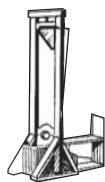




My enemies are not the pure outside that scares me when I am alone and sick. They are the points of unity that generate the environment of terror that makes up daily life under Empire.



the Institute
FOR EXPERIMENTAL FREEDOM
www.politicsisnotabanana.com



Enemies we know



Unconditional love will only come about through the process of redeeming the sad history that gave birth to our times. And history's product is staring us in the eyes.

everything
is nothing to me



here is *nothing* holding society together. No institutions worthy of sacrifice. There is, on the contrary, amorphous techniques of management that appear on the theater of public life. This is what passes for government. As if the institutions themselves no longer hold power but their image does. There is no family, there is no community, there is no social obligation. Capitalism allowed for each of us to flee these dint institutions. Now, in order to manage the dissolution of the social that capitalism has wrought, there is a discreet refinement of the image of law and order. Law no longer carries with it anything more than its application; law serves the norm. Everything follows from this subtle fact.

In order to understand this world that feels so foreign and hostile, I have found a few concepts that describe the terror and anxiety enacted upon my body. I want to elaborate these concepts because they are imprisoned by intellectuals and kept distant from me. What is called “Biopower” and “Spectacle” are super-institutional techniques of management, which are deployed at all levels of this imploded society. From something as banal as jay-walking, to the proliferation of snitching, to the murder that somehow confirms the smooth function of law, Biopower and Spectacle are able to extract a the barest concept of life from a legal-citizen, and in that same operation relieve it of its “debt to society” and again remake it as “American,” “Black,” “Sick” “Woman,” “Hipster.” When someone praises the hard work of police or politicians or sportscasters, they pay a secular indulgence, because Empire watches over the world of the living and can and will subtract its naughty citizens when they fail to perform their roles.

But this truth must be held dear, examined carefully, and remembered.

The terrible truth of our time
is we can only know each
other by our enemies.

I've painted a world at peace that can only be interpreted as "war." In such confusion, it's comforting to know who or what is the enemy. For me, there are three practices of Biopower and Spectacle that conjoin with each other through the efforts of three known enemies. My enemies are not the pure outside that scares me when I am alone and sick. They are the points of unity that generate the environment of terror that makes up daily life under Empire. My three enemies are: Police, Bosses, Rapists. The environment that they generate is one of policing and snitching, work and exploitation, rape and distance from ourselves as bodies, but they also rely on this environment for survival. What is called the State, Capitalism, and Patriarchy would not have been possible without these figures. What is now called Empire can only function with these figures to control us. To me, they are the absolute enemy. They must be exposed, faced, and met with violence.

history

to take advantage of them, and against rape that is called making love that occurs in so many marriages, but each space where there is fearless communication within the erotic field inches closer to surrounding the enemy, and neutralizing his positions. The Rapist's main source of power is his capacity to occupy both the position of the dark and of the norm. Once he is excluded from these positions and all his faculties to do harm, his instruments of social pressure, gender roles, and sexual reproduction are annihilated, he will be neutralized. Until then, let no more rapists go unmolested by the violence of our desire.

Police

They come expecting free coffee at my work. The same ones who detain and search my friends; the same ones who beat that girl back in the spring; the same ones who threaten us with prison one day for smoking weed and who will another day speed past us with their raptor call because they don't wish to wait for the light. They dress in our attire at a party, listening for important information; they wag their finger or their nightstick when we get out of hand; they help old ladies cross the street; they shoot dead someone who mouthed off to them who conveniently had something shiny in his hand. They pave the concrete world in video cameras; they speak to me like they are my friend, they give me directions, and they discipline me anytime I stray from their directions. They are *our enemy, the police*.

