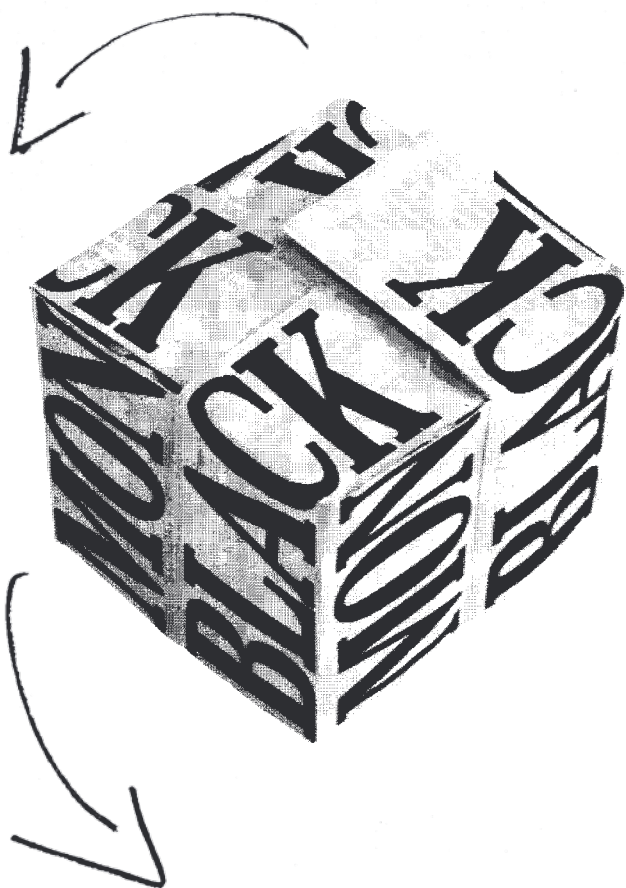


# [the] EVIDENCE



*Version 1,  
May 2008: [part]  
“on Misquotes”*

*(sic): Stripped To the  
Voicebone: Enmeshed:  
Believing in Angels: Untitled:  
Call yourself a surfer?!:  
Those that went before:  
Perefhectioin-automatic  
learning: It's Grrrreat!  
and The Big Apple: Of  
Other Spaces: Mistakes:  
Detachment (black on  
black): Knowing me,  
Knowing you.*



***Headline*** - folded newsprint (image reworked in ink); 2008  
**Cameron Irving**

***Version 1 [whole]***  
***“on Misquotes”***

*[Towards an] Introduction:*

**Natasha Rees**

*(sic):* **Martin Westwood**

*Stripped To the Voicebone:*

**Enda de Burca**

*Enmeshed:* **Vanessa Billy**

*Believing in Angels:* **Linda Persson**

*Untitled:* **Anon**

*Call yourself a surfer?!:* **Sam Porritt**

**Dean Kenning**

*Perefection-in-automatic learning:*

**Natasha Rees**

*It's Grrreat! and The Big Apple:*

**Geraint Evans**

*Of Other Spaces:* **Tina Schimansky;**

*Mistakes:* **Natashka Moreau**

*Detachment (black on black):*

**Vanessa Billy;**

*Knowing me, Knowing you:*

**Enda de Burca**

**BACK PROJECT:**

*Headline:* **Cameron Irving.**

—  $\log \geq \log$  —

The journal is so named, because each ‘version’ is a record of the contributors’ thinking; an engagement with a topic; unfixing and re-plotting (possibly) in dissimilar places, through research and creative thought. ‘[the]’, because ideas are seldom definitive - the publications’ meaning alters according to when it is written and when it is read.

As more versions are produced, the scope of [the] Evidence will hopefully diversify; identifying its own route as it explicates.

**Natasha Rees**

(SIC)



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# *Stripped to the Voicebone*

As I write I have unfortunately, as it is said, lost my voice, so that when I attempt to speak I cannot hear myself apart from feeling the raw reverberations of a sore throat, the suffering flesh, if that can be called hearing. In the incarnation of the transmuting body of the Other the drives insist. The incarnation of that voice of an incessant demand which is silently articulated in the unconscious relation. The voice as an object cause of desire is the sadomasochistic site from where it seems one is being addressed. In relation to the voice of another's suffering we should remember the toddlers transitivity in a misrecognising identification with the stumbling other, the counterpart. If we cry tears and look in the mirror do we see ourselves crying? Or do we feel a little strange, distanced, from this imaginary spectral assumption that echoes the child's non differentiated fusion? The gaze differs fundamentally from the look in that it involves the subjects relationship to language as a subject who is being addressed, the point from where I feel I am coming into being, that is being viewed. This place from where the Other views me remains unknowable to me.

So having lost my voice the verbal dialogue continues.

The drives persist. Drive or desire, the question remains as to who then is speaking. From what place are these words emanating. The uncanny distance between the organ eye and the object gaze is echoed in the gap between hearing and the voice as object cause.

The horror of this distance will not be tamed by any forced, naïve, cultural identity formation. If the place of the Others address is not acknowledged then the persistent drive will seek sadistic outlet in relations of unsexed rivalry, of threatening imaginary identification, demanding immediate release of an enjoying substance in outbursts of love and hate: "I was looking at you and you were looking at me looking at you" and the predictable pathological outcome, dubbed "attitude."

I cannot hear myself from the place where the voice of the Others addresses me. If the demand of the drives are not addressed to a name then this jouissance, this enjoying substance remains in the body at a cost to a suffering in being. Furthermore, in a globalising contemporary world of idealising competency the relation to the Other is increasingly foreclosed. We witness the same failure of the egos organisational capacity, a failure to alert the subject for the preparedness for the return of the real. The championed individual, the subject of imaginary identifications comes face to face with a real conflict that it is not equipped to deal with. Without dialectisation with the Other there is no acceding of the real to the symbolic.

The globalising desire to produce the undivided subject, to bridge this gap between the eye and the gaze, between the ear and the voice, to fill in this gap with imaginary identification feeds the individual and cultural longing for oneness. What exactly is this One that is longed for? To the individual subject

perhaps only the unitary trait of repetition and to the group the myth of the totalising One. This impossible pining for oneness finds expression in constructions of contemporary ideological, liberal, formations. It is elaborated in the desire for objective and subjective certainty through biological, chemical, and cultural medicalisations. In therapeutic formations the love object of the group ideal replaces the bad object. Group hugging outpourings of jubilant emotional identifications facilitate the undying belief in the creation of an abstract space of neutral suffering with all the repressions of totalising and infantilising that is required by a naive social scientific experimental exercise in measuring individual competency. He is broke.

This desire for a production of a qualified articulation of individual narcissistic suffering is echoed in the ideological need for the liberating democratic drive to construct a supposed neutral site of non antagonism in order to assuage guilt for the violating of the ideological other. So in the rivalry for our tears; the poetry of Guantanamo bay prisoners versus the narcissistic wounded voice of our own beautiful soul, no contest! The non space of liberal construction is underpinned by the unshakeable belief that we can recognise fully the voice of the subject, in other words that we can understand completely the demand of the subject as represented by the abstract figure of human rights of the individual undivided one, or of the collectivising totalising one of group formation identity.

The voice that commands us to tolerate, to relate without the inconvenience of or frustrations of an antagonistic real of sexed difference relies on the model of the straightforward circulation of a libido which goes from the ego to the external world, the object, in terms of unifying narcissism. This is the One of phallic autoeroticism, the imaginary function of the specular image, the ego. The danger lies in this transfusing libidos lack of acknowledgment of another libido that is stagnant and phallic, jouissance. Contemporary anti authoritarian refusal of castration heralds in an enthusiasm for phallic jouissance. With the foreclosure of the relationship to the Other we gain the

right to party, but do well not  
to forget enthusiasms shadowy  
partner in crime, melancholia  
in this house of fun.

The process of idealisations,  
of identifications nonetheless  
provides a stabilising  
functioning for the subject.  
What other relation beyond  
transference, is open to the  
destitute subject who has  
allowed his identifications to  
fall? In therapeutic relations  
a new good group object is  
erected that would separate  
the demand of the drive  
from its solitary jouissance.  
Again a reinforced super-  
egoic voice emerges with  
an imaginary injection  
of lethal death drive. As the  
therapeutic understanding  
becomes all pervasive we  
witness the vocal humiliating  
good object posited as a  
harmless, naturally neutral,  
stable and stabilising voice at  
the core of relations. Comedic,  
confessional and counselling  
voices, present an idealised  
omnipresent function as  
the contemporary chorus,  
the staple identification in  
the diet of televisual real  
life entertainment. The  
galvanising, celebrity star  
substitutes for the desire  
of the good therapist. Like  
Rousseau, in his Confessions  
this celebrity desire holds the  
position of truth as a weapon  
that then takes the place of the  
demand of the drive after acts  
of ritualised humiliations.

