

Drugs are not the real enemy: they are the pretext for building the apparatus of control.

Burroughs is perfectly clear: media, police, the army, fear, and blinders are enough. You do not even need a real majority: ten percent plus the police and the army are sufficient.

Now...

I want to skip dinner, but I cant. I cant dinner drug. I eat zucchini because Im on a diet. Not drugs.

My father put me on a diet because I had an unbelievable hysterical breakdown a few days earlier.

Then I ask if I can go to sleep.

I want to download porn from Tor Browser to share it with my chat friends who also give me money for this thing but I fall asleep with the phone in my hand.

Christ Syndrome: a grotesque epidemic in which the victims believe they have miraculous powers, go around healing people, accuse others of being the Son of Man, become violent, and produce literalist cults, implacable forgivers, lethal lovers.

//I go visit my uncles because I play PlayStation with ~~my uncle's~~ 2011's daughter.//

Not because Im a loser.

No.

Her brother is kind of a loser, okay, what do I care

Note//

The Great Lie works like this: if you want to destroy someone, accuse that person precisely of what they love or protect.

Example from the text: if someone loves cats and protects cats, accuse them of killing cats. The lie will have the taste of truth, while their denials will seem like falsehoods.

protection inverted accusation

love proof of guilt

defense suspicion

fact irrelevant

media truth construction

Ecdotics, complexity, factors straddling scientific disciplines and the humanities: the arrow of time, rhetorical strategy, immersed in its own time.

BESTA FATHER OF THE YEARS.

Science, simulation and communication. Changes in methodological approaches. Uniformitarianism: laws remain the same in form and across space. An essential concept for all science, for natural philosophy.

ittle Emily eight, nine, ten, eleven years old writes tender letters to Mark Hamster, her father, an inmate on death row in the largest slaughterhouse in America.

PREMISE

Why Mark Hamster is on death row.

Triple homicide: his ex-wife and his two children, who were also his stepchildren.

PARTICULAR FEATURES

Apparently his glass eye made a bad impression on the jury. But the poor bastard lost that eye because of those on-of-a-bitch tycoons. He was working on a construction site in Detroit when a steel cable snapped loose, whipped through the air, and took his eye out. Hit him dead center. But those tycoons gave him protective goggles, didnt they? Sure they did.what sons of bitches.--

Jack was the town phenomenon.

The adults forgave him because he won football games, the teachers passed him just to get rid of him, the men at the grain elevators admired him, his friends followed him, Wanda Jo idolized him.

So when he later ruined everything, it was not an external accident: it was the return of something Holt itself had fed.

Jack Burdette is not merely the guilty man who returns: he is the mythological product of a community that transformed strength, arrogance, and irresponsibility into charm.

Too big for the place, but not in the romantic sense: physically too big, . Huge, too much gym I heard someone say he had put steroids into his dick. He was unpleasant, but he was also able to drag other people along with him. At school he became a legend because during gym class he would show up in cycling shorts, a kind of skin-tight swimsuit, and to make his package look bigger he stuffed cotton inside it inside the costume I mean ... Nobody ever dared to make fun of him.

Because he was a mountain of muscle and aggression, and the teachers could not say anything to him because, if they had said anything, he would have accused them of sexual harassment, gay harassment, and that would have been the end of the community. I read a splatter news item. a 9 years old kid was killed during sex by some kind of fakir, an Indian religious man; she died from internal hemorrhaging, and these are the kinds of things you find fairly often on the web, when it comes to artillery. That was not a cotton stuff booster ... lo

//GEEK ANSWER. Com//

Kubrick: Mirror? Mirro?

Kubrick: mirror what?

This content has been removed by the Geek Anxiety filters.

//Mirror?

//Mirro?

// for an experiment

I burned paper with one of the lenses from my prescription glasses. And fuck, Jesus Christ This dumb shit works. It doesnt only work in comic books. It works here too, on death row. Assholes. Guards, assholes. I made fire. I am Jesus Christ. Do you understand, you broken-ass motherfuckers? Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.
//

Excerpt from the disciplinary report

.winkhamper 2011.

//and I was scared they might hurt you, Daddy. This adventure isnt funny. I love you so much. Thank you for telling me how you defend-
ed yourself from the Black man who wanted to become your boy-
friend. Now I know that my daddy doesnt love men, and he wont get
sick from queer blood.

I hope Mom agrees to come live near the prison with the mobile home,
because I miss you so, so, sooooo much.//

XXXX

ABUSE: while Im transcribing this stuff from the Telegram chan-
nel family therapy, Im on the train coming home from school. Okay,
and this bitch comes up to me wanting my train ticket, and I tell
her: fuck no, Im not buying tickets into this fucking heteronorma-
tive government with a woman doing a mans job.

Sure, easy to pick on me. Im on a train full of North African
throat-cutters and you ask me for the ticket, bitch?

I get it. Those Black guys scare you. Then be a housewife, not a
ticket inspector.

Okay, go ahead, whore. Insult me, obviously. Lecture me. I stare out
the window, trying to see if I can find the exact place where Im sup-
posed to give a fuck about anything this bitch is saying, picking
on schoolgirls because the grown punks make her piss herself.

No, I tell her

Fucking heteronormative bitch, Im not giving you the fucking
ticket because I dont have one, and Im not giving you any fucking
documents either, you fucking Nazi.

XXXX

Bugaku is a Japanese court dance that preserves continental performative elements now lost in their countries of origin.

She called the police.

At the stop, the police arrest me.

Now Im sitting here in this little police interrogation room, minding my own business on my computer, while Mr. Shit has to write up my statement and wait for the Pentagon to confirm that I am, in fact, the person I said I was.

Meanwhile I get their heteronormative crap dumped straight into my brain.

On a train full of pissed-off Black guys, they stop a schoolgirl.

They ask me why Im writing, and I tell them Im taking notes.

What the fuck are you going to do?

LOL.

Charge me for taking notes?

LOL.

...

Origins of gigaku:

pre-Tang China;

India;

Tibet;

Central Asia;

nomadic peoples;

Buddhism;

perhaps even indirect links with Greece and Rome through the Near East.

~~Masks, myths, phallic forms, demonic or satirical figures may belong to a very long circulation of images, rituals, and performative models. domestic gesture omitted~~

(OMISSION) (abuse n2)

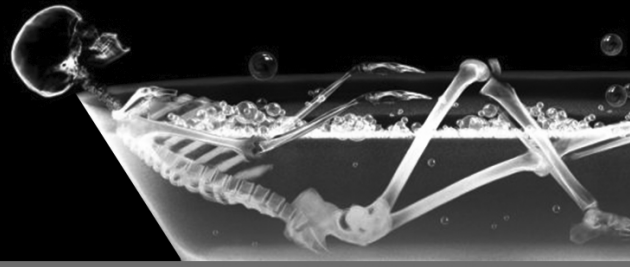
I go home.

Okay, I'm writing this on 04/17/2026, which means the day after, so the shit I'm telling you happened yesterday, when I got home.

The first thing I did, since I was a little high, was sweat for a while then I did all the housework I hadn't done before going to school.

While I was waiting for Dad, I drank a cold espresso I had abandoned in my room.

CELEBRITY



BZC_OPEN_ARCHIVE



When Dad comes in, I ask him if he brought me the 1998 SATA cable I had asked him for.

