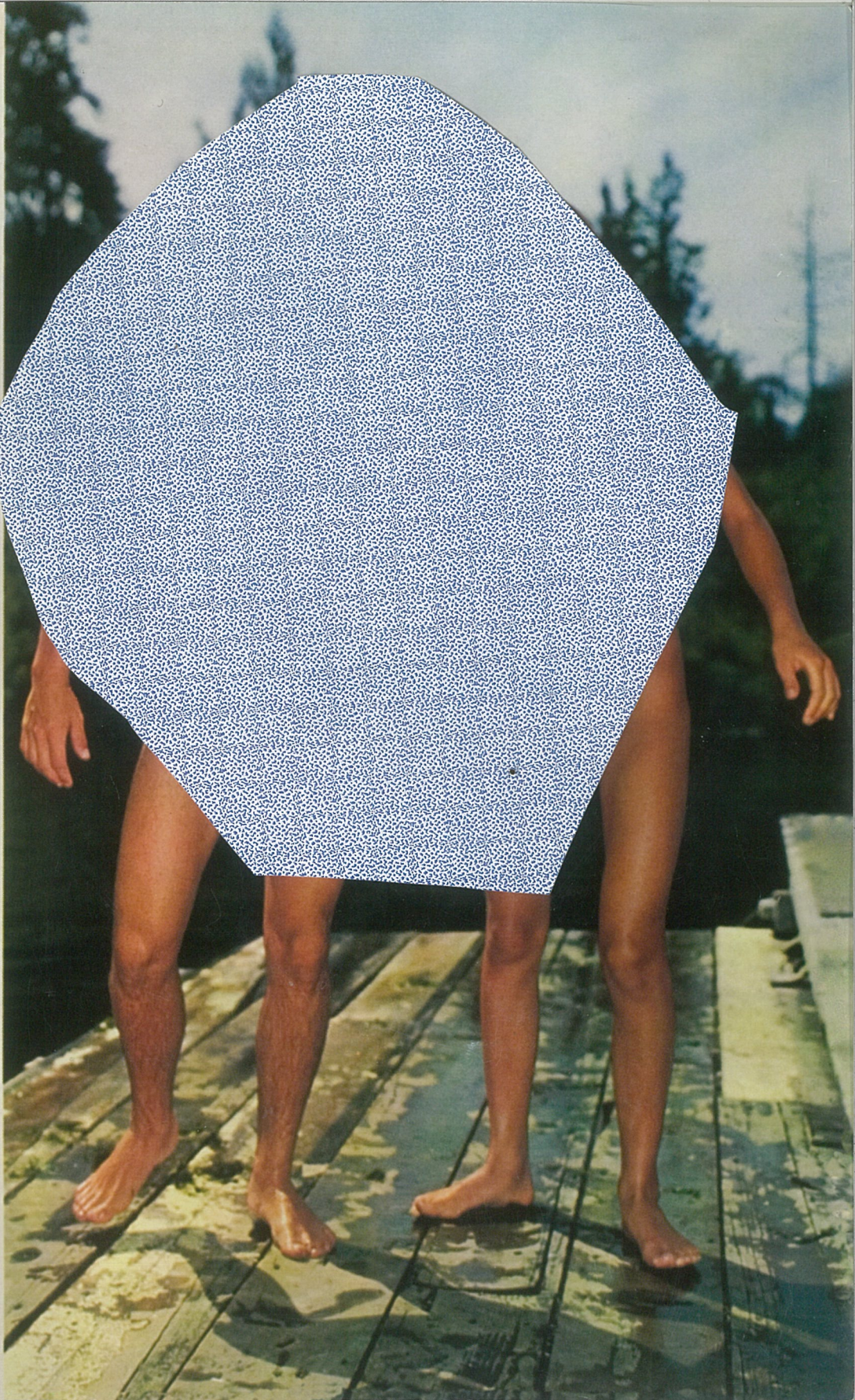


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What is A Well-Dressed Teenager ?

by Scotty

The time I speak of is not marooned in the present, but allows for mobility between the past and the future, as this is the future-past mechanism by which the psyche fights the depression-bummer laid on it by the world of compulsory activities and participation. The fascist present may very well be the only point at which sensible action can be taken, but it is also just as plausibly merely the gaseous burps of life conducted elsewhere.