Yet the voice that refuses  
will not be silenced and the  
demand of drive persists.  
The voice can not be silenced  
because the signifier has  
nothing to do with the  
signifier we hear but with  
the reading of the signifier.  
There is no relationship  
between the signifier and the  
signified. There can be any  
interpretation between the  
signifier and the signified, it  
may mean whatever. The only  
thing that can take us out of  
this subjective destitution,  
this semantic solitude, which  
is close to the solitude of

jouissance is  
discourse, a reading,  
a social link. The  
relation of signifier  
/signified can only  
be established  
through the relation  
to the Other.  
Important here is  
the relationship  
between the old  
fashioned concept  
of truth, truth  
of the subject  
and jouissance.  
Truth here is  
understood as an  
unveiling of the  
subject rather than  
truth that signals  
“adequation”.  
In the “Project  
for a Scientific  
Psychology” Freud  
had already outlined  
that there are “no  
indications of reality  
in the unconscious”  
therefore the  
impossibility to  
distinguish between  
truth and fiction  
invested with affect.  
Lacan has said of  
truth that it can only  
be half said and that  
“it is the sister of  
jouissance”.

This truth is not  
the truth of the  
confessional voice,  
with its moral  
implications and  
cultural diffusion,  
but rather an  
abandonment of the  
subject to the Other  
who speaks through  
him, *laissez être*. So  
the drive persists  
and the subject  
who searches for  
truth will find truth  
effects that have  
nothing to do with  
their prejudices but  
result from what  
he or she has been  
for the Other, her

relation to the object voice. Jacques Alain Miller  
points out that there are two relations to the Other,  
that of desire of the Other and of jouissance of  
the Other. The first relates to the intimacy of  
confessions which is multiple, a multiple which can  
be collectivised, civilized, the second relates to the  
extimacy of the drives demand whose aim is Other.  
The relation to extimacy makes the One possible  
but dangerous, a subversive Oneness which cannot  
be collectivised.

The material trace of the voice of the Other  
inscribes on the body a separate and indelible  
difference. The naïve scientific and liberal  
instrumental ideological foreclosure of the sexed  
Other results in the call for ever more idealised  
collectivising of the voice of the imaginary,  
abstractedly addicted to suffering and elations.  
As the ego idealised space is not equipped to  
prepare for the return of the real, access to the  
symbolic is barred. Rather the idealised space  
of the medical object is rushed in to civilize the  
body with the brain understood as a determining  
organ. With the construction of the biological  
determining organ of the naked ape of C.B.T., we  
witness the forced marriage of the medicalisation  
and the rehabilitation of difference. Chemical and  
Biological Terror springs to mind as imaginary  
counterpart construction...

So we titter between the idolizing of the seductive  
narcissism of the beautiful liberated soul and the  
psychopathologising of that same narcissistic  
seduction, in a never ending cycle of collective  
idealisation, medicalisation and rehabilitation. The  
beautiful voice of liberal freedom sings like an  
angel but can do nothing to silence the repressed  
Other voice that speaks the violent poetry of  
prejudice and fear with a fix of toxic superego  
enjoyment. The jouissance of drive penetrates the  
language of mechanical metaphor and metonymy  
and the tolerating liberal will find there an  
individual scapegoat to be routinely civilised as the  
Other has spoken through him.

Like Hegels belle ame who cannot afford to  
abandon the beautiful position of suffering the  
world by acting in the real, when we cry for the  
suffering for another's lost ideal identifications  
we are crying for the self hypnotising regulation  
of group binding repression. The real of the  
partial objects which colour the demand of the  
drive can find a truly liberating expression, an  
accession to the symbolic through the ethical  
subjectivising of that which is disruptive of the  
mechanical desire of metaphor and metonymy, in  
an authorised writing of the Other. A writing which  
furthermore refuses to stop writing itself and will  
find aggressive outlet through the sadistic superego  
if not symbolized in an address to a name. The



contemporary anti-authoritarian foreclosure of this name, the refusal of castration invites this release of sadistic jouissance. A way out of this deadly foreclosed impasse may be found in the interrogating of meaning in the creative writing of the Other of James Joyce. Joyce describes in “the Portrait” a moment where Stephen, after receiving a humiliating beating from three schoolmates, feels no immediate response of hatred toward his tormentors. The writing describes how Stephen “had felt that some power was divesting him of that sudden woven anger as easily as a fruit is divested of its soft peel”. This falling away of identifications allows for the subjective destitution of a body divested of its image and Stephen feels a sense of disgust as the body becomes alien. The specular image is foreclosed as Stephen is stripped to the bone. The bone is experienced not only as that which is most intimate to the subject, but is also characterised by its exteriority to the subject, an object that constitutes our deepest psychical experience. Exposed to the voice, the bone is supported by writing.

In relationship to the couple signifier/writing, Derrida has shown how writing takes precedence, the Freudian psychical apparatus being a kind of writing, an inscription. Lacan sees writing specifically as a tying of the three rings of the Borromean knot whilst in Joyce the voice as real is authorised to support the bone in its writing. Speech and the signifier are relegated by Lacan to the symbolic-imaginary defence of meaning.

The Joycean epiphany describes a moment of subjective destitution, a refusal of meaning through metaphor and his writing is a passing through which neither relies on further reparative investment of mechanical identifications nor is allowed access to the Other through the name of the father which is here foreclosed. As we have said Joyce’s writing interrogates meaning but now with the orientation of the real Joyce goes further in foreclosing meaning. This foreclosure is more radical than the foreclosure of the name of the father. Joyce creates a relation to the voice of the Other through the jouissance of his writing, the writing of his name. Joyce writes his own name as the witness of his coming into being. This more radical foreclosure, implies being able to extricate oneself from the multiple meanings given to one word, to shed identifications of a suffering narcissistic repetition. The contemporary globalising cultural superego injunction to immediately enjoy conspires with an increasingly authoritative, bio-chemical, evolutionary and totalising model of the human animal to construct an anodyne, medicalised picture of twenty first century man. De-subjectivised,

pharmacological and transparent yet somehow enjoying his fully liberated status.

In this evidence based culture of positive science the artist may be tempted to plug the lack in the demand for Oneness but might do better to maintain the lack to hold back from the demand for immediate enjoyment of the fun Other in order to create a writing which is enigmatic and subversive precisely because in retaining a link to the Other it refuses to seek out the social bond. We do not use the voice, the voice inhabits language, it haunts it and taunts the individual. There is something in the voice that escapes the instrumental effect of an all encompassing totalising, state sponsored and pharmaceutical subject supposed to know, the voice of drive revolves around an unspeakable object something that resists the ideal of manipulation and suppression. The signifying chain of the master of evaluated knowledge attempts to shut up the disturbing Other. Enough behaviourist elaborations and pharmaceutical interventions at the dispense of the eradication of real difference. A rubbing out of being. The Frottage of the signifier. The voice emerges when the signifier breaks down, the signifier becomes the object of horror. In this enigmatic writing then we can read Lacan’s no longer mysterious statement “The unconscious is the political”. The voice refuses to be reduced to the partial objects no matter how many join in the masters signifying group binding ,chorus command “shut the fuck up you asshole”. I have lost my voice but the voice can not lose me.

*Reading:*

**Pierre-Gilles Gueguen:** *The Intimate, The Extimate*

**Clemens and Grigg:** *Jacques Lacan and The Other side of psychoanalysis*

**Roberto Harari:** *How James Joyce Made His Name A Reading of the Final Lacan*

**Juliet-Flower McCannell:** *Fascism and the Voice of conscience*

**Joan Copjec:** *Radical Evil*

**Jacques-Alain Miller:** *Drive is Parole - L’Orientation Lacanienne*

**Jacques-Alain Miller:** *Jacques Lacan and the Voice*

**Gerry Sullivan:** *Transference as Fiction*

**Paul Verhaeghe:** *Enjoyment and Impossibility*

**Voruz and Wolf:** *Later Lacan*

**James Joyce:** *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*

**Gennie Lemoine:** *A Reading of Sexuation.*

**Enda de Burca**





# Believing in angels.

A recent trip to the North, the lower circle of the Arctic, induced a perspective distant to ones current being and surroundings when at counter point by an exceptional landscape, its silence and involvement with the traditional 'hunter-gatherers' culture in northern Scandinavia.

