does not depend on the state but the state on the people, that the people does not depend on stock corporations, multinationals, their plants, but the capitalist pigs on the people, that police was created not to protect the people from criminals but rather to protect the exploitative system of imperialism from the people, the people do not depend on the justice system but the justice system on the people, we do not depend on the presence of American troops and institutions here but U.S. imperialism on us. Through personification and psychologization they project upon us what they are, the cliches of capitalist anthropology, the reality of its character masks, its judges, state, prosecutors, its prison pigs, the fascists: the pig enjoying its alienation, living on torturing others, suppressing, using them, the existence of which is based upon career, upward mobility, stepping upon, living at the expense of others, exploitation, hunger, misery, misery of some billion people in the third world as well as here.

The ruling class hates us because in spite of a hundred years of repression, fascism, anti-communism, imperialist wars, the murder of nations, the revolution is lifting up its head again. By psychological warfare the bourgeoisie, the pig state has dumped upon us, and especially Andreas—he is the incarnation of the mob, the street-fighter enemy—all they hate and fear about the people; they recognized in us what is threatening them and will overthrow them: the decisiveness towards revolution, revolutionary force, political-military action—their own helplessness, the limitations of their means, once the people take to arms and start fighting.

Not upon us but upon itself does the system reflect in its slander against us, as all slander against guerilla teaches about those who produce it, about their pig belly, their aims, ambitions and fears. Even the "self-appointed avant-garde" for example does not make sense. To be avant-garde is a function which you cannot appoint yourself to nor claim. It is a function, which the people give to the guerilla out of their own consciousness, within the process of awakening, out of rediscovery of their own role in history, by discovering themselves within guerilla action, recognizing the In-Itself necessity of destroying the system as a For-Itself necessity through guerilla action that has already transformed it into a For-Itself necessity. The notion "self-appointed avant-garde" displays a kind of prestigious thinking, which belongs to the ruling class, which opts for domination—it has nothing to do with the function of possessionlessness

you, you do just the opposite. You introduce a counter-virus into an unhealthy structure, which is the structure of commerce, or hierarchy, or authority. You feed off it, you loosen its grip, simply establishing a parallel circuit.

C: What you say is interesting. Neither *Ebony* nor I had it in our heads to touch on the existing structures at Castelli's. We produced our parallel circuit, and it's true that it developed inside of their thing, but at the same time, it remained totally independent of it. It fed off its own sources, which are not necessarily those of the existing galleries.

L: You divert the system of the galleries' worth for your own profit, but at the same time, you pervert it. And I mean this literally: you recognize the existence of the law, but this is in order to better establish an artificial and rival agreement, and to re-orient the flux of values in a literal direction—"I have exhibited at Solomon's"—which becomes, by the same token, a parody. You re-discover, through trickery, the original dimension of art, which is that of play. The way a child plays, a perverse child's game: Richard Lindner's monstrous little boy plugging his little machine into the big one. It only pretends to be a trifling game. One couldn't feed off the institutional values any more innocently.

C: I'd say less. It is a means of feeding off the institution, but I don't claim to reveal anything. I only claim to show something which would not be shown otherwise.

of the proletariat, with emancipation, with dialectic materialism, with anti-imperialist struggle.

The Dialectics of Revolution and Counterrevolution

These are the dialectics of the strategy of anti-imperialist struggle: that through the defensiveness,



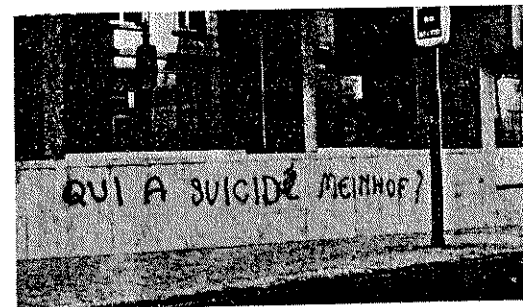
the reactions of the system, the escalation of counter-revolution, the transformation of the political martial law into the military martial law, the enemy betrays himself, becomes visible—and thus by his own terror makes the masses rise against him, lets contradictions escalate and thus forces the revolutionary struggle.

Marighela: "The basic principle of revolutionary strategy under the conditions of a permanent political crisis in city as well as countryside is to undertake such a range of revolutionary actions that the enemy feels compelled to change the political situation of the state into a military one. Then dissatisfaction will seize all layers and the military will be the only one responsible for all misconduct." And A. P. Puyan, a Persian comrade: "Through the pressure of the worsening, counterrevolutionary force against the resistance fighters, all other controlled groups and classes will inevitably become even more suppressed. Thus the ruling class intensifies the contradictions between itself and the suppressed classes and by creating such an atmosphere, which will come by force of things, it pushes the political consciousness of the masses way ahead."

And Marx: "Revolutionary progress determines its direction when it rouses a powerful, self-centered, counterrevolution by engendering an adversary that can only cause the insurgent party to evolve, in its battle against the counterrevolutionaries, into a veritable revolutionary party."

When the pigs in 1972 with a personnel of 150,000 created total mobilization in their search against the RAF, people's search via TV, intervention of the chancellor, centralization of all police forces with the federal bureau—this meant that at this point all material and personnel forces of this state were in motion because of a small number of revolutionaries: it became evident on a material level that the force monopoly of the state is limited, its powers can be exhausted, that imperialism is tactically speaking a man-eating monster, but strategically a paper tiger. It became evident on a material level that it is up to us whether suppression continues and it is up to us as well whether it will be smashed.

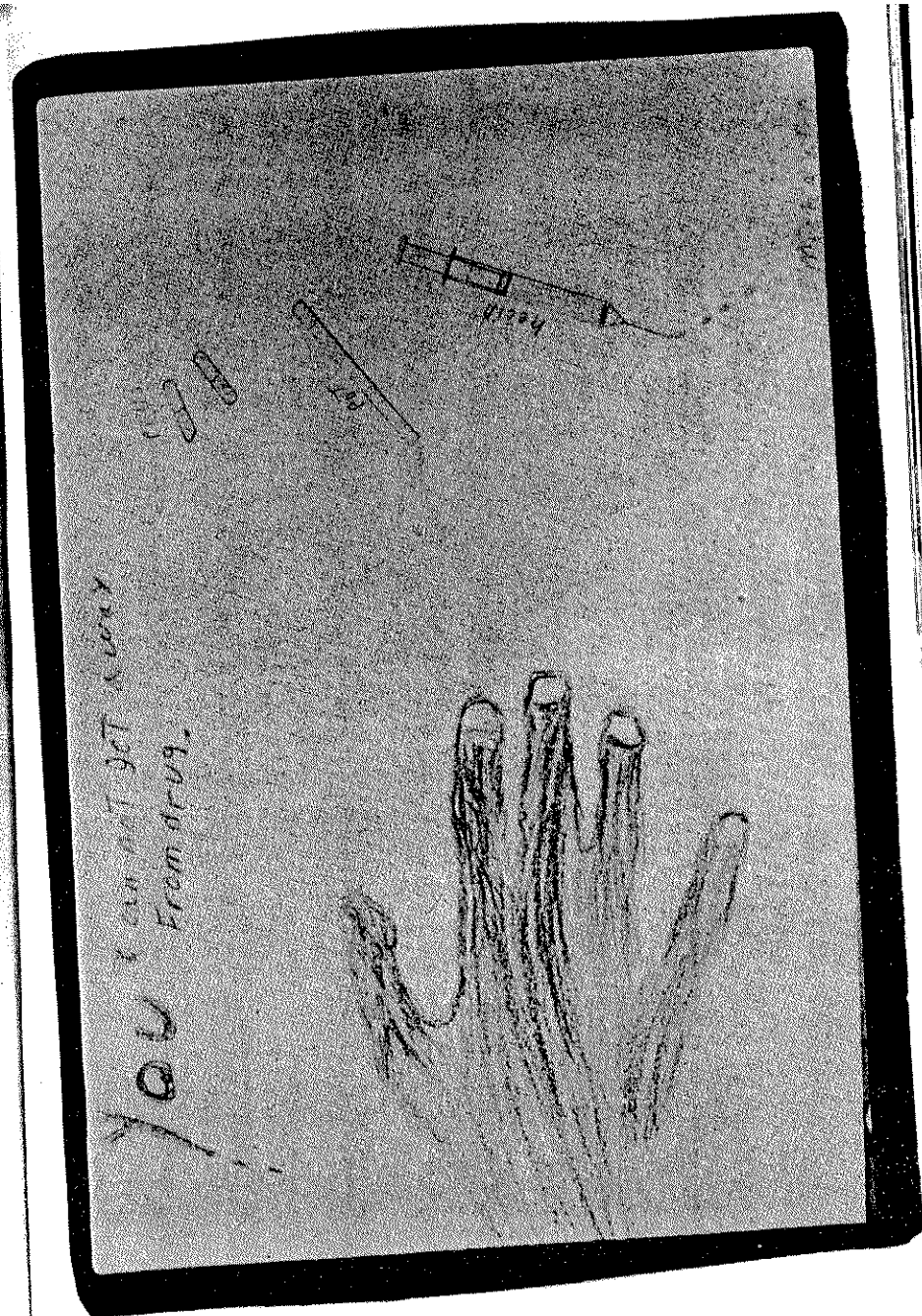
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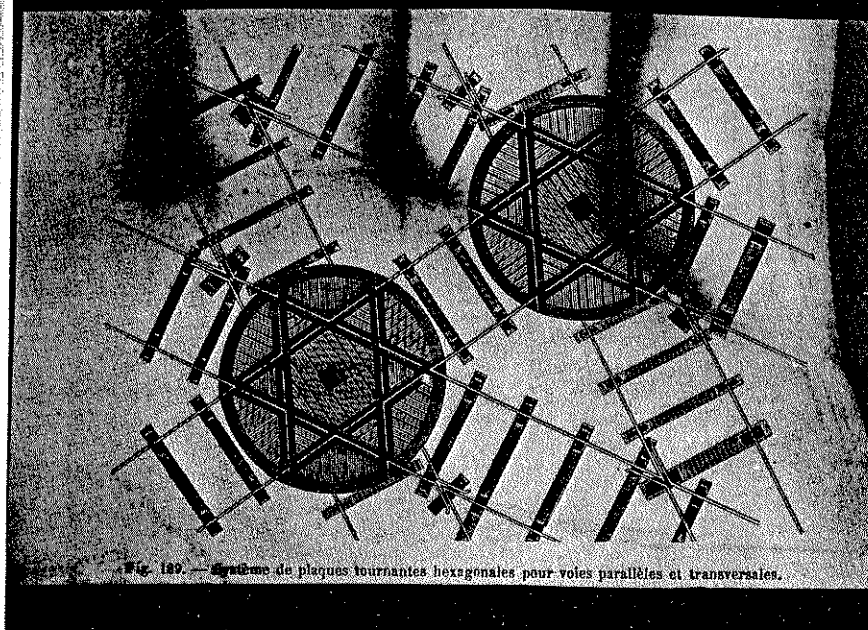


Gilles Deleuze

Politics

As individuals and groups, we are made up of lines, lines of very different sorts. The first kind of line (or rather, lines, since there are many lines of this kind) that forms us is segmentary, but *rigidly segmented*: family—profession; work—vacation; family—then school—then army—then factory—then retirement. After each change from one segment to another, we are told, “You are no longer a child”; then at school, “Now you are no longer at home”; then in the army, “this is not a school here...” In short, all kinds of well defined segments, coming from everywhere, which literally and figuratively carve us up, bundles of segmented lines. There are also segmented lines that are much more supple, somehow molecular. It’s not that they are more intimate or personal, for they run through societies and groups as well as through individuals. They trace out small modifications, cause detours, sketch depressions or outbursts of enthusiasm; yet, they are nonetheless precise, for they direct many irreversible processes. Rather than segmented molar lines, these are molecular flows with thresholds or quanta. *A threshold is crossed but this doesn’t necessarily coincide with a more visible segment of lines.* Many things occur along this second type of line, states of flux, micro-states of flux, lacking the rhythm of our ‘history’. That is why family problems, readjustments, and recollections appear so painful, while in fact, our most important changes are taking place elsewhere—another point of view, another time, another individuation. A profession is a rigid segment, but what goes on behind it! What connections, attractions and rejections inconsistent with the segments, what secret follies, nevertheless linked to public power: a professor, for example, or a judge, lawyer, accountant or cleaning woman? At the same time, there is also a third kind of line, an even stranger one, as if something were carrying us away through our segments but also across our thresholds, towards an unknown destination, not foreseeable, not preexisting. This line is simple, abstract, and yet it is the most complicated, the most tortuous of them all: it is the line of gravity and celerity, of remigration with the steepest gradient. This line seems to spring up afterwards, detaching itself from the other two, if indeed it can accomplish this separation. For perhaps there are people who do not have this line, who have only the other two, or those who have only one. From another perspective, however, this line has been present from the beginning, although it is the opposite of destiny: it would not need to detach itself from the other two; rather it would be the principal line, with the others deriving from it. In any case, these three lines are immanent,






interwoven one into the other. We have as many entangled lines in our lives as in the palm of a hand. But we are complicated in different ways than is a hand. The pursuits that we call by various names (schizo-analysis, micropolitics, pragmatics, diagramatism, rhizomatics, cartography) have no other goal than the study of these lines in groups or individuals.

Fitzgerald explains in his admirable short piece *The Crack-up* how life always proceeds at several rhythms, several speeds. Since Fitzgerald is a living drama, defining life as a process of demolition, his text is black, though no less exemplary, inspiring love with each sentence. He never displays as much genius as when he speaks of his loss of genius. Thus, he says about himself, there are first of all the large segments: rich-poor, young-old, success-failure, health-illness, love-indifference, creativity-sterility, in connection with social events (economic crisis, the stock market crash, the advances of cinema replacing the novel, the development of fascism, all kinds of necessarily heterogeneous events, to which these segments respond and precipitate). Fitzgerald refers to these events as breakages, each segment marking or being able to mark such a break. This kind of segmented line concerns us on a particular date in a particular place. Whether it goes up or down doesn't really matter (a successful life built upon this model is no better simply because of the model). The American Dream is just as much starting out as a street-sweeper and becoming a millionaire as the reverse; it involves the same segments. Fitzgerald also says that there are lines of cracking-up that don't correspond with the lines of large segmentary breaks. In this case we'd say that a plate has cracked. Most often, when things are going well, when everything's going better on the other line, the crack shows up stealthily, imperceptibly on this new line, causing a threshold of lesser resistance, or perhaps an increase of a required threshold. We can no longer put up with things as we used to, even

as we did yesterday; the distribution of desire within us has been changed, our conceptions of fast and slow have been modified, and a new kind of anguish, but also a new kind of serenity, come to us. The fluxes subside: our health improves, our wealth stabilizes, our talent manifests itself; that's when the little crack develops, the fissure that will oblique the line. Or perhaps the reverse: you make an effort to improve things when suddenly everything cracks apart on the other line. What an immense relief! Being no longer able to put up with something could be a way of making progress, but it could also be the development of paranoia, a fear that besets the aged, or it could be a perfectly correct evaluation, for real or political reasons. We don't change or grow older in the same way, from one line to another. The supple line is therefore no more personal or intimate than the hard line. The microcracks are also collective in the same way that macrobreaks are personal. Fitzgerald goes on to speak of yet another line, a third line which he calls *rupture*. It would appear that nothing has changed, and yet everything has changed. Assuredly, neither large segments, changes nor voyages affect this line, but neither do hidden mutations or mobile and floating thresholds, even though they come close. Instead, we would say that an 'absolute' threshold has been reached. There's no longer any secret. We've become just like everyone else, or more precisely, we have made a *becoming* of 'everyone'. We have become imperceptible, clandestine. We have embarked upon a very curious, stationary journey.

The lines, the movements of remigration are what appear first in a society in a way. Far from being a remigration outside of the social realm, far from being utopian or even ideological, these lines actually constitute the social realm, tracing its inclinations and its borders, its entire state of flux. We would qualify someone as a marxist if he were to say that a society contradicts itself, that it can be defined by its contradictions, especially class contradictions. We would say instead that everything circulates in a society, that a society defines itself by its lines of remigration, affecting masses of every sort (for once again, 'mass' is a molecular notion). A society, or any collective venture defines itself first by its points or flux of deterritorialization. History's greatest geographical adventures are lines of remigration—the long marches by foot, horse or boat: the Hebrews in the desert, Genseric le Vandale crossing the Mediterranean, the nomads across the steppes, the Great March of the Chinese—it is always along a line of remigration that we create, certainly not because we imagine or dream, but on the contrary, because we are tracing out the Real, and it is here that we construct a plan of consistence. Run, but while running, pick up a weapon.