JRR Tolkien, in his lecture/essay 'Tree and Leaf' tried to attribute ridiculousness in fantasy solely to its visual manifestation, saying that fantasy could only be successfully realised in literary form. The dragon drawings in his own books, however, are awesome. It is possible that his preference for literary fantasy stems from his own verbal facility. And to be fair there are many palpably ridiculous aspects to the literary form of fantasy, for example, its nomenclature. Masterharper of Pern? Ridiculous. But not to



be dismissed outright. It is a reminder that any form of specialist brochure, magazine or fan-boy niche-genre is a form of porn where the self is lost in an anonymous sea of detail. By submitting utterly to the demand for full disclosure, thought is voided by porn's status as absolute event. To some this is a joy, to others, an unspeakable horror.

Reichians promote a kind of orgasm that is self-obliterating, generative, and profoundly social; a cancelling-out of the mind. However, pornography, as it is commonly used, short-circuits the sex life so that no other actual person is participating. Alienating sex, if it occurs, then becomes like masturbating on another's body, and the ensuing orgasm is a kind of theft, in that it is taking what is not solely yours from the self. These orgasms, Nick and Rob orgasms shall we call them, are not the kind that do the organism any good, being entropic and depleting to the CNS (central nervous system), as they are not self-destructive enough.

Another set behind the wall; a foam mattress is on the ground. There are clumps of straw here and there. There is old newspaper piled up in the corner. The headline reads, "Woman killed in botched exorcism". Newspaper has also been used to cover the window, blocking the flow of light in and out of the room. A small hole has been cut in the newspaper that covers the window at eye-level for someone sitting on the

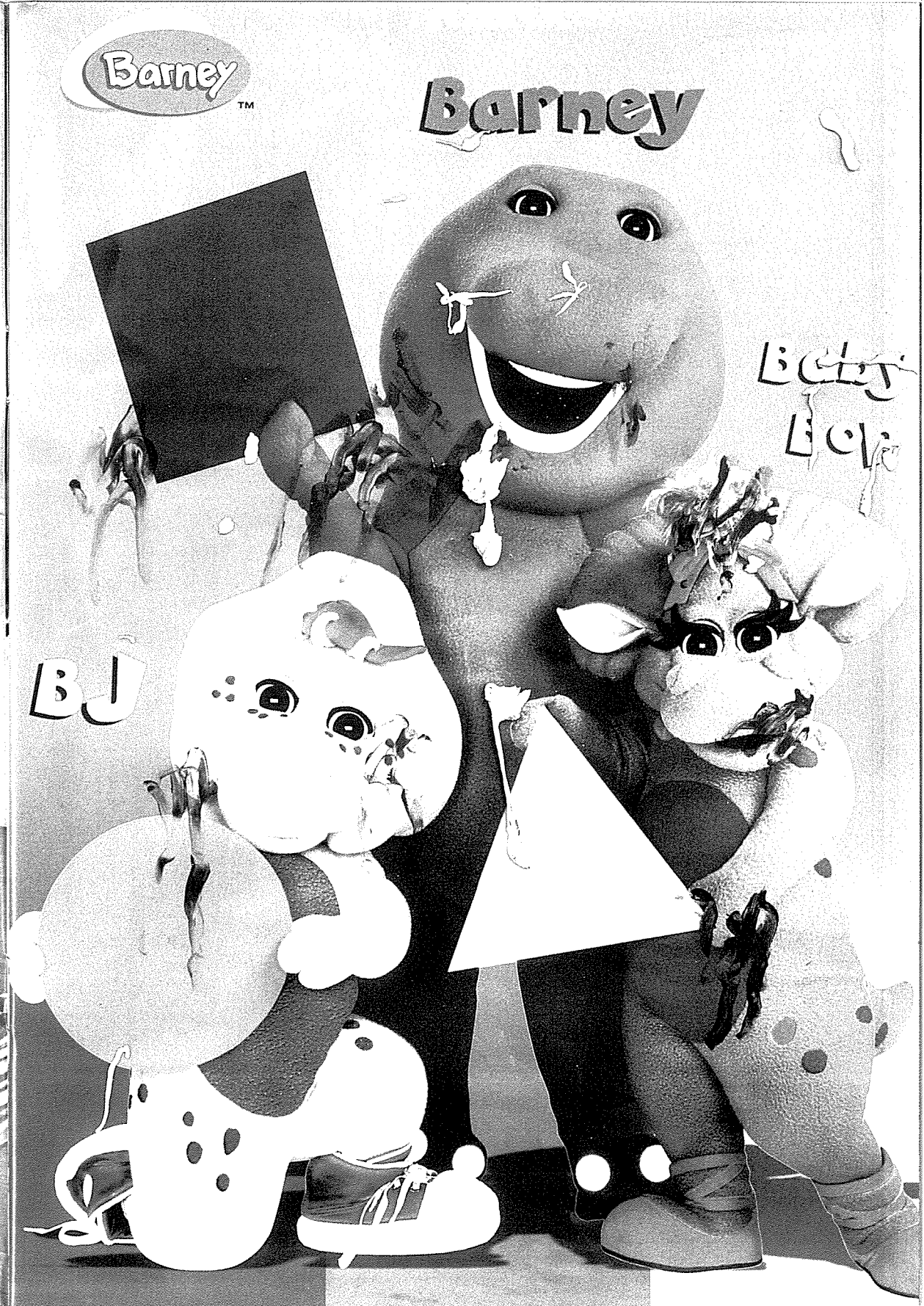
mattress. This allows a surveillance of the street below. There is a feeling of being watched. A VHS camera points at the mattress from across the room.