*What do we expect when we travel afar? Do we count for those expectations and what's the image memory we have before actually reaching the chosen destination? Is it possible to have an 'open' state of mind or are we locked within a systematic bias in favour of the powerful?*

Every trip, every visit, every encounter could be seen as an accumulation towards the conjecture that is blinding ones senses, generating a united perception. With only two things in life that can never be experienced more than once (unless symbolically), the birth and death of one self, creates the possibility that one might adapt to the manipulations of everything between.

"No one sees the barn"- he said finally. A long silence followed. "Once you've seen the signs about the barn it becomes impossible to see the barn" 1.

On Good Friday we got invited to join the mass at the local snow church.

Not that we are Christian believers, but as fundamental questions can arise when experiencing extreme nature, we were wondering if there was a higher intelligence at stake anyhow.

Again, the thoughts created fuzz: *what if we were there together with all the others as a kind of spiritual forfeit? A silent agreement towards the shared viewing, observation and experience?*

The snow church is a yearly tradition, situated in an area called Stekenjokk in the midst of three mountains on the border to Norway. The church is built by a small team of volunteers, the priest and deaconess and is formed as an amphitheatre with blocks of snow similar to that of an igloo.

Opposite the seating, three crosses had been raised and inserted into the snow. They looked somewhat makeshift and paganistic on top of the hill, backlit by the strong sun that created a dramatic shadow.

The bright sun rays and the intense blue sky shifted the cold whiteness of the mountains to a dry soft gauzy yellow, and I fleetingly recalled the Nevada desert (even though I have never been there). The heat of the sun was overbearing, and whilst sitting on reindeer fur drinking freshly boiled coffee from the open fire, we didn't really experience the full impact of the 17 degrees centigrade below 0.

The silence was immense. The preaching began.

*"This is the Good Friday mass of 2008. We are to be reading from the 9th Evangelical testament the tradition within Protestant Christianity, the salvation by faith in the Atonement. We will start with a psalm."*

An unenthused, choir of visitors sang a short verse from the book. It made me think about the sincerity of believers. Maybe we had all been informally invited as tourists. Maybe that's what religious experience is about, momentarily shared experience, viewing, momentarily sharing.

Looking at the 'followers' looking onto us, entertaining the idea of our 'shared' belief, acknowledging their devotion to a belief that we 'know' they have. Did we actually hear the priest who delivered the story about this man's suffering, neglect and pain, thousands of years ago?

The priest read further: *"They gave Him wine to drink, which was mixed with bile. He didn't want to drink it. When they had crucified him and raised the cross, they took his clothes and piled the bits and pieces on the ground to be distributed to those who wanted to take them. The prosecutors sat down to guard. Above his head a sign was attached with the description of his criminal offence: -THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS"*

*"Mom. Mommy! Mommy! MOMMYYY!!"*

The attention was redirected back to the present, and everyone looked at the small child who got fidgety during the mass.

"O.K." the mother said and let the child run off.

*"Archbishops, priests and passers by were watching Jesus suffering on the cross and asked: - You who can tear down a temple and build it again, in just three days, please help yourself and step down from that cross, show us that you are the son of God! On the sixth hour through to the ninth hour a heavy darkness fell over the site of the Crucifixion. On the ninth hour Jesus cried out loud, 'My God, My Father, why have you abandoned me?'"*

*"Mom. Mommy. Hej! Hej!"* The child waved to his Mother.

Attention was shifted yet again and we could all see the child confidently walking up the high hill towards the display of the three crosses. The

mother waved back. Somebody whispered, *"He's got a sledge."*

Meanwhile, the priest had reached a crescendo in the story where the earth was shaken, the temples divided, the mountains fell and the graves of the dead holy ones, opened. It was when Jesus was reborn and entered the holy city with all his devoted (dead and alive) followers, including Maria Magdalena, that we all encountered a screeching noise, a tumble of joy and fright.

*"There he is"* somebody whispered. All heads in the snow church quickly turned. Upon the bright hill, behind the three crosses the little boy placed his sledge, ready to challenge the steep hill downwards, with speed. And off he went. At first the 'audience' fell silent followed by a communal giggle, we witnessed and shared a moment of nature, history and sheer joy of life.

Even if we were onlookers and at the same time, sharing somebody else's belief, for us the actual event on the mountain, made it harder to justify this situation as anything other than an event, especially when aligned to what's called 'the truth'. Truth as described in a dictionary is even questionable, that which is true or in accordance with fact or reality: a fact or belief that is accepted as true: the emergence of scientific truths/ the fundamental truths about mankind?

*When and how do we decide to believe in an accepted fact or belief? What's the template? See what happened to Jesus? If you are prepared to suffer until the day you die, you might get to hang out in the holy city.*