They say there would be no *need* for police if there weren't crime. The opposite is closer to the truth. Nobody had to watch *The Wire* to learn that the police don't exist to put things in order; they exist to manage disorder. The police are an organized force dedicated to this purpose. With and without uniform, they establish beachheads and work tirelessly to minimize the fallout of this collapsing society. They are reinforced by photos and interviews in the local media portraying their "victories" against crime. A drug bust here, a local graffiti head nabbed there, a courageous show down with a mentally ill person, a Latino relations center. And when the police "get out of hand," and there is an article about how they shot an unarmed black man, or how they used excessive force on the protesters of this or that cause, the most ambitious hater of the police thinks, "This is good, their legitimacy is being called into question." However, this operation by the media never challenges the legitimacy of the police; it solidifies it. At best a sociologist might write a scathing critique in *The Nation*, but social critique is not opposition. Like all

it is okay, or that you communicate with same language that I do. Rape hushes the part of us that wants to learn different ways a body communicates. Rapists, although experiencing a deafening distance, wield their sad power against all difference. They rape a body in order to both impose their deep xenophobia, and to genre a body as women, and make it make sense in their world as an object of rape. Because rape hushes the words contained even in our limbs, it is the most hostile act one can wage against an other. Thus, rape must be understood as an act of war.

Rapists are the bosses and police of our erotic lives. They enact the fiction of alienated individuals acting on their "self-interest" within our prescribed sexualities. They reduce the erotic field of play into a productive circuit that genres us into fixed roles. They create our eroticism as a factory of sexualities. They come in the form of bosses and police but also as acquaintances and as ourselves. Only a double edged sword can cut the tie that binds our bodies to their terror. Known Rapists should be routed out. Because this is war, no instrument of violence is unthinkable. For the rest, only an invasion into their territories will reduce their capacity to act. All the zones of eroticism—the bars, the cafés, the house- parties, the schools, the churches, fraternities, the streets—must have their defenses mapped, and carefully assaulted and disengaged. Good that rapists would not want to act, even better when they cannot.

There will be blood and broken bones, but preemptive maneuvers that minimize our energy and resources will position us better to neutralize rape. Courage to speak and to listen and to become sensitive to all the ways a body communicates is how we will be able to distinguish between an environment managed by rapists and one in which we occupy. Each occupation may seem little and harmless against "bros" who get women drunk in order

The Rapist is not a deviant. Rape is the norm. Rape is not a crime of passion; it is quite possibly passion's farthest opposite. Passion's crime *par excellence* is murder; we can imagine murder for hate or for love. Murder is an act that violates "the right to life" that is promised by governments; its logical conclusion is "pure murder," a violence without object. Rape has only its object. Rape's logical concussion is "pure distance." The Rapist does not hate or love its object; the Rapist only feels distance. At least perverts have their imagination to feel at home with. Rapists are alone even when they are with their thought. They are the saddest creatures to walk this earth.

I say the Rapist is an absolute enemy because he occupies a position that was once political: *the dark*. He does this, but he is most visible in illuminated spaces: at a party, in brightly lit bar, in board meeting, in the bed next to me, in the mirror. They are not hiding in the alley, they are hiding behind charm, and social pressure; they even hide behind vague anti-rape laws and expensive lawyers. But its important to realize *they are biding*. They hide in our bodies. Rapists are not our violent erotic desires, they are our desires to *not feel*, to hide our violence, to hide the erotic from ourselves and those with whom we share our bed.

If a man opens a door for a woman, he does not prove himself not a rapist. If a woman excludes her violent desire from the language of her erotic desire, she does not exclude the practice of rape from herself or others. Rape must be understood in its totality; it is a practice where the singular potency for communication is extinguished. What is called "the lack of consent," is a useful phrase for the legal punishment of rapists, but it fails to clarify that rape is an act that dissolves the possibility of consent. If I ask "is this okay?" and you *say yes*, that doesn't mean

modern political parties, the police have their tendencies who brandish their arms openly, and their tendencies that where their ties. The media, all of it, is of the latter. The police are the protagonists of this culture and all publicity is good publicity. When they get in trouble, lose their jobs, or even find themselves in minimum security prison because of their actions, they in effect realize their functional role in the management of disorder, and this in turn justifies their own excess. Its tautological: even a naughty police officer will be disciplined by the police. Nothing exists that cannot be included into the care and watch of the police. Nothing exists above their authority.