This primacy of the lines of remigration should be understood neither in a chronological sense, nor in the sense of an eternal generality. Rather, its significance points to the fact and the right of inopportunity: a time without pulse, a hecceity, like a breeze that picks up at midnight, or at noon. For these reterritorializations occur simultaneously: monetary reterritorializations pass along new circuits; rural reterritorializations implement new modes of exploitation; urban reterritorializations pass according to new functions, etc. In this way reterritorializations accumulate and give birth to a class deriving particular benefits from it, capable of becoming homogeneous and recoding all the segments. At most, it would be necessary to distinguish between all mass movements with their respective coefficients and speeds, and class stabilizations with their segments distributed throughout the totality of the reterritorialization. The same thing acts as mass and as class but upon two different, intertwined lines with disparate contours. Now we can better understand why I said that there are at least three different lines, although sometimes only two, and even sometimes only one, all very entangled. Sometimes there are actually three lines, because the lines of remigration or of



rupture combine all the movements of deterritorialization, precipitate towards the quantum level, tear off accelerated particles that cross into each other's territory and transport them to a plane of consistency or a mutant machine. And then we have a second, molecular line, where deterritorializations are only relative, compensated by reterritorializations that impose multiple loops and detours, equilibriums and stabilizations upon them. Finally there is the molar line, composed of well defined segments, where reterritorializations accumulate to form an organizational plane and pass into a recoding machine. Three lines: the nomad line, the migrant line and the sedentary line (the migrant isn't anything like the nomad). Or we could have only two lines, because the molecular one would merely appear in oscillation between two extremes, sometimes overwhelmed by the conjugal flux of deterritorialization, sometimes contributing to the accumulation of reterritorializations. The migrant allies himself sometimes with the nomad and at other times with the mercenary or sedentary people: the Ostrogoths and Wisigoths. Or perhaps there is only a single line, the line of first remigration, the border or edge which relativizes the second line, allowing itself to be stopped or cut into the third. But even then, it can be conveniently presented as the line resulting from the explosion of the other two. Nothing is more complicated than this line or these lines: Melville refers to it when he talks about tying together the dingys with their organized segmentarity, about Captain Ahab in his germinal and molecular animal state, and the white whale during his wild escape. Let us return to the realm of signs we were talking about earlier: how the line of remigration is eliminated in despotic regimes; how during the Hebronic reign, now endowed with a negative sign, a positive but relative value was discovered and dissected into successive events... These are only two possible illustrations, there are so many others dealing with the essence of politics. Political activity is an active experiment because we never know in advance which direction a line is going to take. Make the line break through, says the accountant: but that's just it, the line can break through just about *anywhere*.


There are so many dangers; each line poses its own problems. The danger of both rigid segmentarity and the line of 'breakage' shows up everywhere. For not only do these lines concern our relationship with the State but also with every power mechanism that leaves its trace upon us, all the binary machines that dissect us, the abstract machines that encode us. These rigid segments regulate our way of seeing, acting, feeling—our entire realm of signs. It's very true that nationalist states oscillate between two poles: the first, liberal, since the State is nothing more than an apparatus directing its abstract machinery and the second, totalitarian, since the State takes the abstract machinery upon itself, thus tending to become confused with it. The segments which divide us and which order our lives are in any case marked with a rigidity that reassures us, but which also turns us into the most fearful, the most impitiable, the most bitter of all creatures. The danger is so widespread and so clear that we are often forced to wonder why we need this segmentarity at all. Even if we had the power to do away with it, could we do so without destroying ourselves? Especially since this segmentarity defines the very conditions of our life, including our human organism and even our rational capacities. The prudence which should be used to guide this line, the precautions needed to soften it, to suspend it, to divert it, to undermine it, all point to a long process which isn't carried out simply against the State and its powers, but also against itself.

The second line poses just as many threats. It is not sufficient to have attained or traced a molecular line, to have been carried away on a supple line. For here again, our perceptions, actions, passions and our whole system of signs are involved. Although we may encounter on a supple line the same dangers endemic to the rigid lines, they appear in miniature, disseminated or

perhaps molecularized: the little Oedipi of communal living have replaced the family Oedipus; continually changing relationships of force replace power mechanisms; cracks replace segregation. But worse still, the supple lines themselves reduce and provoke their own dangers: a threshold crossed too quickly or an intensity become dangerous because it is no longer bearable. The proper precautions weren't taken. This is the 'black hole' phenomenon, a supple line rushes into a black hole from which it cannot emerge. Guattari speaks of micro-fascisms that exist in a social realm without necessarily being attached to the centralized apparatus of a particular State. We have left the banks of rigid segmentarity, but we haven't found a more unified regime, where one individual buries himself in the black hole and becomes dangerously confident about his situation, his role and his mission. This proves more worrisome than the certitudes of the first line: Stalins of little groups, neighborhood justice-fighters, micro-fascism in gangs, etc... Therefore we are obliged to say that the true revolutionary is the schizophrenic, and that schizophrenia is actually the collapse of a molecular process into a black hole.

It would be wrong to consider it enough to finally chose the line of remigration or rupture. First of all, this line must be traced and we have to learn how to trace it. The line of remigration carries its own danger which is perhaps the worst of all. Not only do these, the steepest lines of remigration run the risk of being closed off, segmented and engulfed by black holes, but they additionally run the risk of becoming lines of abolition and destruction, of themselves as well as of others. The passion of abolition... Even music! Why does it evoke in us such a desire to die? It's just that all the examples of lines of remigration that we've mentioned so far appear in the works of our most favorite writers; how then do they turn out so badly? Lines of remigration turn out badly not because they are imaginary, but precisely because they are real and move within their reality. They turn out badly not because they are short-circuited by the other two lines, but because they themselves secrete a particular danger: Kleist and his double suicide, Holderlin and his madness, Fitzgerald and his self-destruction, Virginia Woolf and her disappearance. When these lines lead to death, it is because of an interior energy, a danger bred from within and not a destination that would be their own. We should ask ourselves why, along these lines of remigration which we consider as real, does the metaphor of war so readily come to mind, even on the most personal and individual level? Holderlin on the battlefield; Hyperion. Kleist, who throughout his entire work repeats the idea of a war machine needed to battle against the State apparatus; but also, in his life, the idea of a war which must be carried out ultimately leads to his suicide. Fitzgerald: "I felt as though I were standing alone at twilight on a deserted shooting range". 'Critique and Clinique': life and a work of art are the same thing; when they join the line of remigration, they belong to the same war machine. A long time ago, under these same conditions, life ceased being personal and the work of art ceased being literary or textual.

War is certainly not a metaphor. We all suppose that the war machine has a completely different nature and origin than the State mechanism. The war machine probably had its origin in the conflict between the nomadic shepherds and the imperial sedentary peoples. This implies an arithmetic organization in an open space where men and women distribute themselves, as opposed to the geometric organization of the State which divides up an enclosed space. Even though the war machine is very similar to geometry, it is a very different geometry from that of the State, a sort of Archimedean geometry composed of 'problems' and not of 'theorems' like Euclid's. On the other hand, the power of the State doesn't depend upon a war machine, but upon the functioning of the binary machines that run through us and the abstract machines that encode



us: an entire 'police force'. Interestingly enough, the war machine is penetrated by animal and women states of flux, these states of flux that are imperceptible to the warrior. (Cf: the secret is an invention of the war machine, in opposition to the 'publicity' of the despot or the statesman). Dumézil has often insisted upon this eccentric position of the warrior in relation to the State; Luc de Heusch shows how the war machine comes from the exterior to rush towards an already developed State.¹ Pierre Clastre, in a definitive text, explains that the function of war among primitive groups was precisely to conjure up the formation of a State apparatus.² We'd say that the State apparatus and the war machine neither belong to the same lines, nor construct themselves upon the same lines, whereas the State apparatus and even the conditions that provide for coding belong to the rigid segmented lines. The war machine follows the steepest lines of remigration coming from the heart of the steppes or the desert and thrusting itself upon the empire, like Ghengis Khan and the Emperor of China. The military organization is one of remigration (even the one that Moses gave to his people) not only because it consists in escaping something, or even in making the enemy run, but because everywhere it goes it traces a line of remigration or deterritorialization which resolves itself into a line with its own policy and strategy. Under these conditions, one of the most considerable problems facing the State is to integrate this war machine into the institutionalized army, to make it a part of the general police (Tamerlan is perhaps the most striking example of such a conversion). The army is never more than a compromise. The war machine could become mercenary, or it could become appropriated by the State in its very attempt to conquer it. But there will always be a tension between the State apparatus, with its demand for self-preservation, and the war machine, with its project to destroy the State, its subjects, and even to destroy or dissolve itself along the line of remigration. If there is no history from the point of view of the nomads (even though everything happens through them), if they are like the noumens or the unknowables of history, it is because they are inseparable from this project of abolition which makes nomadic empires disappear as quickly as individuals, at the same time that the war machine either destroys or abandons itself to the service of the State. Briefly, each time the line of remigration is traced out by a war machine, it converts itself into a line of abolition, destroying itself as well as others. This is the particular danger of this type of line that entwines but doesn't confuse itself with the preceding dangers. This occurs to such an extent that each time a line of remigration turns into a line of death, we are not dealing with an interior pulsation, as for example, a 'death wish', but rather, with a conjunction of desire which activates an objective or extrinsically definable machine. Therefore, it is not simply metaphorical to say that each time someone destroys others as well as himself, he has invented his own war machine along his lines of remigration: the conjugal war machine of Strindberg; the alcoholic war machine of Fitzgerald. The entire work of Kleist is built upon the following realization: there is no longer any war machine equal in size to that of the Amazons; the war machine is only a dream that disintegrates and makes room for one's national armies. The Prince of Hombourg: how is it possible to reinvent a new kind of war machine? Michael Kulhaas: how can lines of remigration be traced when we know very well that their path leads us to destruction, to double suicide? Lead my own war? Or rather, how can I evade this last trap?

Differences do not occur between individuals and groups, for we see no duality between the two types of problems: there is no subject of enunciation, but every proper name is collective, every conjunction is already collective. The differences between natural and artificial are no longer apparent as long as the two belong to the same machine and are interchangeable. The case is the same between spontaneity and organization, as long as the question deals with

modes of organization. Nor is it any different between segmentarity and centralization, if indeed centralization is an organization form which depends upon a type of rigid segmentarity. These effective differences take place between lines even though they are all imminently intertwined into one another. That's why the question of schizoanalysis, pragmatism or micropolitics itself is never one of interpretation but only of questioning: which lines belong to you, as an individual or group, and what are the dangers of each line? 1. Which are your rigid segments, your binary machines and your codes? For these are not givens. We are not only carved up by the binary machines of class, sex or age, but there are also other machines that we never finish shifting around, inventing without knowing it. And what risk would we run if we did away with them too quickly? The organism itself wouldn't die, since it too possesses binary machines all the way down to its nerves and its brain. 2. Which are your supple lines, your fluxes and your thresholds. What is the totality of your relative deterritorializations and correlative reterritorializations? And the distribution of your black holes? What are they like, where is the little beast hiding itself and where is the micro-fascism flourishing? 3. What are your lines of remigration at that point where the fluxes conjugate, where the thresholds reach a point of adjacency and rupture? Are they still alive or have they already been assumed into a machine of destruction and autodestruction that will recreate molar fascism? A conjunction of desire and enunciation could be folded into the most rigid lines, into their power mechanisms. There are other conjunctions with only these lines. But other dangers lie in wait for each of us, from the most supple to the most vicious, of which we alone are the judge, as long as it is not too late. The question, "How can desire wish for its own repression?" doesn't really pose an actual theoretical problem, but it does present many practical problems. There is desire as soon as there is a machine or a 'Body without Organs'. But bodies without organs are sometimes like empty, hardened envelopes, because they have overthrown their organic components too quickly: 'overdoses'. There are cancerous and fascist Bodies without Organs, in black holes or in machines of abolition. How can desire thwart all of this, while continually attempting to combat these dangers with its own plan of consistence and immanence?

There is no generalized recipe. There are no more global concepts. Even concepts are heccecities and events in themselves. What is interesting about concepts like 'desire' or 'machine' or 'conjunction' is that they can be defined only by their variables, and by the highest possible number of variables. We are not in favor of concepts which are general and therefore as useless as hollow teeth: THE law: THE master, THE rebel. We aren't here to account for all the deaths and victims of history, nor for the martyrs of Goulag. "The revolution is impossible; but since we are thinkers, we must think the impossible, because in the final analysis, the impossible only exists in our minds!"

There was never any question of revolution, spontaneous utopia or State organization. When we challenge the model of State apparatus, or of party organizations which model themselves upon the conquest of this apparatus, we do not necessarily regress to the opposite extreme, a natural state full of dynamic spontaneity, nor do we become 'lucid' thinkers of an impossible revolution, deriving pleasure from the fact that it is impossible. The question has always been organizational, never ideological; is it possible to have an organization which is not modeled on a state apparatus, even if it anticipates the State of the future? Can we therefore propose a war machine composed of lines of remigration? In opposing the war machine to the State apparatus, in dealing with any conjunction, whether musical or literary, we must evaluate the degree to which we approach the opposing poles. But how can a war

machine be modern in any way? And how can it deal with its own fascist dangers faced with the totalitarian dangers of the State? How can it deal with its own dangers of self-destruction faced with the conservation of the State? In some ways it's very easy, it's done every day and it happens by itself. The mistake would be to say that there is a global State which is master of its plan and guardian of its traps. Then a form of resistance, taking on the form of the State, will betray us, smother and fragment itself by its disintegration into partial and spontaneous local struggles. Even the most centralized State is not at all master of its plans. It is an experimenter, making injections here and there, finally unable to predict anything at all. Even State economists consider themselves incapable of predicting an increase in monetary supply. American politics are clearly obliged to proceed by empirical injections and not at all by apodictic programs. State powers conduct their experiments along these different lines of complex conjunction, leading to experimenters of another kind, with baffled expectations, tracing the active lines of remigration, looking for the conjugation of these lines, augmenting or slowing down their speed, creating little by little the plan of consistence, and a war machine which measures with each step the dangers to be encountered.

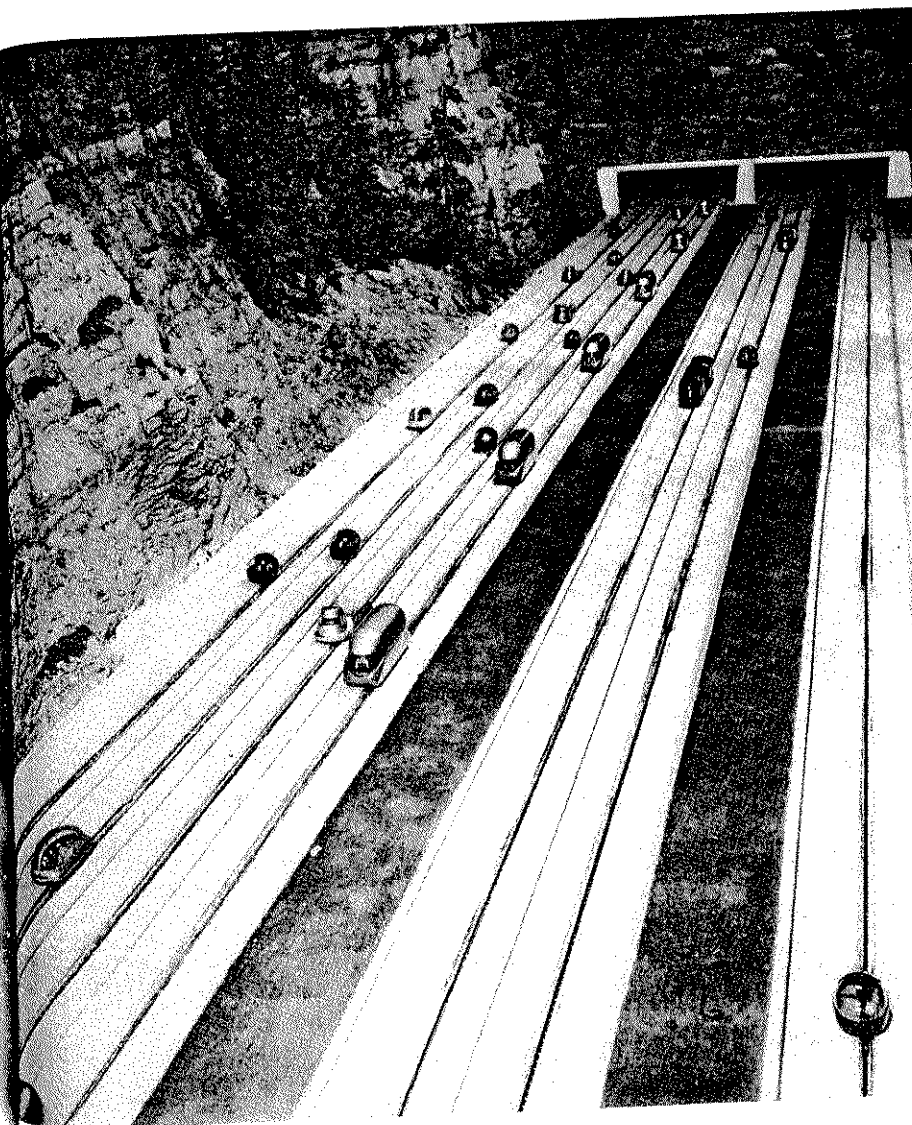
Our situation is characterized by both what is beyond and what is within the State. A large abstract machine which encodes monetary, industrial and technological fluxes is formed by what is beyond the State, by the development of the world market, the power of multi-national societies, the outline of a global organization and the extension of capitalism throughout the entire social body. At the same time the means of exploitation, of control and of surveillance become more and more subtle, diffused and, in a way, molecular. Workers of the rich countries necessarily take part in the looting of the third world, and men necessarily take part in the exploitation of women, etc. But the abstract machine and its malfunctions are no more infallible than nation States which don't correct mistakes within their own territory, let alone in the movement from one territory to another. The State no longer has the political, institutional or financial means to combat or resist the social counterattacks of the machine. It is doubtful that it can rely forever upon old social forms, like the police, armies, bureaucrats (even unionized), collective equipment, schools and families. Following lines of gradience and remigration, enormous landslides occur within the State affecting mainly: territorial divisions; mechanisms of economic control (new unemployment and inflation); basic regulatory structures (crisis in the schools, unions, army, women, etc.); recovery demands which are becoming qualitative as well as quantitative (quality of life instead of 'standard of living'), all of which constitutes what we might call the *right to desire*. It is not surprising that all kinds of interests, whether they be minority, linguistic, ethnic, regional, sexist, or juvenile, regarding the world-wide economy or the conjunction of the nation States, are being questioned in a very immanent manner, not only by outdated groups but also by contemporary forms of revolution. Instead of betting on the eternal impossibility of revolution and the fascist return of a war machine in general, why not believe that a new type of revolution is about to become possible? And that all types of mutant machines are living, engaging in warfare, coming together to trace out a plan of consistence, to undermine the organizational plan of the World and its States? For once again, the World and its States are no more the masters of their plans than the revolutionaries are condemned by their mutant project. Each piece plays together in a very uncertain game, "face to face, back to back, back to face...." The question concerning the future of the revolution is a bad one, because as long as we insist on it there are those people who will refuse to become revolutionaries. And this question is purposefully repeated in an attempt to divert our attention from the matter of real concern, the stages of popular, germinal, revolutionary activity in every

place and at every level.

