cabinet
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When **impotence** due to androgenic deficiency is driving them apart

Android®-5 Buccal Tabs
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DESCRIPTION: Methyltestosterone is 17β-Hydroxy-17-Methylandrost-4-en-3-one. **ACTIONS:** Methyltestosterone is an oil soluble androgenic hormone. **INDICATIONS:** In the male: 1. Eunuchoidism and eunichism. 2. Male climacteric symptoms when these are secondary to androgen deficiency. 3. Impotence due to androgenic deficiency. 4. Post-puberal cryptochidism with evidence of hypogonadism. Cholestatic hepatitis with jaundice and altered liver function tests, such as increased BSP retention, and rises in SGOT levels, have been reported after Methyltestosterone. These changes appear to be related to dosage of the drug. Therefore, in the presence of any changes in liver function tests, drug should be discontinued. **PRECAUTIONS:** Prolonged dosage of androgen may result in sodium and fluid retention. This may present a problem, especially in patients with compromised cardiac reserve or renal disease. In treating males for symptoms of climacteric, avoid stimulation to the point of increasing the nervous, mental, and physical activities beyond the patient's cardiovascular capacity. **CONTRAINDICATIONS:** Contraindicated in persons with known or suspected carcinoma of the prostate and in carcinoma of the male breast. Contraindicated in the presence of severe liver damage. **WARNINGS:** If priapism or other signs of excessive sexual stimulation develop, discontinue therapy. In the male, prolonged administration or excessive dosage may cause inhibition of testicular function, with resultant oligospermia and decrease in ejaculatory volume. Use cautiously in young boys to avoid premature epiphyseal closure or precocious sexual development. Hypersensitivity and gynecomastia may occur rarely. PBI may be decreased in patients taking androgens. Hypercalcemia may occur, particularly during therapy for metastatic breast carcinoma. If this occurs, the drug should be discontinued. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Cholestatic jaundice • Oligospermia and decreased ejaculatory volume • Hypercalcemia particularly in patients with metastatic breast carcinoma. This usually indicates progression of bone metastases • Sodium and water retention • Priapism • Virilization in female patients • Hypersensitivity and gynecomastia. **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION:** Dosage must be strictly individualized, as patients vary widely in requirements. Daily requirements are best administered in divided doses. The following is suggested as an average daily dosage guide. **In the male:** Eunuchoidism and eunuchism, 10 to 40 mg.; Male climacteric symptoms and impotence due to androgen deficiency, 10 to 40 mg.; Postpuberal cryptorchism, 30 mg. **REFERENCE: Robert**

* **B. Greenblatt, M.D.,** and **D. H. Perez, M.D.:** "The Menopausal Syndrome," *Problems of Libido in the Elderly*, pp. 95-101. Medcom Press, N.Y., 1974. **HOW SUPPLIED:** 5, 10, 25 mg. in bottles of 60, 250. Rx only.

Cabinet

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Erratum:
We offer apologies to Tricia Keightley and Karen Arm whose paintings were reproduced on page 27 of issue 7 in the wrong orientation.

Cover: Reed Anderson, *Sour Serenade* (detail), 2000. Courtesy Pierogi Gallery.
Page 4: Undercover narcotics officer posing as a “hippie” in 1968. Courtesy AP Photos.

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POSTCARD CHLOE PIENE

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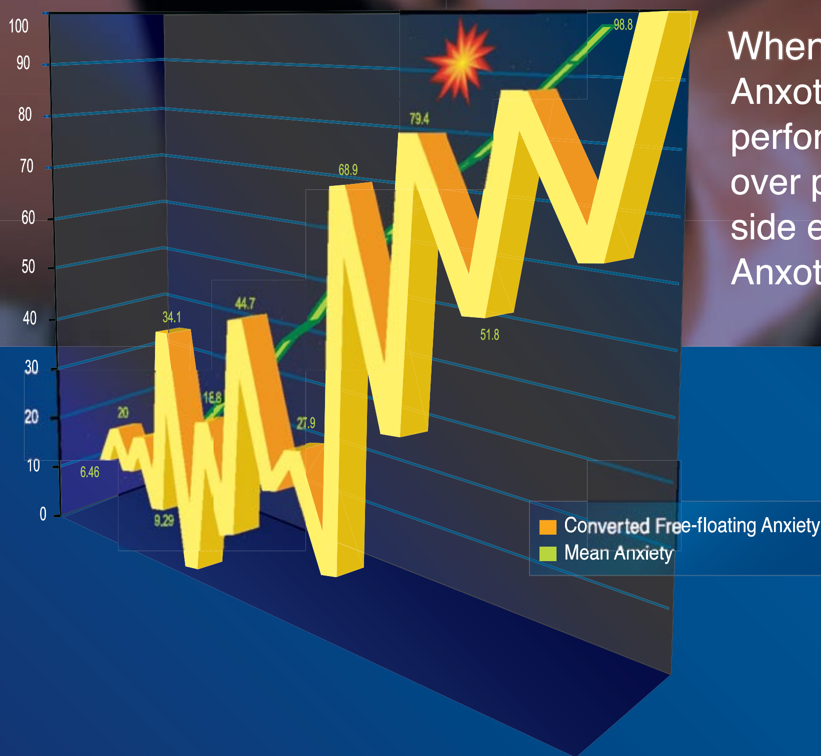

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"The Clean Room," David Serlin's column on science and technology, appears in each issue. / "Colors" is a column where a guest writer is asked to respond to a specific color assigned by the editors of *Cabinet*. / "Ingestion" is Allen S. Weiss's column on cuisine, aesthetics, and philosophy. Aelius Lampridius is stepping in for Weiss, who is absent in this issue. / "Leftovers" is a column that examines the cultural significance of leftovers or detritus.

THE CLEAN ROOM / JUST SAY NO TO EUCALYPTUS

DAVID SERLIN

In her later years, our beloved but neurotic German shepherd, Sheba, suffered from uncontrollable and almost paralyzing anxiety whenever it threatened to rain. At even the faintest whisper of an oncoming storm—an unavoidable fact of life growing up in South Florida—Sheba would start shaking violently, leaping from room to room, turning over furniture, and scratching paint from walls and doors. Call it WDAD: Weather-Derived Anxiety Disorder. Once, during hurricane season, she became so unmanageable that we put her in a bathroom overnight while waiting for the gale-force winds and torrential downpour to subside. When we opened the door the next morning to release her, the bathroom walls and ceiling were covered with blood. In the process of pouncing upon and scratching at the door so urgently, Sheba had worn down her nails to the veins beneath. Even in that well-lit and familiar enclosed space, she could not find shelter, not even from herself.

Our veterinarian, an earnest family man from Denver with enormous teeth and hairy knuckles, recommended that we give Sheba behavior-modifying drugs: small pills in hues of candy-apple red or minty green that we administered in globs of margarine. We started Sheba on a regimen of Valium; within 12 months, however, she grew resistant to the drugs even while ingesting doses of more than 25 milligrams. After her unsuccessful stint on Valium, the veterinarian believed Sheba might find consolation in Phenobarbital, the drug of choice for a new generation of domestic pets. But despite an initially calming effect, which gave her glassy eyes and an ethereal if staggered gait reminiscent of Gloria Swanson's in *Sunset Boulevard*, even large doses of Phenobarbital could not prevent Sheba from undergoing behavioral transformations that seemed at times almost supernatural.

What I recall most about that era—other than its coincidence with the mid-1980s "Just Say No" campaign spearheaded by Nancy Reagan—was the grave realization that rather than ameliorating her suffering my family in fact had been enabling Sheba's drug use. A kind of Pavlovian experiment gone awry, we rewarded Sheba's behavior with an increasingly more powerful regimen of hardcore pharmaceuticals to which her body had become not only acclimated but also physiologically addicted. In our good-faith effort to assuage Sheba's fears we had turned our trusting German shepherd into Neely O'Hara in *Valley of the Dolls.* Had her shaking occurred because of inclement weather, I wondered, or because of withdrawal symptoms? In the blaxploitation film of my imagination, I was convinced that our veterinarian was Mr. Big, I was the small-time dealer with a nagging conscience, and Sheba the smack addict caught in "the algebra of need," that devastating cycle of consumption and deprivation described by William Burroughs in *Naked Lunch*.[1]

Sheba's drug dependence, whether real or imagined, could be considered yet another example of the inevitable parallels between domestication and modernization. Both processes are, invariably, responsible for transforming animals from independent and autonomous entities into pliant subjects shaped by the dominant codes of civilization. Yet as much as we are responsible for these domesticating processes—through cultural immersion, obedience school, or, in the case of Sheba, behavior modification through drugs—the use of substances with analgesic or hallucinogenic properties by animals is by no means solely a product of domestication or modernity. Animals in the wild, it seems, have been using drugs in one form or another for millennia.

In her book *Wild Health*, Cindy Engel catalogues the rudimentary health care practices of undomesticated animals, a good deal of which revolve around hunting down and consuming plants and fruits rich in intoxicants.[2] Ancient cultures, for example, first discovered the powerful caf-

feine-like properties in the fruit *kahveh*, which translates as "stimulating and invigorating," by mimicking the actions of goats who ate particular red berries near the Red Sea. Early Mayans discovered that honey made from the flower *Turina corymbosa* had hallucinogenic properties that also helped to induce uterine contractions during childbirth. African elephants have been observed charging from distances of more than ten kilometers if they detect the fermenting fruit of the marula tree. Apparently, Australian koala bears nibble on eucalyptus for many more reasons than to fulfill the expectations of tourists.

Engel is careful to point out that for animals intoxication may be merely the side effect of seeking out the high-calorie or high-carbohydrate content of overripe fruits, an evolutionary need that may be linked to long-term survival. In addition to its other healthful properties, moderate alcohol consumption, even in humans, helps to reduce heart disease as well as stress, and so intoxication offers such medicinal benefits to animals in the wild. When animal researchers offered African elephants a sweet liquor with 7% alcohol, the scientists discovered that they consumed far greater quantities when they had to compete with larger numbers of elephants for food. Elephants, not unlike stockbrokers and housewives, choose voluntarily to anesthetize themselves against stress. On the other hand, by focusing on only the nutritional or self-medicating functions of intoxicants, we make ourselves oblivious to the pleasure principle: some animals actually like the taste of alcohol and, moreover, many animals enjoy being in an altered state of consciousness. As Engel reveals, wild bighorn sheep in the Canadian Rockies will travel great lengths uphill in order to lick green and yellow lichen from rocks purely for their narcotic effect. Water buffalo herds in Asia graze on opium poppies, never eating enough to poison themselves but just enough to become oblivious to pain: a kind of Valium for overworked beasts.

While most examples of drug use by animals seem self-contained, other animals threaten their culture with impending social collapse as a result of substance abuse. As Engel writes, the *Lasius flavus* species of ant "lives in close relation with the Lomechusa beetle. ... In return for providing beetle larvae with food and care, the ants are allowed to lick an intoxicating secretion from the beetles' abdomens. Although temporarily disoriented and unstable on their legs, the ants become so addicted to the secretion that in times of danger they will move beetle larvae out of danger *before* rescuing their own."[3] Perhaps giving animals pharmaceutical drugs may be one way in which we maintain their connection to the wild even while ensnaring them with the amenities of captivity—provided, of course, that they find such amenities comforting.

Humans take great pride in the idea that their pets have unique personalities, individuated selves that distinguish them from the other members of their species. We are more likely to confer an identity onto an animal if we believe that it has an articulated consciousness that makes us venerate it as a peculiar vessel of natural instincts and learned behaviors. The widespread use of intoxicants and painkillers by animals in the wild, however, may provide evidence for the fact that animals have a greater sense of self than we previously imagined. Such animals live on the cusp between us and not-us, making their exploitation both extremely easy and extraordinarily difficult. Perhaps domesticating animals, whether through drugs or obedience measures, mystifies the process by which we have divorced animals from themselves and reintroduced them to themselves on our own terms.

In the last few years of her life, we were administering to Sheba Ace promazine, a drug typically used to calm dogs with "noise phobias" that was originally developed in the 1950s as part of the arsenal of anti-psychotic medicines for institutionalized patients. Emboldened by empathy for our pet as well as by the whim of teenage experimentation, a high school friend and I each took three of Sheba's Ace promazine pills. We rationalized that we were eligible for three times her prescription since we were about three times larger than she was. We settled in for the night to enjoy its effects and, within about an hour, while watching an especially surreal episode of *Hill Street Blues*, we began nodding off to sleep. Hauling my lethargic body across the expanse of the house, I remember feeling very much like I was walking through a heavy and unrelenting rainstorm. It was an encounter with imaginary water whose irony was not lost on me, even in a state of hallucination.

1 See William Burroughs, "Deposition: Testimony Concerning a Sickness," in Ann Charters, ed., *The Portable Beat Reader* (New York: Penguin, 1992 [1959]), pp. 136-144.

2 See Cindy Engel, *Wild Health: How Animals Keep Themselves Well and What We Can Learn from Them* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2002).

3 Engel, p. 164. Emphasis in original.

COLORS / RUST

ALBERT MOBILIO

It's a different feeling. Depending. On the day. The person. The metal you've scraped it from. It can be rough. A gorge-deep rough, like a fistful of sandpaper working along the spine, working in quick, sharp strokes up toward the back of the neck. That's the way it is for me most of the time, like my vertebrae are being rubbed until my spine's as smooth as cable. But smoothness isn't what I end up feeling. Long after the first rush, there's an echo of rough singing somewhere inside some nerve. Other people say it starts out like needles—steel needles spiking out like sun rays inside your head. They talk about having to keep very still until one hits the ripe spot, low at the back of the skull. That one pulses through your body, down through your legs, until your feet cramp as the bright metal point pushes all the way through. Descriptions vary. Some folks go on about micro-chills or hyperawareness of their teeth. They rhapsodize about a motorized humming that sounds, when you listen closely, like voices on faraway phone lines. Others talk about their vision lost in the swirl of a drowned autumn. About the charcoal drip in their throats. When they talk this way, their mouths go a little slack and their eyes narrow and nearly flutter. They're remembering that feeling, the one you get from doing rust.

Hydrated ferric oxide. A textbook will tell you it's what happens when iron oxidizes after exposure to air and water, but that's what happens to iron, not to you. Not to you if you put a fingertip coated with its sandy granules to the back of your tongue or when you inhale a long, coppery ridge. The body craves air and water, yet those things—the stuff of life—are transformed in rust. They become grainy husks of themselves. Of skies and breezes, of rain and breath. In rust, this has all been burnt down to something lifeless. Something subterranean. The earth's blood baked to a crisp. A voice hung out to dry under a tireless sun. Rust is the taste of dirt. Of old soil and stone that's been freshly dug up and is suddenly aired out in your mouth, in your brain. It's the taste of a grave. It's the best high I've ever had.

They call us "red rims" because of the faint stains on our nostrils. They call us "rust-ups," or "shed heads," since we collect stuff—old nails, pipes, and buckets—from tool sheds. They aren't many of us, but there's probably more than I think. No one really knows since it's not something you need to buy (although you can: clued-in factory workers at steel mills and auto plants harvest it by the pound—good stuff off fresh, unpainted metal), and not something you want to do with anyone else. Rust hasn't spawned much of a culture—rust music, rust raves. Rust is something you do with the door shut and the lights low. When your eyes begin to coagulate with the color of a fresh scar, you don't want

opposite: David Serlin (right) and his brother Stuart with Sheba in 1978 before the onset of WDAD.

company. When your stomach sours and your tongue grows chewy and dry, you want quiet so you can register each increment of physical change. Red rims are loners, people in love with their own sadness. They are dolorous people who believe today had to smother yesterday to take its place. How word got around from people like us, no one can really say.

For myself, I remember hearing a health official on the radio recounting the comeback of old-style intoxicants like airplane glue and oven cleaner, and then adding something about "anecdotal reports of rust being inhaled by anorexic teenage girls in the Northwest." This stuck with me as one of those goofy, can-you-top-this tidbits that you bring up with friends. Maybe a year later, while cutting the grass, I found a pair of pliers that I had dropped while fixing the swing-set in the backyard. Having remained outside through the winter, they had acquired a thick, uniform coating of rust. The pliers looked slightly comical, like a child's fuzzy toy version of a tool, and even edible, as if they'd been dipped in a seasoning, paprika perhaps. The gritty stuff came off immediately in my hand. Blood-brown swaths on my palm: stigmata. A sunset smeared across my lifeline. The weirdly powerful impulse to bring that hand up to my face, underneath my nose, was no doubt akin to the feckless curiosity that compels children (and sometimes adults) to find out if the stove is hot by touching the burner. An hour later, I'd scraped the pliers clean so they were as silver as the day I bought them. That night it would take another hour to scrub the auburn smudges from my upper lip and nose.

I say it's the best high ever but I don't know what I mean by that. It's not even a high. It's a low, maybe as low as you can get and still climb back to the surface, to a world that isn't aging and dying around you. I don't know what it is. And I don't know why I crave it. Why any of us do. We talk—some of us have been drawn together by rumor, chat rooms, or telltale signs like strips of neatly cut sheet metal browning on the back fence—about how it helps us accept our place in the mortal scheme of things, or how it's like sex, a little death. How it's therapeutic. But those are a drunkard's lies. Mostly we talk about the big special effect, what we call *sliding*—the hallucinatory state in which you sink so thoroughly out of that day's, that hour's, grasp that you experience, not dreamily but in a way that is eye-widening and precise, what seem to be actual sensations and objects from the past.

Sometimes it's just the day before, sometimes it's years, or decades. Sometimes it's your past, sometimes not. Maybe you feel your father's hand ringing your tiny wrist and smell the car exhaust at a busy intersection. Or maybe you can taste the dessert wine you drank last Sunday. You reach out for your stereo knob and find that you're turning the dial on an old Emerson radio cabinet. Imagine a camera left in a room with its shutter open for, say, a hundred years, then further imagine that everything that turned up in front of that lens over all that time is exposed on a single frame of film. If such a piece of film existed, rust would be the wedge permitting you to slide between superimposed images. It lets you roam around the picture. Adjust the knick-knacks, twist your finger in the hair of the woman who had to leave in haste two nights ago. Of course, there's no such magic film. But rust—when its iron shreds are clustering in your blood, filing away at your spine—makes you believe there is.

Rust is a darker variant of red, but it's also something you can sniff, swallow, or rub between your finger and thumb till the granules soften to a fine rouge-like powder. And then it's also a process—corrosion—in which new molecules form from old ones. Getting your head rusted is another kind of process, one that corrodes the present (as real as an iron ingot in your hand) with an omnivorous past (enveloping as a mist). You conjure remnants of small histories—the chafing embrace of your starched, parochial school collar, a kitchen clock with a plate for a face and a fork and spoon for hands. On rust, everything you see, everything you taste or touch, is washed in a vibratory russet hue. (It's the shed head's sepia.) And it all glows—especially your own skin—with the warmth of unseen chemical reactions. The air around you whistles slightly, creating the impression—but not the bodily sensation—of movement. It's as if you are falling while staying still, the world peeling off around you, the iron-brown earth parting to let you pass. You're heading toward the empty place that's always been ready to take you in. To make you at home. You are water and air turned to dust. You are red-eyed. You are gone to rust.

INGESTION / THE LIFE OF ELAGABALUS
AELIUS LAMPRIDIUS

The fatal decadence of Imperial Rome has often been dramatized through accounts of its rulers' lavish dining practices, but for sheer giddy vulgarity, few can match the exploits of the 3rd-century teenage emperor known as Elagabalus (203–222 AD). Born Varius Avitus Bassianus (his more familiar name, often rendered as Heliogabalus, is borrowed from the local sun deity in his childhood home of Emesa in Syria), Elagabalus was raised in a politically powerful family and ascended to the Imperial throne at the age of 14. His four-year reign was marked by levels of such surpassing adolescent excess that they were said to have shocked even the famously liberal-minded Roman elite.

The full reliability of the account, an abridged version of which follows, is the subject of disagreement among historians. It originates with a Latin text, usually credited to one Aelius Lampridius (here in an early 20th-century translation by David Magie), that was itself part of a set of multi-author Imperial biographies that scholars believe were probably written in the late 4th century. Specific historical value notwithstanding, its lasting appeal comes as no surprise. Overflowing with fantastical details, it sets an unrivaled scene of completely off-the-hook licentiousness and gluttony, of debauched desire expressed and fulfilled—precisely the stuff of which gastronomical legends are made.

Concerning his life many filthy anecdotes have been put in writing, but since they are not worthy of being recorded, I have thought I ought to relate only such deeds as illustrate his extravagance.

He gave summer banquets in various colors, one day a green banquet, another day an iridescent one, and next in order a blue one, varying them continually every day of the summer. Moreover, he was the first to use silver urns and casseroles, and vessels of chased silver, one hundred pounds in weight, some of them spoiled by the lewdest designs. He was also the first to concoct wine seasoned with mastich and with pennyroyal and all such mixtures, which our present luxury retains. And rose-wine, of which he had learned from others, he used to make more fragrant by adding pulverized pine-cone. In fact, all these kinds of cups are not met within books before the time of Elagabalus. Indeed, for him life was nothing except a search after pleasures. He was the first to make force-meat of fish, or of oysters of various kinds or similar shell-fish, or of lobsters, crayfish, and squills. He used to strew roses and all manner of flowers, such as lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissus, over his banqueting rooms, his couches and his porticoes, and then stroll about in them. He would refuse to swim in a pool that was not perfumed with saffron or some other well-known essence. And he could not rest easily on cushions that were not stuffed with rabbit-fur or feathers from under the wings of partridges, and he used, moreover, to change the pillows frequently.

He frequently ate camels-heels and also cocks-combs taken from the living birds, and the tongues of peacocks and

opposite: Richard Serra, *Union of the Torus and the Sphere* (detail), 2001. Courtesy Robert McKeever/Gagosian Gallery.

nightingales, because he was told that one who ate them was immune from the plague. He served to the palace-attendants, moreover, huge platters heaped up with the viscera of mullets, and flamingo-brains, partridge-eggs, thrush-brains, and the heads of parrots, pheasants, and peacocks. And the beards of the mullets that he ordered to be served were so large that they were brought on, in place of cress or parsley or pickled beans or fenugreek, in well-filled bowls and disk-shaped platters—a particularly amazing performance.

Among his pets he had lions and leopards, which had been rendered harmless and trained by tamers, and these he would suddenly order after the dessert and the after-dessert to get up on the couches, thereby causing an amusing panic, for none knew that the beasts were harmless. He sent grapes from Apamea to his stables for his horses, and he fed parrots and pheasants to his lions and other wild animals. For ten successive days, moreover, he served wild sows' udders with the matrices [wombs], at the rate of thirty a day, serving, besides, peas with gold-pieces, lentils with onyx, beans with amber, and rice with pearls; and he also sprinkled pearls on fish and truffles in lieu of pepper. In a banqueting room with a reversible ceiling he once overwhelmed his parasites [hangers-on] with violets and other flowers so that some of them were actually smothered to death, being unable to crawl out to the top. He flavored his swimming-pools and bath-tubs with essence of spices or of roses or wormwood.

At his banquets he would also distribute chances inscribed on spoons, the chance of one person reading "ten camels," of another "ten flies," of another "ten pounds of gold," of another "ten pounds of lead," of another "ten ostriches," of another "ten hens-eggs," so that they were chances indeed and men tried their luck. These he also gave at his games, distributing chances for ten bears or ten dormice, ten lettuces or ten pounds of gold. Indeed he was the first to introduce this practice of giving chances, which we still maintain.

When his friends became drunk he would often shut them up, and suddenly during the night let in his lions and leopards and bears—all of them harmless—so that his friends on awakening at dawn, or worse, during the night, would find lions and leopards and bears in the room with themselves; and some even died from this cause.

His parasites would often be served during dessert with food made of wax or wood or ivory, sometimes of earthenware, or at times even of marble or stone; so that all that he ate himself would be served to them too, but different in substance and only to be looked at, and all the while they would merely drink with each course and wash their hands, just as if they really had eaten.

So skillful were his confectioners and dairymen, that all the various kinds of food that were served by his cooks, either meat-cooks or fruit-cooks, they also would serve up, making them now out of confectionery or again out of milk-products. His parasites he would serve with dinners made of glass, and at times he would send to their table only embroidered napkins with pictures of the viands that were set before himself, as many in number as the courses which he was to have, so that they were served only with representations made by the needle or the loom. Sometimes, however, paintings too were displayed to them, so that they were served with the whole dinner, as it were, but were all the while tormented by hunger.

His chariots were made of jewels and gold, for he scorned those that were merely of silver or ivory or bronze. He would harness women of the greatest beauty to a wheel-barrow in fours, in twos, or in threes or even more, and would drive them about, usually naked himself, as were also the women who were pulling him. He had the custom, moreover, of asking to a dinner eight bald men, or else eight one-eyed men, or eight men who suffered from gout, or eight deaf men, or eight men of dark complexion, or eight tall men, or, again, eight fat men, his purpose being, in the case of these last, since they could not be accommodated on one couch, to call forth general laughter.

He was the first Roman emperor to serve at a public banquet fish-pickle [garum, a preparation made from the entrails of fish, particularly the mackerel, which were salted down and allowed to ferment] mixed with water, for previously this had been only a soldier's dish—a usage which later was promptly restored by Alexander. He would propose to his guests, furthermore, by way of a feat, that they should invent new sauces for giving flavor to the food, and he would offer a very large prize for the man whose invention should please him, even presenting him with a silk garment—then regarded as a rarity and a mark of honor.
On the other hand, if the sauce did not please him, the inventor was ordered to continue eating it until he invented a better one. Of course he always sat among flowers or perfumes of great value, and he loved to hear the prices of the food served at his table exaggerated, asserting it was an appetizer for the banquet.

At one dinner where there were many tables he brought in the heads of six hundred ostriches in order that the brains might be eaten. Occasionally he gave a banquet in which he would serve twenty-two courses of extraordinary viands, and between each course he and his guests would bathe and dally with women, all taking an oath that they were deriving enjoyment. And once he gave a banquet in which one course was served in the house of each guest, and although one lived on the Capitoline Hill, one on the Palatine, one beyond the Rampart, one on the Caelian Hill, and one across the Tiber, nevertheless each course was served in order in one of the houses, and they went about to the homes of all. It was difficult, therefore, to finish the banquet within a whole day, especially as between the courses they bathed and dallied with women.

He never put on the same shoes twice and never, it is said, wore the same ring a second time. He often tore up costly garments. Once he took a whale and weighed it and then sent his friends its weight in fish. He sank some heavily laden ships in the harbor and then said that this was a sign of greatness of soul. He used vessels of gold for relieving himself and his urinals were made of murra or onyx.

He was accustomed, furthermore, to have dinners served to him of the following kind: one day he would eat nothing at all but pheasant, serving only pheasant-meat at every course; another day he would serve only chicken, another some kind of fish and again a different kind, again pork, or ostrich, or greens, or fruit, or sweets, or dairy-products.

He invented certain new kinds of vice, even going beyond the perverts used by the debauchees of old, and he was well acquainted with all the arrangements of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.

The prophecy had been made to him by some Syrian priests that he would die a violent death. And so he had prepared cords entwined with purple and scarlet silk, in order that, if need arose, he could put an end to his life by the noose. He had gold swords, too, in readiness, with which to stab himself, should any violence impend. He also had poisons ready, in ceraunites and sapphires and emeralds, with which to kill himself if destruction threatened. And he also built a very high tower from which to throw himself down, constructed of boards gilded and jeweled in his own presence, for even his death, he declared, should be costly and marked by luxury, in order that it might be said that no one had ever died in this fashion. But all these preparations availed him nothing, for, as we have said, he was slain by common soldiers, dragged through the streets, contemptuously thrust into sewers, and finally cast into the Tiber.

opposite: Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, *The Roses of Heliogabalus*, 1888, private collection.

SIGNED AT BERLIN, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1937

Desirous of avoiding the difficulties resulting from differences in the regulations concerning the conveyance of corpses, and considering the convenience of laying down uniform regulations in the matter, the undersigned governments undertake to accept the entry into their territory, or the passage in transit through their territory, of the corpses of persons deceased on the territory of any one of the other contracting countries on condition that the following regulations are complied with:

A. GENERAL REGULATIONS

Article 1

For the conveyance of any corpse by any means and under any conditions, a special laissez-passer (laissez-passer for a corpse) complying as far as possible with the model annexed hereto, and in any case stating the surname, first name and age of the deceased person, and the place, date and cause of decease, shall be required; the said laissez-passer shall be issued by the competent authority for the place of decease or the place of burial in the cases of corpses exhumed.

It is recommended that the laissez-passer should be made out, not only in the language of the country issuing it, but also in at least one of the languages most frequently used in international relations.

Article 2

Neither the country of destination nor the countries of transit shall require, over and above such papers as are required under international conventions for the purpose of transports in general, any document other than the laissez-passer provided for in the preceding article. The said laissez-passer shall not be issued by the responsible authority, save on presentation of:

(1) A certified true copy of the death certificate;

(2) Official certificates to the effect that conveyance of the corpse is not open to objection from the point of view of health or from the medico-legal point of view, and that the corpse has been placed in a coffin in accordance with the regulations laid down in the present arrangement.

Article 3

Corpses must be placed in a metal coffin, the bottom of which has been covered with a layer of approximately 5 cm. of absorbent matter such as peat, sawdust, powdered charcoal or the like with the addition of an antiseptic substance. Where the cause of decease was a contagious disease, the corpse itself shall be wrapped in a shroud soaked in an antiseptic solution.

The metal coffin must thereupon be hermetically closed (soldered) and fitted into a wooden coffin in such a manner as to preclude movement. The wooden coffin shall be of a thickness of not less than 3 cm.: its joints must be completely water-tight: and it must be closed by means of screws not more than 20 cm. Distant from one another, and strengthened by metal hoops.

Article 4

Conveyances of the corpses of persons deceased by reason of plague, cholera, small-pox or typhus shall not be authorized as between the territories of the contracting parties until one year at the earliest after the decease.

B. SPECIAL REGULATIONS

Article 5

In the case of transport by rail, the following regulations shall apply over and above the general regulations contained in articles 1 to 4:

(a) Coffins must be conveyed in a closed wagon, save where they are handed over for conveyance in a closed hearse, and remain in the same.

(b) Each country shall be responsible for fixing the time limit within which the body must be removed on arrival. Where the consignor produces satisfactory proof that the corpse will effectively be removed within such time limit, the coffin need not be accompanied.

(c) No articles may be transported along with the coffin other than wreaths, bunches of flowers and the like.

(d) Coffins must be dispatched by the speediest route and, as far as possible, without trans-shipment.

Article 6

In the case of motor transport, the following regulations shall apply over and above the general regulations contained in articles 1 to 4:

(a) Coffins must be conveyed preferably in a special hearse or, failing such, in an ordinary closed van.

(b) No articles may be transported along with the coffin other than wreaths, bunches of flowers and the like.

Article 7

In the case of transport by air, the following regulations shall apply over and above the general regulations contained in articles 1 to 4:

(a) Coffins must be conveyed either in an aircraft specially and solely used for the purpose or in a special compartment solely reserved for the purpose in an ordinary aircraft.

(b) No articles may be transported along with the coffin in the same aircraft or in the same compartment, other than wreaths, bunches of flowers and the like.

Article 8

In the case of transport by sea, the following regulations shall apply over and above the general regulations contained in articles 1 to 4:

(a) The wooden coffin containing the metal coffin in accordance with the provisions of article 3 must itself be packed in an ordinary wooden case in such a manner as to preclude movement.

(b) The said case, with its contents, must be so placed as to exclude any contact with foodstuffs or articles for consumption and to preclude inconvenience to the passengers or crew of any kind.

Article 9

Where decease takes place on board ship, the body must be preserved under the same conditions as those provided for in article 8 above. The documents and certificates required under article 2 shall be made out in accordance with the law of the country whose flag the vessel flies, and transport shall take place in the same manner as in the case of a corpse shipped on board.

Where the decease takes place less than 48 hours before the arrival of the vessel in the port at which the burial is to take place, and the material required for the strict observance of the provisions laid down in paragraph (a) of article 8 is not available on board, the corpse, wrapped in a shroud soaked in an antiseptic solution, may be placed in a coffin of solid wood of planks of not less than 3 cm. Thick with watertight joints, closed by screws. The bottom of the coffin must previously have been covered with a layer of approximately 5 cm. of absorbent material such as peat, sawdust, powdered charcoal or the like with the addition of an antiseptic substance. The coffin must thereupon be fitted into a wooden case in such a manner as to preclude movement. The provisions of this paragraph shall not apply where death was due to one of the diseases specified in article 4.

This article shall not apply to vessels whose voyages do not exceed 24 hours, if in the event of a decease on board they hand over the corpse to the competent authorities as soon as they arrive at the port at which it is to be handed over.

C. FINAL PROVISIONS

Article 10

The provisions, both general and specific, of the present arrangement embody the maximum requirements (other than in the matter of charges) which may be stipulated in connection with the acceptance of corpses coming from any one of the contracting countries. The said countries remain free to grant greater facilities, either by means of bilateral arrangements or by decisions in particular cases arrived at by common accord.

The present arrangement shall not apply to the conveyance of corpses between frontier districts.

Article 11

The present arrangement applies to international transport of corpses immediately after decease or exhumation. Nothing therein contained shall in any way affect the regulations in force in the respective countries in respect of burial and exhumation.

The present arrangement shall not apply to the transport of ashes.

LAISSEZ-PASSER FOR A CORPSE

All legal regulations concerning the placing in the coffin having been observed,

the corpse of ....
(name, first name and profession of the deceased; in the case of children, profession of father and mother)

deceased on .... at .... , by reason of .... (cause of decease),

at the age of .... years (exact date of birth if possible),

is to be conveyed .... (means of transport),

from .... (place of departure) via .... (route),

to .... (place of destination)

The transport of this corpse having been duly authorized, all and sundry authorities over whose territory the corpse is to be conveyed are requested to let it pass without let or hindrance.

MAIN

BANG THE KEYS SWIFTLY: TYPE-WRITERS AND THEIR DISCONTENTS

BARRY SANDERS

It may be mere accident, but one moment in the history of mechanization in this country makes clear the great hold that death has on writing. That's one reason—unconscious, no doubt—that Christopher Latham Sholes, a Milwaukee businessman and Wisconsin legislator, took his design for a typing machine directly to Philo Remington, the president of E. Remington and Sons and son of the founder, Eliphalet. The convergence between rifles and writing machines proved a natural one for Remington, for the firm could easily utilize its rifle-stamping equipment to make the linking and tripping mechanisms for the new typewriter.[1] They signed a contract on the spot on March 1, 1873.

A year and a half later, in September 1874, E. Remington and Sons, one of America's premier firearms manufacturers, offered for sale the first American, not wholly practical, Type-Writer. That partnership, between Remington and Sholes, brought together the first two amendments to the Constitution—the freedom to express oneself, and the right to bear arms—and delivered them to the marketplace as one integrated commodity. Remington Typewriters and Remington Firearms separated operations in 1886.

Despite all the hype, Remington did poorly with its new product. Out of an initial run of some one thousand machines, the company sold only four hundred. For one thing, people found the new invention too odd, too cumbersome, and too disorienting for daily use. But what turned most people away had to do with its most curious feature: The keys struck the bottom of the platen, on the underside of the paper, preventing the writer from seeing what he or she had just written. Here was blindness piled upon blindness, for while the author, under the best of conditions, can never see the reader, he or she could at least survey the sentences as each word came into view.[2] Reading is, after all, an essential part of writing. It took an astonishingly long time, almost 25 years, after the Remington II, for typists to be able to see what they had written at the moment they wrote it. Underwood made that possible with a revolutionary change in technology in 1897.

But how well the Type-Writer functioned mattered little to a real lover of Yankee ingenuity like Mark Twain, who always found the new-fangled fascinating. In fact, he loved the idea of mechanization so much that he invested an enormous sum, over $200,000, in a commercial venture called the Paige Typesetting Machine. A dismal failure, the scheme left Twain nearly broke.

But definitely not broken. When he lost his way with Paige, Twain grabbed hold of the Remington Type-Writer, buying one of the new machines the moment they went on sale. A few months later, on December 2, 1874, he typed his first letter, to his brother, Orion. The letter is marked by many errors—I don't know if it's fair to call them *typos* quite yet—but as a document in the history of writing in America the letter pays homage to a new, modern ingredient—*speed:*

> *I am trying to get the hang of this new-fangled writing machine, but I am not making a shining success of it. However, this is the first attempt I have ever made and yet I perceive I shall soon and easily acquire a fine facility in its use. …One chiefly needs swiftness in* banging the keys*. … I believe it will print faster than I can write. One may lean back in his chair and work it. It piles an awful stack of words on one page. It don't muss things or scatter ink blots around. Of course it saves paper.*[3]

Four years later, in 1883, Twain delivered the first typescript for publication in America, *Life on the Mississippi.4*

Twain *bangs* the keys—swiftly. For Remington's levers, links, and triggers had made the typewriter resemble in kinetic spirit a kind of machine gun. Making writing rapid-fire, Remington turned a rather staid and quiet activity—writing—into one dominated by force and noise and physical effort. Sharp, metal characters smashed themselves against a platen, hitting with enough percussive force so that each letter impressed itself deeply into the paper. By 1881, with the introduction of the Remington II, a faster machine than its predecessor, sales exploded. From 1881 to 1890, typists increased in number from 5,000 to 33,400; and by 1900, according to census figures, America could boast 112,600 typists and stenographers. A good typist developed a distinctive rhythm, clacking out line after continuous line. A truly fast typist commanded attention. And respect. And sometimes even suspicion. At the Rosenberg spy trial, in 1952, the prosecuting attorney sharpened the government's case against Ethel Rosenberg by asking the jury to visualize the female, Jewish suspect sitting behind her typewriter, "hitting the keys, blow by blow, against her own country in the interest of the Soviets."[5]

Remington and Sons expanded into writing machines at the very moment when America began developing a true gun culture. Guns simply became commonplace, selling so well, in fact, that Remington did not really need the extra business. No gun manufacturer did. Between 1860 and 1871, Remington, Colt, and a few other firms filed nearly 500 patents for firearms-related innovations. In an even more perverse bit of timing, Remington pushed mechanized writing in the midst of this country's craze for standardized handwriting.[6]

In the decades following the Civil War, penmanship manuals, devised by so-called experts like A.N. Palmer and Platt Rogers Spencer, made their way into virtually every public and private school. These primers directed elementary school pupils to inscribe line after line of circles, ovals, loops, inverse curls and curves, requiring students to break down each letter into its aesthetic, constituent parts and learn those strokes by heart before they could ever execute one single, unified letter.

Against a backdrop of increasing mechanization, with flywheels and table lathes spinning at ever faster rpms, 19th-century pedagogy viewed handwriting, a painstakingly slow process, as one certain way of uplifting the soul and disciplining the mind of America's youth. Forming alphabetic characters helped form one's own character by providing moral self-improvement and physical self-control. Though he believed "the sublime and beautiful in nature" provided the shapes for every writing system, Spencer conceptualized the letters in the most arcane and convoluted terms. Consider his instruction to the teacher for making the letter Q: "This letter is made up of parts of Element IV, Fourth Principle, and Elements I, II, and IV, its length below the base line exactly three-fourths the length of the G below its base line."[7]

These systems persisted into the 1950s when I was at school. In the end, though, despite all the highfalutin language and technical jargon, penmanship was handwork—subject to sloppiness, illegibility, tending toward cramped and crabbed scribbles and smudges. Like many other youngsters in America, while reproducing those endless strings of perfect loops and curves, I decided that when I grew up my maturity would be reffiected in a distinctive, and therefore altogether illegible, hand-writing. In secret, I practiced my signature until it looked sufflciently odd, wholly idiosyncratic, and more important, totally and absolutely indecipherable. I use it to this day.

When a child dropped the pencil box and took up the typewriter, all that disorder and disarray vanished. On its way to becoming what Marshall McLuhan called a machine that "fuses composition and publication, [the typewriter prompted] ... an entirely new attitude to the written and printed word."[8] As each key drew an exact bead on an exact spot on a blank piece of paper, writing took on the clarity of a kill—every letter landing fully formed, leaving a dark, permanent trace like a powder burn. In cursive, one saw something of the writer revealed in his or her hand. Typing wiped all that out—killed it off. Immediately.[9]

The typewriter was a machine in a way that the pencil or the pen was obviously not. No one would ever ask an author, "How many words a minute do you write?" But people do, as a matter of course, ask that question about typing. For typing is a skill in itself, requiring manual dexterity, and a degree of hand/eye coordination. One can refine and master it through practice. The typewriter, by definition, mechanizes writing, the way the rifle mechanizes killing. The cold metal of a rifle or a typewriter insinuates itself between a person and his or her passion. A pen and a knife both have a distinctive immediacy. Both can be deadly. With his usual Dust Bowl brilliance, Woody Guthrie warned that in an America already in deep Depression, you've got to watch your back *and* front, for "some men will kill you with a shotgun, and some with a fountain pen."

While it may not be handheld, the typewriter is still a gutsy machine—noisy and noticeable. You can see damned near all its innards at work: in a 1950s Underwood or an Olivetti, say, about 2,000 moving parts. Talk about it, and you find yourself having to use words like *hitting* and *striking*. A portable is particularly tough and rugged, just right for someone like Ernie Pyle, the World War II correspondent sending word back home from his gritty foxhole in Africa, Europe, or the South Pacific.

Compared with the typewriter, the word processor is a machine for the pacific and faint-of-heart—so quiet, so plastic, so good at concealing its internal workings, so I-Mac stylish with its streamlined, pastel-colored carcass. The PC is not mechanical. The keys hook up to nothing. No striking. No hitting. No resistance. A genteel, eviscerated experience. The screen's the thing, designed for writing with light, for making entire paragraphs vanish instantaneously. The PC conjures a world so ghostly, so ethereal, that it renders moot the whole idea of death and writing. It's as if one were already depressing keys from the other side. While displacement and rearrangement are PC hallmarks, the most feeble function, by far, is the key marked *Delete*. Oh sure, one can delete every letter on the screen in a millisecond, but the really tough problem, the real stickler, centers on how to get rid of the machine itself, the entire electronic corpse. Disposal has turned into a toxic nightmare. America sends fifty to eighty percent of its electronic waste to China, India, Pakistan, or other so-called developing nations. (The EPA estimates that between 1997 and 2004, 315 million computers will end up on some country's scrap-heap, generating toxic waste.) Each color computer contains four to eight pounds of lead that leaches into drinking water. An EPA report, "Exporting Harm: The Techno-Trashing of Asia," tells of young children dismantling electronic gear, burning plastic wires, using acid to retrieve gold, opening toner cartridges, melting soldered circuit boards, and cracking and dumping cathode tubes loaded with lead, to extract the small bits of copper. The Basel Convention, a 1989 United Nations treaty, tries to limit the amount of exported hazardous waste. The United States remains the only developed nation that has continually refused to sign.

