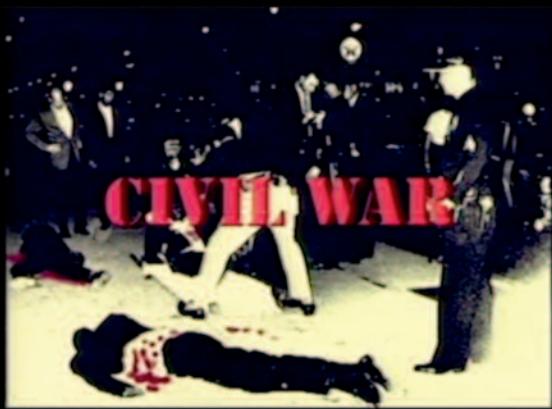






Still from *François Pain's Institutional Psychotherapy as One of the Fine Arts ...*, 2025.
Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.



Published on the occasion of the exhibition by François Pain,
Psychiatry Is What Psychiatrists Do, February 21–April 26, 2025

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Publication support by JOAN 
With the support of 

Cover photograph: François Pain at Félix Guattari's on the day he was released from jail (1980). Photograph by Marion Scemama
First page: *Left to right*: François Pain, Marion Scemama, and Félix Guattari. Photograph by Marlène van Thuyne.

Design: Hedi El Kholti

ISBN: 978-1-63590-267-9

Everybody Wants to Be a Fascist

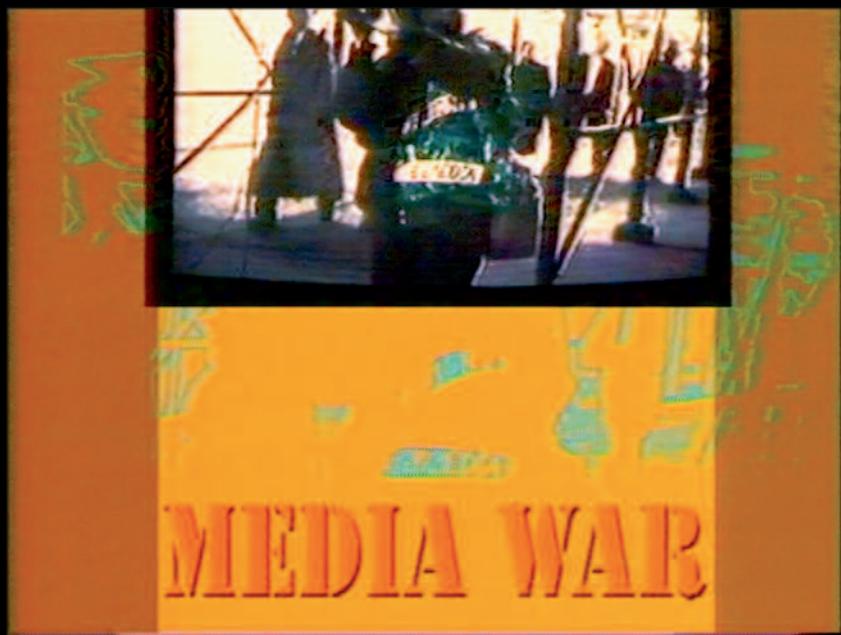
Institutional Psychotherapy as a Resistance Movement by François Pain

Edited by **Perwana Nazif**

With contributions by Franco “Bifo” Berardi, Félix Guattari, John Kelsey, Perwana Nazif, François Pain, Stefania Pandolfo, AbdouMaliq Simone, Francesc Tosquelles, Jackie Wang, and Hannah Zeavin

Translations by Robert Hurley and Jesse Newberg

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Stills from François Pain's *Happy New Order!*, 1992, a collaboration with Olivia Télé Clavel. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

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(top) Francesc Tosquelles with Marion Scemama
(bottom) Francesc Tosquelles with Elena Álvarez (Hélène Tosquelles)
Stills from rushes of François Pain's *Francesc Tosquelles: A Politics of Madness*, 1988. Written by François Pain, Jean-Claude Polack, and Danielle Sivadon. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

After Catastrophe

How to begin with catastrophe? This is the question that frames François Pain's *Institutional Psychotherapy as One of the Fine Arts* ... (2025) in the exhibition that accompanies this publication.

Before becoming one of the first video artists in France, François Pain worked at La Borde, the famed clinic that extended the practices of Saint-Alban hospital's Institutional Psychotherapy, from 1965 to 1972. At La Borde, Pain met and established significant relationships with the major representatives of Institutional Psychotherapy: exiled Catalan militant and IP founding figure Francesc Tosquelles (who became Pain's analyst), La Borde's founder Jean Oury, and Félix Guattari, Pain's close friend and core staff member at La Borde. The triangulation of these three thinker-practitioners, "TOG," offered a conceptual and practical foundation for Pain. Each point of the triangulation, as figure, method, and thought, finds distinct and collective expression in Pain's filmed transmission of Institutional Psychotherapy's political, social, and clinical transformations. Pain became the leading film chronicler of institutional psychotherapy at experimental clinics, and his films have played a crucial role in the movement's circulation and extensions.

Institutional Psychotherapy emerged in Saint-Alban during WWII, as the German occupation and the Vichy government's "soft extermination" policies produced a fatal dearth of adequate clinical care and sustenance. A cultural revolution and antifascist resistance movement that aimed to cure the hospital itself, Institutional Psychotherapy was a horizontal, collective effort traversing political, libidinal, and subjective economies. Informed by

Tosquelle's experiences in Catalan workers' cooperatives, his antifascist militancy, and a therapeutic-communal foundation put in place by previous Saint-Alban directors, the hospital did not assume itself as an asylum and, instead, worked toward becoming a refuge, endlessly subject to transformation. Persistent intervention and creative transformation aimed to keep desire from capture by fascism's encroaching forces of Real inertia and the fact of its existing political and social reality.

At Saint-Alban, the "mad" and "normal" lived together among resistance fighters, artist-poet refugees, and dissidents of the state.¹ Patients and nonclinical staff alike took responsibility in unbinding the hospital and releasing restricted movement. They broke down the hospital walls, patients worked for and bartered with staff and neighboring villagers, and the surrounding town was invited to celebrations and performances. This strategy made possible the approach and flow of a care collective, a flow in which traditional clinical hierarchies, taxonomies, and nosologies retreated through subsiding walls and receding locks. A consideration of the force of the social redirects its course toward patients' autonomy, cascading forth the right to wander and the right to exchange. Such was a fluid and liberated circulation *with* structure—a collective facilitation of movement beyond and within the walls of the hospital by foot and by expression.

Psychiatry is what psychiatrists do, as the exhibition's title notes, but psychiatrists stand outside neither the social, historical, and material world, nor what the patient suffers.² Institutional Psychotherapy's existential practices emphasized again and again that the mental and somatic was not isolated from the structural and historical. Such a formulation, importantly, implicated fantasy's

1. Camille Robcis, *Disalienation: Politics, Philosophy, and Radical Psychiatry in Postwar France* (University of Chicago Press, 2021).

1. François Tosquelle, "Psychopathology and Dialectical Materialism," in *Psychotherapy and Materialism: Essays by François Tosquelle and Jean Oury*, ed. Marlon Miguel and Elena Vogman (ICI Berlin Press, 2024), 66.



Jean Renoir (*right*) visiting La Borde and chatting with Jean Oury (*left*) and Félix Guattari (*second from the left*). La Borde Archives.

structure within it as well. A permanent reconstruction and an unceasing revolution, Institutional Psychotherapy is a line of escape from fixed constructions, relations, and milieus. An arrival to Institutional Psychotherapy is also and simultaneously an escape line: a vector that must be endlessly (re)imagined and actualized.³

If Institutional Psychotherapy crumbled the necessary function of the hospital's walls, then its practices and insights could not be contained at a site like La Borde. Oury's medical and analytic work focused on the localized economy of La Borde, while Guattari's political commitments—to the Algerian struggle, workers' movements, and other social fields—concretely extended the political presence of the hospital to the world beyond. The clinic's reputation for a constant police presence around its perimeter may or may not have had to do with legends of suitcases of cash for the

3. Anne Querrien and Constantin Boundas, "Anne Querrien, La Borde, Guattari and Left Movements in France, 1965–81," *Deleuze Studies* 10, no. 3 (2016): 395–416.



Félix Guattari (*left*) and Jean Oury (*right*) playing the piano during festivities at La Borde. La Borde Archives.

FLN (the National Liberation Front for Algerian liberation) and/or providing a safe space for illegal abortions and contraceptives. One could even argue for the radical threat of the infamous grid, the clinic's organizational system for practical operations that challenged established roles and functions through a rotating distribution of tasks, including medical duties. Pain and Guattari's close friendship and collaborations developed through these political commitments. Their collaborations led to several decentralized, collective efforts toward alternative media and bringing together left-wing militants, artists, and scholars: from the FGERI (Federation of Groups for Institutional Study and Research) and its CERFI group (the Center for Institutional Study, Research, and Development), to alternative, noncommercial forms of expression and listening through pirate radio with *Fédération des Radios Libres Non Commerciales* (1978) and *Radio Tomate* (1981).