(He forgot.)

(Doesnt matter.)

(Better keep going.)

So I tell him to go sit on the couch.

(omission) (i pulled my skirt up) because I couldnt manage to climb onto his lap properly. I cuddle him, and it takes effort.

I tell him I got fined but I tell him while Im cuddling him, so he gets less pissed off.

Takarazuka:

It begins as a girls company and school, connected to a project of modern, family-friendly, spectacular entertainment. Over time, it becomes one of the most popular forms of Japanese theatre.

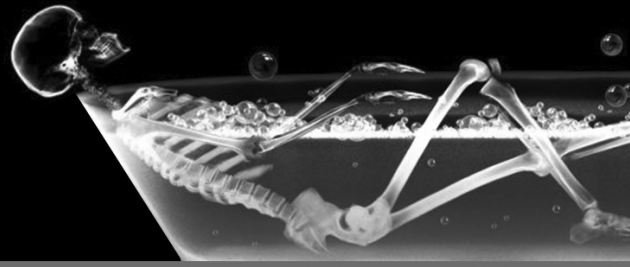
Characteristics:

- an entirely female cast;
- male roles performed by specialized actresses;
- a strong romantic dimension;
- shows designed for a family audience;
- extensive use of dance, revue, lavish costumes, and mass choreography;
- a mixture of Japanese and Western themes;
- light but carefully controlled eroticism;
- a spectacular Las Vegas-style formula, but without aggressive nudity.

But the audience becomes mainly female, often teenagers or young women from the middle and upper classes.

Takarazuka becomes almost synonymous with romantic fantasy: the female star performing the ideal male role.

CELEBRITY



BZC_OPEN_ARCHIVE



Daddy wants me to look him in the eyes, straight in the eyes, and I dont like looking people in the eyes, but I do it because hes pissed off.

Being forced to look him in the eyes makes me want to cry, because I dont like being forced to do things.

Looking someone in the eyes for five minutes is an enormous amount of time.

Enormous.

Huge for a conversation.

The real explanation isnt that I didnt buy the ticket, Daddy.

I tell him with the force of thought.

Its how I spent the money you gave me.

What the fuck am I supposed to tell you, Dad?

I spent it.

On stupid shit.

On stupid shit.

I dont know.

(Not stupid shit. I bought twenty dollars worth of acid. One trip. With the romantic-friendship discount from the dealer.)

Using action verbs

Dont just say:

Be sad.

Be angry.

Make it more intense.

Better to say:

convince her;

challenge him;

hide your feelings;

protect him;

punish him;

reject him;

seduce her;

win the victory;

defend yourself;

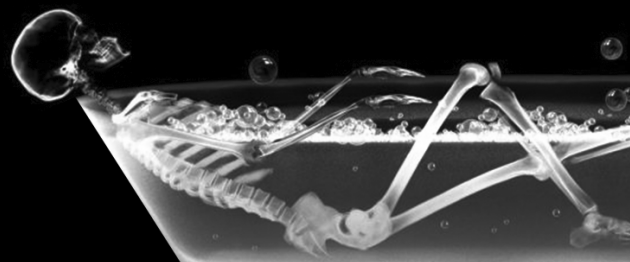
cover your fear.

Because a verb gives the actor something to do, not just an emotional state to imitate.

Directing the actor means translating emotion into action: instead of asking for generic feelings, the director uses concrete verbs that orient stage behavior.

Relationships

CELEBRITY



BZC_OPEN_ARCHIVE



Every character matters because they are connected to the others. A scene works when we understand what each person wants from the other.

Every scene has to matter.

If a scene feels normal, or too everyday, it loses energy. In good musicals, every scene or song exists because something decisive is happening.

Example cited: Guys and Dolls, with Sky Masterson and Sarah Brown. The scene is not just flirtation: Sky has a bet, and a reputation, to defend; Sarah is attracted to him and destabilized by him.

Then I cry because Im too high.

Two things at once: one MDMA pill I had almost come down from, and a psychiatric drug I bought with a forged prescription.

Im sleepy and Im crying while Dad looks me straight in the eyes.

I ask him if I can go take a shower, but before I get permission to stop looking him in the eyes, I have to keep crying for several more minutes.

Then I take a shower.

I think about how much life sucks, but because of the benzodiazepines I forget what I was thinking about, and I dont think about much of anything.

Only that I have to be careful not to fall, because Im still a little high.

STAR NUMBER

Maybe This Time from Cabaret;

Usnavi in In the Heights;

George in Sunday in the Park with George;
numbers in which the performer addresses the audience more directly.

Here the directorial problem is delicate: the number has to be spectacular, but it must not feel disconnected from the story.

The audience has to accept the passage:

narrative performance return to narrative

The director has to help the actor make that passage feel motivated.

Xx 4: ask kUr

LOG_KURNIKOVA

// Transcript //

PRIVATE MESSAGE

KUbric: Xx4, did you see what kind of photos they were?

Artas Princes: //httpxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx- XD

KUBRIC: XX4 lol lol what am I looking at ah ah

Artas Prince: tag_Kubo

XX4: cant see anything. Ah ha

KUBRIC: but is it true shes dead? Ha ah :D

(I spend an hour talking with KUbric about what a kid body is like and why it could make sense that she died from internal bleeding,

even though the photo really looks fake to me.

I took my fhater s dick when i was 10, and I didnt die. I dont remember if it hurt. If I think about it now, I remember that it hurt. I remember what I said, but Im not sure at all I can say how much it hurt, from 1 to 10. I forgot.

Maybe the fakir had a huge dick daddy had normal equipment.

INTERVIEW

Private message.

//: Hi David,

,
(not very interesting stuff)

//: I only had 3 experiences with those guys, but my family was fine with it as a game, it's true that I never complained, to be honest ... I complained only once. But as soon as I went to an adult, they stopped, what an idiot ... I was thinking about it now, I just said, /they make me angry/ XD /what?/ (no sense) lol ... how do they make you angry? And I dropped it, in the end, who the hell cared ...

//: haha I'm curious what they did to make you angry ...

//: lol, nothing special, maybe it was just the slimy way they did it, who knows! They had sat on this flea-bitten couch, in the basement of their grandma's house where everything already looked like the set of a porn movie,..

Okay, if I really think about it now, that morning my mother had put me in this shitty dress it was like, some floral dress, and it still embarrasses me now and I had white tights on. I looked like I was dressed for a funeral.

The guys didn't do anything to me, they just touched my hair and put a hand on my legs, ... that was it, to be honest

God knows how much people must have laughed at me, seeing me done up like that that day.

No big deal. Not even if they found the dick. If they were looking for it, that was their problem.

INTERVIEW

We played a whole evening of tag and when they caught me they would run a hand between my legs, right on my pussy, ok ... putting his fingers in, from the pussy to the back, that is, in the middle of the ass.

Okay, I was wearing shorts. We played all evening. The absurd thing is, when I think back on it, I laugh I had fun. I mean, if you think about it if I liked it, I can't exactly go complain to someone, can I? That would make me an asshole. And okay, who gives a fuck, I don't need a psychiatrist anyway.

It's clear that I didn't mind being touched.