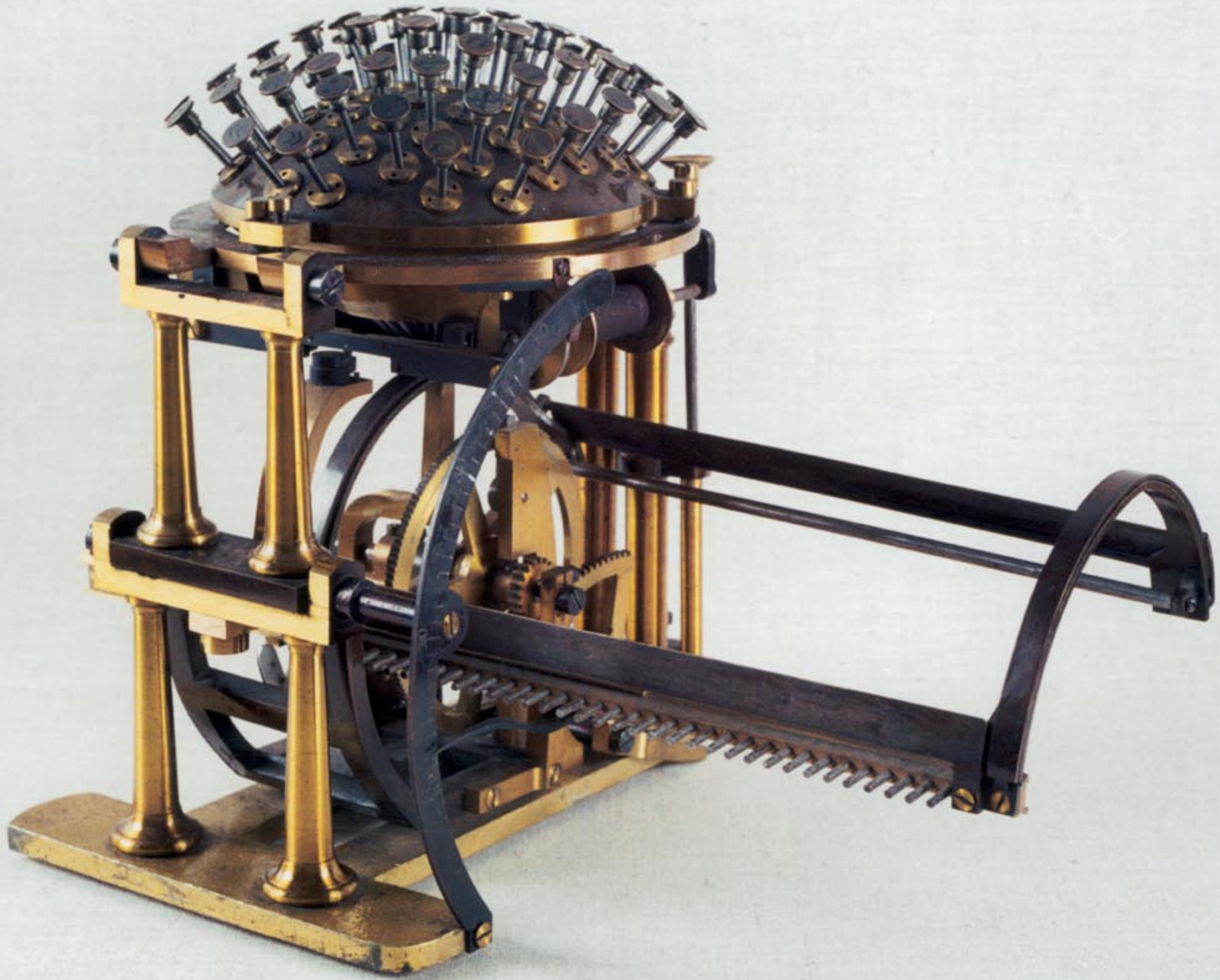
Of course, something is gained with word processing, but one thing lost is the Remington charge of writing—the banging out, like Twain, of letters—A B C—so matter of fact they refuse to be nudged out of place. Thus Henry James, dictating to his secretary, Mrs. Theodora Bosanquet, could boast of writing "Remingtonese" and, on his deathbed, would ask for the typewriter to be brought close by so he could hear its reassuring rat-a-tat-tat.[10]

The typewriter pushed writing in a new direction by creating words at some remove from the hand. Friedrich Kittler describes that displacement as "the irruption of the mechanism in the realm of the word."[11] The "irruption" is wholesale, affecting not just the writing, but the person pushing the keys, as well. When women began to enter the office, typing the words crafted by others, most notably men, the word *typewriter* referred to both the person and the machine—a sport of language, perhaps, but also rather telling, for every tool shapes the hand. Nietzsche takes the idea one step further or deeper: "Our writing tools are also working on our thoughts."[12]

In 1882, in almost total blindness, Nietzsche knew he needed such a device if he were to continue writing. After some research, he settled on an early European typewriter, the Malling Hansen Writing Ball, so named because of its circular array of keys. As with Remington's machine, the arrangement of the keys on the Malling Hansen blocked the writer's view of the writing. Nietzsche did not care. In fact, it offered him a choice—either to learn the keyboard, or hire a secretary. Like Henry James, he chose to become a *dictator*. In his blindness, Nietzsche takes us truly close to what we might call the disembodied word. Because he could not see his own words—not during or after composition—or his secretary, or the machine itself, Kittler says of him that he introduced "a writing that is solely the materiality of its medium."[13] It's as if his own secretary, Lou von Salomé, became adept at snatching Nietzsche's sounds out of the air—from speech—and holding them fast as words on paper, *his* rhythms made visible through *her* punctuation. Was Nietzsche writing? Surely he was, but not in the same way as one who composes on the typewriter,

opposite: Nietzsche's typewriter, an 1867 Malling Hansen Writing Ball. Courtesy Stiftung Weimarer Klassik, Goethe-Schiller-Archiv.

overleaf: A Sholes & Glidden typewriter from the 1870s, the model used by Mark Twain. Courtesy Darryl Rehr.



TYPE WRITER

and certainly not as one who composes by hand. But what wonderful levels he reveals here—from full sight, to mechanical blindness, to actual blindness. Levels of thinking, too; levels of inking thought.

The typewriter is a coyote contraption, elusive and unpredictable. It can put your eyes out, eradicate your personality, persuade with its polish. Those qualities suited master tricksters like Twain, Nietzsche, and even Henry James just fine. Twain's second effort on the machine in March 1875 is a testimonial requested by the Remington Company, in which he lies, in fairly presentable fashion, about nearly everything. In fact, typing looks so damned official, provides such good cover, I wager it made Twain stretch the truth even more:

Gentlemen: Please do not use my name in any way. Please do not even divulge the fact that I own a machine. I have entirely stopped using the Type-Writer, for the reason that I never could write a letter with it to anybody without receiving a request by return mail that I would not only describe the machine but state what progress I had made in the use of it, etc., etc. I don't like to write letters, and so I don't want people to know that I own this curiosity breeding little joker.[14]

Just a decade after the Civil War, a giant of the Industrial Revolution, E. Remington and Sons, offered Americans a constitutional choice—a rifle or a writing machine. I do not know how many people bought both. More of them, I know, bought rifles. But the type-writer, for a time, outstripped the gun. The manual typewriter gave way, of course, to the electric, the Correcting Selectric, and finally to the ubiquitous word processor. Nowadays, the manual is a relic of a forgotten world, recognizable and appreciated only by older people and antique dealers. The writer Larry McMurtry discovered just how archaic a machine it had become when he recently tried to board a plane with his old portable. The security guard, having never seen such an oddity, believed his X-ray monitor (the height of "seeing") had turned up a lethal weapon, perhaps a bomb, and asked him to step out of line for questioning.

I have written this essay on an IBM Correcting Selectric III, with a Prestige Elite 96 element. I bought it for $25 some 10 years ago when a law firm went out of business. There are typos, I am sure [Yes, there were, but we retyped the piece and hopefully fixed all the typos. Sorry. Eds.]. Even after proofreading it several times, I am certain some typos remain [Alas, no more. Eds.]. That's the nature of typing—*my* typing. Even though I have done it a long time. I got my first typewriter when I turned thirteen, an Underwood Portable with carrying case. Over the years, I have owned quite a few of them—all manuals. The manual is to the Selectric as the acoustic guitar is to the Stratocaster. They booed Dylan when he went electric. Sometimes, I, too, think I made a mistake.

1 Friedrich A. Kittler points out that weapons manufacturers such as Mauser, Manufacture d'Armes de Paris, and the German Weapons and Ammunitions Factory (DWF) all turned to producing "civil writing instruments." See his *Gramophone, Film, Typewriter*, trans. Geoffrey Winthrop-Young and Michael Wutz (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999),p. 190.

2 The earliest European inventors of typewriters intended their machines for the blind or deaf.

3 Quoted in Bruce Bliven, Jr., *The Wonderful Writing Machine* (New York: Random House, 1954), p. 61. Emphasis added.

4 According to Twain's autobiography, he typed the manuscript of *Tom Sawyer* (1876) but the Herkimer County Historical Society in New York maintains that Twain confused *Tom Sawyer* with *Life on the Mississippi*. See Bliven, p. 62.

5 In a 1941 Jean Cocteau play, a detective pursues a woman who calls herself "the typewriter." The detective "imagines the culprit at work at her typewriter, aiming and operating the machine gun."

6 For a general history of gun manufacture and ownership in this country, see Michael Bellesilles, *Arming America: The Origins of a National Gun Culture* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2000). On the history of handwriting, see Tamara Plakins Thorntin, *Handwriting in America: A Cultural History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996).

7 See Thorntin, p. 42.

8 Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964), p. 228.

9 In 1889, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published "A Case of Identity," in which Sherlock Holmes solves a crime by determining that a series of love letters all came from the same typewriter. He does this by noticing that certain characters seem to have worn differently from others: The *1* had a slight nick, say, the *e* a tiny crack, and so on. He concludes that a "typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man's handwriting." See *The Best of Sherlock Holmes*, H.R.F. Keating, ed., (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1992), p. 32. Pleased by his discovery, Holmes tells Watson that he may in fact write a monograph "on the typewriter and its relation to crime." I can only assume he would have typed it out.

10 See Montgomery Hyde, *Henry James at Home* (London: Oxford University Press, 1996).

11 Kittler, p. 199.

12 I rely on Kittler for details about Nietzsche and his affairs with the typing machine.

13 Kittler, p. 208.

14 Quoted in Bliven, Jr., p. 62.

THE DEVIL'S ORDINARY: CONSUMING PUBLIC CULTURE IN THE COFFEE-HOUSE

MARKMAN ELLIS

A new Starbucks is being fitted out across the road. The windows of the half-completed shell have been covered in giant posters that, in letters nearly a foot high, promise what might be expected from this Starbucks experience: "taste," "comfort," and "relax"—all coming soon. In many places, these benefits have already arrived, for, as is universally acknowledged, Starbucks is everywhere. From the first outlet in Seattle in 1971, there are now more than 4,500, distributed all over the developed and developing world. The first non-American location was Tokyo in 1996. They arrived in England in May 1998 when Starbucks Coffee International purchased the 98 outlets of a local imitator, the Seattle Coffee Company. But even in its mature urban markets, the feeling that you are never far from a Starbucks is a relatively recent phenomenon, dating back a few years into the mid-1990s. And while coffee, and coffee-houses, have been around for much longer, the practice of drinking coffee is of comparatively recent origin in Western Europe. Although it is hard to imagine a life without coffee, the fact is Shakespeare never drank coffee.

Coffee was one of a series of exciting new stimulants discovered by Europe in the early 17th century, along with tea, chocolate, and tobacco. European travelers and merchants first observed coffee among the Turks in the late 16th century. As Ottoman authorities report, the drink had spread from Yemen in the first decades of the 16th century, spreading along the routes of trade and pilgrimage. Prosperous coffee-houses soon flourished in the major cities of the Ottoman empire. The first coffee-house in Christendom was opened in London in 1652, by a Greek, Pasqua Rosee, who had learned to prepare the beverage as a clerk in the Turkish trading port of Smyrna (Izmir), while in the employ of an English merchant. His coffee-house, in St Michael's Alley, Cornhill, was located in the center of the financial district of the City of London, and his first clientele were merchants of the Levant Company, the trading house that organized and regulated trade with the Ottoman Empire. In the tumultuous political climate of the English Revolution, the coffee-house found a ready public—perhaps because for Puritans coffee-drinking evaded prohibitions against drunkenness. After the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660, coffee-houses prospered, so that by the dawn of the 18th century there were as many as five or six hundred in London. This was a remarkable concentration; even Starbucks now has only 170-odd locations in London. Other cities in Europe soon established coffee-houses on London's model: the first in Paris opened in 1674 and in Vienna in 1683, although the beverage was certainly consumed before that in private. But it was London that became famous for its coffee-houses, despite being vastly out-numbered by pubs, taverns, and gin-shops. The Prussian nobleman Baron Carl Ludwig von Pöllnitz, who visited London in 1728, described them as one of the great pleasures of the city. He describes how it is "a Sort of Rule with the *English*, to go once a Day at least" to coffee-houses "where they talk

Ned Ward, *The CoffeHous Mob*, frontispiece to Part IV of *Vulgus Britannicus, or the British Hudibras* (London, 1710). Courtesy the British Library.

of Business and News, read the Papers, and often look at one another."[1] In 1698, a French traveler to London remarked that the "Coffee-Houses, which are very numerous in London, are extremely convenient. You have all manner of news there; you have a good Fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a Dish of Coffee; you meet your Friends for the transaction of Business, and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more."[2] As these men suggest, the early coffee- house was associated with a certain kind of social interaction—what sociologists call a sociability—of which the distinctive feature was an egalitarian and congenial mode of conversation. This model of sociable interaction has been, since the 18th century, central to theories about the city and public culture, but also about our knowledge about the modern individual, drawing on the perception that through knowing each other, people know themselves.

Surviving images of the coffee-houses of 18th-century London attest to a considerable curiosity about how customers engaged sociably with each other. The engraved frontispiece entitled *The CoffeHous Mob,* affixed to Ned Ward's satire on London politics, *Vulgus Britannicus, or the British Hudibras* (1710), delineates the space of the coffee-house. Seated around long trestle tables, a variety of men have assembled in the candle-lit room of a genteel coffee-house, hung with landscape paintings. They are variously occupied: some are busy with reading the little diurnals or newspapers of the day, while some are or have been smoking long clay pipes of tobacco. But two activities dominate: conversation (or debate) and coffee-drinking. Although the customers at the rear table have managed to ignore it, a vociferous dispute has broken out between two men, one of whom has been caught here in the moment of throwing a dish of coffee over another (quarrelling over the controversies and scandals of sectarian and factional differences, as Ward's verses explain). Around them, almost oblivious to their disagreeable customers, the waiters or coffee-boys serve coffee, spectacularly pouring the black liquid into the dishes from their tall, conical coffee-pots. Further pots of coffee stew on the hearth in front of a raging fire, over which hangs a kettle of hot water. Coffee was notorious for its bitter and burnt flavors, for neither sugar nor milk was added. Many commentators believed that coffee was a conspiracy to defraud gullible drinkers with a dish of hot water flavored with nothing more than "Old Crusts, and Shreds of Leather burnt and beaten to a powder," as one satirist suggested.[3] In the corner, behind a little bar, sits the proprietor or manager of the house: a woman wearing a stiff head-dress and a long white shawl. The coffee-woman—a typical sight in most coffee-houses—not only took care of the daily operation of the business, but entertained her clientele with her conversation. The characteristic feature of the coffee-house was its ability to support and nurture a variety of different discourses: while some men haggled over prices of trading goods, others might discuss church politics, and others could share the gossip and scandal of the day with the coffee-woman. In this way, the space of the coffee-house confirmed and established the central activity of discussion, conversation, and talk. Nonetheless, the limitations of this debate were earnestly felt: although women were not formally excluded from the coffee-house, the kind of masculine sociability encountered there placed such locations outside their regular round of entertainments.

Despite such notable exclusions, nostalgia for the first era of the coffee-house, when the conversation flowed brightly, has continued unabated. In the 20th century, the coffee-house has repeatedly been accorded a principal role in the history of public culture—especially in the origin of rational public debate. Post-war sociologists and political philosophers such as Jürgen Habermas, Peter Stallybrass, Richard Sennett, and Terry Eagleton have identified the social life of the coffee-house in the early 18th century as the crucial birthplace of public opinion in Western civil society. Here they locate the emergence of the sense of responsibility that the state and its institutions owe the great mass of the people. The German philosopher Habermas, in his early work on the historical foundations of civil society called *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere* (written in 1962 but not translated into English until 1989) proposed that this period saw the emergence of a series of innovative spaces where the urban public could come together in a state of equality.[4] The English coffee-house is his primary example, although he also notes the salons of *ancien régime* France and the dining clubs of Germany. In such spaces a new sense of the public began to take shape through the characteristic social encounters they encouraged. Individuals came together in a space that was both intimate and private, but also accessible to a wide range of people. In the coffee-house, social hierarchy was dissolved. "A Coffee-house is free to all Comers," observed one satirist in 1661. "Here is no respect of persons. Boldly therefore let any person, who comes to drink Coffee sit down in the very *Chair* for here a Seat is to be given to no man."[5] The "public sphere," as Habermas comes to call it, emerges in this liminal zone between the private and the public. Almost as if forced by proximity, the coffee-house encourages people to participate in what Habermas calls rational *and* critical discussion, refined and augmented by the journalistic press, circulating libraries, and the post office. It is not an accident that daily newspapers and coffee-houses come into existence at the same time: both specialized in the circulation of gossip, market prices, and news.

Coffee itself has a role in this sociable commerce. To the medical pharmacopoeia of the 17th century, coffee was an enigma. Coffee was often compared to opium (a drug recently discovered in and imported from the Levant). But where opium had the effect of chilling the animal spirits, and thus "procuring sleep," coffee—at least by the 1660s—was recognized as being, in the words of the English physician Thomas Willis, "highly efficacious for the driving away the *Narcosis* or stupifyingness."[6] These wakeful properties, another early scientist observed, were the reason that those who "would study by Night do then drink thereof."[7] So whilst the importation and retailing of coffee had quickly became a profitable line of trade, coffee itself was good for business, as it kept its customers awake, talking, and trading. But others declared this had deleterious effects, as the coffee-house had the effect of turning normally taciturn businessmen into loquacious gossips. In *The Women's Petition Against Coffee* (1674) the men of the coffee-house "*out-babble* an equal number of [women] at a *Gossipping*, talking all at once in Confusion, and running from point to point ... insensibly, and ... swiftly."[8] Coffee gained a reputation for emasculating its drinkers, rendering them, as Willis said, "lean, and oftentimes paralytick and obnoxious to an impotency to *Venus*."[9] One anonymous satirist depicted a London "maiden" who declared that rather than give herself up to a man who drinks coffee, she may as well "wrap my Maiden-head in my smock, and fling it into the Ocean to be bugger'd to death by young Lobsters." It is no wonder that the coffee-house was known as "the Devil's Ordinary."[10]

In the 18th century, the coffee-house was imagined as the place where self-fashioning social transformations might occur. In the essays of Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele, the coffee-house was the key site in the transformation in public culture. In *The Spectator* no. 49 (1711), Steele argued that the coffee-house was the natural home of his project for the polite reform of public culture. He looked forward to the day when "Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces ... come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or enjoy Conversation." Identifying such men as the best of men and the rightful inhabitants of the coffee-house, Steele envisions that the coffee-house will become the "Place of Rendezvous to all ... thus turned to relish calm and ordinary Life."[11] In *The Spectator*, the coffee-house is at the center of their revolution in habits and manners, the place where transgressive and disruptive qualities are scoured from the crowd. Habermas's account, developing *The Spectator* argument, focuses on the coffee-house's egalitarian accessibility, in which individuals come together without hierarchy in an equality of debate, and through their discussions, such individuals come to form a new public culture. In this account, then, the coffee-house sociability achieves a crucial advance by encouraging rational public debate on topics that matter between persons of different social status and wealth. The public sphere, then, cannot simply be equated with an architectural space or social institution like a coffee-house, but functions as a normative ideal to which all people might aspire, even if their attendance was disallowed or precluded by distance, inclination, or social mores. Satirists complained frequently that conversations in the coffee-house were anything but rational and critical. As the satiric treatise *A Character of Coffee and Coffee-Houses* (1661) observed, "A Coffee-house, like Logick the Lawyer, will maintain any Cause. Infinite are the Contests, irreconcilable the Differences here."[12] Through their discussions, whether tittle-tattle and gossip or serious debate on constitutional affairs, Habermas suggests, individuals are lead to the formulation of a rational, consensual sense of judgment, so that they might judge the effect of actions or opinions on their own private interests but also the public good. Having learned to make such judgments in the coffee-house by reading the stale narratives of the latest romance fictions or discussing the petty corruptions of local parish authorities, Habermas imagines the coffee-house habitué also learning to make judgments and voice opinions about politics and affairs of state.

The sociability of the modern coffee-house has cut its links with the vengeful, transgressive crowd on the verge of insurrection. It is not simply that the mob is excluded by the anodyne luxury of the corporate coffee-house, but that this is a sociability designed to reform the mob into a more tranquil, even docile, crowd of consumers. Perhaps this is why Starbucks attracts the anger of anti-capitalist protestors. Starbucks is repeatedly attacked in Naomi Klein's *No Logo* for its monopolistic practices, such as swamping a locality with clusters of outlets until

independent competition is driven under.[13] Despite its claims to be an ethical company ("coffee that cares"), Starbucks was ransacked by the mob (a rainbow alliance of anarchists, unionists, and environmentalists) in the anti-globalization protests in Seattle in November 1999 that focused on the World Trade Organization's annual convention. Since then, Starbucks has been a regular focus for activists. Yet the heritage of the coffee-house was in fomenting these kinds of resistance and reform: in the early 18th century, the coffee-house was the home of the mob or crowd, as "The CoffeHous Mob" illustrates. Coffee-houses had retained the aura of refractory fanaticism cultivated in the English Revolution, when republican plotters had commandeered coffee-house debates. In the 1670s, government spies opined that the uncontrolled and unlimited nature of their conversation, and their encouragement of egalitarian social mixing, made coffee-houses into treacherous nests of trouble-making and subversion. The satiric *A Character of Coffee and Coffee-House* (1661) observed that many believed "that a Coffee-house is dangerous to the Government, that seeds of Sedition are here sown, & Principles of Liberty insinuated."[14]

In the modern age, the function of the coffee-house, according to the community-values theorist Ray Oldenburg, is to offer a "third place" between home and work where people may meet as equals on neutral ground, where conversation may flourish, individuals may acquire the social polish gained by association with others, and society may reap the benefits of such collective reasoning.[15] Howard Shultz, the CEO of Starbucks, cites Oldenburg's book as an important influence on his vision. The growth in the market for coffee products in the 1990s, analysts argue, was achieved by changing coffee's appeal to customers, rather than changing the coffee itself. Financial advisers agree that "the long-term growth of coffee-bars is in the sociability market."[16] Starbucks calls this the "Starbucks Experience," which aims to fashion an emotional contact with customers. As Shultz says, Starbucks gives people "the romance of the coffee experience" and a "feeling of warmth and community."[17]

As the corporate literature of Starbucks (flyers, web-sites, annual reports) makes ample use of terms like "coffee-house" and even "café culture," it might be profitable to speculate about how Starbucks shapes the sociable experience in the model of its 18th-century precursors. A high regard for coffee connoisseurship shapes Starbucks's claims to be a coffee business: they dwell on their environmentally responsible bean sourcing, their commitment to high bean quality, and their excellence in roasting and beverage preparation. The claims that Starbucks makes that they serve "rich-brewed Italian-style espresso beverages" may or may not be borne out by their predilection for milky, sweetened, and flavored confections. Nonetheless, although the company proclaims its business is coffee, it might be better thought of as a retailer of sociability. Whilst it is undoubtedly held in place through elaborate financial arrangements of franchises and partnerships, Starbucks is a specialist in building and maintaining spaces which entice large numbers of customers on repeat visits to drink coffee and socialize. Klein argues that all Starbucks are "clones" of each other, complying with the logic of the chain, so that each store is the same, even when it must be different to fit the space it rents and the locality it serves. In each location, the corporation constructs

the store from an assembly kit of prefabricated parts (not just decoration, furniture, and machines, but also financial systems and management guidelines controlling everything from prices to the barista's welcoming smile). I have been to nothing like a representative selection of Starbucks around the world (imagine the Starbucks drone who has been to all 4709 locations, not including the new one across the road). Nonetheless, one can imagine a globalized reading of the Starbucks outlet, looking first for the ubiquitous signs of the corporation (from the physical properties of seating and equipment, to the visual identity created by logo, labels, and trademarked terminology, and on to the more fleeting sense of look and feel) and then later for the peculiar, the particular, and the local. This is a game which might be played in any of the 24 national "markets" they operate in. I'm convinced, but it is only my opinion, that in England, Starbucks is shinier, more light-filled, and more metallic—a kind of comfortable American modernism—whereas the wood-effect organic feel of Californian outlets sells a combination of earthy colors and the recondite aura of coffee connoisseurship as a crypto-European sophistication.

"Taste, comfort, relax," the posters on the new outlet across the road promised. The Starbucks sociability is shaped by these concerns. The concern for comfort is literalized in the provision of sofas and relaxing seating. The Starbucks coffee lingo (*grandé*, *skinny*, *latté*, *decaff*, *frappuccino*, and so on) demonstrates the return customer's sense of belonging. The intellectual weight of the space is furnished by the sale of a proprietary board game called Cranium. In the end, the single most plangent signal of the Starbucks coffee-house is the coffee itself. The customer's endless variation of specifications reinforces the individualism of the experience. Unlike the bitter beverage of the 18th century ("Syrrop of Soot, or Essence of old Shooes"), Starbucks offers coffee from the land of milk and honey: vast concoctions of milk, cream, and Torriani syrups. Starbucks's penchant for lacto-coffee symbolically exemplifies the warm, mammalian calm of their reformed coffee house. In the sociability of Starbucks, an atomized society finds a convenient representation of the city of individuals. This sociability is not collective and public but is rather about being alone together, about fragmenting public discourse into non-organized entities, about consuming rather than debating. In the lactification of the coffee-house, the historically-enduring semiotics of coffee, redolent of conspiracy and conversation, is usurped by the infantilizing comfort of the semiotics of milk.

1 *The Memoirs of Charles Lewis, Baron de Pöllnitz*, 2 vols. (London: Daniel Browne, 1737), vol. 2, pp. 462-63.

2 Henri Misson de Valberg, trans. Ozell, *Memoirs and Observations in his Travels over England* (London: D. Browne et al., 1719), pp. 39-40.

3 Bollicosgo Armuthaz [pseud.], *The Coffee-Man's Granado Discharged Upon the Maiden's Complaint Against Coffee* (London: J. Johnson, 1663), p. 4.

4 Jürgen Habermas, *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere: An Inquiry into a Category of Bourgeois Society*, trans. Thomas Burger (Cambridge: Polity, 1992).

5 M. P. [Mercurius Publicus], *A Character of Coffee and Coffee-Houses* (London: John Starkey, 1661), pp. 1, 5-6.

6 Thomas Willis, *Pharmaceutice Rationalis: Or, The Operations of Medicines in Humane Bodies* (London: Thomas Dring, Charles Harper, and John Leigh, 1679), p. 154.

7 John Chamberlayn, *The Manner of Making Coffee* (London: William Crook, 1685), p. 19.

8 *The Women's Petition Against Coffee* (London: n. p. , 1674), p. 4.

9 Willis, p. 155.

10 Mercurius Democritus, *The Maiden's Complaint Against Coffee* (London: J. Jones, 1663), p. 5.

11 Richard Steele, *The Spectator*, no. 49 (Thursday, 26 April 1711).

12 M. P., p. 7

13 Naomi Klein, *No Logo* (London: Flamingo, 2000), pp. 134-39.

14 M. P., p. 8.

15 Ray Oldenburg, *The Great Good Place* (New York: Marlowe & Co, 1989).

16 Scheherazade Daneshkhu, "Coffee Bean Counters," *Financial Times*, 16 September 1997, p. 16.

17 Howard Shultz, *Pour Your Heart into It* (New York: Hyperion, 1997).

WELCOME TO THE MOLLY-HOUSE: AN INTERVIEW WITH RANDOLPH TRUMBACH

AMANDA BAILEY

Randolph Trumbach was the first historian to argue that there was a thriving, gay male subculture in 18th-century London. The public life of this subculture revolved around certain coffee-houses or alehouses that catered to so-called "sodomites." These molly-houses, as they came to be known, provided a protected environment where men could drink, dance, and have sex with one another. While an established molly-house such as Mother Clap's served as many as forty men on any given night and provided a back room for more illicit activities, a molly-house could be as informal as someone's private room in an otherwise "straight" public house. Amanda Bailey met with Trumbach to discuss the history of the first gay coffee-houses.

How did your research on molly-houses come about?

I was actually finishing my thesis on the aristocratic family and looking for material on the history of sexuality. As I started reading 18th-century newspapers, I began to see arrests of men in public, in public houses, and so on, and it suddenly struck me that it seemed relatively similar to the Chicago gay male subculture that I was just discovering at that point.

Was this before or after Stonewall?

It was in 1969, the year of Stonewall, that I was doing this research. I was at that point just coming out, and so as I discovered the 20th-century subculture, I saw something that looked rather like it in the newspapers from the 1720s. I started gathering the material and went on to find evidence of trial accounts, and that's when I put the newspapers and trial accounts together.

Mother or Margaret Clap's molly-house, one of the most famous ones—in fact, a play about this particular molly-house (*Mother Clap's Molly House*) had a recent run at the Barbican in London—is described by its proprietor as a "coffee-house." Your research shows that patrons did more than drink coffee at Mother Clap's.

Coffee-house was a very general term in the 18th century. Occasionally, you find a house of female prostitution described as a "coffee-house," and it is not clear to me whether coffeehouses literally sold coffee as well as alcohol. The all-sodomitical coffee-house or molly-house was a safe space where sodomites could meet. Some molly-houses, though, were extremely simple—for instance, nothing more than somebody's room where men met each other, in which case the owner of the room would supply containers of ale. In some cases, a molly-house was a room in a standard drinking establishment such as the backroom of a tavern, where men and women of the neighborhood would come to drink.

So there would be patrons who frequented the coffee-house or the tavern who, presumably, had no idea that it was serving multiple functions or multiple populations.

It was possible that if you were a man who was interested in straight young men or boys, you could bring a partner to a house that was otherwise a standard drinking establishment. If, say, you picked up a soldier in the street and brought him back to a standard house—as did Charles Hitchen, the Under Marshall of London—you would rent a private room. If you picked up a teenage boy on the street and brought him back to a tavern, you might discover that what you thought was a secluded corner was not so secluded after all. In fact, it was quite likely in these instances that other customers, men and women who were using the house otherwise, could peer in on your illicit activities, perhaps through a hole in the wall. Meetings in conventional public houses were very risky for this reason, and a meeting in a private space reduced the likelihood that patrons would rush in and arrest you. Those who could not afford to rent a private room could bring soldiers or young boys to a molly-house. Mother Clap's molly-house, for example, had security at the door to ensure that the men who came in could be vouched for as sodomites.

Molly-houses like Clap's also had backrooms where men went to have sex and this backroom was called the chapel. There are descriptions from 18th-century sources of elaborate transvestitism, mock male marriages, and even mock births, in which a molly would deliver a wooden doll that was then baptized. In the molly-house there would typically be a good deal of what we now call "camping."

Marilyn Monroe I'd understand, but giving birth?

It is interesting that the camp performances in 20th-century gay clubs and bars focus on men dressing and acting like seductive women, whereas in the 18th century the mollies simulated marriage and performed mock births. Mollies even played the roles of the gossips or other women who typically assisted the childbearing "woman." To understand the difference between 18th- and 20th-century drag, I think we need to understand that the 18th century was a period in which love and marriage based upon romantic attraction and the tender care of children was increasingly becoming the standard of family life for all members of the culture. In this period, though, it would have been almost impossible for two unmarried men to set up house together. There are, however, exceptions. French and Dutch sources from the late 18th century provide examples of men living together in something like marriage, and in the 1880s one of the male couples in Oscar Wilde's circle who set up house together went so far as to put on a wedding breakfast. I would presume that mollies were affected by the same desire for domesticity as everyone else, and that the camp performance of having children tells us something about how difficult it was in the 18th century for men to live with other men in domestic arrangements.

The word *house* in *molly-house* speaks to the need for domesticity, and when we think of domesticity we think of a private and protected domain, but how safe was the molly-house for the men who went there?

The manuscripts document about 17 molly-house raids from 1726 to 1727. Other than the raids of the 1720s, though, the molly-houses were rarely raided. It was difficult for police to get

Satirical illustration by M. Darly from 1771 depicting bookseller Samuel Drybutter ("Ganymede") avoiding being hanged after being arrested for attempted sodomy on a London street.

GANYMEDE & JACK-CATCH

Pub^d 39 Strand by Darly

into the houses and if they did, I suspect that they would likely have been met with great resistance. The molly-house was a safe space because, like the brothel for female prostitutes, it provided an enclosed space. Mollies could go to the molly-house to socialize with other mollies, but they could also leave the molly-house and troll the streets for straight boys or soldiers to have sex with, who they then could bring back to the molly-house.

Where does the word *molly-house* come from? The slang term *molly* was originally used to refer to a female prostitute in the 17th century. Was the molly a particular kind of sodomite?

By the 1750s, the idea of the sodomite as a distinct kind of person was well established. The sodomite-molly in the public's mind was always going to show some sign of effeminacy. It might have simply been in the way he walked, the way he talked, the way he dressed, with excessive elegance. The idea that one could be recognized by his mannerisms or style of dress is corroborated by reports of people trying to catch someone by running down the street calling, "Stop! A Sodomite! Stop! A Sodomite!" and of a crowd gathering to assist them. There were also some mollies who dressed as women. From what I can tell, in the 18th century most of these transvestite mollies were involved in prostitution. Trial accounts suggest that mollies who dressed as women were often very convincing, which, of course, created difficulties for their heterosexual customers.

This notion of types is very interesting because what happens, I would argue, is that in the early 18th century the world for the first time splits into a heterosexual majority and a homosexual minority. A world in which men like boys *and* women is a world that no longer exists after 1700 in Western Europe. One of the last English examples of acceptable bi-sexuality was Lord Rochester, who had female mistresses and a wife but also openly liked boys. In a famous poem he says to one of his female mistresses, "Nor shall our love-fits, Chloris, be forgot, / When each the well-looked link boy strove to enjoy, / And the best was the deciding lot / Whether the boy fucked you, or I the boy." The world where an adult woman and an adult man share the sexual favors of an adolescent male is one that disappears circa 1700.

As you move into the 18th century, sodomitical desire is articulated in three different forms. You have, first of all, the group that likes other sodomites and whose sexual preference is for an attractive male around 20 or 30. You then have a second group made up of those who prefer adolescent males between 15 and 19. Then there is a third group of men who want heterosexual males. These three forms of homosexual or sodomitical desire in the 18th century were not yet sharply differentiated in the public mind, but I suspect that it is very likely that this differentiation did exist in the minds of individual sodomites.

It seems that the distinguishing feature of the molly, then, was not so much the age or sexual orientation of his object choice but rather his effeminacy.

The public was convinced that the molly was always easily recognizable by his behavior, dress, or gait. There was, though, a tradition continuing right through the 18th century of male foppery in dress, which some other people would look at and say was effeminate.

There is an instructive case from 18th-century Paris. Two young Parisian sodomites were mobbed in the street and identified as being effeminate, but their effeminacy became apparent only because they were trying to dress like gentlemen. Apparently, when they adopted a gentlemanly manner, it looked effeminate to the working-class eye in the Parisian street. Upper-class manners, as practiced by aristocrats, were always more elaborate, more formal, and therefore, as in the version practiced by these two men, shaded into effeminacy. Ned Ward, a stout, hardy Englishman from the early 18th century, described the male aristocrats whom he observed in the park as faining and submissive and as not properly assertive over the women they were with. To some degree, working-class men tried to use elegance to mask their effeminacy. Sometimes this worked, but sometimes it didn't.

Upper-class men also attempted to hide behind elegance. There has been a big debate about whether Horace Walpole, the great letter writer, was gay or not. It is clear that Walpole was gay; there is no doubt about it. Both straight men and women instantly spotted Walpole and his circle of friends as gay. In the 1790s, one member of their circle wrote in her diary that Sir Horace Mann, one of Walpole's correspondents and friends, was "you know, one of the finger twirlers." There are comments in the appendix of Walpole's letters that their whole circle was effeminate, but Walpole and his friends are convinced that they could disguise the fact that they were gay by taking on the mask of elegance.

Were men who were "elegant" or extravagantly dressed and who registered as "effeminate" always thought of by the general public as involved in sodomitical activities?

Those who were close enough and in the know could spot the place where one slipped from acceptable heterosexual elegance into the elegance associated with a homosexual coterie. Old-style or aristocratic effeminacy, and new-style, let's call it sodomitical, effeminacy were not always distinguishable, but I think old-style effeminacy was becoming more and more

above: Percy Jocelyn, Lord Bishop of Clogher, was famously caught *in flagrante delicto* with a young soldier in a back room at the White Lion Pub in Haymarket, London, on the evening of 19 July 1822.

controversial because if you pushed it just a slight bit, you could say it was really sodomitical.

The word *effeminacy* in the 18th century was still used in its traditional sense of being weak rather than effeminate in the sense of being connected to homosexual desire. I think that the traditional use of *effeminacy* in the 18th century as weak was becoming contaminated, though, by the fact that effeminacy was increasingly tied to the issue of sexual desire exclusively for other males. By the 20th century, there is a presumption that effeminacy has always been tied to the desire for other males, but in the 18th century, the connection between effeminacy and homosexual desire was not as strongly forged.

According to the conventional point of the view, effeminacy, homosexual desire, and sodomitical behavior were inextricably linked, but did mollies themselves understand these terms as mutually implicated?

Some sodomites were trying to avoid effeminacy in their partners. I would speculate that those homosexual men who were more masculine in their behavior tended to prefer adolescent males, because it allowed them to bypass the issue of adult male effeminacy. You can achieve the sexual subordination of a male partner through his age and vulnerability, rather than through his effeminate mannerisms.

So, you find someone like the 18th-century author William Beckford, one of the wealthiest men in London, who when he was 19 met an extremely beautiful boy of 10. Beckford called the boy, whose real name was William Courtenay, “Kitty,” because he was like a kitty; soft, pretty, and all the rest of it. It then turned out that by the time boy turned 16, when puberty occurs, “Kitty” began to show all the signs of being an effeminate sodomite. Beckford describes these signs of effeminacy in terms of the young man’s taste in clothes. He says, “it’s all balloon hats and silver sashes.” In other words, according to Beckford the young man was dressing so extravagantly and elegantly that he was displaying all the obvious signs of an effeminate sodomite. Beckford was totally turned off. Once it was clear that Kitty had turned into an adult sodomite, Beckford described him as a *berdache*, that is, a passive sodomite who decks himself out like a milliner’s dummy and paints his face like a whore. Beckford liked young boys because for him they didn’t raise the specter of effeminacy.

Beckford himself, however, is described as singing with a eunuch’s voice. To the outside world, once they knew, or thought that they knew that he was a sodomite, they saw effeminacy in him whether it was there or not, because that was what you were supposed to see.

What about men who frequented the molly-houses? What kind of men would one expect to nd there?

You presumably know that you will find males who are primarily interested in other mollies at the molly-house, and, presumably, mollies who like other mollies are attracted to their effeminacy. You are not going to find adolescent boys or straight soldiers there, since these are men one is more likely to pick up on the streets or at the pissing posts and bring back to the molly-house since these men did not see themselves as sodomites.

It seems to me that one way to pursue the history of gay male subcultures in the West is to track the various ways over time that gay men have sexualized public space.

After the 1950s, gay men become identified as the persons who sexualize public space, whether it is bars, parks, or public toilets. But that is a very recent development, because throughout the 18th, 19th, and even the early 20th centuries, heterosexual males were also likely to use the same public spaces—bars, parks, public toilets, darkened streets, theaters—for sex with female prostitutes.

After the 1950s, public sex with female prostitutes declines as a significant form of sexual activity for straight men. It is in this period that there is, what I would argue, the acquisition by heterosexual women of something more like a male heterosexual identity, which grows out of the new freedoms afforded by birth control. Straight men can now have sex with their girlfriends in the privacy of their apartments. After the 1950s, only gay men are left having sex in public places.

How do gay men today use public spaces like cafés, bars, theaters, parks? Do they use these spaces differently than their heterosexual counterparts?

The New York City café seems to have had a revival. You can now certainly have coffee in more places in New York, and you can sit down and socialize. I know that the coffee bars in New York City bookstores have become pick-up places for gay men. I presume the endless number of Starbucks are probably similarly used.

In our era, the use of public space for sex has increasingly declined, and, I suspect, this trend is going to continue. In the 18th century, the coffeehouse was the site of pick-up and sexual activity for female prostitutes and for male sodomites. Today, you can still use public space for pick-up, but as gay men become increasingly domesticated—which seems to be the wave of the future—their use of public space for sexual activity rather than for pick-up becomes more and more limited. In this respect, gay men are moving in the direction that heterosexuals have gone.

SKATEABLE REVERSE ENGINEERING

JOCKO WEYLAND

Skateboarding's evolutionary leap from flat ground to the vertical walls of Southern California's empty swimming pools in the mid-70s was the starting point for an inspired re-appropriation of familiar sites. This was followed by a construction boom in commercial skateparks, almost all of which had gone bankrupt and been bulldozed by 1985. The subsequent dry period made skateboarders a breed of connoisseurs unique to the building arts: they possessed an instinct for evaluating every type of manmade object from the sole standpoint of whether or not it was skateable. For the last 25 years, a growing number of virtuoso manipulators of wood and cement have been using this criterion as a template for large-scale orchestrations of physical space that combine utter functionality with sensuality of form.

The epitome of renegade, untrained skatepark construction, where architecture and engineering come together, is Burnside in Portland, Oregon. Started in 1990, it lies under a bridge that used to be frequented by drug addicts and other undesirables. It was the perfect place for a dedicated group of self-taught designers to build without any meddling from city

authorities. Over an eight-year period, Mark Scott, Mark Hubbard, and their colleagues led the effort to transform the desolate 50-by-80-yard plot into an unprecedented urban renewal project. They started with one banked wall and from there went forward, learning by trial and error, until they realized the current mind-boggling conglomeration of bowls, corners, and vertical walls. Burnside has enough quarter pipes, funboxes, curves, blob-like shapes, and radical contours to rival efforts by the avatars of the new architectural language that eschews ninety-degree angles.

Lacking an adequate place to skate, Scott and Hubbard started building out of necessity. While they illegally assembled Burnside, they also worked as masons or built residential swimming pools to learn how to pour slump and to mix sand and 3/8-inch pea rock to suit their special needs. What Hubbard calls "reverse engineering" means imagining the craziest skateable surfaces possible and then fabricating them. As Hubbard claims, "Anything with a curve, any shape that could be skated, especially rooftops ... you look at it and then figure out how to make it happen." The city of Portland belatedly gave them an award in the late 1990s for civic improvement, but the real proof of their success is defined by the pilgrims who travel from around the globe to enjoy the free-flowing, intricate environment.

Hubbard, Scott, and their company Dreamland Skateparks have built, in addition to Burnside, five free city-funded parks in Oregon and have recently completed projects in Washington state and Austria. The undulating cement moonscapes they have realized at Newburg, Lincoln City, and Aumsville in Oregon take the Burnside model to a level never reached in the commercial parks of the 1970s or the backyard halfpipes of the 1980s. Their new parks are organic and fluid, allowing skaters to roll unimpeded until they fall down or drop from exhaustion. When filled with skaters perambulating from side to side in an instantaneous choreography, they provide an arena for numerous riders rushing to and fro, zigging and zagging, flying above the coping in a poetry of motion that Hubbard likens to "a play where people are making up their lines as they go along."

photos: Jocko Weyland, *Newburg*, 2000.

COLLABORATING WITH WARHOL: AN INTERVIEW WITH RONALD TAVEL

DOROTHY KRASOWSKA

Ronald Tavel's ability to write campy satires filled with clever clichés that would make even Mae West proud earned him his place as scriptwriter-in-residence at Andy Warhol's Factory from November 1964 to March 1967. During that time, Tavel wrote and directed some of Warhol's most acclaimed films, including *Screen Test #2*, *The Life of Juanita Castro*, *Horse*, *Vinyl*, *Kitchen*, and segments of *The Chelsea Girls*. Warhol admired Tavel's talent, saying, "I enjoyed working with him because he understood instantly when I'd say things like 'I want it simple and plastic and white.' Not everyone could think in an abstract way, but Ronnie could."[1]

After leaving the Factory, Tavel went on to write 40 produced plays and 2 novels. In 2003, he will publish *The Complete Warhol Screenplays of Ronald Tavel*. Since the films that Tavel worked on are not widely accessible and have therefore often been omitted from the discussion of Warhol's artistic output, this book will broaden our understanding of the Factory's collaborative environment.

How is it that you began working with Andy Warhol?
In the fall of 1964, Andy had just finished a block of silent films and he wanted to move into sound. Since he thought abstractly, his first thought was to have a voice that had nothing to do with what was on-screen, so that it would force interpretations. Andy and I met when he came to my reading at a café in the Village because he was looking for voices.

What was it like to meet him?
It was so Hollywood. He sent up a card that read "Come to my table." And there he was, sitting with his entourage. Andy asked, "Wanna make movies?" I replied, "Doin' what?" He answered, "Reading." I asked, "Yeah, what?" "I think the telephone directory, except you're gonna make it interesting. It's still early in the morning; come back to the Factory, I want to shoot you." I protested, "But I look like hell!" He said, "No, you look great."

Warhol was notoriously prolic, creating over 4,000 reels of lm during the 1960s. At what rate were you producing scripts for him?
He wanted a new script every week, but I could not do that. I could only keep up with two a month, so he did his own to make up the difference. The literal time between scripts varied, and he could never really hold up to that one-ffiick-a-week ideal.[2]

How were Warhol's lms screened?
The films were usually projected seven days after they were made.

Did you get to see all of them?
I didn't get to see all of them, but I insisted on seeing most of them. Right after a film was shot, that same day, Andy was already telling me about the next movie he wanted. I told him that I didn't want to write another one until I saw the one we'd just made. He said, "What for?" I said, "So I could learn from it." He sort of turned his head away and said cynically under his breath, "Everyone wants to learn something."