Haunting any beginning in catastrophe (like Pain's film, like the birth of Institutional Psychotherapy in war and fascism) is an inquiry into what remains—what is not merely disaster's ruins, disaster's returns?

The exhibition at JOAN presents Pain's new film installation alongside older, experimental films and a vitrine with materials from Pain's personal archive. Pain's installation, the radius of the show, is composed of nine screens. Each screen is subject to a zealous vacillation of archival footage of waged wars, daily life at experimental hospitals Saint-Alban and La Borde, vignettes of Pain's experimental films, filmed protests, and intimate discussions with Tosquelles, Oury, and Guattari.

The structure of *Institutional Psychotherapy as ...* marks and eclipses historical and aesthetic reference points, at risk of radical collapse. Here is an enigma of the precariousness of the collective assemblage (of enunciation), and of "madness." The disaster that is war, that is madness, that is being. Catastrophe and madness maintain the question of suspended disaster as loss and the simultaneous forthcoming, surpassing existence of a world. Catastrophe is not unrelated to the suffering of experience, the sometimes unbearable agony of inhabiting a world. Alienation, however, is not annihilation; madness is not totalizing destruction. The social persists, subjectivity persists, and there exists a constant and creative effort of reconstruction within and across film, "madness," and sites of psychiatric care. Such attempts flash across nine separate screens in Pain's film: the same images repeat, like in Pain's overall practice, constructed and reconstructed in distinct forms and chance relations. The space between the nine screens is one of suspension and threshold. A structure that disarticulates a coherent figure of producer and produced, transmitter and receiver, doctor and patient, filmmaker and filmed, and unfastens the striae that places the exegetic on one side and the diegetic on the other. It is a disorder that upsets the fixed site of the analytic couch. To create conflict, as Jean Oury says, is to create life.⁴ A reconstruction takes place

4. Jean Oury, "Institutional Psychotherapy: From Saint-Alban to La Borde," in *Psychotherapy and Materialism: Essays by François Tosquelles and Jean Oury*, ed. Marlon Miguel and Elena Vogman (ICI Berlin Press, 2024), 99.

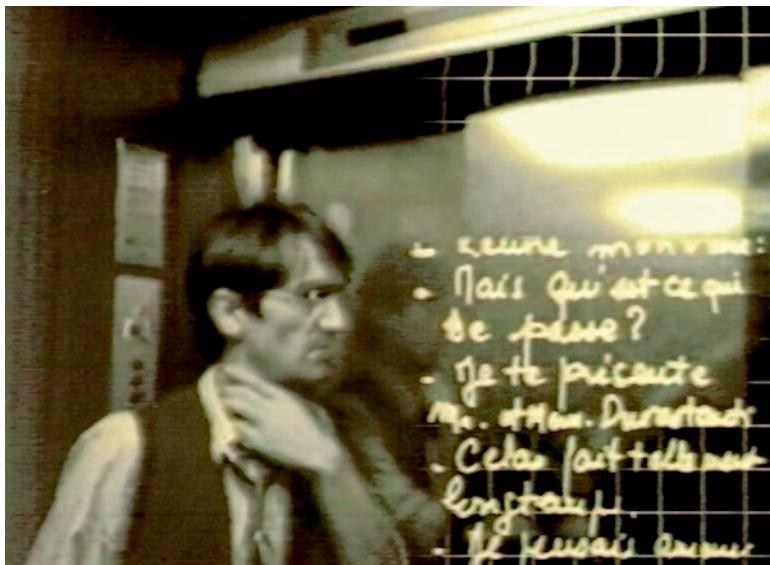
against and by means of the inertia of the word. Scenes repeat on other screens, emanating throughout, against isolation, against segregation.

The event ends, begins, and returns. “*Shit! C'est encore la Guerre* [It's the war again],” reads the Vertov-inspired text card on the screen. As Frantz Fanon—who worked at Saint-Alban early in his career and clarified its ideas and practices throughout his own militant intellectual, medical, and political commitments—writes, “But the war goes on.”⁵ It returns and recalls by way of the image, the gesture in circulation, reversal, and transmission. As Tosquelle says elsewhere in Pain’s archives, it is precisely the shitty object that *does* the constituting of the network, the anal rim of analysis. “With the war,” he exhorts, “comes the resistance.” Or, as Pain’s camcorder guerrilla film with his collective Canal Déchaîné proclaims, “Intifada Everywhere!”

Pain’s films are not an aestheticization of madness nor politics, but an approach to image as that of encounter and difference. His practice works as a social cinema, endlessly undertaking a rearrangement against social and psychic alienation, against established orders. There is a collective attempt, a treatment—if not a cure—of image. A network precedes, proceeds, and follows the existential image.

“It’s better not to say too much. Not even in my head!” asserts the voiced thoughts of a character wandering across Paris’s streets in *The Green Notebook* (1980), which opens the exhibition. Written by Guattari, the film meanders between a paranoid monologue, the lost green notebook, and succeeding breakdowns of a breakup among memory, fantasy, subjectivity, and “reality.” The film was initiated by an invitation to present at the Paris Biennale following Pain’s release from prison in February 1980. Pain had been arrested in 1979 at the trial of Franco Piperno,

5. Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, trans. Richard Philcox (Grove Press, 2021), 181.



Still from François Pain's *The Green Notebook*, 1980. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

leading figure of Italian workers' autonomy. Supposedly taken in for an incriminating photo published by a far-right magazine, Pain was really targeted for his involvement with Guattari, the Italian left, and illegal free radio stations. Pain surmises that he was a patsy, nabbed because the police could not arrest Guattari. He wrote a searing letter to the judge, published in the November 17–18th issue of *Libération* newspaper, which is translated in this volume. Until his months in prison—which were highly publicized, with rallies and petitions for his release with prominent names (Jean Luc-Godard among others)—the Institut National de l'Audiovisuel had supported and produced Pain's films. The director of the INA refused to support “extreme leftists.”

No longer welcome in the production facilities, Pain would sneak in at night with the help of INA friends to colorize the handheld film shot in black and white. Using the small Paluche

camera, the film suddenly becomes, for Pain, fingers that see, a bodily sensation of sight.⁶ The grid that sometimes appears in *The Green Notebook* materializes the slippages of the gridded three-by-three of Pain's central installation in the exhibition. The obsession remains: to recover the lost notebook whose letters shadow the film.

Across the room of the exhibition plays *The Crystal Wave* (1985). Based on a story by the reclusive writer and pedagogue (and friend of Pain's) Fernand Deligny, the film was a collective production made for an annual gathering of hospital clubs. La Borde had asked Pain to organize a video workshop with patients to produce a film. Pain had founded the experimental Imago group (within CERFI) around 1973 as an attempt at an institutional analysis, as educational and as means of alternative information production and circulation through video. In the film, the residents of La Borde are warned of the imminent arrival of a wave of crystal engulfing and encapsulating all in its wake. The encroachment of crystallization, a threat of the temporal, cannot be escaped. The solution? "Pose for posterity's sake."

Filming a few residents notifying others, one on horseback, two continuously climbing spiral staircases, the film travels the hospital grounds, through all the various ateliers of the (patient-managed) Club from the library, bar, and salon to the quarters for the constant meetings the hospital would have. Notable in this filmed mapping is the various arts ateliers where, in one scene, sound is reverbed, slowed down, and warbled, already crystallizing. What is the act of art, filming itself, if not a pose, a fixing of sorts, for eternity? A question of form, trace, and project? We watch as the crystal turns, the moving image, the presents that pass with the gallop of the resident on horse and on camera. The ritornello, the returns of the pasts presented, images of

6. Pain constantly references Tosquelle's sight at the tip of the fingers when he speaks of filming with the Paluche camera.

which recur in *Institutional Psychotherapy as One of the Fine Arts* ..., the disorders of the collective, and the promise that is also the curse of the eternal.

In relation to these turns and postures, the essays in this book pay homage to Pain's insurrectionist work (across film, media, and the clinic) and the legacies of institutional psychotherapy through direct interlocutors and indirect practices. Franco "Bifo" Berardi recalls his first meeting with François Pain amidst the "swirling mutations" of late 1970s media experimentation, while Jackie Wang adopts a poetics of free association not unlike Tosquelle's articulations. Extending Pain's milieu into the experimental psychiatric hospital of Berrechid in Morocco, Stefania Pandolfo follows the unconscious force that circulates as a form of inheritance through her conversations with psychiatrist Abdallah Ziou Ziou and his son Abdeslam Ziou Ziou. The circuit of desire of which Pandolfo writes continues, transformed, in AbdouMaliq Simone's interventions at the South Beach Psychiatric Center. There, the symptom was not treated as metaphor or delusion, but as an opening toward reconfigurations within and beyond the scenes of power that often played out in the hospital. Hannah Zeavin focuses on the frequencies of media and milieu through alternative and liberatory radio, from Pain's Radio Tomate and Bifo's Radio Alice to the FLN's broadcasts, while John Kelsey wanders through Pain's experimental videography and filmed existential catastrophes. These texts are interspersed with a selection from Tosquelle's writings (including a tribute to Frantz Fanon's clinical and political-revolutionary legacy, and excerpts from his 1948 medical dissertation on poet Gérard de Nerval's novel *Aurélia*, madness, and the experience of the end of the world), the transcription from Pain's film installation exhibiting at JOAN, and various materials from Pain's personal archive.