It was Friday night and I went to visit a couple I had become friends with in the small city we had been employed in after leaving university. I would go to their place most Fridays (crate night) to watch rugby league, a sport I have no interest in, get drunk and cheer ourselves up after a week working in our respective art institutions. This weekend a friend of theirs was briefly visiting from out of town. We all got very drunk and turned the speakers from the house towards the park over the road, swung on the swings as high as we could and bellowed as loud as we could along to Danzig's 'How The Gods Kill'. Their friend was scarily good at this, a legacy I suppose of his being a singer in a somewhat successful shambles of a band. He and I were the last ones up unintentionally, and sitting on the couch we sort of knelt closer to each other and kissed. I don't remember going down to the room he was staying in, the only room on the lower level of the house, a horrible dark pit that really should have just been some sort of unused basement dug into the dirt of the slope it was built on. Because it had been a shitty flat before my friends bought it, it had been used as a cheap bedroom and some guy or guys who had lived in it had done all these "creepy" stoner drawings on the walls of faces with scary witch hair interspersed with dope leaves, black-holish spirals, and phrases that had probably felt intense at the time. It was cold and damp and musty and his bed was makeshift and pressed into a corner as far away from

the outside door as possible. It was very cold and so the sex was perfunctory and lonely. He went to sleep immediately to my relief and I felt really bad that my old dog was sleeping on the floor next to the bed. I got dressed and she and I slipped out into the night to avoid the inevitable exchange of closedness, and took the short walk home. When I woke to go to work in the morning I looked down at my lovely old dog sleeping by my bed and saw in horror a line of white semen globs that had dried across the black fur on her side in the warmth of her body as she innocently slept. I felt incredibly hot-tears ashamed and gently took her into the bathroom and washed her with warm water and rose glycerine



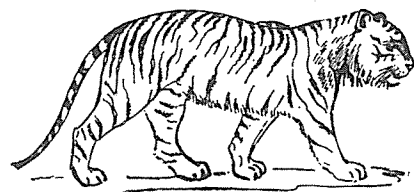








and get drunk or do any of the innumerable things one does in Palm Springs. But I'm just too lazy and the thought of mingling with all these obnoxious suntanned people fills me with dread. Really the most mindless people are at the house right now: middle aged studio execs with joints hanging from their lips and gold lighters they have for just these occasions. Dumb blond bunnies reeking of suntan oil and sex. Old rich women with gorgeous young boys (who for some reason are all gay). I checked the bookshelves in this house and was embarrassed to find all these pornography books like Stud Ranch and Gestapo Pussy Ranch. Sickening, isn't it?