Excited? I don't know but in some ways I was really hyped up, Wet? No, I didn't have that kind of physical reaction, I don't know if that happens at that age..

it never happened to me in real life

I didn't go looking it up on Google, anyway... it didn't bother me, no.

Do you remember that time my parents went to stay with their neighbours for a week? I was five years old, still so little, and they left me at home with you. I cried almost the whole time. You gave me a teddy bear. From that day on, I stopped crying

Thank you for all the affection youve shown me during this period. On social media Ive received several threats.

Even at school Im not treated well. In the class of a certain professor, who assigns ridiculous tasks like writing reviews of books written by his friends he keeps misgendering me.

I actually put effort into this review, and I read the whole fucking book by this guy, who calls himself a philosopher. Like, seriously? I have to do this shit to graduate?

...

But sure, I write garbage, obviously. He writes things that change your life, and half the class, the moment he finishes talking, is ready to suck his dick. What a bunch of ass-licking larvae.

The ridiculous thing is that this asshole actually enjoys being sucked up to by those ass-licking larvae.

If you dont understand a fucking thing about life, in my opinion you shouldnt be a professor.

Ary had a moment of empathy, faced with my total refusal, my complete unwillingness to be her fucking adopted daughter. I told her I would kill her in her sleep if she even tried to adopt me.

If they had kept me with them, I would have hated them forever. I would not have spoken. I would have hurt myself. My life would have been over.

Luckily, they believed me. They took my word for it, and I did not have to prove that I really would have hurt myself, them, their house, their shitty dog, and their hamsters.

What still pisses me off, though, is that these people, these respectable people, think they did something against my own interest. They did it out of Jesus-Christic inspiration but they do not know that if they had not done it, I would have killed them with scissors.

Or I would have shot them with JJ's gun, the one we hid when he died. Then we would have run away to Mexico and become drug traffickers.

But that is not how it went.

So death has been postponed for now.

lol. Stupid death.

Lets celebrate the birthday.

Arianna Class 2B

I wasn't really that stupid, because he felt like emptying his balls on anything he could find, a porno, a steak... his sister

I think I took it partly as a game and partly as a strategy, because I'd always thought: if Harry found a girlfriend, what would happen to me? Would I just die there with Mike the moron doing dumb-ass shit?? I already felt like shit in that house full of heteronormative brains.

I used to steal Mike's cigarettes, and a few dollars to buy purple marijuana.

With Mike the moron in that house, I needed my brother. I couldn't even bear the thought that he might go and live somewhere else without me

I don't know.

I wonder now whether, back then, when I was just a little girl, I could really have reasoned like that.

Whether, on some deep level of my mind, I did reason like that because that's the way I reason now.

The only thing I'm good at is thinking things through.

What I definitely didn't know was what the expression "emptying one's balls" meant. Not that. I didn't know, I remember because I asked around.

I remember he said to me, Let's hope there isn't algae in the hot tub.

God, what rotten luck. The conversation went more or less like this:

//I ask him how he manages to walk with a penis between his legs, isn't it uncomfortable?//

I point out to him how ugly his dick is, it's really disgusting, it looks like a part of an alien

Harry had to put his tool into the hot tub because he says was like having sex he asked me if I could turn the hot tub power knob and after a while he came and made noises, then he reached into the jean pocket on the floor, just outside the tub and grabbed the cigarettes. Is it wrong to smoke at 10? Then we talked and I was laughing like crazy... I think he looked at me but he didn't touch anything, in fact a normal person doesn't find the body of a ten-year-old girl erotic. I think Harry was just curious...

When we came out Harry did a strange thing: he hung a towel on his penis, then threw it on my head,

SPERMATIC ... Count Sperm ... First encounter with cum..

I felt a sticky substance all over my body and enormous discomfort, as if a man-eating jelly enveloped me.

Harry was also covered in his cum dissolved in the bathtub, I asked him if his skin also itched and then I showed him the kind of mucilage I had on my body.

He told me, //sorry Kate, it's Count Sperm's sperm; What a fuck!!// She told me that I had better shower, maybe I would get pregnant and definitely give birth to a mutant baby...

When the tub drained, the water left behind a thin, cloudy residue, like a layer of plankton.

Harry told me to clean the residual sperm. Something like that. He said to rinse the tub with the shower hose, and if the film didnt come off, to rub it away with my feet.

The predator does not distinguish between body, house, and landscape: everything that can be traversed can be possessed, mortgaged, penetrated, or destroyed.

Bambiland /// really a beautiful book /// very funny//the missile governs everything < Greek: "Τὰ δὲ πάντα οἰακίζει Κεραυνός / the Tomahawk missile steers all things ///Heraclitus, fragments.

The Tomahawk missile knows its own trajectory: it has a destination, a cost, a function; the human being, instead, remains the confused material upon which technique demonstrates its precision.

/ child death / always works / classic.

Shown dead to the cameras: not always the same child, but the universal child many images show children halfway destroyed; see Rotten // Internet Archive, Mayhem 10 the child used to squeeze feeling out of the spectator.

It is a very harsh critique of the humanitarian pornography of the war image.

Elfriede Jelinek
Die Ausgesperrten
The Excluded
The Outcasts

The Neptunists looked for the Earth's history in water; the Plutonists looked for it in subterranean fire. Modern geology begins when it realizes that the Earth is shaped by both: sedimentation and magma, surface and depth, erosion and uplift

Postwar Austria
Rainer Witkowski
Anna Witkowski

I learned how to clean up sperm in the bathtub.

Hans
Sophie
former SS
violent family

Question

Would this skill have come in handy in my life?

adolescence
social class
nihilism

Answer

Yes

Camus
punitive Catholicism

When I worked as an escort, after every client I would clean everything as if I had committed a murder, and ever since then I've had this feeling that sooner or later I'm going to kill someone.

domestic violence
residual fascism
crime as formation

I think I could do it without getting caught, but obviously that's what all serial killers say. I don't actually want to be a serial killer in life. I only ran a test to see whether I could kill Mike without getting caught, in case the story I had lived through with JJ happened again, and in case Harry and Mike tried to stop me from moving in with Harry.

Okay, it may sound strange to you that I was reasoning like this at eleven years old. Okay, it wasn't entirely my own idea. When I came home from school, and I was in my first year of middle school, I used to watch true crime on Harry's Sky channel. I watched it from about 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., until Mike the Moron and Harry came back from work. As soon as school was over, Harry had to move out because Mike the Moron didn't want him in the house anymore; he had to leave the house. They were kicking him out, somehow. Okay, obviously, yes. When they make your life unbearable, they are kicking you out of the house. And if you are willing to sleep in your car, you leave even before you have the money.

Genghis Khan builds an empire by turning mobile tribes into a command machine; at his death, the problem becomes the opposite: preventing that machine from dissolving back into clans, ulus, rivalries, and local appetites.

Drugs do not appear as an accident outside society, but as its chemical truth: a culture that can no longer give meaning produces substances, screens, consumption, and artificial approval to keep emptied individuals standing. Drug addiction is the extreme symptom of a society already addicted: to success, medication, screens, the group, approval, and the escape from suffering.

My notes for killing Mike the Moron:

Dont hide your trail. Make it consistent with your alibi. (very important!)

Your version of events, Kate, is a story you tell yourself every day. You never write it down, but you learn it by heart. To be safe, its better to learn it backwards too. Sometimes cops ask you to tell things in reverse, or from the middle, or back and forth.