Back in Paris, amidst an array of ephemera, photographs and flyers on the wall of Francois' studio, hangs a handwritten card that reads "Time passes...that's all it knows."



Félix Guattari (*center*) at Radio Alice. Courtesy of François Pain.

Franco “Bifo” Berardi

Fragments of Pain

In the Swirling Mutations of the 1970s and 1980s

I met François Pain in 1977, which in my memory was a year of fragments.

I had escaped to Paris because the authorities in my country had issued a warrant for my arrest. I was guilty of having organized a kind of ironic insurrection in the city of Bologna through a free radio station and a newspaper called *A/traverso*.

Everything in our ironic insurrection echoed words and concepts from Paris—especially from the books of Félix Guattari and Gilles Deleuze, and most especially from *Anti-Oedipus*, which had just been published in Italy.

The name of the publication, of which I was editor in chief, graphic designer, publisher, and distributor, was clearly a tribute to the transversalism of which Guattari was the inventor and voice.

And the radio station, called Radio Alice, was an apparatus with which to criticize the established world of economic, political, and advertising power, through the deliriums of Lewis Carroll and the wisdom of Humpty Dumpty.

In Paris, as a refugee, I had the opportunity to get to know Félix. At Félix’s house, I finally met François Pain, who immediately invited me to dinner.

I forgot to mention that François was an excellent cook, and on this occasion he prepared a gigantic broth.

But above all François was a video experimenter.

The question of technological and media experimentation was central to the discourse of my little publication, and especially to the radio station we had launched on the airwaves of Bologna.

The driving idea behind the radio station was precisely a fragmentary one: we need to explode the molar system of communication that emanates from the center of political and economic power; we need to trigger a molecular process of proliferation of subjects of collective enunciation; and we need to produce linguistic and technological tools that can make this enunciation possible.

In Bologna we had not yet tried experimenting with video.

And then, in Paris, I met this guy who was using video in a new way. He had tinkered around (*bricolé*) with his camera, introducing technical modifications that allowed it to infiltrate the fissures of everyday life.

François's way of filming was like Radio Alice's way of producing information.

It wasn't really about information, but, rather, cultural animation. They were fragments of everyday life, mixed with fragments of criticism of the economy, of sexuality, and, above all, attempts to sabotage mainstream information.

We didn't have an organic vision of what we were doing. Rather, we were led to speak, think, and act in a fragmentary way.

We had fragmentary intuitions: at the level of communication, we tinkered (*bricolait*) with free radio stations; in existential terms, we tinkered (*bricolait*) with adventurous relationships that only lasted the space of a morning.

Or a night.

But this fragmentary gesticulation in which we were caught up was our way of swimming in the flow of a mutation that transformed little by little the relationship between the Infosphere and the Psychosphere.

From Félix Guattari, we learned that the collective assemblage of enunciation was a machine capable of putting together

fragments of experience, fragments of imagination, and fragments of experimentation.

From William S. Burroughs, we learned that fragments can proliferate like viruses, and infect organisms until a mutation is produced.

The machine François was wielding at the time—a sort of extension of the eye that was capable of infiltrating between one body and another—had the ability to proliferate images without respect for linear narration.

Among the videos François recorded during the year 1977 are some “Alicien” fragments, some poetic-strategic chatter, and many images recorded during the September Bologna Conference, which brought together one hundred thousand people from cities all over Italy, Germany, and France.

The colloquium was a great success and a great failure at the same time.

It was a success because, for the first time, we succeeded in provoking a common discussion between Italian, French, and German intellectuals and activists across national boundaries that were difficult to cross at the time. A success because the silence of the press on the existence of a movement of students and precarious workers was broken (for the first time, the theme of precariousness imposed itself in the public debate).

But the gathering was also a failure because the movement lacked the capacity to be truly autonomous and because it could not overcome the political conception that had established us retroactively. Thus, we were unable to move beyond this obsession of distinguishing ourselves from the state.

The title we chose for this great symposium, Conference against Repression (Convegno contro la repressione), was a colossal mistake because it was completely subordinate to the repressive action of the state. It obliged us to speak of the past with a language that was the language of the past.

Instead, we should have chosen a title projecting into the future: What will communication be like in the times to come? What will daily life, the economy, and technology be like?

We should have talked of fragmentary practices, like radio-phonic practices, video practices, etc.

François continued his activity: capturing images with short sequences of action and performance.

He had worked with Félix at La Borde Clinic, where we were experimenting with original forms of therapy through art and especially through performance.

Above all, I'd say that the therapeutic specificity of La Borde was to stress the fragmentary character of the postmodern unconscious, which was emerging through philosophical thought as through madness, as through political action.

The film dedicated to Min Tanaka at La Borde is one of François Pain's most significant works because the images of the performance that took place in the clinic's premises and gardens allow us to understand the significance of suspending the primacy of the Real over the imagination. Here, the imagination manifests itself through gestures and forms, and the context is one of solidarity. The solidarity of the insane, the solidarity of foreigners, the solidarity of speakers of diverse and untranslatable languages: this is the solidarity that François went looking for.

He sought to grasp the meaning of actions that cannot be reduced to the signified, but are capable of functioning as a-signifying fragments in intentional recombination—finalized (consciously or unconsciously) to a meaning that belongs not only to the realm of interpreting reason but also to the desiring realm of the imagination.

In *Monument à Félix Guattari*, which was presented at the Centre Pompidou during the event following the death of our philosopher



Still from François Pain's *Tanaka Min La borde (1986) Tokyo (2000)*, 2008–21. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

friend, François tried to put together, side by side, the gestures and words, intentions and insinuations that were part of the existential fascination that Félix practiced.

What we were trying to redefine in, perhaps, a confused way in the year we met, more or less in 1977, was the relationship between the Infosphere and the Psychosphere. The Infosphere and Psychosphere inscribe themselves in each other, and interpenetrate in such a way that the flow of informational stimuli can pierce the film of the social unconscious, and can determine effects of submission or effects of revolt and autonomy.

The Infosphere is the sphere in which circulate the utterances that come from power, but also the utterances that originate from society. Power is essentially based on the capacity (of the major techno-economic and techno-media groups) to penetrate the Psychosphere through their flow of information (and conscious and unconscious stimulation).



Sylvère Lotringer (*left*) and Félix Guattari (*right*) at a conference in San Francisco. Filmed by François Pain. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

The resulting Psychosphere is a dimension where singular delusions can evolve as bridges over the abyss of nonsense, and as possibilities for unpredictable social arrangements.

François Pain's Infosphere, like the free-radio sphere of the '70s and '80s, was able to pierce the armor of dominant information, and was capable of producing movement effects, especially in the field of imagination. But we have to admit that we weren't able to transform this breakthrough into the creation and consolidation of a new process of media and economic production. We were unable to give institutional continuity to the liberatory process we had opened.

The influence that transversal communication successfully exerted on the media culture of the '80s and '90s was driven most especially by the work of Sylvère Lotringer and his friends at the journal *Semiotext(e)*.

Their work was intertwined with the delirious explosion of New York no wave in the 1977–83 period.

From Guattari we learned that desire is the field in which the evolution of the Psychosphere is played out, and consequently the field in which the evolution of society takes place. Sylvère was able to translate this Guattarian intuition into the mediascape of the American city, which was in full turmoil, having been shaken by the fiscal crisis and the flight of industrial enterprises to the point of becoming a veritable territory of techno-existential experimentation and creative panic.