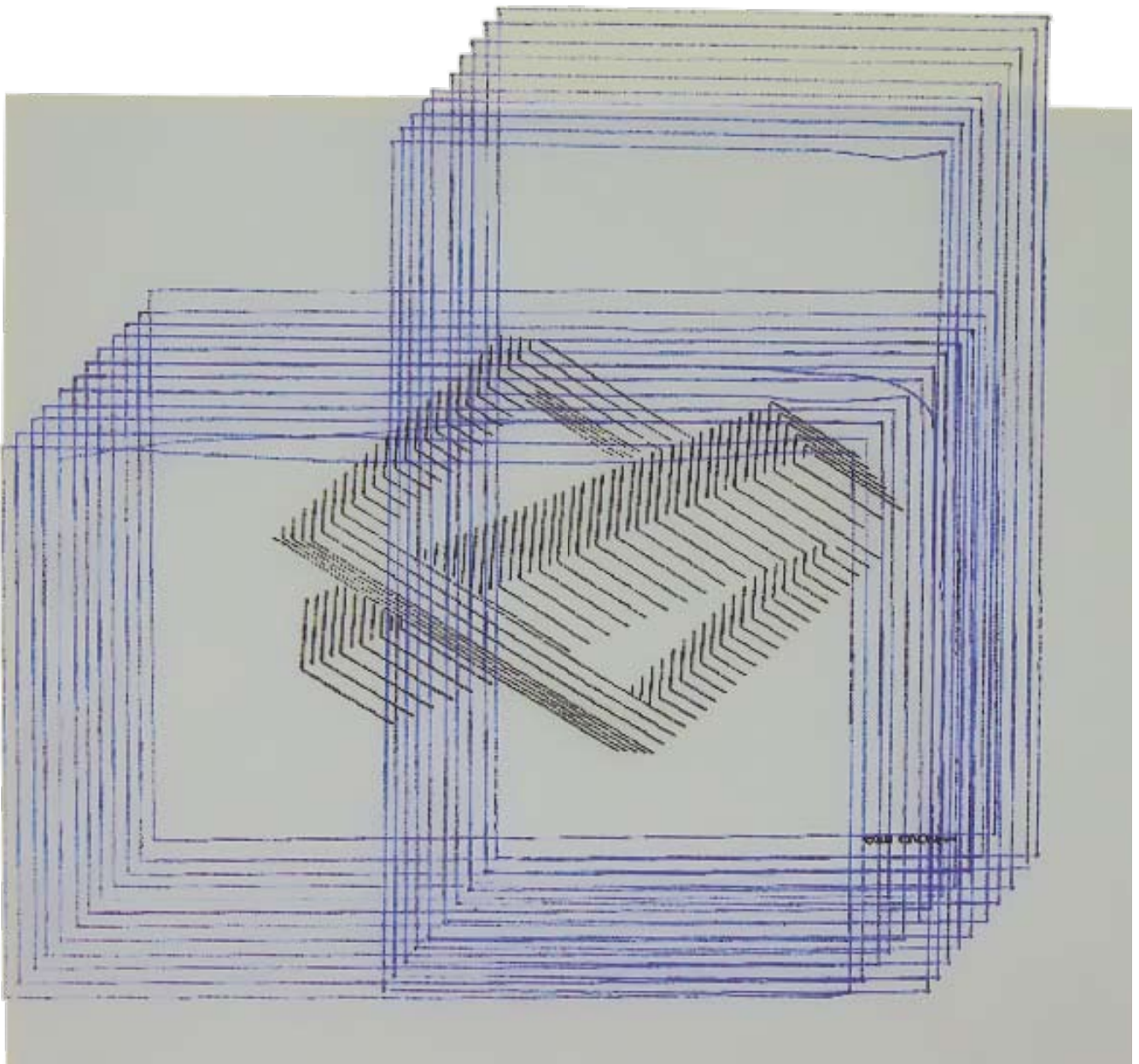
1-Don DeLillo, *White Noise*: p.12



Still from footage 'Stekenjokk' © 2008 Linda Persson

Linda Persson







*Call yourself a surfer...?! - ink drawing; 2008; Sam Porritt*

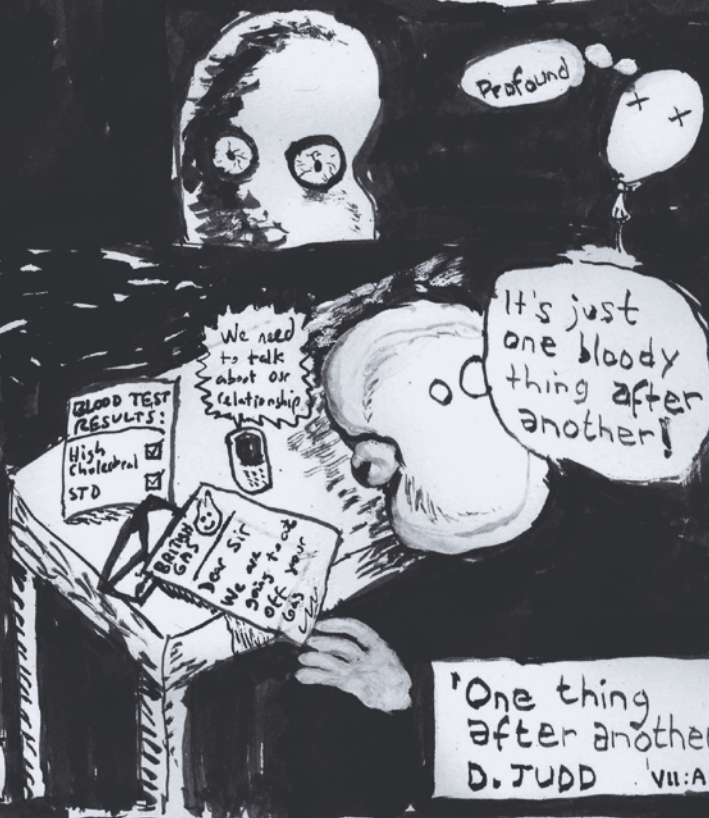


I used to believe that my own words were ~~quotations of~~ statements never uttered

I am now of the conviction that ~~my~~ rancid utterances are MISquotations from those who came before



'Every human being is an artist' J. BEUYS VII:8:10



'One thing after another' D. JUDD VII:A:4

Where can one find such words good and true which it is our misfortune like broken puppets to re-play as twisted parodies?



## THE BIBLE?

No! For it is written: 'The Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouths of all these thy prophets' KINGS 1:22:22



No! This is totally useless!



perefc tioin

The effects of learning tend to actualise within a trance like obedience that follow a kind of rule-like markerpen-1.5. The 'rule' so called is often elusive as it is instilled at a very early age...and memory is controlled questioning of which will inspire itself to motion. all can be achieved within a constant state of is in a realm and will be used not as bad idea but as bad behaviour - not serious - trite. The task there are we do to learn this stuff to attend matters of difference through arguments and war. Resistance always comes at a price. Buttttss

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hectioin-automatic learning: photmontage; 2008 - Natasha Rees

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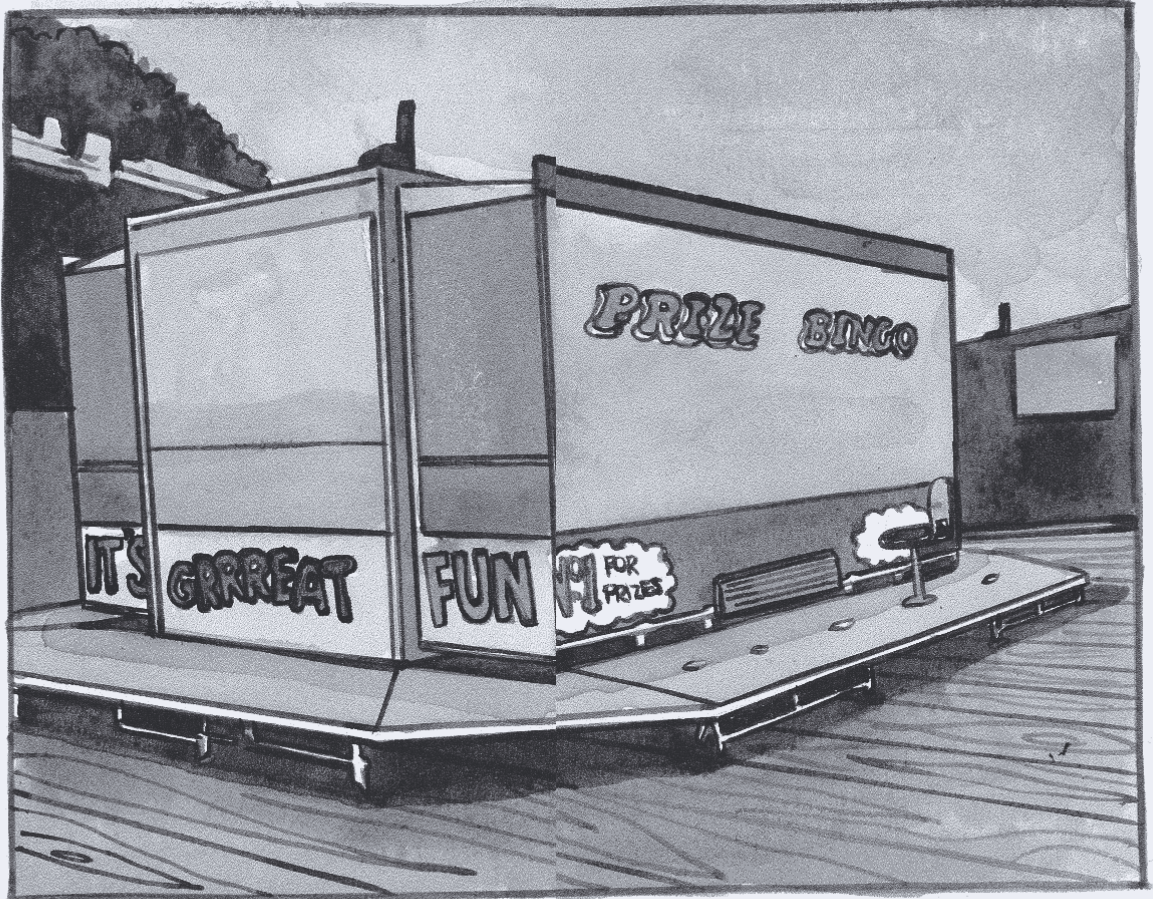
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It's Grrreat Fun.



The Big Apple.



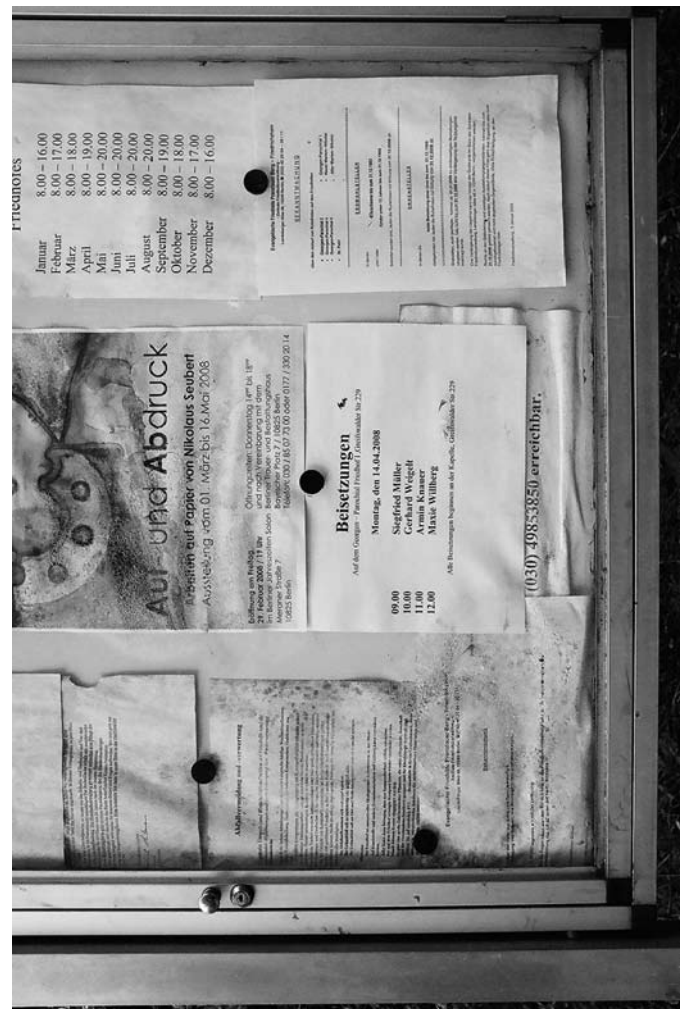
Hier gilt die Friedhofsordnung.