Everything that happens in the world has to make sense with your story: the latent signal from your phone, the searches you make online, the keywords, the number of steps if your phone has an accelerometer, the photos you post on Facebook, and what you tell the people you meet

Everything has to be genuinely consistent with your alibi.

in drag, the double body, profanation, and pornographic and necrophilic artifice openly displayed as construction.

Formula to remem

The Cinema of Transgression uses the ugly, the dirty, the poor, the disturbing, and the ridiculous as weapons against orderly, moral, academic, and commercial cinema.

They Eat Scum, 1979

A very low-budget, aggressive Super-8 film connected to the idea of. It stages marginal bodies, violence, degradation, satire, and rebellion.

The Bogus Man, 1980

A sci-fi political short film against Reagan and against the illusion of democracy. Its central theme is politicians as clones: interchangeable figures produced by the system.

Geek Maggot Bingo or The Freak from Suckweasel Mountain,

A chaotic pastiche of horror, science fiction, Mlis, Expressionism, low-budget cinema, and two-dimensional sets. The film does not hide the poverty of its means: it exposes it.

The Wild World of Lydia Lunch, 1983

A more diaristic and intimate medium-length film, close to the film diaries of Jonas Mekas. The film uses stolen/assembled images and audio by Lydia Lunch.

Thrust in Me, with Richard Kern

An extreme short film featuring Zedd

Gabriel Matzneff Pornography, Literary Capital, Abuse

Matzneff is a different case from Nabokov. In *Lolita*, Nabokov constructs a literary machine of self-exculpation: he lets the monster speak, exposing his rhetoric and his ability to turn abuse into style, seduction, and narrative. The risk is that many readers may confuse the refinement of the narrative machine with the allure of its content.

Matzneff, by contrast, does not remain on the level of representation. In his case, the libertine, literary, and philosophical posture becomes a form of symbolic capital used to make abuse socially speakable and culturally tolerable. After the publication of Vanessa Springora *Le Consentement* in January 2020, in which Springora recounts the abusive relationship that began when she was 14 and Matzneff was around 49, the case publicly exploded in France and also led to the opening of judicial investigations.

The point, then, is not philosophical pornography, nor literary transgression. The point is more brutal: an erotic theory can function as a cover, as a device of prestige, as the cultural armor of abuse. Literature does not automatically redeem the material; it can also protect it, ennoble it, make it acceptable in salons, and remove it for years from its own evidence.

Starship Troopers The Best Movie Ive Ever Seen: Militarism as Perfect Advertis

Starship Troopers is politically, mega-macho central. White-central too. Because it does not simply stage war: it stages the aesthetic machinery that makes war desirable for straight white males.

Heinleins novel was already accused of militarism, para-fascism, and xenophobia. Verhoevens film takes that material and pushes it into a deliberately excessive visual regime for straight white males: Nazi-looking uniforms, solemn oaths, imperial eagles, the cult of military discipline, beautiful young bodies not gay, officially, but absolutely readable as a gay erotic fantasy clean faces, heroic poses, and an enemy reduced to an undifferentiated mass of monstrous insects.

I havent tried to kill anyone again. The Teofarm package leaflet for your shitty product talks absolute bullshit: you dont die from 500 mg of ferrous sulfate. You dont even die from a thousand. Fucking idiots.

Ha ha, though it did take him a while to recover lol lol.

I only told Harry this story three years later, when things between us had gotten a little better

I was confused, but I wasnt disgusted, and it didnt bother me I only wanted Harry

Then we had snacks cornflakes, I think and watched Cartoon Network.

Contemporary pornography is not merely a hard-core genre, but a widespread cultural phenomenon.

On/scenity brings onto the scene what had previously been kept off-scene.

Linda Williams criticizes overly monolithic antipornography readings.

Pornography can be taught as a genre, an archive, and a discursive device.

In the classroom, the issue is not only pornography itself, but the possibility of speaking about sex.

Reactions to pornography reveal identities, fears, norms, genders, and vulnerabilities.

The Starr Report transforms a political investigation into a national sexual spectacle.

The report functions as an involuntary, polymorphous pornographic text.

Foucault helps us read sexual confession as a dispositif of power.

Austin helps us read impeachment and testimony as performative

The 16mm format was decisive in the emergence of the hard-core feature film. Storefront theaters created an alternative, semi-legal exhibition circuit, while the low cost of 16mm production lowered the economic threshold for entry and allowed a rapid proliferation of small producers. Beaver films gradually evolved into simulation features in response to audience boredom and market pressure. Narrative became a tool of differentiation, legitimation, and audience expansion: it helped attract couples and women, while also giving exhibitors firmer cultural and legal ground. The crucial distinction between simulation features and hard-core features did not lie primarily in narrative structure, but in the threshold of visual validation of the sexual act.

The hard-core feature was therefore not the natural destiny of pornography. It emerged contingently from a combination of industrial, technological, legal, and cultural conditions: competition, low production costs, 16mm technology, storefront theaters, audience demand, boredom with short films, the search for narrative, changing legal conditions, and competition with Hollywood and exploitation cinema.

In this sense, the hard-core feature was not the inevitable result of progressive sexual liberalization, but the product of a specific media ecology. The 16mm format lowered the economic barrier of pornographic production and transformed the adult film field by enabling faster, cheaper, more flexible vectors of production.

At the same time, this new vector destabilized the previous avant-garde. The old exploitation establishment, which had often defended itself through the language of freedom, transgression, and I talk and think as I see fit, became an obstacle to even faster and more future-oriented vectors. Once it occupied the new horizon, it tried to preserve its monopoly over that horizon, resisting the cheaper and more explicit 16mm producers who were pushing beyond it. Later, video shifted pornography from the theater to the home. The VCR changed the relation between spectator and image: pornography was no longer only a public or semi-public event, but a domestic, repeatable, controllable, tactile encounter with the screen. Video pornography is therefore not merely content; it is technology, editing, tactility, domestic consumption, and a new arrangement of visual pleasure. Baudrillard and Jameson read pornography as a model of postmodern vision: a world of surfaces, commodities, simulacra, repetition, and visual consumption. Melendez complicates this account by insisting that the spectator is not only an eye, but also a body. Video pornography does not simply show bodies; it addresses and moves the viewers body through rhythm, texture, montage, repetition, and technological mediation. In *Naked Highway*, the video apparatus is made visible inside the scene itself: the viewer watches a character watching pornography on a screen, making the VCR, television, cassette, and domestic viewing space part of the erotic structure. In *Shock*, the syntax of video editing, strobe, fragmentation, close-up, and visual intensity becomes almost the true site of pleasure.

Video pornography attempts to make pleasure visible, but it also encounters the limit of representation. The more it tries to show

In the 1980s, pornography became the target of a political and moral war. The Meese Commission attempted to construct pornography as a cause of social harm, while censorship operated not only through direct prohibition, but also through economic, legal, and reputational pressure.

Obscenity law depended on unstable community standards, which meant that legality was never fully attached to the image itself, but to geography, prosecution, juries, and local moral climates. Repression could damage or destroy a market even without consistently winning in court.

The Freeman case defended, at least in part, consensual pornographic production as a form of filmmaking rather than pandering. Yet the War on Porn also deployed heavy legal instruments, including RICO prosecutions and asset seizures, turning pornography into a target of infrastructural attack.