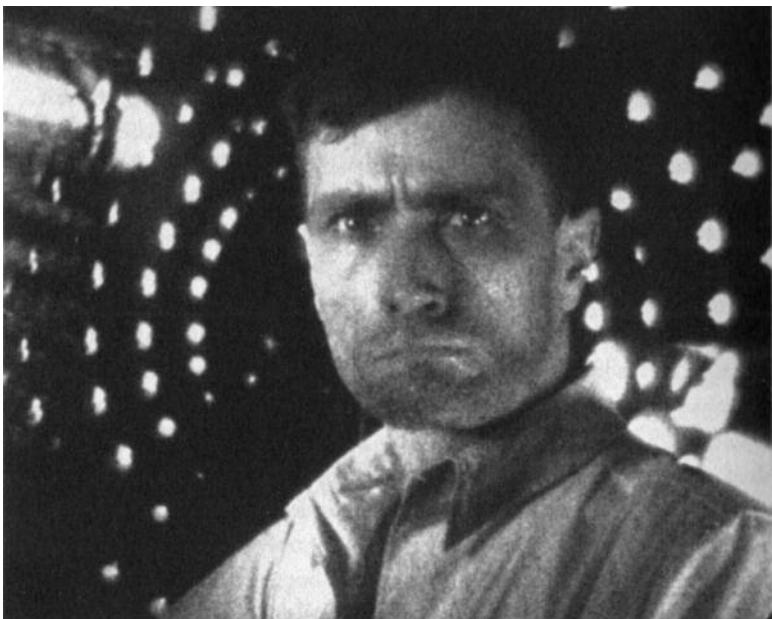
Ultimately, it would be the telematic network known as the internet that would fully manifest the power of fragments and the possibility of creating a homogenous tableau imbued with meaning from a proliferation of images.

But, from a distance, we must recognize that we weren't able to transform our fragmentary intuitions into a unified process of sustainable social transformation.

The theoretical and artistic intuitions we had at the time of the formation of the new reticular world were confirmed in the years and decades that followed, but we weren't able to coagulate the intuitions into an organized practice—and so we lost, and lost ourselves.

The network we had theorized (the network of autonomous fragments capable of unifying without losing their autonomy) and the network we had recognized in the original formation of what we called THE NET (a concatenation process open to the indicative of “netters”) failed to translate into the WEB (the established machine of connection between users and salaried workers of the cyber factory), which devoured and transformed everything under the homologating scepter of the profit economy.

October 2024



Still from Eugène Deslaw's *Around the End of the World*, 1930

The Lived Experience of the World's End in Madness
The Testimony of Gérard Nerval

[...] No project of transformation of the social apparatuses of assistance and cure in psychiatry achieves a coherent implementation solely on the basis of the “liberatory” impulses of certain psychiatrists. In any case, young or old, we were more or less disoriented or rendered passively inactive, before and during the generalized social upheavals which, all over Europe, as in other eras, constituted the daily bread of us all, between 1936 and 1945. The uncertainty, the anxiety, and the questioning of the quality of lived human relations are of a piece with these situations of generalized open crisis.

An attentive examination of the various theories and concrete situations, which are found throughout the history of psychiatry, was incumbent therefore on all those who, like us, found themselves in the midst of or buffeted by extremely tragic situations.

I don't hide the fact that despite my young age, in 1940 I had a certain experience of psychiatry, indeed a relatively extensive familiarity with its international “variations,” which in fact contrasted somewhat with the current habits of French practitioners. However, it's fitting to say here, on the occasion of this work on the “tragic lived experience” in psychopathology, my arrival at

Francesc Tosquelles, *Le Vécu de la fin du monde dans la folie: Le témoignage de Gérard de Nerval* (1948), published by the Éditions de l'Arefppi in 1986, and reissued by Éditions Jérôme Millon in 2012. Despite the oddness of certain formulations, we haven't made any changes to the Arefppi text. An excerpt from *Healing Institutions*, edited by Joana Masó and forthcoming from Semiotext(e).

Saint-Alban corresponded to a staging of true phantasmagoria for us all, but in a special way for me, delusions which, beyond a certain “end of the world” perspective, brought shimmering possibilities within one’s reach: those of a renascence, whereby one could become other, without ceasing to be oneself. This is doubtless what made more relevant our search for more or less analogous phenomena in the patients, and also made reflection on their scope more effective. It became evident that the catastrophic experiences of the world’s end, often recounted by the schizophrenics, were not specific to those patients.

At the end of the war, certain members of the Saint-Alban team, Bonnafé in particular, motivated by the psychiatric as well as political issues there, drafted a series of seven communications, addressed to the Société medico-psychologique. They summarized certain “critical reviews” written by the Saint-Alban group, of which I was the secretary. [...]

In spite of the reservations we formulated with regard to work calling for the observation of the “concrete lived experiences” of patients, as they are expressed in clinic or in psychotherapy, we considered that in any case it was a matter of the indispensable possibility for all the concrete relations between the care staff of every category and the patients to be established on the basis of acceptance of and respect for the unknown in human beings, whatever that otherness might be. This did not have to do with—or not only with—a moral value to be defended, but above all with the possibility of recognizing the narcissistic factor which is quite obviously so poorly integrated into the practical life of the patients in our care, indeed into the system of their conscious manifestations. Said differently, as caregivers, it’s a matter of a basic receptiveness to some fumbling, around transference, which they always display when they, like all human beings, strive to establish relations with others, as they constantly do. However, the clinical problematics which privilege thought, speech, or acts don’t exactly reflect all the vital

dynamic architecture of each flesh-and-blood person in their concrete interconnection with the others. Beyond the mobility and the shiftings of thought, speech, and acts, *it* exhibits the signs and impulses of a different, nether reality that is not always transparent.

There is not just the exclusion or social isolation—indeed the repression—that create insurmountable obstacles to the cure. The more serious, diabolical temptation that presents itself to the “mad” is the temptation of so-called normality, paid in advance by the crushing of the subject of unconscious desire: it’s the risk of social alienation of all men and women into the “cultural” machinations of the various societies to which one belongs. Obviously, our own offers a good “consuming” caricature—with the objects of desire trapped in a role reduced to that of fetishes and thus scarcely capable of aiding the process of cure. Moreover, our culture offers everyone the enticements of the *ego*, questing for power and independence. These are some of the true “discontents of civilization.” The difficulties generated by this social alienation doubtless contribute to all the forms of madness as human existence. Further, if madness and the lived experience of the so-called mentally ill cannot possibly be reduced to the “scientific” notion of mental illness, on the other hand, what comes to light at the level of the *vécu*, the “existential,” can open up the operational field of our work. From the start, the so-called *vécu* comprises complex structures, always in play, even beyond speech and thought—that is, assemblages that are actually “logical” rather than rational, at multiple levels. Consequently, it’s on the basis of a receptiveness to the other so-defined that the therapeutic treatment of madness seems to us to still be possible.

There’s no doubt that medical discourse—in the wake of religious discourse—has had an opportune say, and must continue to be present faced with the complexity of the human phenomena of madness. However, the latter always go beyond the limits of mental illness. It’s only from the radically singular

and singularizing perspective of each human being that one can make sense of the pathological event. [...]

The frequency of catastrophic reactions in madness and the special dramatic character of it are consequences of the persistence of the struggle, of the defense of the person who previously got themselves into a position of inferiority through a partial or total isolation at the level of their structure as a social being. It's *under these conditions alone that the catastrophic reaction can become a failure for the person*. The effects of isolation on the general condition of the organism and its neurology in particular have been so thoroughly studied by Goldstein that there's no need to dwell on them here. But when one does this analysis in clinical psychiatry, *one must specify the frame in which the isolation is manifested*. The social isolation described by Follin and Bonnafé toward the end of the Journées de Bonneval is best understood and registered in connection with the catastrophic reaction.

Hence the *Erlebnis* of the end of the world should not be thought of as an *image* reflecting *supposed real phenomena* of a psychism being annihilated. On the contrary, this lived event is the pure and simple manifestation of the continuity and even the surfeit of human efforts.

We have seen what there is in the way of image and movement of approach in our understanding of irritability as it appears in Heideggerian transcendence. We have also seen how psychoanalysis, while enabling a comprehension of certain developments and clinical manifestations of the existential experience of the world's end, proved contradictory and ambivalent on the subject of its human value and the place it occupies in the pathogenic event as a whole.

—Translated by Robert Hurley

Frantz Fanon and Institutional Psychotherapy

Today the call came from Algiers, to reminisce for a meeting of psychiatrists—and various actors in the field of psychiatry—about that other encounter which joined Frantz Fanon and institutional psychotherapy.

I won't dare assert that in every human encounter the stakes are predetermined, the dice are always loaded. I want to say, however, without any ill-intended slyness on my part, that there are serious words circulating between people that are not themselves a real amalgam—a montage—of numerous events that gave form to previous encounters, and that have straddled the time and space traversed by human beings. The short duration of our lives doesn't encapsulate in a single bloc the movement of knowing and forgetting—of the registered and the unperceived, which turn up superimposed in all the turns of discourse that humans exchange in their concrete encounters. This is why the life and the life history of Frantz Fanon—engaged in his real presence at

Francesc Tosquelles, “Frantz Fanon and Institutional Psychotherapy,” *Sud/Nord*, no. 1 (2007): 71–78. This text was written at the request of the Institut national de santé publique d’Alger (National Institute of Public Health of Algiers), which intended to organize, on December 4 and 5, 1991, a psychiatry conference on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of Frantz Fanon’s death. This conference did not take place, due to the political context and for lack of Algerian psychiatrists’ participation. But Francesc Tosquelles asked that it be published in the proceedings of the second Journées de psychiatrie de Dax, *Histoire et histoires en psychiatrie*, under the direction of Michel Minard, published by Éditions Érès in 1992. An excerpt from *Healing Institutions*, edited by Joana Masó and forthcoming from Semiotext(e).