Translated by Janet Horn

Excerpted from *Dialogues* by Gilles Deleuze / Claire Parnet, Paris: Flammarion, 1977

1. Georges Dumézil, notably *Heur et malheur du guerrier* (PUF) and *Mythe et Épopée*, Vol. II (Gallimard). Luc de Heusch, *Le Roi ivre ou l'origine de l'État* (Gallimard).
2. Pierre Clastres, *La Guerre dans les sociétés primitives*, in *Libre*, No. 1 (Payot).



Schizophrenile®

(MASOREDAZINE, for schizo-affect)

"...chronic schizo-philes who have either regressed to a higher level of normalization after initial improvement, or have failed to respond to previous psychotropic inducing medication... can improve significantly [with] Schizophrenile®."

Schizophrenile Prescribing Information, 1978

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Patients should be kept lying down for at least one-half hour after injection.

Available in 3 dosage forms: Tablets: 10, 25, 50 and 100 mg. Concentrate: 25 mg/cc. Injectable: 1 cc (25 mg).

—Side effects are usually mild or moderate.

—Except for tremor and rigidity, adverse reactions are usually found in patients receiving high doses early in treatment.

—Low incidence of Parkinson's syndrome.

—Drowsiness and hypotension are the most prevalent side effects encountered.

Indication: Schizo-affect [a cultural derivative]

Contraindications: Normativity, consistency, filial devotion, competitiveness, identification, interiority, sense of purpose and responsibility.

Warnings: Administer cautiously and increase dosage gradually to patients participating in activities requiring aphasic faculties.

Schizophrenile®

EMPTY WORDS

EMPTY WORDS

EMPTY WORDS

EMPTY WORDS

E

Syntax: arrangement of the army (Norman Brown). Language free of syntax: demilitarization of language. James Joyce = new words; old syntax. Ancient Chinese? Full words: words free of specific function. Noun is verb, is adjective, adverb. What can be done with the English language? Use it as material. Material of five kinds: letters, syllables, words, phrases, sentences. A text for song can be a vocalise: just letters. Can be just syllables, just words; just a string of phrases; sentences. Or combinations of letters and syllables (for example), letters and words, et cetera.

Empty words has IV parts (or Lectures). Part I has phrases, words, syllables and letters obtained by subjecting the *Journal* of Henry David Thoreau to a series of I Ching change operations. Part II omits phrases. These and words are omitted in Part III. Part IV has only letters and silences. Thus the text as an entity is a metamorphosis from a language already without sentences to a spoken (and sometimes vocalized) music.

In this ms. each event (syllable or letter[s]) is numbered. Lecture III has 4006 events. Some of these are followed by a sign for liaison (☐). In a reading these connected events are pronounced with a single breath. A new breath is taken for the next event(s). A period followed by the sign # indicates a silence, the length of which is concluded when a running stopwatch reaches a 0 or 30. The parallel lines (//) do not affect a performance but indicate the ends of lines in the typescript. Underlined syllables or letters (e.g. event 27, *ru*) are vocalized rather than spoken. They were italics in the *Journal* of Thoreau from which this mix was obtained. The Roman numerals refer to the volumes of the *Journal* (I–XIV). The Arabic numbers are page numbers. Since each volume begins with pg. 3, 2 is added to each number, the number of pages in the volume being related to the number 64 in order to make the I Ching chance operations determinative. The numbers within squares (e.g. event 8, 21) indicate indentations in the typescript.

Making music by reading aloud. To read. To breathe. Changing frequency. Going up and then going down: going to extremes. Establish (Part I, II) stanza's time. That brings about a variety of tempi (short stanzas become slow; long become fast). To bring about quiet of IV (silence) establish no stanza time in III or IV. Not establishing time allows tempo to become naturally constant. Instead of going to extremes (as in I and II), movement toward a center (III and IV). IV: equation between letters and silence. Making language saying nothing at all. What's in mind is to stay up all night reading. Time reading so that at dawn (IV) the sounds outside come in (not as before through closed doors and windows).

In this ms. each event (syllable or letters) is numbered. Lecture III has
 four events. Some of these are followed by a sign for liaison (L). In
 a reading these connected events are pronounced with a single breath.
 A new breath is taken for the next event(s). A period followed
 by the sign # indicates a silence, the length of which is
 decided by ~~the~~ a running stopwatch ~~and~~ reaches the
~~duration~~ by ~~the~~ a ~~running~~ stopwatch ~~and~~ reaches the
 next 0 or 30. The parallel lines (//) do not affect
 a performance but indicate the ends of lines in the

typescript. Underlined syllables or letters (e.g. event 27, em)
 are vocalized rather than spoken. They were italics in
 the Journal of I Ching from which through a
 series of I Ching Change operations this ms. x the volumes
 was obtained. The Roman numerals refer to the volumes
 of the Journal (I-XIV). The Arabic numbers are page
 numbers. Since each volume begins of pg. 3, 3 is added to
 each number, since the number of pages in the volume was
 related to the number 64 in order to name the I Ching
 Change operations determinative. The numbers within
 squares (e.g. event 8, 83) indicate indications in the typescript.

Empty words for IV parts (or lectures). Pt. I has phrases, words, syllables and letters. Pt II omits phrases. These and words are omitted in Part III. Pt IV has only letters and silences. Thus the text as an entity is a metamorphosis from a language already without sentences to a spoken (and sometimes vocalized) music.

Tom Cage



The Music of Changes is a piece in four parts in the rhythmic structure 3, 5, $6\frac{3}{4}$, $6\frac{3}{4}$, 5, $3\frac{1}{8}$ expressed in Chaucung tempi. The composing means involved change functions derived from the I-Ching, the Chinese Book of Changes. The notation expresses a relation between time & space such as exists in the case of sc. recorded on magnetic tape. Here a quarter-note

(the fourth) is the 6 phrases
 The 4th part played this evening is $5 + 3\frac{1}{8}$ times.

1000 III 369-71 or
 I XII 170-2 go.

1 9/11
 2 Letters
 3 SL

III - incantation
 H = end of strings
 S

Lectura III // = end of line.

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| 1 | (1) (2) IX 122-4 the = | 4 | XII 335-7 that = |
| 2 | XII 49-51 Af | 5 | X 481-3 I = |
| 3 | XI 106-8 perch = | 6 | VII 19-21 as |
| 4 | IV 253-5 great = | 7 | XIII 145-7 you'd be |
| 5 | VIII 333-5 kind | 8 | XIV 78-80 their = |
| 6 | II 84-6 and | 9 | VII 206-8 of = |
| 7 | IX 305-7 ten. H | 20 | I 136-8 sparrow spar = |
| 8 | VIII 463-5 have | 1 | VI 488-90 re = |
| 9 | III 313-5 and = | 2 | (1.3) (2) II 319-21 re = |
| 10 | IX 360-2 the = | 3 | I 188-90 may = |
| 1 | IX 377-9 with = | 4 | III 182-4 you're // |
| 2 | XI 24-6 a | 5 | IV 440-2 hsgl = |
| 3 | XIII 340-2 nae, // | 6 | XIV 113-5 an = |

S 7 IV 47-9 feet ru c
 S 8 V 403-5 as
 S 9 XI 159-61 the c
 L 30 XII 266-2 e c
 S 1 VI 420-2 shelf, //
 S 2 V 124-6 ¹⁰ not
 S 3 II 69-71 er
 L 4 IV 184-6 in n
 S 5 X 72-4 how c
 S 6 VI 168-70 the
 S 7 XIII 417-9 ing
 L 8 VIII 87-9 e //
 S 9 IV 323-5 ¹⁸ -shaped
 L 40 IX 180-2 w c
 L 1 XI 104-6 K; W c
 S 2 V 382-4 id
 L 3 X 488-90 n
 L 1 V 386-8 ps tw
 L 5 X 137-41 e c
 S 6 XII 234-6 ty. #
 L 7 VI 253-5 ¹⁰ f c
 L 8 XII 234-6 ou (ou) c
 L 9 XIII 118-20 -a
 S 50 IV 382-4 the
 L 1 VIII 189-91 f c
 S 2 XIII 86-8 he c
 3(2) ① XIV 154-6 rly c
 u XI 371-3 th
 S X 69-71 gth
 L IX 490-2 f
 7 II 394-6 t c
 8 VIII 400-2 g c
 9 XIV 158-60 n-pl c
 60 X 64-6 h

(2)
 61 I 428-30 ng // 7 V 191-193 s c
 2 I 158-60 ² s c 8 XIV 167-9 ng c
 3 VIII 254-6 th c 9 XIV 183-5 by
 4 IV 181-3 rc c 80 I 43-5 o //
 5 XIII 373-5 e 1 I 21-3 ² o c
 6 V 410-12 ght 2 XII 21-3 phys
 7 IX 144-6 rc 3 V 468-70 th c
 8 XII 309-11 t 4 XIV 199-201 e c
 9 VII 367-9 e 5 VIII 211-3 p c
 70 IV 184-6 T c 6 X 271-3 f b c
 1 XIII 413-5 m st c 7 VIII 42-4 f c
 2 II 59-61 th c 8 VIII 415-7 e
 3 IV 384-6 t 9 XI 350-2 n f c
 4 IV 137-9 th c 90 VII 289-91 n f
 5 I 61-3 sn c 1 XII 116-12 t c
 6 XIV 332-4 o 2 V 16-8 sh

- 3 II 356-8 m
 4 III 396-8 ie
 5 XII 231-3 gh c
 6 III 434-6 l //
 7 XI 328-30 lfs c
 8 VI 5-7 b c
 9 II 192-4 δ fr c
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 2 I 9-11 I c
 3 VI 90-2 r
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 5 X 311-3 q
 6 XIV 187-9 o c
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 5 XI 225-7 m c
 6 X 380-2 o c
 7 IV 171-3 e c
 8 II 203-5 hth c
 9 IV 228-30 bl
 120 XII 417-9 ou (CV)
 1 VIII 200-2 ps
 2 XI 357-9 o
 3 IX 243-5 e c
 4 I 481-3 e
 5 VIII 134-6 δ
 6 VIII 28-30 e c

Pat Steir

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Jean-Jacques Abrahams

Fuck the Talkies

This film doesn't want to be anything other than a gigantic remake of the joyous exit from the Lumière ("light") factories, considered the first and last of all films, because it contains from its very outset all other possible films. The genius of the Lumière brothers, with their prodigious names and family name (to which we must associate the name of their city) is to have had the perceptiveness — earlier they worked to perfect the sensitivity of the photographic material sold by their father—to capture the basic desire of the Nineteenth Century: to get out of the factory! And to have invented the machine which realizes that desire, permitting

Jean-Jacques Abrahams lives in Belgium. After twenty years of analysis, he decided to secrete a tape recorder in his psychoanalyst's office: "...A schizophrenic flash ..., with the insertion of a desiring-machine, everything is reversed" (Deleuze and Guattari, Anti-Oedipus, Viking Press: New York, 1977, p. 56.) As punishment, Abrahams was confined to a psychiatric hospital. He escaped and published the now celebrated transcription of his "psychoanalytic dialogue" in J.P. Sartre's Les Temps Modernes. Since then, he has published L'Homme au magnétophone (Sagittaire: Paris, 1976). The text which we publish here has not appeared in French.

Phil Glass

interview

Sylvère Lotringer: *There seems to be in Western culture a distinct reversal of priorities. Any element of continuity, unity, melody, syntax, etc. is being broken down. This is basically what I refer to as schizophrenia; but in political terms, not in clinical terms. Now what you are doing appears to be, from the outside, very structured—incidentally structured—but what's interesting is that it is structured in quite a different way. The emphasis is not at all the same as it used to be, but is closer to maybe music in medieval times. What brought you then to put into question certain priorities in Western music?*

Phil Glass: Now there are two ways of talking about it. One is just the technical way in terms of music and I don't really think that's what we're talking about. Perhaps more important is why one is thinking about music in this way in the first place. I've been thinking about this problem for some time. I became curious about this way of listening to music that I'm involved in, and why I am making music to listen to in this way. I have to tell you that for years I did it without thinking about it at all. Like a lot of people I was operating very much in terms of an instinct to make a certain

all men, even the most disadvantaged, to again become the immediate supports of light for each other. Instantly they returned our name to us by giving us theirs: we are all supports of light and the children of this brotherhood of Auguste and Louis. Thus we see from the beginning that the invention of cinema is a remake. We're through with the insatiable cry of the mirror of recognition, "What's new?" (found on every second page of Shakespeare). Besides, the first film was immediately remade twice (we cannot be mistaken as to the intention). That first film was also the only film in the entire history of cinema for which there was probably no prepared script to pass from the idea of subject to realization; that day, everything flowed from the source.

The remark concerning their name enables us to understand why it could only have been produced thanks to the specific structure of the French language and of the vocation by which it marks those who use it, that this fantastic progress could have been achieved in order to complete the liberation of humanity from the preceding centuries of boredom, obscurity, and heartbreaks. When the film is projected, the spectators are directly connected to the desire of whomever directed the camera angles; the cinema cuts short any idea of impoverishment due to a linear vision of time and distance with which human languages were concerned right up until the present time. It established for those who needed it the sphericity of things which are only produced among men. There is no "elsewhere", unless it is there where we imagine that representations are better than here where our conscience remains encumbered with boundaries and feels unable to represent them to itself unless as still incomplete and insufficient.

But the cinema, upon its invention, inherited the complex dominating the Nineteenth Century, Fabrice's, equally connected to the structures of our language. Literary romanticism, scripturaly of those who feel they were born too late and who didn't have the chance to experience the revolution or the Napoleonic epic. Likewise, there were those who weren't around on that day in 1896 in Lyon, because that day, like Sartre's grandfather Schweitzer, they were posing for pictures at Nadar and thus

kind of experience. It was only later on that I began to try to find out what the experience was really about. What was helpful was discovering the extremes of reactions to this. People got very angry about having to listen to music in this way. I thought that was very curious.

Bill Hellermann: *What sort of people?*

Glass: Well, other musicians. Actually there is a mechanism involved. It's a perceptual mechanism that makes this music different from other music. Let's start with something that's very obvious, which is the very extended sense of time. People will say, "Oh! Was that really ten minutes long? I thought it was an hour" or, they say, "Was that really an hour? I thought it was ten minutes." In terms of our traditional Western music, there's something radically different about it. That is one of the first things you notice. There is a perception of time in Western music that's very related to the West. We've made assumptions that music more or less takes place in this kind of time frame. In fact one of the real inspirations for me in doing this kind of work was to find that there were other time systems that were operating. I would say they are perceptual systems. You find them in other cultures and you find them in experimental music. You don't find it very much in traditional Western music. Western music tends to work in a time system which I will call a *colloquial* time system.

Most of the music we listen to is written in a period of about seventy years. This music proposes a way of listening which models itself after the events of our ordinary life; that's what I mean by colloquial time. Now it may be an abridgement of it or a compression of it but it's modeled after it. I'll give you a very simple example: the tradition of violin concertos—Sibelius, Beethoven, any one of those. The psychological mechanism of those pieces is this: The violin represents an entity. As we listen to it we become involved with the entity

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imprinted fifty years of delay on their descendants.

It is therefore for all the laggards who remained blocked in paper that it is a question of remaking an exit from the Lumière factories for all humanity, which would make them understand that it was on that day of 1895 that the permanent revolution was inaugurated.

But for this, we still need to settle the account of a deviation by which the cinema barely missed initiating the murder of that humanity: the TALKIE! It is time to reveal that it was nothing more than the first talking film that set off the Crash on Wall Street, that incredible event for which we have never found an explanation. King Vidor had, unfortunately, perfectly grasped the sinister thrust of the talkie. *Hallelujah* is the story of a cheater, of a man who kills his brother (Cain—Abel), of a woman of "ill repute", who becomes a bigot, then relapses into debauchery, and finally, scenes of collective hysteria. In order to understand the effect of panic on the property-owning whites that this first talkie had (it couldn't help but produce an overwhelming effect, after thirty years of silent film), we must remember the fact that it was acted by Blacks. The slaves were abruptly exalted to a position where they had the powers of gods, indeed multiplied ten times by a sound track in which, at the time, one had to yell.

The totalitarian regimes of the pre-war period became truly such only with the appearance of the talkie.

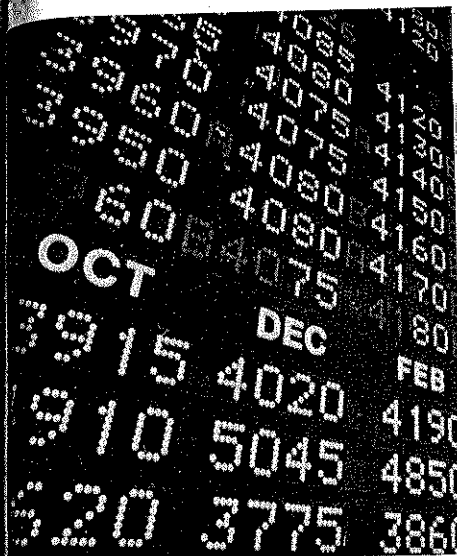
Finally, with regard to the Crash of '29, let's clarify a capital psychological element: the introduction of voice puts an end to any possibility of real visual satisfaction.