Moral crusaders often revealed sexual contradictions and hypocrisies of their own. At the same time, AIDS transformed the performers body into a site of risk, testing, documentation, and productive anxiety. Professional pornography could also generate burnout and de-eroticization, turning sex into technical procedure, choreography, and industrial labor.

The camcorder opened the amateur phase. Amateur porn sold authenticity: the promise of bodies, scenes, and desires not yet fully absorbed by professional production. Domestic technology made the sexual scene more accessible, but also more exposed. Internet and cyberspace promised a further leap: more interaction, more proximity, more control, and more risk.

The history of modern pornography is therefore a history of access conflicts: access to the image, access to the body, access to the market, access to distribution, access to visibility, and recurring attempts to close down what each new technology reopens.

Every technical medium lowers a barrier. Every lowered barrier generates a new panic. Every panic attempts to raise the barrier again through law, stigma, cost, or fear.

Los Angeles in the 1980s becomes a contact zone between pornography and Hollywood. Many performers enter the adult industry not simply in search of pornography, but in search of visibility, attention, career, escape, or stardom. Pornography makes explicit a logic of promise and exploitation that already exists, in more disguised forms, within mainstream entertainment.

Shauna Grant becomes the tragic myth of shattered innocence: the Midwestern girl-next-door transformed into an image, then absorbed by drugs, fame, pressure, and tabloid narration. Her death becomes both a media event and anti-pornographic evidence. Ginger Lynn, by contrast, embodies the star of the video era: a performer whose image circulates through videocassettes, box covers, repetition, and domestic consumption.

Video of S. Grand autopsy <http://www.wikix.it/autopsy/S.Grand>

KODAK GC

Schechner distinguishes two very beautiful spatial forms.

Eruption: an event explodes at a single point.

Examples: an accident, an argument, a collapse, a shooting, a sudden event. People gather around a hot center.

Procession: an event moves along a path.

Examples: a funeral, a political march, a parade, a pilgrimage, a religious procession.

So we have two models:

a fixed hot center: the crowd converges;

a mobile center: the crowd follows or joins in.

But I didn't want to talk about that. Okay, I wanted to talk about something unbelievable: the other day Chris came over to our place and told us that Red had caught HIV.

He asked me if I had fucked Red. I told him that, honestly, it had never happened.

Red has HIV. Okay, it's 2026, but who the fuck has ever actually seen someone with HIV? How did Red even catch it, when as a guy he is completely unfuckable?

EMAIL FROM THE CENTER FOR CHILDRENS RIGHTS AND OTHER MATERIAL

I want to thank you for everything you have always done for me and for Matilde: watching over us, helping us, and above all teaching us how to grow up

Please, just ask me.

They are celebrating their birthday:

Stefania, class 2

Carola, class 2

Gathering people come together.

Performing something happens within a special frame.

Dispersing the group breaks apart and carries away the effect of the event.

This is almost a minimal social machine.

It does not matter whether we are talking about theatre, ritual, a traffic accident, a march, a festival, a trial, a demonstration, or a ceremony: there is a hot center, an audience, a frame, and then a dispersion.

Performance does not coincide only with what happens on stage; it also includes the gathering beforehand and the dispersal afterward. The performative event is a complete social cycle.

//Danida

//Last week my parents went to talk to the principal because some of my clothes are ruined, and often I don't have shoes. Once, when it was snowing, I went to school wearing shower slippers. I do have shoes, but I like the slippers better.//

Performance is a threshold system:
as soon as a body, an object, or a place is
framed,
it becomes legible as an event.

Theater isn't needed;

a frame is needed that transforms presence
into meaning.

When Bad Girls Play Good Theaters

The obscene/pornographic theater of the
1980s.

Performances that brought dirty, obscene,
pornographic, and scatological material
into good theaters.

Carolee Schneemann

Karen Finley

Annie Sprinkle

Kathy Acker

Elizabeth LeCompte

JoAnne Akalaitis

The Wooster Group

Richard Schechner

The female body no longer appears as a sacred
or idealized body, but as an obscene, dirty,
sexual, aggressive, contaminating body.

Obscene body versus sacred body. I prefer the
obscene one.

Obscene.

Scatological.

Pornographic.

Wounded.

Aggressive.

Contaminated.

Violent.

From the sacred body of 1960s performance, we
move to the obscene body of 1980s performance.

Karen Finley// the theater of disgust.

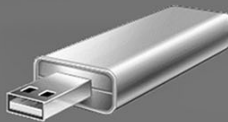
She does not use obscenity to arouse,
but to show a devastated world. incest
abuse rape trauma food excrement
contaminated body fragmented nar-
rators unstable identity

Finley takes the material of pornog-
raphy and removes the pleasure from
it: what remains is only devastation.