Hunde dürfen auf den Friedhof nicht mitgebracht werden.

Der Friedhof wird mit Einbruch der Dämmerung abgeschlossen.

Betreten der Wege bei Schnee und Eisglätte auf eigene Gefahr.

Gräberdenkmal



The great obsession of the nineteenth century was, as we know, history: with its themes of development and of suspension, of crisis, and cycle, themes of the ever-accumulating past, with its great preponderance of dead men and the menacing glaciation of the world. The nineteenth century found its essential mythological resources in the second principle of thermal dynamics- The present epoch will perhaps be above all the epoch of space. We are in the epoch of simultaneity: we are in the epoch of juxtaposition, the epoch of the near and far, of the side-by-side, of the dispersed. We are at a moment. I believe, when our experience of the world is less that of a long life developing through time than that of a network that connects points and intersects with its own skein. One could perhaps say that certain ideological conflicts animating present-day polemics oppose the pious descendants of time and the determined inhabitants of space. Structuralism, or at least which is grouped under this slightly too general name, is the effort to establish, between elements that could have been connected on a temporal axis, an ensemble of relations that makes them appear as juxtaposed, set off against one another, implicated by each other-that makes them appear, in short, as a sort of configuration. Actually, structuralism does not entail denial of time; it does involve a certain manner of dealing with what we call time and what we call history. Yet it is necessary to notice that the space which today appears to form the horizon of our concerns, our theory, our systems, is not an innovation; space itself has a history in Western experience, and it is not possible to disregard the fatal intersection of time with space. One could say, by way of retracing this history of space very roughly, that in the Middle Ages there was a hierarchic ensemble of places: sacred places and profane plates: protected places and open, exposed places: urban places and rural places (all these concern the real life of men). In cosmological theory, there were the super celestial places as opposed to the celestial, and the celestial place was in its turn opposed to the terrestrial place. There were places where things had been put because they had been violently displaced, and then on the contrary places where things found their natural ground and stability. It was this complete hierarchy, this opposition, this intersection of places that constituted what could very roughly be called medieval space: the space of emplacement was opened up by Galileo. For the real scandal of Galileo's work lay not so much in his discovery, or rediscovery, that the earth revolved around the sun, but in his constitution of an infinite, and infinitely open space. In such a space the place of the Middle Ages turned out to be dissolved. As it were; a thing's place was no longer anything but a point in its movement, just as the stability of a thing was only its movement indefinitely slowed down. In other words, starting with Galileo and the seventeenth century, extension was substituted for localization. Today the site has been substituted for extension which itself had replaced emplacement. The site is defined by relations of proximity between points or elements; formally, we can describe these relations as series, trees, or grids. Moreover, the importance of the site as a problem in contemporary technical work is well known: the storage of data or of the intermediate results of a calculation in the memory of a machine, the circulation of discrete elements with a random output (automobile traffic is a simple case, or indeed the sounds on a telephone line); the identification of marked or coded elements inside a set that may be randomly distributed, or may be arranged according to single or to multiple

classifications. In a still more concrete manner, the problem of siting or placement arises for mankind in terms of demography. This problem of the human site or living space is not simply that of knowing whether there will be enough space for men in the world -a problem that is certainly quite important - but also that of knowing what relations of propinquity, what type of storage, circulation, marking, and classification of human elements should be adopted in a given situation in order to achieve a given end. Our epoch is one in which space takes for us the form of relations among sites. In any case I believe that the anxiety of our era has to do fundamentally with space, no doubt a great deal more than with time. Time probably appears to us only as one of the various distributive operations that are possible for the elements that are spread out in space. Now, despite all the techniques for appropriating space, despite the whole network of knowledge that enables us to delimit or to formalize it, contemporary space is perhaps still not entirely desanctified (apparently unlike time, it would seem, which was detached from the sacred in the nineteenth century). To be sure a certain theoretical desanctification of space (the one signaled by Galileo's work) has occurred, but we may still not have reached the point of a practical desanctification of space. And perhaps our life is still governed by a certain number of oppositions that remain inviolable, that our institutions and practices have not yet dared to break down. These are oppositions that we regard as simple givens: for example between private space and public space, between family space and social space, between cultural space and useful space, between the space of leisure and that of work. All these are still nurtured by the hidden presence of the sacred. Bachelard's monumental work and the descriptions of phenomenologists have taught us that we do not live in a homogeneous and empty space, but on the contrary in a space thoroughly imbued with quantities and perhaps thoroughly fantasmatic as well. The space of our primary perception, the space of our dreams and that of our passions hold within themselves qualities that seem intrinsic: there is a light, ethereal, transparent space, or again a dark, rough, encumbered space; a space from above, of summits, or on the contrary a space from below of mud; or again a space that can be flowing like sparkling water, or space that is fixed, congealed, like stone or crystal. Yet these analyses, while fundamental for reflection in our time, primarily concern internal space. I should like to speak now of external space. The space in which we live, which draws us out of ourselves, in which the erosion of our lives. our time and our history occurs, the space that claws and gnaws at us, is also, in itself, a heterogeneous space. In other words, we do not live in a kind of void, inside of which we could place individuals and things. We do not live inside a void that could be coloured with diverse shades of light, we live inside a set of relations that delineates sites which are irreducible to one another and absolutely not superimposable on one another. Of course one might attempt to describe these different sites by looking for the set of relations by which a given site can be defined. For example, describing the set of relations that define the sites of transportation, streets, trains (a train is an extraordinary bundle of relations because it is something through which one goes, it is also something by means of which one can go from one point to another, and then it is also something that goes by). One could describe, via the cluster of relations that allows them to be defined, the sites of temporary relaxation -cafes, cinemas, beaches. Likewise one could describe, via its network of relations, the closed or semi-closed sites of rest -