My orgasmic sexuality is destroyed by the hours and quality of labour and, at least for the bourgeoisie, is replaced by the passivity of pornographic spectacle or Thai massage. People attend classes, or 'therapy' for corporal expression. Universal, popular artistic expression (such as Japanese haiku or the formerly universal invention of song and dance) is overshadowed by the professionalization and technologization of the specialized art forms deformed by the market. The key question for revolutionaries is how to avoid the recuperation of people and their autonomous expression (and

for that matter, of all revolutionary ideas) by the state system (as opposed to the recuperation of invalidated persons and ideas by the people). The question within the question centres on the word 'avoid'. Avoiding here involves the systematic abolition of all institutional repression, but we are focusing here on the abolition of all psycho-technology – a wider question that the abolition of psychiatric institutions inside and outside hospitals by the forms of non-psychiatric action to be considered in this chapter.

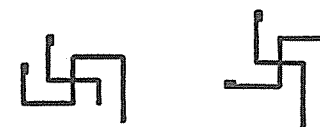
One should understand by psycho-technology not only psychiatry, psychology, psychoanalysis and alternative therapy, but also the mystifying techniques of the mass media (one has to follow the desperately, and accelerated, mystifying 'moral' convolutions in the editorials of the capitalist press day to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

In a bookshop in now fashionable Cannery Row in California I found, after an ironic display of all the works of Steinbeck, the department of best-selling technology. The books (and I'm certainly not implying that these are on the same level) included treatises on T.A. (Transactional Analysis) T.M. (Transcendental Meditation), E.S.T. (Erhard Seminars Training, not exactly electro-shock, E.C.T.), Creative Fidelity, Creative Aggression, Provocative Therapy, Gestalt Therapy, Primal Scream, Encounter Therapy, the conducting of three day 'Marathons', a form of deep massage, Bio-energy, Japanese Hot Tubs (you

take off your clothes and enter them en groupe as part of a liberation). Then, 'Behavior Mod' (the new generation Skinner) on how to toilet train your child in twenty four hours – and then on the next shelf on another book advertising a method of toilet training your child in less than twenty four hours! I've no doubt that after some of these experiences some people feel better, or begin to 'feel', or feel more 'real' – or whatever the ideals of capitalism prescribe for them.

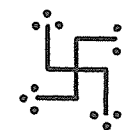
We must get into the habit of paying strict attention to precisely what the fascist has to say and not to dismiss it as nonsense or hogwash. Now we have a better understanding of the emotional content of this theory, which sounds like a persecution mania when it is considered together with the theory of the poisoning of the nation. The swastika also has a content capable of stirring the deepest reaches of the emotions, but in a way completely different from what Hitler could have dreamed.

To begin with, the swastika was also found among the Semites, namely, in the Myrtle court of the Alhambra at Granada. Herta Heinrich found it in the synagogue ruins of Edd-Dikke in East Jordan on the Lake of Gennesaret. Here it had the following form:



The swastika is often found together with a facet, the former being a symbol of the male principle, latter of the female prin-