And you weren't used to working that way?
Andy just wanted the work to always be different, not necessarily better. That was the strain that he put on me—not to repeat. Even if something is bad, you just go on to the next thing. For me, in addition to doing something different, it had to be just as good as the previous ones.

For many of the lms you worked on, you not only wrote the scripts but also directed and appeared in them. How did Warhol participate in the creation of the lms?
Andy would normally select the cast and give the title, and not much more. Now, it was our job to make the movie that matched it. That was okay; that was like the Hollywood system.

But these lms are not like Hollywood movies, in that the Factory actors did not study lines or even see the scripts beforehand. How did your scripts have to differ from conventional scripts?
My own way of going about it was that I thought of the scripts as scenarios. They provide a field in which whatever happens will develop its own meaning rather than have the author's imposed meaning. The quality of my work can be judged by how well it provided for things to happen; I didn't impose my personal vision. This way of working was part of what Andy was doing.

What exactly was Warhol trying to do?
He was struggling very hard to remove himself. One way of getting rid of himself was by having me write and direct. Now, how was I to get rid of myself? That's why he was a magnificent teacher and disciplinarian. There couldn't be more pressure on me to get this right. Write, direct, and remove yourself.

One of Warhol's most famous lm projects was a collection of over 500 "Screen Tests"—four-minute vignettes featuring a Factory visitor holding completely still so that his or her projected image could be mistaken for a photograph. Some critics simply regard this as a diary of the Factory from 1964 to 1966. Although you did not work directly with the "Screen Tests," what do you think Warhol was trying to achieve with this work?
They are actually "living portraits," and are mistakenly called "Screen Tests" because he usually was not testing anyone to be in a movie. Andy was a great portrait painter, and he attacked that from many different angles until finally he just decided that it had to be on film. Because canvases or photographs only reflect a single moment, he was not incorporating the time element of human existence. A real portrait should include a vital part of experience, the temporal.

One of the most infamous lms that you worked on was *Screen Test #2* (separate from the collection of "Screen Tests"), in which you mockingly interviewed the drag queen Mario Montez for the part of Esmeralda, the gypsy in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris.* It has been called sadistic because for over 70 minutes you command Montez to perform demeaning acts, such as repeating the word *diarrhea* until "she" masters the

proper inection and lifting up "her" skirt to expose "her" penis. How do you feel about having made the lm and the notoriety it has achieved?

It's very painful for me to watch *Screen Test #2*. People used to think of it as a sadistic film in which I'm projecting my self-hatred on a defenseless drag queen. They hated the film and it was ignored. But it isn't about that at all. You must think of the pain I went through to put myself through a trip like that; Mario really believed that this was real, that he was really getting the role of Esmeralda.

You've said that your favorite lm is *Horse*, which I think brilliantly satirizes the mythology of the cowboy by exposing the sadomasochism and homoeroticism underlying Hollywood westerns. The lm becomes extremely violent; one character gets kicked in the head by a horse, and the men end up really banging each other's heads against the concrete oor. Did you plan for the ghting to be real?

I was expecting them to fake the fighting, not actually hurt each other. It was horrifying to watch. I realized that I was watching real racism taking place. All of the sudden, they slammed Tosh, who was playing the character Mex. At the Factory, Tosh, who was devastatingly handsome, had introduced himself as a Hawaiian prince. Of course, he was really Mexican-Indian. I realized that it was jealousy of his good looks mixed with racism against the "other," the non-white. They meant to just beat the shit out of him.

Why do you think that the actors felt compelled to put themselves in harm's way?

They did it because authority told them to. I was the authority. Behind me was the authority of the great white one. Right away I was thinking of World War II: people will do anything they are told to by authority, including placing themselves under the hooves of wild beasts.

Through that lm and others, you read the credits and titles rather than showing them projected on-screen. Why was it done that way? Was it meant to distract the viewer?

My reading of credits and titles throughout most of the fllms had many purposes. Andy never wanted anything written on the screen, so the credits had to be read as a matter of course. Then there was a question of when. It would have been boring if they were read at the beginning or end—nobody would remember either way. My flrst technique was to read off actors' names when the action was slow; I knew it would be very funny then: "The role of Sheriff is played by Gregory Battcock."

It also keeps reminding the viewer that this is a movie, to never let you get involved with it as real, and to remember always that you are watching something staged. Previously in cinema, this would have been a no-no.

What caused you to split with Warhol?

It was really *Kitchen* that made it clear to Andy and me that we could not go much further together. Andy wanted to go commercial. When he met Edie Sedgwick, he focused on her as his ticket to Hollywood. Once he got that bee in his bonnet, he wanted me to write increasingly commercial films as vehicles for her, but he did not have the circumstances to provide for commercial filmmaking.

Edie was becoming heavily addicted and becoming worse every day. This was a woman who could not learn lines. Plus, that attitude of hers.... Did you ever see her in a movie where she projected anything but annoyance at having to be in it? How can you work with that—an actress who is annoyed and cannot be bothered learning lines, and even when she tried, she was too drugged up to remember anything? This is not material you can turn into Hollywood films.

How do you feel when you look back on that time at the Factory?

For many years I felt bitterness about the whole scene, that we did not make more wonderful movies. I felt the bitterness because I watched Andy becoming less serious and more foolish. He was wasting time, becoming petty, and letting his worst qualities come out. Historians now agree with me that his earlier work was moving up to these films—that they were his golden age, and the period after was sheer decline.

Did it bother you that the best lms are considered Warhol's when in fact you wrote and directed them?

Of course it bothers me. Look at the credits on this pirated edition of *Kitchen*. Nowhere on the dust jacket am I mentioned, even though I wrote, directed, and appeared in it. That was intentional on Andy's part—to write me out of history. But it is convenient when they show the film and people say how rotten it is. Then I can say, "Well, it's not mine. I would have made something better, or at least more interesting."

1 Andy Warhol and Patt Hackett, *Popism: The Andy Warhol Sixties* (New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1980), p. 90.

2 Although Tavel was Warhol's main scriptwriter at this time, others were involved with writing and directing, including Chuck Wein and Gerard Malanga.

opposite: Ronald Tavel in Andy Warhol's *Screen Test: Ronald Tavel,* 1964. Courtesy The Andy Warhol Museum. © 2002 The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, PA, a museum of Carnegie Institute.

YES / NO

JOSEPH FRATESI

Years ago, I had a friend with the words "yes" and "no" tattooed on the backs of his left and right arms, just above the elbows. He was pretty heavily inked, and despite a crisp, bold font, the words were absorbed by the broader tapestry, becoming more pattern than text. Later, when I began driving in New York City, I saw the same presentation on the backs of trucks and realized that YES / NO is shorthand for the common tailgate warning: "This truck makes wide turns, do not pass on right." As I saw more of these messages, I also began to notice variations on the warning, always in the same binary format.

The origin of the warning is thoroughly practical in nature, its primary iteration ("This truck makes wide turns") intended to clearly communicate to drivers the dangers of passing a truck on the right side. The extrapolations, on the other hand, have lost almost all didactic value, becoming a kind of private language in plain English. There could be no other context in which SURF / TURF or SEND FLOWERS / RECEIVE FLOWERS mean pass/don't pass. They acquire that meaning both by virtue of their location (on the back of a truck) and through their proxy relationship to the original warning. But given that they are legible only by virtue of that relationship, they are meaninful only to insiders, to those who "speak the language." Even in cases where the reference is unfamiliar or insensible — YEE HA / HOG TIED — the meaning is understood.

Besides being meaningful only to an insider audience, YES / NOs are *visible* only to them. As we move through the world, we selectively process visual information, filtering on the basis of a wide range of criteria, noticing much less than we see. In much the same way that my friend's tattoos, by failing to attach symbolically to anything recognizable, more or less disappeared, YES / NOs remain largely "unseen" components of the graphic chaos that surrounds us. Not one person to whom I've described this phenomenon had seen an example of it prior to my description. Many subsequently did.

At the risk of sounding like someone who needs to get out a bit more frequently, I can say that the thrill of spotting a marked truck, chasing it down, and getting the photo rates very highly. As does the thrill in being reminded that the world sometimes hides its riches in plain view, and that, in general, life is interesting in direct proportion to what we choose to notice.

Note: As time goes by, I see fewer and fewer of these, and I've never seen one outside of New York. The extinction of this practice seems like a real possibility. I hope that after reading this, a few of you will feel called to the hunt. Please e-mail photos to me (joseph@atlaseast.com), and I'll post them on my website .

photos: Joseph Fratesi.

Americans / Bin Laden

ZUCCHINI / SQUASH

BADA BING / BADA BOOM

"Your Good" / "My Bad"

UNION / SCABS

Clark Kent / Ray Charles

EL PASO / EL CRUSHO

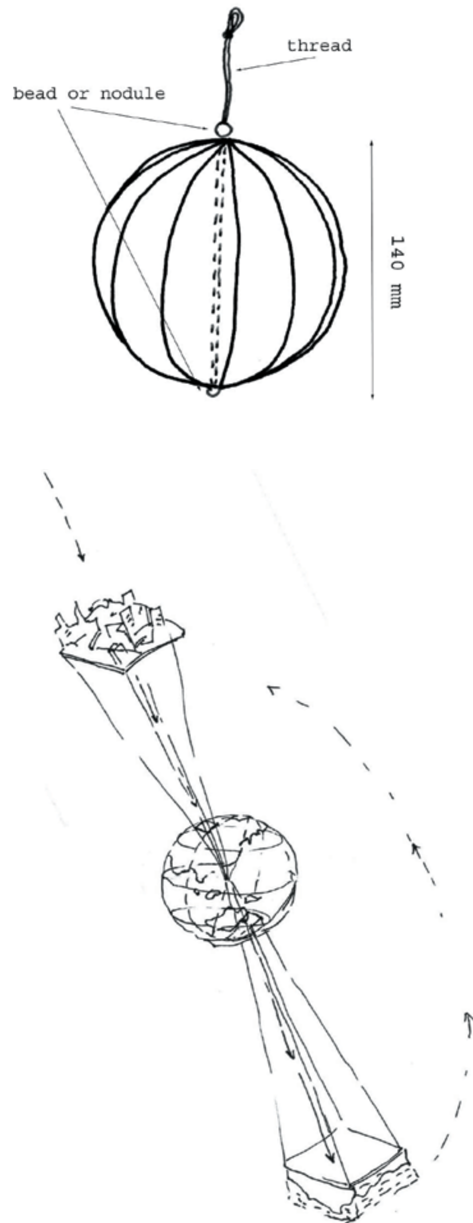
LIFE / D.O.A.

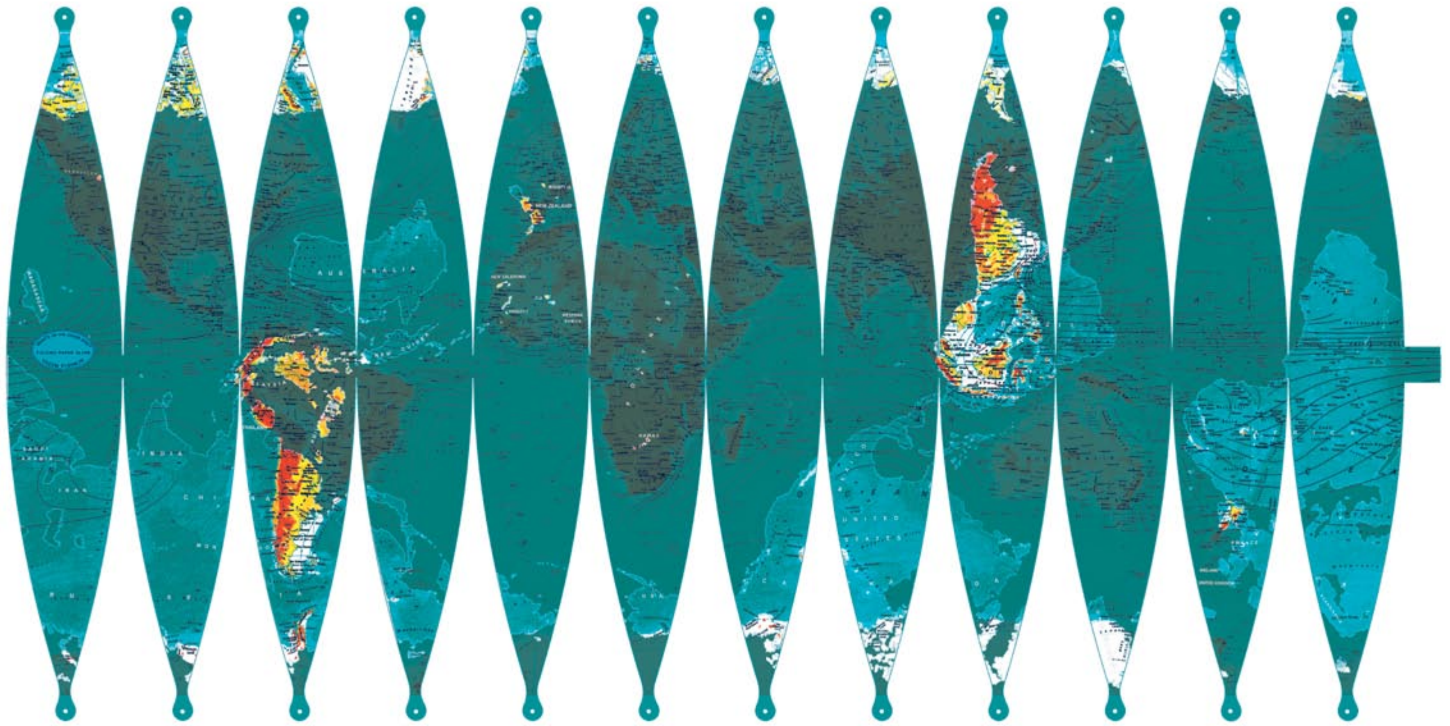
THE OTHER SIDE

VADIM FISHKIN

Tunneling straight through the middle of the earth and coming up on the other side of the world is a familiar childhood fantasy. Somehow, we always emerge in some wonderful country whose customs and language we do not know. (For American kids, it's inevitably China. Where do Chinese children reappear after their interterrestrial journeys?) But in reality, more than four-fifths of the world is ocean and so the chances of one piece of land having a corresponding piece of land on the other side of the globe from itself are actually quite slim. As Vadim Fishkin's project here makes clear, by far the most likely scenario is that you will emerge at the bottom of an ocean somewhere. Fishkin's globe, generated by taking every piece of land and mapping it onto the opposite side, leaves in color only land that meets land. Everywhere else fades into the deep blues and greens of water. The great powers disappear into the depths—Russia, China, most of Europe and the United States all find themselves submerged, their once emphatic outlines now reduced to ghostly underwater architecture, a geopolitical system drowned beneath the waves.

Instructions: Cut along each of the 12 segments making sure to leave them connected along the central axis. Doing this correctly will leave you with one piece of paper with 12 flaps. Bring together the tips of the flaps to form a globe, passing a string through the middle as in the diagram above. You can now hang your globe.





THE SOLE OF THE CRIMINAL: AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM BODZIAK

SINA NAJAFI AND FRANCES RICHARD

Over 99% of crimes in the United States are committed in shoes with synthetic soles. Identifying the shoe based on the impression it leaves behind is a forensic problem that William Bodziak has specialized in since joining the FBI in 1973. During his 24-year career at the bureau, he helped organize the FBI's vast database of shoe soles. Author of *Footwear Impression Evidence: Detection, Recovery, and Examination*, he is now retired from the FBI and is a consultant based in Florida. A barefoot Sina Najafi and Frances Richard spoke to him on the phone.

Perhaps the most famous case at which you testied was the O. J. Simpson trial. How did you become involved in that?

The LAPD asked us to help because they had the shoe prints on the bloody walkway but they couldn't come up with the type of shoe or the size. We searched our database at the FBI and we didn't find it either, because it wasn't an athletic shoe design and most of our database designs are athletic shoes. I examined the shoe design on the walkway and it had a pointed toe and a raised heel. There were a couple of other design features that made me think that it was a casual but expensive Italian shoe. That was just a guess and I was lucky. I looked at my resource material and I identified about 80 importers and manufacturers of high-end Italian shoes. We actually prepared a fax with pictures from the crime scene and sent it to these 80 importers and manufacturers . Two days later I got a call from the owner of Bruno Magli in North America. He said they had made the upper part and the bottom, and that it was a Bruno Magli design. There were only ten molds used to produce the soles for all sizes, and each mold was a little different, so it was very easy to say it was a size 12. The total number of those shoes sold in the U.S. in size 12 was 299. The shoes sold for 160 dollars. The investigators checked Simpson's credit cards and the 40 stores that sold this shoe. We did find that he bought a lot of size 12 shoes at Bloomingdale's but they couldn't remember what design the shoes were and he buys almost everything with cash. After the criminal trial, we found that there were a couple of AP photographers who had taken some pictures on the football field back in September of 1993, eight months before the crime, of Simpson walking across the end-zone and you could actually see the shoe including part of the bottom. One of these photographers lightened the picture up and he went to the *National Enquirer* who published it. So we had the photographer bring his negative to the laboratory. Once this became public other people who had taken pictures of him at the game also produced pictures of Simpson in the shoes. We were able to lighten them up again digitally as well as photographically to show that they were in fact the Bruno Maglis.

How sophisticated was the eld of sneaker forensics when you arrived at the FBI?

There were six examiners at the FBI who were quite experienced and they all contributed to my training. Common sense and logic will tell you that even when there were cavemen, they were following tracks of some type and were probably not only following animals but maybe other people. Obviously we're more interested in shoes but the origin of people laying down some form of evidence as they walk is something that is quite old. I'm not a historian but there are references to footwear impression testimonies dating back to the 1800s. Certainly, in US courts you will find a lot of cases from the early 1900s to the present.

But there was really a void in the education of examiners about the evidence. In 1983 and 1984, I organized and hosted the flrst technical conference on footwear and tire impression evidence and in 1985 I created the flrst formal class that was ever taught on footwear impression evidence at the FBI Academy.

How does the work of shoe impression identication break down?

First, you have the problem of understanding how impressions are deposited by shoes, and how to find them. Once you find them there are different ways to recover the evidence. If someone steps on a piece of paper you can pick it up and take it to the laboratory, but most of the time you've got a bloody impression on a tile floor that you can't carry back to the lab. So you have to photograph the evidence properly. It has to be done with scale in a prescribed way.

There is casting, which is filling in impressions that are in soil or sand or snow with a dental stone material that's like plaster of Paris. And then there are ways of *lifting* impressions, which means transferring a two-dimensional impression to an object like a black lifting film or gelatin film or adhesives that you can actually pick up and carry back to the lab. You normally never get a complete lift but there are a number of different methods, both electrostatic and conventional. You have to make a decision depending on where the impressions are, and that includes consideration of chemical enhancement of bloody and non-bloody prints.

How does chemical enhancement work?

It's a way of improving the visualization of the impression. For instance, a crime such as multiple stabbing, you get quite a lot of blood. The person who is doing it is picking up blood on his shoes but the amount of blood in the heavier blood-soaked shoe prints prevents you from seeing the finer detail in the shoe. So as the person continues to walk, whether it's on carpeting or tile or floor, the prints get lighter. You're looking at the carpet or the floor and you don't see those lighter prints, but if you spray certain chemicals, then you can enhance those prints and the lighter ones actually have more detail. There are about 20 different chemicals to enhance blood. Some of these will turn the blood red, some blue, some purple; some of them, like Luminol, make the impression glow in the dark.

What are you looking for once you've got the impression and you're beginning to read it?

Athletic or synthetic soled shoes account for probably 99.9 % of crimes—I can count on one hand the number of leather shoes or cowboy boots I've encountered in 29 years. When we do the comparison, we don't look at an impression and say, "Oh, there are nine rows of herringbone on a particular Adidas model, and that means it's a size eight." What we're doing during the examination is comparing it with the suspects' shoes. We will make test impressions of the suspects' shoes and compare the

specific size and design features. That part is pretty cut-and-dried. What would it mean if the size and design matched? It does not mean that that person's shoe caused the impression because thousands of other shoes could have done the same, but it is very important evidence. There are 1.5 billion shoes sold each year in this country with thousands of designs and many sizes of each. So if you were to walk out in the street and try to find another pair of shoes in that same design you might spend the rest of your life and never find it. But as the shoe wears, the design begins to change.

Is it possible ever to get conclusively down to one pair?
Not based on design and wear alone. Wear characteristics are very good in reducing the possible number of shoes that could have made it. Some people have unusual wear patterns on their shoes that are retained in the impression very clearly. In a case like that, you find yourself thinking, "I know these are the shoes but as a scientist I can't say this absolutely." But the next part of the exam, the final part, is the individual characteristics. Let's say you walk around in one pair of shoes for a couple of months. You look at the bottom of your shoes and you find there are a few cuts and scratches on them. They probably got there because you stepped on a sharp rock or some glass. No other shoe of that size and design from that mold is going to have those marks because they occurred totally randomly. If these types of characteristics are present, then the shoes can be positively identified as the ones that made the crime scene impression.

If it were up to the FBI, they would probably like to have an individual number on the bottom of every shoe.
That's been jokingly suggested before for shoes and tires—like your social security number. Obviously this is not possible, nor practical.

So if someone were to commit a crime, they should do so in a brand new pair of shoes?
That's not a bad idea! That would minimize the exam that could be done and, in fact, we used to joke about bank robbers because they often seemed to have newer shoes. For some reason bank robbers love to jump up on the bank counter. They get up there and brandish their guns. It's a place where they feel like they can control everyone and see everyone. I have testified many times to positive identifications of a person's shoes up on a bank counter when they were wearing a full Halloween mask and gloves. They left no fingerprints, no way to identify them in a lineup but the only thing that allowed us to place them in that bank is the identification of their shoes on the counter. I had one case in Washington where the guy returned to court after my testimony without his shoes on, saying he wasn't wearing them anymore. He was so upset by the evidence.

They should have a thin layer of Plasticine on the bank counters everywhere.
Well, banks love to wax the counters every night with Lemon Pledge or that kind of stuff, and you can take a perfectly clean pair of shoes and walk down a bank counter and leave the most beautiful impressions you've ever seen. What we do is to either

develop the impressions with a variety of fingerprint powders, or if the shoes had picked up dry dust from the floor of the bank, we can pick the impression up electrostatically. Every bank has some kind of camera. The first thing we do is take the tape out of the camera and look to see where the bank robbers walked. We then use special lighting and other techniques to find those impressions.

What if I wanted to do a crime and I wore my sister's shoes?
We've had a couple cases where that was alleged. There's actually an examination where you can take a person's foot and compare it to the inside of the shoe where people leave their barefoot impression. If you look in your shoe, sometimes you can see a toe pattern but the shoe must be worn for a while for that to occur. If you wore your sister's shoes, went down to the local store and robbed it, went back and gave her shoes back and she didn't know it, we would only find your sister's footprint in the shoe. You'd think DNA would be great inside shoes but what happens is there are also a million sloughed-off skin cells that people leave on the ground, and when you walk around in socks and then you put on your shoes you are making deposits in your shoe. It's like a bank; you keep depositing these cells and they're not just yours.

How did the FBI database of shoe soles develop?
The database at the FBI has actually been around since 1935. They used to have pictures of heels and soles in a file cabinet. Back then, all the manufactures were in this country and they sent anything to the FBI that the agency wanted. Of course then, there weren't so many athletic shoes. There was Pro-Ked, Converse, Chuck Taylor, Uniroyal, Goodyear—some of the rubber companies had their own shoes and they were all gum rubber athletic shoes of very poor quality by today's standards. It was not until the late 1950s and early 1960s that specialty athletic shoes started being produced. The FBI shoe database was first computerized in the early 1980s on a mainframe, and we then redid it on a PC in 1991. I managed the database for about 12 years.

How do you get all the sneakers? Do you receive new models from Nike as they come off the line?
We have about 80 manufacturers or importers that put out catalogues depicting the bottoms of their shoes, including of course Nike and Reebok. These catalogs come out before the shoes do, so hopefully by the time the shoes are on the market they are in the database. There are also an awful large number of shoes that are imports from a variety of countries like China where they may make 50,000 pairs in total and then ship them over. They are virtually impossible to trace.

How many shoes do you have in the database?
When I left, it was several thousand. We were very adamant about putting each design in only once. So if Nike made a shoe in 1999, and they decided to make that same design again in 2000, we would not put that design in twice, but just reference it to the 2000 catalogue.

Have you ever worked on a case where the crime took place in a shoe store itself?
Actually, yes. There was theft of a large quantity of shoes from a shoe store and it was burglarized during the night. The robber pulled his truck up and went into the shoe store and the first thing he did was to take his old shoes off and put on a new pair. We actually compared his feet with the impressions in the shoes he'd left behind. If he had just taken his old shoes with him, I don't know if any other evidence would have linked him to the crime.

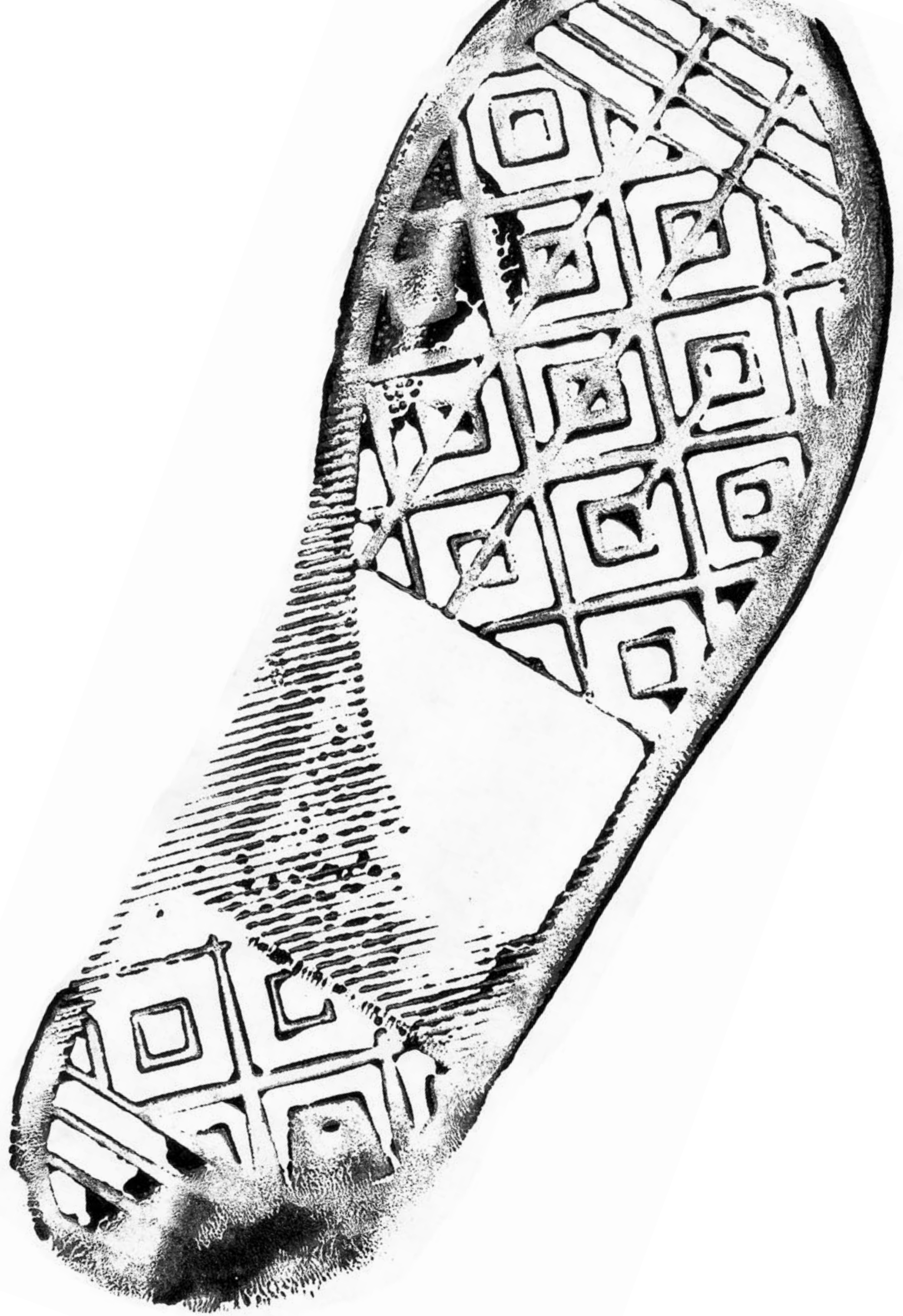
Do you ever prole the person based on thinking that a certain kind of person buys a certain kind of shoe?
I am told that there are still certain gangs that wear certain types of shoes, but the local police usually know that. In the laboratory, we are only interested in the comparison of the shoe with the crime scene impression.

Are there any shoes that are over represented in crime?
No, I don't think there is any correlation at all.

You also specialize in tire impressions and in fact testied in the Oklahoma bombing case about some tire impressions left by McVeigh's Ryder truck. How close are shoe impressions and tire impressions?
The examination of tires is different in some respects. Most passenger tires have a series of design elements that go around the tire. If you look at them closely you see that their size changes. If you get a tire impression at a crime scene you should be able to to find that spot on the tire that potentially made the track, and then you can be much more exacting with comparing the wear and individual features. Tires are a much more complicated piece of engineering than a shoe but the comparison and recovery of the evidence is the same.

When you go into a shoe store and are looking around at shoes, do you tell people that you are from the FBI?
No, I act as if I am just looking. I actually took a footwear class of 20 people to a shoe store one night and we went in and there was only one salesman. We are all pulling out shoeboxes, but nobody bought anything. I don't know if he knew what hit him. We finally explained to him who we were. I still go into shoe stores a lot.

You be the detective! First reader to correctly identify the shoe pattern opposite wins a one-year subscription to *Modern Painters*.



WHY YOU'RE CRAZY: THE DSM STORY

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The *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Disorders*, known informally as the *DSM*, is a sleek, presumably authoritative, assuredly comprehensive, and putatively objective manual of mental disorders distributed to millions of readers world wide. Nearly one thousand pages long and boasting over one thousand contributors, the latest version of the manual has an editorial staff that reads like the *Who's Who* of clinical psychiatry. In fact, in its current rendition, the *DSM* is so impressive that it is often referred to as "the Bible" of mental disorders. Yet modern editions of the *DSM* manuals have grown into virtual monsters of social control, attempting to set the transgressive limits of virtually every human action and capacity. Behaviors such as caring, bereavement, anger, love, hatred, sexual desire, reading, nose-picking, writing, shitting, pimple-picking, nightmares, delusions (both "bizarre" and "non-bizarre" versions), hair twirling, and body odors all have their reasonable limits, which are set strictly by the *DSM* and its clinical interpreters. Twirl your hair to the extent that the damage is undetectable, and you may not be subject to a diagnosis of *Trichotillomania* (312.39)—that is, unless you express significant distress about hair twirling. Have a delusion that lasts for only twenty-nine days, rather than thirty, and you may escape being diagnosed with the dreaded Delusional Disorder (297.1). Fail to overcome your fear of mathematics, and you may be tagged with the equally onerous Mathematics Disorder (315.1)—unless, of course, it is medication-induced. But don't despair. According to the *DSM-IV-TR*, the fourth and most current edition, you may have the dreaded Mathematics Disorder (315.1) and at the same time sexually abuse a child, but only have that recorded in the manual as a problem (see V61.21, Sexual Abuse of Child) rather than a full-blown disorder.

Before the *DSM*, mental diseases in the US were largely subsumed under neurological categories. Throughout the 19th century, neurasthenia, which was non-existent as a self-standing disorder, was a perfect example of this tendency. Almost every malady and complaint having to do with the brain or central nervous system was diagnosed as neurasthenia. In fact, mental disorders as such were so little acknowledged that the 19th-century diagnostic nomenclature was generally limited to only four disorders: hysteria, dipsomania, paranoia, and dementia praecox. Fatigue, eating disorders, sexual dysfunction, brain seizures, hysterical symptoms, stress, and so on were all considered the result of a weakened nervous system; and, as such, were treated almost exclusively by neurologists. In 1913, the American Medico-Psychological Association (the forerunner of the American Psychiatric Association), created a committee on psychological statistics at the suggestion of the census bureau. The resulting publication, the *Statistical Manual for the Use of Institutions for the Insane* (1918), offered the first standard psychiatric classification. The manual, however, was immediately criticized, primarily because it almost exclusively reflected the biases of institutionally oriented psychiatrists and physicians and was thus of little practical interest to outpatient psychiatrists. The project persisted, and the manual went through ten editions. The widespread experience of psychiatrists treating the psychologically traumatized soldiers during and after World War II led to further development of a statistical manual and, finally, the creation of the *DSM-I* in 1952.

To all appearances, the *DSM-I* was better organized and more popularly relevant than the previous standard manuals. It reflected marked social and political shifts in American psychiatry, particularly the movement away from the troublesome somatic tradition that stressed a physiological basis for mental disease. This shift could be explained, at least in part, as a response to the kinds of mental disorders that had afflicted soldiers returning from the war. Many patients did not respond to either standard medications or hospitalization, but, rather, were much more successfully treated on an outpatient basis. *DSM-II*, published in 1968, continued the first edition's emphasis on less severe behavioral disorders but greatly expanded the number of disease categories. But the expansion of these categories, and the lack of critical reflection on the part of their inventors, also created the grounds for the acceptance—and, in some cases, the construction—of extremely questionable disorders. It is precisely this awesome propensity of the *DSM* to try to control and direct the social parameters of normalcy that has negatively affected the lives of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of individuals.

In their rush to create the most comprehensive listing of mental disorders possible, diagnosticians regularly conflated mental illness with a range of social and political concerns, professional consensus, and cultural, racial, and gender biases to arrive at a dizzying array of hybrid disorders. Homosexuality, for example, had been a largely controversial category since it was included in the first edition of the manual.[1] The Freudian interpretation of homosexuality as a deviation in sexual development, and therefore a "disease state," was largely accepted in this early edition. Effectively, a practicing homosexual in the late 1950s onward could be "officially" labeled as having a psychiatric disorder and thus burdened with all the opprobrium and, often, the punitive constraints associated with these types of disorders. Throughout the 1960s, however, gay men and lesbians, support groups, and enlightened analysts and clinicians fought the *DSM*'s designation, but they were unable to have the disorder removed from subsequent manuals. In later editions, the language changed but the disordered character of homosexual activity remained. Retaining the disorder was a direct result of the strictly unscientific institutional power plays that had become common to the formation of the newly issued editions of the *DSM*. The Nomenclature Committee, the most powerful arm of the APA's so-called Task Force, had skillfully maneuvered the other small committees to create a new designation, Ego-Dystonic Homosexuality (302.00). In this rearranged substitute illness, the homosexual was still sick, but now he was sick because of the immense guilt he felt at being a homosexual, and the overwhelming need to change his tormented ways. In a homophobic society, this resulted in little more than blaming the victim.

Women do not fare much better in the history of the *DSM*. Early editions of the *DSM* tended to translate common biases against women into full-fledged disorders, and later editions maintain the subtle nomenclature of sexism, developed by the all-male committees first convened by the APA, that are still

widely used within psychiatry and medicine. A good example of this is the designation and subsequent re-designation of Masochistic Personality Disorder. In earlier editions of the *DSM*, women's supposed passivity and dependence on men fit nicely with the psycho-sexual dynamics of Freudian construed masochism. In short, mistreated women got what they begged for, psychologically speaking. This designation, however, ran into some trouble in subsequent editions, particularly when it became linked with a *DSM-III-R* invention: Paraphilic Rapism, a disorder in which certain males cannot help themselves from raping females. If a female Masochistic personality type comes in contact with a male victim of Paraphilic Rapism, she might give him exactly the kind of signals that would turn him on. Then, if apprehended, the poor devil could make either an insanity plea or to elicit extreme sympathy on the part of judge or jury. Feminists who fought hard to exclude this unfortunate confluence from the *DSM-IV* were able to have the Paraphilic Rapism category completely altered and retro-fitted, but Masochistic Personality Disorder remained.[2] It appears in the form of the cleansed emendation, Self-Defeating Personality Disorder. Rapism is dispensable; sexism is not.

After so many editions and emendations, one would expect that the editors of the *DSM-IV-TR* would have finally straightened out the kinks in the series. They haven't. The editors have made only "protective" nominal or surreptitious changes in many of the ossified, adamantine, "old boy" designations that have characterized previous manuals. In fact, the most recent edition has generated ever-more ridiculous new categories of disorder, making the current volume about twice the bulk of the *DSM-III*. Take, for example, the alteration of the dreaded math disease. In *DSM-III*, it was merely an Arithmetic Disorder (315.10); now it has been expanded into a full-blown Mathematics Disorder (315.1) to cover, we assume, Riemann's mapping theorem, diophantine equations, and chaotic dynamical systems. More controversial entries, like Ego-Dystonic Homosexuality and Self-Defeating Personality Disorder, have been either quietly removed or reduced to "one liners" buried deep in the text. The full "diagnostic" description devoted to Ego-Dystonic Homosexuality in earlier editions now remains in the form of a single example under the general category Sexual Disorder Not Otherwise Specified: "persistent and marked distress about one's sexual orientation."[3] But even these superficial changes serve as further proof of the repressive and unscientific nature of the series. Controversial entries, like Masochistic Personality Disorder and Ego-Dystonic Homosexuality, eventually disappear from or are modified in the diagnostic "Bible" but only because resistance by gay and feminist activists to these "labels" eventually force the various APA committees to retract or seriously alter them. The "irrefutable" scientific reliability of these "thoroughly researched" entries in earlier editions was thus not in any way adjusted on scientific grounds but, rather, as a result of constant and ever-increasing external pressures.

This cowardly "consensual science" becomes even more evident in the case of "disorders" that lack significant power bases or support. Disorders involving children and adolescents, for example, which were included originally in the manual due to authoritarian moral preferences and not scientific nosology, remain pretty much intact in the most recent edition. Adolescents, according to the earlier *DSM-III*, would clearly suffer from

the dreaded aggressive variety of Conduct Disorder (312.23) if they (1) demonstrate physical violence against persons or property (2) have one or more peer friendships that lasted over six months, and (3) show concern for the welfare of friends and companions. One would think that such clearly absurd signs of an adjustment disorder as showing concern for friends, making long-term friendships, and avoiding "blaming or informing on companions" would have come under considerable scrutiny and eventually would have been changed in subsequent editions of the manual. Simply asking the question of how one distinguishes such behavior from more ordinary adolescent social interactions would seem daunting, at the very least. But Conduct Disorder remains largely unchanged in the *DSM-IV-TR.* The absurd and patently non-specific language of the earlier editions is simply ameliorated by what appears to be more acceptable contemporary terms. What was previously expressed, in clumsy and vague terms, as "chronic violations of a variety of important rules"[4] is now artfully redone as "actively defies or refuses to comply with adults' requests or rules."[5] One might add, though, that children have not been completely abandoned to these cranky designations. In the *DSM-III-R,* Oppositional Defiant Disorder, an axial sub-category related to Conduct Disorder, has been softened by the removal of "uses of obscene language." Kids can now curse away, confident of not being hauled off to the psychiatric ward. Obviously, as children and adolescents were and remain a powerless minority, these more police-inspired forms of social control will continue largely intact. All this, one might add, remains the same despite ever-increasing forms of physical, emotional, psychological and sexual abuse directed against children and adolescents.

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What are psychiatrists doing to us? What are the social and historical origins of psychiatry's attempt to exercise power and authority over the individual? The full answer to the question is, of course, extraordinarily complex, involving an immense array of socio-economic, medico-scientific, historical, and political factors.[6] The rudimentary design of this sort of medico-psychiatric power and control, however, can be traced to two decisive historical phenomena: what Michel Foucault had described as "The Great Confinement," and the relation of psychiatric practice to the medical model. Briefly stated, the "The Great Confinement" was a response to a broad range of presumably abnormal and depraved behavior. The destitute, degenerate, diseased, disabled, unemployed, and the mad were set apart from the general population by some form of incarceration. Many were sent on a lifelong sea voyage on the so-called "ships of fools." Others were just imprisoned. The confinement had become so widespread that, by the beginning of the mid-17th century, one of every hundred Parisians was imprisoned in some sort of institution.

Foucault argues that this was not merely an administrative reorganization: "In its functioning, or in its purpose, the Hôpital Général had nothing to do with any medical concept. It was an instance of order, of the monarchical and bourgeois order being organized in France during this period."[7] As such, this sort of administrative system became a locus for the development of what Foucault calls "power/knowledge." The

administration of this complex consolidation of services was overseen by directors who were assigned to their position for life. They exercised their power within this massive skein of confining institutions, which eventually became a quasi-juridical entity that could decide, judge, and execute outside the court system.[8] The scene of confinement thus became a source of power, and a locus for the generation of discourses about those confined. With the further addition of doctors and, eventually, psychiatrists to this broad institutional consolidation, the power of the physician and his relation to the patient changed drastically. The psychiatrist was now entrusted with the full remediation of all mental patients, and this remediation included both the social and moral dimensions of their lives. Every remedy, every therapy, was now considered morally obligatory, not so much in terms of medical treatment, but in terms of the patient's compliance with a resolute set of institutional imperatives. The eventual construction of a taxonomy of mental disorders and a system of mental institutions was thus begun not so much in the context of medical science, empirical observation, and medico-psychiatric theory, but, rather, in one of absolute moral authority and constraint.

Once the mental patient had been confined, established as a subject of the institution and its various discourses, the second factor contributing to the rise of psychiatric power, the medical model, came into play. The term "medical model" has a long and diverse history within the annals of medicine itself. It can be traced back to early Greek medical practice, particularly the Hippocratic and Galenic ideas of the physico-organic basis of all diseases. But the type of medical model central to the development of psychiatric authority and power does not fully evolve until the 19th century.

The 19th century, perhaps more than any other period, witnessed an efflorescence of disturbing and mysterious disorders. Emerging from centuries of witchcraft, alchemy, folk remedies, bleeding, leeching, trepanning and the like, medical practitioners during this period were particularly concerned with distinguishing themselves from the earlier, unscientific, superstitious tradition that had come to be associated with medicine. The criteria of diagnosis, anatomy, symptomatology, course of treatment, specification of etiology, and prognosis of disorders were now all subject to experimental hypothesis and empirical verification. This rational method marked a considerable advance over previous ideas of diagnosis and treatment—the century saw progress in virtually every branch and discipline—and it created an articulated system involving methods, terminologies, and approaches that, when carefully followed, appeared to be objective and determinant. In other words, practically any disorder that could be accommodated by the diagnostic, procedural, and terminological discourse of the "new science" of medicine would perforce enjoy scientific validation.

This method, of course, had a number of serious drawbacks. Most obvious among these drawbacks was the fact that the "universal" validity of a scientiflc system of medicine masked a number of faults, particularly the practice of importing a broad variety of already existing social and cultural biases into the system. What should have been free from these biases had, in many instances, served to perpetuate and intensify them by adapting or incorporating the substances of these biases into the effective practice of the scientiflc operations themselves. Thus, while the medical model can be extremely useful in identifying and treating diseases like typhoid or syphilis, it can also be applied to other aspects of the human condition that are not truly disorders at all. That is to say, the medical model can be applied, quite inappropriately, to any number of social conditions and to a wide range of human behaviors.

A dramatic example of this unfortunate tendency can be found in the medical theories of the American physician Samuel A. Cartwright. Appointed by the Louisiana Medical Association in 1850 to examine "the diseases and physical peculiarities of the Negro race," Dr. Cartwright focused his research on a disturbing "behavioral abnormality," one common to runaway slaves. Using "scientific" biological, clinical, and even etymological methods, Cartwright was able to determine that the "insane desire" to wander away from home was caused by a dreaded disorder, "drapetomania" (from the Greek *drapetes*, meaning "the fact of absconding"). Not only was he able to diagnose this new disorder, but he also established in etiology, prognosis, and, even more remarkably, a cure for it:

> *If any one or more of them, at any time, are inclined to raise their heads to a level with their master or overseer, humanity and their own good requires that they should be punished until they fall into that submissive state which was intended for them to occupy. They have only to be kept in that state, and treated like children to prevent and cure them from running away.*[9]

Even given these precautions, certain slaves were still subject to unruly behavior, precisely because they were suffering from yet another abnormality, namely, an insensitivity to pain while being whipped. Unfazed, Cartwright was able to medically link this disorder with drapetomania, and create a common etiology for the two "disorders": partial insensibility of the skin and "great hebitude of the intellectual faculties," which led to imperfect atmospherization or vitalization of the blood. He called this parallel disorder "dysethesia."[10]

The effect of the medical model on the "whole cloth" creation of disorders is, we expect, quite clear in this instance. Dr. Cartwright was able to find what appeared to be a relatively sound basis for the otherwise completely absurd medical claim—a claim that was nothing more than a poorly disguised justification for slavery itself. He accomplished this, in part, by drawing upon the systematic model of a developing medical science. Once their status as disorders was established on seemingly "scientific" grounds, drapetomania and dysethesia could assume their place in the nomenclature of medical science. Their specifications, names, anatomical locations, prognoses, etiologies, symptomatologies, and treatments having been established, they could be compared, studied, discussed, debated, read about, all within the framework of medical "science." No one, in truth, could deny the existence of such disorders, only debate their specifics. Hence, even though the disorders were the completely absurd, self-serving inventions of a deeply biased individual and his regional culture, they enjoyed the status of being "real," of being completely scientifically plausible—so much so that a hundred years later the 1957 edition of *Dorland's Medical Dictionary* still defined drapetomania

as "the insane desire to wander away from home."[11]

Clearly, the reputed legitimacy and authority of the medical model has had a profound effect on the *DSM*'s "Biblical" status. Churning in a sea of technical language, statistics, physician reports and consensuses, clinical and experimental studies, and the like, any disorder listed in the *DSM* assumes a certain aura of the authoritative and real. To question whether a mental condition is in fact a disorder or whether a certain disorder exists at all is to question the very authority of medicine as a scientific discipline. Indeed, questioning the reliability and authority of the *DSM* is much like questioning that of the Bible itself. The only difference is that, while the Bible ends at Revelation 22 with the word "Amen," the *DSM* has no end, awaiting the future addition of yet another category, disorder, or disease to its never-ending compendium.