Saint-Alban, where I played the role of catalyst among the many actors caught up in the gestures staged in the local psychiatric practices—came to light only in a sporadic way during the three years of his stay among us.

Instead of answering straight away, in an overtly meaningful way, the request from Algiers concerning what Frantz Fanon contributed to Saint-Alban and gleaned from it, I'll limit myself to sharing three or four anecdotes whose use value is still unresolved, making them worthy of several retellings.

First, I'll call back to mind what constituted my first encounter with him. This will be followed by other anecdotes gathering various caregivers—indeed, friends and familiars—around meals where the mood was more joyful than not. Obviously, to end it, I'll briefly recall some truly professional anecdotes.

Straight off, I'll say that in the spring of 1952, when Fanon came to meet me at my place, at Saint-Alban, no one was talking yet about institutional psychotherapy. It was only around that time that Daumézon and Koechlin used the term for a certain number of discontinuous, but coherent, activities that we'd put in place at Saint-Alban starting in 1940.

Here is my account of the first meeting between Frantz Fanon and myself, at Saint-Alban.

Useless to conceal here my surprise—indeed, the awakening of my curiosity—on noting the radical difference there was between the color of his skin and that of most of the other men I was used to having concrete relations with. I minimized my first reactions of surprise by inquiring as to what he expected from us. I think I told him that we were favorable to his wishes, which were actually obscure to me. Being relatively well mannered, I shook his hand, invited him to sit, and asked him, “What can we do here to serve you?” At Lyon, he replied, the word was that at Saint-Alban we had implemented a psychiatric practice attentive above all to the complexity of differences—maintained and

sometimes tragically accentuated—which bound men together and which we were determined to treat with care.

I remember having said that in fact his statements corresponded rather precisely to what guided our professional actions at Saint-Alban. Nevertheless, I agreed with him about the fact that the differences were still numerous and complex in what every person brought to their encounters with others. There was also, in the background, a host of similarities, analogies, even identical processes active in all men.

No difference can appear between men—or between things—without one's factoring in their resemblance, indeed their identity, at the same time. The abstract character of these first exchanges didn't fool him or me. The discreet reference to the contrasting color of our skins, on the other hand, migrated to the center of our conversations. The thing in question was immediately understood that way by Fanon, since he immediately gifted me with his book *Black Skin, White Masks*. Then he told me about his pain exacerbated quite recently in the street, at Lyon, when he was walking with his (white) fiancée. He was violently accosted, taken away, and mistreated for hours in the police station by cops who accused him of trafficking or enslaving white girls.

In this first conversation, rather than dwelling on his conflict with the Lyon cops, I directed my interest to the use of masks in human relations, which he had addressed in his book. I said to him: “Whatever the color of the face or skin of this one or that one, we go masked to meet the others. The mask is a staging of the personality, but what enters back into the challenges of encounters is actually the person the mask has covered with artifacts, always made of social conventions.”

I believe I said that beyond the masks, it was necessary to credit the other with a diffuse complexity.

I thought of the two presents that Fanon blessed me with in that encounter as the gifts of his *lettres de créance*. He had presented himself to me as the ambassador of the singularity of his history.

Years later, I met with Fanon again, in Paris. He was already involved in Algeria's war of liberation. [...]

For something close to our daily professional life, I recall another occasion when Fanon's historical line and mine intersected, this time in the concrete space of our clinical practices at Saint-Alban.

I have to say that Frantz Fanon had chosen in good faith to hew almost blindly to the good word distilled from clinical practice—that is, by the psychiatrists aimed at the constant objectives of mental cases.

He had followed, without being personally engaged, the life of a patient who had greatly improved. She appeared almost cured, after several sessions of insulin therapy. Myself and a number of nurses took advantage of her awakening from the insulin comas to bring back the language connections of a hesitant speech. She relived retrospectively her own birth and entry into the world of grown-ups. In anticipation of her release, this patient—very improved, socialized, sophisticated, attuned to the vagaries of culture—had changed wards, in order to stay in an open service (the Terrace) whose walls were characterized, among other things, by the number and transparency of windowed bays.

Now, one day—I was still at my place, discussing one thing and another with Fanon and Dr. Koechlin who was passing through—someone telephones us, demanding the intern Fanon for an emergency at the Terrace. When he returned to us, he was very angry and very disappointed, since this patient, quite unexpectedly for all of us, had broken almost all the window panes of the ward. This was very serious in itself ... However, what Fanon also complained about was that one of the ward's caregivers—a nun, Sister Carmen—didn't want to transfer the patient to her original ward, against the opinion of Fanon. He said, like any good doctor, that this patient had relapsed, miserably, and it would be necessary to recommence the insulin treatment. Sister Carmen had gotten wind of the existence of what were called, with Kretschmer, fake psychoses, an unfamiliar concept in the



Frantz Fanon (*center*) with his team at the Blida-Joinville psychiatric hospital, ca. 1953–56

classical psychiatry of Lyon. She thought that often patients, faced with the anguish of rejoining their family and social normality, would engage in spectacular demonstrations of madness that no longer corresponded to a biological constraint. The nurse, Sister Carmen, demanded authorization to continue in place the uncertain trajectory of a long therapeutic intervention by calling out the designs of the patient. I had to quickly arbitrate this conflict between Fanon's expertise and the knowledge of the nurse. Crediting this nurse with a certain confidence, I thought she could try and unravel the threads of this relapse.

As it turned out, there followed forty-eight hours of efforts between the patient and the nurse, without a break, day and night. Based on the practice of drawings and commentaries that always had clear sexual connotation, notably with autoeroticism, the patient regained her footing in the most correct social life. A month later, she left, and I can report that our heroine married normally and had two children without any recurrence of her rowdy paranoid schizophrenia.

The recollection of this spectacular and dramatic professional anecdote is offered simply to underscore that, whatever the right approaches taken by a therapist may be, draped as he is in his knowledge, when a certain number of catastrophes occur in the course of the treatment of a psychotic, we all revert almost automatically to our old objective ideas about the so-called mental illnesses. One can say that everyone is the dupe of these traps that appear in every more or less institutionalized psychotherapy. The same goes for psychoanalysts of the first order.

Still connected in my memory with the activity of Fanon at the Club, I recall that, just before leaving for Blida, he occupied the podium of the Literary Society at Mende, where he delivered a lecture on the space of scenic performances of human comedies and tragedies. [...]

Actually, what my text is reporting apropos of Fanon constitute "episodes" very analogous to what is evoked during any concrete

psychotherapy, when the latter is conducted to term in a discontinuous way, but artfully crocheted.

Unfortunately, institutional psychotherapy has been understood solely as being reduced to the intra muros of classical psychiatric hospitals.

In contrast, my account here, which concerns the reception and certain encounters that Fanon experienced and arranged in Saint-Alban and its environs, testifies to this reach that always far exceeds the hospital enclosure.

Fanon's lecture, at Mende, the administrative center of Lozère, in the course of which he laid out the theoretical development of his practice at Saint-Alban, already attested to the reach of its social services aimed at awakening and focusing the interest of a few cultivated individuals rooted in the regional "peasantry." The form of the discourse he delivered at Mende corresponded to a certain level of cultural expectations of the group he was addressing that evening. As a matter of fact, the development of human networks that appear in towns marked out for industrialization take their energies and resources from the soon-to-be-abandoned countryside. The least that one can say, without any nature nostalgia, is that the resource of rural collectives is more easily identified than what is formed in the mastodonic cities that grind people to dust.

The accent that Fanon placed after the fact, during his stay in the Algiers region and his participation in the FLN, on the peasant motor of political change, was also an echo of his lived experience both in Martinique and around the hospital of Saint-Alban.

—Translated by Robert Hurley

South Beach

Psychiatric practice in New York City during the 1970s and 1980s was a volatile mélange of heterodox orientations in response to the fatigue with exclusively medicalized approaches, the extensive elaboration and then retreat of public affordances, the intensity of urban political contestation, the ascendancy of “systems” thinking in the social sciences, and the radical unionization of mental health workers. These conditions converged in an atmosphere of experimentation that sought new institutional relays among various social problematics and agencies that constituted the “community” as a locus of intervention and coordination. It was a time of community mental health centers, crisis-intervention teams, unified health services, preventive medicine, and the instrumentalization of social networks as objects of intervention.

Under pressure to attenuate its function as a warehouse of chronicity, the New York State Mental Health Services actively supported programs to reduce inpatient numbers and provide for support/maintenance outpatient infrastructures. Its main facility in Staten Island, South Beach Psychiatric Center, instituted a new intensive care unit charged with the nearly impossible task of working with chronic inpatients whose violence was unmanageable in other units across the state and to work intensely and quickly with nascent inpatients to mitigate the possibility of future hospitalizations. In other words, it was to serve as a locus of both desperate reparative and preventive measures.