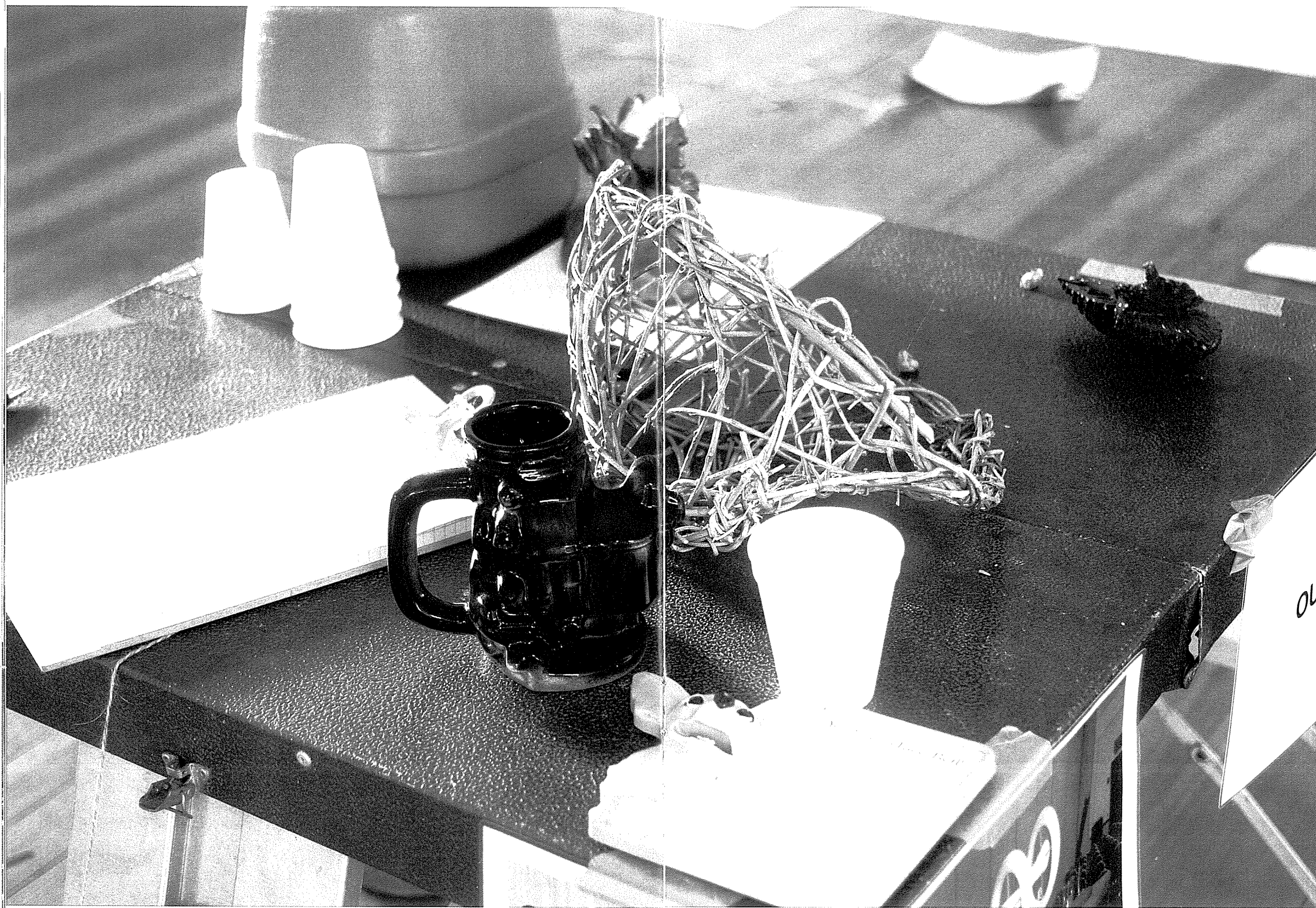
ciple. Percy Gardner found it in Greece, where it was called Hemera and was the symbol of the sun, again representing the male principle. Löwnthal describes the fourteenth-century swastika, which he discovered in the alter cloth of Maria zur Wiese in Soest; here the swastika is embellished with a vulva and a double cross. In this instance the swastika appears as the symbol of the stormy sky, the facet as the symbol of the fertile earth. Smigorski discovered a satika in the form of the Indian swastika-cross, a four pronged lightening with three dots at the end of each prong:

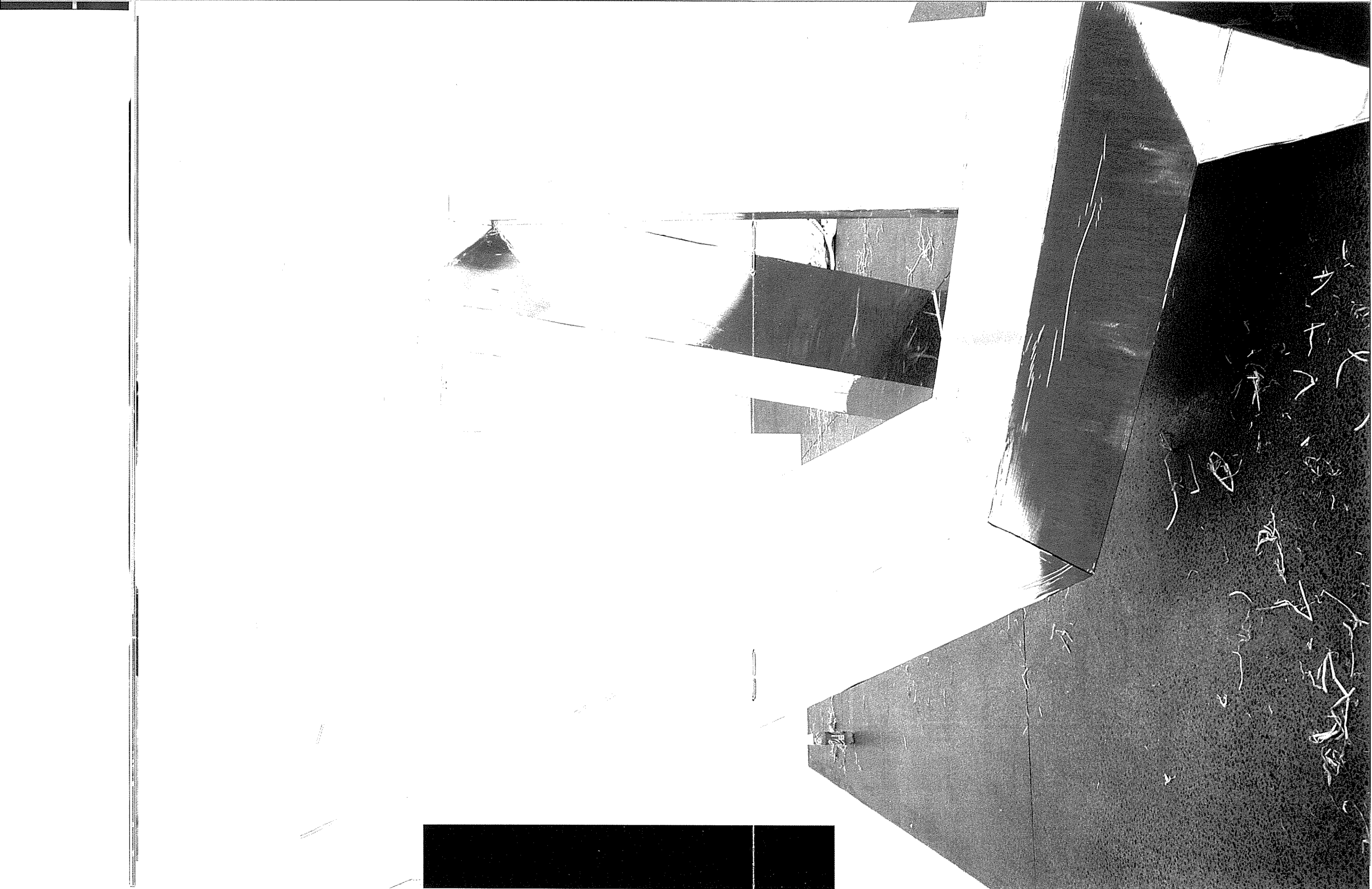


Lichtenberg found swastikas with a skull in place of the three dots. Thus the swastika was originally a sexual symbol. In the course of time it assumed various meanings including that of a millwheel, symbol of work. From an emotional point of view, work and sexuality were originally the same. This explains the inscription on the swastika discovered by Bilmans and Pengerots on the miter of St Thomas á Becket, dating back to Indo Germanic times:

"Hail to thee earth, O mother of man. May you thrive in God's embrace. Overflow with fruit for man's benefit."