1 For an excellent and extended discussion of this sad event, see Herb Kuchins and Stuart Kirk, *Making Us Crazy: DSM: The Psychiatric Bible and the Creation of Mental Disorders* (New York: The Free Press, 1997), pp. 55–99.

2 See Paula Caplan, *They Say You're Crazy: How the World's Most Powerful Psychiatrists Decide Who's Crazy* (New York: Addison-Wesley, 1995), pp. 85–89.

3 American Psychiatric Association, *DSM-IV-TR* (Washington, D.C.: AMA, 2000), p. 582.

4 *DSM-III* (Washington, D.C.: AMA, 1980), p. 48.

5 *DSM-IV-TR*, p. 102.

6 A good source for at least some of the answers to this question is the work of Thomas S. Szasz, particularly *The Myth of Mental Illness* (New York: Delta, 1961) and *The Manufacture of Madness* (New York: Harper and Row, 1974).

7 Michel Foucault, *Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason* (New York: Vintage, 1973), p. 40.

8 Ibid. p. 40.

9 S. L. Chorover, *From Genesis to Genocide* (Cambridge, Mass: MIT Press, 1974), p. 150.

10 Ibid.

11 Ibid. It should be noted that the drapetomania entry has been deleted from the most recent edition of Dorland's dictionary.

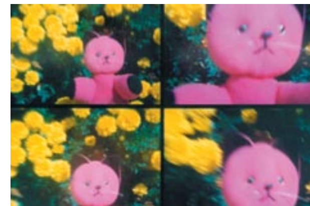
THE LOGICS OF DEFLATION: THE AVANT-GARDE, LOMOGRAPHY, AND THE FATE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SNAPSHOT

JOHN ROBERTS

The widespread recourse in contemporary art to the scrappy snapshot (and text), or the wall of abutted snapshots, is marked by a set of moves familiar from the use of photography in the 20th-century avant-garde: the derogation of aesthetic ideology in those forms where it most obviously and pervasively prevails. This is because photographic snapshots (both found or taken, on instamatics or 35mm cameras) are perhaps the quickest and most efficient means of deposing the traditional categories of art and the norms of artistic professionalism. Cheap, multiple, and spontaneous, the snapshot invests art with a non-artistic "ordinariness." In the 1980s, with the improvement of machine printing, the inscription of the snapshot with this deaestheticizing "ordinariness" began to systematize itself as a post-conceptual move as artists began increasingly to exhibit the new higher-quality prints without framing or manipulation. Today, the cheap machine print is the ubiquitous form of the new neo-conceptual art. Indeed, the machine print snapshot is currently identified by artists as a kind of constitutive marker of avant-garde identity: the image that fails the test of aesthetic repleteness and creative "mastery." The use of such photographs, then, has always been very much an issue of the ethics of form and artistic identity. In denying the customary pleasures of scale, complexity, and sensuousness of surface, the snapshot, in its various manifestations, reflects on the institutional functions of advanced art and on aesthetic ideology.

But today, crucially, the place where aesthetic ideology prevails is not where it has usually prevailed for much of the history of the avant-garde: the artisanal arts of painting. With the subsumption of the production and reception of art under new media, aesthetic ideology is now inscribed *within* the advanced technological relations of art. Contemporary art's recourse to the photographic snapshot, then, is unprecedented. Its anti-aestheticism is based, not on a response to the institutional dominance of painting, but on the institutional dominance of photography, film, and video. It is unable, therefore, to follow the usual strategy of negation of aesthetic ideology pursued by many of the avant-gardes last century: the appropriation of the non-art or anti-art character of documentary photography as a way of removing art from the institutional power of the "aesthetizing gaze." For in the light of the general incorporation of photography into the category of art, documentary practice itself has now become subject to the vast filmic transformation of the conditions of artistic production and reception. There has been a general convergence of interests between the ambitions of artists to transform the scale and mode of address of photography into that of the big-production modern technological image, and the systematization of the technological image on a vast, planetary scale. Thus, if the new filmic conditions of production have legitimatised a grand, staged, or composite photographic History Painting, as in Jeff Wall and Andreas Gursky, it has also produced an upscaling of the snapshot itself, as in the "transgressive" social realism of Nan Goldin, Richard Billingham, and Boris Mikhailov. [1] These latter visions of abjection, self-hate, sexual disclosure, and sub-criminality have shattered the boundaries between the public, appelative conventions of an older documentary photography and the illicit realms of pornography, the police archive, and mass cultural voyeurism generally. The result is that the negation of aesthetic ideology can no longer be performed so easily in the *name of photography,* as it was for almost 50 years through the years of the early Soviet and German avant-gardes up to Conceptual art. The photographic document as a source of illicit experiences is now thoroughly incorporated into the post-painting category of photography-as-art, photography-as-History Painting.

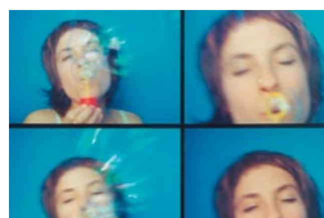
In this way, the ideological role of the snapshot in art in the 1990s has been essentially deflationary. That is, the snapshot doesn't simply reverse or block photography's institutional aspirations to the status of painting, but challenges the spectacularization and the reification of the advanced technological image *as such.* Accordingly, the casual and low-key use of the snapshot reinscribes one of the significant and unifying strategies of all 20th-century avant-gardes: the testing of art's dominant modes of reception through various kinds of artistic deskilling or destabilization. This is why it is no surprise that the snapshot has come into its own again in the neo-conceptualism of the 1990s. For in the late 1980s and 1990s, photography has not only experienced a rapid ascendancy into the older category of History Painting, but the various strategies of deskilling identified with the photographic practices of an older avant-garde (desubjectivization, masquerade, repetition) have themselves become, under the auspices of postmodernism, part of a new critical academy. Postmodernism's deconstruction of the author, identity, and representation may have unblocked some of the cultural prejudices and infirmities of Modernist theory, but it also presented the contemporary artist with the disabling specter of the academicization of photography itself as the museum opened its doors to the new postmodernist practices. The outcome is that a younger generation has had to reassess the photographic content of these strategies of deskilling in the wake of the fact that photography now finds itself inside the portals whose power it once criticized. The staged cibachrome and the upscaled snapshot, then, are only two aspects of the general assimilation of photography into the new museum. After conceptual art, after critical postmodernism, photography is now coextensive with the reinvention of the modern art institution itself. This is why the current use of the snapshot (be it singularly or as part of a combinatory aesthetic) is not simply a return to the anti-aesthetic informality of Conceptual art. It is a reengagement and repositioning of the snapshot's deflationary logic in a system where the history of



photos courtesy Lomographic Society International.

such strategies is now institutionally familiar and canonically anointed. The deflationary content of the contemporary snapshot is something, therefore, that is *constituted*, *framed*, and *mediated* by its own critical assimilation.

On this score the casual, anti-aesthetic use of the snapshot today demonstrates two related functions: on the one hand, it reinscribes an older, partisan view of photography as non-art and anti-art; and on the other, it reappropriates the snapshot's familiar nonprofessional functions. It draws generally, therefore, on what historically has been one of the snapshot's self-proclaimed demotic virtues: its intimacy and obdurate domesticity. Principally, the snapshot is a conversational form. In its connection to the "intersubjective" and the "diaristic'" and the "confessional," it produces a performative intimacy with the political and cultural categories of the "everyday." We should be wary, therefore, of overstating the discontinuity between the glossy upscaled snapshot and the aesthetically "evasive'" contemporary snapshot—despite the latter's deflation of the former's ambitions. The contemporary snapshot actually brings into new forms of critical alignment an aspect of the social function of the snapshot that the new "museum-assimilated" photography has tended to submerge, or turn over to a spectacularized narcissism: its "intra-familial sociability."[2] And, of course, an important element of this is the use of the snapshot as a critical site of self-narration.



Since the late 1970s, cultural theory and the new art history have placed a significant emphasis on photographic self-representation as a means of dissolving repressive processes of socialization. Consequently, when the critique of representation in cultural studies and the new art history dovetailed with the feminist critique of representation in photographic theory in the 1980s, a generation of photographers who turned the camera on themselves did so on the basis of photography's powers of subjective disclosure. Nan Goldin is one such photographer, Jo Spence is another. This in turn owed something to the incorporation, after the 1960s, of the photographic self-representation of the artist and his or her milieu into an expanded sense of portraiture, as in Andy Warhol and Bruce Nauman. In this way, scaling down the image, turning the camera on oneself or one one's friends and colleagues, on the routines and scenes of everyday life, has constituted a familiar way for artists to retain their autonomy over their production and reconnect with both the familiar and non-conventionalized aspects of their immediate environment. The contemporary snapshot revisits these forms of self-representation and narration, but, significantly—and this is what extends its deffiation of the aesthetic ambitions of the new high-end photography to a deffiation of critical postmodernism proper—*without* the predetermining theoretical framework of the critique of identity and representation, and *without* the idea, as in the case of Warhol, of the snapshot acting as a kind of democratizing entry into the high-cultural domain of the artist. Today, rather, the art-snapshot tends to be dispersed into the art institution in order to claim a democratic *convergence* between the art-snapshot and the non-art snapshot, as in the work of Nobuyoshi Araki and other artists who have sought to dissolve the consumption of the domestically produced snapshot directly into the public space of the gallery. This is because the boundaries between professional artist, occasional artist, and non-artist have been perceived to have been eroded in the 1990s under the conjunction of post-conceptual aesthetics and popular access to new forms of visual technology. This has created an elision between "advanced aesthetics" and the aesthetics of the photographic amateur, and concomitantly a blurring between the "good photograph" (the result of extensive labor and editing in the darkroom) and the would-be "bad photograph"(the instantaneous photograph taken as a private love-token or *momento mori*). And this is why, I would argue, the deffiationary content of the snapshot is *functionally* different in relation to the non-art and anti-art content of photography in so much contemporary art.

Whereas in the 1980s the use of the snapshot sought to displace the high-cultural assimilation of photography into art on the basis of pursuing photography in non-art contexts (as in Spence), the high-cultural deflation of art today is shaped by the *mass democratizing function of the new visual technologies themselves:* the producer of the snapshot in the gallery becomes coextensive with the producer of the snapshot outside of the gallery, and not simply the conduit through which the hierarchies of professional art practice are to be challenged or subverted. In this way the informality of the contemporary snapshot is evidence of a general ideological uncoupling of photography's democratic content from the critical photographic programs within the professional domains of art; or rather, what has occurred is the transference of many of the critical impulses of these programs in the 1980s from the confines of art theory into the popular domain of photographic production itself. Indeed, if the place of the snapshot in the contemporary art world is characterized, in its reckoning with critical postmodernism, by its overwhelming withdrawal from the interventionist dictates and aims of content of the documentary tradition, this legacy of interventionism now finds a systematic and critical voice in the widespread popular embrace of a counter-archival notion of snapshot photography outside of the art world in the realm of the "amateur" proper, in the emergence of the Lomography phenomenon and Indymedia.

Lomography and Indymedia represent the current and significant *mass form* of the deflationary logic of the art-theoretical snapshot. Lomography is the generic and critical name given to photographs taken on the Russian instamatic camera the Lomo Kompakt Automatic. A well-thought-of but relatively

obscure camera trading fitfully on the achievements of the old Soviet camera industry, the Lomo Kompakt was rediscovered by a group of young Vienna University students in the early 1990s. What distinguishes the camera is the high quality of the lens—for such an inexpensive camera—and the fact that the camera takes its snaps in quadruples, so on one print you can have four different views. Fired by the commitment to the camera, the students persuaded the company to allow them to be the sole distributors of the Lomo in Europe and North America. On the strength of this, the St. Petersburg-based company has expanded and is an unusual tale of post-communist market success. But most significantly, since the mid-1990s, particularly with the development of the Web, the camera has become the basis for an extraordinary proliferation of Lomo photo clubs and Lomo events on a global basis under the collective title of the Lomographic Society International. The LSI—the echoes of the Situationist International are not fortuitous—formulates various guidelines and procedures that each of the various Lomo organizations across the world host and develop. One of these is the A-Z City challenge, which involves would-be Lomographers turning up at a prearranged place in a major city and being handed, a roll of film, a map, and a list of 26 suggestions or challenges that they must follow as the basis for exploring and photographing the city. Another is the idea of designating a particular idea of theme that the Lomographers must pursue, for instance being asked to photograph all things red in a given city, as was the case in Singapore in September 2001, or being told to photograph blindfolded. The inventiveness and ambition of these "shooting scripts" depends very much on the local organizers and circumstances. However, what unites all these events is their competitive and festive character. After the shoots, usually lasting two days, but sometimes longer, all the Lomographers' work is exhibited and then judged, with the best being identified as the work of "Lomolympic champions." The exhibition and competition then, invariably, becomes a party and celebration of the Lomographic spirit.

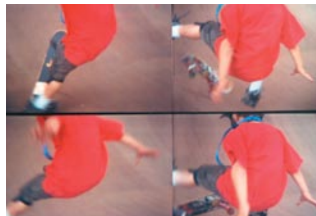
These events, publicized and archived on the Web, provide an extraordinary reminder of the ethos of the early Workers' Photography movement in the Soviet Union, the Weimar Republic, and Britain in the 1920s. Photography becomes, on the one hand, the basis for a mass social archiving, and on the other, a reflection on the relationship between photographic truth and who is standing behind the camera. But if Lomography embraces a popular politics of self-representation and the counter-archive, it is a popular politics without a determinate political context, or without direct reference to documentary traditions of dissent and resistance. The critical languages in evidence are either resolutely diffident or historically vague, as in the Ten Golden Rules of Lomography. 1) Take your LOMO with you wherever you go; 2) Use it all the time, at any time—day & night; 3) Lomography does not interfere with your life, it's part of it; 4) Get as close as possible to the objects of your Lomographic desire; 5) don't think; 6) be fast; 7) You don't have to know what's going to be captured on your film beforehand; 8) You don't have to know what's on the film afterwards either; 9) Shoot from the hip; 10) Don't worry about rule 10. Or neo-Dadaist, as in the First International Lomoist Manifest (2002): "The Lomoist cultural conspiracy encourages plagiarism because plagiarism saves time and effort, improves results and shows initiative on the part of the individual plagiarist". "We demand an end to culture, ethics and inwardness." "We demand the abolition of capitalism at 3pm on next Sunday."[3]

Clearly the Lomographic International is more than the sum of these parts. Those who participate in the organization obviously bring to it different commitments and interests, some of which will be critical of these proscriptions and guidelines. Yet the collected aperçus, manifestoes, and guidelines produce a certain philosophical and cultural tone, which is easily definable. Lomography conjoins the loucheness of Zen conceptualism (Yoko Ono) and the neo-Situationism of the Plagiarist art movement with the positivism of Mass Observation ("Lomography is everywhere"). In this way, Lomography's refusal to name what Lomography might pick out as critical, yet at the same time encouraging the development of disciplinary guidelines within the framework of the representation of the "city life" invokes the unitary urbanism of the Situationists, but without the group's incendiary notions of inversion, disruption and disturbance. On this basis, Lomography is, rather, an *immersive urbanism*. Its commitment to the snapshot as a mass form is primarily about networking and the collectivization of creativity, and not to a model of vanguard cultural intervention. In this sense, the loose collaborative ethos of Lomography could be seen as a cultural expression of what Michael Hardt and Toni Negri have called the "multitude": the constituent democratic power of the collective.[4] As an inclusive political category—the mass that refuses its constitution in law—Hardt and Negri's concept of the "multitude" is shot through with all kinds of indeterminacies and evasions, and gives away too much, despite the authors' claims to the contrary, to conservative postmodern readings of class and identity. Nevertheless, what their notion provides, in fruitful ways, is an insight into how photographic technology is currently being used by a new generation of producers. For Lomography, photography is the space of the "multitude": of multiple subjectivities, modes of attention, culturally strategies, but not because technology is *ipso facto* democratic, but because the ideals of Lomography enables some notional kind of collective control over the photographic apparatus. Lomography's expression of the "multitude," then—open participation without extended training—identifies possible new forms of cultural production with a democracy of intersubjective participation. Accordingly,

the LSI links this democracy to view of itself as a continually expanding cadre of snapshot-photographers who, collectively and individually, bring the forms, practices, and subjectivities of the city "into view." Significantly, then, Lomography's deflationary logic is harnessed to a wider cultural dynamic: the production of "diffuse creativity" across cultural boundaries and competences.[5]

Lomography is one manifestation of the massive diffusion of cultural practices that have emerged since the mid-90s that owe nothing or little to the validations of the dominant symbolic economy of the art world. This is the result not only of the diffusion of cheap forms of technology but, more importantly, of the diffusion of cultural and critical competences outside of the confines and constraints of the art world and the art market. Over the last 20 years, thousands and thousands of occasional artists, some of who were once trained at art school and some of whom have learnt from those who trained there, continue to bring their symbolic skills and knowledge to bear on a wide range of activities that have no art world institutional location or art world exchange value. Most of these activities are temporal and have no life beyond their immediate conditions of production and display. Yet collectively these activities across many social locations and in many varied forms represent an increasing reflexive awareness of representation and artistic content outside of the professional institutions of art and, as such, provide an informal culture of artistic production that "non-artistic" producers participate in and learn from. Indeed, knowledge of the way the critical categories of art production have been dispersed into non-artistic locations has been barely addressed in current theoretical writing. Lomography (along with, for instance, the vast growth of new "home" music production) is representative of these subterranean changes within the political economy of culture.

This notion of the work of the "multitude" as a deflationary ideological force, is also reflected in the more politically focused phenomenon of Indymedia, or the Independent Media Center. Indeed, if the mass form of snapshot in Lomography is harnessed to various strategies of political indirection, in Indymedia the snapshot becomes the direct bearer of the notion of the counter-archive. Loosely linked to the current anti-globalization movement, Indymedia provides an on-line site for photographers, and in particular non-professional snapshot photographers, to post their images of events, activities, and demonstrations that the dominant media do not cover, or cover perfunctorily or antagonistically. In this regard, the site updates the many alternative news and picture agencies that developed in the 1980s. However, as a Web service, it obviously provides mass access and distribution in a way that the earlier organizations were unable to do by offering an efficient means of pooling images and information. "Indymedia is a collective of independent media organizations and hundreds of journalists offering grassroots, non-corporate coverage. Indymedia is a democratic



media outlet for the creation of radical, accurate, and passionate tellings of truth." "The Independent Media Center is [an] ... organization committed to using media production as a tool for promoting social and economic justice."[6] The language maybe slightly awkward and politically pragmatist, and the assumptions about truth-telling straight out of 1930s documentary positivism, but the contemporary implications for the photographic snapshot are clear enough: the snapshot is what links the agency of the "multitude" to the production of truth and the real. In this way, the Mass Observation tendencies of Lomography are put on a more overt political counter-archival footing. In submitting your snapshots of demonstrations and public events to the site, you are not only providing a platform for "other ways of telling," but establishing the cultural validity of what you do as part *of* the "multitude." In Lomography and Indymedia, there are no professional or amateur photographers as such, but, rather, photographers who take part in a collective, non-hierarchical productive process.

Yet the deflationary imperatives of the "amateur" do play a significant part in the self-identity of such organizations as the LSI and Indymedia. The attachment to a sense of the snapshot-photographer as unconstrained by any of the inhibitory professional notions of quality is crucial to the inclusive ideal of Indymedia. The Indymedia contributor is interpellated as the redoubt of low-tech, unschooled authenticity. Similarly, despite the central importance of the Internet in distributing the content of the LSI project, Lomographers celebrate the Lomo camera as an analogue technology, operating in the face of the centralizing cultural logic of the new digital technologies. "Digital reproduction is but the delusion of memory... come witness the fury of screw-up photography."[7] In this way the use of a cheap, aging technology provides a democratic ethos for the avant-garde ideology of practiced failure or incompetence. Lomography's democratic advocacy of the multitude over the singular is also the advocacy of the multitude as a space where mistakes are honored and value is self-created. Failure, or rather, the deliberate avoidance of given or prevailing standards and criteria of high-cultural artistic success, is taken to be a virtue.

On this basis, the snapshot photographers of the LSI and contemporary snapshots-artists share a familiar and compact ideology: that the critique of value through photography is an emancipation from cultural division and hierarchy. This ideology is very seductive and has driven so much avant-garde art and popular photographic practices during the 20th century. Today, however, it is not so much photography as such that stands as a "placeholder" for the critique of value, but the photographic snapshot in particular. That is, in a culture where photography has become inscribed within the canon of modern art,

the snapshot's residual informality and cheapness is taken to be the primary generator of a "diffuse creativity." But with the "multitude" of inclusivity and unburdened and productive failure, comes the unbridled "multitude" of the same. In the world of the snapshot, no image escapes its formal bond with all other snapshots. No image (ultimately) is better or worse than any other—to infinity. In this sense, both Lomography and much contemporary art provide a theory of counter-value in terms of the democratic *proliferation* of the same and the generic—although the impulses of one and the other are not exactly comparable. The art snapshot functions as a closing down or negation of aesthetic ideology in order to delimit notions of would-be real creativity, while the Lomographic snapshot functions as a closing down or negation of aesthetic ideology in order to identify and expand notions of creativity within these limits. Nevertheless, for both Lomography and contemporary art the reproducibility and simplicity of the snapshot becomes the *sine qua non* of the democratization of form through mechanical reproduction. In these terms it might be said that the dream of the Lomographer and the contemporary snapshot-artist is a world open to representation expanded to everyone, all the time. Indeed, by extension, at the heart of snapshot ideology is a utopian notion of the "amateur" photographer as a reflexive artist-in-waiting.

In this regard, the deflationary logic of the snapshot hides a genuine democratizing impulse, an impulse that continually reconfigures itself in art and culture as the return of the repressed. But under conditions where the critique of value is simply a placeholder for the critique of value, value easily becomes self-positivizing. There is no intrinsic virtue in the contingent and miniature itself. There is no intrinsic virtue in resisting the idea of quality in art as internal complexity. There is no intrinsic virtue in mass reproducibility itself. (Interestingly, one of the recurring heroic figures in Lomography literature is Herman Melville's nay-sayer, Bartleby: "I would prefer not to.") The snapshot, therefore, is always caught in a dilemma, whether allied to an anti-aesthetic inside the institutions of art, or to the dictates of some notion of mass cultural democracy. It is called on to disinvest the image of congealed aesthetic ideologies, but necessarily cannot escape its own limited naturalism as a critique of value. In this way the snapshot performs a spectral function within and outside contemporary art: it haunts the self-identity of aesthetic ideology without being able to provide a counter-aesthetic of its own. But para-doxically, it is because it cannot establish a counter-aesthetic of its own that it is able to continue to provide a critique of aesthetic ideology.

This does not mean, that the language of technologically advanced photography is necessarily uncritical of theories of auteurship; photographers such as Wall and Gursky are involved in a complex and collective division of labour, and this remains central to their view of themselves as critical practioners. The idea of themselves as collaborators is crucial to the ambitious scale and content of their work. But, this ambition, nonetheless, is not an unmediated "given' within the new institutions of art.

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2 Pierre Bourdieu, with Luc Boltanski, Robert Castel, Jean Claude Chamborden, Domnique Schapper *Photography: A Middle Brow Art* [*Un art moyen*, Les Editions de Minuet,1965] (London: Polity Press 1990), p. 26.

3 All quotes taken from www1.lomo.com/orbiz/DigiTrade/0001/index.html.

4 Michael Hardt and Toni Negri, *Empire*, (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 2000). For Hardt and Negri the "multitude" is another name for the power which is immanent to all societies irrespective of their mode of production and forms of government. In other words, the "multitude" is a continuous and emergent principle of democratic diversity and negation.

5 For a recent discussion of "diffuse creativity," see Stephen Wright, "Le dés-oeuvrement de l'art'," *Mouvements (Les valeurs of de l'art: entre marché et institutions)*, no. 17, September/October 2001.

6 http://www.indymedia.org.

7 http://www1.lomo.com/orbiz/DigiTrade/0001/index.html.

THE STAMP PROJECT

Like any magazine, *Cabinet* receives hundreds of pieces of mail every week, and we've noticed more and more of them are arriving stampless. The proliferating institutional use of metered postage (not to mention electronic mail), has made the familiar stamp—that quintessential mechanically reproduced work of art—something of a rarity, its often evocative symbolic forms replaced by the anti-lyrical certainties of a deadpan price tag.

On the following page are four sets of artist-designed postage stamps commissioned by *Cabinet* for its eighth issue.

The artists:
Rows 1 and 2: Kahn & Selesnick (*Penny Red*, *Penny Black*)
Rows 3 and 4: Richard Massey
Rows 5 and 6: Ruth Root
Rows 7 and 8: Shahzia Sikander

SCOTLANDFUTUREBOGLAND·SCHOTTENSUMPFKUNFTIGLAND·BOGFERRYMAN·SUMPFFAHRMAN·THEAPOCALYPSE·DERJUNGSTETAG

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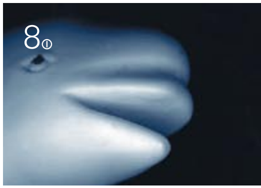
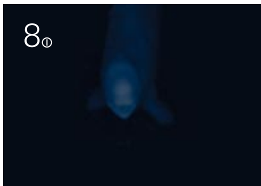
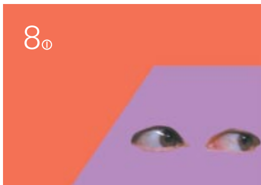
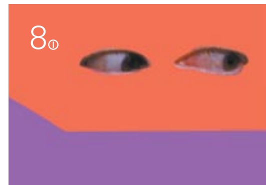
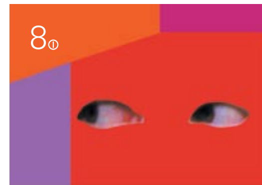
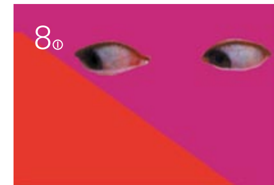
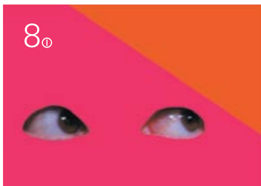
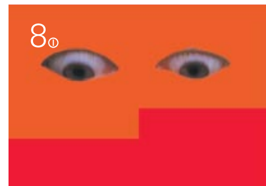
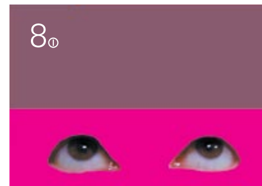
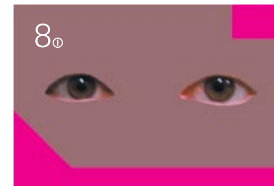
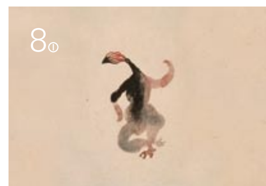
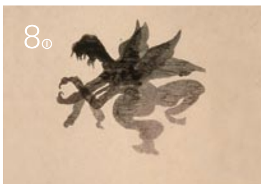
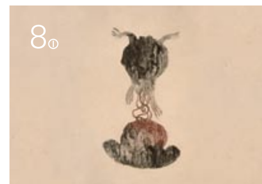










RIGHTING COPYRIGHT: AN INTERVIEW WITH LAWRENCE LESSIG

JAY WORTHINGTON

"Congress shall have power…to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times *to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries".*

United States Constitution, Article I, Section 8

"He who receives an idea from me, receives instruction himself without lessening mine; as he who lights his taper at mine, receives light without darkening me. That ideas should freely spread from one to another over the globe, for the moral and mutual instruction of man, and improvement of his condition, seems to have been peculiarly and benevolently designed by nature, when she made them, like fire, expansible over all space, without lessening their density in any point, and like the air in which we breathe, move and have our physical being, incapable of confinement or exclusive appropriation. Inventions then cannot, in nature, be a subject of property. Society may give an exclusive right to the profits arising from them, as an encouragement to men to pursue ideas which may produce utility, but this may or may not be done, according to the will and convenience of the society, without claim or complaint from anybody … The exclusive right to invention [is] given not of natural right, but for the benefit of society."

Thomas Jefferson to Isaac McPherson, 1813. ME 13:333

The public domain, the total body of material available for free and unrestricted public use, has been withering on the vine in the United States for the last 40 years. Since 1962, Congress has expanded the term of copyright 11 times, most recently with the Copyright Term Extension Act of 1998 (named the Sonny Bono Act, after the dead Congressman), which added 20 years to all existing copyrights, for a total of 95 years of protection. It is no coincidence that the period Congress has refused to allow into the public domain begins in the early 1920s, when the modern film industry first started to generate a significant volume of works that remain valuable today.[1]

On October 9 of this year, the US Supreme Court will address the state of American copyright law. Eric Eldred, founder of Eldritch Press, an online publisher of public domain books, has challenged the 1998 copyright act, arguing that its retroactive extension of copyright terms was beyond Congress's constitutional power. Lawrence Lessig, a professor at Stanford Law School and the author of *The Future of Ideas* and *Code and Other Laws of Cyberspace*, is representing him in the case. Lessig also chairs Creative Commons, an organization devoted to the development of licenses and code promoting the use of public domain material on the web. In May of this year, after the Supreme Court agreed to hear Eldred's case, Jay Worthington spoke to Lessig about the latest — and some of the very oldest — issues in copyright.

Why does the public domain matter?

Creativity builds upon the public domain. The battle that we're fighting now is about whether the public domain will continue to be fed by creative works after their copyright expires. That has been our tradition but that tradition has been perverted in the last generation. We're trying to use the Constitution to reestablish what has always been taken for granted — that the public domain would grow each year with new creative work.

Was there any sense back in 1976 that Congress was at the beginning of a slippery slope where now the end point, if any, is only visible past 2018?

In 1962, Congress started extending the term of existing copyrights. At first, these extensions were just a couple of years at a time. By 1976, there were many years of copyrighted material that was about to fall into the public domain. Owners of that material had a strong interest to lobby Congress to extend the terms again. So they did. Congress extended the terms again by 19 years in 1976, and by 20 years in 1998. I don't know when the slope got slippery, but there's nothing to indicate Congress will stop.

It doesn't seem that the shutdown of Napster has spurred any kind of a movement to pressure Congress to revise Sonny Bono.

It hasn't. Nor was there a response to Napster's shutdown either. This is because the protectionists have been successful in getting the world to view copyright issues as a simple choice between theft or not. To support Napster was to support theft, and there's no strong social movement in favor of theft. But to see these issues as a simple question about theft is to miss a much bigger question: Whether existing businesses can use the law to protect themselves against a new form of competition. A stronger public domain would support much stronger competition.

Is that the thrust of the Creative Commons project?

Yes. Creative Commons is a second stage in this campaign. The first is Eldred. Creative Commons will increase the range of content marked for public domain-like uses. Some stuff will be directly in the public domain; other stuff will be marked so that it's available for non-commercial use or use with attribution or copyleft use. Any of those uses will be identifiable based on machine-readable tags that we will attach to content, and that will make it easier to identify available work.

Is it part of your long-range goal to develop a community that's emotionally and politically invested in preserving the public domain?

Yes, certainly. And the way to do that is not just to get people who are willing to go to the barricades, but also to get ordinary people to recognize the importance of the public domain to creativity. We are a cut-and-paste culture. The aim of the protectionists is to argue that a cut-and-paste culture is criminal. Well, it's only criminal if there's nothing out there that you can freely cut and paste. If we increasingly mark material as available for these non-commercial uses, then people will have the opportunity to see its importance.

And yet right now, even someone as liberal as Congressman Barney Frank seems to have bought into the characterization of cut-and-paste as theft.

This is an opportunity as much as it is a curse. The issues we're talking about are not political in the sense that Democrats get it and the Republicans don't. There are people on both sides of the aisle who understand what's at stake — like Chris Cannon and Rich Boucher — and people on both sides who don't. Because the issues don't have any obvious politics to them, people are more likely to listen to reason about them.

So where's the American Civil Liberties Union?
It's a good question.

It would seem that they would have had an interest in joining the Eldred case with an amicus brief.
You would have thought. They've spent an extraordinary amount fighting to guarantee adults the right to get pornography on the Internet. I believe in that cause, but it seems a very narrow conception of what the First Amendment values are to think that it's only affected when there's regulation of porn, and not affected by broad privatization of speech.

But again, in a certain sense it's a good thing that our amicus briefs are not tilted too much one way or the other. From the conservative side, Phylis Schlaffly filed a brief, and among the economists were five Nobel prize winners, including Milton Friedman and James Buchanan. So too did the Free Software Foundation file a brief, as well as a large number of copyright and constitutional law scholars. This is a case that appeals to both sides of the aisle, and a strong ACLU presence might have obscured that fact. But it does surprise me, however, that the ACLU has not been a leader in resisting the expansion of this form of private control.

How wide a range of interests do you see represented in Eldred? Are there fracture lines that could be signs of trouble down the road? Are there things that all of you agree on?
At this stage, there is just agreement. Everyone agrees that copyrights should expire and that works should then pass into the public domain. That's a minimum, and beyond that the question will be just how much feeding the public domain needs. We're going to see some arguments about that down the road, but that's a long way from here.

In your brief for the case, you talk a lot about the effect of copyright upon academics who want to work with copyrighted works from the 1920s and 1930s. I was struck by stories like that of the Lorenz Hart estate refusing the rights to his lyrics to any biographers who mention his homosexuality, or by the inability of the producers of the *Who Built America*? series on the Depression to get the rights to Huey Long's campaign songs. I don't see a lot of references to appropriation artists who work with the material of that period, though.
Yes, and that's a strategic call. While appropriation art is critical to art, it's an ambiguous art form in the world of the Supreme Court.

Even though from a copyright point of view it seems hard to distinguish some appropriation art from the work of an art historian.
There's no way.

You've repeatedly been grim about the long-range democratic prospects for organizing around the public domain. Is judicial action the best you can hope for right now?
It had better not be. I'm encouraged by the reaction to the Eldred case, and I hope we can build on that with the Creative Commons. But it will take much more than a single judicial victory to change this trend. We need a broader political and social movement around these ideas.

In a world where Disney holds a lot of copyrights from the 1920s, how would that happen? Over the last 30 years, after all, it's been pretty easy to predict when Congress would extend copyright simply by looking at when Mickey Mouse was next scheduled to slide into the public domain.
Well, it certainly is not the case that you would ever to get Disney to agree that copyright terms are limited. That's why we've gone to the courts. But if copyright terms are limited — if we succeed in establishing that — then we can begin to think about other steps after that. One idea that we've been ffioating is this: Everybody talks about intellectual property as a form of "property." One thing we might ask these people is, "Have you paid your property taxes for this property?" Of course, the answer is no. We have taxes on land, and taxes on cars, but not taxes on the form of "property" that copyright protects. So I think we might use this disparity to help fuel a regeneration of the public domain. Let's say after flfty years, in order to keep a copyright you've got to pay an annual tax of $10 per copyright. When you pay this tax, the copyright offlce would record that, for example, Lessig paid $10 for *The Future of Ideas*. But if for three years you don't pay a tax on a particular work, the work would then become forfeit to the public domain. Disney shouldn't have any opposition to that, because it's going to be worth it to them to pay $10 to save a $100 million movie. But for the other 85% of works that have no continuing commercial value, no tax would be paid, and they would move into the public domain. That's a balance that's sensible from the standpoint of both the commercial and non-commercial interests.

Did Congress even debate any possibilities like that in 1998?
No. That's the point. Congress feels totally free of the mandate that they support the public domain. This is why our constitutional challenge is so important. It wasn't on their radar because Congress believed it could legislate outside the view of the Constitution. It thought its power was unbounded, and that it therefore didn't need to tailor its law to the narrow interests it might try to advance. If we succeed, the one consequence will be that Congress in the future will have to be more careful.

Do you think Sonny Bono was in good faith when he said that he wanted copyright to extend forever?
Sure. He had a different vision of copyright. Indeed, most of Congress did. The testimony leading up to the passage of the statute is fllled with sneering at the framers' vision. Witness after witness spoke as if the framers were pirates, that they didn't understand the importance of property. It's astonishing from an historical perspective, but it's a reffiection of the fact that we have no appreciation of the role that limited copyright duration was to play in assuring that there wasn't a concentration in control over speech. This was the most interesting fact we learned in our research: that the copyright clause was an example of the framers' more

general fear of concentrated power. Just as they limited federal power to protect states, and limited the church's power to protect religious diversity, so too did they limit the copyright power to assure there wouldn't be concentrated power over learning. The framers hated concentrated power, and they especially hated the concentrated power of publishers. Publishers were their "axis of evil." They were stifling the spread of knowledge. But the power they had then is nothing when compared to the power publishers have today. There's never been a time when the "publishers" have controlled a greater proportion of the potential evolution of our culture. The law regulating copyright then was not as powerful or as broad as the law regulating copyright now.

Is that principally a function of technology or law?
It's both. Technology adds to the power the law originally gave.

Given that English copyright back then was perpetual, how can copyright be more powerful today?
The term was perpetual, but the right was narrow. It only granted authors control over the republication of a particular work. It didn't regulate derivative works, or give the publisher any way—either legally or technologically—to control the use of copyrighted work. Today the rights are much broader, and the technology gives the copyright holder the power to control how a copyrighted work gets used. This is not just an incremental change; it instead changes the character of the control that copyright owners can exercise. The rights are broader, the term is now essentially unlimited, and the technology reaches out to control not just republication, but effectively use.

How big a role does fair use play in your argument?
Not big enough. Copyright holders treat the world as if it is divided cleanly between perfect control and fair use—as if these are the only issues. But fair use was supposed to be a narrow exception to a narrow terrain of proprietary control. Both were to leave a whole bunch of uses unregulated by copyright law. To read a real-space book, for example, is not a "fair use" of the book. It is instead an unregulated use. But now, with the increasing technicalization of copyright law, there's nothing that can't be controlled; there's no use that can't be controlled in cyberspace, and that means that there are no unregulated uses, which means that for every use you want to make that's not permitted by the copyright holder you've got to make a fair use argument. That's an extraordinary shift in the balance. The number of times you read a book is not in any sense a copyright interest. Your use of the book is completely unregulated, yet, when Adobe's e-book reader is implemented to say that you can read this book ten times, under the existing conception of copyright, that would give them the ability to control that use. Why should they have the ability to control that use? And why should I be forced to make a fair use argument in response to their control of that use? Copyright is not properly about regulating use; it's about regulating the production process, which was paradigmatically a copying process.

And what would you answer to people who argue that copyright didn't traditionally regulate uses past the rst sale simply because it was impossible to monitor them, and now that we have that capability, we should in fact rethink those questions from the ground up and not take the unregulated terrain of copyright doctrine for granted?
Well, maybe we shouldn't take our initial freedoms for granted, but I would think that the people who framed the power of Congress to grant this right would be astonished by the assertion that that so-called exclusive right means that the publisher has the power to control how many times you read a book. It's just nowhere in the conception of the exclusive right that they were trying to give Congress. The power that Congress now has to give publishers perfect control over copyrighted materials is a completely unintended or unanticipated power.

Isn't that a core problem here—that we live, from the point of view of information technology, not just in a place the Framers of the Constitution didn't foresee, but in a different universe from them?
Yes, and in my first book I talk about how this becomes an almost impossible problem of translation; there are just so many latent ambiguities involved. But I think if you teased out all the latent uncertainties, you'd still conclude on the side of freedom. There's nothing in their tradition that would have supported the idea of this power to perfectly control the learning process. That's what this essentially is. So I'm pretty confident about where they would come down on the question. Jefferson was the first Patent Commissioner, and yet he was very skeptical about patents.

So why aren't more people in Congress reading Jefferson?
He doesn't give much money anymore.

In the governance of the Internet, where money is less obviously a direct factor, why isn't there a push to have more democratic processes controlling how the rules are made, how trusted systems and handshaking protocols are dened? If anything, there's been a recent move away from democratic rulemaking institutions.
I agree. I think that's because Internet types are essentially apolitical. One theme of what I've been writing has been to get people to understand that "apolitical" means "you lose." It doesn't mean you live a utopian life free of politicians' influence. The destruction of the public domain is the clearest example, but it will only be the first.

1 In the past decade, 1922 is the only year whose copyrighted work has entered the public domain. Work copyrighted in 1921 became available in 1977; work from 1922 became available in 1997, and work from 1923, under current law, will be protected until 2018. Under the law at the time it was produced, a work from 1923 would have fallen into the public domain in 1979. The first Act (1962) extended that copyright to 1981; the second Act extended it to 1983; the third Act extended it to 1984; the fourth Act extended it to 1985; the fifth Act extended it to 1986; the sixth Act extended it to 1987; the seventh Act extended it to 1988; the eighth Act extended it to 1990; the ninth Act extended it to 1992. Tiring of this routine, Congress passed the Copyright Act of 1976 and extended the copyright of our imagined work from 1923 through the end of 1998; the Copyright Term Extension Act of 1998 then extended it another 20 years, until the end of 2018. To put this term in perspective, the original US Copyright Act of 1790 provided for a 14-year copyright, renewable once by surviving authors.

The girl shown above, Selma Williamson, grew up to be the grandmother of one of *Cabinet's* designers. But the reason for her appearance here is that her picture was taken by an unknown photographer before 1923 and has never previously been published.

On 1 January 2003, all unpublished texts and images produced before 1923 and created by either an unknown person or by someone who died before 1933 (if that person's identity is known) are scheduled to enter the public domain. This includes everything from Civil War diaries and turn-of-the-century photographs to your great-great-grandparents' love letters. But if you can somehow manage to get your precious photographs and manuscripts published before the deadline, the US government will extend the copyright until 2047. Thus little Selma here is now safe for another 45 years.

It seems unfair that we be the only ones who get to lock up our family photos until mid-century. We are therefore inviting all of our readers to send us digital files of family photographs that would otherwise fall into the public domain (and possibly end up in a Diesel jeans ad) after next January. We will publish all submitted photographs in our December issue and you'll be able to enjoy them in peace for another 45 years. Please send the digital files in JPEG, GIF, or TIFF format to copyright@immaterial.net. The government sets no restrictions on the size of the reproduction—we will print thumbnail-sized reproductions of every image we receive. Please keep the digital files as small as possible.

EL PUEBLO UNIDO: ARCHITECTURE AND REVOLUTION IN TEHRAN

TIRDAD ZOLGHADR

The term "revolution" has its own connotations in Iran. If most of the West hasn't seen one in centuries, depending on how you define a political revolution, Iran has endured up to four of them in the 20th century alone—popular and top-down, secular and religious, violent and non-violent, in various combinations. Unfortunately, none of them worked themselves out all the way, at least not in the sense of people leaning back and saying "Oh, that was well worth it, good stuff, let's celebrate at the new Mexican place, and I'll finally wear those cufflinks you got me for my birthday." Perhaps this is precisely why, to this day, the current regime won't stop insisting on how "revolutionary" it continues to be. The Revolutionary Leadership, The Revolutionary Guards, The Revolutionary Court, Revolution Square, Revolution Avenue—on and on and on.

Needless to say, the Iranian establishment is about as revolutionary as a Che Guevara T-shirt in a tourist shop in Carnaby Street, or the recent demonstrations in Seattle and Genoa—as quaintly theatrical as it is thoroughly middle class. But this, I'd say, is the ruse. The very idea of a revolution has been laden with such musty, hackneyed connotations, that no reasonable Iranian adolescent would dream of letting out his oedipal fury on the State. Reformism, though running out of steam, is still widely considered the more effective option.