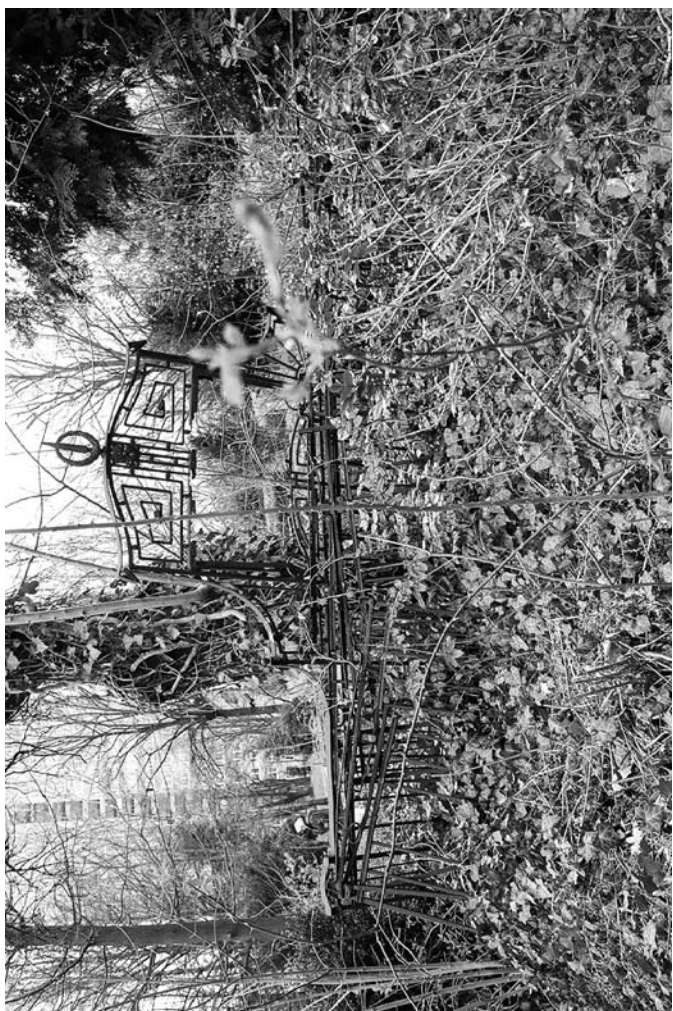




the house, the bedroom, the bed, el cetera. But among all these sites, I am interested in certain ones that have the curious property of being in relation with all the other sites, but in such a way as to suspect, neutralize, or invent the set of relations that they happen to designate, mirror, or reflect. These spaces, as it were, which are linked with all the others, which however contradict all the other sites, are of two main types. HETEROtopias First there are the utopias. Utopias are sites with no real place. They are sites that have a general relation of direct or inverted analogy with the real space of Society. They present society itself in a perfected form, or else society turned upside down, but in any case these utopias are fundamentally unreal spaces. There are also, probably in every culture, in every civilization, real places - places that do exist and that are formed in the very founding of society - which are something like counter-sites, a kind of effectively enacted utopia in which the real sites, all the other real sites that can be found within the culture, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted. Places of this kind are outside of all places, even though it may be possible to indicate their location in reality.

Because these places are absolutely different from all the sites that they reflect and speak about, I shall call them, by way of contrast to utopias, heterotopias. I believe that between utopias and these quite other sites, these heterotopias, there might be a sort of mixed, joint experience, which would be the mirror. The mirror is, after all, a utopia, since it is a placeless place. In the mirror, I see myself there where I am not, in an unreal, virtual space that opens up behind the surface; I am over there, there where I am not, a sort of shadow that gives my own visibility to myself, that enables me to see myself there where I am absent: such is the utopia of the mirror. But it is also a heterotopia in so far as the mirror does exist in reality, where it exerts a sort of counteraction on the position that I occupy. From the standpoint of the mirror I discover my absence from the place where I am since I see myself over there. Starting from this gaze that is, as it were, directed toward me, from the ground of this virtual space that is on the other side of the glass, I come back toward myself; I begin again to direct my eyes toward myself and to reconstitute myself there where I am. The mirror functions as a heterotopia in this respect: it makes this place that I occupy at the moment when I look at myself in the glass at once absolutely real, connected with all the space that surrounds it, and absolutely unreal, since in order to be perceived it has to pass through this virtual point which is over there. As for the heterotopias as such, how can they be described? What meaning do they have? We might imagine a sort of systematic description - I do not say a science because the term is too galvanized now -that would, in a given society, take as its object the study, analysis, description, and 'reading' (as some like to say nowadays) of these different spaces, of these other places. As a sort of simultaneously mythic and real contestation of the space in which we live, this description could be called heterotopology. Its first principle is that there is probably not a single culture in the world that fails to constitute heterotopias. That is a constant of every human group. But the heterotopias obviously take quite varied forms, and perhaps no one absolutely universal form of heterotopia would be found. We can however class them in two main categories. In the so-called primitive societies, there is a certain form of heterotopia that I would call crisis heterotopias, i.e., there are privileged or sacred or forbidden places, reserved for individuals who are, in relation to society and to the human environment in which they live, in a state of crisis: adolescents, menstruating women,

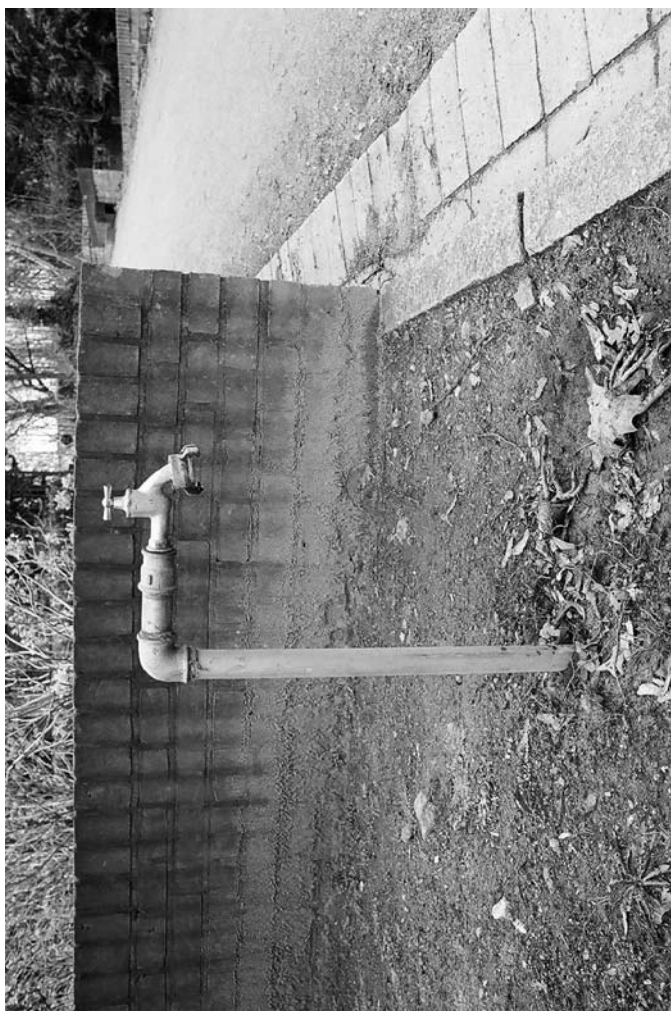
pregnant women. the elderly, etc. In our society, these crisis heterotopias are persistently disappearing, though a few remnants can still be found. **For example, the boarding school, in its nineteenth-century form, or military service for young men, have certainly played such a role, as the first manifestations of sexual virility were in fact supposed to take place "elsewhere" than at home.** For girls, there was, until the middle of the twentieth century, a tradition called the "honeymoon trip" which was an ancestral theme. The young woman's deflowering could take place "nowhere" and, at the moment of its occurrence the train or honeymoon hotel was indeed the place of this nowhere, this heterotopia without geographical markers. But these heterotopias of crisis are disappearing today and are being replaced, I believe, by what we might call heterotopias of deviation: those in which individuals whose behavior is deviant in relation to the required mean or norm are placed. Cases of this are rest homes and psychiatric hospitals, and of course prisons, and one should perhaps add retirement homes that are, as it were, on the borderline between the heterotopia of crisis and the heterotopia of deviation since, after all, old age is a crisis, but is also a deviation since in our society where leisure is the rule, idleness is a sort of deviation. The second principle of this description of heterotopias is that a society, as its history unfolds, can make an existing heterotopia function in a very different fashion; for each heterotopia has a precise and determined function within a society and the same heterotopia can, according to the synchrony of the culture in which it occurs, have one function or another. As an example I shall take the strange heterotopia of the cemetery. The cemetery is certainly a place unlike ordinary cultural spaces. It is a space that is however connected with all the sites of the city, state or society or village, etc., since each individual, each family has relatives in the cemetery. In western culture the cemetery has practically always existed. But it has undergone important changes. Until the end of the eighteenth century, the cemetery was placed at the heart of the city, next to the church. In it there was a hierarchy of possible tombs. There was the charnel house in which bodies lost the last traces of individuality, there were a few individual tombs and then there were the tombs inside the church. These latter tombs were themselves of two types, either simply tombstones with an inscription, or mausoleums with statues. This cemetery housed inside the sacred space of the church has taken on a quite different cast in modern civilizations, and curiously, it is in a time when civilization has become 'atheistic,' as one says very crudely, that western culture has established what is termed the cult of the dead. Basically it was quite natural that, in a time of real belief in the resurrection of bodies and the immortality of the soul, overriding importance was not accorded to the body's remains. On the contrary, from the moment when people are no longer sure that they have a soul or that the body will regain life, it is perhaps necessary to give much more attention to the dead body, which is ultimately the only trace of our existence in the world and in language. **In any case, it is from the beginning of the nineteenth century that everyone has a right to her or his own little box for her or his own little personal decay, but on the other hand, it is only from that start of the nineteenth century that cemeteries began to be located at the outside border of cities.** In correlation with the individualization of death and the bourgeois appropriation of the