I was part of the team assembled to run the unit as one of two presiding clinical psychologists chosen by a young chief



Stock image of South Beach Psychiatric Center, Staten Island, New York

psychiatrist with a Reichian background and a massive red Afro, trained also in family therapy and advanced biochemistry. Collectively we designed the unit as performance space intended to deter acculturation, constantly unsettling patient expectations as to how a psychiatric unit would be administered, while enacting highly structured simulations of patient delusions or inventions—by taking claims of their persecutions, feats of grandiosity, or readings of the social field seriously, at face value. For those intent upon suicide, for example, we had prepared manuals for how to do it plus offered a range of funerary plans. For those claiming to be on secret missions, there would be debriefing sessions. As viably as possible, claims that patients made for being in the world were regarded as the locus of engagement.

The idea was not to treat symptom as a metaphor to be relinquished or delusion as a self-protection racket, but rather as an opportunity to go further, to narrate a story that might include more elements and dimensions, one that might accord, for example, parts for other patients on the ward to play, especially as we sanctioned times and settings where patients could

plot against the rules that were established as a kind of dare to see if they were explicitly willing to win up front and away from the panoply of small manipulations. This also included the mutual exploration of different complicities, where together we hatched incursions into various scenes, as a kind of performance art where patients acted as accompaniments to meetings and dinners. Or linking them to other transactions around the hospital grounds, such as discussions with janitors, groundskeepers, secretaries, as we were constantly sneaking patients, even while agitated, into a variety of external dramas, always risking the violation of this or that rule.

For transactions between patient and staff were regarded as struggles for power, a kind of “I know that you know that I know what is going on” and where the space for manipulation and maneuver exceeding the established rules would always be severely limited. Instead of adapting to normative regimens of medication, the approach was like that of titrating a fever, with large dosages of psychotropics administered for a brief period of time before being substantially reduced to low maintenance dosages. Dealing both with long-term, often violent “recidivists” and those just being initiated into the psychiatric system trying to find ways to bend the experience to their perceived needs, the atmosphere of the unit declined to make the inhabitants comfortable. The treatment approach was informed by the exigency to get them off the unit as soon as possible—a prospect dreaded by many of them who long had become satisfied with institutional life. The minimalist approach to accommodation, the strict regimens of everyday choreographies of movement, and the explicit recognition of power differentials and their quotidian subversions were complemented by efforts to situate each patient within a larger field of social relations, whether it be those of kinship, peer, or interinstitutional relations.

Problems were not identified as the property of individual patients but expressive of a configuration of relational powers

that needed to be engaged as the locus of intervention. What this meant was that if a patient came from a family that was accessible, and that family also maintained active relationships with extended kin, then all would be mobilized as coproducers of a potential concrete disposition that would enable the patient to assume some form of everyday life outside of the hospital. When such kinship networks were not present, we worked with the often-disjointed elements composing some kind of social world for the patient to minimize the distorted communications and role expectations that often characterized their performed pathologies. At times, over two hundred people might be gathered in a family home, or among the “homeless” residents of underground tunnels, or within the array of institutional personnel that had been or would be expected to be part of a patient’s life. The protocols that explicitly accepted a patient’s narrative of their life and problems, refused the individualization of their “pathology,” and demanded their concrete situatedness in a network of variegated relations might often have been perceived as contradictory, cruel, and unethical. But the assumption of the staff was that institutional life was fundamentally toxic for all inhabitants, that the ward was to be uninhabitable as a long-term prospect—not in terms of administering punishment, but rather to constitute it as always and exclusively a platform to the outside no matter how many decades a person might have been spent locked away.

Support infrastructures often had a bespoke composition then, as most of the time spent by staff was “working the system,” overcoming bureaucratic obstacles and prohibitive norms so that a person’s life on the “outside” was never one of either isolation or social saturation, that dependencies could be forged without dissolving autonomy, and that autonomy was accompanied by forms of witnessing and material support. Psychiatric institutionalization was seen as a kind of toxic condensation: a means of circumventing coming to grips with the ways that institutionalization was enrolled in the functioning of specific households

and networks, and the ways in which whatever possibilities of refuge it might offer inevitably became a form of capture.

It was not so much that the realities of suffering, vulnerability, and trauma were denied but rather acknowledged in their proclivities toward becoming weaponized in order to defer confrontation with their sacrificial character. So often a person's hospitalization was enacted as a sacrifice for the ongoing functioning of specific household operations and their familiar logics. The constellation of "household libidinal economies" experiencing a prolonged transition from localized working-class, neighborhood reciprocities and solidarities to the emphatic individualization and nuclearization of public housing substantially circumscribed affective fields of interchange and increased the densities of living quarters. While these were not apprehended as causal conditions, they did institute a new range of vulnerabilities that saw rapid increases in psychiatric emergency room visits over the course of several decades. While privileged with access to resources not available to most other psychiatric units, the notion of "intensive care" applied was just that—a multipronged series of interventions aimed not only at rapidly reconfiguring the positionalities of patients within a larger social field but to deconstruct the hospital system itself as the purveyor of illusions about power. A power it nevertheless flexed as a means to shut the program down after four years.



Stills from François Pain's *New York! New York! A Big Apple!*, 1986. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

François Pain mon copain

42 rue de la Santé 197583 cellule 1/70 75014 Paris

Un bouquiniste sur les quais, et chez ce bouquiniste, la trouvaille d'un livre au titre presque incroyable : « François Pain gendarme », édition Galilée 1919.

François Pain, accusé aujourd'hui d'être un casseur et un pillard, aurait-il eu un ancêtre gendarme ?

« François Pain n'avait rien qui put toucher l'inflexible divinité ».

Après la lecture du portrait de cet étrange personnage, nous en sommes aujourd'hui persuadées.

Les veuves joyeuses contre l'Europe du pétrole
Section Pas de jours sans Pain

« C'était un grand garçon très maigre dont les pieds ne semblaient pas poser sur les routes qu'il parcourait ».

François Pain, militant et cinéaste, regarde les choses pour ça. Comme alors qu'il suivait les conditions de pris de 36 heures à l'entretien, ou alors que, au CEF, qui, dans les autres pays, a plus de pouvoir sur ses victimes, il a été envoqué par la Tempête judiciaire. François Pain qui, par sa multiples ententes, a toujours eu une emprise sur les juges, a été arrêté à la fin de septembre, on l'a pris à la fin de

la déchéance communale, et pour la défense de l'Opéra, et pour les déchéances politiques par celles-mêmes, comme celles qui vont pas non plus se faire pick-up. Il a été arrêté à la fin de l'affrontement entre les forces de l'ordre, et les forces de protection. La police, qui couvre d'extreme type, les casseurs chargés d'extirper un scenario manifestement, et si les condamnations lourdes que les juges d'assises d'accusaient étaient légères, à-t-on pas expli-

» A part moi-même peut-être, il n'y eut pas dans toutes les garnisons belligérantes de soldat dont l'aspect fut moins militaire que le sien

que, ce singulier individu de ces cassures du quartier ?

Dernier ?

Il n'y a pas de pris de 36 heures à l'entretien, ou alors que, au CEF, qui, dans les autres pays, a plus de pouvoir sur ses victimes, il a été envoqué par la Tempête judiciaire. François Pain qui, par sa multiples ententes, a toujours eu une emprise sur les juges, a été arrêté à la fin de

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Cruci'Hall

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HORIZONTALEMENT.
1. La faire disparaître de la surface de la Terre, par la force de la gravité.
2. La partie de la société qui se bat pour la paix dans le monde.
3. Un nom de famille.
4. C'est fait partie des masques-médias les plus populaires, et c'est aussi le chant du cygne. — 6. Même immangeable. Le photographe qui a été égorgé par un ours.
7. Qui n'est donc pas aussi grave. Conclusion, on n'a pas les moyens de nommer. — 8. Qui n'est pas assez.
9. Qui n'est donc pas aussi.
10. Remords pour l'éternité. — X. Tunisien.

VERTICALEMENT. 1. G

la faire disparaître de la surface de la Terre, par la force de la gravité.
2. La partie de la société qui se bat pour la paix dans le monde.
3. Un nom de famille.
4. C'est fait partie des masques-médias les plus populaires, et c'est aussi le chant du cygne. — 6. Même immangeable. Le photographe qui a été égorgé par un ours.
7. Qui n'est donc pas aussi.
8. Qui n'est donc pas aussi.
9. Qui n'est donc pas aussi.
10. Remords pour l'éternité. — X. Tunisien.

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François Pain

Letter in Libération

November 17–18, 1979

It's been over six weeks now that I've been playing the fool in a bad script whose ending I can't figure out. Neither does the actual director, just the screenwriters and the props department. Now, I have to admit that I'm a little embarrassed to be appearing in such a piece of crap. It's a pretty lousy plot, but here's how the screenplay starts—I'm on my way to the Court of Justice (*sic*) to attend the trial of my friend Franco Piperno, who's being threatened with extradition for absurd crimes he didn't commit. (He will be judged in the same way: absurdly.)