What we need most, student leaders have been quoted as saying, is not the sound and the fury of yet another government overthrow, but a new and resolutely democratic public discourse. In other words, you don't need self-styled guerrillas throwing eggs and light bulbs at abandoned police cars to have a revolution. As it happens, all over the world, observant, soft-spoken political science professors in dark green Burberry overcoats and John Lennon spectacles are now insisting that a revolution is "any change in the rules on how rules are changed". At times, a very long-term, meandering, fatuous affair.

The most awkward revolution in the history of Iran was arguably the modernisation program announced by the Shah in 1962, a blend of political cosmetics, sweet intentions, and ferocious authoritarianism known as the "White Revolution." It would take too long to discuss the program's revolutionary credentials in detail; suffice to say that its most fundamental, and as it were, revolutionary contribution was to initiate the now 40-year tradition of rampant urbanisation in Iran, with cities quadrupling every other decade or so.

With this came a flood of modern architecture, mostly careless, quick-cash renditions of the International Style, although some, such as the Ekbatan housing project, were meticulously planned. Ekbatan is an enormous assemblage of right angles, functional voids, and horizontal strips of glass and concrete, the stuff people refer to as "Stalinist" (although Stalin actually preferred gigantic wedding-cake architecture, full of playful squiggles and pointed turrets). It was designed in the mid-1970s, at the peak of the hysterical optimism of the Shahist era, and built in record time. While the nearby airport was constructed at a rate of 150 cubic meters of concrete a day, in Ekbatan, the daily rate was up to 1500 cubic meters. With just under 80,000 tenants, it's the largest housing estate in the Middle East, and once Tehranis from across the city's middle class started moving in, its sheer volume affected the rents throughout all of Tehran.

Rumor has it that if you look at the building complex from above, you'll see "Long Live the Shah" spelled out in Farsi calligraphy, which, though unsubstantiated, is pertinent enough in a round-about, sardonic sort of way. Ekbatan was conceived as a city at the end of history, masterminded by a heroic and ground-breaking elite, sealing the happy, irreversible triumph of progress over traditionalism. People won't like it, they snickered over their dry martinis, but they'll just have to get used to it.

Colossal slabs with messianic pretensions, standing around in the middle of nowhere—at the risk of sounding misanthropic, I think it's a shame they don't make them any more. As one particularly sentimental friend of mine would put it (an Islamic scholar living in Bangkok), Ekbatan is a monument: not to the genius of a generation of urban planners, but to the Dawn of Irony. Ever since 1979, year of the Islamic revolution and the beginning of the end of orthodox Modernism—both in Tehran and abroad—no ideological agenda can afford the luxury of such pure and simple good faith, of such earnest socio-revolutionary promise.

Many have pointed out that the Islamic Republic is not only as revolutionary in discourse, but also just as technophile, authoritarian, and notoriously short-sighted as what preceded it. But with the economy in ruins, and oil prices being a fraction of what they were in the 1970s, it is forced to be more shrewd, populist, and open to compromise. If we look at, say, the Navvab housing project built in the 1990s in south Tehran, we see an eight-lane motorway ploughed through the middle of an old, traditional neighborhood. Alongside the murderously busy street, we have apartment buildings in happy colors and varying shapes and sizes. The building project is 5 km long, but is surprisingly thin, a facade that serves to hide the older parts of Tehran. The motorway in question leads from the new airport to the city center, and, thanks to the apartment blocks, newcomers can enjoy the view of a sprightly, contemporary city.

Tehran's new office blocks and government buildings are similar in temperament: off-hand postmodernism at its most horrendous, complete with mirrored glass, Roman pillars, and pseudo-historical quotations of pseudo-Islamic architecture. As for private households, most look like painstakingly arranged baroque furniture showrooms, full of flamboyant loops and curves. Very often, the sofa still sports the original plastic wrapping. The latter, however, is more than just an exclusive mark of social standing, and deserves a closer look. If in Iran, there are many common denominators that cut through religion, class, gender and ethnicity—like, for example, classical poetry, agonizing love ballads, and any type of junk food soaked in sweet ketchup—even these are subject to styles, interpretations, and modes of consumption that differ from one another. One of the few phenomena that truly do unite the proud people of Iran as a whole, is the fascination for rococo armchairs with crimson paddings, and gold trimmings shaped into teeny-tiny crests and purls, leaves and feathers. In Iran, more is more. Even in Ekbatan, nearly every apartment I've seen is a cross between Ziggy Stardust and Louis XV.

All photos: Tirdad Zolghadr

Hossein is a translator and long-time tenant in Ekbatan. On his coffee table is a small, light blue ceramic canoe, filled with porcelain apples, peaches and pears. I'm visiting Hossein with a colleague, an architect and filmmaker named Solmaz Shahbazi. I ask Hossein how people feel about Ekbatan, being the uncompromising modernist wet dream that it is. He chuckles happily to himself. "You'll generally find many contradictions between private habits and public design in Iran. According to Foucault and other thinkers, what happened with the Islamic revolution was a postmodern movement. So a project such as Ekbatan would be out of place here. An experiment that took place in the wrong context."

When Tehranis speak of Ekbatan, they inevitably roll their eyes, click their tongues, and waggle their heads as they bemoan the poor souls holed up in "little matchboxes," in that concrete dungeon of drugs and teenage suicides. It's especially the suicides you hear about. Even *France Info* did a piece on teenagers throwing themselves off the rooftops of Ekbatan. You'd think you have to watch your head every time you turn a corner.

Hossein's mood changes when you mention the suicides. He sighs impatiently. "Look. Take a small, traditional neighborhood. Even if several kids throw themselves out of their bedroom windows on one and the same day, nobody will say it's because of the area. But in Ekbatan, tens of thousands of people live in a space that is seen as one single entity. And if you take a bigger population, obviously you will find more human tragedies." Surely enough, whether in Iran or elsewhere, it's easier to blame misery and crime on slabs of concrete, than on traditional Iranian courtyards with little goldfish wiggling about in little garden ponds. What makes things confusing here is that there are no official figures to refer to (as in most cases regarding the population of Tehran).

As a matter of fact, Hossein's dogged defence of his neighborhood is typical, the project being one of the only parts of the capital where people share a common sense of identity. Tenants are quick to point out they feel safer and more relaxed in Ekbatan—which is completely autarchic, offering everything from internet cafes to medical centers to fitness clubs to shopping malls—and insist on how much easier it is to make social contacts. The latter is what makes the project so interesting for political scientists. "What we have here," they say, "is a remarkable example of the urbanisation of consciousness in Iran, and the re-inscription of the concept of a modern civil society as we know it. Note that in Ekbatan, inhabitants are from completely different backgrounds, but rather than living in separated parts of town, they share a single space, and are actually forced to get along with one another. Gradually, a common discursive practice emerges that does not bear itself as a grand narrative, but sets itself apart from the *grands discours* of both High Modernism and the Islamic Republic". That's if they're the Anglo-American, Cultural Studies types, with light brown Manhattan Portage backpacks. If they're French, they'll run around making diagrams and surveys on "Heroin and Unemployment in the Ghetto Wastelands of West Tehran", then publish it in the *Monde Diplomatique*, with an illustration by Edvard Munch.

What is crucial here is that, according to the municipality, a third of Tehran is 14 years old or younger. In other words, perhaps half the city's residents are minors, knowing neither life under the Shah, nor the revolution, and presumably sharing a very different set of values and priorities. Some political scientists have even scheduled an Iranian "May '68" movement for 2010 or thereabouts.

Manijeh and Hojjat are art students in their late teens using a first-floor Ekbatan apartment as an atelier. Manijeh wears thumbrings, noserings, ankle bracelets, and a white shirt with questionably obvious paint stains, in flaming red and fiery orange. Her boyfriend sports the fashionable dervish look—a full, thick beard, straight hair down his shoulders, and a doe-eyed gaze of dreamy innocence. He looks terrifyingly dull, and I avoid getting into a conversation with him. But they're both very friendly and talkative, especially Manijeh, who holds agitated speeches on the cowardice of all the hundreds of thousands of Iranians trying to emigrate to the West, followed by sermons on the virtues of sticking to your hometown, no matter what. Later, after several glasses of *chaii*, I'm horrified as Hojjat threatens to play us some Simon and Garfunkel on his

guitar, but he changes his mind, and plays a tape instead.

Together, we visit one of the many Ekbatan youth clubs, to witness a popular debating session that is held every Wednesday. This week's subject is "Sexual Discrimination." The room is packed with nervous teenagers, precisely half of which are girls. A small, perky, and incredibly well-read 14 year-old is hosting the debate, and is trying to steer the discussion towards his pet theories on sexual constructivism and social performance. But only a handful of participants are willing to hear him out, let alone agree with him. "*Of course* you need equal rights and stuff," they artfully concede, "but in the *end*, there are, like, natural values, and, you know, masculine and feminine traits, and that's the way it's *got* to be." After half an hour or so, I turn to see how Hojjat and Manijeh are taking the shouts and hot-headed monologues erupting around us, only to find their seats empty.

I feel lonely and abandoned, and make my way outside to hail a cab and get back home. The driver looks a lot like Hojjat. As we inch our way through rush hour traffic, we share a pack of cigarettes, and listen to a tape recording of Carlos Santana, live in Brussels.

Being busy with other research, I don't return to Ekbatan until *chaharshanbe soori,* the last Wednesday of the Persian year, when Tehran—and particularly Ekbatan—comes closest to what you could call a carnival atmosphere. It's 2 a.m., and thousands of people are standing around in groups of twenty or thirty, listening to ghetto blasters or lighting firecrackers. I keep running into thick crowds of cheering men and whistling women surrounding a small group of breakdancers. Every now and then, someone drives by on a motorbike and the crowd disperses. The riders are members of the *bassij*, the Islamic militia, on the lookout for clusters of people they can report to their comrades, who show up with sticks of wood four feet long, to thrash the shit out of the dancers and their admirers. Luckily, they're easily recognizable by their sparse, fluffy beards, and their white shirts, buttoned up to the top, and worn over baggy trousers.

I'm intrigued, and eager to meet these angry young men who refuse to comply with the peaceful rules of the petri dish community that make Ekbatan so special. And indeed, there's nothing easier than dropping by to have a friendly chat with the militia. Their Ekbatan headquarters are in a conventional, one-story house, a smallish, discrete sort of bungalow in the middle of an open space left over between two particularly large clusters of concrete slabs. There it sits, in the center of Ekbatan, but clearly set off from the rest in an unmistakable architectural counterstatement. As Ms. Shahbazi and I approach the front door, we pass through ever larger swarms of young men with fluffy beards and bad skin. We ask to see the officer in charge, and are led down a long, dark hallway, with *bassijis* floating in and out of the many rooms on either side, until we finally reach an office where we're offered a seat next to a chubby fellow in civil clothing negotiating the purchase of a Nissan pickup.

With its neon lighting, and pictures of Ayatollahs Khomeini and Khamenei, the room is very much like any other government-affiliated office in the country. No baroque swirls or rococo ruffles here; only a golden clock on the wall, shaped like a baby owl flapping its wings. When the car dealer is finally gone, the officer pours us some *chaii*, and we gradually pick up a conversation on Ekbatan, living traditions, and so forth. He's surprisingly friendly, and perhaps I could even learn to relax in his presence, if I only took the time.

"I wouldn't let my daughter grow up in a house over two stories high," he quips. I expect him to start complaining about the anonymity that characterizes life in Ekbatan—for one thing, the sheer size, the *pilotis* and the adjoining rooftops allow you to move unnoticed from block to block, and for another, unmarried couples, single mothers and other social misfits can live their lives without drawing much attention to themselves. But personal liberties, though highly debatable—"Ekbatan isn't Europe," he says "and it isn't the USA. This is Iran, with its own set of rules: it would be better if people simply didn't want the freedoms they want"—are not the only issue. "The problem with high-rises, you see, is that Islam explicitly disapproves of architecture that offers a view into your neighbor's private space," he continues. Moreover, the very composition of Ekbatan has an unsettling, psychedelic effect on people. "The fabric and the structure—it's all very confusing. If you take a look at the underground parking lots, you'll see how tricky it is. It looks like something straight out of an American movie." The man is clearly upset, and we politely thank him for his time, leaving him staring thoughtfully at his owl. To be fair, as it later turns out, the officer is far from representative for his milieu. We soon meet woman members of the militia who are simply thrilled about Ekbatan, raving on about how much easier it is to make friends, and applauding the soundproof windows.

We walk out of the bungalow into the fresh evening air, and make for the nearest taxi stand, where we notice people standing around talking in hushed voices. A teenager who flunked her exams just threw herself off the roof of block 2B. Did we want to take a look? We decline. We have an appointment with the vice-president of the "Ekbatan Globetrotter's Club."

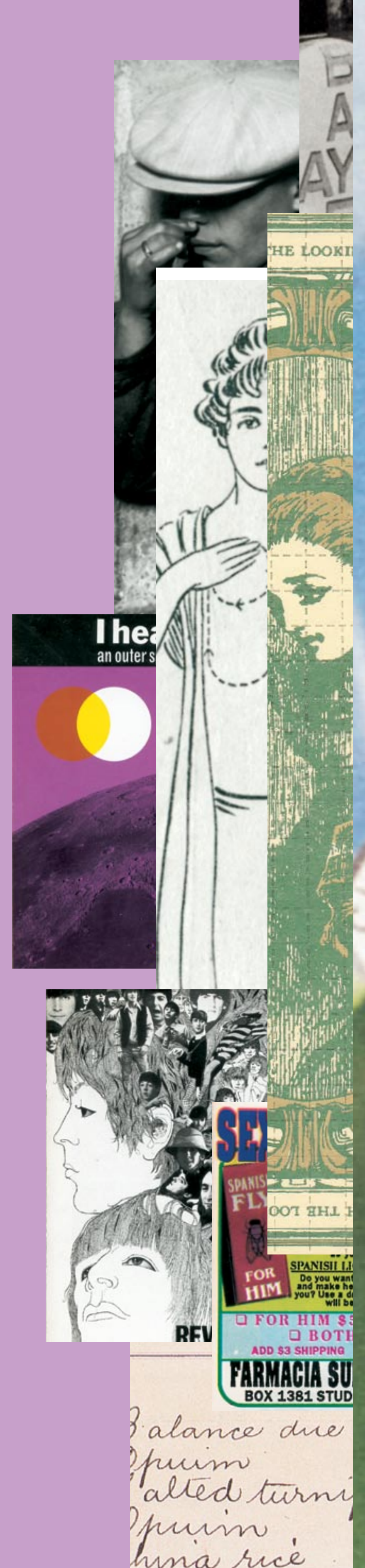
Sitting in the taxi, I try very hard not to think about the teenager from 2B.

I remember a pamphlet from the 1930s, printed by the hardcore modernists CIAM, the *Congrès international d'architecture moderne,* with the catchy title "Can Our Cities Survive?" I try to picture the lot of them, with their tweed jackets and immaculate side partings, sipping hot tea with the *bassijis*, patiently explaining the pending liberation of humanity from the chaotic, labyrinthine weight of history via the pure rhythms of the sublime habitation-machine, and its promise of a new age for mankind.

The sun is slowly setting over the enormous outline of Blocks 16 to 26. The driver shifts into second gear, rolls up his window and smiles, for no apparent reason.

The above essay is based on research conducted during 2001 for the documentary film *Tehran 1380.*

PHARMACOPIA



ME, MYSELF, AND SUPER-ME: AN INTERVIEW WITH DAVID HEALY

DAVID SERLIN

Since the 1980s when drugs like Prozac first appeared, clinical psychologists, talk show mavens, and writers in every corner of the globe have weighed in on their cultural significance. But long before Prozac reared its becalmed head, the development of anti-psychotic drugs like chlorpromazine in the 1950s, and anti-anxiety medications like Valium in the 1960s, ushered in a new era in drug research and drug marketing that changed our social contract with the health care industry.

David Healy, a senior lecturer in psychological medicine at the University of South Wales, has been one of the pharmaceutical industry's most lucid biographers as well as one of its most vocal critics. Healy is the author of *The Creation of Psychopharmacology* (2002) and *The Antidepressant Era* (1997), both published by Harvard University Press, and has edited a three-volume series of interviews entitled *The Psychopharmacologists*. David Serlin spoke to him during summer 2002.

What is it that makes the modern pharmaceutical era "modern? What is it that distinguishes it is as a "modern" era from earlier eras in the history of pharmacy?

One of the things that distinguishes the modern pharmaceutical era is a thing called "rational drug development." Since the 1940s, companies have been increasingly able to manipulate different molecules to produce the outcomes that they want. From that point of view, drug development has become more rational.

What people fail to appreciate is that we didn't have a pharmaceutical industry before the mid-1940s. We had a few companies, like Hoffman-LaRoche, which go back about a hundred years or so. But most of what are thought of as pharmaceutical companies now were either divisions of larger chemical companies, or they were chemical companies specializing in what were called patent medicines. Around the 1930s or 1940s, chemical companies began to realize that the pharmaceutical divisions were probably big enough to stand on their own two feet. Some of them began to think, well, we should try to get into the business of research-based pharmaceuticals. At the same time, there was an increasing capacity to produce the kinds of compounds that they wanted. The trick then was to figure out what compounds chemical companies should be trying to produce.

One of the problems we have at the moment, in terms of mental illness, is that pharmaceutical companies are not getting much steer either from the neuroscientists or clinical psychiatrists as to just what kinds of compounds are needed, what kinds of targets we would like "magic bullets" to hit. In lieu of that, they're producing an increasing string of what gets called "me too"-type compounds. They each produce the same kind of compound rather than producing something more breakthrough.

Do you think that the focus on the brain is a distinct moment in pharmaceutical history as opposed the industry's focus on drugs that target different parts of the body?

No, I don't particularly think the development of drugs that work on the mind appeared different, at least initially to the pharmaceutical companies. During World War II, governments in Europe and the United States were beginning to realize that putting funding into medical research could pay off. The fact that you could go and systematically produce compounds had clear implications for the postwar world. The idea that states could put funding into basic research, which pharmaceutical companies would then capitalize on, was a model that was born not out of drugs to do with the mind but rather out of treatments like penicillin, treatments for malaria, and endocrine treatments. After World War II, you get great public enthusiasm for new drugs like penicillin and cortisone, so that putting taxpayers' money into research seemed to the general public something worth doing. The public was prepared to endorse this kind of development.

In the 20th century, pharmaceutical companies have focused on trying to bring the "deviant" or "aberrant" body type into line with what is supposedly normal. Was brain research highlighted in a particular way during the postwar era so as to make the arrival of a new class of psychopharmacological drugs parallel with other kinds of normalizing technologies?

One of the things that happened, of course, is that in trying to "normalize" people, we also made them deviant. The production of LSD in the late 1950s comes on stream at approximately the same time as chlorpromazine. We tried to make sure that the new drugs we produced would not be LSD-like or opiate-like. But LSD and the opiates appeared to many to underpin the transformation of social relations that happened during the 1960s. They arguably played a role in the rise of oral contraceptives and drugs like this. They dissolved the social hierarchies of both the pre-war and post-war periods, and became a threat for this reason.

Up until the 1960s, the dominant medical model had been to treat people in order to put them "right." Putting them right meant putting them back into their place in the social order. What you get with both the oral contraceptive and drugs like Valium, Librium, and LSD is a group of drugs which seem not to be restoring people to their place in the social order but arguably a set of treatments that will subvert that order. These drugs are going to leave women as liberated as men; they're going to make the shy and timid people who take Valium and Librium able to handle strain and stress in a way that they haven't done before. These are disinhibiting drugs. Then you've got drugs like LSD, which suggested to people that the entire social order was an artifactual one held in place by forces of power. Once the scales drop from your eyes, you will begin to realize we're all equals.

In a curious kind of way, what you've got from early on are physical treatments that "normalize" people that have a strong parallel with treatments like cosmetic surgery. Endocrine treatments like growth hormones moved fairly smoothly from being treatments for a disease to being treatments that "normalized" people and helped people grow up to the height that we would wish them to be. But treatments in the psychiatric domain have run a much rougher course. People have had to grapple with notions of whether we really want to equalize the playing field, whether we do want to give people the means to enhance their

personalities so that they will be equal to everyone else.

What was the response of pharmaceutical companies in the 1960s to people like Timothy Leary and others who were on the border between the sanctioned world of pharmaceutical use and the underground world of the counterculture?

When amphetamines first appeared back in the 1920s and 1930s, some work that was done with animals indicated that "normal" animals could perform better than normally. The response from pharmaceutical companies and mainstream orthodox neuroscientists at the time was, "This can't be true. Drugs will treat illnesses, but they won't enhance any kind of performance." What you get in the 1960s is the prospect that performance can be changed. We can potentially exceed what before had been thought to be the normal limits of human striving.

The pharmaceutical industry, faced with this, tended to act very conservatively. When, in the 1970s, scientists discovered that some antidepressants that act on the serotonin system could treat ejaculatory problems in men and enhance their sex lives, pharmaceutical companies, far from being interested in this kind of idea, actually buried the actual data. They refused to support publications of any sort on this kind of issue.

Was this a public relations problem for them?

No. The industry is just intensely conservative. When drugs like RU-486 [the "morning after" pill] first surfaced, Roussel Uclaf thought that they would shelve it because they thought however it might be used in certain parts of the world, other parts would be unhappy with a drug like this. Not only would people not use this drug but they wouldn't use any Roussel drugs at all. This is the kind of calculation that companies have in mind. They'll say, "Well, we have these drugs which work on the serotonin system which can influence sexual functioning. But if we make a big deal of this, people won't use these drugs and they won't use any of the rest of our drugs, either."

So in one sense it's public relations, but it goes further than that. In the 1950s and 1960s, when it became clear that many of the new drugs that work on the brain could alter sexual behavior for lab rats or rabbits, companies shut down programs of research in this area. They actually didn't want to find out what it was that they might have to handle in a PR kind of fashion. One of the interesting things about Viagra, from this point of view, is that it does mark a point where companies have changed. By marketing a drug like this, they can expect that some people will be keen to use it. But they can also assume that if we don't use it then at least we won't think that the company's doing something awful and not use any of their other products.

Other types of industries—media conglomerates, snack food manufacturers, etc.—do research to find out what the public wants before they initiate their aggressive marketing campaigns. Before drugs are actually made, do pharmaceutical companies send their liaisons into the world to find out what kinds of problems people want fixed? How do pharmaceutical companies convince us that they have the answer for everything?

I get at least a call a month from one agency or another that works for the major pharmaceutical companies asking me if I'd like to be surveyed on issues related to the antidepressants or the anti-psychotic medications I write about. But I think you can see this happening very clearly in other contexts. For instance, there have been a huge number of articles in *Newsweek*, *Time*, and the *National Enquirer* recently that say that people in the West have become too heavy. These magazines describe obesity as a key illness; if we just treat it and get people down to a reasonable weight, we won't get all of the other problems that come from being overweight and we'll save billions per year. We've seen these articles before, especially during the last few years when companies have had products close to the marketplace that will produce weight loss. You see articles appear in the mainstream media; you see programs about the issues appear on television. We get acculturated to the idea that obesity is a disease that needs treatment. The idea that obesity is the result of your particular lifestyle is one that gets played down in all of these articles. The mainstream media might pay lip service to it—they might say, "Well, of course, you will need to take our drugs *and* you will have to alter the lifestyle"—but this is against the background of assuming that people will be keen to have a pill that saves them from doing the hard work.

Whenever I've traveled and spoken with people about weight loss pills, or drugs like Prozac or Zoloft, the response is always, "I don't know anyone here who takes those. That's a very American thing." To what degree is the attitude you've described—"I have a chronic illness, and this pill is going to save me from myself or my heredity"—an American idea as opposed to a generally Western idea?

I don't think so. From a European point of view, and I think there is some evidence to back this up, people in the United States people have greater faith in the latest high-tech medical procedure, whether it is Prozac or Zoloft or an MRI scanner. These things get picked up more quickly in the US than they do in Europe. But I think what you're talking about here is human nature. It isn't even particularly Western human nature. Once techniques like cosmetic surgery get fairly reliable, they might get picked up first in the US but they'll get picked up pretty quickly in the rest of the Western world and pretty quickly worldwide where people can afford to use them.

I think the key issue is whether a technique is going to be reliable or not. Generally, when companies feel that a drug like Viagra can very reliably give people the response that they want, then they can begin to talk about it as a cosmetic or lifestyle-enhancing agent. When a treatment or agent does not deliver a highly reliable response, then companies have much greater recourse to a disease model. The disease model helps companies over this issue about how reliable the treatments is. If you're treating someone's condition as a "mood disorder," people don't hold you to the standard risks for the treatment that you'd be held to if you were offering them a drug for lifestyle enhancement. They would say, "If you're offering to sell me this thing that will make me Super-Me, then I want it to be fairly risk-free."

The phrase "lifestyle drug" seems to be such an afuent, First World concept. To what degree is this focus on "lifestyle" a Western one, even if it does get adapted in particular contexts around the world?

I don't think it's a very Western thing; I think it's human nature. Drugs like Viagra sell very well even in poor countries. But the concept of "lifestyle drugs" certainly began in the West. One of the best instances, at least from my point of view, is the case of the oral contraceptive. Growing up in Ireland during the 1960s as I did, when people began to use these kinds of drugs for the first time, the Irish Catholic response to them was, "You will be alienated from your true self if you take a drug like this which is clearly artificial." By the 1980s, by contrast, the response would have been more like, "If you're *not* prepared to take drugs like this, there must be something odd about you; you must be neurotic or alienated from your true self."

When drugs become reliable, our understanding and how we see ourselves are transformed. Things can move from being a sin just a few years beforehand to being something that is readily embraced by most people only a few years later. I think a very similar fate does wait in store for us with regard to drugs that act on the mind. Many people feel that the prospect of a drug that makes them compete slightly better in the marketplace sounds good, but they're not sure if it's going to be the "real them" that's doing the competing. It may be equally true that many people believe that they *have* to have drugs in order to compete in the marketplace. Then we'll all get into a frame of mind rather quickly that says that this is a reasonable thing to do, and we will all change. We can't afford to differ too much from the rest of the people with whom we live, and we will see it as a fairly normal and natural thing to do.

We hear about "super drugs" that are going to be ten times more potent now that pharmaceutical companies are working with molecular biologists to develop drugs that target certain chemical receptors in the brain. Are we on the verge of seeing a brand new class of pharmaceuticals that we had never anticipated before, or are we going to see longer lasting versions of the same drugs?
At the moment, there are no great prospects for breakthrough drugs in the near future. We're still at a point where, if there are going to be breakthroughs, then they're going to happen purely by chance. They're not going to happen because companies have worked out what they want to do. It's going to happen rather like Viagra, where a drug that was initially developed for the heart will be found to produce other results instead. That's still the point we're at, so it's very difficult to say what's going to happen in the next five or ten years.

The philosophical basis of many of these drugs is that it promotes a particular version of self-hood, an individuated self that is distinguished from the collective or group. How will societies be transformed as a result of drugs designed to alter or reafrm the individual self?
From the point of view of most pharmaceutical companies, the people in the mid- to late 1980s who had nervous problems looked slightly more anxious than they do today. During the 1990s, with the rise of the SSRI [Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor] drugs like Prozac, many of these same people were seen as clinically depressed rather than clinically anxious. And now, post-September 11, many of these companies are probably back in the business of trying to market SSRIs as anxiolytics, drugs that relieve anxiety. Companies

seem to be able to mold both the public mind and the professional mind very efficiently.

If we can be persuaded that someone who uses Valium one year should become a Prozac user a few years later, and if we can then be re-persuaded that Prozac users really should be Valium users all the time, then certain Western propaganda of this type will be influential if companies apply the same kinds of approaches in China, India, and other parts of the world. They are going to shape culture there significantly just as they have done here.

In the 1990s, the marketing of SSRIs for anxiety disorders seemed concurrent with the marketing of homeopathic remedies for anxiety such as St. John's Wort. Why do you think those two treatments rose to popular consumption at approximately the same time, and how do they make different appeals to different sensibilities?

I think that, in general, people have trusted the medicines that they can get their hands on and take themselves more than they trust the people who dispense them. We believe that the various herbs we've had for millennia did work, and they often did work in the sense that they caused us to be purged or pass water or whatever. Of course, the fact that these things often didn't help us in any other sense is a slightly different issue.

There's been a bit of a crisis with the new drugs we've had since World War II. Before the war, when you could get barbiturates, amphetamines, or antibiotics by prescription from the pharmacy yourself. After World War II, you could only get them through a physician. If you went to your physician before World War Two you paid for your own health care, and you knew that you didn't have to take physician's advice and you could go and see someone else. Or, if you thought that the pills that were prescribed to you were useful, you could get them yourself without having to go back to the physician. It was a totally different kind of patient-physician relationship than the one we have now with managed care companies. People are a lot more dependent on physicians now, and many people aren't comfortable with that. We're often left feeling morally wrong if we don't do just as we're told.

An awful lot of the frustration with health care now has to do with just this: patients have become, in a very real sense, hostages in ways that they weren't before. People weren't treated like addicts in the past. And physicians have become prescribers in a way that they weren't before. They've often failed to recognize the dynamics of what happens when people come for treatment. And while scientists have become very good at assembling evidence on the efficacy of pills, physicians haven't made the same developments in being able to listen to patients and make sure that they're on the same wavelength. Now it's done much more according to algorithms and protocols; there's very little sensitivity in the interchanges between the physician and the person coming to see them. People have a legitimate fear now that physicians are only offering them certain drugs because a representative visited the doctor's office from one of the pharmaceutical companies shortly beforehand. They feel vulnerable that they're getting this pill only because the doctor is on his way to some "conference" in the Caribbean.

Speaking of vulnerable communities, a topic close to your heart is the use of anti-anxiety medications like Ritalin among children. How does the widespread use of such drugs bode for future generations and future congurations of community?

I think this is very worrying, and I don't think we know the answers yet. There has been an increasing use of both Ritalin-type drugs and the SSRIs—Prozac, Zoloft, Paxil, etc.—among children. People's usual response to this is, "Well, it's awful to hear that they give these drugs to children when they haven't tested them out on children." But in actual fact it's almost worse if they give these drugs to children *after* testing them out. Testing doesn't give us the basis to give drugs to children; it produces the basis for pharmaceutical companies to vigorously claim that their drugs *should* be given to children.

However bad the problem has been up to this, we probably should recognize that we've come from a position where we under-treated children before. We may be overshooting the mark now, but with pharmaceutical companies like GlaxoSmithKline doing trials with Paxil on children, or Pfizer doing trials with Zoloft on children, what we'll get is not so much good scientific evidence that these drugs should be used for children but actually intense promotional campaigns that will change the whole culture of giving drugs to children. Whatever taboos have held us back up to this point are at risk of being possibly swept away in the future. We are rapidly getting to the position where we have a generation of children who will have been exposed heavily to these drugs from a fairly young age, whose peer groups will potentially lead them to the use of drugs like Ecstasy.

It's interesting that you made the connection between the use of Ritalin among children and drugs like Ecstasy. Are you suggesting that there's a causal link where a user moves from one to the other? Isn't that the kind of anti-drug discourse that we hear when young people are told, "Don't use marijuana because it will ultimately lead to hardcore drug use"?

I would have thought that if children get put on drugs that act on their minds at a fairly young age and peers see that they're on these drugs, the general rhetoric that aims at trying to discourage children from taking drugs that we're not terribly keen for them to have is going to be weakened thereby. It's hard to see how it wouldn't be weakened. We've got a generation of people who will be exposed to pharmaceuticals of one sort or another in a far more comprehensive way than you or I ever were. What that will mean is hard to know.

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opposite: Reed Anderson, *Sour Serenade,* 2000. overleaf left: Reed Anderson, *Cocktail Park*, 1999. overleaf right: Reed Anderson, *L.S.D., P.H.D.*, 2000. Images courtesy Pierogi gallery.

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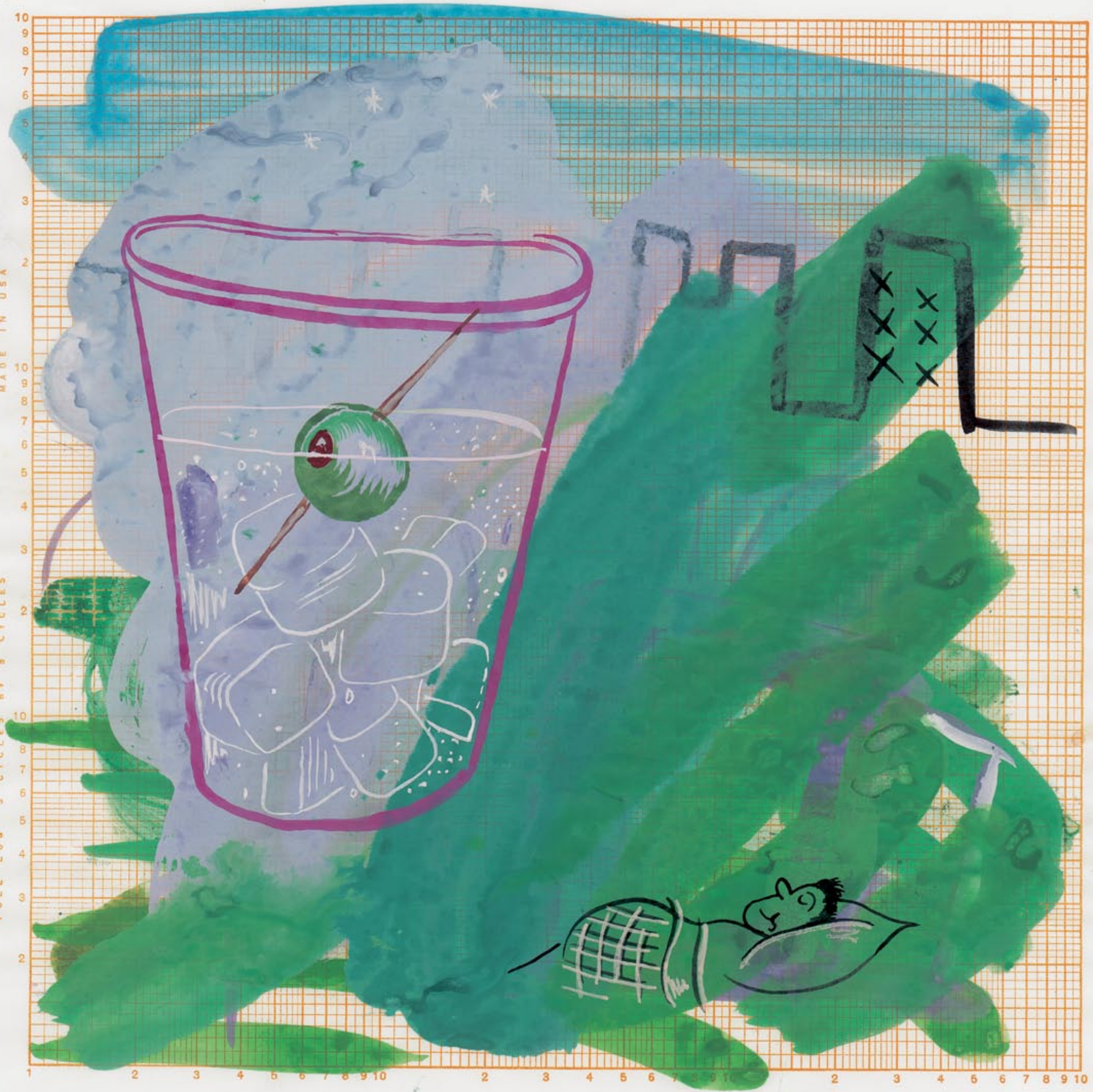
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PAUL COLLINS

The worst of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake came well after the shaking stopped, as fire swept the downtown district, fueled by leaking gas mains. Amidst the conflagration, there remains a curious account by a girl on Portola Street. Her father worked for real estate magnates Herbert and Hartland Law, and as the fires raged across the city for a second day, he was making runs to the family home, driving a horse-drawn wagon filled with barrels. Teams hastily dug ditches for the barrels and covered them over in the hope of saving their precious contents from the blaze.[1]

They probably hadn't the faintest idea what those barrels contained.

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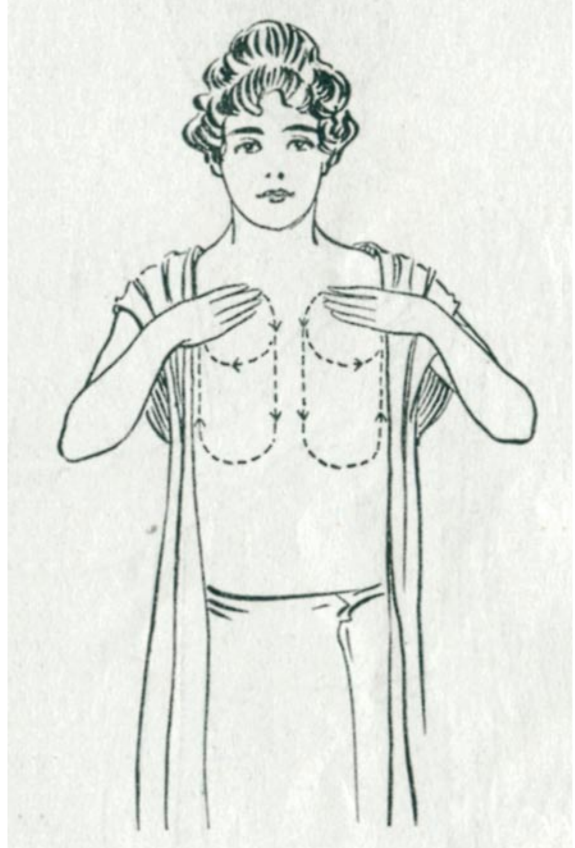
The two brothers responsible for shaping San Francisco in the earthquake's aftermath are now as buried in obscurity as the barrels their employees hid away. The Law brothers were born in the 1860s by the mills of Sheffield, England, but soon immigrated to Chicago, and in 1884 they struck out for San Francisco. By 1906, Hartland was established as an M.D., and Herbert as a chemist. More importantly, they headed local business associations and owned prominent San Francisco buildings, including the new Fairmont Hotel. Their holdings were worth millions.[2]

How did they do it? The secret was Viavi. In 1899, a volume of medical advice made its way into American and British homes: *Viavi Hygiene*, by Hartland and Herbert Law. The book ministered to myriad complaints: tumors, back pains, constipation — and, of course, the Victorian favorite, catarrh. Like many patent medicines, the Viavi system promised common sense and hard science — namely, through Viavi Capsules, Viavi Royal, Viavi Laxative, Viavi Cerate, Viavi Iron Tonic, and above all else, the Viavi douche.

Viavi Hygiene went through six editions in three decades, and the Viavi Company grew into a behemoth, at its height boasting 20,000 employees in ten countries, with offices in virtually every American city as well as in London, Paris, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Johannesburg. But Viavi was as notable for its invisibility as for its importance. While contemporary magazines teemed with advertisements for Cardui tonic, Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer, and Brewster's Medicated Electricity, none were placed by Viavi. Instead, you find tasteful announcements like this, quietly tucked into the classified section of the *New York Times* on 21 June 1931:

WOMAN, ambitious, to qualify for position of interest explaining Viavi preparations; eventually to manage and organize territory; local and up-state opportunity open; excellent commissions; permanent position offered. T.L., 333 Times.

Among such dreary jobs as selling "an absolutely new educational plan for children," and door-to-dooring "Daintymaid, a sanitary necessity," Viavi must have looked downright alluring. It certainly had a decade earlier, when the *Times*



above and opposite: diagrams from *How to Use Viavi* (San Francisco: The Viavi Company, 1918).

ran an advertisement lamenting how "the intelligent, mature woman, inexperienced in business, faces a problem in securing satisfactory vocation." In the 1940s, the *Times* was still promising to "LADIES, a dignified, splendid opportunity."

The Viavi gospel was then passed around by recruits to neighbors at lecture halls. *The Viavi Manager's Guide* dictated everything from how to arrange the furniture in a Viavi office, to the proper wording of newspaper ads and lecture titles, to the best day and time to hold lectures (2 p.m. on Tuesdays). Viavi saleswomen were instructed to book Masonic halls, temperance unions, and churches, where they disguised sales pitches as "health lectures." These invariably ended with virtually everyone in the audience being diagnosed as needing Viavi treatment.[3]

Viavi employment was carefully pitched to middle-aged women. "We do not want old, worn-out solicitors, peddlers, people devoid of ambition, and the like," the *Guide* scolds. It advises managers to recruit nurses and dressmakers, as both were privy to gossip about the female ills Viavi remedied. But the best recruits came from a class that was trusted yet discontented:

TEACHERS.—There is probably no class of people better fitted to our work than school teachers. Fully eighty percent of them are dissatisfied with their occupation. The remuneration of skilled teachers is constantly decreasing; the number of people desiring these positions is constantly increasing. The necessity of the directors to get fresh, vigorous, young blood means that the older ones will be out of employment at a time of life when they most need permanency.

Novices underwent two screening interviews, then five training lectures on the wonders of Viavi, the fabulous commissions, and careful rules on how to book lectures and arrange the Viavi office. Then recruits had to place a deposit for half the retail value of a traveling saleswoman's kit containing hundreds of dollars worth of Viavi goods. Unlike any other form of employment—except, say, Amway—you faced wasting all that time and effort, and fabulous future commissions, unless you now paid to get in. As the *Guide* explained, "It is just as important to secure new workers as it is to sell the remedy."[4] For Viavi wasn't merely selling douches: It was selling douche employment.[5]

But what was in those barrels?

The question arose soon after *Viavi Hygiene* hit the shelves. In England, the 10 March 1900 issue of *The Lancet* reported on a coroner's inquest for Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Lake, an East Sussex resident. She had died of a perforated ulcer at the age of 42. A married woman of Lake's age was precisely the customer Viavi sought, and the coroner found a representative of the British Viavi Company, Miss O'Dowda, to have been Lake's sole source of medical advice.

The Lancet describes the hapless Miss O'Dowda at the inquest:

Miss O'Dowda, examined by the coroner, is either in reality, or poses as, an ignorant woman. She said that she was the branch house manager for the British Viavi Company. Asked "What is the Viavi Company?" she said that she did not understand the question. Further pressed she said that it was a company for health treatment at home. Her business was to give instructions with regard to the remedies to people who wished to buy them, to advise them as to their application, and to put them in touch with the hygienic department in London, which was controlled by a medical adviser, where they are treated by correspondence from London.... *The medicines were composed of vegetable substance, but she [Miss O'Dowda] did not know what they were.*

Mrs. Lake's diagnosis-by-mail had not been for an ulcer, but a "tumorous condition of the bowels," for which Viavi products had been prescribed. The coroner then called upon the London diagnostician for Viavi:

Henry Thomas Woodward, describing himself as M.D. of the University of Pennsylvania, said that ... his business was to look over the correspondence from patients and return answers. Asked by the coroner if he had any objection to telling the court the ingredients of the medicine, witness replied that he had no objection but did not know.

Nobody, it seemed, knew exactly who they working for or what they were selling.

On 17 January 1903, *The Lancet* had worse news for Viavi, reporting a court decision against Viavi "for breach of contract—i.e. for failing to cure," and noting something curious: co-founder Hartland Law, M.D., was not listed in the *Medical Register*. Moreover, his brother Herbert Law, F.C.S., did not appear on rolls of the Fellows of the Chemical Society.

The Lancet does not seem to have dented Viavi's business, and *Viavi Hygiene* went into a second edition. A lavish headquarters was built at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Green Street, and the brothers acquired buildings along Mission and Montgomery Streets. But their most ambitious purchase was the luxurious Fairmont Hotel, which on 18 April 1906 was just two weeks from its grand opening.

The earthquake that struck that day represented spectacularly bad timing, for it occurred hours after the wrecked Fairmont's insurance had expired. Though many of the fires were out by the morning of the 20th, Army officers began needlessly dynamiting other buildings to create firebreaks. The demolition expert was blind drunk, and the Viavi Building was destroyed with an enormous excess of explosives, spraying flaming debris across the city and setting off a new conflagration which roared over Russian Hill and through North Beach, completely destroying over 50 city blocks.[6]

But disaster only made the Laws stronger, as the city's reconstruction consolidated their position as real estate magnates. In the three years that followed, the duo handled seven million dollars worth of property deals, pouring $1.84 million into rebuilding the Fairmont alone. Herbert co-founded the local Chamber of Commerce, became director of Wells Fargo Bank, and chaired the civic planning committee for new streets—including those in the Marina, a district built upon marshland that the Law brothers had drained and filled.

But not everyone was impressed with the Law brothers. Four months after the earthquake, *Collier's* magazine began to publish muckraker Samuel Hopkins Adam's exposé of patent medicine, a landmark series titled "The Great American Fraud." Adams saved special vitriol for "a fake concern, called the Viavi Company, which preys upon impressionable women." Even

more damning was a lengthy article in the April 1907 *California State Journal of Medicine*, which commissioned a chemical analysis of Viavi Capsules to reveal once and for all what this miracle drug contained: golden seal extract and cocoa butter.