cemetery, there arises an obsession with death as an ‘illness.’ The dead, it is supposed, bring illnesses to the living, and it is the presence and proximity of the dead right beside the houses, next to the church, almost in the middle of the street, it is this proximity that propagates death itself. **This major theme of illness spread by the contagion in the cemeteries persisted until the end of the eighteenth century, until, during the nineteenth century, the shift of cemeteries toward the suburbs was initiated.** The cemeteries then came to constitute, no longer the sacred and immortal heart of the city, but the other city, where each family possesses its dark resting place. Third principle. The heterotopia is capable of juxtaposing in a single real place several spaces, several sites that are in themselves incompatible. Thus it is that the theater brings onto the rectangle of the stage, one after the other, a whole series of places that are foreign to one another; thus it is that the cinema is a very odd rectangular room, at the end of which, on a two-dimensional screen, one sees the projection of a three-dimensional space, but perhaps the oldest example of these heterotopias that take the form of contradictory sites is the garden. We must not forget that in the Orient the garden, an astonishing creation that is now a thousand years old, had very deep and seemingly superimposed meanings. The traditional garden of the Persians was a sacred space that was supposed to bring together inside its rectangle four parts representing the four parts of the world, with a space still more sacred than the others that were like an umbilicus, the navel of the world at its center (the basin and water fountain were there); and all the vegetation of the garden was supposed to come together in this space, in this sort of microcosm. As for carpets, they were originally reproductions of gardens (the garden is a rug onto which the whole world comes to enact its symbolic perfection, and the rug is a sort of garden that can move across space). The garden is the smallest parcel of the world and then it is the totality of the world. The garden has been a sort of happy, universalizing heterotopia since the beginnings of antiquity (our modern zoological gardens spring from that source). Fourth principle. Heterotopias are most often linked to slices in time - which is to say that they open onto what might be termed, for the sake of symmetry, heterochronies. The heterotopia begins to function at full capacity when men arrive at a sort of absolute break with their traditional time. This situation shows us that the cemetery is indeed a highly heterotopic place since, for the individual, the cemetery begins with this strange heterochrony, the loss of life, and with this quasi-eternity in which her permanent lot is dissolution and disappearance. From a general standpoint, in a society like ours heterotopias and heterochronies are structured and distributed in a relatively complex fashion. First of all, there are heterotopias of indefinitely accumulating time, for example museums and libraries, Museums and libraries have become heterotopias in which time never stops building up and topping its own summit, whereas in the seventeenth century, even at the end of the century, museums and libraries were the expression of an individual choice. By contrast, the idea of accumulating everything, of establishing a sort of general archive, the will to enclose in one place all times, all epochs, all forms, all tastes, the idea of constituting a place of all times that is itself outside of time and inaccessible to its ravages, the project of organizing in this way a sort of perpetual and indefinite accumulation of time in an immobile place, this whole idea belongs to our modernity. **The museum and the library are heterotopias**

**that are proper to western culture of the nineteenth century.** Opposite these heterotopias that are linked to the accumulation of time, there are those linked, on the contrary, to time in its most flowing, transitory, precarious aspect, to time in the mode of the festival. These heterotopias are not oriented toward the eternal, they are rather absolutely temporal [chroniques]. Such, for example, are the fairgrounds, these’ marvelous empty sites on the outskirts of cities that teem once or twice a year with stands, displays, heteroclite objects, wrestlers, snakewomen, fortune-tellers, and so forth. Quite recently, a new kind of temporal heterotopia has been invented: vacation villages, such as those Polynesian villages that offer a compact three weeks of primitive and eternal nudity to the inhabitants of the cities. You see, moreover, that through the two forms of heterotopias that come together here, the heterotopia of the festival and that of the eternity of accumulating time, the huts of Djerba are in a sense relatives of libraries and museums. For the rediscovery of Polynesian life abolishes time; yet the experience is just as much the rediscovery of time, it is as if the entire history of humanity reaching back to its origin were accessible in a sort of immediate knowledge, Fifth principle. Heterotopias always presuppose a system of opening and closing that both isolates them and makes them penetrable. In general, the heterotopic site is not freely accessible like a public place. Either the entry is compulsory, as in the case of entering a barracks or a prison, or else the individual has to submit to rites and purifications. To get in one must have a certain permission and make certain gestures. Moreover, there are even heterotopias that are entirely consecrated to these activities of purification -purification that is partly religious and partly hygienic, such as the hammin of the Moslems, or else purification that appears to be purely hygienic, as in Scandinavian saunas. There are others, on the contrary, that seem to be pure and simple openings, but that generally hide curious exclusions. Everyone can enter into these heterotopic sites, but in fact that is only an illusion- we think we enter where we are, by the very fact that we enter, excluded. I am thinking for example, of the famous bedrooms that existed on the great farms of Brazil and elsewhere in South America. The entry door did not lead into the central room where the family lived, and every individual or traveler who came by had the right to open this door, to enter into the bedroom and to sleep there for a night. Now these bedrooms were such that the individual who went into them never had access to the family’s quarter the visitor was absolutely the guest in transit, was not really the invited guest. This type of heterotopia, which has practically disappeared from our civilizations, could perhaps be found in the famous American motel rooms where a man goes with his car and his mistress and where illicit sex is both absolutely sheltered and absolutely hidden, kept isolated without however being allowed out in the open. Sixth principle. The last trait of heterotopias is that they have a function in relation to all the space that remains. This function unfolds between two extreme poles. Either their role is to create a space of illusion that exposes every real space, all the sites inside of which human life is partitioned, as still more illusory (perhaps that is the role that was played by those famous brothels of which we are now deprived). Or else, on the contrary, their role is to create a space that is other, another real space, as perfect, as meticulous, as well arranged as ours is messy, ill constructed, and jumbled. This latter type would be the heterotopia, not of illusion, but of compensation, and I wonder if certain colonies have not functioned somewhat in this manner. In certain cases, they





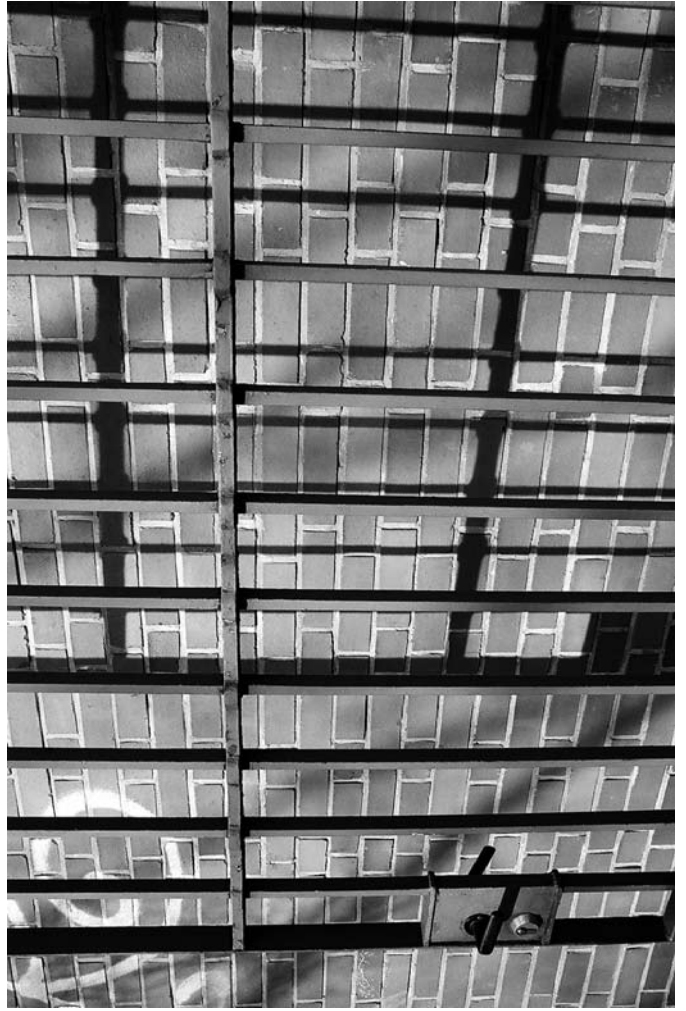
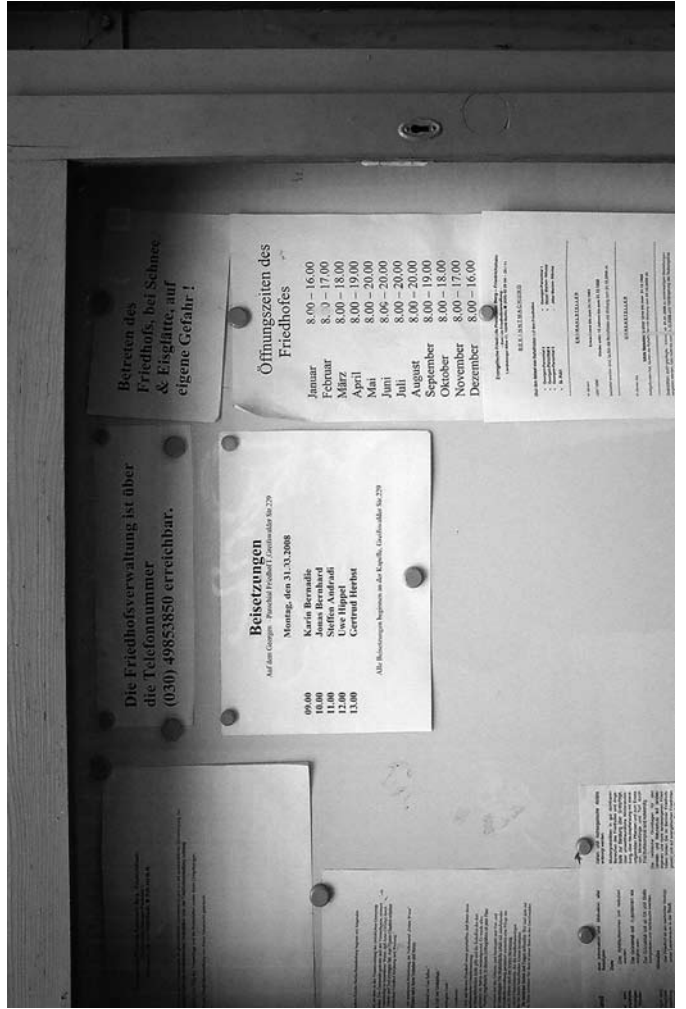