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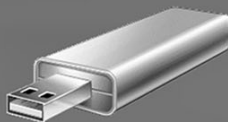
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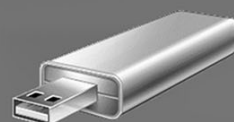
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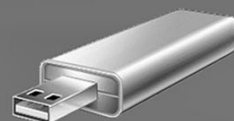
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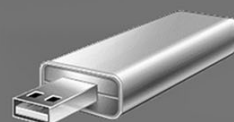
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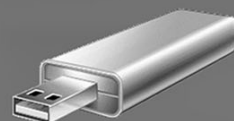
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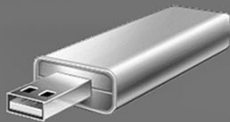
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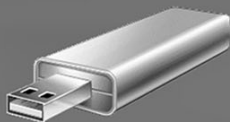
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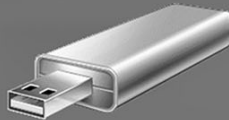
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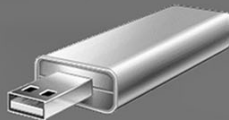
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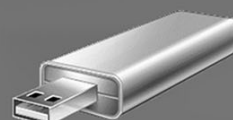
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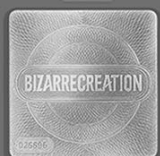
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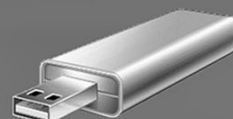
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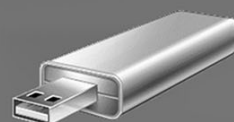
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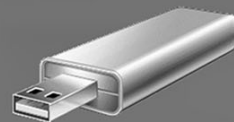
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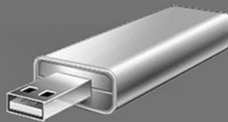
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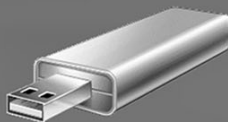
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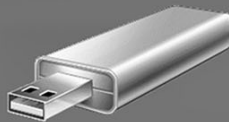
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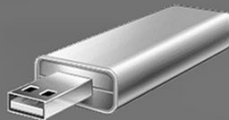
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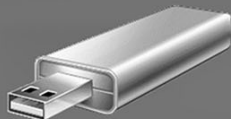
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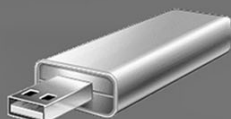
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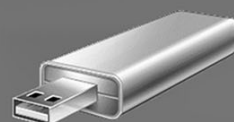
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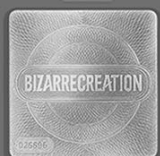
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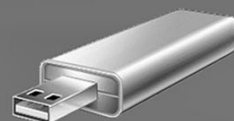
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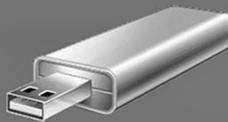
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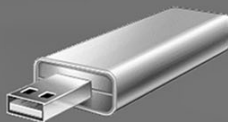
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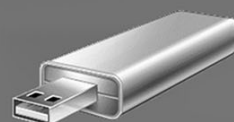
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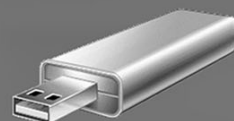
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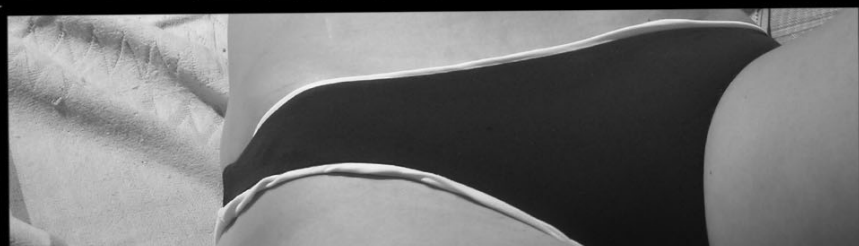
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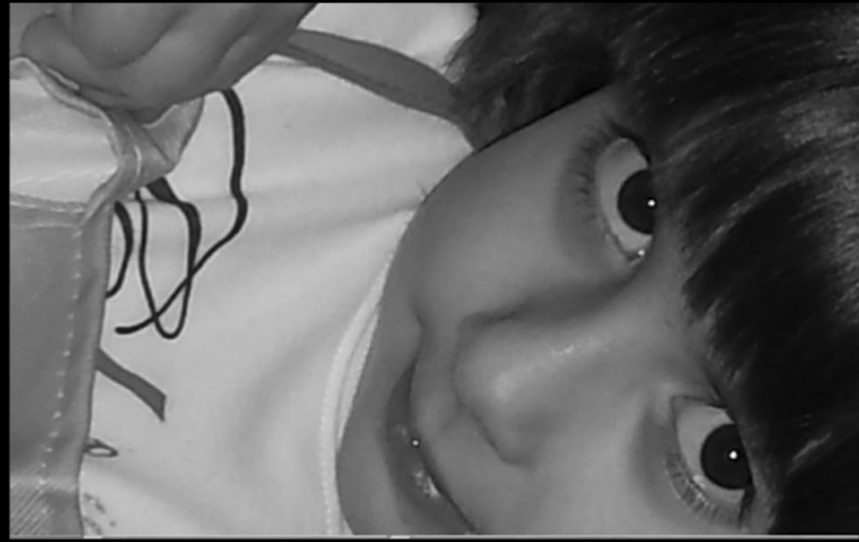
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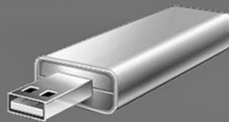
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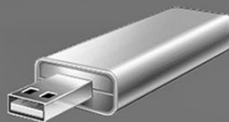
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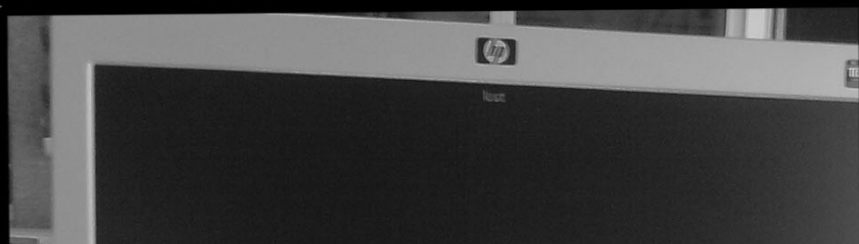
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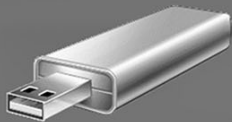
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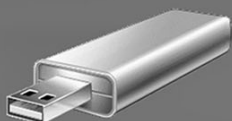
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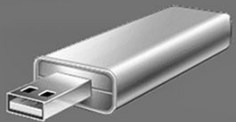
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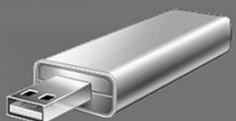
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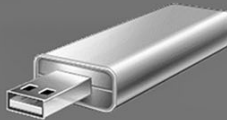
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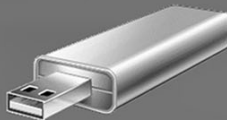
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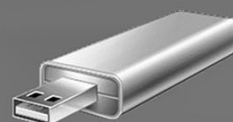
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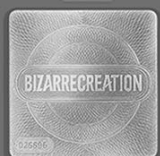
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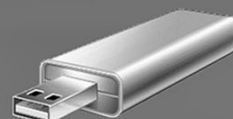
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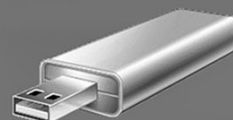
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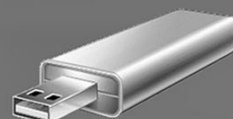
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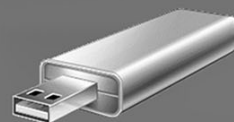
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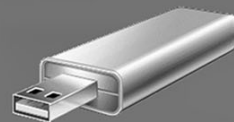
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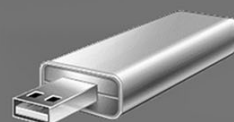
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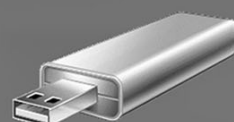
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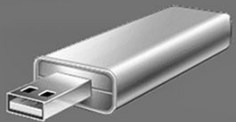
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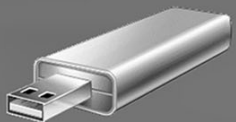
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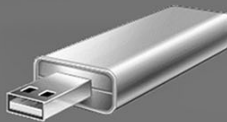
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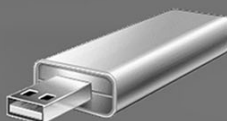
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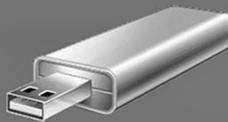
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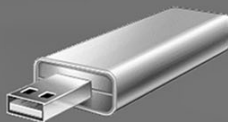
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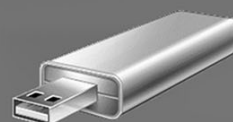
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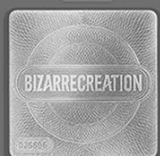
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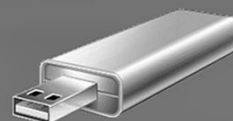
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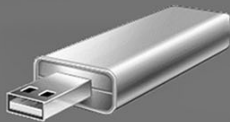
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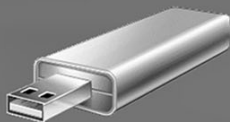
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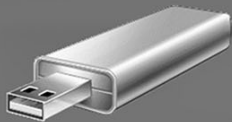
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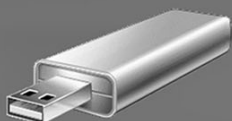
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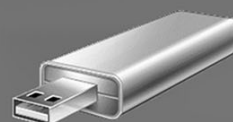
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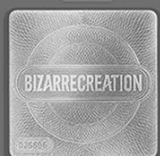
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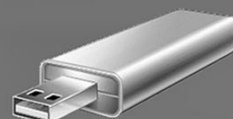
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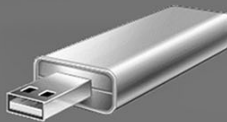
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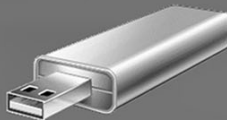
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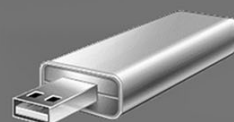
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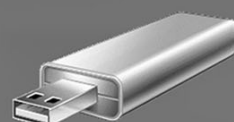
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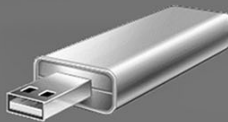
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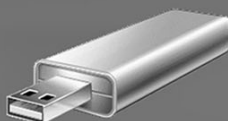
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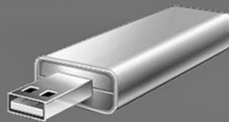
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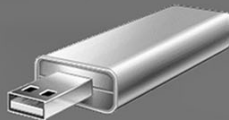
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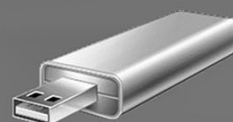
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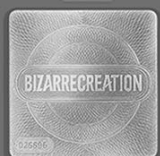
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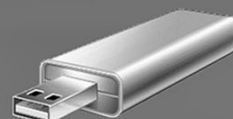
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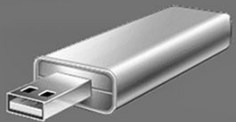
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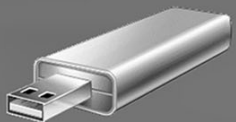
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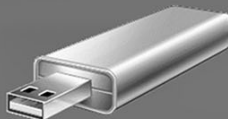
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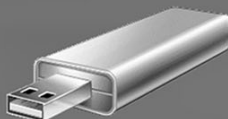