The silent film had permitted the folly of a stock system where no one cared or needed to see the securities that were bought and sold in more and more fantastic quantities. The talkie, which abruptly reintroduced sin, guilt, religious moralizing (the talkie remade the fortune of religions; the myth of the "father" and other gibberish like this!) brings back St. Thomas' complex, an unheard of uneasiness because the voice has as its impact the bringing into doubt of credulity, whence the crisis of credibility and its crumbling.

and it's the transformation of that involvement that we experience as the excitement of the piece. The violin becomes the hero of the drama. To put it in very simple terms: when we listen to Mendelsson or Beethoven, what we hear is the drama of the violin. When we listen to the piece we get confused. We think we're the violin. It's like identifying with the actor on the stage. I call it colloquial because it has to do with everyday life. For example the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is modeled after our own world we live and move around in. It's telling a story in the same way that we tell stories about our lives and the way our daily life is a story. It's just a story. I think that all the Beethoven symphonies are story, all the Tchaikovsky symphonies are story, all the Mahler, all this, it's telling a story.

Now when I say it's a model I mean it doesn't happen in the real terms that we live in; it happens in a model of it so we can maybe compress a whole lifetime into a violin concerto of 40 minutes or so. Basically, that doesn't matter. The model is the thing. Maybe Brueckner takes longer than Scarletti but the model is the same. It doesn't matter if it takes ten minutes or an hour. The psychological model has to do with narrative story telling. Right now, start looking at Satie or Phil Glass (I put myself in pretty good company; how do you like that?) or a whole generation. The thing that makes people angry with us is that the mechanism is not the same. Right away they're in a different world.

At this point, the mid-twentieth century, we can say that musical experience has been completely packaged for two or three hundred years in a certain way. To open that up is like opening a door: we all have the key to that door, but if you try another door, in fact, you find there isn't any key of that kind at all. It's a different area, and what's interesting about it is that it corresponds exactly to what happened in the plastic arts and in the theatre arts. For example, in sculpture, with someone like



Dan Flavin, the emphasis is placed on the material. There's no structure to look at, only the pure medium of his work. The medium is almost the subject of the work. Right away he is getting away from any kind of imagistic and narrative way of working. I think the psychological parallels are very close. Once we have stepped outside of that psychological mechanism or model which has to do with what I call the colloquial drama of art or making art into a colloquial kind of kitchen drama, then we're in a wholly different world. The fact is that at a certain point a very large group of people felt that we no longer could, or rather—that there wasn't any point, in working that way. It simply was boring, it was shitty. It was awful and we couldn't be bothered with it. What we wanted (and not only we as artists but we as listeners and as viewers) was an experience that seemed to us more in tune with our real perceptions. I think that we've moved not only in our perceptions of art, but in our perceptions in general. We've moved so far away from being satisfied with modeling and narrative models and colloquial models that perhaps the extremism of our time has to do with trying to find an experience which goes beyond the colloquial, right beyond the everyday world that we see.

We must not forget that America operates on the Biblical myth of a world where everything was created by the voice. Suddenly surging forth from the screen, the voice undoubtedly had on Americans an effect just as terrifying as that of the divine voice raining down on the Hebrews worshipping the golden calf.

It is not surprising that Chaplin, who wanted to keep on making people laugh, alone persisted for years in silent films.

The voice is the return of the weight of false, crushed representations, it is the arrest, death, as the subsequent events of history have quite well shown: the paranoia of Big Brother (there are obviously no silent films dealing with police inquiries).

Nor is it surprising that the surrealist movement died with the appearance of the talkie (are there any talking dreams!). The silent film had proven that life could do without speech; the talkie will prove that speech spoils everything.

Another way of putting things in order to understand the crash: during the silent film,

Hellermann: *It is of interest, I think, to many people that this shift just seemed to happen. It happened to me, Fred Rzewski, Phil Corner, composers that had a body of work in other idioms, which weren't exactly narrative colloquial, but was, at that time, billed as avant-garde experimental.*

Glass: I think that that's what the avant-garde has in common. The fact that the languages are so different and, yet, the experiences are the same.

Lotringer: *If we can talk about this mechanism based on identification, what you call kitchen drama, then what would this other one be?*

Glass: We are not accustomed to talk

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nothing prevented the children from having fun anymore, everything was permitted, and the talkie represented the abrupt return of the parents, of the law, and all joy melts away; prohibition, ruin.

The talkie immediately reintroduced a "schizophrenizing" effect in the processes of identifications: it instituted a predominance of the sound track over the visual—speech always narrows and limits the image, and moreover, it introduces a delay—speech always lags behind visual perception, thus the cinema reintroduces guilt, obedience, etc., all the tensions, the alienations coming from imperfect, vicious, tricky, abusive, imperious usages of speech. All of the super-noisy pop music aims at wiping out the catastrophic effect of speech, of verbiage, the sinister senseless yapping of the cinema and TV, which never ceases raising a problem of knowledge: knowing how to bawl as loudly as the TV set. Sound created and decoupled the overbid in the elevator-effect of the voice—we have all become operators of the elevator which carries the other to hell.

The talkie, with the Depression, cast the world back into the blind hole. Each new film reproduces the effect of *Hallelujah*, threatens us with depression, with panic and can at best show us nothing more than those who escape from it, the last to have reached climax just before the deluge.

The talkie dumped us back into the most sinister part of the Judeo-Christian con-game. It is the end of fraternity. Do you think that it is mere chance that the principal novel of the Twentieth Century, André Malraux's *Man's Fate*, relates an event of 1929? Yes, the Nineteenth Century novel of the crushed hero begins again in '29 on Bible paper.

It is due to the talkie and the mistrust it engenders that people want to see the guarantee of prepared scripts (the reason why people like Von Stroheim made no more films after the talkie).

With the silent movie, we finally loosed ourselves from the linear cause (all of Twentieth Century physics has been possible only thanks to the cinema), whence the poetry of the principle of indetermination, etc.... But then, once

about these experiences in precise ways. We know that we have them, and that we have them at certain times. Let me tell you how I noticed it first of all, how I got the idea that this was happening. It may describe the mechanism more completely. One of the first pieces I did in this way was background music for a Samuel Beckett piece called "Play". I composed ten 20-second phrases or figures that were based on repetitions: repetitive modules for two instruments. I took six of those and I structured it so that you would hear a figure for 20 seconds and then 20 seconds of silence, 20 seconds of music once again and 20 seconds of silence. This went on during the play that lasted for 20 minutes, 22 minutes. That was one of my "early's"; I did it in '65. It was my first experiment with a non-narrative, non-colloquial art-making. I went to see "Play" a number of times after I wrote the music; I saw it ten or fifteen times. The thing that struck me was that there would be an epiphany (do you know what an epiphany is? a heightened feeling) that would occur as I watched the play. It would happen several times throughout the course of the evening and at a different time every night. I thought this was very curious. My usual experience in the theatre was that the epiphany was built-in to the play so that it would always happen at the same time like when Othello was about to do whatever he does or whenever Lady Macbeth did whatever she did. So, what struck me was that I would go back to the play again and again and at least once in the course of the evening there would be this heightened feeling, this catharsis. It happened in a different place every night and I never knew when it was going to happen but it was definitely happening to me. I thought this was very, very curious. What the hell is going on?

Now this is in 1965. I'm in Paris. La Monte (Young) is in California; Steve's (Reich) in California. Rzewski is in Rome. I don't even know these guys, right? I don't know anything. I've never been to India,

I've been in N. Africa a couple of times; but I'm sitting in Paris listening to this and thinking what the hell is going on. Now it's obvious to me—ten or twelve years later—what was going on but at the time I had no idea. I was in the presence of a piece of work which I couldn't enter in any way through simple identification. It resisted the efforts of my normal instincts to experience it as a confusion between myself and it. So there it was—resolutely impregnable through the normal approaches and there I was confronting it. Moreover, it seemed that the moment I gave up trying to be the thing that I was looking at, the possibility of emotion arising spontaneously between the two of us, that possibility arose. Depending on my availability to this non-identification, that emotion would then present itself. I kept thinking, thinking, thinking about what the fuck is going on. First of all, I had very little help from writing; I didn't go to philosophy for the answer because I didn't understand it. Just thinking about it for myself, finally it became clear that this thing was going on.

Hellermann: *Could you say something about how this might relate to "Einstein on the Beach", the opera you did with Robert Wilson?*

Glass: The piece is 4 hours 15 minutes long so I don't think that what is offered to the public, or to myself for that matter, is the possibility of this spontaneous epiphany... It's not, it's more like an interfacing. I'm putting the piece there. They're putting themselves there and, if they don't expect anything, sure enough it will happen; but if they go there with preconceived ideas... The problem with the traditional ways of experiencing music when applied to this kind of work and the reason why people are unable to understand it is that they go there looking for that same old hit that you got from Sibelius. You're not going to get it here because it's not built-in.

Hellermann: *Something that interests me very much is that Phil Corner got to these*



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the screen begins to chatter.... but the more or less artificial, happy ending doesn't solve anything, the evil that was done during the film remains present in the spectators' minds. It is well known that Kubrick attempted to use the fact in *Clockwork Orange* that the cinema since March 1929 is the perfect Palovian machinery, or nearly perfect. Pandora's Box, and it's going to take a tremendous effort to get out of it.

The talkie is the great thief of our lives. It can't help but be the imposition on the moviegoer of an abusive parent-child relationship. That's exactly what is so serious. The silent film was the possibility for mankind to rediscover in itself the common language, the principle of the unification of humanity, in a common construction that the talkie tumbled to the ground by acting exactly like what happened at Babel. The tower destroyed! Men were beginning to see each other, to know each other, and doing so despite, above and beyond their different languages. They were going to be happy. It was just too good. There were people who saw that this would make them lose their powers. Yes, truly, the introduction of the talkie is the work of unpardonable madmen. The opacity of the blind-spot of separation was about to disappear. That's why Freud wrote *Civilization and its Discontents* and *The Future of an Illusion*.

It's the talkie that inaugurated the struggle of all against everyone, that imbricated the solitary crowd.

Sound imposes silence on the intimate voices to which the silent film had begun to give the right of expression. We were about to get out of the factory; evidently that didn't suit everyone. Speech in the cinema bespeaks the spectator's indigence, his irremediable poverty of words, always pushed back, whose absence it reveals as possible to compensate by the possession of material goods; thus it created the false needs of the consumer society and chases humanity back into the factory, into the waiting room, into the interminable preliminary.

The talkie is counter-information, the refusal, the denial of information. That's how it provoked the war of '40-'45, which engendered a theory of information, Shannon and Wiener's, which is completely inverted, and which is thus

things by Zen-Buddhism, Harley Gaber through Taoist thinking, Fred Rzewski and myself perhaps by a flip-flop out of Post-serial or indeterminate music. I was unaware of the fact that your initial experience had been in the theatre, when you were setting up a sort of dichotomy between narrative dramatic and extended time. Of course, the theatre is the last place I would have expected you, or anyone, to have come around to the other experience of extended time.

Lotringer: *It was not any kind of theatre either. And any kind of company (Mabou Mines) . . .*

Glass: *Oddly enough, theatre work seems to be part of my—to use a New York word—karma. Or is it a California word? Anyway, theatre seems to be something very natural to me. I didn't give you the whole story. At the same time I was doing the Beckett piece I was working with Ravi Shankar who, by chance, was in Paris. He was working on a film score and I was hired to do the notation. In my personal history I am indebted to non-Western music, to theatre work, and to the art of people like Sol Lewitt and Richard Serra, etc.*

Lotringer: *How are they connected?*

Glass: *When I was at Juilliard years ago, Norman Lloyd told me that all the innovations in music have always come through opera. He said that was because the opera was theatre, and theatre was where you had the greatest need to experiment. I was really struck by that idea. I think it was a lecture he gave for the fun of it. You know how people take an unpopular idea from others and maybe he didn't even believe it, but I was won over by it. It has never bothered me being involved in the theatre; I always felt that it was a good battle ground.*

Having established in the theatre that field of experience, or that way of experiencing music, or having figured that mechanism as the key to the experience of

directly responsible for the Cold War, and for all present scientific theories for which we are still giving Nobel prizes to people who accommodate as much as possible the notion of entropy, while the error at the very outset is quite simple: the "information" that interested Shannon concerned the destruction of the enemy, helping us to kill, thus ultimately to suppress information; and there you have it! All of science is built on that theory of war and death, while forgetful of that point of departure, science is presented to us as a search for life; in fact, through research, scientists only resist the death that Shannon's theory carries implicit, without anyone seeing it since they give it the image of the opposite face. Now, the entire communication and information system in which we participate, everything that happens on TV, in the papers, everything that makes up the fabric of our lives, or what we believe to be our lives, comes from Shannon's theory. And that's why, since talking films, everything's been going topsy-turvy and we're croaking! And why so-called "information" separates us from each other and gives rise to the war of all against everyone, the universal planetary paranoia. Ever since the media does nothing but Shannon, human voices have been affected and no longer contain certain vital characteristics. We are all speaking Shannon.

Particularly because of the inherent deformations and distortions of their technique (crackling, that is, a group of infra- and ultrasounds which have enormous physiological effects because they act, for example, upon the fluids of the inner ear) the sound-media and particularly the talkies accentuate the imperfections, the "impurities" of particular languages, their processive paranoid tendencies. For example, in French, feminine voices have a tendency toward a certain violent bickering which institutes among them and especially between mothers and daughters a mistress-servant type relationship where the cruel, heart-rending and searing tonality means that one is constantly accusing the other, with every word, of stealing or dirtying up her mirror (competition among women). Now, by anchoring the spectators in the drum-case of a narcissism whose mirror is broken by the thoughtless sound-track, the Talkie

this work, I've gone back into my music and begun to start including elements that are associated with more Romantic periods. In fact, "Einstein" is full of extravagant harmony. An end that comes right out of Berlioz. I discovered that once I had established a mode of experiencing that was so radical, language became secondary. I found that I could use conventional language and it didn't matter. I've just finished a piece which is extremely reduced in terms of the number of notes. It's similar to the pieces I wrote in 1968 or '69. At the same time I'm writing a super-Romantic piece in terms of language. But in terms of the experience I think they are both part of this other course of thought I've been working on. When we talk about avant-garde, if we're going to use that word at all, we have to say right away that we must free it from the tyranny of style. We're not talking about a style, we're really talking about a way of perceiving things.

Hellermann: *I agree, but what if we are talking about certain people or work that is also often thought of as avant-garde, such as Boulez.*

Glass: *The problem that Boulez has specifically is that he thinks he can establish credentials for the avant-garde, and that they will be established in terms of the language, the grammar of music. But it's not that at all. Rather it's in terms of how we experience it that music can be altered radically. Even when using the language of Satie or Brahms we can still write pieces that are extremely radical; something that Rzewski knows. And John Cage knows. People that are working in this way found that what makes a piece new isn't a new harmony or a new kind of tonal organization; it's a new perception. When I wrote part one of "Music in Twelve Parts," I said to a friend: you know, this piece could have been written fifty years ago; there is nothing new in this piece of music. The only thing new in it is the attitude of the music.*

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has accentuated that tendency—that the silent film used to erase—and one need not seek elsewhere the origin of Lacan's research precisely on paranoia beginning with the episode of the Papin sisters' crime (incestuous miammiam), one of the great mysteries post 1929—the incomprehensible behavior of the defendants at the Moscow trials is another mystery due to the general craziness caused by the Talkie—Genêt forgets to mention that Madame in *The Maids* was a movie fan. The origin of Sartre's *Nausea* is no different: the lightning physiological effect of the Talkie; it is not surprising that he ends the account with a glimmer of hope for a possible, remaining chance of salvation, of catharsis to rediscover the mirror of the entire nightmare while listening to the recording of a blues song written by a Jew and sung by a Black woman (two means of maintaining a certain form of essential femininity and maternity in the world which is beginning to tumble toward a murderous folly). Moreover, Sartre's theory of the unavoidable slipping into infernal dependency on the other's gaze, the theory of rarity, comes from the cinema which the Great Talkie makes paranoid, accusatory and tame. (The opposite of the movement of fascination, it is Chaplin's *Modern Times* which causes the gasp and the takeover of power by the Popular Front.)

But does Bergson reveal that his entire "genial" professorial number on immediacy, etc. is drawn from the cinema—following closely upon the appearance on the market of Edison's first invention—*The Laugh (Le Rire)* comes three years after *L'Arroseur-arrosé* but does not breathe a word about this source from which it springs. Oh, those serious philosophers! They really wish it were possible to be the son of no one! They are all prestidigitators who need to make the father disappear so they can exist. Thus Bergson is to Sartre what the silent film is to the talkie!

But let us return to the essential evil wrought by the talkie. It is obvious that the talkie had the most disastrous effects on the paranoid tendencies of the German language, where from 1929 on, the cinema systematically intoxicated German minds with false informa-

The way we hear it is new, not the notes.

Hellermann: *That would seem to be one of the differences between America and Europe. They look for a new conception, for a new music.*

Glass: I call it the security of style or manner. I think a modern "style" or a modern "manner" is a form of self-deception: it's a kind of false security. To think one can write in the Post-serial technique and therefore, be in the avant-garde—Americans are more willing to work without those kinds of assurances, to waive those credentials. I won't use those credentials. I bypass them entirely. In fact I'll write a piece based on harmonies that have been around—Berliozian. I think "Burtstein" really is in the style of Berlioz, if nothing else, in terms of the harmony. On the other hand, many of the things are distinctly mine, but the thing that makes the perception of it so radical is not the stylistic features of the work. What we're really talking about is a point of view. "Music in Twelve Parts", part I could have been written in 1885 if someone had the head to do it then.