The *Journal* also uncovered a compelling reason for the popularity of certain Viavi products. Women knew the *royal* in Viavi Royal implied pennyroyal, though openly selling abortifacients was illegal. Viavi vehemently denied that its products were meant for any such purpose — but Viavi literature extolled the douche's ability to "limit the number of offspring." Herbert and Hartland were no feminists; they followed the money, and were happy to prescribe vegetable grease to women dying of diabetes and rectal cancer. Surely, the *Journal* thundered, the politicians gathering to commemorate the earthquake's first anniversary at the resurrected Fairmont would realize that blood money had rebuilt the hotel. But, "Will they *care* how the money has been garnered?"[7]

Apparently not. The American Medical Association complained for decades about Viavi patients dying from lack of treatment, while the company continued to flourish. The Law brothers lived to ripe old ages and died as multimillionaires.[8]

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So what happened to the Viavi Company? After the deaths of the Law brothers in 1948 and 1952, one might assume Viavi died a quiet death along with its founders. There is no website, and no trace of it in newspapers and magazines. But there *is* a phone number. It is for Viavi Brand Products, based in Lafayette, California. A friendly receptionist answers the phone; when asked if it's a hundred-year old company, she ponders it for a moment.

"I don't know … probably? Yeah. I think it's been around a long time."

But surely this Viavi company could be almost anything —it could manufacture garden hoses or electrical transformers. What are the odds that this is the same company that peddled Viavi Capsules, Viavi Cerate, and Viavi Royal a century ago?

What exactly does Viavi Brand Products of Lafayette, California, make?

"Herbal bitters," she chirps. *"Liquid calcium, and cerate…"*

1 See "Early Years in San Francisco" by Helen Perrin, at http://sunsite.berkeley.edu: 2020/dynaweb/teiproj/ef/

2 Their land holdings are described in Herbert Law's obituary in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, 19 January 1952.

3 This "everyone's ill" approach runs throughout Viavi Hygiene; the lecture ploy is described in the 14 July 1906 *Collier's* magazine.

4 Emphasis added.

5 Viavi recruitment was similar to that great American humbug Amway, superbly explained by Matt Roth in *The Baffler*, issue 10.

6 See http://sfmuseum.org/1906.2/lafler.html

7 "The Viavi Treatment: Its Promoters and Its Literature." *California State Journal of Medicine*, April 1907 (vol. V, no. 4), pp. 73-79.

8 See volumes 1 (1912) and 3 (1936) of the AMA's series *Nostrums and Quackery and Pseudo-Medicine*, by Arthur Cramp.

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HEROIN
The sedative for coughs

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THE PLACEBO EFFECT

TOM VANDERBILT

There is an organic grocery near my house whose aisles bristle with wellness: The folksy, charming packaging festooned with the words "natural" and "no preservatives," the latest exotic substances touted for an array of health benefits (e.g., shark cartilage), the newsletters advertising Rolfing seminars or spas practicing "Native American healing techniques." To merely browse the aisles is to feel one's sense of inner well being triumphantly restored.

There is just one problem: The majority of these aggressively marketed nostrums and sagely dispensed healing techniques cannot actually be proven to have any health benefits. There are no exhaustive clinical trials—when there are, they typically turn up negative results—supporting most of these remedies, and as for the wisdom of adhering to "Native American" (no tribe is ever given) or "ancient" healing techniques, one must wonder why so many well-educated people would follow so fulsomely the healing practices of cultures whose members' average life-span rarely exceeded 40.

Some of this is surely a reaction to modernity, the pagan and carnivalesque strands of American culture rearing up against the white-smocked visage of scientific rationalism—certainly that Lakota shaman must know something the folks at Pfizer do not. And yet to call the empirical efficacy of alternative medicine into question is not to deny, paradoxically, that it can actually work. For at least part of what is going on as I drink my "wellness tea" and eat my "Ancient Grains" may in fact be something as old as medicine itself: the placebo. In the same way that merely visiting a doctor's office and being given a prescription, safely assuaged in the knowing caresses of Hippocratic and pharmacological authority, can make one feel better (even before taking the medicine), so too can the inherited folk wisdom, soothing graphic design, and all-enveloping, cultish spirit of alternative medicine produce the psychological conditions that may in themselves boost the body's own natural immune systems.

As Arthur and Elaine Shapiro argue in *The Powerful Placebo: From Ancient Priest to Modern Medicine*, the history of medicine has been, until the last century, a history of the placebo. They write: "The fifteen remedies described in the oldest Sumerian medical tablet, dating to 2100 B.C.—the treatments of the *ashipu* (sorcerer) and the *asu* (physician)—were, as were all the remedies of the ancient cultures, placebos." In the absence of clinical trials or reputable documentation, there was no proof that any of the prescribed medicines worked, and in many cases the most charitable thing that could be said of them was that they caused no further injury. Medicines and therapeutic techniques were proffered seemingly at random by healers endowed with a mystical, unimpeachable authority, and there is much to suggest that whatever they may have

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opposite above: The 1920s and 1930s witnessed the explosion of aspirin advertising. Aspirin advertisingg trucks became a familiar sight on European streets. opposite below: Promotional leaflet sent by Bayer to physicians. Aspirin and heroin were synthesized within two weeks of each other by Bayer's Felix Hoffman in August 1897. Heroin was initially marketed to suppress coughs and to relieve the pain of childbirth. It was banned in most countries in the 1930s.

contributed to the recovery of a person's health was merely in the faith they evinced: A person's will to believe in their power in effect created its own power. As the medical historian W.R. Houston wrote, doctors themselves "were the therapeutic agents by which cures were effected."

Witness the importance of ritual in ancient medicine. The Byzantine scribe Alexander of Trallers said gout should be treated by mixing myrrh with the nipple-like projection from a young pig's cecum, which would then be wrapped in wolf or dog skin and worn as an amulet during the waning of the moon. At the sanctuary of Asclepius (son of Apollo) in Pergamom, the ancient equivalent of our modern New Age spas, elaborate rituals of fasting, fumigation, sea baths, incubation (sleeping in the temple), sacrifices, and various ointments and herbal infusions were said to be responsible for a range of remarkable cures, including a woman giving birth after five years of pregnancy and a bald man waking up to find himself with a full head of hair. Mental illness was combated with such elaborate dramas as the "surprise bath," in which patients were unexpectedly thrown into the sea or plunged through a trapdoor into a stream below, or the human centrifuge, oriented vertically or horizontally depending on the illness in question. The 12th-century philosopher Maimonides recommended in his *Treatment of Sexual Disorders* urinating into a hollow carrot as a cure for impotence. Well into the 17th century, the *London Pharmacopoeia* (as much of an authority as existed then) listed among its medicinal agents such things as the saliva of a fasting man, lozenges of dried viper, fox lungs, shed snake's skin, swallow's nest, and "the triangular Wormian bone from the juncture of the sagittal and lambdoid sutures of the skull of an executed criminal." Apart from the lack of proof of the effectiveness of these ointments, there is the suggestion that many may have actually done harm: As the Shapiros note, acupuncture, historically the favored healing treatment in China (and adopted here despite lack of overwhelming clinical proof of its effectiveness), may have "killed many more people than it helped, since the use of unsterilized needles probably was responsible for homologous serum jaundice, which was endemic in China for centuries."

The hegemony of the placebo in the history of medicine is demonstrated in one measure by the etymology of the word itself. Before the 19th century, "placebo" had no medical referent, nor was there another word that signified the same thing—because there indeed was no line between the two. All medicine was a placebo, all placebos were medicine. As the singular future indicative tense of *placere—Latin* for "to please"—the word *placebo* was popularized around 1225, according to the *OED*, as "the name commonly given to Vespers in the first Office for the Dead." It was, in fact, the first word uttered in that ritual: *Placebo Domino in regione vivorum* ("I will please the Lord in the land of the living.") From this liturgical function the word began to acquire a slightly more secular cant, becoming shorthand for a sycophant or servility, used in phrases such as "to sing a placebo" or "be at the school of placebo." From here it seems to have detached itself fully and become an actual noun: Chaucer featured a character named Placebo in a 1386 work, while an *OED* citation from 1572 notes: "The Bischop ... having

his placeboes and jackmen in the toun, buffatted the Freir, and called him Heretick."

It was not until the 19th century that the word acquired a commonly accepted medical implication. Hooper's 1812 *Medical Dictionary* defines a placebo as "an epithet given to any medicine adapted more to please than to benefit the patient," which is a clear adaptation of its previous incarnation. More than a century later, however, the placebo had evolved into a word freed from its derisive past and existed simply as a clinical term: A 1950 *OED* reference from the *Journal of Clinical Investigation* reads, "It is ... customary to control drug experiments on various clinical syndromes with placeboes especially when the data to be evaluated are chiefly subjective." It is not precisely clear how the term transferred itself to medicine, but given that for centuries it was used as a term of derision one might speculate that as the scientific revolution dawned and medicine made its first tentative steps toward rationalism and away from mysticism, it became a way to bifurcate medicine's murky past and codify its emergent future (the sort typified in Thomas Eakins's painting *The Gross Clinic*, with its stern Victorians gathered around a patient in a medical college amphitheater). Through the 19th century, there is still a kind of jocular relationship with the placebo—doctors, in effect, nervously distancing themselves from the ineffective medicine they might have once prescribed; a reference in the *OED* from 1824 reads: "There is nothing serious intended—a mere *placebo*—just a divertisement to cheer the spirits, and assist the effect of the waters." By 1884 we get the following quote, still poised somewhere between magic and science: "It is probably a mere placebo, but there is every reason to please as well as cure our patients." Only by the 1950s did the placebo become safely ensconced in the cold language of the clinical trial, the valiant sugar-water agent of honest deception, the hero of the double-blind experiment, gamely revealing when one of the new wonder drugs was not ready for market.

And yet the placebo still carries something of its loaded past. The writer Margaret Talbot describes a case in which a number of people were to receive arthroscopic knee surgery; only half actually did. Six months later, no one could discern the difference, and no one reported being unhappy with the procedure. As Talbot notes, "it may be that the symbolic armature of surgery—the shedding of blood, the cultural prestige of surgeons, even the scars that call to mind a dramatic act of healing—is itself a powerful force in recovery." Understandably, many in the medical profession reacted negatively to the study. Having come this far in erasing its placebolic past, is the placebo actually reasserting its place in the medical pantheon, not just as comparative agent but as medicine itself? In some tests for antidepressants and other drugs, placebos were reported to work as well as the actual drug in more than half the cases; in some rare cases, placebos actually worked better. Even as medicine enters the age of genomic exploration, the abiding power of the placebo suggests that some things that cannot be measured—faith, suggestion, and magic—also endure.

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opposite: In 1998 Claritin spent $185 million on advertising. Coca Cola, by comparison, spent $154 million.

Cabinet **wishes to thank Jim Hogshire, author of** ***Pills-A-Go-Go*****, for providing us with images and information used on pages 86 and 89.**

CLARITIN
10

ON THE POISON PATH: A CONVERSATION WITH DALE PENDELL

DAVID LEVI STRAUSS & PETER LAMBORN WILSON

Dale Pendell's book, *Pharmako/Poeia: Plant Powers, Poisons, and Herbcraft* (San Francisco: Mercury House, 1995), is a remarkable compendium of knowledge about psychoactive plants—from tobacco, beer, and wine to aether, absinthe, and opium (not to mention "The Mad River Plant," *Duboisia hopwoodii*, *Kava kava*, *Salvia divinorum*, and *Calea zacatechichi*, among many others). Pendell is a poet, botanist, and adept of what is called "the Poison Path," dedicated to extracting the medicine from poisons, both literally and symbolically. In *Henry IV, Part II*, Shakespeare wrote, "In poison there is physic"; for centuries, the techniques for locating it were taught as "spagyrics," or plant alchemy, a range of nearly forgotten traditional methods for preparing medicaments by extracting the three Philosophical Principles (Mercury, Sulfur, and Salt) from plants. Paracelsus, the hugely influential 16th-century Swiss physician and chemist, advised his colleagues to "Learn Alchimiam, otherwise called Spagyria, which teaches you to separate false from true."

In his foreword to *Pharmako/Poeia*, the poet Gary Snyder writes: "This is a book about danger: dangerous knowledge, even more dangerous ignorance," and the book begins with a legal disclaimer and cautionary note from the publisher: "This book is an exploration of the 'Poison Path.' All of the plant substances described in it act on the human body as drugs and thereby as poisons. ... *The publisher and the author recommend that dangerous or illegal practices be avoided*." But *Pharmako/Poeia* is much more than a collection of recipes, preparations, and dosages. It is above all a work on the poetics of altered states.

I had been hearing about *Pharmako/Poeia* for some time, and I remembered Pendell as a poet and editor of a literary journal called *KUKSU*, in California, but was finally prompted to read it by my friend Peter Lamborn Wilson, who'd gotten to know Pendell at the Jack Kerouac School for Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado, where we had all taught. After reading the book, I was anxious to talk with its author, so one clear day in May, we three sat down at phones 3,000 miles apart and turned on the recorder.

—David Levi Strauss

PLW: So, Dale, are you "prepared" for this?

DP: I'm getting there.

DLS: Dale, *Pharmako/Poeia* came out in 1995, and *Pharmako/Dynamis* is just about to appear. Will there be additional volumes in the series?

DP: Yes, there'll be a third volume, *Pharmako/Gnosis*, which will cover the hallucinogens and the tropanes (Daimonica: datura, brugmansia, solandra, henbane, belladonna, etc.), and maybe a few other plants that got left out of the first two volumes. I'd like to get that out in a year, but it never seems to happen that quickly.

DLS: How long did you work on *Pharmako/Poeia*, or perhaps I should ask when were you conscious of having begun, since there's so much lore and research that obviously took a very long time to accumulate?

DP: The original vision started in the 1960s, when I had the idea to write *A Poet's Guide to Drugs*, pursued with the methodology of immersion so that some signature of each substance would come through in what it did to my style of writing in each section. And that this would say more about the substance than what I would *think* to say. Then I got interested in plants. I devoted myself to lay life, but I kept up the plant work. So I had a strong botanical background when I came back to it in 1989 or so, sparked by a trip to Ecuador.

PLW: Was this a shamanic experience in Ecuador, or were you just collecting botanical specimens?

DP: Both. I did drink ayahuasca a couple of times. But I came back to the book really to try to correct some misinformation that had become common.

PLW: In anthropology or in pharmacology, or in both?

DP: Both. All too often, certain concepts in each get frozen into dogmatic or glib assertions. On one side, we might find "scientism," reduced to what Gurdjieff called "nothing but-ism"—a wholly material explanation of everything. On the other side, a magical New Age worldview that can become so superstitious that it loses critical ability and the value of testing. So I wanted to work in between them.

PLW: You don't have to answer this if you don't want to, but have you in these books gone back to your original experimental idea of testing how the substances themselves would affect your style?

DP: The methodology was immersion.

PLW: So there's nothing here that hasn't been "bio-assayed," as they say.

DP: That's right.

PLW: And do you notice the stylistic effects of these different substances? Is this an ongoing theory of yours, this kind of Henri Michaux effect?

DP: Yes. For instance, the stimulant chapters are the longest, and the most prosaic.

DLS: You often address the reader directly, wryly. Like on page 36 of *Poeia*: "Besides, why worry, if you are reading this you probably already have a reputation as an eccentric." And in *Dynamis*, on page 104, after you say that Faust and Helen had a child named Euphorion, another voice says, "Go on kid, look it up yourself. This is about you." This really jolted me when I first read it, because I immediately imagined myself reading this book as a youth, searching for knowledge, and I was thrown

back into memory. Who do you imagine are the readers for these books now?

DP: I wanted to create a book that, had I found it when I was younger, browsing around a used bookstore or at a friend's house, would have blown my mind.

PLW: Changed your life.

DP: Yeah. I wanted to leave messages for myself to find.

DLS: In *Poeia* you write, "In the forthcoming companion volume to *Pharamako/Poeia*, if we cannot make use of spagyric technique, we may nonetheless avail ourselves of its obfuscation." There is some discussion in these books about spagyric techniques, but not in great detail. Why not?

DP: In that case, I was using "spagyric" in the general sense of alchemical. It's also used now in a very specific way for a particular alchemical operation of separating the sulfur, mercury and salt out of a plant, and then binding it.

PLW: I believe Paracelsus initiated the term, didn't he? And so it refers specifically to Paracelsan alchemy that uses the three substances, as opposed to previous methods that only dealt with the sulfur and mercury. Paracelsus added salt as the third principle. The alchemists who are practicing today in Morocco or Iran all use that system now, whether they even know anymore that they owe it to Paracelsus. His books were translated into Persian and Turkish, I know.

DP: The highly complex and varied alchemical language provided a model for a way of dealing with matter and spirit at the same time.

DLS: I'm sure you had to make many decisions about what to address in these books. Some of it is secret knowledge, and I wonder if you had any qualms about this.

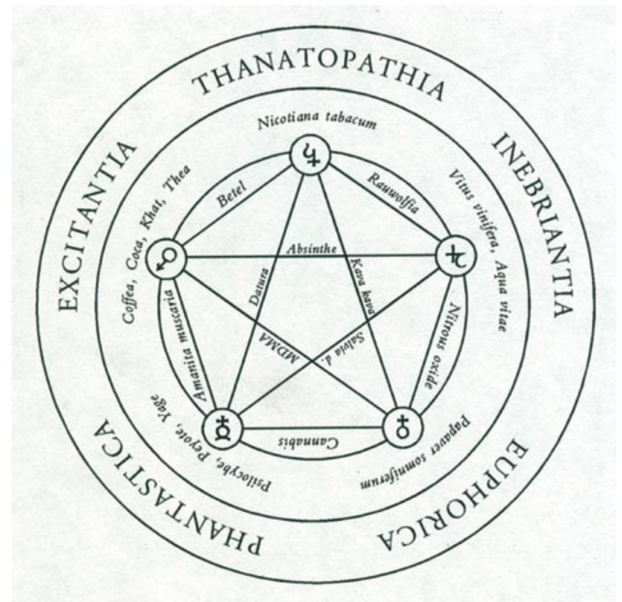
DP: Lew Welch said, "Guard the mysteries; constantly reveal them."

DLS: When Picasso was asked to design camouflage uniforms for paratroopers, he said, "Dress them as Harlequins."

DP: That's right. Nobody will believe it.

DLS: Writing about absinthe, you say, "Jonathan Ott reports psychoactive effects from smoking *Artemisia absinthum*, an assertion that I have been able to verify." Describe the effects of smoking wormwood as distinguished from the drink. Is it similar to the effects of wormwood tea?

DP: I haven't pursued that much. Because absinthe is such a wonderfully balanced and well-crafted beverage, I've just never had much interest in smoking the plant.



above: Diagram by Dale Pendell from *Pharmako/Poeia* (San Francisco: Mercury House, 1995).

PLW: I did it only once or twice, because I didn't think the effects were worth choking down all that smoke. It was mild, but detectable, like lobelia or Siberian motherwort. But nothing like the alchemical preparation of true absinthe.

DP: Which suffuses the whole body, whereas the smoke seems to just concentrate in the brain.

DLS: You mention that Maurice Zolotow wrote that absinthe was "without equal in counteracting airsickness and seasickness." Do you know anything more about this?

DP: Yes, I think that's objective, and other people who have tried it say the same. If you can get your hands on this wonderful green liquid—which is very difficult, you really need to know somebody ... I've heard stories of someone taking a flask with them onto an airplane and when the stewardess goes by, just asking for a glass of ice water, and...

PLW: And a packet of sugar...

DP: Maybe a packet of sugar...

PLW: And a spoon, please dear, while you're up! [laughter]

DLS: There should be split spoons dispensed on every flight, to go with the complimentary absinthe! It should be the one thing that they do serve on airplanes. No more air rage, no more suicide bombers.

DP: This past year, someone did find the receptor site for thujone [an isomer of camphor found in the essential oils of wormwood, sage, cedar, and tansy, and one of the major active ingredients of absinthe]. A research group at Cal, in a well-designed experiment, found that it works on the GABA receptor in the brain. It doesn't bind directly to it, but I think it binds close enough to the receptor site so that it bends the receptor site to act as if it were occupied. And since the GABA site is an inhibitory neurotransmitter, the net effect is stimulation, which would explain why large doses are convulsive. And this would also probably explain its efficacy as an insect repellant.

DLS: Why?

DP: Overstimulation of the insect's nervous system. After this research was reported, the newspapers were saying "Secret of Absinthe's Neurotoxicity Discovered," and "Why Van Gogh Went Mad." And I wrote to the researchers and said, "Did I miss something?" And they said, "No, you didn't." The press took the neurotoxicity of absinthe for granted, and then figured, "Now that we know how this works, that shows why it's neurotoxic." In truth, the experiment proved the opposite. There hasn't been any good research of long-term effects of chronic use of absinthe, but everything I've seen shows that the alcohol is much more toxic. I can see how absinthe would be more quickly addictive than other alcoholic drinks, because of this wonderful simultaneously calming and stimulating effect of the thujone and the other plants in it.

DLS: I was surprised to find that you don't speak at length in the books specifically about *dosage*. I think it's in speaking about absinthe that you first say "Dosage is everything," but you don't focus on the Paracelsan principle of "one dose to cure, one dose to kill." Why not?

DP: I don't talk about dosage? What an oversight. I'll remedy that in the next volume. There is a principle for trying things you don't know a lot about. People who search for wild mushrooms start small. Sasha Shulgin called it "working up." And that's what Albert Hofmann did with LSD too, only he started with what he figured was one-tenth of an active dose, and that was 250 mg.

DLS: Whoops!

PLW: The famous bicycle tour.

DP: But you're supposed to start small and then wait several days to work up to double what you took before.

DLS: This is also akin to "simpling," where you begin with small doses of therapeutic agents and then work up to get the desired effects. Can you say more about endorphins and the nature of addiction? You write, "Endorphins present a physical analog to the spiritual laws of homeostasis and addiction." Is there really any hope for a non-addictive analgesic, or, as you say, an "overdose-proof painkiller"?

DP: It might be possible to find a different pathway. But the history of painkillers and synthetic opiates has certainly shown the contrary. Each new development of stronger painkillers—heroin to cure morphine addiction, methadone to cure heroin addiction, etc.—ignores the principle of homeostasis: that receptors up- or down-regulate themselves to try to get back to where they were. Think of the receptors as a row of mailboxes on a country road, there to receive pain messages. Opiates lock the boxes. The body responds by erecting a new set of mailboxes. Then you need to take more opiates to lock those new mailboxes, until finally you have tiers upon tiers of locked mailboxes...

DLS: All looking for mail!

DP: And then when you quit taking the opiates, all the locks fall off at once.

PLW: And all the pain that's been blocked up comes on all at once.

DLS: You say, "Pain is the first teacher we deny."

DP: There are different classes of pain. First, there is simple pain. Then there is the *fear* of pain. And finally there is what the Buddhists address, the pain of transitoriness. Even when things are good, there is always the pain of knowing that they won't last. For simple pain, the recourse is the anodyne. For the fear of pain, the medicine, or poison, is avoidance. For the pain of transitoriness, the reaction is grasping. The grasping part is that you create a world to hide in. That's why it's so primary. The angels create the universe. It's the bad angel Lucifer who, when cornered, turns. And it is that turning that creates the universe.

PLW: I always felt that opiates worked on all three of those levels, but the third will always be with us.

DP: Levi, in your essay on the therapeutic image [in *Between Dog & Wolf*], you make a connection between the anodyne and the allopathic.

DLS: Allopathy is about treating symptoms. If you suppress the symptoms, it's thought that you've treated the illness.

PLW: That's what opiates do.

DP: Yeah, I have to stand by my statement that the opiates are just great medicine. What a gift to a healer to be able to relieve pain! I've thought a lot about all this in my pursuit of what I call the Poison Path, and the methodology of the Poison Path is *iatropathic*, which means the doctor takes the medicine. [laughter]

PLW: Well, that's always been a part of shamanistic practices.

DP: Very traditional. And the world gets better.

PLW: Very good. Very tidy. [laughter]

DLS: In *Poeia*, there's a beautiful passage about "a power greater than the poppy." And later on, you write, "The first poisons were love philtres, potions to ensnare the heart. Other seductions came later: knowledge, the Elixir of Life." Do you think this is literally true?

DP: Yes, I think so. We're speculating, but the etymological basis is certainly there. And looking at ancient classical books on magic, so much of it is love magic. And in popular magic, love charms are so often the major thrust. Bury a lock of hair before your door, and she will come to you. I think looking for eternal life was a later development. [laughter]

DLS: Immortality can wait, baby.

DP: Love is really the last socially acceptable form of divine madness. I'm working on a piece using the Poison Path methodology on love and desire. Looked at as a drug, love is certainly more dangerous than anything else out on the street. It kills more people, and inspires more murder and mayhem, than any other substance by far.

DLS: At the beginning of *Pharmako/Dynamis*, you make a statement that I'd like you to elaborate on: "That poisons are excessive is almost tautological. In this sense the Poison Path goes beyond aesthetics," and then, "Conceivably the rupture with aesthetics is a fatal flaw." What do you mean by this? Aesthetics is perception. The path of excess is an aesthetic. How does the Poison Path go "beyond aesthetics?"

DP: "Beyond" is imprecise. Maybe I should say unaesthetic, not

beautiful. Is hunkering over a vomit bowl beautiful?

DLS: All perception is aesthetic.

DP: What I was trying to say was that using aesthetics as a value judgement might be problematical in the Poison Path. Aesthetically speaking, "excessive" is generally a derogatory or critical term, as opposed to "harmonic" or "balanced." And visions are excessive.

PLW: Don't you think that saying visions are excessive is somewhat culture-centric and temporo-centric? Aren't there places and times when vision is and was more integrated?

DLS: It may be more integrated, but it's still excessive. It has a place, it has rites and ceremonies, but people practicing it are still students of excess.

DP: Excessive practices are often integrated into healthy societies. Societies that try to suppress Dionysus are ill-fated. They have bad luck. But I agree with Levi that visionary states share something of the nature of excess. Take the image I used of the vomit bowl. Ethnobotanist Kathleen Harrison mentioned to me how, in traditional societies, vomit bowls are often beautifully carved.

PLW: And to the person on the plant, vomiting is not necessarily an ugly or unaesthetic experience.

DP: No, it's the great purge, the great cleansing.

PLW: That's what I'm saying. If it's part of the social, then you have to be careful about how you're using the word "excess."

DLS: Well, the way I'm using it is in relation to the nature/culture split. Nature is excessive: there are always too many seeds, too many young, too much production. Nature is excess, and culture is reacting to that. That's why excess often has a derogatory sense in aesthetics, because it's thought to be too close to nature, too "wild," and not *cultivated* enough, not cultural.

DP: Yes, in this vein, I've been associating Dionysus with excess, but the ivy leaves worn by Dionysus were believed to be a cure against drunkenness.

PLW: Are we sure now that ivy leaves have no psychotropic effects?

DP: Recent work says no. Nothing yet from laurel leaves, either.

PLW: But is that true about ivy leaves having an anti-drunkenness effect?

DP: I don't know if it's true, I only know that it was so believed. So you can look at Dionysus in terms of the *sobria ebriatas* of Philo the Jew: sober drunkenness. Antonio Escohotado, the Spanish philosopher, has resurrected this idea and made the distinction between "sacred intoxication" and "profane intoxication." Antonio's test was how you feel the next day. With sacred intoxication, you feel *better* the next day, and with profane intoxication you feel worse.

PLW: That's good, I like that. Although it might not always be true. I mean a sacred intoxication could be a very wrenching experience. I think your work on the tropanes in this respect is historically very important, and so far, little studied.

DP: Yeah, and I'm not sure that research would be much fun. [laughter] Among a certain people in Ecuador, the brugmansia consultation was open to everybody without the mediation of a shaman. You did it on your own. But you only did it a couple of times in your life, at very important crossroads. And you would prepare extensively. You would build a hut out in the jungle and then you would line up your family and friends to watch over you in shifts, to make sure you didn't hurt yourself. Still, it's one of the most dangerous of the shamanic plants. Every year, young people have misadventures with datura. It's so tricky. Even people who should know better because of their experience have had to be rescued by helicopter and...

PLW: I have some stories like that from the 1960s.

DP: People took Asthmador in the 1960s, these belladonna cigarettes that you were supposed to smoke for asthma, but they were useless for that.

PLW: Right, but if you ate half of one of those cigarettes, holy shit! We called them "Cosmodors."

DP: You ended up taking your clothes off and walking around town picking bugs off yourself, and the police would pick you up and it all got blamed on LSD. [laughter] It's very difficult to get anything back from that space. Not much memory remains, usually. I am in touch with some people who favor the tropanes. Mostly the pagans seem to like them. Hopefully they can spare me some of the fieldwork. [laughter]

DLS: Well, Dale, is there anything else you want to say on the record?

DP: I'm trying to spread the idea of the Green Ribbon, the wearing of the Green Ribbon. What I have printed around mine is "Free the Green Prisoners," and what I mean by that is: 1) Free all the outlawed plants, and 2) We want a P.O.W. exchange: we want our children, our friends, and our dealers who've been sent to prison for using plants and plant-related substances to be released. And we believe that the fact that we haven't taken any prisoners ourselves, and so have nobody to give back, is immaterial. Green Ribbon! Free the Green Prisoners!

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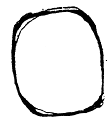
opposite above: webs of *Zygiella* spiders after high doses of caffeine. Images from P. N. Witt, Ch. F. Reed & D. B. Peakall, *A Spider's Web*. Courtesy Springer Verlag.

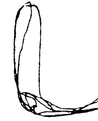

Square

Half-Square

Oval

Figure-8

Circle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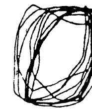
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1st Day

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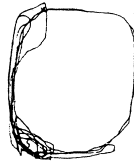
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2nd Day

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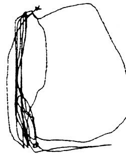
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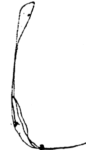
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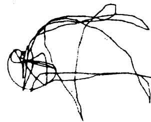
1st Day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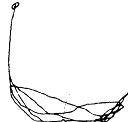
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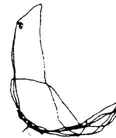
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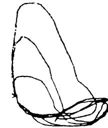
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GOATS ON ACID

SASHA ARCHIBALD

The United States Food and Drug Administration institutionalized laboratory experimentation on animals in 1908. At that time, the FDA's Drug Division was reorganized into four Laboratories, one of which, the Pharmacological Laboratory, stated its purpose as "investigating the physiological effects of dugs on animals."[1] William Salant, the director of the Laboratory, and Harvey Wiley, the Chief Chemist of the Bureau of Chemistry, shared an interest in the toxicity of caffeine and the rate of its metabolism. Under Salant's direction, the Pharmacological Laboratory completed several studies investigating the effects of caffeine on rabbits, dogs, cats, frogs, newts, and mice. Salant's methodology entailed injecting large amounts of caffeine into the thighs of these animals. Following the injection, he recorded the time of death and performed an autopsy.[2] A study of the effect of LSD on an elephant called Tusko done 50 years later in 1962 was hardly more sophisticated. A single intramuscular injection of the highest dose of LSD ever administered to a living being killed the male Asiatic elephant in one hour and 40 minutes; after 5 minutes the animal trumpeted, collapsed, defecated, and began a seizure that continued until its death.[3]

Salant's work on caffeine was preceded by that of a few other scientists working with animals in the mid-1800s in order to study the effects of morphine, chloral, curara and atoxyl. Nonetheless, the 20th-century prerogative for animal testing had its impetus in the enormously influential work of the French physiologist Claude Bernard. His seminal work, *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine*, published in Paris in 1865, affirms the importance of vivisection and laboratory experimentation with animals. Bernard stresses the necessity of using live animals for the advance of science; physiology can only be understood by observation of the living, working inner organism. Animal death is a necessary evil: "To learn how man and animals live, we cannot avoid seeing great numbers of them die, because the mechanisms of life can be unveiled and proved only by the knowledge of the mechanisms of death."[4]

Hallucinogenic drugs were tested on a wide range of animal species in the 20th century; scientists extensively explored animals' physiological and behavioral reactions to LSD in particular. Under the inffiuence of LSD, cats, for example, reportedly lose their fear of dogs, bat at the air, and salivate excessively. One LSD-affected baboon or chimpanzee in a group of unaffected animals creates havoc by disregarding the hierarchies of the group. LSD bleaches the skin of newts and toads, causes trout, minnows, goldflsh, guppies and Siamese flghting flsh to swim in unusual postures, and induces lethargy in hornets.[5] Dolphins become docile and regularize their vocal output at a steady cycle.[6] This last effect may be connected to the flnding that affected rats climb a hanging rope at predictable intervals where unaffected rats spontaneously climb.[7] In their study of goats on LSD, Werner P. Koella, Roger F. Beaulieu, and John R. Bergen found that drugged goats walk in predictable geometric patterns, including squares, flgure-L's, and flgure-8's. A goat repeatedly induced will always be inclined toward the same pattern.[8] The flgures reproduced here show the various geometric shapes of goat walking patterns in response to LSD.

The findings of Koella and his colleagues, like many other investigative studies of animals on drugs, were doomed to obscurity. The results were never taken up in subsequent experiments and each of the scientists quickly moved to different fields of research. Interest in the psycho-therapeutic and potentially utopian possibilities of LSD waned in the 1970s and funding was re-directed toward more fashionable drugs.

1 Donna Hamilton, "A Brief History of the Center for Drug Evaluation and Research," available at www.fda.gov/cder/about/history/histext.htm.

2 William Salant and J. P. Reiger, "The Toxicity of Caffeine: An Experimental Study on Different Species of Animals," in *United States Bureau of Chemistry Bulletin*, no. 148 (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1912).

3 L. J. West, C. M. Pierce, & W. D. Thomas, *Science*, no. 138 (1962), pp. 1100-1102.

4 Claude Bernard, *An Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine*, trans. Henry Copley Greene (New York: Dover Publications Inc, 1957), p. 99.

5 Peter N. Witt, "Effects on Insects and Lower Organisms," in D. V. Siva Sanka, ed., *LSD: A Total Study* (Westbury, New York: PJD Publications, 1975).

6 John C. Lilly, "Dolphin-Human Relation and LSD 25," in Harold A. Abramson, ed., *The Use of LSD in Psychotherapy and Alcoholism* (New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1967).

7 *LSD: A Total Study*, op. cit., p. 467.

8 Werner. P. Koella, Roge F. Beaulieu, &John R. Bergen, "Stereotyped Behavior and Cyclic Changes in Response Produced by LSD in Goats," in *International Journal of Neuropharmacology*, no. 3 (1964), pp. 397-403.

opposite top: walking patterns of goats under the influence of LSD.

opposite middle: a typical figure "L" goat on two days of experiments. "-5" refers to control run 5 minutes before injection. "10" and "20" refer to two runs 10 and 20 minutes respectively after administration of 15 micrograms of LSD per kilogram of body weight.

opposite bottom: same experiment on typical figure "8" goat.

Images courtesy Koella et al.

oiseau
défendu

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SECOND HASHISH IMPRESSION

WALTER BENJAMIN

In 1927, German literary critic and philosopher Walter Benjamin agreed to participate in the hashish experiments of psychopathologists Ernst Joël and Fritz Fränkel. Benjamin's collected writings and protocols (1927–1935) on these and other experiments with hashish, opium, Eukodol, and mescaline were released in 1972 by the publisher Suhrkamp under the title *Über Haschisch*. Among those participating with Benjamin in some of these sessions were philosopher Ernst Bloch and art critic Jean Selz.

While the Versailles Treaty had restricted the production and consumption of psychopharmacopia, culminating in the Opium Law (1929) and the Nazis' own "War on Drugs," these substances were available to Weimar-era doctors and scientists, and were considered tools for psychological and philosophical exploration.

The fragments reproduced here are from the "Second Hashish Impression" (January 15, 1928). Benjamin is accompanied by Ernst Bloch.

The recollection is less vivid although the reverie was of a diminished intensity compared to the first time. To be precise, I was not as lost in thought, but more profoundly inward. Also, the gloomy, strange, exotic passages of the *rausch* haunt the recollection more than the luminous ones.[1]

I recall a satanic phase. The red of the walls became the determining factor for me. My smile took on satanic features: although it assumed more the expression of satanic knowledge, satanic satisfaction, satanic repose than the satanic, destructive effect. The sense of those present in the room as being submerged intensified: the room became more velvety, more glowing, darker. I named it Delacroix.

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The room disguises itself before our eyes, wraps itself up like an alluring creature in the costumes of the dispositions. I experience the feeling that not only the imperial coronation of Charlemagne, but the murder of Henry IV, the ratification of the Treaty of Verdun and the murder of Egmont were enacted in the next room. Things are only mannequins and even the great world-historical events are only costumes beneath which they exchange glances of assent with nothingness, with the base and the banal. They respond to the ambiguous winking of nirvana across the way. To resist becoming implicated in any way in such assent, then, is what accounts for the "satanic satisfaction" previously referred to. This is also the root of addiction, to immensely heighten the collusion with non-existence by intensifying the dosage. Perhaps it is no self-deception to say that in this state one develops an aversion towards the free, so-to-speak Uranian atmosphere in which thoughts of the "outside" become almost agonizing. Unlike the first time, there is no longer the friendly, amiable lingering in the room out of pleasure in the situation for its own sake. Rather, a thick, self-woven, self-spun spider web in which world affairs hang strewn about like the corpses of insects sucked dry.

The bad simultaneity of the need to be alone and the desire to stay together with others intensifies—a feeling which emerges in deeper fatigue, and which one would have indulged. One has the feeling of only being able to abandon oneself to this ambiguous winking of nirvana across the way entirely by oneself in the profoundest silence, and yet needs the presence of others as gently shifting relief figures on the pedestal of one's own throne.

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Bloch wanted to gently touch my knee. I had already perceived this touch long before the sensation of it reached me: I perceive it as a highly unpleasant violation of my aura. To understand that one has to bear in mind that all movements appear to gain in intensity and methodicalness and that as such they become perceived as unpleasant.

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Although the first *rausch* stood morally high above the second, the climax of the intensity is indeed increasing. This is to be understood more or less in the following way: the first intoxication loosened and lured the things out of their customary world while the second *rausch* soon placed them in a new one extensively underlying this interstice.

Concerning the continuous digressions in hashish. First of all, the inability to listen. However disproportionate this seems in relation to that boundless benevolence towards others, it is nonetheless actually rooted in it. Before one's [conversation] partner has barely opened his mouth, he disappoints us immensely. What he says lags endlessly far behind what we would so gladly have credited him with and believed him capable of had he remained silent. He disappoints us painfully in his unresponsive attitude towards that greatest object of all attention: ourselves.

As for our own distracted, abrupt switch from the subject under discussion, the feeling that corresponds to the physical interruption of contact can be explained thus: we are endlessly allured with whatever we are directly engaged in discussing; we fondly stretch out our arms towards whatever we have a vague notion of. Barely have we touched it, however, than it disappoints us corporeally: the object of our attention withers away under the touch of language. It ages in years, our love has completely exhausted it in a single instant. Thus does it rest until it seems to become alluring enough to lead us back to it.

1 The German word *Rausch* is not accurately translated as drunkenness, intoxication, inebriation or high. The word contains no connotations of toxicity, and its onomatopoetic senses of whirring, booming and swirling defy Latinisms. For this reason it has been kept in the original.

Translation: Scott J. Thompson

For Thompson's translation of all of Benjamin protocols, see http://www.wbenjamin.org/protocol1.html

opposite: "forbidden bird." Doodle drawn by Walter Benjamin during one of his drug experiments, some time between 1927 and 1934. From Walter Benjamin, *Gesammelte Schriften*, vol. 6, (Frankfurt a. M: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1985), p. 617.

I HEAR A NEW WORLD: VIBRATING CUTLERY AND THE ROOTS OF PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC

ANDREW HULTKRANS

Phil Lesh, bassist of psychedelic pioneers the Grateful Dead, once remarked that "psychedelic music is any music listened to while tripping." While to my mind this is the best definition of psychedelic music extant (anyone who's ever taken acid knows that Muzak, to name one example, can under the proper circumstances sound like the work of deranged Skinnerian psychotics in white lab coats, created for the sole purpose of freaking *you* out), the fact remains that psychedelia evolved quickly into a recognizable style with its own instant clichés within two years of its emergence in 1966. Some of the more obvious stylistic signifiers of first-generation psychedelic music include the use of sitars and other exotic instruments in rock or folk contexts; a generalized deployment of Indian and Eastern musical influences, both harmonically (non-Western scales) and structurally (trance-inducing drones and grooves); recently developed studio effects (fuzz, wah-wah, flanging, phasing, stereo panning, etc.) and avant-garde recording methods (tape cut-ups, found sounds, backwards everything); baroque orchestral arrangements (harpsichords, french horns, flutes, glockenspiels, string quartets); extended improvisation, primarily on electric guitar; and, inexplicably, whispered backing vocals. Often thought of as the result of combining blues, folk, and raga with electricity and LSD, i.e., traditional musical forms *on acid*, psychedelic music actually has roots in the ultra-square exotica that self-styled "hep" adults played at tiki-torch cocktail parties in the late 1950s and beyond.

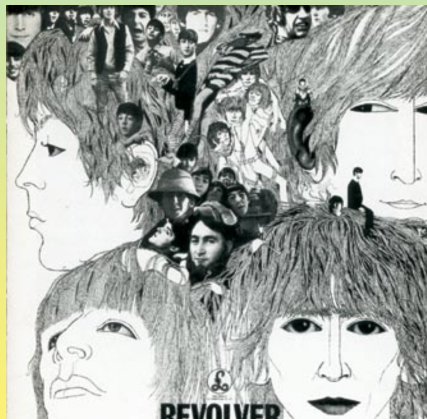
Exotica, or "Space-Age Bachelor Pad Music," as it has come to be known by kitsch-loving hipsters, emerged in the early '50s, as a generation of young adults (including many veterans of World War II's South Pacific theater) eased into suburbia and unprecedented prosperity and needed music to mix with their Mai-tais. A newfound fascination with all things Polynesian (Hawaii would be annexed as a state by the end of the decade) and simultaneous advances in recording technology led to an unlikely mélange of primitive fantasy-island aesthetics and cutting-edge stereo sound and effects. Les Baxter, Martin Denny, Arthur Lyman, and Juan Garcia Esquivel were some of the composer/producers who mined this fiorid terrain into the '60s, employing exotic instrumentation, hi-fi test record stereo gimmickry, nature noises from Hawaii or the Belgian Congo, and Polynesian or Latin musical forms to create cinematic "mood music" that would transport the listener to unknown, fantastic worlds—utopian both in their evocation of a pre-industrial paradise and their announcement of a brave new world of seamless technological simulation and instant pleasure.

One hallmark of SABPM that would exert a major influence on psychedelia was the intention of inducing synethesia—sounds as shapes or colors—in the listener by means of studio wizardry. Esquivel's 1962 album *Latin-esque*, for example, was recorded as part of RCA's "Stereo Action" series, which lured listeners with the promise of "movement so real, your eyes will follow the sound." Another was the invocation of outer space and infinity: Les Baxter's first record was called *Music Out of the Moon* (1948) and featured a Theremin, later heard on many psychedelic tracks, and Esquivel recorded not one

but two volumes of *Infinity in Sound*. SABPM is often maligned as "elevator music," but its influence ranges widely and persists to this day, having spawned ambient music, Muzak, certain strains of electronica, bands such as Stereolab, Friends of Dean Martinez, and Tipsy, and yes, first-generation psychedelia. Its most important contribution to the latter is best summed up by an early 1960s critic's description of Esquivel as "a walking contradiction—a pop avant-gardist." By late 1966, this quality would no longer be a contradiction in popular music, but a badge of honor, and it would find its highest mass cultural expression in the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

British psychedelia didn't start with the Beatles, however. The true father of the form—and, along with surf music, the missing link between exotica and psychedelia—was independent English record producer Joe Meek, a wireless radio tinkerer turned poor man's Phil Spector who had a surprisingly successful run on the British charts in the early '60s. Meek's singles—for beat bands, instrumental combos, teen idols, novelty acts—didn't sound like anyone else's, mostly due to their having been recorded in his London flat instead of a proper studio and then treated to a staggering array of his homemade effects. Meek was also known for his madcap willingness to try *anything* to get the desired sound, including recording toilets flushing and having a group stomp on his wooden staircase in unison to bolster a rhythm track. Fond of pills and tormented by his then-illegal homosexuality, Meek grew increasingly paranoid and despondent over the course of his career, eventually fatally shooting his landlady and then himself on February 3, 1967, just as psychedelia was becoming the rage in swinging London. Though Meek never got the chance to produce any psychedelic bands, his famous 1962 instrumental "Telstar," played by his house band the Tornados, is arguably the first psychedelic record. In its evocation of space travel, its liberal use of sound effects (including a remarkably convincing rocket blast-off consisting of a backward toilet flush mixed with electronically treated vocal sounds), its foregrounding of a gimmicky new electric instrument (the clavioline, a proto-synthesizer), its quasi-classical flourishes (a piano played to sound like a harp), and otherworldly production (extreme compression, limiting, tape echo), "Telstar" embodied many aspects of the psychedelic records to come ("Interstellar Overdrive," a 1967 instrumental space exploration by Syd Barrett's original Pink Floyd, being one notable example) and served as the template for the original *Star Trek* theme.