When I say "the police are an absolute enemy," I do not mean only the ones who wear uniforms and carry deadly force. On the one hand, the police stand between me and the State. On the other hand, I stand between the police and anarchy. The police are the primary apparatus through which the norm enforces Law, and anything outside the norm is disciplined or subtracted. Whereas anytime someone is murdered by police, we should experience this as an attack on us; the police's normal function is far more subtle and banal, but it is also as detrimental. The sneaking suspicion that the camera on the corner somehow finds itself linked to your coworker, your school mate or your room mate and finally the trigger finger of Deejay Steel, rookie cop is not a paranoia. It's the reality of a society saturated by police.

At the center of the police is a "job that entitles one to the use of deadly force to uphold the law." This means that in any given city there are thousands of people who are given the legal right to murder, and there are millions who are legally sanctified potential murder victims. This means that the only thing separating us from death is the decision of the police. In a terrible paradox this also means—because

the police are a para-military force with an incredible technological cache at their disposal—that anyone who accesses the police by accessing their technologies (calling 911, or snitching for example) implicates himself as linked to the technologies of law-enforcement, and is just as guilty as the police officer who pulls the trigger. Which, in our society, is the same as saying “innocent.” Because of this it is important to understand the police are not only located at their headquarters. They run along the fabric of this society, appearing when necessary, and doing their job. If they didn’t also appear as snitches and good citizens, they would never be as effective. The police generate an environment of policing. This is what it means when they speak of “protect and serve” they protect the economy and they serve the State.

A simple formula for how to fuck the police. 1) The police are everywhere present because they are everywhere disguised. 2) If the police function to manage disorder and are present everywhere, then so to is disorder. 3) In order to expose the police when they are disguised, disorder can be maximized. Those who respond attempting to put things back in their place are the police. 4) When the police are in the open, but disorder is disguised, disorder has the upper hand. 5) In order to implicate myself as a force in opposition to the police, I side with disorder, and I elaborate the political techniques of scamming, fraud, theft, property destruction, violence, laziness, and anonymity.

Rapists

creation. Even my form of propaganda must be linked to lineage of advertising. Even radical propaganda generates value for capitalism by making a tourist area quaint, and “funky.”

The Boss, as a partisan and mouthpiece of capital, is an object—better thought of as a *function*. He is a General in capital’s army, and at the same time, a node of communication-system. The Boss function can easily be found in the news anchor, the politician or the manager of an art-gallery. Cut him out or reduce his capacity to act, and capitalism will lose a trusted accomplice. From now on, if someone says to you “stop being a boss,” they are trying to save you. But we can only say “forgive them, they know not what they do,” for so long, before they are exposed, by our violence, to the only true forgiveness.

Bosses

The Boss is never singular. There is no individual Boss. There are Bosses: a point of authority for the proliferation of work and exploitation. Bosses are the author the book of life and at the same time they are those who are cited in its margins. They are like those motivational speakers, selling their stupid “way to win friends and become successful” book. They trick us into buying their book. Like all those fools who end up spending all their savings in a ponzi scheme, we end up selling our labor to them in order to keep being in debt in their economy. Bosses are not a particular identity, but are the point of contact between we, who work and the economy we work within.

I say “the boss is an absolute enemy” because, although everyone plays a role in the function of capitalism, it is irreducible that some greatly benefit from, and thus have a vested interest in the exploitation of others. Whereas its true that my labor generates value, the bosses labor by its definition can only generate my exploitation. In order for any business to make a profit, workers must be paid less than the value they produce. And in order for an economy based on this logic to function this subtle fact must be concealed. The boss tells me “if you have a problem, just come and talk to me like a person.” He does this, because he must conceal that he is *not* a person.

Capitalism is a condition of war where life is transformed into objects. This is how raw materials become commodities, but this is also how undocile populations become citizens under the scrutiny of the capitalist law of value. To live in capitalism is to be subject to the law of value. This law, which is better known as *the norm*, necessitates that life can only gain meaning if value can be extracted from it. It equates even the most pious “pursuit of happiness” with wealth. This is why what surrounds us is the sad product of the dead, and nothing of our own