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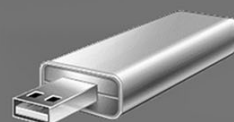
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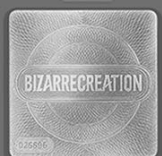
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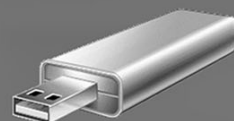
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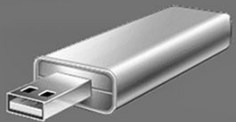
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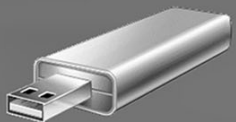
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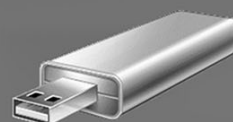
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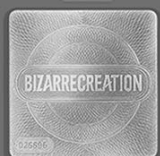
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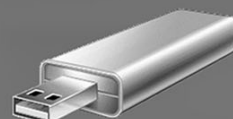
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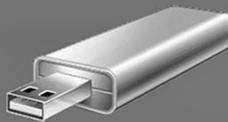
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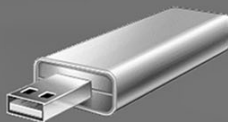
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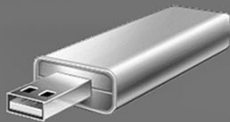
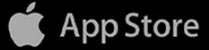
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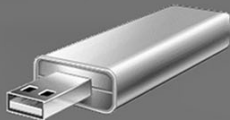
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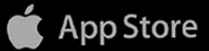
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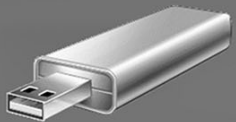
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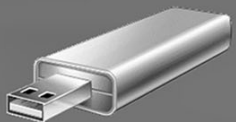
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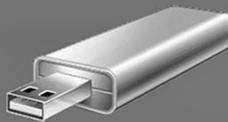
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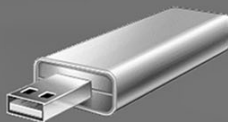
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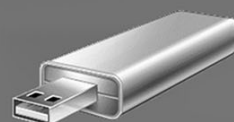
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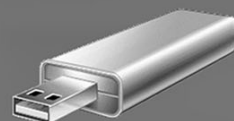
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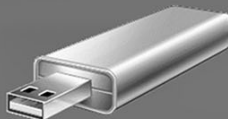
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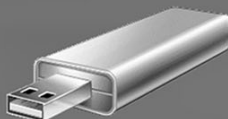
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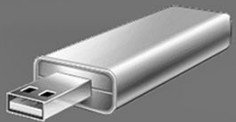
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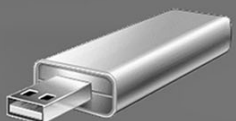
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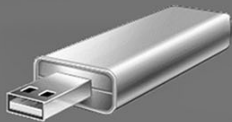
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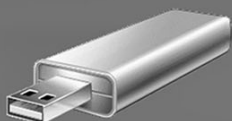
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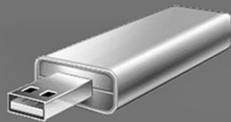
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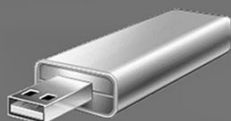
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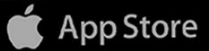
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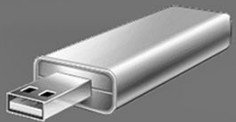
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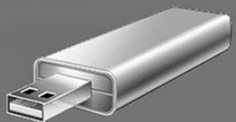
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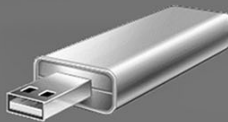
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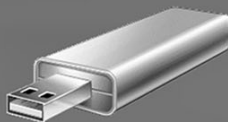
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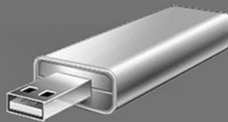
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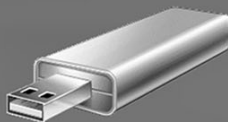
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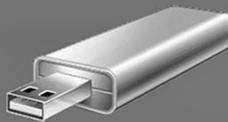
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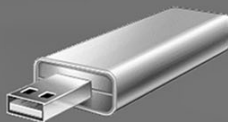
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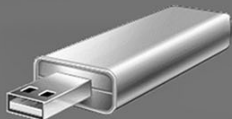
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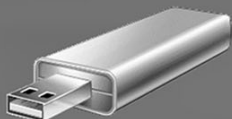
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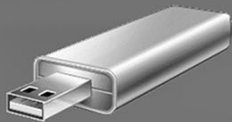
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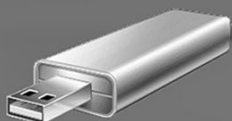
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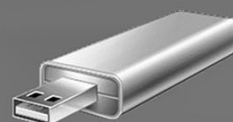
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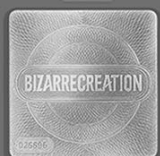
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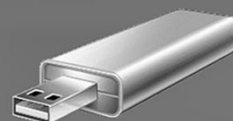
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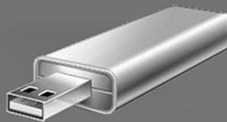
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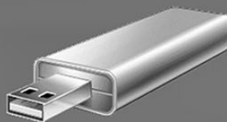
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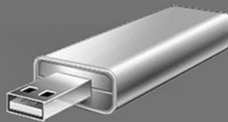
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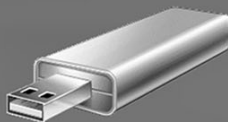
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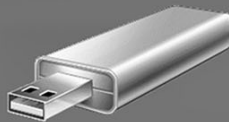
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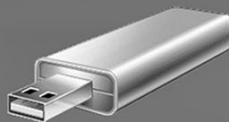
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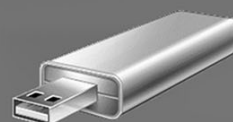
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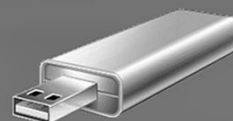
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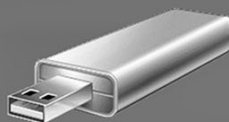
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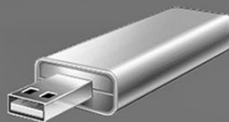
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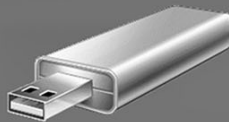
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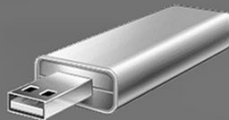
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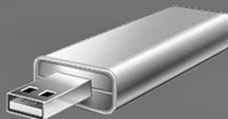
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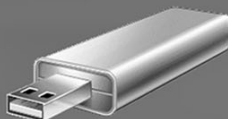
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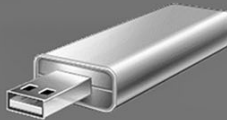
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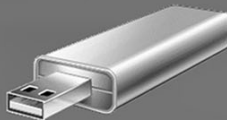
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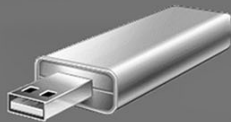
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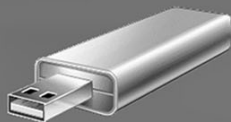
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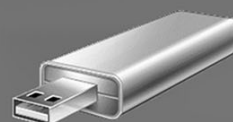
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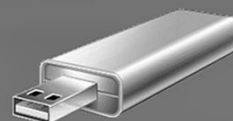
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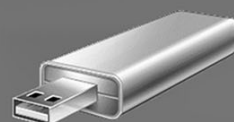
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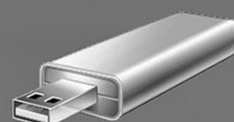
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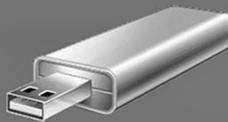
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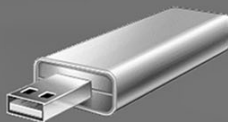
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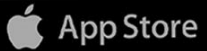
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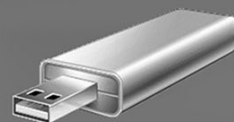
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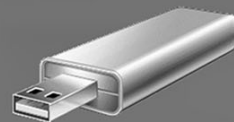
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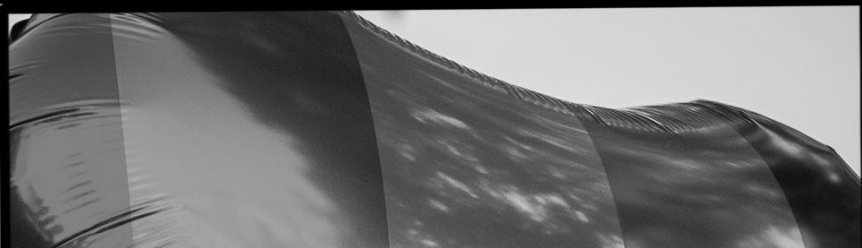
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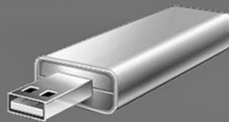
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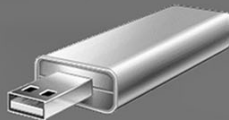
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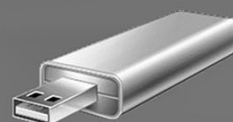
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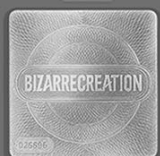
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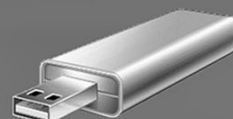
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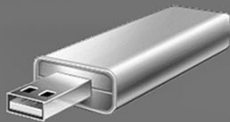