have played, on the level of the general organization of terrestrial space, the role of heterotopias. I am thinking, for example, of the first wave of colonization in the seventeenth century, of the Puritan societies that the English had founded in America and that were absolutely perfect other places. I am also thinking of those extraordinary Jesuit colonies that were founded in South America: marvelous, absolutely regulated colonies in which human perfection was effectively achieved. The Jesuits of Paraguay established colonies in which existence was regulated at every turn. The village was laid out according to a rigorous plan around a rectangular place at the foot of which was the church; on one side, there was the school; on the other, the cemetery-, and then, in front of the church, an avenue set out that another crossed at right angles; each family had its little cabin along these two axes and thus the sign of Christ was exactly reproduced. Christianity marked the space and geography of the American world with its fundamental sign. The daily life of individuals was regulated, not by the whistle, but by the bell. Everyone was awakened at the same time, everyone began work at the same time; meals were at noon and five o'clock-, then came bedtime, and at midnight came what was called the marital wake-up, that is, at the chime of the churchbell, each person carried out her/his duty. Brothels and colonies are two extreme types of heterotopia, and if we think, after all, that the boat is a floating piece of space, a place without a place, that exists by itself, that is closed in on itself and at the same time is given over to the infinity of the sea and that, from port to port, from tack to tack, from brothel to brothel, it goes as far as the colonies in search of the most precious treasures they conceal in their gardens, you will understand why the boat has not only been for our civilization, from the sixteenth century until the present, the great instrument of economic development (I have not been speaking of that today), but has been simultaneously the greatest reserve of the imagination. The ship is the heterotopia par excellence. In civilizations without boats, dreams dry up, espionage takes the place of adventure, and the police take the place of pirates.

<http://foucault.info/documents/heterotopia/foucault.heterotopia.en.html>

Michel Foucault. *Of Other Spaces* (1967), *Heterotopias*.

This text, entitled “Des Espace Autres,” and published by the French journal *Architecture /Mouvement/ Continuité* in October, 1984, was the basis of a lecture given by Michel Foucault in March 1967. Although not reviewed for publication by the author and thus not part of the official corpus of his work, the manuscript was released into the public domain for an exhibition in Berlin shortly before Michel Foucault’s death. Translated from the French by Jay Miskowiec.



# Mis- takes

While reading Titus  
Groan, by Mervyn  
Peake, I decided to pay  
more attention to the little  
misinterpretations I com-  
monly make while reading a  
text. And not only paying them  
more attention, but really paying  
them more respect. I don't mean to  
be terribly irreverent towards Mervyn  
Peake, whom I greatly value for creat-  
ing such rich strangeness, or outrageously  
pretentious since my interventions are hap-  
pening unconsciously, but I have sometimes  
found my misreading to be just as or more in-  
teresting than the original idea. It would every  
time fairly quickly occur to me that I had gone my  
own and wrong direction and that I should retrace  
my steps and re-read the sentence. However, once  
I would have done so and understood the correct  
meaning, I would need to pause for a second in or-  
der to evaluate the incongruity of my own meaning  
caused by my mistake, and the joy it brought me.  
My little burst of creativity would always aston-  
ish me at a time when I had been a slave of the  
text and could suddenly celebrate my freedom.

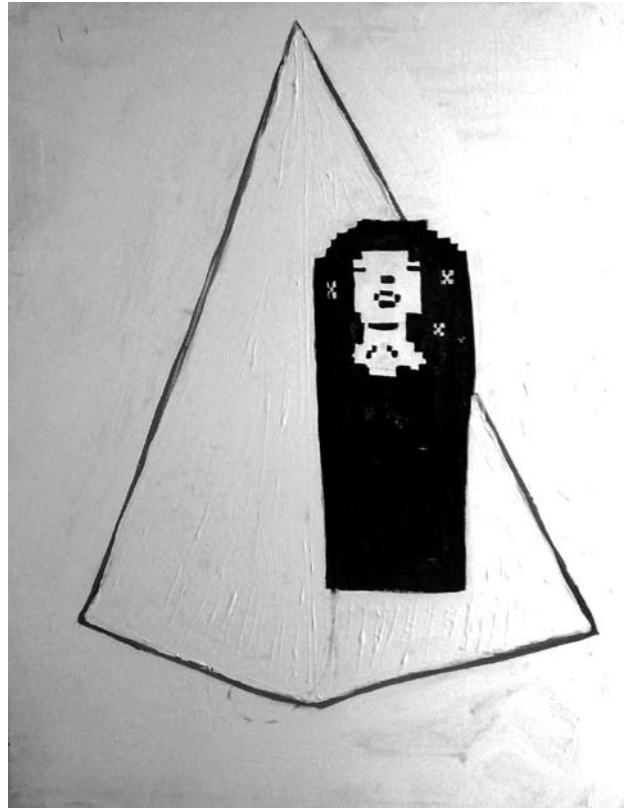
As a foreigner reading English literature in Eng-  
lish, I am far more prone to mistakes than an Eng-  
lish reader doing the same thing, or me reading in  
French. Even if I know all the words of a sentence,  
my mind is more likely to wander and stumble  
upon something. And before realising my fall, I  
float pleasurably in the unpredicted realm of my  
error. I always feel quite fortunate, quite proud  
of this disadvantage. These kind of mistakes are  
usually not intentional, so it should be considered  
very lucky when one can genuinely produce one.

It is very much like surprising a friend who has  
not seen you until you jump right in front of their  
eyes. As they have not had the chance to prepare  
a reaction, you get to capture for a fraction  
of a second their most spontaneous  
expression. And if it is pure  
terror and you should  
be ashamed for  
provoking  
it, you

still  
can't  
h e l p  
but feel  
privileged.  
In the insertion  
of a mistake while  
reading, I can learn  
something that did not  
exist in the text and that I  
did not know existed in me.  
I'm acting all roles at once, the  
one who scares and the one who  
is scared. I would have liked to il-  
lustrate this text by a "best of" my  
errors, but I did not write them  
down at the time, and they are  
lost forever. I can only re-  
member one in which I  
had understood that  
an idea had gone  
up a flight  
of stairs.



*Détachement (black on black); newspaper drawing, 29x22cm;  
2008; Vanessa Billy, courtesy of Limoncello*



*Knowing Me, Knowing You - drawing on canvas; 2008*  
**Enda de Burca**

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