I'm alone. I've parked my car, or more accurately, my mistress's car (from the official report), at the Marché aux fleurs, picturesque but so poorly located! I'm walking with my nose buried in *Le Monde* which I see has just published an article by a guy called Glucksmann, first name André, talking about my pal (Piperno). A gang of thugs whom I don't see coming snatch me up before I can say "Ouch." Next thing I know, I'm being shoved into a car, handcuffed, squeezed between these two huge guys, and then the car peels out like in one of those terrible "Spécial Police"-style B movies.

—*Hit the siren, Dédé!*

—*Don't bother.*

—*Damn these traffic jams! What the hell are all these assholes doing!*

... A right turn, a left turn, another left, and left again—bam! The next thing I know, I'm right back at the courthouse. The police are a funny bunch these days. Handcuffed and smiling, I ascend to the heights of criminality. Swift and allegorical. The

whole scene lasts three minutes, no more. I land in a small office where a picture of Peyrefitte's face is being used for target practice. They're so obsessed with terrorism; they must practice shooting it everyday. Instinctive, bestial shots. A primitive exorcism. But it gnaws away at them. They think of nothing else. What these animals crave is the thrill of bloodshed, shoot-outs, revenge, self-defense, and the clear-cut political vision that goes with it: Work, Family, Self-Defense.

At this point in the script, I don't quite understand what I'm doing surrounded by these cowboys.¹ It's explained to me ...

By virtue of a letter rogatory issued on April 4, 1979, following the demonstration on March 23 of the same year ... Piperno, [Lanfranco] Pace, nothing to do with it ... And my ass? In the chair facing the modern-day inquisitor. The room is buzzing. A copy of *Minute* and a few photos are handed around. A satisfied murmur grows, they've got me! Ejaculation. *Stop*—I think about Mesrine, they're going to call up an entire army corps, tanks, bombers, and an atomic submarine ready to intervene. Arrived at the demonstration at such and such a time ... Took a bag to the face in front of the Lancel store, threw it back into the store, too ugly, left at such and such a time ... To throw myself into the arms of my sweet fiancée (from the official report).

Eventually, my interrogator confides in me his shock and dismay at the existence of a paper like *Libération*. He doesn't get it at all. The poor guy's sputtering, fumbling for words, belching, almost throws his typewriter out the window, teeth clenched in disgust. I feel embarrassed for him ... (Wait, no, come on ... take your pills).

Flashback: the muscle-bound guardian angels of the criminal division had spotted me at Franco's previous hearing. They spotted me, they say, at the protest following the execution of Pierre Goldman. The day before my kidnapping. They had no photo

1. English in original.—Trans.

No doubt about it! The presumptions of guilt were enormous. A single, lousy photo from the police report appeared in *Minute*, mouthpiece of the RG.² I read *Libé*, I defended Piperno and Pace, and I dared to protest against Goldman's assassination. (If this doesn't make one a terrorist leader, what would?!). They really didn't take it well, at least some of them, when Pierre was found innocent of the pharmacists' murders.

—That bastard was still a thug! How can you not see that! And to kill two, poor, defenseless women ...

And here's the former paratrooper shedding a tear ...

—If you ask me, it was the leftists who shot him!

Fortunately, he has a few good memories from his life to hold on to, otherwise he'd fall into depression. The EOR³ then a paratrooper officer.

—These kids were real hotheads when they came to us! Mean, nasty, and always ready to beat the shit out of each other But after one or two months, they were like lambs, and at least had esprit de corps. Oh, esprit de corps! (Personally, I like the sound of a horn at night deep in the woods.) ... And when we had a night out in the city, we were not to make any complaints, I can tell you that (No need, thanks.) ... This marvelous esprit de corps! (Again.) ... You know! ... Society needs to bring back esprit de corps.

—Gulps! How about we get back to it?

—The photo; is it you?

—Well, apparently, but like I told you ...

—You're guilty! Gloated a chief, conscious of his responsibilities, the magnitude of his daily task, etc.

—Guilty of what, are you out of your mind?

—A bit, yes, because you're so guilty; you're guilty, guilty, guilty!

2. Renseignements Généraux, the intelligence service of the French National Police.—Trans.

3. Écoles d'Officiers de Réserve, an officer training program similar to ROTC.—Trans.

A kind of police nursery rhyme with just a hint of “na-nana-naa-nah!”

Twenty four-hours in police custody, graciously extended by the honorable judge.

Next, we take two cars for a joyride through Paris, handcuffed behind my back or in front depending on the chief’s level of paranoia. There are five or six plainclothes cops on the raid plus six or seven in uniform to search Félix’s house. The two searches for “Goldman’s bastards” and “terrorism,” respectively, find nothing. Whether it’s the CINEL⁴ or how I live, they’re intrigued.

At Félix’s place, they go all out, sniffing around every nook and cranny. At Catherine’s, they only look through my stuff and the room I stay in from time to time. Then they search my new apartment.

The entire scene is based on paranoia, the pathological fear of terrorism, a fear that conceals an overwhelming desire. They’re obviously dying to commit it.

—If someday one of us gets shot, there’ll be carnage! We won’t hold back! Judge or no judge. I’ll tell you that much!

The BR and the European judicial area have gone to their heads.

Poor Piperno and Pace, thinking they were seeking political asylum! Instead it’s an insane asylum!

Finally, on March 23, not much to say, a photo, a miserable photo that proves nothing.

—While you’re here, there’s a colleague who would like to see you.

—Whenever you’re ready, officer.

—Detective, sir!

They have a sense of order at the station.

The “colleague,” uptight and quite stiff, wants to ask me about my friend Piperno. The only thing I have to say to him is

4. Centre d’Initiatives pour de Nouveaux Espaces Libres, a political prisoner support network.—Trans.

that, first of all, I like Piperno, that it's a disgrace what he's been accused of, and that the day he was accused of shooting at cops in Viareggio (Italy), the day before he was arrested, he was in Paris. He met Robert Kramer (a great filmmaker) that day, and myself afterward. That all the charges against him (the forty-six counts) are based on the same premise. Then, a little verse, or rather a refrain, about CINEL, and goodbye. No mention of the European judicial area ...

Forty-eight hours of police zoology. Between my arrest and my first night at La Santé: two more nights in detention, another morsel of zoology. The detention facility is the rejected offspring of the unnatural mating of the police and the court. Here the guards don't speak, they bark.

I was then brought before the judge, accompanied by the OPJ⁵ who had investigated my involvement, along with thirty thousand other people, at the March 23 demonstration, and curiously by the other OPJ who had questioned me about Piperno and the CINEL, whom I had only seen for that reason.

A brief hearing. Naive suspense on my part until the end.

Judge's verdict: heading to La Santé, bail denied.

From what I've gathered, *On Paranoia as the Art of Governing*, seems to be the title of this upcoming film, which hasn't finished shooting yet. To be continued.

Frenchy BREAD

—Translated by Jesse Newberg

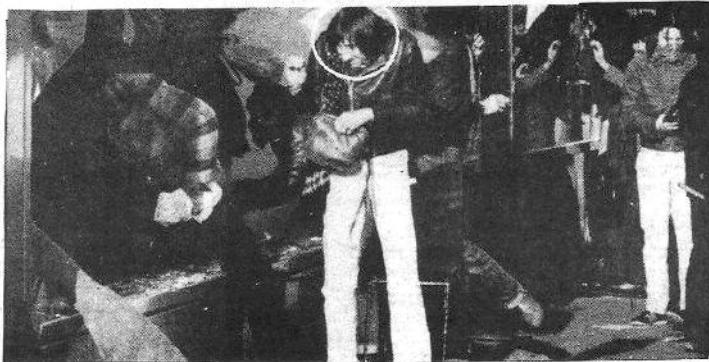
5. Officier de Police Judiciaire, “judicial” police responsible for investigating crimes.—Trans.

~FRANÇOIS.L.C.G. PAIN~

QUELLE PHOTO A CONDUIT...



QUEL HOMME EN PRISON? ? ? ? ? ? ?



valeur de
l'objet?

Inculpé, 6 mois après,
d' « infraction à l'article 314
du code pénal » (loi anti-
casseurs) pour une participa-
tion présumée aux incidents du
23 mars, il est depuis le 28 sep-
tembre dernier incarcéré à la
prison de la Santé.
La seule preuve dont l'accu-
sation semble disposer est une
photo montrant un feuille
d'extrême droite à Mantes »
montrant François Pain, devant
les établissements « Lanœuf »
qui ont été dévastés ce jour-là.

«Tout ça, c'est de la politique...»

Publication advocating for François Pain's release during his imprisonment, January–February 1980

LA JUSTICE S'EN MÊLE, LA JUSTICE S'EMMÈLE

Il n'est plus possible d'étudier le question : pour quel motif conscient ou inconscient, le ministre de la Justice voulut-il maintenir F. PAIN en détention ?