The radical nature of this work is really the complete disregard of historical perspective. Up until now music has marched along from decade to decade, each composer adding or expanding a little bit. Now we have whole generations of people who are ahistorical, who are not at all interested in the historical perception of their work. Music for us does not advance down the road of Schönberg and Wagner and so forth. The biggest cut to that tradition is to say: what tradition? You don't care. I can say—I'm going to use Berlioz; I'm going to use Mozart; I'm going to use myself; but, I'm going to fashion it in a way that the subject of the work is in fact the juxtaposition between the listener and the work itself and not anything stylistic in the work. This is a point of view which is much more radical than saying, now I'm going to serialize the rhythm or dynamics

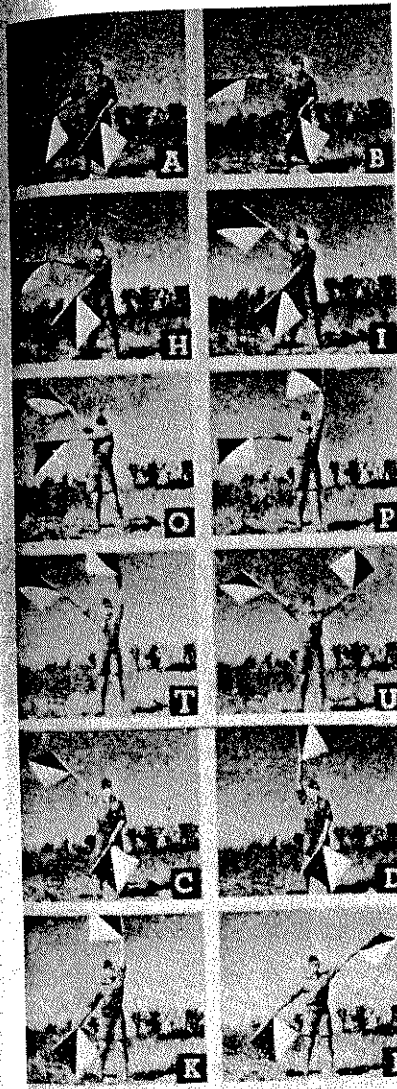
or whatever. To Americans of this generation that is so boring as to not be believable. We can't believe that anyone is thinking that way.

Hellermann: *What are some of the things that distinguish your situation from that of others working in a similar idiom?*

Glass: One thing that distinguishes me from other people of my generation is simply, I have more profile and that's because I'm interested in bringing this work to the public in a very big way. I love the fact that thousands of people come to a concert. Probably it's a question of temperament. Let's just say that I like to play for a lot of people. I know other composers who like to play for a small number of people. I like that too, but it's more difficult to arrange now. I happen to be better known than other people because I played that game and I enjoy it. I enjoy the game of being in the *Daily News*; it's fun and I'm not afraid of it.

Lotringer: *You mentioned Sol Lewitt before. It seems that you mostly associated with visual artists. How does your work actually relate to their own?*

Glass: Sol Lewitt was one of the very first people and he was interested in Steve (Reich) and myself. You can see why; it's not just that Sol took the image out of his work but that the mode of perception is indirectly very similar. The first community that supported this work was in Soho, and before Soho was Soho. My first concert in New York I think was in '67 or '68 at the Cinématèque on Wooster St., which is still there. We found that (I say it with a very big capital WE) the music establishment and the public were not at the outset interested in this work. If we had looked at what had happened to Cage, we should not have been surprised because he was, after all, a real pioneer in terms of idea and lifestyle and everything else. Really it was the dance world that supported him, it was Merce, and that was how it worked. So we should probably have known that it wouldn't be



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tion on the nature of man and his relation to others. Hitler and Nazism are first of all a reaction and a consequence, an acceleration of this erroneous information—the sound track bludgeons us with the “information” that we are faced with the presence of a hidden enemy which must be crushed, an enemy which obviously the sound-track itself creates and which does not exist outside of it.

It is only after 1929 that the Germans became cruelly aware that they were being mistreated by the Treaty signed in the Hall of Mirrors, that they were being crushed between their borders.

Here is a hypothesis for the introduction of the monstrous talkie: technologically, the talkie was possible from the beginning of movie-making; financiers were the ones who decided to exploit that possibility against the advice of professionals who perceived its aesthetic nuisance. It was introduced by the same financial groups who had gained complete control over the radio in the U.S., and had been able to gauge the extraordinarily pleasurable feeling of omnipotence which they acquired through the control of such a sound source capable of enveloping the earth (thank you Teilhard de Chardin for consoling us by calling it the biosphere). Now in the U.S., radio remains private enterprise, that is, it survives only through advertising and is created to advertise. Thus, if, in the beginning, newspapers were founded on a certain ethics of public information, it is easy to see that from the outset, the radio was only viable as a source of false information (advertising) of a “messianic” type: use Brand X and you’ll be saved—and the underlying message: we must ruin the competitors. Thus it is necessarily a Cain-Abel paranoid style information; such from the beginning is the dominant tone of radio; yet what could still be absorbed by the American sense of humor and fairplay becomes catastrophic, taking on an entirely new dimension when the system is unleashed on German ears. What makes it even easier to understand is that it is still going on. All the games designed to make Americans quiver and have fun or let themselves go come across differently in current German films as true fear, ominous anguish and

the music people that would come, and sure enough, they didn’t. The first people that came were the artists and for many years that was our exclusive audience. It don’t mean just like Sol, but a lot of other musicians have found a community in the art world that is ready and quite anxious to join in these kinds of experiments that we’re making. I say that they’re experiments not in the sense that we don’t know what we’re doing, but we don’t know where things are going to lead; we don’t know how these experiences are really going to work out.

The sound system I’ve had since 1972 was built almost entirely by artists. Someone gave me a set of speakers, someone bought me amplifiers. I mean literally they went out and bought the stuff for me. There must have been more than six artists that were involved in building that first sound system. In the other room I have the posters that they made for the ensemble, in itself a testament to their involvement. They were extremely supportive because in the struggle we were having, they recognized themselves in another medium. Besides that, they really enjoyed the work. I often thought that we were in the business of entertaining this small community. It was a minor form of show biz. For years I played concerts on Bleeker St. on the sixth floor of a loft every Sunday. You walked in and paid whatever you wanted to; you had to climb up six flights. Rarely were there more than two hundred people there and we never advertised. It was really that community of people. You would go in there and see everyone, from people that were totally unknown to Rauschenberg or Johns or Jack Tworikov. Sol was also there and other musicians and dancers.

Hellermann: *Now where are you?*

Glass: At forty-one I’m just beginning to understand what I’m doing. I was able to tell you this morning fairly succinctly about these ideas I had, but even three or four years ago I couldn’t have told you that.

mysteria (the films involving Klaus Kinski, for example) and it is not impossible, if we continue to play thoughtlessly with the media (catastrophe movies, for example), that the little game we have already seen will begin again.



One of the things I discovered recently was that I love writing operas. In fact when I was in the middle of writing “Einstein” I said to a friend, now I understand why Verdi wrote all of those operas. So, one thing I’m very interested in doing is continuing to write operas. I’ve also gotten interested in playing by myself more. Solos. Playing in churches because of the pipe organs. To take my electric organ and put it back into the pipes. It really sounds good. I’m doing five concerts in Europe. One of them is in a church in Rotterdam and I asked some friends of mine to try and organize a concert in Paris in a church. At the moment there are not that many people of our generation that are working that medium, so it’s very open. To have contemporary music, I mean music of our time, for those instruments just seems like a very timely thing to do. That’s the second thing. The third thing is I have an attachment to the ensemble I’ve worked with all these years. I think it’s a band that should stay together. I really enjoy playing with them.

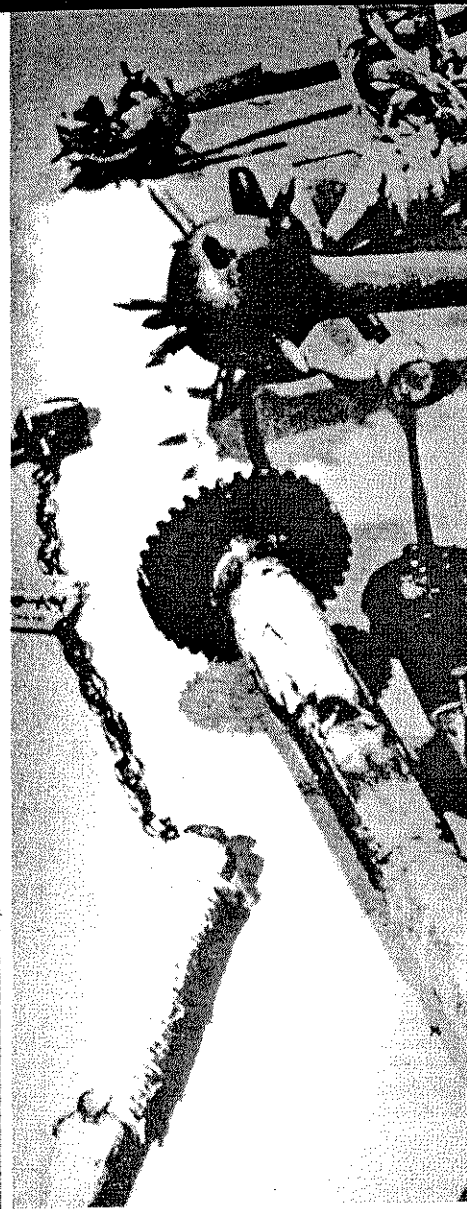
Lotringer: *You said recently that your pieces almost always have origins in technical problems, not intention or emotion. Is that a legacy of Cage’s? How do you see yourself in relation to him?*

Glass: The people he likes to acknowledge are much closer to him but I have told him: you know, I’m one of your children, whether you like it or not. He doesn’t see me as part of his family but I am. One of the things I learned from Cage is that when the composer makes the music he need not have any intention in terms of a particular experience. This, of course, is very clear in my work: I don’t have to worry about the meaning of it. When I’m working on a piece often I’m working on a technical problem. I’m not thinking about anything else anymore.

Lotringer: *You didn’t deal within the aleatory aspect of Cage’s?*

Glass: Never. That’s not my way. For me,

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the main thing he did was to make the composer, the work, free of intention. The whole development of aleatory music was a very rigorous working out of that idea. I didn't participate in that experiment but benefitted from it. My music is so restricted. It's so narrow in one way. But I feel that other people, especially Cage and Ornette Coleman who are so different, have been very important to me personally as a musician—perhaps you can't hear it in my work. Still, sometimes someone will open things up for you by solving their own problem.

Lotringer: *A new attitude toward music, freed of any intention, makes you closer to what I would call "machinic" music. Didn't you yourself say, apropos "Waststein", that you felt very close to machines?*

Glass: I liked the idea. I did like the mechanistic aspect of it. Steve (Reich) is even more attracted to this than me. He often discusses music as machines. He loves the image. For him the machine, the process is what is important. That's a very extreme point of view. I don't take to that as much as Steve. Still I'm attracted to the idea. We could've also talked about that today. That's another way of slicing into this. We could have talked about process and in any way we would've been saying another thing: by refusing to talk about emotion and talking instead about procedures.

Lotringer: *You're not in the product but more in the processes.*

Glass: Well, this is really the heritage of Cage. I don't look at it quite that way but I found and still find this way of viewing the artistic function as very liberating. You know the thing about America, if you look at it, we're very connected to the Surrealist tradition. When you see what came from France it turns out it wasn't Picasso, it was Duchamp. Between the two of them it was the tradition of Duchamp that made the big impression in America, because really, all Americans are surrealists at heart.



Lotringer: *But not in the French way.*

Glass: Well, it's the American way. That's where we are and Jack Smith is right in there. You see Duchamp and Man Ray and then you know who Jack is. I think that's why the French have been so attracted to us. They see themselves in this kind of distortion. Sometimes they don't even know it, but really that's what it is. They recognize their own roots even though they've been changed so much.

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Uncle FISHOOK and the SACRED BABY: POO OF ART

Sylvère Lotringer: How did you get the idea to make *Flaming Creatures*?

Jack Smith: I started making a comedy about everything that I thought was funny. And it was funny. The first audiences were laughing from the beginning all the way through. But then *that writing started*—and it became a sex thing. It turned the movie into a magazine sex issue. It was fed to the magazines. Lesbian writers were finding purple titillations. Then it fertilized Hollywood. Wonderful. When they got through licking their chops over the movie there was no more laughter. There was dead silence in the auditorium. The film was practically used to destroy me.

L: Wasn't there a trial?

S: There was a trial and I lost. Uncle Jonas' lawyers were doing the trial, and at some point it was dropped. And if a case is dropped, it can't be appealed. Now the movie is permanently illegal in New York.

L: Can't it be shown in some places, under certain conditions?

S: Uncle Fishook was showing it at his mausoleum, but that's because no one has complained ... It would be inconvenient to have anybody complain. But when he needed a complaint, there was a complaint. At one time it was fashionable to have a work of art in the courts. All the mileage gotten out



of Miller's books ... And Uncle Fishook wanted to have something in court at the time, it being so fashionable. The publicity. It was another way by which he could be made to look like a saint, to be in the position of defending something when he was really kicking it to death. So he would give screenings of *Creatures* and making speeches, defying the police to bust the film. Which they did. And then there was the trial ... I don't know what the lawyers were doing. I wasn't even permitted to be in the court. I walked into the courtroom and my lawyer said, "Go out of the courtroom," and I said, "Why?"—"because the judge is upset by too many men with beards." I was ordered to leave by the marshmallow lawyer that Uncle Mekas had. So I couldn't even see the trial. You know: it goes on and on.

L: I must say that when I saw the film at the Cinémathèque, people were laughing their heads off.

S: Mumble, mumble. It inflated Uncle Fishook; it made his career; I ended up supporting him. He's been doing my travelling for 15 years. He's been conducting a campaign to dehumanize me in his column. There's just a list of monstrosities. I don't want to start that ... So from supporting Uncle Fishook, now we're left years later with nothing. There's nothing anybody can do with their films. *He's got the original.*

L: You don't have any copy?

S: I have a miserable beat up inter-negative that's shot. He must have sucked 1000 copies out of it. It needs to be restored or something.

L: Why don't you make another film?

S: I don't want to let somebody go running off with ... I am. I've already made new films; I have a roomful of films that I've made since then ... But there's nothing in the world that I can do with them, because Uncle Fishook has established this pattern of the way film is thought about, and seen, and everything else ...

L: Did you actually mean anything through your film?

S: No, I didn't then. But the meaning has to come out in what is done with the art—is what gives it meaning. The way my movie



was used—that was the meaning of the movie.

L: You mean that meaning comes afterwards?

S: What you do with it economically is what the meaning is. If it goes to support Uncle Fishhook, that's what it means. Movies are always made for an audience. But I didn't make it that way: I was just making it completely for myself. At the time, that seemed like an intellectual experiment. But that point got lost.

L: But that happens everytime someone wants to make art.

S: If they weren't making this deliberately pointless art, then it wouldn't happen ... And it wouldn't have happened to me if I had been perfect. It wouldn't have been taken up and used by somebody else.

L: I read recently what Susan Sontag wrote about Flaming Creatures ...

S: It showed that she was just as hypnotized by him as I was ... but by that time I was no longer hypnotized by him and she ...

L: She said it didn't mean anything, and that was the strength of the film. I liked that. It's not just that it was comical, but that it makes fun of all sorts of ideas we have, and definitions ...

S: Was it being exploited like Hollywood? Uncle Fishhook's use of the word *co-op* just drifted past Miss Sontag ... And nobody seems to expect anything from that idea. They don't seem to know what a *co-op* is.

L: What is it about?

S: It's a thing that controls all the activities of a certain activity. And then everyone engaged in this is sharing the money.

L: Is that the way your film was done?

S: A film *co-op* sounded like something I wanted to do, to support. I turned over my film to this film *co-op*. And then it became a grotesque parody of Hollywood. Uncle Fishhook was heroic in her review. What was heroic? Taking someone's film away from him ... Uncle Roachcrust perpetuated the monstrosity of discrediting *co-ops*. That's why he is a symbol, an Uncle Pawnshop, a



symbol of fishhook *co-ops*. The only reason for the pattern of the 2 night screenings he has established is so somebody's film will spend one night in the safe—if you get my meaning.

L: Didn't you want to destroy your work?

S: Uncle Fishhook says all kinds of fantastic things about me. If anybody that can only comprehend capitalism would look at my behavior and the only conclusion that they could come to was that I was trying to destroy myself.

L: When capitalism is in fact trying to destroy you?

S: And he's printed things like that in his column. Once he printed that Jack Smith's art is so precious that it cannot be exported. You know: seeming to be saying something complimentary when actually killing the chance of the economic possibility of my going to Europe. Everything on earth like that he's been doing. My life has been made a nightmare because of that damn film. That sucked up ten years of my life. For a while I was being betrayed on an average of about twice a week to Uncle Fishhook. It was like being boiled alive. People would turn me in because Uncle Fishhook wanted to get me and everybody knew that ...

(Sounds of the radio)

L: Is that WBAI? Have you ever done anything for them?

S: I tried; I tried. I went there a number of times. There are some dummies there. And I just had the bad luck of running into all the dummies, I guess. I get these incredible overreactions because I'm a very strange looking person.

L: What happened there?

S: Once I was thrown out by the receptionist. I was asked not to wait inside the building. I was listening to their begging for money and it really gripped my heart. I went there. Four or five times. Every time I ran into some dummy at the place, so I just gave up. I wanted so much to help. It is the only source of information in the city. I think you have to be Jewish, number one. And normal, number two. The very first sign of the trouble they had was when they attacked the homo who had a program called *The Importance of Being Honest*, a gay program. And

he was forbidden to put on one of his programs. People with their snout impacted voices that they paid for in college: their rumbling snout. They wanted normalcy. Later the whole station was turned off by the same management.

L: In Italy, little independent radios like *Radio-Alice* have a more direct political impact on the population. It's starting in France too. They do it with very limited means.

S: There's always been political art in Europe. There's never been any political art in this country.

L: Do you consider your art political?

S: I wouldn't put any program out now unless it had an overtly political title.