Meek's opus, however, and perhaps the first rock'n'roll concept album, was *I Hear A New World* (1960), an "Outer Space Stereo Fantasy" never released in its intended form as an LP during his lifetime. A cod space opera intended, according to Meek, to "create a picture in music of what could be up there in outer space...from the studies I have made," *I Hear A New World* concerns the activities and environs of various Moon dwellers—Dribcots, Sarooes, Globbots, and the like—and is reminiscent of the uncomfortable mingling of fairy-tale whimsy and thinly veiled sexual desire found in the paintings and writings of "outsider" artist Henry Darger. Meek's descriptions of these alien communities also eerily prefigured elements of psychedelia and, with the Dribcots' "space boat," the cartoonization of the Beatles in *Yellow Submarine*. Of the Sarooes' "love dance," Meek writes, "Once again we find the Sarooes in a sad mood



as *they twist and turn in this almost Eastern dance*. This dance is performed every eight days when the light is only half as bright, and *a strange purple haze seems to cover their Valley. They dance for almost four hours non-stop*, and then fast for three days"; and of the "Bub Light," a beautiful astronomic event, "a great patch of the sky becomes filled with different coloured lights...like the end of a rainbow, except that each light takes on a shape. *People travel from great distances to dance in the coloured rays, and about every five minutes the different lights all mix up, take on different shapes, and settle down to shimmer for another five minutes*." [emphasis mine]. Incense and peppermints, anyone? Lunar location aside, the above could easily be observations by a straight bystander on the dancers and light shows at the freak-outs, be-ins, 14-Hour Technicolor Dreams, and Acid Tests that would fill the ballrooms, clubs, and parks of San Francisco, LA, and London six years later.

According to the liner notes of the 1991 CD of *I Hear A New World*, the bizarre homespun effects Meek employed in its recording included "running water, bubbles blown through drinking straws, half-filled milk bottles being banged by spoons, the teeth of a comb drawn across the serrated edge of an ash-tray, electrical circuits being shorted together, clockwork toys, the bog being flushed, steel washers rattled together, heavy breathing phased across the mikes, vibrating cutlery, reversed tapes, a spot of radio interference ... " and so on. It's a short leap from this to Paul McCartney and Brian Wilson chomping celery into the mike for the Beach Boys' "Vegetables," or to the credits of the Grateful Dead's second album, 1968's *Anthem of the Sun*, which had the band playing, in addition to conventional rock instruments, "vibraslap, celesta claves, harpsichord, trumpet, guiro, kazoo, timpani, orchestra bells, gong, chimes, crotales, prepared piano, finger cymbals, and electronic tape." A shame Meek wasn't around to produce *Anthem*, as Warner Brothers' Dave Hassinger, the record's titular producer, had to endure weeks of unreasonable technical demands from the Dead; he finally quit when they requested "the sound of thick air" for one track.

A watershed year for proto-psychedelia, 1962 saw not only "Telstar" topping the charts, but also early LSD use in Bay Area intellectual circles and the release of the first raga influenced album by a Western musician, *Sandy Bull's Fantasias for Banjo and Guitar*. Bull, a folkie who could seemingly play any string instrument, however exotic, was obsessed in equal measures by African music, free jazz, and, significantly, Ali Akbar Khan's recordings of classical Indian ragas. The centerpiece of *Fantasias* was "Blend," a twenty-two-minute improvisational raga with Bull on guitar and the Ornette Coleman Quartet's Billy Higgins on drums that would go on to influence a number of future psychedelic rockers. In the following year, English folkies Bert Jansch and Davey Graham would also record raga-inspired pieces on open-tuned acoustic guitars.

Two years later, in 1965, Ray Davies of the Kinks would bring the Indian aesthetic to rock with "See My Friends," often credited as the first psychedelic song, in which a droney acoustic 12-string was made to sound like a sitar. Unlike the folk musicians on both sides of the Atlantic, whose only connection to Indian music was through recordings, Davies claims to have been inspired by India itself: "When I wrote the song, I had the sea near Bombay in mind," Davies recalled. "We

stayed at a hotel by the sea, and the fishermen came up at five in the morning and they were all chanting." Later in 1965, George Harrison's encounter with Ravi Shankar in India during the filming of *Help!* would lead to "Norwegian Wood," the first rock track to employ an actual sitar, on the Beatles' *Rubber Soul*. In mid-'66, the term "raga rock" would be coined to describe the Byrds' "Eight Miles High" (McGuinn's electric 12-string solos were inspired by Shankar and John Coltrane, himself on the Indian tip at this point), the Rolling Stones would follow with "Paint It Black," and then, perhaps due to increased emigration from the subcontinent to London but more likely to every band's desire to emulate the Beatles, the doorway to the East was thrown wide open, culminating in, among other things, Ravi Shankar's appearance at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967 and the institution of the sitar as a psychedelic cliché.

The year after the Beatles introduced the sitar to rock on *Rubber Soul*, they would record the first indisputably psychedelic track, John Lennon's "Tomorrow Never Knows," which, not surprisingly, opens with a sitar drone. What follows is an unprecedented sonic assault featuring fractured martial drumming, electric slide guitar treated to sound like a keening seagull, a trance-inducing harmonic progression heavily indebted to Indian music, and blasts of cut-up, tempo-shifted, and backward-played tapes of a symphony orchestra. To this day it sounds like a particularly unsettling Chemical Brothers loop (an obscure soundalike single from the period, Tintern Abbey's "Vacuum Cleaner," *is* a Chemical Brothers loop). Heralded somewhat by "Rain," the spring 1966 B-side on which Lennon tipped his hat to both the Byrds and "See My Friends" and which featured backward vocals, "Tomorrow" owes most of its beguiling power to the studio trickery of Beatles producer George Martin. Martin's pre-Beatles gig had been producing novelty and comedy records (featuring the Goons and Peter Sellers, among others) for EMI subsidiary Parlophone, and his tenure there gave him experience with and an appetite for sound effects and tape manipulation, which he would indulge greatly over the course of the Beatles' career. Along with the kitchen-sink sonic experiments of Joe Meek and the influence of Karlheinz Stockhausen and other avant-garde composers on the Beatles, Byrds, and other key bands, it was, of all things, George Martin's background with comedy records that would be primarily responsible for the rapid proliferation of strange sound effects, backward tracks, and tape cut-ups on psychedelic records.

The tendency toward classical orchestration in psychedelia is also partly due to Martin (he had produced classical sides and loved classical music), but is more accurately the result of the influence of Phil Spector's teen symphonies of the early '60s on the young Brian Wilson, who with *Pet Sounds* (1966) would fully integrate rock, classical, and psychedelic influences (despite its hyper-innocent goat-feeding cover, *Pet Sounds* was partially inspired by Wilson's LSD and marijuana use). The effect of *Pet Sounds* on the more ambitious British musicians of the period cannot be overstated. The Beatles, the Who, the Kinks, even the Rolling Stones all began to feature baroque orchestrations on subsequent records, and the emergence, for good or ill, of the "rock opera" was a direct result of *Pet Sounds* and its British response, *Sgt. Pepper.* English psychedelia would feature more harpsichords, strings, and choirboy vocals than its American strain, largely due to the greater sway "high" culture and history has over British youth and the likelihood that many of the country's first-generation psychedelic musicians would have grown up singing in Anglican choirs. Two period masterworks in this baroque orchestral mode that serve as more analogous echoes of *Pet Sounds* than *Pepper* are the Zombies' *Odessey & Oracle* and Billy Nicholls's *Would You Believe* (both 1968), which push ornate classical affectations and breathy choirboy vocalizing to their limits but remain gorgeous, timeless records.

With any aesthetic as nebulous and mutable as psychedelia, definitions are provisional and omissions inevitable, but it would be remiss to not mention the 13th Floor Elevators, formed in Texas in 1965 and considered by many to be the first psychedelic band. Despite their use of an eerie-sounding electric jug, their self-consciously druggy lyrics, and the fact that their singer/guitarist Roky Erickson is, along with Syd Barrett, a famous acid casualty, the Elevators' "psychedelic sounds" were not, sonically speaking, especially psychedelic. The Elevators are more properly placed in the tradition of American stoner garage punk canonized by Lenny Kaye in his massively influential 1972 *Nuggets* compilation. *Nuggets* was subtitled *Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era, 1965–68,* and Kaye's double-LP has recently been expanded by Rhino to a four-CD box set, but most of the bands represented aren't terribly psychedelic either, to my ears. The *Nuggets* bands are wildly entertaining and certainly more innovative than their initial obscurity would imply, but their lasting contribution is felt more in 1976–77 punk than in psychedelia, first era or otherwise. The *Nuggets II* box, compiling liked-minded bands from "The British Empire and Beyond, 1964–69," is, in my opinion, far more psychedelic. But what do I know? Psychedelic music is whatever you're listening to while tripping.

GREATEST HITS: THE ART OF BLOTTER ACID

First synthesized by the Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann in 1938, the hallucinogen LSD emerged as a recreational drug in American cities in the early 1960s. Widely available until criminalized by the US government in the autumn of 1966, the drug—which typically left the laboratory in liquid form—was distributed in any number of ways, from large pills (nicknamed "barrels" for their shape) to "acid"-infused sugar cubes.

The development of mandatory minimum sentencing laws, in which penalties were linked to the weight of the confiscated substance, changed the way LSD was disseminated. An average active dose is in the range of .05 to .1 mg— since the laws considered the legal substance in which the drug was infused part of the total weight of the illegal substance, a single sugar cube might increase the overall weight by a factor of 100,000. New lightweight "carriers" that added less extraneous volume to the small doses of the drug they held were developed, ranging from colored gelatin chips to sheets of perforated paper known as blotter. First seen on the streets of San Francisco in the early 1970s, blotter acid soon began to be decorated with printed designs and images—ranging from smiley faces to Hindu Gods to cartoon characters—identifying it by dealer or potency, while at the same time vastly reducing the legal liability of those who possessed it.

The above example of blotter art—with its two-side printing depicting the beginning of Alice's "trip" through the looking glass and representing 900 doses—was created by Mark McCloud, who, with the possible exception of the FBI, owns the world's largest collection of (now LSD-free) blotter.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

ALGEBRA IS DRUNKENNESS

ALLEN S. WEISS

Adolf Wölffii (1864–1930), arguably the most famous of schizophrenic artists, describes his smallest diamond as weighing 28 million tons.[1] Its value is incalculable (though Wölffii never hesitates to calculate the unthinkable, covering pages and pages with giddy computations), its weight crushing (but isn't this already a triple source of power: flnancial, aesthetic, physical?), its possession megalomaniacal (the sort of cosmic hyperbole that characterizes much art, theology, paranoia). Here, the imagination overcompensates for a state of nearly total social dispossession and psychological disequilibrium. The fantasy of such a diamond is a strategy of survival and a trace of creative joy in an otherwise bleak universe. It stands for ecstatic proliferation, a numerological dream of order-within- chaos, an intoxication of the mind by the mind.

There is a poetics of the ad inflnitum, a self-hypnosis founded on the charms of parataxis raised to the power of inflnity. As such accumulations reach the point of the incomprehensible, they transform aesthetic sentiments: we call this cognitive disarticulation, and dissonance the sublime. What the golden section is to beauty, the inflnite is to the sublime. The very large or very complex, for most intents and purposes, serve as tantamount to the inflnite, and given the representational limits of human knowledge, attempts to emblematize the incommensurable take refuge in the implication, rather than the description, of enormity. Symbols for the limitless — that which is above all calculation — may be variously constituted by the flngers of one hand, or two hands, or two hands plus two feet, or a speciflc flgure like the numerical value of God [18] in Jewish symbolism, or the *ten thousand things* of Chinese philosophy [萬], or the disconcerting *trente-six* [36] that the French use to designate great quantities. The essence of the sublime thus changes with every culture and every epoch; perhaps ours has become the streaming 01010 of digitalization, or the ACGT strings of nucleotides that comprise all DNA. Entrapping the absolute within quantiflable conflnes seems to have perennial charm, and the fact that digitized or genetic code touches on a reality that *can* be measured and verifled, while Wölffii's diamond cannot, does not alter the fundamental poetic link between them.

A contemporary master of the mathematical and molecular sublime is New York artist Melvin Way, whose drawings of chemical and numeric equations celebrate the ecstatic power of self-propagating structures. Way's obsessive inscription is a picture of calculation, not calculation per se; in his art, both the formal lineaments of scientiflc notation and the limits of the inflnitesimal sublime are revealed through their aesthetic simulacra.

As such, Way's drawings constitute a rare manifestation of the mathematical sublime as black humor, the acerbic and hermetic humor of the dispossessed. In these works, where drama is couched in the form of arcane formulas, calculation = sublimation, spectacle = performance, equation = icon, prescription = representation. Way has been classifled as an "outsider" artist; we might wish to revive the 19th-century category of the *poète maudit* to further reflne this qualiflcation — though it is the milieu, rather than the artist, that should properly be termed "accursed." In a cruel world where surviving urban chaos is — especially for the disenfranchised — often a matter of chemical reactions (recreational or medicinal), and where there is a constant danger of viral infection (biological or cybernetic), the best protection from imminent catastrophe may be that strategy of flrst and last resort, the imagination. Formulas are used to control the world, not unlike magic spells. Might not the work of Way contain a phantasmatic pharmacopoeia that offers homeopathic cures for real addictions and pains? In Way's world, exclamation is interruption: his counting and calculating, his "math" and "chemistry," shock us into the recognition that what connects (indeed, what constitutes) us all is the unspeakable complexity of numbers and atoms, chemical reactions and genetic structures — the inflnitesimal side of inflnity that theologians after Pascal have so hazardously neglected.

Wölffii insisted that "Algebra is music," and Baudelaire that "Drunkenness is number." We have known, ever since Pythagoras, that music is number, and that the music of the spheres is a sort of celestial algebra. To further factor out this aesthetic theorem, we might add that Melvin Way reveals the converse: algebra is drunkenness.

1 The critical literature on Adolf Wölfli is vast; one of the most inspiring studies is by Harald Szeemann, "No Catastrophe without Idyll, No Idyll without Catastrophe," in Elka Spoerri, ed., *Adolf Wölfli: Draftsman, Writer, Poet, Composer* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1997), pp. 124-135.

overleaf left: Melvin Way, *DAA.ANTARES*, n.d.

overleaf right: Melvin Way, *Testimony, Commitment, Note*, n.d.

courtesy Margaret Bodell / The Viewing Room. Photo: Zindman / Fremont.

$zz = \frac{a}{b} + C(zt_0 th), t_0 t_0 + \frac{x}{C(zt_0 th)}$ $\sqrt{2\pi\sigma^2}$ $\sqrt{\frac{I}{\pi v \sigma^2}}$

$\Delta t\ \Delta + \Delta y / \Delta t\ dy/dt \{ \frac{a}{3t^3}$

(HoP) $HuO_2\ PO_4\ H_2O \to O$ $^+H_3NCH_2CH_2CHCOOH_2 - S - S - S$

NH_3^+

$\lim_{\eta \to \infty} \int \eta \cdot I f(x+0)$ $X+1$ $X+3$

$\Delta y\ \Delta t\ Y \Delta t \cdot \Delta y / \Delta tH$ I_0 I_5

$I^\lambda B J^\lambda kt / \AA \cdot la3d$ $= C_{13}H_8O_2C_6H_8O_6C_{90}H_{56}\sqrt{u/s}$

$\Delta y^{H}K$ ROCKWOOD RTC2 disTPLϕavns

$p^2A_1A_1 + 2pqA_1A_2 + q^2A_2A_2$

$p^2A_1A_1 + 2pqA_1 + 2pqA_1A_2$

$p^2A_1A_1 + 2pqA_1A_2 + q^2(1-S)A_2A_2$

NaCl

Plant Atom

$p^2(1-S)A_1A_1 + 2pqA_1A_2 + q^2A_2A_2$

$(6-a)$

$p^2A_1A_1 + A_2\beta q(1-hs)A_1A_2 + q^2(1-S)A_2A_2$

$p^2(1-S_1)A_1A_1 + 2pqA_1A_2 + q^2(1-S_2)A_2A_2$

$P^2MM + 2pqMN + q^2NN$ $u/s\ \sqrt{u/s}\ u/s + \sqrt{u/s}$

$V = \alpha + v^2n^2 + y^2(z^2 + m^2)$ $r^2 = \alpha^2 z^2 + B^2M^2 + \lambda_2\pi^2$

$\frac{z^2}{v^2} = \alpha^2 + \frac{m^2}{v^2 - B^2} + \frac{n^2}{v^2 - y^2} = O \to E - \left(\frac{2\pi}{\lambda}\right)^2 A \sin\theta \cos\frac{2\pi}{\lambda}$

$(ct - r)\, r\alpha I \cdot 22\lambda$ S^{13}_1/W DAA ANTARES

$CH_2 - CH - CH - CH_2 - S - S$ 1/wasserotyphi

organic Scillago

$ee/c, 1/2, 1, 3/2 \ldots h$

$CH_4 \rightarrow CH_2 + H_2 = C_2H_6 \rightleftharpoons CH_3 \cdot CH : CH_2 \rightarrow CH_3 \cdot CH_2 \cdot CH_3$ $H_2N \cdot CONH \cdot CH_2 \cdot CO_2H$

Kronos · Rhea

Horology · Hours

GRAVESEND

$\alpha = 0.47$

$\alpha = I \cdot 22\lambda$

$N = X + 1$ $X + 3$

IO I_5

(RSO)(OSR)

DREDIYYEEZf

(5.73 / 0.9, (x)³)³ Swan, Hoodoo, Genie,

Carribean Affair 9th degree Homycide

REAL

Sclave — Way

KERAUN, BRONTE, OROTORIO. COGITATE, CEREBRATE,

NOMENCLATURES, PASCALS,

VARIABLES, COMPOSITIONS, CONVERSIONS,

DEPRYS, MOLES, DALTONS, DYNES,

HIGH SPEED, RESONANCE, RENOSANCE,

PHENOMENA, DIOPHANE, EXTRAPOLATION,

INTERPOLATION, GEODYSYS, CYCLES,

MICRONATION, PERMUTATION, TRANSFORMATION,

TRANSMUTATION, CEPHALON MUTATE,

FUNDAMENTAL CONSTANTS, INDICES, JOULES, ERGS, TRANSVERSALS,

CRYSTALOGY, LIGHTS

Polynomials, Polymers,

Polynomals, Factrils,

RATTLES, CADS, SINGLETONS,

QUADRATICS

Hyperbola

Hyperborean

PROTOZOA, ORGANELS, CORALS, EXTRUSIONS, RESPIRATION,

FORTE

PORTALS, PORTE, PORTUS,

Punctum Porashe

Shemtham Porashe

RHYTHM

$C_{17}H_{19}NO_3$: Amomum Meleguetta, Piper Nigrum, Piper Gubeba

$C_{10}H_{18}$ CAYENNE PEPER

MENTHENE, thus: — O — OH, PER-ACIDS

PERMIAN

VACUUM

SiO_2 Al_2O_3 Fe_2O_3 FeO

CaO MgO K_2O Na_2O H_2O

H_2 N_2 He_2 NH_3 H_2O CN I_2

Music Motion Pics; Movies, Melvin, Whoy Way

$CH_4 : C_2H_6 - CH_3 \cdot CH : CH_2 \rightarrow CH_3 \cdot CH_2 \cdot CH_3 \cdot C_{10}H_{18}$

$N \cdot C_{10}H_{18} \cdot IO \cdot I_5$

KM

Seámanc, Lupercal

SPROMT-Kale

VRE

Who can…

… cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast?

Albite $(NaAlSi_3O_8)$ = Ab. Triclinic.

Anorthite $(CaAl_2Si_2O_8)$ = An. Fels, a rock

Orthoclase {Sanidine, Adularia} = Or. Monoclinic

Celsian $(BaAl_2Si_2O_8)$ = Ce

$Ce_1Or_0 \rightarrow Ce_0Or_1$

CH3: SoLo ARTIST CHEMICAL REACTION · CH3,

LYRE: CORÉ Σ!

AADOWIS

TESTIMONY, COMMITMENT, NOTE,

KI · MUSIC

THE DEADLY RAUSCH

HANS FALLADA

A leading proponent of Weimar Germany's literary *Neue Sachlichkeit*, Hans Fallada (1883–1947) made his reputation with the novel *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben* [*Farmers, Functionaries, and Fireworks*] in 1931. The following year, his *Kleiner Mann, Was Nun?* [*Little Man, What Now?*] won international acclaim for its depiction of the petit-bourgeoisie caught in the Great Depression, and was made into a Hollywood film in 1934. An alcoholic and a morphine addict, Fallada retreated into "inner emigration" with the rise of Hitler, and was in and out of sanatoria throughout the war.

His last manuscript "Der tötliche Rausch," the style and content of which recall his posthumously published autobiographical novel *Der Trinker* [*The Drinker*, 1950], abandoned the objective third-person narrative of his earlier novels in favor of a ruthlessly subjective first-person account of the author's own headlong rush into ruin and resignation. This is the first English translation of Fallada's manuscript.[1]

It was in that sobering Berlin period that I lapsed into morphine. For a few weeks it went well, since I'd been able to procure a large amount of what we called "benzine," and was thus spared the morphinist's worst anxiety: getting the stuff.

Then, the closer my supply came to running out, the heavier my consumption became. I just wanted to become thoroughly sated one more time and then—have nothing more to do with it!

A different life had to be started someday, of course, and with some energy the habit could be suddenly kicked. There were such instances.

But when I awoke that morning face to face with Nothingness, I knew I just *had* to have morphine at any price! My whole body was filled with an excruciating restlessness, my hands trembled, a frantic thirst tormented me, a thirst that seemed to be localized not only in the cavity of my mouth but in every single cell of my body.

I picked up the receiver and called Wolf. Allowing him no time at all to answer, I gasped with an expiring voice: "Do you have any benzine? Come over right away, I'm dying!"

I lay back in the pillow exhaling a sigh of relief. A deep, festive release. A presentiment of the coming pleasure made my body soft: Wolf will come with the car, I will plunge the needle in, feel the rush of the syringe, and then life will be beautiful.

The telephone pealed and Wolf announced himself: "Why did you just hang up? I can't bring you any benzine. I don't have any more myself. Today I've got to go out hunting."

"An injection, a single injection, otherwise I'll die, Wolf."

"When I don't even have any?"

"You do. I know for certain you do."

"But my word of honor..."

"Well I can hear in your voice that you've just had an injection. You're completely sated."

"Tonight at four, for the last time."

"And me without any since eleven. Wolf, come quick."

"But there's no point to it. Better to come with me. I know a reliable pharmacy. Hire a car, we'll meet at Alex [Alexanderplatz] at nine."

"You won't stand me up? Swear to it!"

"No nonsense, Hans. Nine o'clock at Alex."

I stand up slowly, the shoehorn feels heavy, my limbs are weak and continually tremble, my reassurance has vanished. My body no longer has faith in me to give it morphine.

I accidentally discover on my calendar that today is an unlucky day. Then I sit down in my armchair and cry. I am suffering so much and I feel that I will have to suffer even more today, and I am so weak. If only I could just die! But for a long time, that too is something I've known I'm too cowardly for; I'll hold out.

Then my landlady comes to me and says something consoling, but I don't interrupt my sobbing, simply motioning with my hand for her to go away.

But she continues to speak, and I slowly detect from her words that I have burned holes in my bed again this very night. I nudge some money over to her, and since she goes out quietly it must have been enough.

Even now I still don't go out, although the clock shows that it's just nine. I observe the coffee I pour into the cup and ponder: caffeine is a toxin, ...I think, it agitates the heart. There are many cases where people have died from it; hundreds, thousands of cases. Caffeine is a heavy toxin, certainly almost as heavy a toxin as morphine. I'd never thought of it! Caffeine will help me....

I toss down one, two cups.

I sit there a moment, staring in front of me and waiting. I don't want to admit it to myself, and yet I know that I've just played a trick on myself, deliberately deceiving myself once more.

My stomach refuses to keep the coffee down. I feel how my entire body trembles and is covered with cold sweat. I must get up. I'm shaking as if from cramps, and then my gallbladder kicks in with fits and starts.

"That's the end," I whisper.

After a while I've recovered enough to stand up and walk. I finish dressing and go out to find a car.

Wolf, too, is unpunctual.

He's actually still waiting. I can tell at once from looking at him that he has a fever too. His pupils are extremely dilated, his cheeks sunken, and his nose protrudes sharply.

We go to a post office and write out a dozen prescriptions. We examine our handwriting and three prescriptions that aren't scrawly enough are torn up.

We hire a car.

Wolf has the car stop a few feet from the 'reliable' pharmacy, and he hobbles out looking sick and miserable.

I lean back.

In a quarter of an hour I'll have benzine! It'll be high time too, my body's getting progressively weaker, my stomach aches like crazy, it craves and craves morphine.

I lean back, secure in the pillow, close my eyes and picture to myself how beautiful it will be when I sink the needle in. Only a few minutes, an altogether tiny instant, and deep, festive tranquility will stream into my limbs. I'll need merely to smile and morphine will fulfill my every wish. I need but close my eyes and the whole world will belong to me.

Now Wolf is coming.

I see right away that he didn't get anything. He tells the chauffeur the next address, sits next to me and shuts his eyes. I notice how heavily he's breathing. He wipes the sweat from his brow with his hand.

"Those aren't human beings, they're animals! To let one suffer so. I've had to beg them not to call the police."

"I thought the pharmacy was supposed to be reliable."

"The old chemist's assistant wasn't there, just a young guy. The kids are all as sharp as straight-razors."

The car stops.

Wolf makes another attempt. In the meantime I resolve to give up morphine by myself. Now that I'm dependent upon Wolf and the pharmacies, I still can't ever scrape together my daily dosage of eight injections. I'll just simply give myself one less each day, that'll work. Right now, though, I'll give myself two, three injections right away, one after the other, so that I feel properly sated one more time...

Wolf is already coming back again. He utters another address and we drive off.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

It's enough to drive one to despair. There the people are, strolling about, making thousands of plans and looking forward to tomorrow, and there are flowers and light and women.

For me, all that is dead. I think about the hundreds of pharmacies Berlin has, and lying in a cabinet in each one of them there are all kinds of morphine, and no one's giving me any. I have to suffer, and yet it's so simple, the pharmacist would only need to turn a key ... Of course he's going to get money; as much as he wants. I'd gladly give him all my money.

Wolf gets out again.

Suddenly I get the idea that this constant stopping in the vicinity of pharmacies might make the chauffeur suspicious. Perhaps he'd inform the police? I enter into conversation with him, telling him a long story, that we're both dental technicians, my friend and I, not dentists, and that anesthetics for painless tooth-extraction are not something that dental technicians can readily acquire, but must get prescriptions from the dentist, and the prescriptions are expensive. And for that reason we are driving to each pharmacy, in order to...

The chauffeur says yes, yes to all of it and nods his head. But the way he smiles to himself makes me suspect him further. I'll dismiss him as soon as possible, but not right away, or else he'll finger us to the next patrolman.

Wolf comes back. "Get rid of the car."

My heart beats faster: "Do you have something?"

"Get rid of the car."

I pay the chauffeur, and give him an insanely large tip. Then: "Do you have some stuff?"

"Get real! Today is so cursed that no cadaver wants to take my prescriptions. We have to do it some other way. I'll keep trying in the pharmacies, and you go to a doctor and try to steal some blank prescription forms."

"I can't do that, every doctor will see right away that I'm a morphinist from the state I'm in today."

"Let that go, will you. The main thing is that you lift prescriptions."

"And what do we do with the prescriptions? With morphine they always call the doctor, as you well know."

"Then we'll travel to Leipzig on the midday train. Only, take a proper handful of them, so that we have enough to last a few weeks."

"Alright, I'll try it. And where do we meet?"

"In Pschorr at one o'clock."

"And if you acquire something in the meantime?"

"I'll see to it that I catch you beforehand."

"Alright then..."

"Good luck."

I set out. This is not the first time I've embarked on such a tour. I'm of more use at doing such things than Wolf is, because I look more trustworthy and am better dressed.

But today I'm in much too pitiful a condition. I can't walk properly. Although I keep wiping my hands with my handkerchief, the next moment they're dripping wet again, and I must wipe them incessantly.

I won't get anywhere, I know it now already.

As I pass a brandy shop, it occurs to me to help myself by having a schnapps. But already at the second glass I have to duck out, my stomach refuses to keep it down, just like the coffee. I sit on the repulsive toilet and cry again.

When I've regained my composure somewhat, I go out.

At the first doctor's the whole waiting room is packed. An insurance-plan doctor, no doubt lazy. They need prescription forms for their private patients so seldom that they usually keep them in the desk.

I quietly slip away again.

On the stairway I feel so bad that I have to sit down on one of the steps. I can't get up any more. I resolve to lie down here and stay until someone finds me and takes me to the doctor. Certainly then he will give me an injection out of sympathy. Then it'll be my turn a lot sooner than if I were to sit for a long time in the waiting room.

Someone's coming up the stairs, I stand up quickly and pass him as I reach the street. A few blocks further there's another doctor's shingle. I go upstairs. The consultation hour hasn't begun yet, good, so I'll wait. I sit there alone, thumbing through the magazines.

Suddenly something occurs to me, I stand up and eavesdrop at the door to the consultation room. Nothing is stirring. Very slowly I depress the door-handle.

The door opens just a crack, I spy inside, I see nobody. Inch by inch I open the door further and sneak into the consultation room. There's the desk, and in that wooden stand there...

I put out my hand, for I think hear a sound, and dash back to the waiting room, stumbling into the armchair.

Nothing is stirring anymore, no one is coming, and I've outsmarted myself. But now I'm too discouraged to risk it one more time. I sit there inert. Minutes pass. I could have emptied the entire desk, and the medicine cabinet too, but I no longer chance it.

The doctor opens the door and invites me to come in.

I rise to my feet, step into the consultation room, make a bow, and introduce myself.

Suddenly uncertainty and sickness fall away from me. I know that I make a splendid impression. I smile, I use a drastic expression with the certainty of a man of the world, who knows how to play cleverly with concepts. I cross one leg over the other, so that my silk socks are visible.

The doctor sits across from me and doesn't let me out of his sight.

Then I get to the point. I'm traveling through, have an abscess on my arm that's been agonizing me perniciously, and would the Herr Health Councilor [*Sanitätsrat*] be so friendly as to examine it and diagnose whether it can be lanced.

The doctor asks me to bare my arm. I show him the swollen, bluish-red spot on my underarm. It is thickly surrounded by a dozen fresh red or scabby-brown healing perforations.

"Are you a morphinist?"

"I was, I was, Herr Health Councilor. I'm going through detoxification. The worst part's behind me, Herr Health Councilor, nine-tenths cured."

"Indeed. Well, I'll lance it."

Nothing further. Not a word. My certainty abandoned me.

The doctor turns his back to me, looking in his glass cabinet for scalpel, forceps, cotton. Without making a sound I step onto the carpet, my fingers brush against some paper and....

"Just leave the prescriptions there, my dear sir," says the doctor coldly and curtly.

I falter.

In the same instant, the city appears before my eyes, roaring there below where I'm alone and abandoned to a desperation without equal. I see the streets in front of me full of people hurrying to destinations, to other people, and me alone, forsaken and absolutely at the end. A sob chokes in my throat, prying my mouth open.

Suddenly my face is flooded with tears. "What shall I do, oh, what shall I do? Help me, Herr Health Councilor, just *one* injection."

"Calm down, do calm down, we'll discuss all that. There's still hope even now."

My heart is seized by a transport of gratitude, in a few seconds I'll be relieved of this unspeakable agony, I'll receive my injection.

My words tumble forth, now life is effortless again, I will cure myself, this will be the last, the very last injection, then no more. I swear it.

"Can I have it at once, right now? But three per cent solution, Herr Health Councilor, and five cubic centimeters, otherwise it doesn't effect me."

"I'll give you one more injection, but you must voluntarily make the decision to enter an institution."

"But I'll kill myself, Herr Health Councilor."

"You won't kill yourself. No morphinists kill themselves. No, you won't kill yourself, but it is high time for you to go into an institution. Perhaps it's already too late. Are you a man of means?"

"A little."

"Could you afford to pay for a private sanitarium?"

"Yes, but they won't give me my morphine there."

"Enough at first. They'll slowly wean you from it. You'll be given other medicaments, sleeping medicines. One day you'll breathe a deep sigh, and you'll be free."

I shut my eyelids. I'm defeated. Yes, I'll take the suffering upon myself, I'll break the habit. I nod in assent.

The doctor continues: "You understand that I will not allow myself to be fooled. After I've given you an injection, I'm going to lock you in the waiting room while I get ready to go. I will not let you out of my sight. Do I have your agreement on this?"

I nod again. I'm only thinking now about the injection I'm going to get right away. And now we begin an argument about the potency of the dosage, an argument that lasts for a quarter of an hour, leaving both of us all worked up. In the end the doctor remains the victor.

I receive two cubic centimeters with three per cent solution.

He goes to the cabinet, opens it, prepares the syringe. I follow him, inspect the label on the ampule to make sure that I don't get tricked. Then I sit down in a chair. He jabs the needle in.

And now ... I stand up briskly and walk across to the waiting room, where I lie down on a *chaise longue*. I hear him lock the door.

Yes...

Indeed...

That's how it is once again....

Life is beautiful. It is so gentle, an auspicious stream effervesces through my limbs and all my tiny nerves sway in it softly and delicately like aquatic plants in a clear pond. I have seen rose petals—and once again I know how lovely a single little tree on the meadow is. Are those church bells chiming? Ach, life is beautiful and gentle. You, too, sweet maiden, I think of you, whom I lost so long ago. Now my only sweetheart is morphine. She is wicked, she torments me without end, but she rewards me far beyond everything conceivable.

This ladylove is actually within me. She fills my senses with a bright, clear light in whose brilliance I perceive that all is vain, and that I live only to savor this transport.

I want to read the dumbest thing from a doctor's waiting room table. An advertisement will have the fragrance of flowers, and in some inane love story I'll taste the full flavor of fresh bread that my stomach can no longer tolerate. I want to read.

I open a book. Inside there is a flyleaf, a plain, white flyleaf. I do a double-take: upon this white page, a careful doctor has imprinted his name, address and phone number with a rubber stamp. No, Herr Health Councilor, I'm not going to steal your book. I'm just going to tear out this flyleaf and stick it in my pocket. Once it is trimmed with scissors, it will become the sought after prescription form that will bring perhaps a hundred of such transports. For today, I am in safety.

I am in entirely good spirits. I make a slight motion with my hand, then immediately let it drop again into a normal, comfortable position, and in my hand the surging of the toxin that had been momentarily imperceptible in the motion now betrays the nearness of my ladylove. The effect of the injection has not yet subsided.

And later, ... later I'll have the prescription.

Then I hear the doctor's footsteps. Don't I have to go into an institution? My mistress smiles, she knows that nothing will hold me, no one can constrain me. I am alone in the world, I have no obligations, all is vain, only pleasure matters, my ladylove alone I cannot betray.

The doctor comes, opens the door. I take my legs from the *chaise longue* and position them slowly and carefully, so as not to startle the toxin in me with a sudden movement.

"Is it time, Herr Health Councilor?" I ask and smile.

"Yes, now we can go for a ride."

The Dom and the River Spree, Berlin, 1939.

"But just one more injection, Herr Health Councilor. We're sure to be driving for an hour, and I can't hold out that long."

"You are quite sated, my dear sir."

"But the effect is already subsiding. And you can be sure I'll kick up a row about it when we're alone. With an injection in my body, I'll follow you like a lamb."

"If it really must be..."

He leads the way into his room. I follow him triumphantly. Ach, he doesn't know me. He doesn't know that the prospect of an injection would persuade me to go anywhere he wanted me to.

I receive one more injection, and then we actually leave. I descend the stairs very carefully. I feel the tingling in my body and the lovely, surreptitious, fleeting warmth. Thousands of thoughts are in me, for my brain is strong and free.

Look, the doctor's opening the car door for me. I climb into the car first, and as the engine turns over and he adjusts his sitting position and fidgets with the convertible top, I open the other door and spring out confidently—for my body is young and dexterous—and immerse myself into the crowd, vanishing into it.

And I never see this doctor again.

› › ›

I knew that I'd only dare walk a few steps if I didn't want the vigorous movement of my legs to scare the morphine away. I looked at the clock. It was shortly before twelve. No doubt it was better to travel to Pschorr now, where I wanted to meet Wolf. But it was clear to me at once that this was not to happen. Then again, perhaps he had come earlier, had noticed that I'd gotten some stuff, and then adieu to every prospect of getting his support.

Did I have to meet him at all? Didn't I have in my pocket a prescription form that promised me countless glorious injections? If I let Wolf know of the existence of this slip of paper, I have to give up half of this pleasure.

I sit on the comfortable sofa of a wine tavern. A cooler of Rhine wine is standing in front of me. I have filled the first glass to the brim, lift it to my mouth, and take a deep breath of the wine's bouquet. Then I glance furtively at the bartender, notice that I haven't been observed, and empty the glass into the cooler. The alcohol would react hostilely to the morphine in my stomach, detrimental to its effect.

My sole thought is to luxuriate in this effect to the very end. And yet I have to keep ordering something to be able to sit here savoring it.

I pour myself another glass and order pen and ink. I pull the flyleaf out of my pocket and trim it into the shape of a proper prescription form with a penknife. It doesn't quite please me, it seems too wide. I trim away another strip, and now it's decidedly too narrow. A conspicuous shape for something on which nothing is permitted to be conspicuous.

I begin to get angry. I pick up the paper, place it face down on the table in front of me and look at it closely again. "Too narrow," I murmur. "Definitely too narrow," and my anger intensifies. I take the trimmed paper strips and line them up next to the form, trying to press them close together, examining it anew, and discovering that the prescription had previously been just the right size after all.

I curse my impulsiveness. Why didn't I wait until I was with Wolf? What do I know about prescriptions? He's the expert at it. In spite of this, I grab the pen and begin to write.

The wineglass bothers me, and I push it away. It still bothers me. No, I can't write this way. I grab the glass hastily, it falls, and the wine spills out over the prescription. The blue tint from the rubber-stamp flows out over the page, and with it run out all my hopes.

Discouraged, desperate, I lean back. And then I suddenly detect: the effect of the morphine has elapsed. My body is already trembling. And having been abandoned by my sweetheart, naturally I haven't even completed one prescription.

I stand up, pay the bill and walk to our meeting point.

How sated Wolf is, how fully sated he is! There he is, lying completely relaxed, he barely raises his eyelids and dreams and dreams. I envy him his dreams, I envy him every minute he's able to wile away in the arms of his beloved, while I am suffering unspeakably.

"Well?" And he's already reading the failure of my efforts from my sunken and miserable demeanor. He wastes no words: "Hundred," he says. "A hundred cubic centimeters. Over there. Be careful, don't take too much, alright? That will suffice for today."

"Two, three."

"Fine." And he falls back into his dream. Taking the precious stoppered flask, I walk to the bathroom. I fill my five cubic centimeter syringe to the top, and now I'm already happy. I lean back...

And ... and ... a soft jingling sound gives me a start. Next to my arm lies the overturned flask, it's contents spilling onto the floor. "Wolf," I think, "Wolf. He'll strike me dead when he learns about it after all these travails."

But I'm already pursing my lips, defiant, indifferent. Who is Wolf? Companion of many orgies, advisor, advisee, and yet in the end indifferent, as indifferent as everything is.

I hold the flask up to the light: two, three cubic centimeters are still left in it. I extract it into my syringe. This portion, too, I displace for myself, and my blood surges up simmering, lightning flash after flash bursts in my brain, wild rhythms pound my eardrums.

Wild, wide world! Where every man is alone and each may sink his fangs into another's flesh. How exquisitely sybaritic. Oh, the adventures that are waiting for me next, the quiet streets where one can maraud girls, the courtyard gates to pharmacies I'll break into, the bank messengers I'll rob.

I am omnipresent, I am all things, I alone am world and God. I create and I forget, and it all passes. Oh, you, my singing blood. Surge deeper inside me, my mistress, enrapture me wilder yet.

And I fill the flask with pure water and hand it to Wolf, smiling and full of gratitude. He holds it to the light and says: "Three? No, five."

I merely reply: "Yes, five."

And we sit across from each other and dream, and he becomes restless and says: "I want to give myself another shot," and he goes away.

Then I fetch my hat and slip out, climb into a car, and know myself to be far away from his rage.

I then got the insane idea to try a little of it with cocaine.

Morphine is a quiet, gentle kind of joy, white and florid. She makes her lads happy. But cocaine is a raw, impetuous animal. It torments the body, the world becomes wild, distorted, despicable.

I managed it. I procured some 'benzol' from a waiter. I made myself the solution and shot three syringe-fulls into my body one right after the next in rapid succession. Images sail past me, bodies tumble over one another, tiny alphabetic letters I read suddenly turn over onto their bellies and I realize they're animals swarming endlessly over the page, reversing position, producing peculiar word shapes, and I attempt to capture their sense, copying them down with my hand.

But then I discover that I'm talking with my landlady. I want to tell her that I don't need any dinner, and in my brain I produce the sentence: "No, I don't eat in the evening," and with dull amazement I hear how my mouth says: "Yes, today I will murder Wolf yet."

I dash down the stairs, shove a man aside, and reclaim the open air.

I search for Wolf's apartment, no, chase senselessly through the city, this way and that, injecting myself on and on, becoming even wilder. Blood is flowing out of many perforation points onto my shirt and cuffs, over my hand.

Madness towers over and engulfs me as I giggle silently to myself every time I hatch some new plan, to set this heinous town with its senseless pharmacies ablaze, to let it go up in flames like a wisp of straw.

And suddenly I'm standing in a pharmacy screaming like an animal. I hurl from me the people who are trying to hold me, shattering a glass pane, and then suddenly someone administers morphine, good, clear, white, florid morphine.

O you, my sweet girlfriend, now I'm gentle again. I feel how the cocaine flees away from her, suspended just for a time from the uppermost point of my stomach—and is then chased away.

A couple of policemen lay their hands on my shoulders: "Alright now, come with us."

And I follow behind them, walking with very small and measured steps so as not to frighten away my girlfriend, and I am blissful, and I know that I'm alone with her, and that nothing else matters.

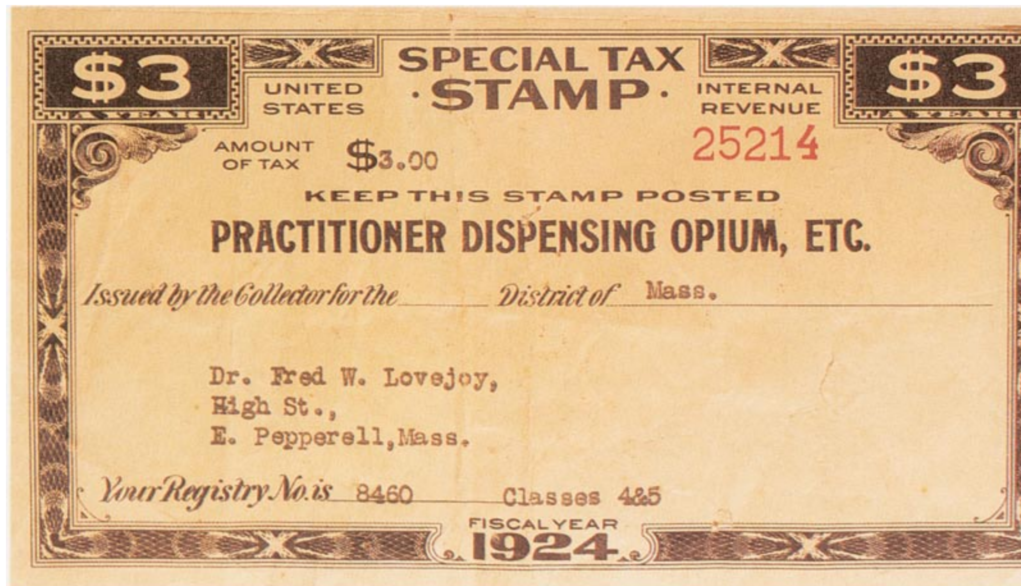
Translated from the German by Scott J. Thompson

© Hans Fallada, "Der tödliche Rausch," Aufbau-Verlag, GmbH, Berlin 1994. The text originally appeared in *Neue Illustrierte: actuelle politische Bilderzeitung*, vol. 10 (1955), no. 47. Reprinted in Werner Pieper, ed. *Nazis on Speed: Drogen im 3. Reich*, vol. 1 (Löhrbach: Werner Pieper & The Grüne Kraft, 2002), pp. 81-89. A translation of this book by Scott J. Thompson with the working title *Nazis on Speed: Drugs in the Third Reich* is currently in progress.