Here fertility is sexually represented as the sexual act of Mother-Earth with God-Father. According to Zelenin, old Indian lexicographer referred to both the cock and the voluptuary as swastikas,



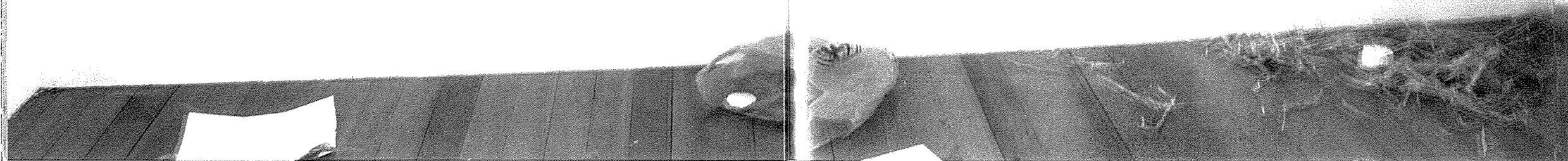


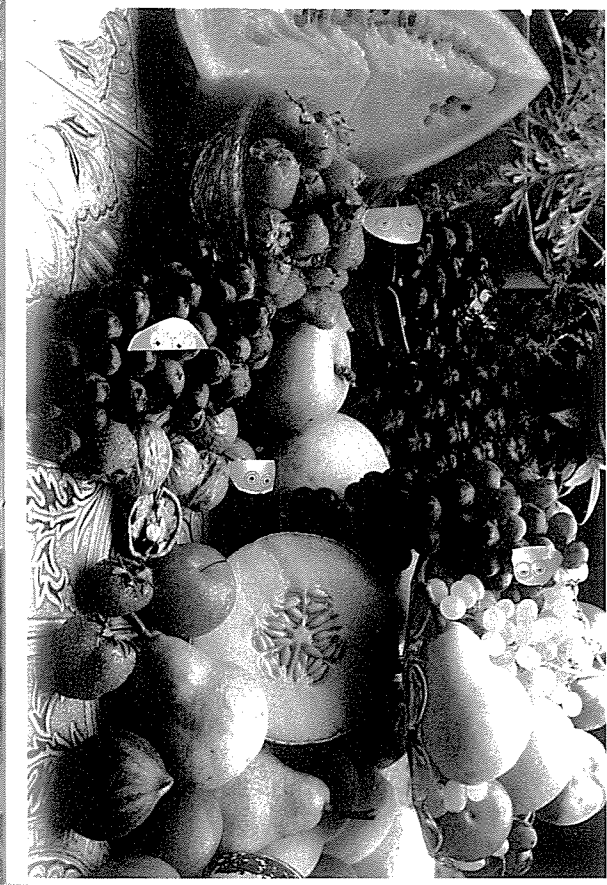
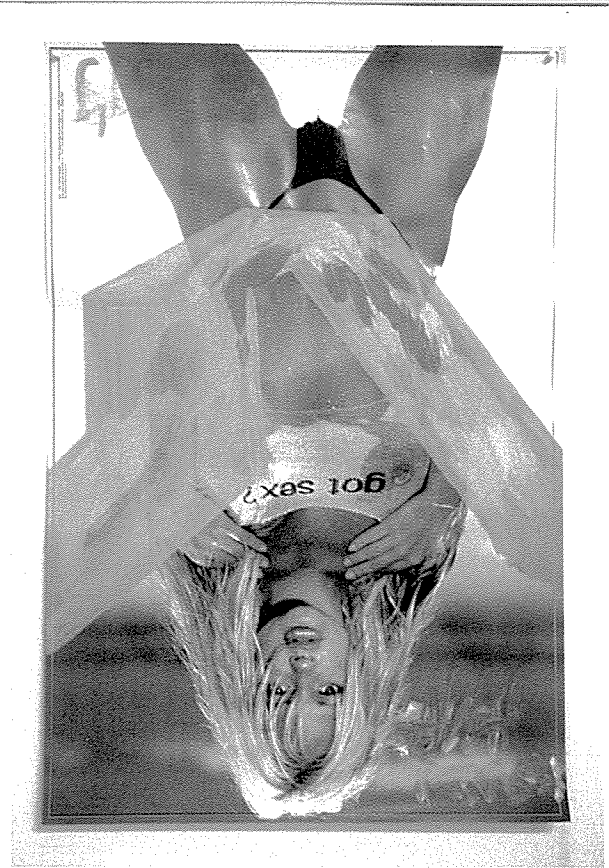