L: How about your slide-show, do you consider that political?

S: If you can put an explicit title on something implicit, that's almost enough—because you're giving the indication of how to see it. Not everything has to be cerebral at every moment ... But the title does have to be explicit. The title is 50 percent of the work. That's why I shudder with the title of your magazine. You have that chance to say something.

L: A title is language, and I'm not sure language can be that effective.

S: But thoughts can. The world is starving for thoughts. I worry about the thoughts. A new thought must come out in new language.

L: What was the title before: "I was a Mekas collaborator?"

S: Let's see. The program before that was "The Secret of Rented Island", and the program before that was "How can Uncle Fishhook have a Free Bicentennial Zombie Underground", and the title before that was ...

L: So it didn't really matter if you actually had a slide show or not because you've advertised the title; the title is sufficient.

S: Almost. You don't have to see the slide show as far as I'm concerned. The slide is the entertainment, the icing. I mean there's a thought, there's a socialist thought in it, but the information and all the intellectual content is being conveyed by the title. You can become so explicit that you can state

something the world didn't know and needs to know and this you can state very clearly in the title. The images got to be made to mean anything, but the title's got to be explicit because it's your only chance. You have to struggle to make more of it more and more explicit, but still glamorous. If it is not done glamorously, it's no good because it wouldn't have been dramatized.

L: *What title would you choose now for Flaming Creatures if you had a choice?*

S: Let me think, a new title ... I have to think about it ... What's its content ... There never was any content. 'Connecting Sugar with Hollywood', maybe ...

L: *You mean your film was some sort of parody of Hollywood?*

S: It has a lot to do with it, yes. It took place in a haunted movie studio. That's why those people were coming and going like that.

L: *Was Hollywood really on your mind when you made the film?*

S: Of course. My mind was filled with it ... Everybody's is filled with Hollywood.

L: *Did you watch television?*

S: Not until later. Then I became addicted to it ... No longer though.

L: *What sort of thing did you read?*

S: My favorite book was *The Count of Montecristo*. Sinclair Lewis is my favorite writer. They think they're through with Sinclair Lewis. I just finished a book of his called *King's Blood Royal*, in which the most typical WASP in the world finds out that he has one percent Negro blood; and then the book ends with everybody in the neighborhood marching on his house with rifles. But it could be about any minority group.

L: *What do you think of the gay movement?*

S: They've become a ghetto, already; they just want to talk about gay things. They're trying to cut it off from being in any context.

L: *Don't you think it's becoming something of an industry too?*

S: Oh sure, of course. It's just one of the unexpected bad side developments of it that's making it possible to be so happily ghetto-



ized. But that's where the people in the theater are supposed to be coming in and helping the atmosphere. And, you see, they're not. I took my program to a gay theater, and he couldn't understand how it was gay, because he was unable to see it in a context. If it wasn't discussing exactly how many inches was my first lollipop, well then it wouldn't be anything they'd be interested in. And so I couldn't get this gay theater. It was one of the places I tried. Getting theaters is one of the 7 labours of Uranus.

L: *What was that: "I was a Mekas Collaborator!"*

S: I put the ad in the paper and then I didn't go to the theater. The ad was as far as I could get with a lobotomized, zombified ...

L: *What do you mean by that?*

S: That if a program has any intellectual interest at all then it can only be given one or two nights—but you can be entertained to death in this country.

L: *Is that the slide show you want to present?*

S: That slide show is just the same mass of slides: I've been showing it for years. Every once in a while I have a new shooting session and add a new scene to it. Nobody has ever complained. It's always, you know, completely interesting. The Penguin Epic is all new, though ...

L: *Why did you put that Swastika there?*

S: Nazism and capitalism have melted together by this time. I think that Nazism is the end product of capitalism. That's why I don't bother with words, because to me it's only a matter of if a thing is given to you or taken from you. And the words are only going to be twisted around some way by somebody somehow. For instance, you can make the word *socialism* mean anything on earth.

L: *That's why Burroughs uses cut-ups: to try to prevent words from being twisted around.*

S: Oh, that's one way.

L: *It's an extreme way.*

S: That's the wrong extreme. What I mean is the extreme in the other direction—by being more and more specific about what you're thinking. The title is supposed to

serve the idea. If I am lucky enough to get a socialistic idea ...

L: *What do you mean by a socialistic idea?*

S: To me, socialism is to try to find social ways of sharing. That's all. And to replace the dependence upon authority with the principle of sharing. Because it's very likely that there would be much more for everybody, thousands and more times for everybody if things were shared. We're living like dogs from all the competing.

L: *Were you ever competitive? Did you ever believe in that?*

S: Yes, of course, when you're young, it's drilled into you, and you have to slowly find your way out of it, because you find it doesn't work. Capitalism is terribly inefficient. The insane duplication, the insane waste, and the young only know what's put in front of them. . . . But then, by experience, things are happening to you and you find out that this doesn't work. I mean this is *not* productive.

L: *It produces waste.*

S: I looked through your magazine and I was repelled by the title. It's so dry, you just want to throw it in the wastebasket, which I did. Then I picked it out ... Listen: *Hatred of Capitalism* is a good name for that magazine. It's stunning, I'll never admit that I thought of it.

L: *I doubt that by saying something that directly you'll change anything. Language is corrupt.*

S: Listen, you are a creature, artistic I can tell, that somehow got hung up on the issue of language. Forget it. It's *thinking*. If you can think of a thought in a most pathetic language ... Look what I have to do in order to think of thoughts. I have to forget language. All I can do with no education, nothing, no advice, no common sense in my life, an insane mother I mean, no background, nothing, nothing, and I have to make art, but I know that under these conditions the one thing I had to find out was if I could think of a thought that has never been thought of before, then it could be in language that was never read before. If you can think of something, the language will fall into place in the most fantastic way, but the thought is what's going to do it. The language is shit, I mean

it's only there to support a thought. Look at Susan Sontag, that's a phenomenon that will never occur, only in every hundred years. Anybody like that. She says things that you would never have thought of. And the language is automatically unique. Whatever new thoughts you can think of that the world needs will be automatically clothed in the most radiant language imaginable.

L: *Have you ever thought of another type of society ...*

S: I can think of billions of ways for the world to be completely different. I wish they would invent a scalpbrush. Do you realize that there is nothing on earth that you can brush your scalp with? ... I can think of other types of societies ... Like in the middle of the city should be a repository of objects that people don't want anymore, which they would take to this giant junkyard. That would form an organization, a way that the city would be organized ... the city organized around that. I think this center of unused objects and unwanted objects would become a center of intellectual activity. Things would grow up around it.

L: *You mean some sort of center of exchange?*

S: Yes, there could be exchange, that would start to develop. You take anything that you don't want and don't want to throw up and just take it to this giant place, and just leaving it and looking for something that you need ...

L: *And there wouldn't be any money?*

S: Then things would form the way they always do around that.

L: *Would people still own anything?*

S: Yeah, I don't mind ... Buying and selling is the most natural human institution; there's nothing wrong with that ... Buying and selling is the most interesting thing in the world. It should be aesthetic and everything else. But capitalism is a perversion of this. Nothing is more wonderful than a marketplace. It gives people something to do ... and it can be creative. Wonderful things come from commerce ... but not from capitalism ...

L: *What do you mean exactly by landlordism?*

S: Fear ritual of lucky landlord paradise.

That's what supports the government.

L: *You mean property?*

S: The whole fantasy of how money is squeezed out of real estate. It supports the government; it supports everything. And it isn't even rational. When is a building ever paid for? The person that built the building is dead long since, and yet it can never be paid for, it has to be paid for all over again, every month. That's as irrational as buying a pair of shoes and then going back as long as you wear the shoes and paying for them again. It supports the whole system that we have to struggle against. We have to spend the rest of our time struggling against the uses they make of our money against us.

L: *They call it 'rent control.' That's exactly what it is about: control through rent.*

S: But if the whole population has no conception of how irrational that is, that's how far they are from doing anything about it, or any of the other things that oppress them. All the money that runs the government comes from the fantasy of paying rent.

L: *As if we owned something.*

S: Alright. So we don't own it. But do they own it? People that live in a place and maintain it and built it, why do they own it less than the government? Then you're saying that the government owns it more than you do. And that's also silly.

L: *The difference is that in a capitalist country you owe money to an individual and in a communist country you owe money to a state. It still holds...*

S: Well, you don't own your own property... but even if you could understand that, why would you understand that somebody else has some claim, or owns, your property.

L: *You mean then that everyone should own what they use?*

S: You want to start making more laws and more rules. But that's how a lot of strange things began... from the expectation that you need all the laws and rules...

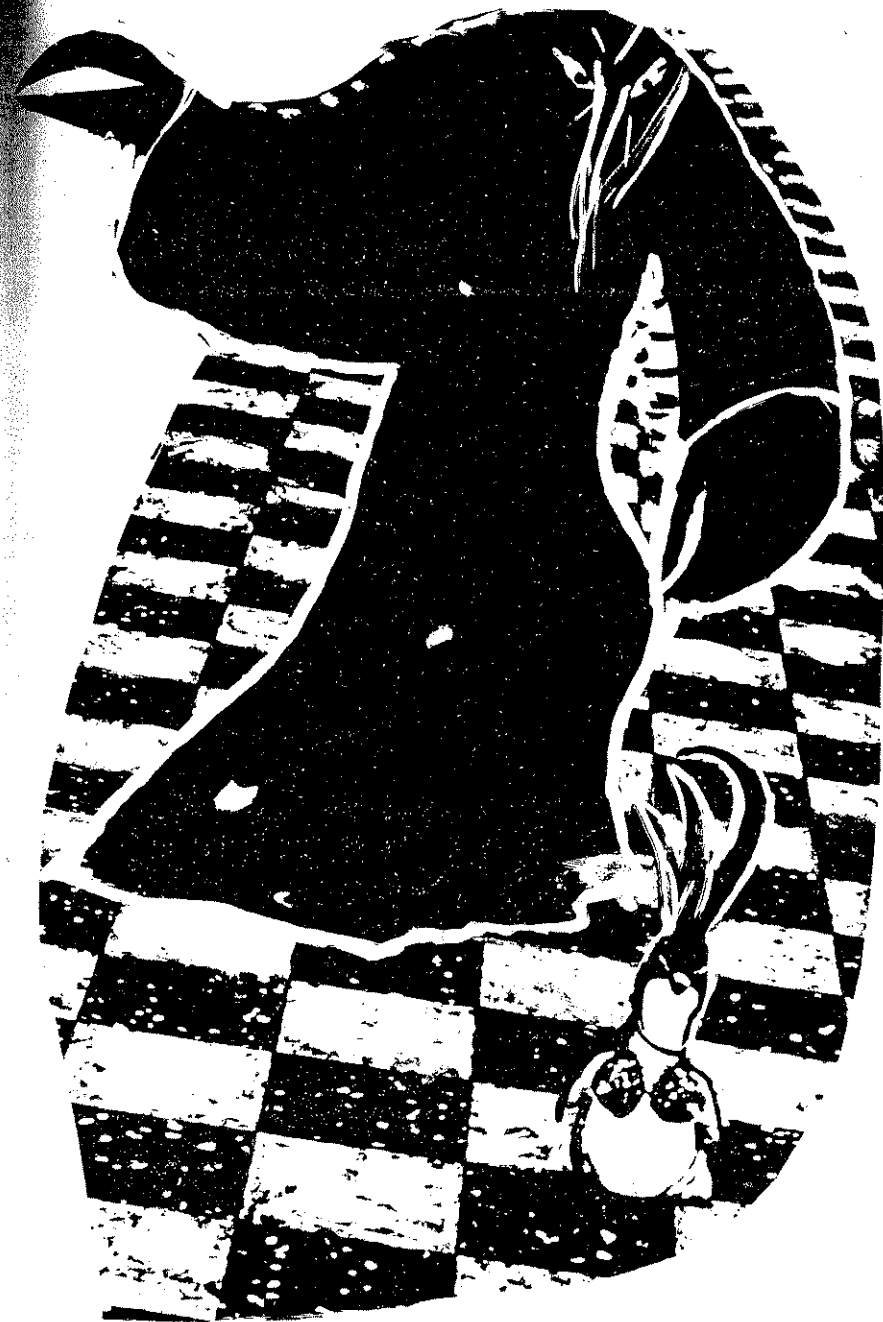
L: *But if no one had to own anything... if*

you use something, you don't have to pay for it, but it doesn't belong to you.

S: What's so incredible about that? There is a new movement called Housing in the Public Domain—maybe the 1st idea on the subject since Feudal times. I never had sunlight. I was always so naive I just kept taking places that had no sunlight. But the next time I move there will be some sunlight involved, somehow, coming through a window, or anything. But I can't build it; I can't be permitted to build my own house. You can build exotic architecture or strange houses if it's outside the city if there are not other people around that would complain. All the complaining!

L: *You want to build an exotic house?*
S: I'd like to invent a building that wouldn't be a rectangle, that would utilize the pouring qualities of cement.

L: *It would be closed?*
S: I don't know what in the world it would be. It would be open in the middle: sunlight could come in the middle. They cling to rectangles because it's the preferred shape of capitalism; it's easy to manufacture a rectangle, to manufacture the components of a rectangle. But why should I live in a house for the convenience of the manufacturers. I think the normal idea of the house is more circular, whatever it is, and it would have an opening for sunlight to come in. The house would be arranged in that way. It would also have all the ugly non-design of manufacturers banished from it. Everything to do with water would be in one place and it would be in the form of a waterfall; and it would be enclosed and plants would be happy there; washing the dishes would become a polynesian thing, it would not be an ugly thing, washing the dishes; and washing clothes. It would be utilized; there wouldn't be any wasted water; the waterfall would be turned on and off, of course. It would be in the central part where the sunlight is... the water would be mixed with the sunlight, a steamroom would then be created, steam is very healthful, it cleans your lungs. And I



can imagine anything on earth like this. But if I try to build it there would be a million laws saying I can't build it.

L: *It sounds like a building you could build in Miami.*

S: I heard of someone building their own building in Miami, and the city officials made him tear it apart ten times until he got every little thing just to comply with the city regulations. So you wouldn't do it in the city. You might do it outside the city. As long as there aren't people complaining. And then this would dispense with the ugly rectangular monstrosity of the kitchen sink; bathtubs wouldn't exist. All this duplication wouldn't exist; it would save space. It's got to be built to be a model to do away with the ugly designs that now surround us completely.

L: *I think it is like art; as soon as there is a model it's going to be duplicated and then it becomes an industry. It's very difficult to avoid that.*

S: That's what I want: I would want them to duplicate my ideas. But all that's happened to me so far is that my idea that I never had doesn't register—and they duplicate my icing. I know how just a thing like the ugly design of kitchen sinks destroyed my childhood... 'cause I had to fight with my sister all the time over who had to do the dishes. It was the ugliness, the ugliness of capitalism, making it impossible for anybody to live a life that isn't made ugly.

S: *Where did you grow up?*

S: In the midwest. My father's family were hillbillies in West Virginia. They went to the hills because they wanted to be more independent in the first place, and then they became more independent because they were living in the hills. Hillbillies, nomads, gypsies are natural anarchists.

L: *Do you like that?*

S: Yes, basically I'm an anarchist; that's not to say that I think there will ever be any state of anarchy, but I don't think that you should stamp out anarchy... You need it to flavor other ideas, because anarchy is the giving part of politics. In this country they have stamped it out, and made it a dirty word, made it synonymous with chaos... They want to tell you that's it's the same as chaos. It isn't. All it means is without a

ruler. And if people don't try to make a start of getting along without authorities, they will never be in a position where they are not being worked over by these authorities. And so naturally they don't like anarchy. We have never had anarchy, but we do have chaos. There's always going to be the government agents that are going to be throwing bombs, saying that the anarchists did it, to set up a reaction.

L: *There are so many rulers now. Authority is everywhere.*

S: They're dreaming of more authority.

L: *I could do with a little more chaos myself.*

S: All it is is an idea of gradually working toward doing things without authorities. Under an anarchist system you would phase authorities out slowly, as much as could be. That seems a fantasy, just because it's been so stamped out and ridiculed. Until the twenties you could go anywhere in the world without a passport. But they want to put you in the frame of mind where you accept more and more authority. You just are required to go through this ritual in which you give them the right to tell you where I can go. And if you don't, you'll be clapped in prison.

L: *It is not easy to live in the way you want and not to suffer from it.*

S: I don't mind a certain amount of trouble. I can't take these exaggerated doses of pasty cheerfulness of capitalism in which you have to be happy all the time. That can only produce a crust like Warhol. I don't want to be too happy. I don't want extremes, I mean getting pinnacles of happiness. I can't live with it. What goes up must come down. I tried it. I was a pasty celebrity, I was very fashionable ten years ago... this is being recorded?

L: *Yes.*

S: (laughing) Wonderful. I was hoping it was. I was very fashionable but I couldn't live with it. I will never, never go near anything like that again. This was the golden gift of Uncle Fishook to me. Please let him keep the blessings of publicity. I must say that before that happened to me, I actually believed like everybody else that I could not continue to exist unless I got a glare of publicity. You see, attention is a basic human need. It's terribly important. If the

baby doesn't get attention, it won't be fed.

L: *If society makes you unhappy, then it has won no matter what.*

S: I don't think so. I can be happy from being unhappy, if I know what I'm doing. I mean I have to struggle against Uncle Fishook, that's my job, and I'm not running away from it. Everybody else that has been worked over by Uncle Fishook has just faded out, folded up and crept out of the city. But I won't do that. Usually in life nothing is ever clear cut. How many people are lucky enough to have an archetypal villain for an adversary.

L: *You can find Uncle Fishook everywhere.*

S: When an Uncle Fishook falls into your life you have to fight it till the end. It's been dropped into your life, it's not the most glamorous problem, but it's been given to you to struggle against... This is something for me to do something real for me to address myself to. You're telling me I should forget it in order to be happy. I don't like it, but what's the alternative?