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Harry
Jay
Foster

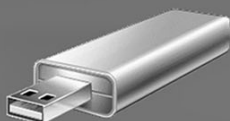
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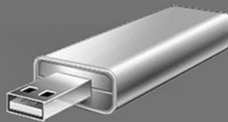
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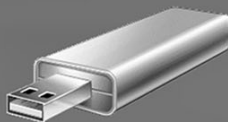
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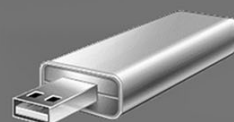
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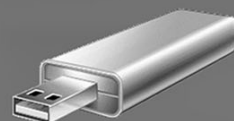
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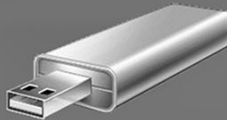
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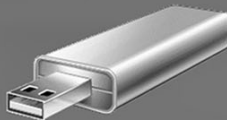
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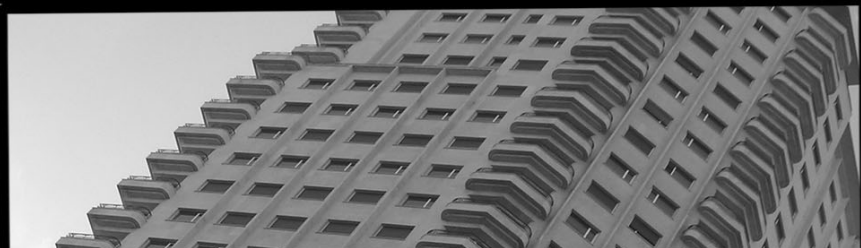
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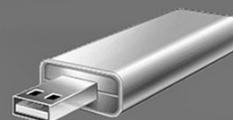
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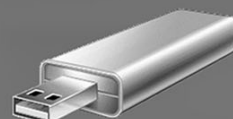
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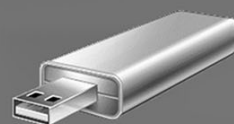
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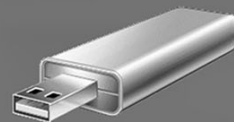
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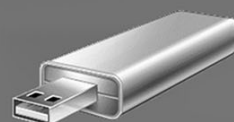
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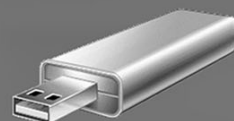
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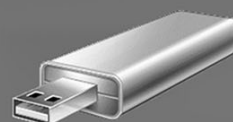
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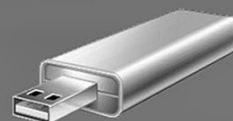
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