Cabinet wishes to thank Scott Thompson for his help in this issue of *Cabinet*.

1 See note on page 99 on the meaning of the word *Rausch* in German.

overleaf clockwise from top left: US narcotics tax stamp, 1924; 19th-century Australian morphine bottle; grocery receipt including purchases of opium, Victoria, British Columbia; early 20th-century morphine kit disguised as a cigarette lighter Courtesy Colin Schebek.



$3 SPECIAL TAX $3

UNITED STATES · STAMP · INTERNAL REVENUE

A YEAR

25214

AMOUNT OF TAX $3.00

KEEP THIS STAMP POSTED

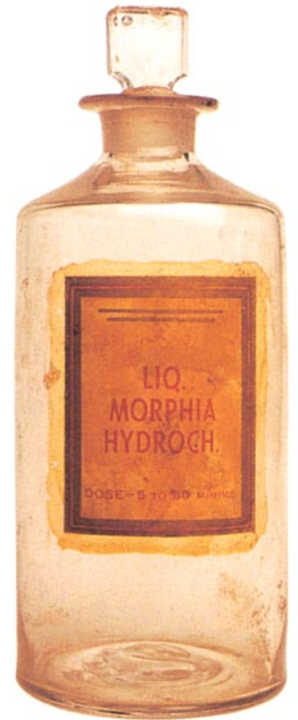
PRACTITIONER DISPENSING OPIUM, ETC.

Issued by the Collector for the ____ *District of* Mass.

Dr. Fred W. Lovejoy,
High St.,
E. Pepperell, Mass.

Your Registry No. is 8460 Classes 4&5

FISCAL YEAR 1924



Victoria, B.C. July 29th 1885

Mrs Tai Chung

Bought of **Kwong On Lung & Co.**

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Sugar, Rice, Tea, Opium, Groceries and Provisions

CHINA PROVISIONS.

Colonist Steam Presses.

Store Street, between Cormorant and Johnson.

1885			$	c
Feb.	13	Balance due as per a/c rendered	2489	08
	19	Opium	100	00
		Salted turnips	18	00
	23	Opium	50	00
Mar.	4	China rice	525	00
	11	Opium	250	00
	17	Salted bamboo shoot	4	80
		total	3436	88
Mar.	14	Received cash	500	00
		" charcoal	134	00
		" Pork	100	63

A HAPPY MADNESS: IMAGES OF DRUG USE IN THE CASASOLA ARCHIVE

JESSE LERNER

A floral curtain is pulled back to reveal a smartly dressed brunette from the 1930s reclining on a well-appointed bed. She stares mesmerized into space, seemingly transfixed by a point in space somewhere below and to the left of the camera's lens. In her hands is an opium pipe, held at an angle above an extinguished burner, on which the camera, but not the subject's gaze, is focused. Is this a cautionary image of moral decay, a celebration of the libertine and liberated pursuit of pleasure, or frank, non-judgmental reportage documenting urban vices? The absence of any clear editorial voice, and the matter-of-factness with which this and other illicit and typically invisible acts are presented for the camera, allow for a wide range of interpretations of these striking photographs of drug use in Mexico City in the 1920s and 1930s.

This and many other arresting pictures of high living in Tenochtitlan between the world wars are images from the Casasola Photo Agency, perhaps the most important photojournalistic outfit in early 20th-century Mexico. Agustín Victor Casasola and his younger brother Miguel began their careers as press photographers around 1900 working for the newspaper *El Imparcial*, for which they documented presidential travels and state ceremonies. The narrow limits on the freedom of the press made them, in effect, the dictator Porfirio Díaz's propagandists during the final years of his rule, although they also produced photographs of the dictatorship's darker side—photo-essays that could be interpreted as anti-government—of the poverty that was normally hidden from the camera behind the positivists' façade of rational order, marble monuments, and scientific progress. They supplemented their work as journalists photographing weddings, first communions, public works projects, and the like. When Díaz left for exile in Europe, the Casasolas covered the story.

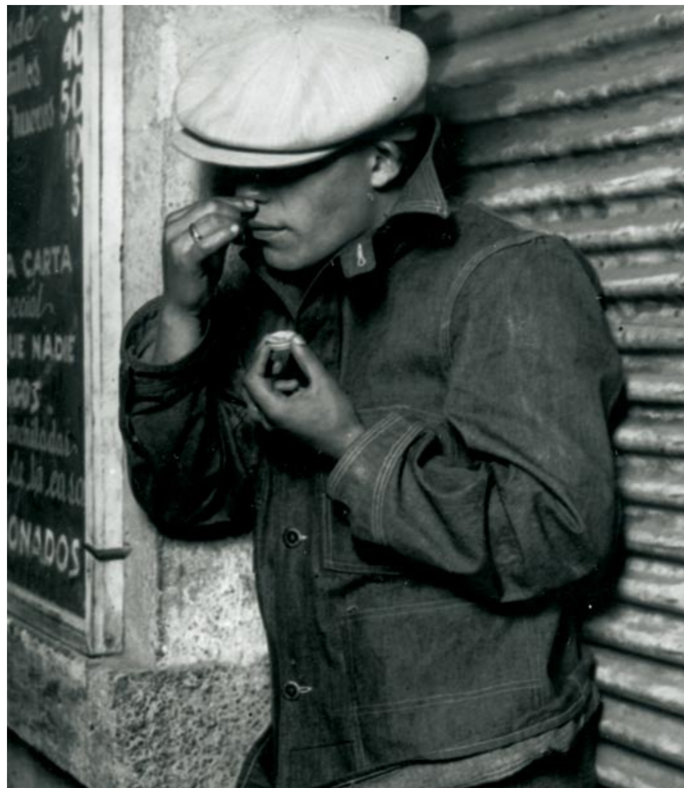
The revolution that followed changed photojournalism in Mexico definitively. When foreign journalists began flooding the country to report on the civil conflict that erupted in 1911, the brothers formed an agency with several colleagues to better contend with this new, more competitive environment. The Agencia Fotográfica Nacional, founded in 1912, grew into a wide-ranging archive of over half a million negatives, as the brothers began to acquire existing collections, beginning with the photo archives of their former employer, *El Imparcial*. The Casasola collection thus includes not only photographs taken by the two brothers, their children Agustín Jr. and Gustavo, and other family members, but also the work of over 400 other photographers.[1] Soon Miguel abandoned photography, at least temporarily, for a more active role as a combatant in the army of Alvaro Obregón.[2] Agustín Victor didn't often leave the capital in pursuit of pictures, but in 1913, the conflict came to the city streets. While the Casasolas continued to photograph after the Revolution, producing images like those of the drug users for newspapers including *El Universal*, *Excelsior*, and *El Demócrata*, their business increasingly involved the marketing of their archive and the publication of visual histories that drew on their extensive holdings.[3]

Collectively, the Casasola images, now housed in the Insti-

tuto Nacional de Antropologia e Historia's Fototeca in Pachuca, Hidalgo, offer a cross section of (for the most part urban) society over the course of the first half of the 20th century. The archive is still almost synonymous with its powerful images of the revolution, any number of which have gained iconic status: the "Adelita" leaning out of the train car; Pancho Villa looking quite comfortable in the presidential chair, with a more ambivalent Zapata at his side. These are photographs that, after having been reproduced countless times, are ingrained in the imagination as the defining visual record of the first social revolution of the past century.[4] But given that the photographers whose work comprises the archive were active both before and after the armed conflict of the revolution, and given the sheer size of the collection, it should not be surprising that the Casasola archive involves much more than these well-known images of civil war. What is startling is that a segment of the archive contains an extensive record of drug use and abuse in the 1920s and 1930s. Some of the images seem clearly legible: policemen posing with quantities of confiscated contraband, the detailed record of the means and subterfuge involved in transporting drugs, and so on. But others present such a non-judgmental look at a topic that is typically absent from the photographic memory that one cannot but wonder: for whom were these images produced?

The images capture a moment in which drug use in Mexico was undergoing dramatic and rapid change. Two broad patterns deflned drug use in the period prior to this era. One of these was centuries-old and employed herbs, cacti, and mushrooms as a means to access the supernatural. In pre-Columbian society, these were regulated and largely dominated by professional holy men, part of a variety of mechanisms that maintained the social order though controlling contact with the divine. Needless to say, with the Conquest, the Church did what it could to eliminate these practices, but to a great extent failed to do so. Instead, what frequently emerged after the arrival of the Spanish were syncretic practices that mixed and matched Catholic saints and iconography with the indigenous traditions of ritual hallucinogen usage. This is the *yerbería mexicana* that brought Artaud to the Sierra Tarahumara and the hippies to Huautla de Jiménez. The conffiation of the Eucharist with pre-Cortesian peyote rites brought the Saints, the Virgin, and Christ to life for believers under the inffiuence.[5]

Though we know the sacred use of drugs was commonplace in 19th- and early 20th-century Mexico, where the professed allegiance to Catholicism masked a vast diversity of religious practices, there is scant photographic documentation of this sort of use. The exception is the work of Karl Lumholtz, the Norwegian zoologist, ethnographer, photographer, and botanist, images created over extensive periods of travel and fieldwork. In 1890, after securing support of the American Museum of Natural History, Lumholtz traveled to the cliff dwellings of Arizona, and then to Sonora and Chihuahua. He returned to Mexico in 1892 to study and photograph the Tarahumaras. After exhibiting his photographs at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, he undertook his longest expedition. Between 1894 and 1897, Lumholtz spent extended periods living with the Coras and Huicholes. In 1898, he traveled to the northwest region of Mexico with the anthropologist Ales Hrdlicka to live with the Huicholes and the



Tarahumaras, and he returned again in 1905 and 1909. In his photographic archive there are glimpses of the peyote rites that brought visions of the divine to the faithful.[6]

The other broad category of drug use during the Díaz dictatorship was a more recent phenomenon, and one less uniquely Mexican. As in many other parts of the world, middle-class citizens in the late 19th century indulged in a range of over-the-counter "energizing" pills and powders, typically cocaine or morphine derivatives. According to the memoirs of Francisco Rivera Avila, entitled *When the Coca had no Cola*, the marketing of these drugs through pharmacies continued well into the 1920s, despite the revolutionary-era legislation's aims at eliminating the trade.[7] Though evidence is scarce, there is every reason to believe this market was prospering at the turn of the century. For the pre-revolutionary society of the *Porfiriato*, the stance taken regarding drug use was defined by social class, both that of the user and that of the individual passing judgment. One newspaper made this distinction clear: "Only in the spectacle of the drunk of the streets, half-naked, does alcohol terrify. The discreet drunk, well-dressed, passing in a car, is something else, respectable and decent."[8] Marijuana was prevalent in Pre-revolutionary society, but it was a proletarian vice associated with prisons, the lumpen's *vasilada* [meaning "to enjoy, especially when stoned"], and off-duty hours of enlisted men, and thus largely the purview of the guardians of public morality. References to the popular appreciation of pot are found in song and in slang expressions.

photos courtesy Casasola Archives, Mexico City.

The drug use portrayed in the Casasola archives is different from the other cases; it is neither the mushroom trip into an ecstatic religious haze as practiced by the indigenous shaman, nor the polite *Porfirian señoras* popping the cocaine-laced "Dr. Ross's Pills of Life" or some other ersatz medication. The Casasola archive seems to focus instead on the pastime of a new, cosmopolitan subject, testing the limits of freedom. It is again not in photography, but in popular songs, films, newspaper reports, poetry, and literature that we find the context that allows us to understand the world in which these photographs were created. There is much evidence of popular attitudes and manners to lead us to believe that recreational drug use was a part of an urban, bohemian underworld, an emergent, modern public space of altered sensation, accelerated rhythms, and exaggerated emotions. Here playboys, poets, movie starlets, artists, and flappers loitered in smart cafés and said to themselves, in the words of an anonymous writer in *Revista de revistas*, "From today on, when I am bored, very bored, very bored, so bored that neither Greig nor Chopin nor Beethoven nor Debussy can get me high enough, I take ether or 'coco.'"[9] Germán List Arzubide, in his chronicle of the *Estridentista* movement, the vanguardist bad boys of Mexican arts and letters of the 1920s, reports on one wild party where "hygienic tobacco" was used, and a misogynistic new verse was first read:

> *That night, beyond all the almanacs, the squeaking doors of metropolitan horror opened.* A Woman Chopped in Pieces *surprised the sonnet writers that could not triangulate and did not want to know about women, and the shout of the academic parrots added enough green so that the reporters stayed up until dawn on the rooftops of the new horizon. The general staff of* Estridentismo*, with Maples Arce, pointed their loudspeaker to the road and Huitzilopoxtli, waking up from centuries of Manuel Horta and Panchito Monterde, gave time a hand by* looping the loop.[10]

A flction fllm from Orizaba, Veracruz, from the same time as the Casasola images and the *Estridentista* text, also provides a context for understanding the photographs. Gabriel García Moreno's feature-length fllm drama *El puño de hierro* [*The Fist of Iron*, 1927], the story of a young man's experiment with heroin, avoids both List Arzurbide's euphoric rhetoric and the moralizing hysteria of contemporary journalistic accounts (or a later fllm like *Marijuana: el monstro verde* [*Marijuana, the Green Monster*, 1936]). Here we see the casual experimentation with needles and opiates in the backrooms of cafés, a provincial version of the bohemian atmosphere that pervades the Casasola images. While the main narrative line of *El puño de hierro* seems to fulflll prohibitionist expectations, the fllm undercuts its own message of temperance with a coda that suggests all is well. The protagonist, coming to, and flnding his friends frolicking at the beach and not mired in addiction and violence as he had dreamt, swears off further experiments with heroin. In dismissing the misadventures and tragedies depicted earlier in the fllm as nothing more than a bad dream induced by drugs, García Moreno seems to suggest that junk is little more than the harmless, youthful folly of the overly curious.[11]

This permissive attitude taken toward recreational drugs gave way to greater and greater efforts to prohibit and restrict. It has been argued that a gradual shrinking of spaces of

tolerance in Mexico over the first part of the 20th century was one which, in the end, responded more to external interests, especially those of the North American agents of "moral hygiene," than to national ones.[12] While changing international attitudes did in fact stir the state and its police into a repressive mode, arguments for and against specific drugs responded to internal political dynamics as well. The xenophobic violence targeting the Chinese immigrant community, a demagogic scapegoating cynically utilized as a political tool, found an ideal pretext for racial intolerance in opium.[13] The Casasola images coincide with a watershed in international efforts to control the global flow of opium and its derivatives, in which the Mexicans participated, beginning with the national ban imposed by Venustiano Carranza at the end of 1915.[14]

The present-day mores of narco-traffickers, with their powerful weapons and ostentatious lifestyles (the latter spawning what one architectural critic, Lawrence Herzog, calls "narchitecture," those palatial monuments to poor taste), and "wars" for and on drugs are distant from what is visible in the Casasola images. Instead, we see a world where current prohibitions were barely in the process of being articulated, in which retailers were able to openly market the certain chemicals and organic products with characterizations such as "energizing," "medicinal," or "hygienic." During that time, when experiments with opium or heroin were as likely to be understood recognized as a badge of sophistication than a symptom of a disease or a criminal behavior, Casasola's photographers were able to create these arresting images of intoxication.

1 This calculation was made by Ignacio Gutiérrez Ruvalcaba, who was charged with cataloguing the Casasola collection for the Instituto Nacional de Antropologia e Historia's Fototeca, in "A Fresh Look at the Casasola Archive," *History of Photography*, vol. 20, no. 3 (Autumn 1996), p. 191.

2 Gustavo Casasola's role as a combatant in the Revolution is described in an interview with Gustavo and Mario Casasola by Adriana Malvido, *La Jornada*, 21 November 1991.

3 The Casasola family published several multi-volume sets of images from their archive, most notably *Álbum Histórico Gráfico* (1921), *Historia gráfica de la Revolución Mexicana* (1942), and *Seis Siglos de Historia Gráfica de México* (1978).

4 Images of the Mexican Revolution from the Casasola archive are reproduced in *Jefes, heroes, y caudillos* (Mexico City: Rio de la Luz, 1986); Gustavo Casasola, *Historia gráfica de la Revolución Mexicana* (México, Ed. Gustavo Casasola, 1942); and David Elliott, ed., *Tierra y Libertad!: Photographs of Mexico 1900–1935 from the Casasola Archive* (Oxford: St Martin's Press, 1986). A broader selection of photographs from the archive appears in *Agustín V. Casasola* (Paris: Photo Poche, 1992), *The World of Agustín Víctor Casasola* (Washington, D.C.: Fondo del Sol Visual Arts and Media Center, 1984), and David Maawad et. al., *Los inicios del México contemporáneo* (Mexico City: FONCA/CONACULTA/Casa de las Imagenes/INAH, 1997). A selection of images of drug use and abuse from the archive appears in Ricardo Pérez Monfort, *Yerba, goma, y polvo* (Mexico City: Ediciones Era/Instituto Nacional de Antrologogía e Historia, 1999).

5 Serge Gruzinski, *Images at War: Mexico from Columbus to Blade Runner, 1492–2019*, trans. Heather MacLean (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2001), pp. 170-172, and *The Conquest of Mexico: The Incorporation of Indian Societies into the Western World, 16th–18th Centuries*, trans. Eileen Corrigan (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1993) pp. 220-221. See also Peter T. Furst, *Alucinógenos y cultura* (Mexico City: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1980).

6 See Lumholtz's books, which include reproductions of these images. *Unknown Mexico* (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1902); *New Trails in Mexico* (New York: Scribner, 1912); *Symbolism of the Huichol Indians* (New York: Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, 1900); and *Decorative Art of the Huichol Indians* (New York: Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, 1904).

7 An translatable pun: *cola* in Spanish means *tail*. In *Estampillas Jarochas* (Veracruz: Instituto Veracruzano de Cultura, 1988). My translation.

8 *Diario Ilustrado*, 2 November 1908, quoted in Ricardo Pérez Monfort, "Fragmentos de historia de las 'drogas' en México, 1870–1920," in *Hábitos, normas y escándalo: Prensa, criminalidad y drogas durante el porfiriato tardío* (Mexico City: Plaza y Valdés, 1997), p. 168.

9 *Revista de revistas*, 7 June 1925.

10 Germán List Arzubide, *El movimiento estridentista* (Jalapa, Veracruz: Ediciones de Horizonte, 1927), p. 74.

11 The Filmoteca of the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México recently completed a restoration of this film that involved a re-editing of the existing materials. To what extent the re-edited version has altered the moral message of the film remains open for further study. For more on this film and García Moreno, see Dante Octavio Hernández Guzmán, *Imágenes en movimiento en Orizaba* (Orizaba, Veracruz: Comunidad Morelos, 2001), pp. 30-34, and Gabriel Ramírez, *Crónica del cine mudo mexicano* (Mexico City: Cineteca Nacional, 1989), pp. 234-235.

12 Ricardo Pérez Montfort, "De vicios populares, corruptelas y toxicomanías," in *Juntos y medios revueltos: La ciudad de México durante el sexenio del General Cárdenas y otros ensayos* (Mexico City: Ediciones Uníos, 2000), p. 111-134.

13 Juan Puig, *Entre el río perla y el Nazas: La China decimonónica y sus braceros emigrantes, la colonia china de Torreón y la matanza de 1911* (Mexico City: CONACULTA, 1992), pp. 173 ff.; Jorge Gómez Izquierdo, *El movimiento antichino en México, 1870-1934: Problemas del racismo y nacionalismo durante la Revolución Mexicana* (Mexico City: Institúto Nacional de Antropología e Historia, 1991).

14 David F. Musto, *The American Disease: Origins of Narcotics Control* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1973).

THE REIFIED LOZENGE

FREDERICK GROSS

Pharmaceutical advertisements on TV aim to guide those with relatively harmless physical and mental symptoms to the quick self-diagnosis of a condition that can only be cured by a colorful pill. The aerodynamic shape and slick coating of these pills suggest the practical — ease of swallowing — and the technological — we are ingesting a small, precisely engineered capsule that will enter our unknowable interior recesses and make the necessary repairs. The colors of these pills are considered with great care. Nexium's sexy purple with three yellow stripes offers a perfect blend of space-age style and edibility. Purple obviously signifies grape, a cool color that will soothe your chronic heartburn. But purple also intimates the offbeat and quirky, the chosen color of the individual with a touch of creative talent, while the three yellow stripes give the sporty appearance of military rank. The periwinkle-blue Viagra opts for a more geometrical design, a diamond shape indicating that a mathematical clarity is being applied toward ending the heartbreak of erectile dysfunction.

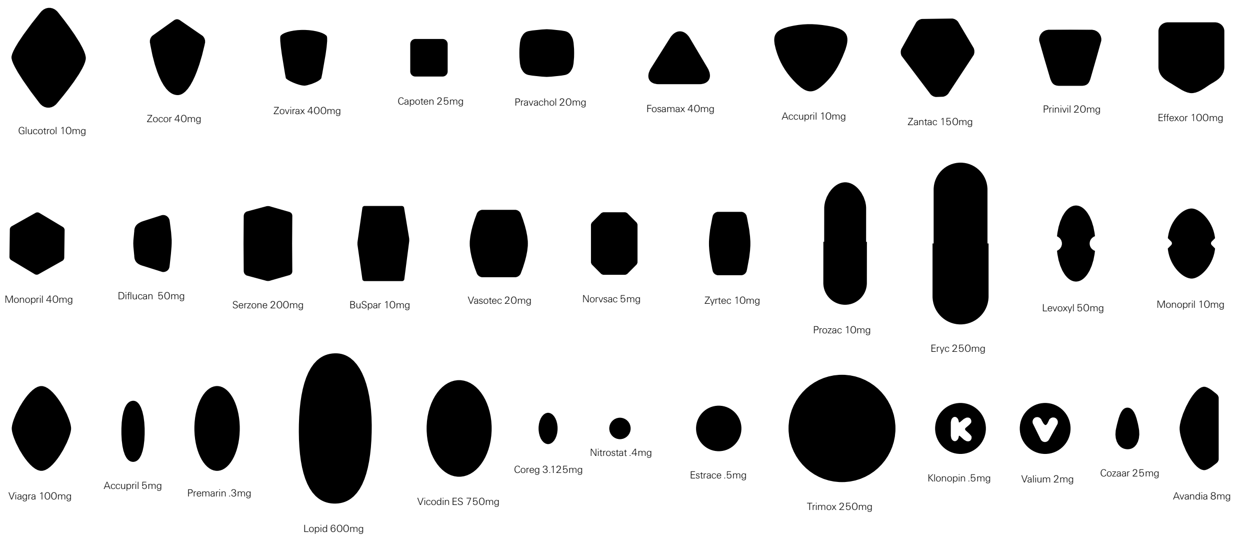
Every time we witness one of these commercials with yummy pills floating in the angelic skies of mental health, the pill seems to be infused with the air of divinity. Why is that? The answer may lie in the history of the ornamental lozenge form. By virtue of its advertisement, the pill retains the conceptual signifiers of the lozenge, but is reified as a commodity. The term "reified lozenge" represents the historical passage from lozenge to pill.[1]

Webster's deflnition of the lozenge locates diverse references. Geometrically, the lozenge is a flgure with four equal sides and two acute and two obtuse angles: a diamond or rhombus. The lozenge entered the popular visual lexicon in medieval heraldry as a diamond-shaped form on a shield, or the shape of the shield itself — a shape that, besides protecting its owner from harm, was adorned with the signiflers of that person's identity. The lozenge was soon incorporated into architectural ornamentation, usually within an ecclesiastical context. In the tympana of cathedrals, Christ judged the living and the dead in an ovoid lozenge form called a mandorla. Borromini engaged the lozenge in the cylindrical aedicule of his famous S. Carlo alle Quattro Fontane (1665–67) in Rome. This form was the focal point of the undulating façade, giving the illusion of forward thrust. In each cathedral, the lozenge appears to the viewer at a crucial juncture between exterior and interior, between secular and sacred space.

For Louis Sullivan, the ornamental lozenge appears in the shape of the seed, or what he called the "germ." The metaphor of organic growth central to Sullivan's architectural epistemology was most fundamentally articulated in the winged seed of the Sycamore tree. The germ was featured on the first page of Sullivan's *A System of Architectural Ornament According with a Philosophy of Man's Powers*, published in 1924, the year of his death. Under the image, Sullivan placed a Nietzschean caption: "The Germ is the real thing: the seat of identity. Within its delicate mechanism lies the will to power, the function of which is to seek and eventually to find its full expression in form."[2] By incorporating the lozenge into architectural ornamentation, Sullivan wanted to draw a comparison for the viewer between the seed and humankind's potential for creativity.

In the more streamlined, aerodynamic modernist consciousness, the diamond-shaped lozenge-seed lost some of its direct referentiality as organic metaphor, becoming an abstraction that alluded to a higher state of awareness. Its planar geometry gives structure to Suprematist paintings by Malevich and the Neo-Plasticism of Mondrian, whose lozenge forms and canvases echoed shapes both artists had seen in churches. For Malevich and Mondrian, the lozenge was part of a larger messianic system of representation connecting religious forms of the past with abstract compositions of the present.

The spiritually uplifting connotations of the lozenge were questioned during the cultural revolutions of the 1960s. There were ironic and even sinister consequences of the lozenge to be explored. In Edward Gorey's surreal, alphabetically organized "The Fatal Lozenge" (1960), the "Fetishist, the "Governess," and the "Hermit," to name a few, are part of a group of 26 illustrations, each accompanied by a quatrain of verse which



ostensibly refers to the moment in which the subject's demise is either contemplated or affirmed in the mind. For example, "The GOVERNESS up in the attic / Attempts to make a cup of tea; / Her mind grows daily more erratic / From Cold and hunger and ennui."[3]Each line of the quatrain comprises a side of a textual lozenge which, in typical Gorey fashion, suggests the quaintly diabolical.

In the late 1960s, Richard Artschwager's "blps" (pronounced *blips*) alluded to the lozenge form, but in a more generic way that echoed Pop's emphasis on the banal, the repetitive, and the mass-produced. For Artschwager, the "blp" was a pixel or Benday dot separated from its photographic context. Appearing on buildings and floating on gallery walls, Artschwager's "blp" referenced the architectural lozenge, but its rounded edges suggested a pill. For Artschwager, the "blp" was a punctuation mark in space linked to other Artschwager "blps," creating a "realm of absolute, arbitrary space embedded in contingent, accidental space. Where the two coincide (at each blp) they reveal each other paradoxically as both absolute and contingent."[4] On the façades of buildings the "blp" became a floating signifier, suggesting the architectural lozenge but ultimately confounding the viewer's expectations. Artschwager's obtuse conceptualist meanings stripped the architectural lozenge of its spiritual connotations.

But the lozenge would not lose its connection to religion. Gerhard Richter's recent "Abstract Picture (Rhombus)" series of 1998—six rhomboid canvases of slightly varying dimensions—were originally intended for a Catholic church. Their warm, orange-red monochrome surfaces, painted over blues, blacks, greens, and yellows, have a meditative, almost mystical quality attained through the careful layering and dragging of color. They float in the space of the gallery wall and transmit color in discreet, repetitive planes, like individual sheets of stained glass in a row of clerestory windows.

The transformation of lozenge to pill is also located in the process of naming. A brief pharmacological etymology links the pill of TV commercials with the history of the architectural lozenge. *Pax*, the root of Paxil (paroxetine), is Latin for "peace." According to *Webster*'s, *Pax* was also a word for a tablet or board decorated with a figure of the Virgin Mary or a saint that was, in medieval times, kissed before the communion by the priest and then by the people. It symbolized "a kiss of peace." The spiritual aura of the *Pax* was transmitted to the lips of the believer. The name *Paxil*, then, suggests a quasi-religious relationship between tablet, or lozenge, and mouth.[5]
Zoloft (sertraline) makes use of the Greek root *Zo*, for animal life. With Zoloft, apparently, the human animal is lobbed aloft into the clear skies of psychic well-being. The connection of lozenge to pill, then, is in the pill's retention of the lozenge's auratic connotation. Take it and your soul will be saved.

1 Reification is a term with many contestable shades of philosophical and theoretical meaning. My use of the term alludes to Marx's connection of reification with commodity fetishism, and Lukács's consideration of reification as indicative of an incomplete or false consciousness. I am also interested in Bakhtin's use of the term: For Bakhtin, reification takes the form of monologism (one prevalent, authorial voice), which prevents novels from doing justice to the multiplicity of human experience and otherness. As with monologism, the pill quells symptoms that do not fit the socially contingent rubric of "normal behavior." For an in-depth analysis of reification according to Lukács and Bakhtin, see Galin Tihanov, "Reification and Dialogue: Aspects of the Theory of Culture in Lukács and Bakhtin" (The Bakhtin Center Papers Online: The Bakhtin Centre), 1995, http://www.shef.ac.uk/uni /academic/A-C/ bakh/tihanov.html.

2 Kenneth Frampton, *Modern Architecture, A Critical History*, 3rd ed. (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1992), p. 56.

3 Edward Gorey, "The Fatal Lozenge" in *Amphigorey* (New York: Berkeley/Windhover Books, 1978).

4 Artschwager quoted in Richard Armstrong, et al, *Richard Artschwager's Theme(s)*, exh. cat. (Buffalo: Albright-Knox Gallery, 1979), p. 18.

5 In *Pills-a-Go-Go* (Venice, CA: Feral House, 1999), Jim Hogshire compares the pill to the Holy Eucharist: "In this analogy the pill—or host—is capable of miraculous things but only if it is treated in a certain ritualistic way. Thus, a high priest (your doctor) must first authorize its use in accordance with proper canon. It must be further consecrated by another level of priest (your pharmacist) who will place it into your outstretched hands from a counter three feet above your head." p. 11.

opposite: a lozenge form from heraldry.

POISON / EROS: ANECDOTES ON APHRODISIACS AND DOSE

MIRANDA MELLIS

Aphrodisiacs' promise is fraught with danger — indeed, danger is itself an aphrodisiac. When there is sexual attraction, bodies are ffiooded with PEA (phenylethylamine), a molecule that speeds up the ffiow of information between nerve cells; the same chemical is released in life-threatening circumstances, such as combat. Physiologically, aphrodisiacs are agents that have stimulating effects upon the skin, the cutaneous nerves, or the circulation. But Eros, of course, cannot be reduced to the physiological. On the emotional plane, curiosity and hope about such agents reffiect the possibility of creating desire where the specter of its nonexistence is intolerable. We assign magical qualities to others and are maddened when they do not cure our ills or fulfIll our fantasies — and our approach to aphrodisiacs is analogous to our approach to love: Will I arouse my beloved? If it doesn't work will I (want to) poison her? Both physically and metaphysically, the difference between intoxicating rush and toxic overload is often determined by just how deeply the stimulant, be it mood or mood-altering chemical, has entered the system. With the question of potency or dose, the line between potion and venom blurs. The lover's catalogue of options telescopes to one urgent need: to resurrect sex, to concentrate or distill it into storable, ingestible, stable, and known form. We overdose, we crave a flx, or we fInd medicine.

Aphrodisiacs range from the ethereal to the pharmaceutical, and flower remedies, invented in the 1930s by Edward Bach, might be considered as prototypical of the former type. If the conventional, Western-medical view is that wellness and illness are solely functions of biochemical states, Bach's elixirs operate on the principle that the universe is a flux of energy fields and forces that give rise to our experience of matter. Flower remedies are deployed with the understanding that reality and consciousness are changed by our participation. Indeed, the nascent field of psychoneuroimmunology documents the mind's ability, via the nervous system, to affect the immune system. Flower remedies address this interface between mental, emotional, and physical health, and are said to catalyze change at the cellular, emotional, and psychic levels. They are extracted by replicating the way that nature makes dew. Originally, Bach collected dews directly from the plants; later, he began to gather blossoms and steep them in crystal bowls of spring water set in the morning sun. All remedies are made in the open air in the plants' habitats and are matched with specific symptoms through intuition and experiment. Infusions of flowers such as bougainvillea, carnation, and hibiscus are recommended to "unlock sexual grace." In contrast to the target-and-shoot approach of pharmaceuticals aimed at the production of socially prescribed performance, flower remedies harmonize multiple subtle elements. Unlocking sexual grace, then, could manifest as abstinence, sublimation, or fornication, depending upon what is needed for dynamic, integrative balance.

Bach's theories drew upon and modified those of Samuel Hahnemann (1755–1843), the originator of modern homeopathy, whose dictum was that "like cures like." Bach suggested, rather, that like repels like.

We no longer fight disease with disease, no longer oppose illness with the products of illness: no longer attempt to drive out maladies with such substances that can cause them: But on the contrary, to bring down the opposing virtue which will eliminate the fault.[1]

Faults of interior chemistry, then, are opposed by the medicine/poison of the attracted opposite. Desire battens on absence, while aphrodisiacs are associated with plenitude upon demand: "Desire is to lack what one has, and to give what one does not have: a matter of supplements, not complements."[2]

In such a visionary/erotic economy, consider the remedy as compared with the drug: A remedy vibrates micro/cosmically; a drug bombs. The basic distinction between the two forces is dose. The more physically dense the symptoms, the higher the required dosage of the cure, since a drug is always dense with dosage. For etheric, emotional, or psychic symptoms, smaller dosages will be appropriate — therefore the efficacy of infusions, droplets, tinctures. The solutions are internal to the system, and need only be awakened. Too much of a good thing defines both love and medicine gone awry.

And yet, the promise of unlimited happiness perhaps defines the desire for desire's essences, the urge to get in the groove through love's narcotics. Archaic (monkey balls), pharmaceutical (Viagra), and mundane household aphrodisiacs (pine nuts, ginger, honey) are eaten to stimulate circulation — of blood and fluids, moods, and aesthetic and sensory sensitivity. Some aphrodisiacs, in fact, work like placebos. Placebo = magic potion, efficacious by way of allusion/illusion. The etiology of the placebo effect could be read to suggest that emotions and metabolic states interpenetrate all along the scale, echoing proximately to the word's genealogy: The Latin *placebo*, "I shall please," derives from Catholic vespers for the dead, and in medical contexts, implies the doctor's effort to please the patient. The implication is that the placebo is a vehicle for faith — in the doctor, in the medicine, in spiritual healing, etc. Any object — an amulet, a sugar pill, a stolen lock of hair — invested with emotion and thought (belief) will refract through the body, where every cell has a receptor listening for information and intention.

Where aphrodisiac environs are sites of multisensory ambiance — excitement is provoked through perception — ingested aphrodisiacs double as chemical and insinuating agents of arousal. Where the will is lacking to create feasts, intimacy, and atmospheres, there are insta-aphrodisiac/poisons, like the much-touted Viagra, the ubiquitous alcohol, or the less easily acquired Spanish Fly, all of which link passion with toxicity. Chemical toxicity creates a physiological delay; outcomes are not always in alignment with intentions, and before one can discern the meaning or quality of an event colored by extra-systemic poisons, one must detoxify. (Emotional toxicity works much the same way. In either case, it seems, detox requires abstinence.)

Viagra, which was initially created as a cardiac medicine, is obviously genitally focused — the heart/cock link and the corollary implication of an emotional component to sexual dysfunction has not, however, been encouraged by the advertising of the drug. If sexual relationships are performative, what do we perform in exhibiting the hard-on as our cultural symbol of erotic health? Passion is brought to heel and made

to produce. At Burning Man (a yearly anarcho-techno-pagan gathering in the Nevada desert) there are circle jerks where men take ecstasy and Viagra at once. In its appropriation of the alleged penile panacea, the priapic circle jerk devolves the pharmaceutical industry's latest commodity to the status of banned substance, thereby exposing the distinction between an illegal aphrodisiac and one people buy stock in as blurry, if not laughable. (Viagra can cause transient blue-green blindness, light sensitivity, headaches, and upset stomach, while ecstasy depletes serotonin, stimulates involuntary muscular activity, and has a tendency to interact badly with other substances.[3] Both can be fatal.)

Many aphrodisiacs enact this Eros/Thanatos connection. Spanish fly, the most notorious edible aphrodisiac, is also most dangerous—it is a poison that, improperly used, burns the mouth and causes infections, and even death. Spanish Fly is actually a urinary-tract irritant called cantharidin, derived from the Meloid beetle, which excretes cantharidin to wage chemical war on threatening predators. Absinthe, perhaps the most famous alcoholic aphrodisiac and hallucinogen, whose phantasms fueled the Impressionists, is an extract of wormwood (a palliative which Christ was offered, but refused, during his passion). Rich in toxic compounds, absinthe in habitual application can result in blindness and nerve injury. (The French government felt absinthe had sapped the people's will to go to war and so banned the "green fairy" in 1915, though it has recently made a niche-market comeback in the US)

The extremity of the hallucinogenic experience shares topologies with creativity and sex, which in turn mirror warfare and self-defense. Hallucinations, like visions of perfect love, subside, leaving temporal wounds: dead cells and emotional scars. Zones of exchange, of dissolution of interior and exterior, imply ecstatic or agonizing breaches, which surpass reality, by which we are inscribed and initiated. Perhaps, then, the urge to inflict pain on oneself, to drink to excess or to scar and tattoo in the aftermath of wounds to the heart, comes from a homeopathic instinct to be cured of pain with pain. Might a small dose of indifference chase out indifference, or a potent taste bring potency? Romans ate animal genitalia, crediting the Doctrine of Similarities with the power to intensify virility; in the same way oysters and pomegranates lure love by suggesting female genitalia, while the zinc in oysters also increases fertility in men. The narcissism of attraction and procreation works by a similar logic. I multiply myself by ingesting you.

Gender-specific marketing remains crucial to the discourse of the aphrodisiac. A website advertising pheromones instructs: "click here if you want to attract women" and "click here if you want to attract men." Were I in the market for pheromones, I wouldn't know which to click. The gender-dysphoric are abjected from this market of desire, although there are some gender-neutral turn-ons that purport to arouse anything with a circulatory system, and some of the most basic, tried-and-true aphrodisiacs have little gender-coding. Cocoa, a central nervous system stimulant, produces an amphetamine-like chemical that the body produces naturally in both men and women when we're in love. Scents, colors, chocolates, flowers—accoutrements for sweet emotion and aesthetic delight—are allied with an androgynous, diffuse sensuality. Certain other herbal preparations

traditionally connote female arousal. Datura, a potentially deadly plant (which, along with other psychotropic flora, was painted repeatedly by Georgia O'Keefe) is alternately called Devil's Apple or Mad Apple (with hints of Eve's lasciviousness), Jimson Weed (after Jamestown, Virginia, where settlers came upon it), Witches' Thimble, or Ghost Flower. Datura was a key ingredient in witches' flying mixture, along with other plants containing alkaloids, like henbane. The ointment was rubbed on broomsticks and the witches would slide their labia along the stick; the poison entered the blood stream through the mucus membranes and the witches felt soaring sensations. Masturbatory sexual pleasure, mediated by apparatus and drug, implies the supplement as mirror, the self as a potential other lover. The masturbating, tripping witch is the voyeur of her own self-seduction.

Datura, like its sister nightshade belladonna, dilates the pupils and has thus been used to simulate sexual arousal, which also causes the eyes to widen. As witches know, the seeds are hallucinogenic, and in the Middle Ages, royalty would sometimes spike peasants' beer with them, causing the drinkers to go mad temporarily, making fools of them for sport. Nightshades affect the pineal and hypothalamus glands, allegedly causing clairvoyance and the ability to speak in the language of the gods (or the poesis of anthropomorphized plants). Victims of belladonna poisoning act and are sometimes incorrectly diagnosed as psychotic. In homeopathic doses, however, belladonna cures what it causes. It can induce, but also treat tachycardia or irregular heartbeat; it counteracts poisoning by alcohol and tobacco, and is used as an antispasmodic. Datura has been applied as an antidote for nerve gas and pesticide poisoning. It also cleans up toxic waste (as does milk thistle), sometimes spontaneously appearing where toxins have suffused the land.

The homeopathic imagination doses on its disease/double to avoid being subsumed by alien forces. The generic can't survive the strangethe bricoleur-infant instinctively puts the world in its mouth and thereby disarms it. Becoming like the toxin, generating something monstrously strong or ethereally subversive, we heal the disease by ingesting its mystery; when desire is defeated, by impotence or alienation, aphrodisiacs offer tempting surrogates. Deferring, sublimating, and supplementing, we dose ourselves as exactly as we can, sometimes exacerbating the original longing—which if not satiated or released, is only rerouted. The depth of meaning we derive from kinesthetic overstimulation in sexual union may not be known until it wanes or disappears. ("Love, any devil else but you.") Then, the almost inhuman urgency of our libidos reconnects us to the organic, mindless energies of stems, roots, flowers, drugs, drops, meats. But we suffer cognitive power failures regarding the compost pile for which most of our crude love-you-forevers are destined. We forget pain (that of childbirth, for example) but we don't soon forget the nausea of poisoning. Or pleasure.

1 Edward Bach, "Ye Suffer From Yourselves," Collected Writings of Edward Bach, ed. Julia Bernard (Hereford: Bach Educational Programme, 1978), p. 113.

2 Roland Barthes, A Lover's Discourse, trans. Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978), p. 226.

3 Dr. Joseph Mercola, www.mercola.com/1998/jun/15/viagra.htm

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36. Chloralhydrate
37. Cocaine
38. Coffee
39. Coramine
40. Delvinylsodium
41. Dibenzopyranderivatives
42. Dicain
43. Dramamine
44. Ephedrine
45. Ephetamine
46. Epinephrine
47. Ergot
48. Ergotamine
49. Ethylharmol
50. Eucaine
51. Eucodal
52. Eukotal
53. Eunacron
54. Epicane
55. Escrine
56. Ether
57. Evipal
58. Evipan
59. Evipansodium
60. Evipansodium (35)
61. Genoscopolomine
62. Harmaline
63. Harmalol
64. Harman
65. Harmine
66. Harminemethiodide
67. Harmol
68. Heroin
69. Hexacol
70. Histadyl
71. Hydractine
72. Hypoloidsolublehexabarbitone
73. Icoral
74. Indole
75. Indolemethyllarmine
76. Insulin
77. Lophop-nine
78. Lyscorbicacid
79. (illegible)
80. (illegible)
81. (illegible)
82. (illegible)
83. Manganesechloride (35)
84. Methy-cocaine
85. Metra-ol
86. Morphine
87. Morphinehydrochloride
88. Narco-imal
89. Nambutal
90. Nicotine
91. Nikthemine (narcotic)
92. Nitrousoxide
93. Novacaine
94. Nupercaine
95. Pantocaine
96. Pantopone
97. Parahyx
98. Pellotine
99. Pentobarbitolsodium
100. Pentothalacid
101. Pentothalsodium
102. Percaine
103. Pernoston
104. Peyotl
105. Phenactin
106. Phenamine
107. Pehyl-thio-urethanes
108. Picrate
109. Picrotoxin
110. Procaine
111. Pulegone-orcinol
112. Pulegone-olivetol
113. Pyrahexyl
114. Pyramidon
115. Quinie
116. Salsoline
117. Scolpolmine
118. Scolpolmineaminoxide hydrobromide
119. Scopolmine-phetamine-eukotal
120. Sodium (62)
121. Sodiumamatyl
122. Sodiumbarbital
123. Sodiumdlelvinal
124. Sodiumevipal
125. Sodiumpentobarbital (nembutal)
126. Sodiumpentothal
127. Sodiumphenobarbital
128. Sodiumrhodanate
129. Sodiumsoneryl
130. Sodiumsuccinate (77)
131. sodiumthioethamyl
132. Somnifen
133. Stovaine
134. Strychnine
135. Styphnicacid
136. Sympatol
137. Synhexyl
138. Telepathine
139. Tatra-hydro-cannibol-acetate
140. Tetra-hydro-harman
141. Tetra-hydro-harmine
142. Tropacocaine
143. Tropenone
144. Yageine
145. Yohimbinesulphate

The above is a list of drugs tested by the CIA under experimental projects Bluebird, Artichoke, Derby Hat, MKULTRA, MKDELTA, and Midnight Climax. These programs were set up to explore the weapons potential of psychoactive substances and were conducted primarily at army bases, prisons, mental institutions and drug rehabilitation centers. It is estimated that 7,000 soldiers and 1,000 unwitting citizens participated over a ten-year period beginning in 1953.

Note: Substances 79-82 are illegible in the original government documents.