L: *Do you know Nietzsche at all?*

S: It's probably trash because he was jealous of Wagner. I don't like his attitude toward Wagner. It was just the typical, very mediocre attitude expressed in very fancy language, but it was the very typical *Village Voice* attitude toward anybody that is making a success, but a success based upon their need to transform somebody into an object, and then sacrificing him.

L: *Nietzsche defines a nihilist phase which corresponds to what you call 'anarchist': to question everything. There is a second*

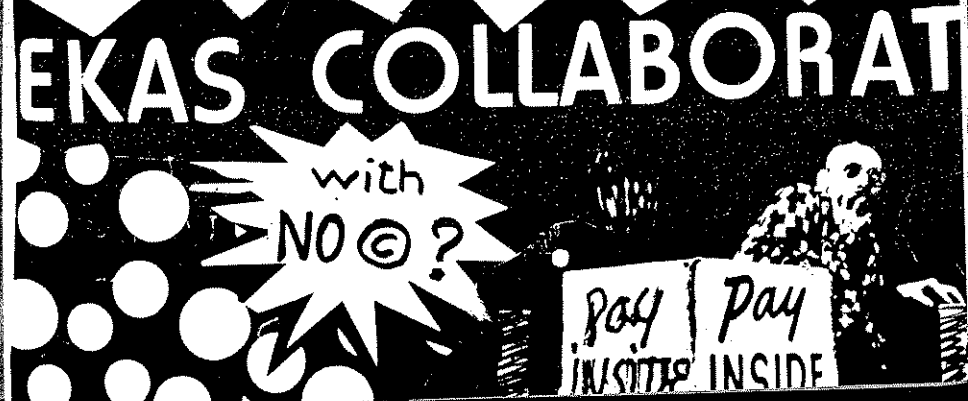
phase which is more interesting: once you've realized what everything is and how it works, how it's going to repeat itself, endlessly, you just step out of it, and affirm other, positive values. You don't waste any more energy criticizing and destroying.

S: Tell me what I am to do with the energy. I'm supposed to rush into the turquoise paradise of the Bahamas? After two days, I would be bored. I've got to have something to hate.

L: *Flaming Creature was about fun, not denouncing.*

S: I made a comedy. Now I want to make a drama. The movie I'm now preparing is going to be an Arabian Nights architecture film and it will be in Super-8. 35 millimeter is insanely wasteful. And it's never cleaned. It gives me the horrors. Uncle Fishook represents the idea of expectations from authority, which is also perfect for me since I could spend the rest of my life demolishing very happily. I can be happy in this way. You couldn't, but it has just been my lot to have to clean out the toilets. I mean that's the job that's been inherited by me in life and I have run away from it, I spent the last fifteen years running away from it. Nobody wants to open a can of worms, but that's the thing that has been handed for me to do. And maybe that's a part of all bigtime manufacturers and capitalists, that they're an Uncle Fishook. Maybe I've found a key to them in some way from having to deal with the evil that's come into my life.

BY JACK SMITH



Jean-François Lyotard

On the Strength of the Weak

The story I intend to begin with tonight is taken from Aristotle, who tells us there once was a rhetor, a lawyer, named Corax, who had a certain *techné*, a certain art, a certain skill that Aristotle describes thus: Someone, who is Corax's client, is accused of brutalizing a victim. There are two cases says Aristotle; in the first case the client is vigorous, in the second case he is weak. If the client is not strong Corax will argue that it is not likely his weakly client maltreated anyone. Very well, says Aristotle, Corax resorts to verisimilitude; a weakling is indeed unlikely to brutalize anyone. But in the other case, if the client is strong, Corax will plead that the accused was quite aware that his strength made his indictment likely; knowing that likelihood, he took care not to commit any brutality, which proves his innocence.

Aristotle objects that this use of verisimilitude is improper to the extent that pure and simple verisimilitude, likeliness in itself, is not resorted to in this case; verisimilitude is used in a verisimilar way. In other words, the accused foresees the likeliness and acts according to what he is likely to be told. In this particular case, the likelihood is not pure since it is related to itself; it is not considered absolutely. A difference should be made between an absolute likelihood and one which isn't, and Aristotle comes to the conclusion that the substance of Corax's *techné*, the secret of his art, consisted in making the weakest discourse the strongest.¹

I would like to show very rapidly that the important thing is to devise schemes within the discourse of the masters itself, the magisterial discourse, and I intend to confine myself tonight

Douglas Dunn interview

Sylvère LOTRINGER: You started dancing with Merce Cunningham. What impact do you think his training had on your work?

Douglas DUNN: Dancing is automatically self-expressive. The doer being present, he can't help revealing himself all the time. But there are ways of focusing one's attention so as not to make that a primary concern. What Merce Cunningham offered was a body that wasn't in the act of primarily expressing itself. Having done so, much is opened that wasn't before.

Many dancers have been and still are busy expressing themselves. Nothing wrong with that. But what Merce and John (Cage) did turned a corner. They outlined another possibility, another area to work in. I think of myself as working in that area.

What Merce offered was the performer not telling you what he was thinking or dancing about. It's that simple. It is not simple ultimately, but in first definition it is. It's like classical restraint. You purposely restrain in order to create something other than yourself, a new or different character. What Merce did was to restrain, and then *not* create a character. You are left with a person dancing.

It's hard to understand why people got, still get, upset by this simple, concrete image. I guess it's unfamiliar in the theatre for someone to come out "just dancing", I liked it right away because at the beginning I wasn't interested in the theatre or in performance. I just wanted to dance, to do



to problems of discourse. What I am really interested in, however, and maybe this can be done at a later date, next week perhaps, is to find out, by elucidating these small instruments of cunning, whether they can function in other fields than discourse, and more specifically of course, in the so-called "political field". My intention, if intentions are to be declared, is thus a political intention.

Assuming that we confine ourselves to problems of discourse, the discourse of the master, the magisterial discourse, essentially consists, I believe, in an injunction concerning the very function of discourse, according to which this function can only be to say the Truth. What relation is there between such a requirement and mastership? A truth-functional discourse, a discourse of knowledge, must uncover, must produce, the conditions in which statements can be characterized by a positive or negative "truth value", must, if you prefer, determine its conditions of truth. The conditions of truth can only be determined if some kind of a meta-discourse exists within the magisterial discourse; that meta-discourse has traditionally been the philosophical discourse, it is the discourse of

the movement. To sense it, yes, but not to think about it, nor aim it anywhere. Later I got confused, realizing that going on stage, you become some kind of character for the audience, and began to consider that.

L: Did you try to reintegrate character into your work?

D: Indirectly. In *Time Out* and in *Solo Film & Dance* I put on a variety of costumes. I don't work consciously toward or away from the suggested characters, but I think the costumes influence me inadvertently. I haven't had any conscious understanding of the nature of the characters I become in my dances until the dances are made and I've performed them for a while.

L: Are you looking for an element that would in some way unify all the movements?

D: Yes, in different pieces I pay more attention to some elements than to others. Paying more attention establishes a degree of consciously determined clarity. Paying less attention allows me to get out of my

logic in modern times. In other words, there is in the first place what is said, and in the second place what allows one to say it, i.e. the discourse concerning that which authorizes one to say what one says. The magisterial discourse clearly requires this split as its injunction, its intention, its project.

There is accordingly some sort of an intimidation in the discourse of the master, which consists in compelling us to recognize a number of principles, i.e. you must—your task is to—say the Truth, be truthful; you must assume that the conditions of that truth are not given, that they are concealed, which means that they must be elaborated, uncovered, worked out. That, as a consequence, there is a lack of truth in ordinary statements, in the statements of our daily life. History is but—such is for example Augustine's position—a struggle for the advent of Truth; the function of politics is merely a pedagogical function: its very essence consists in bringing about the awareness which will allow us to differentiate true and false statements among the countless utterances we are bombarded with every day. The efficacy of language, in this perspective, is always linked to truthfulness, that is, to conviction, which is obtained by bringing the listener to recollect the lost truth. There are, if you will, a number of these injunctions; without claiming that I have exhausted them, I would like to stress that they are all congruous, that they all point in the same direction, ultimately, whether one be on a purely discursive level, or at the political level, or at that of historical praxis: they make truthfulness both the object and the means of discourses.

I will add just one thing on that subject, namely that the whole position of Marxist discourse is determined by this magisterial position, belongs to it in its entirety. Thus . . . the schizo-culture trend for instance, tries to avoid these injunctions, by externalizing itself. Considering not only the discourses, but also the praxes of the sixties, it can be said, very briefly, that the general attempt was to stay outside the magisterial injunction and to produce, under extremely varied names, some sort of an exteriority: spontaneity, libido, drive, energy, savagery, madness, and perhaps schizo.

Now, that is exactly what the magisterial position and discourse ask for. In other words, there is a trick of the magisterial discourse, of the Occidental discourse if you will, there is a ruse of that discourse, which consists precisely in requiring that we place ourselves outside of it in order to avoid it. The device is very simple, it

own way. In one section of *Gestures in Red* my instructions are to work on a triangular floor pattern, to hold my gaze on the downstage apex, to articulate feet and shoulders, not to turn more than ninety degrees right or left. The simplicity of this structure and the relatively low energy level of the movement leave me room to deal with that, and with something else also, the image of another dancer perhaps. Not to imitate him, but to hold the image of that dancer in mind while dancing. Not that others should or would see an image of the other dancer, but I'm feeding off it. So by mixing input I produce a dance image that is not entirely consciously predetermined.

L: The original intentions are not what matters?

D: Those are the original, the only intentions: the structure. And they matter absolutely. They are the means for making the work, they keep me interested. And they are calculated to produce a dance I couldn't have imagined beforehand.

L: Do you try in any way to set the relationship of your dance to the audience?

D: How can you make a dance for an audience when its members are all different and are going to read the same dance differently? No, I focus my attention away from what I think a given move or dance might be for spectators. And that leaves them free not to worry about my intentions. We both relate to the object, the image being produced, I as doer, they as watchers, or perhaps as vicarious doers, and there is no compulsion to agree on the experience.

L: How much do you want your work to be structure?

D: I think of everything I do about a dance as structure. By definition. Of course it is possible to vary the timing of the decision-making process in relation to the performance: I'm interested in the entire range, from making decisions in performance, to making them well in advance, deliberately, and practicing the result.

L: Is it improvisation that keeps a dance alive?

D: Nothing guarantees that. I have wondered if the considerable amount of choice

consists in making exteriority the necessary complement of that discourse. And, I may add, a complement to be conquered, an opaque zone in which that discourse must penetrate in its turn. When one externalizes oneself in order to avoid the magisterial discourse, one is just extending that position, nourishing it. I think this is true of any critique since it always implies the externalization of the criticizing position in relation to the criticized position, which will allow the latter to include the former as its necessary complement. All sorts of transpositions can be made and you should have no difficulty in making them on the political level.

Considering, for instance, what happened in the workers' movement at the end of the nineteenth century and at the beginning of the twentieth, during the first half of the twentieth, to put it briefly, one will find that a movement which theorized itself as being localized outside capitalist society was precisely being sucked into that system. Now then, it seems to me that the uneasiness, the distress which the radical critical movements are experiencing today derive to a great extent from the fact that this exteriority has practically, has in fact disappeared.

Thus, what we should devise is a strategy which can dispense with exteriority, which, as far as language is concerned, would not place itself outside the rules of the discourse of Truth, that is of the discourse of power, but inside those rules. And which instead of excluding itself under the name of delirium, or madness, or pathos in general, or whatever, would on the contrary, play these rules—or rather the Rule of all these rules against itself by including the so-called meta-statements in its own utterances. And one would then see that our weakness (I don't really know who "we" is), can tap the strength of power to neutralize it. That operation of counter-cunning, which would avoid externalization, would necessarily bear against the essential element I mentioned earlier, namely the exclusion of meta-statements, the exclusion of the discourse on the conditions of truth. It would bear against that exclusion, i.e. it would simply consist in ensuring that there be no meta-statements. And this would be done in the most immediate manner, not by denouncing that fact that meta-statements are supported by that interest or another, this or that passion. (In trying to demonstrate such an assertion, one is in effect remaining in the discourse of truth. Thinking that such a demonstration can convince amounts in fact to assuming that the efficacy of a critical discourse is linked to conviction). That

available to the dancers in *Lazy Madge* helps keep them from looking as if they are going through the motions of someone else's dance. Making and presenting a dance that has some liveliness to it may depend on some kind of matching structure with moment in the lives of the available dancers. But since there is no recipe for how to make such a match, it doesn't really help to know that. You just try what feels right, and see what happens. And if you don't like the result, doing the opposite next time can be just as wrong, everything having changed by that time.

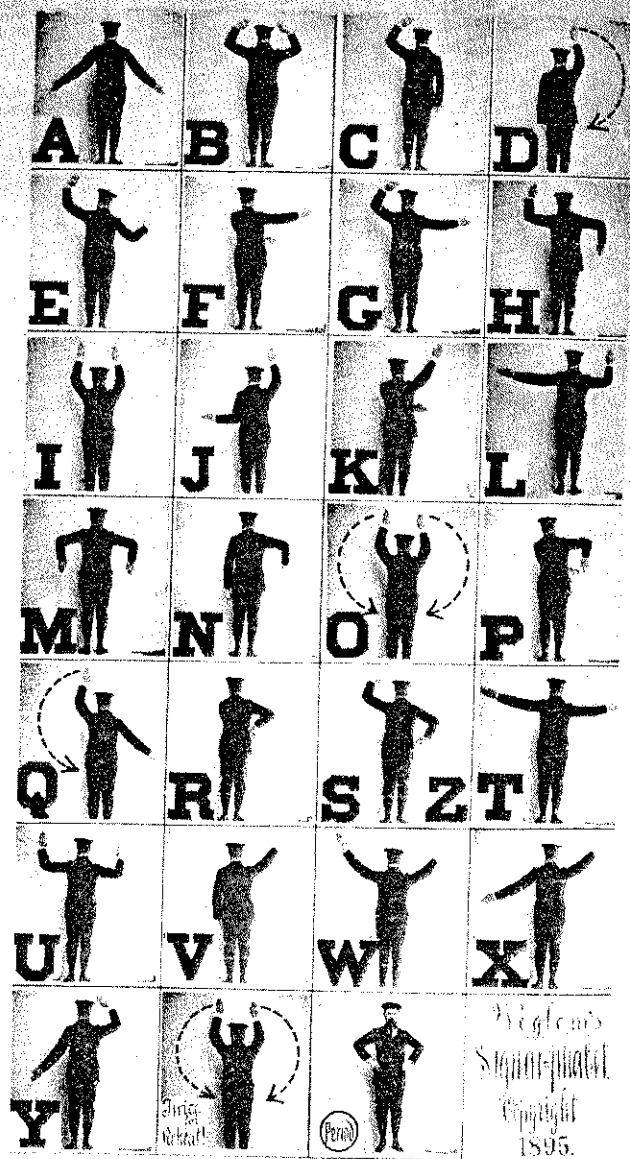
L: You want to be able to surprise yourself?

D: Yes, as Merce pointed out, you have two choices physically: either you throw your body weight, upper first, and the legs follow, or you motivate the travelling with the legs. The latter offers more possibilities, as it leaves the torso, arms and head free to do something else. I find I do a little more swinging and catching than Merce does, to surprise myself I guess, but basically I feel at home with his idea of being able to change the direction of the movement at any moment, so that it is unpredictable. I'm also interested in the mental set. In most of Merce's work the dancer knows what the body is supposed to be doing; the surprise and unpredictability are from the third person's point of view. I want to know also how the performance might look when the dancer doesn't know what he is going to do next.

L: Does this require a different mental attention?

D: Yes, and this is a primary interest right now, to mix many possible attentions. Doing set material you know well, some you don't know that well, choosing between five different elements, mixing them, and making up your mind also to do what you have never done before at this point in the dance: that kind of layering. I saw something like it in the de Kooning show. Up close you see the various layers, how many times he went at it. At a distance you see not any one, but all of the layers meshed.

L: In *Lazy Madge* you introduced improvisation into Merce's framework.



operation would thus consist not in displaying the hidden presumptions of the masters' meta-statements, but in resorting to small instruments of cunning within the magisterial discourse itself.

I will now illustrate this point by turning back to Corax's *techné*, which Aristotle was bent on denouncing. Aristotle protests against a second level usage of verisimilitude (he is describing the different possibilities of operation inside the discourse of verisimilitude in general, and more particularly in rhetoric), and denouncing a specific aspect of Corax's *techné*, he considers that likelihood exists in itself, e.g. a strong individual is likely to brutalize a victim. Such an assumption is likely in itself, but when Corax says that his client knows likelihood is against him, that it accuses him on account of his strength and that he refrained from any brutality for that very reason, one is no longer in the sphere of likelihood in itself but in that of relative likelihood. Relative in relation to what? In relation to likelihood. In other words, Corax's client is someone who utters the following type of statements: "It is likely that I will be accused of committing the offense". His conduct thus includes beforehand the effects of the law of verisimilitude and accordingly circumvents that law. The client resorts to a second level likelihood, which implies that the first type of likelihood, i.e. likelihood as such, is never irrelative, is never absolute, since any absolute, any irrelative can always be related at least to itself.

You can thus see that in this operation on which Corax bases his whole *techné*, a very important logical and assuredly political asset is at stake, which is that no irrelative position exists; one cannot say: "such is verisimilitude in absolute terms", since absolute verisimilitude can be related to itself, producing the very opposite of what was expected. Absolute verisimilitude does accuse the client, but when related to itself it exculpates him. Such is the reason underlying Aristotle's protestation, for he clearly understands (he was very clever) that there, behind that teeny weeny matter, something extremely important is at stake. Indeed, to the extent that the master, the judge in this particular case, bases his argument on verisimilitude—on the existence of likelihoods that are truer than others—in order to assert that a strong individual is "more really likely" to brutalize a victim, I can play verisimilitude against itself so as to dissolve its absoluteness. And the effects are reversed. . . . As you can see, this is a very significant matter, a very serious one.