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i.e. the hooked cross as the symbol of sexual instinct.

The infringement of the freedom of human thinking, or more correctly thinking nothing, which constitutes the essence of compulsive thinking, became more unbearable in the course of the years, with the slowing down of the talk of the voices.

This is connected with the increased soul-voluptuousness of my body and – despite all writing-down – with the great shortage of speech material at the disposal of the rays which with which to bridge the vast distances separating the stars, where they are suspended, from my body.

No one who has personally experienced these phenomena like I have can have any idea of the extent to which speech has slowed down. To say “But naturally” is spoken B.b.b.u.u.u.t.t.t. n.n.n.a.a.a.t .t.t.u.u.u.r.r.r.a.a.a.l.l.l.y.y.y, or “Why do you not then shit?” W.w.w.h.h.h.y.y.y

d.d.d.o.o.o.....; and each requires thirty to sixty seconds to be completed. This would be bound to cause such nervous impatience in every human being, not like myself more and more inventive in using methods of defence, as to make him jump out of his skin; a faint idea of nervous unrest caused is perhaps the example of a judge or teacher always listening to a mentally dull witness or stuttering scholar, who despite all attempts cannot clearly get out what he wants to say.

Living on my wits as I have to because I can't practice psychiatry or any form of therapy, I meet mad people all the time. People who believe the true proposition that they are the centre of the universe and that all things that happen happen to have special reference to them. True enough. But if you persist in stating the truth, how much longer can you get away with it? I just say to people who come by here: the truth is so precious and so precarious that you have to be careful to whom you say it.

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PPS

I receive many letters and I am sorry that I am generally not able to reply to them as I have no secretary or fixed address – so often they don't reach me in any case, unless by chance months later. But one can always register human statements without the formal reply.

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Reich, Wilhelm, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, London: Souvenir Press (Educational and Academic) Ltd, 1972.

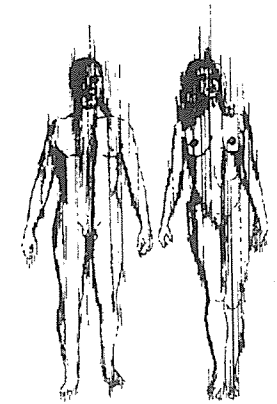
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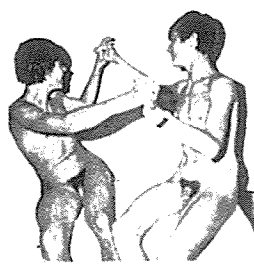
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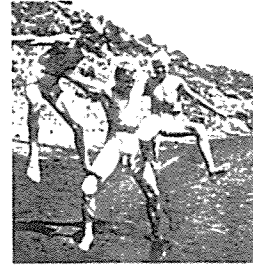
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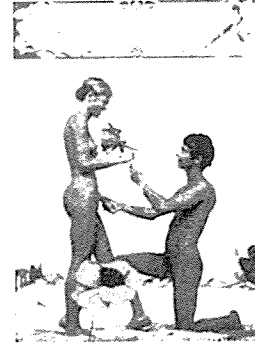
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