D: Yes, I mixed the two. I made set bits, then let go of the order in performance. If I don't want to dance with someone on a given evening, I don't have to. I simply avoid the material that involves that person. So emotion enters into the formality of the piece as a possible basis for choice. The piece has extreme limits. It would be within the rules, for example, if no one entered the performance area at all. But these people like to dance together, so there are other factors operating along with the rules. Not knowing what use we will make of the material when we go to perform sets up an atmosphere different from that surrounding a linearly ordered work.

L: How can you control or modulate emotionality if you open the piece to such an extent?

D: I control it by not controlling it. In the other piece I'm working on now, *Rille*, I'm taking a different approach, setting almost everything, including the order. But I'm still not making what I would call effects. That is, I'm not filling out some idea about how I think the dance should come across to some imagined audience person. I work from the inside out, to the structure, from there back, to the dancing itself, ignoring as much as possible the signs that pop up along the way telling me what it ought to look or feel like. I work with the structure, it feels like something, I work with the structure.

L: There is definitely an abstract quality in your work. The geometric impulse, though, seemed much stronger in your earlier pieces.

D: Yes, *101*, the still piece, was rather geometric, as were some parts of *Four for Nothing*, *Time Out* and *One Thing Leads to Another*.

L: What is the function of geometry?

D: It's a starting point, I suppose, something to go away from, something to contain and balance other elements. In *Lazy Madge* there's hardly any. I broke it by turning over the shape of the piece to the decision-making of the dancers. In *Rille* it is present quite consciously, as a ground against which to consider density.

You have all understood that, in this example, the client who is strong is precisely the weak one; I mean to say that his position is weak as a direct consequence of his strength. Something which points in the same direction is the paradox of the liar, which consists in saying: "If you say you are lying, and if you are in fact lying, then you are telling the truth, etc.". Many attempts have been made to refute this paradox; Russell, for instance, tried to establish that there are two types of statements—such is precisely the distinction I was making earlier between statements and meta-statements. And Russell claims to solve the paradox by forbidding us to mix, to blend statements of the first type and of the second one: There is meta-discourse, and the effects of discourse should not be transferred to the meta-discourse. But why is this transfer prohibited? Russell's answer is simply that if you do rely on such an operation, then no discourse of truth remains possible. In other words, Russell's refutation is not a refutation, it is nothing more than the magisterial decision itself, i.e. my meta-statements are not in the same class as ordinary statements. Thus, the paradox of the liar, which is irrefutable since it cannot be controverted without being departed from, implies that there is no discourse of truth and accordingly the function of discourse is completely diverted inasmuch as it will always be impossible to decide whether a statement is true or false.

Another story concerns a Sophist named Protagoras. Protagoras asks his disciple, Euathlus, to pay him his fees. The latter answers him in the following terms: You haven't made me win a single cause, you have helped me gain no victory in discourses, therefore I owe you nothing. And Protagoras retorts: There is something you owe me in any case; you owe me the money, for if I win you must pay me and if you win you must also pay me. The debate Protagoras is referring to is not that which the disciple is thinking of. Euathlus is in fact thinking of the debates he participated in, which he lost. Protagoras, on the other hand, is talking about the current debate between himself and his disciple and he states: This debate has come to a conclusion; either you win or I do. Should you win, you would have to pay me since our contract stipulates that the orator's disciple is to pay his master when he gains a victory. And should I be the winner, that is should you, my pupil, be the loser, then you would also have to pay, since in a judicial debate the loser pays. All of this is perfectly correct. . .

L: How do you go about making a piece where the movement is fixed and the choices unlimited, as in *Lazy Madge*?

D: First I made solos for each of the dancers, and asked them to dance them simultaneously. They had to look out for each other. It was like the street, people with different intentions whose paths crossed at times. And then if there was no one in the way they could dance the movement as well as they knew how, but always with an eye to traffic problems. Then I went on to make duets, trios, etc. allowing the dancers to choose from the material during performance, down to the minutest fragment. We rehearsed the bits in their original form, as duets, trios, and so on, but in performance we let go of that.

I had made some rules before I began: I couldn't work out of the presence of the person who was to do the movement I was making; I couldn't set my own material except where it involved partnering; new material was to be performable as soon as it was learned and could be repeated. This last has to do with the piece being conceived as a project. For two years I've made new material, we've rehearsed the old, and performed whenever there's been an opportunity. So in a given performance we are using newly made, little rehearsed materials, as well as earlier, more familiar moves.

Also, I don't set rehearsal time. I'm available for so many hours a day, people come when they can or want to. I am interested in accommodating their various schedules, and in disallowing their using me as an authority figure to prime their wills.

In all, as a group, we have about eight hours of material available to us. We usually perform one hour and ten minutes, without a break. You dance along, and someone says "time," or the lights go out.

L: The situation you created seems fluid enough to allow any kind of movement. Do you feel that at this point classical elements can be introduced and juxtaposed to the rest without inconvenience?

D: By working only in the presence of the person who is going to do the movement I'm making, I leave myself open to that person's influence, and diminish overall considerations of style. The dancers are

Protagoras considers his relationship with Euathlus in one instance as being of a magisterial nature, and in another instance as being antagonistic, which implies an important thing, i.e. that there can be no school, because the characteristics of a school—and I hope there will never be a schizo school—is that a certain type of discourse exists, which I shall call protected. If the pupil, the disciple, holds such a discourse outside the school, and if he fails, if therefore he does not gain an outside victory, it will be said, in a magisterial relationship, that his training is insufficient, that he should follow more courses, proceed with his studies, that he should be retrained, etc., but the blame for the adverse situation the pupil experiences will not be put on the relationship with the master; on the contrary, what Protagoras says is that "this adverse relationship permeates our magisterial relationship, and you are also my enemy." Another aspect of

different one from another, as dancers and as people, and I don't work against these differences. It's a tacit collaboration. The common ground between us, aside from our desire to work together, is that each of us has at least some exposure to Merce's work. This guarantees an open and non-analytical attitude to the process of learning and repeating movement.

L: You seem to stay clear both from expressivity and formality, or rather to involve the dramatic element to such a degree that it feeds the more abstract aspect of your work. Do you see it that way?

D: Well, I would say that as the sixties fall behind us, an explicitly formalistic approach feels to me no less didactic than an explicitly expressive one.



this matter also deserves to be noted, which is that Protagoras' paradox consists in the same operation of inclusion as the paradox of the liar. When Euathlus says: I have never won a cause, consequently I owe you nothing, what is he talking about? He's talking about debates which are external to his relationship with the master. Protagoras on the other hand includes the debate he is now engaged in with his disciple in the same category as those external debates. Thus, in this case as well, there is a refusal to consider any debate held inside the schools as

L: What about humour?

D: Jokes are an obvious kind of performance, not very surprising. Their suspense is familiar. They constitute what I referred to before as making effects. You try to make the audience laugh, to manipulate them as a group. For their own pleasure, of course. You can't do this without a fair number of already shared assumptions. Such a situation precludes the more personal, intimate, confusing experience I associate with looking at art. Buster Keaton's films work

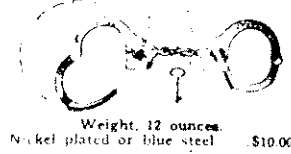
some sort of a meta-debate; the current debate falls under the same category as all other debates.

The position of magisterial discourse requires a protection against external debates, it implies that we confine ourselves to a region of discourse, which is simultaneously a social region, into which the external debates cannot penetrate. The only permissible debates will be those concerning external debates. Such is the very foundation of the school, which is after all one of the aspects of the magisterial relationship.

In this paradox, Protagoras considers Euathlus as an opponent if he loses, and as his disciple if he wins. Euathlus has no identity, he can be identified neither as an adversary nor as a disciple, which implies that Protagoras already rejects an entire logic or predication or substantial definition. Euathlus has no properties. Moreover, one finds in Protagoras's paradox the inclusion of the future in the present. Indeed, Protagoras argues against his disciple by including its outcome in the ongoing debate and saying: If you lose—if you will lose as they say in Turkish—then you shall pay and if you will win, then you shall also pay. And that inclusion of the future is worked out in the manner of a parody, for the discourse Protagoras holds with respect to his disciple is precisely the parody of the magisterial discourse: the master already knows what the outcome is going to be. In short, the future is included not in the form of a contingency, but as being identical to itself. The master has control over this future. It is a parody of the magisterial discourse precisely to the extent that Protagoras actually considers that Euathlus has no contingent future. He has no future, i.e. he shall pay in any case, which is exactly the position of Capital with respect to any one of us: whether one wins or loses, one has to pay. All of this does not mean that Protagoras is in a strong position, and whereas I said earlier that in Corax's case, the accused who is strong is precisely the weakest insofar as verisimilitude is against him, in Protagoras' case the master is the weak one, for he risks not being paid, and for a Sophist this is very serious, since Sophists collect no ground rent as philosophers do, they aren't civil servants, they are artists, they are paid on a piece-work basis, after each job, each performance.

There are many similar stories and I think we should analyze them carefully for it is not sure at all that they all refer to the same cunning devices; some of them could very well be based on other devices, but it seems to me that three or

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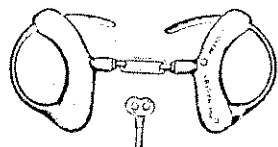
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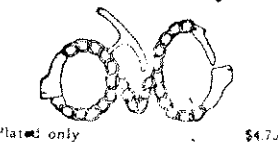
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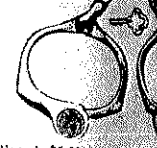
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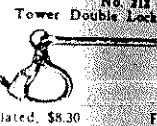
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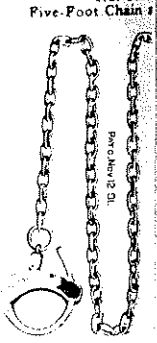
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four such examples are sufficient to outline a position of discourse which is curious enough in relation to the magisterial position; the former position may very well invest the latter, and that is why I chose the example of Protagoras, who is in principle the student's master. What strikes me however is that Protagoras resorts to a reasoning which cannot be that of a master but which points to a discourse other than the Platonic, or the magisterial discourse in general (from Plato to Marx) whose position is in fact always the same. It seems to me something else is arising here, insofar at least as the trade of the intellectual is concerned—which isn't all that different from other trades; new weapons are appearing, very small weapons, but very important I believe, and very serious. These very weak weapons do however have the power of upsetting, be it for a fleeting instant (but that is irrelevant here, since the aim is not to obtain cumulative effects), of unsettling the magisterial position and the assumptions underlying it, i.e. the belief in the existence of a meta-discourse, of an order within which discourses, and practices as well of course, can be grounded and substantiated.

We should therefore continue to explore these paradoxes, called paradoxes because one did not know what to do with them, and which have been expunged, destroyed, like the works of Protagoras himself. What is involved here is a possible position of discourse which has effectively been obliterated in its entirety and which can afford us new weapons. I believe it would be interesting to find out what effects these weapons can produce in the political order; this is roughly what I wanted to say tonight. I shall just make one more remark in that connexion, which is that we should imagine new praxes and notably practices of discourse and political practices, which would not be articulated around the idea of a reinforcement through organization or an efficiency through conviction. The idea that a radical political efficacy does not rest on truthfulness deserves consideration.

The question we should raise concerns the possibility of producing political efficiency not at all by linking it to the belief in Truth, but rather by developing it in the direction of a relativism, in the strong, general sense of the term, that is by accelerating the decline of the idea of truth, by contributing to its deterioration. This cannot be done by setting a new truth against the old one, which is of no moment, regardless of the name of that new truth. It would be much more interesting to imagine, in my opinion, a political

for me because the deadpan attitude creates a separate continuity: something else is happening along with the dramatic rise and fall of the gag. A potent sadness for example. I don't try for humour in my work, any more than for any other effect. Still, I get some kicks.

L: Is walking in the street close to your idea of what dance now is about?

D: As an analogy, yes, somehow related to the work I do in *Lazy Madge*. The mix of, on the one hand, orderliness, the streets, stop lights, traffic laws, etc., and, on the other hand, complexity, all those separate intentions finding their way in and around each other, on foot and in vehicles. I find that an interesting image. It is fantastically magnified in the films of Rudy Burckhardt.

L: Do you feel affinities with other dancers or choreographers?

D: As I get more involved in what I'm doing, my projections on other dancers and choreographers fade out. Now I can watch dance for pleasure.

efficiency whose aim would not be to convince, but which would rather seek discontinuous local effects which could disappear and would not bring about the adherence of those who witness them. Rather it would bring about something else which would be neither trust nor mistrust, something we could call tragic, etc., which would however be more like humor I believe (there being no incompatibility between these two terms). It seems to me something of that sort is happening now; such is undoubtedly the case as far as some of the events happening in France are concerned at any rate, although I am not yet quite capable of elaborating on this argument. I could give you as an example, without committing myself, a movement of the prostitutes which developed in France this year.

At first sight this movement appeared to be one aimed at pushing demands: "We are workers, we want decent working conditions, etc.," but this discourse simultaneously implied something else, which in fact unsettled the relation of society to the feminine body, and even to desire in general. What it said was: "If you accept the existence of different kinds of trades and if you consider that the motivations underlying their practice are good, are acceptable, then accept our motivation as well, i.e. the desire for prostitution. Now, this problem is extremely serious, and I believe a typically political modern action is involved here: it is punctual, it bears upon the inclusion of the desire for prostitution in the same class as all other desires. . . and it functions, it seems to me, in the direction not of a distrust, but in that of the destruction of the belief in the existence of good and bad desires. Practices of this type are operative not on account of their revealing a new truth, but insofar as they destroy meta-discourses in specific places. And what this means basically, is that such a politics is no longer centered around the question of a pedagogy, which has always been the case, for politics has always been pedagogical. Thus, we should no longer say: "we shall gain victory, we shall grow stronger if we manage to awaken the truth which is alienated, concealed, repressed, etc."; Protagoras doesn't give a rap about Euathlus' conviction, such are not the terms the efficiency of his action can be measured in.

Translated by Roger McKeon

1. Aristotle, *Rhetorica*, book II, 24, 1 402 a 3 & 17. *The works of Aristotle*, Oxford University Press, 1971, vol. XI, translated by W. Rhys Roberts.



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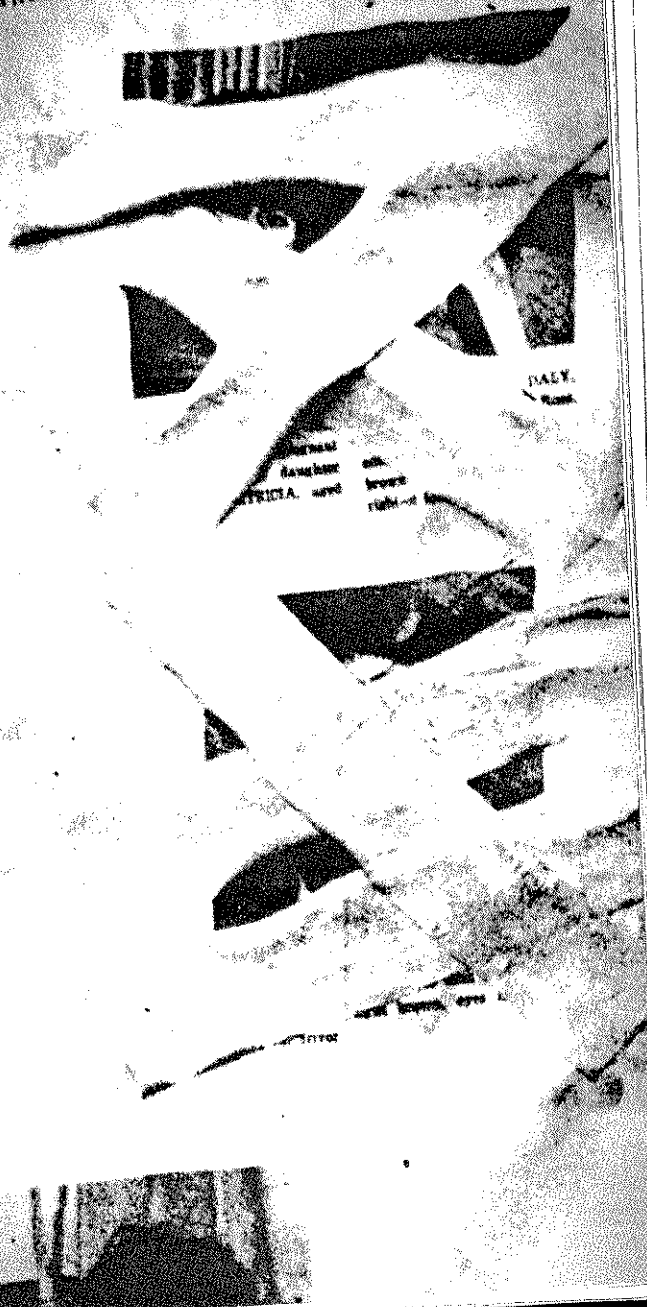
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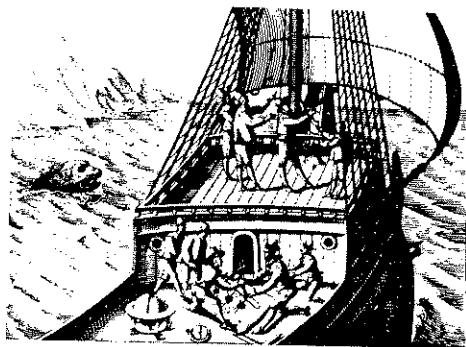
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