AU FOND

Dans son numéro 885, l'hebdomadaire « Minute » publiait dans la semaine du 28 mars au 3 avril 1979, certaines photographies prises par des agences de presse, lors de la manifestation organisée par des métallurgistes de la C.G.T. à Paris le 23 mars 1979.

LE FOND DU PROBLEME

Les services de police reconnaissent distinctement sur celles-ci, le nommé PAIN François, connu, selon eux « pour ses activités politiques et ses relations au sein des milieux autonomes ». Ignorant le domicile de celui-ci qu'il sait se faire héberger par des amis et des relations, la police put l'appréhender le 26 septembre 1979, alors qu'il se rendait, ainsi que son appartenance au C.I.N.E.L. (Collectif d'initiatives pour ce Nouveaux Espaces de Libre) pouvait le laisser supposer, à une audience de la Cour d'Appel consacrée à la demande d'extradition concernant le nommé PIPERNO.

LE FAIT LITIGIEUX

Mis en présence d'une photographie le représentant, sans erreur possible, aux abords immédiats du magasin LANCEL, et tenant dans les mains, selon toute apparence, un sac, PAIN reconnaît aussitôt qu'il effectivement il s'était trouvé sur les lieux mais qu'il avait tenté d'intervenir pour empêcher le pillage de ce magasin et qu'il n'avait à aucun moment participé à des actes de violence. Il explique qu'il avait reçu sur la tête un sac provenant de ce magasin mais qu'il l'avait aussitôt rejeté vers l'intérieur.

Inculpé d'infraction à l'article 314 du code pénal et l'information se dévoilant, PAIN fut mis en présence d'une photographie, prise par d'autres agences de presse, et maintint ses explications antérieures.

Dans leur mémoire régulièrement déposée, les Conseils de PAIN soulignent qu'aucune des photographies réunies par le juge d'instruction « n'indique la participation de celui-ci à des faits de violences ».

CEPENDANT... LES AUTRES

L'examen scientifique de ces documents permet cependant d'observer qu'il est exact qu'aucun des clichés ne met en évidence un geste ou l'ébauche d'un geste de violence, ce qui est d'ailleurs également vrai pour tous les manifestants l'entourant dont l'accouplement n'est pas non plus différent du sac, conformément aux dires de ses Conseils à l'audience. Il est tout aussi significatif de constater qu'aucune de ces très nombreuses photographies ne le montre pas d'instants d'appartenance aux gestes de violence ou cherchant à empêcher des pillages, comme il l'a cessé d'affirmer.

Les documents ayant plus spécialement trait à l'incident du sac d'arrimage de quatre photographies différents qui tout unifié le sac-maintien appartiennent à la Cour pour l'entièrement révélent. La Cour observe tout d'abord que loin d'être un spectateur passif, perdu dans la foule, PAIN se trouve aux abords immédiats du magasin LANCEL, presque sur le seuil de celui-ci, et tout cas, presque à toucher les vitrines d'ailleurs défoncées, ou s'efforçant d'approcher en pliant les tables sorties du magasin. La plupart des photographies le montrent en possession d'un sac, manifestement avec ses déclarations quand il affirme avoir aussitôt rejeté vers l'intérieur du magasin le sac pervenu entre ses mains. Bien mieux, l'une de ces photographies (que l'on retrouve dans deux séries différentes) le montre s'éloignant du magasin Lancel portant à la main droite un objet difficilement identifiable, en tout cas dont il n'était pas en possession auparavant, et de volume apparemment plus important que celui du sac dont il a été perdu plus haut.

D'autres photographies le montrent encore au premier ou au second rang des manifestants se tenant autour d'un membre du service de l'ordre étendu sur le sol ; d'autres encore où il tient une paillasse des deux mains dans un geste défensif, pendant que son voisin immédiat s'emploie manifestement à l'arracher.

Ces photographies établissent que PAIN s'est trouvé à différents moments à plusieurs « points chauds » de la manifestation et toujours au premier rang ou presque des manifestants, qu'encore une fois rien dans les attitudes ou l'habillement ne permet de les différencier.

Cette constatation se trouve d'ailleurs corroborée par les déclarations des occupants du car-radio « S.O.S.-Emploi » qui ont rapporté qu'au cours de la manifestation, PAIN s'est absenté à plusieurs reprises « pour voir ce qui se passait ».

À ces différentes prépositions vont encore s'ajouter le fait que PAIN, au contraire de ce qu'il prétend, est resté plusieurs heures sur le théâtre de la manifestation, « du début de l'après-midi » si l'on en croit les déclarations de l'amie avec laquelle il s'y trouvait au début, jusqu'à près de 19 heures quand il a rejoint celui-ci à son domicile.

L'ORDRE PUBLIC ET LES BONNES MOEURS PARLEMENTAIRES

Considérant qu'en raison de l'ancienneté des faits les Conseils de PAIN font valoir que le trouble causé à l'ordre public ne saurait justifier le maintien en détention de l'inculpé.

Nous vous laissons apprécier les associations libres du rasonnement juridique mis en œuvre par la Chambre d'accusation pour refuser de rendre à François PAIN sa liberté.

Considérant cependant que de tels faits, dont la gravité se démontre par leurs conséquences (90 magasins dévastés, 9 voitures détruites ou très endommagées, 32 blessés parmi les forces de l'ordre ne remontent guère qu'à six mois et qu'ils ont causé une émotion considérable dans l'esprit de la population inquiète de voir se produire des scènes de violences d'autant moins admissibles que celles-ci sont gratuites.

Que les défenseurs admettent eux-mêmes dans leur mémoire ces faits connaissent encore des projets, notamment sur le plan parlementaire, et, au contraire plus répétés, sur les mesures prises par la suite, pour les manifestations de ce genre, par les services d'ordre des syndicats, afin de se démarquer de tels débordements.

SELON QUOI TU ES FONCTIONNAIRE OU VACATAIRE

Considérant, d'autre part, que PAIN ne présente que de précaires garanties de représentation en Justice : qu'il est établi que même avant son arrestation il n'avait aucun domicile fixe ni même connu, étant hébergé par des amis ou des relations ; qu'aujourd'hui encore c'est une situation d'hébergement, faite par une amie, qu'il présente comme garantie.

Que, sur le plan professionnel, aucune précision n'est apportée à la Cour sur le caractère continu de son emploi au Centre national Audio-visual, sa rémunération, son statut au sein de cet organisme, non plus que sur les ressources que peut lui apporter son activité d'« écrivain ».

Que de telles imprécisions peuvent légitimement faire craindre, qu'au regard à la gravité de la peine encourue, il ne cherche à se soustraire à l'action de la Justice.

Considérant, en conséquence, qu'il échait d'INFIRMER l'ordonnance entreprise et d'ordonner le maintien en détention de PAIN François, d'autant que l'information le concernant est sur le point de parvenir à son terme.

Ordonne que le présent arrêt sera exécuté à la diligence de Monsieur le Procureur Général.

COMITÉ DE SOUTIEN A F. PAIN

Malgré l'ordonnance de mise en liberté rendue en sa faveur le 14 Décembre 1979 par le Juge d'Instruction, F. PAIN reste à la prison de la Santé, où il est incarcéré depuis le 28 Septembre, inculpé au titre de la loi anti-casseur pour sa participation présumée aux incidents du 23 Mars.

Le Parquet, comme il l'a toujours pratiqué dans le cadre des événements du 23 Mars, a fait appel à la décision du Juge.

La chambre d'accusation réunie le 7 Janvier 1980 a rendu un arrêt conforme aux désirs du Parquet, et informant la décision d'élargissement prisce par le Juge.

Or, le lendemain de l'arrestation de F. PAIN, de nombreuses personnes se sont évidées des conditions de son inculpation, sur la foi d'une photo du presse, puis de son maintien en détention, au mépris du droit à la présomption d'innocence.

Les soussignés, ayant pris connaissance des attendus du jugement rendu par la chambre d'accusation et des occultations pénitentiaires de la motivation de l'arrêt, s'indignent que la justice persiste à maintenir en détention préventive F. PAIN sur la foi d'une série de photographies, dont il est démontré, par la cour elle-même, qu'elles ne prouvent en rien sa participation à des actes de violence, ou de pillage.

Après avoir lourdement condamné quelques otages en flagrant délit, et refusé l'ouverture d'une instruction, que cherche aujourd'hui la justice en inculpant F. PAIN, six mois après les événements du 23 Mars ?

S'agit-il de rendre la justice, ou de la réquisitionner à des fins d'intimidation et d'intoxication de l'opinion ?

Nous affirmons qu'un an après les événements du 23 Mars, c'est ce véritable détournement judiciaire qui constitue le seul et unique trouble à l'ordre publique.

Les soussignés réclament la libération immédiate de F. PAIN,

et demandent que soit promulguée une loi d'amnistie concernant les poursuites relatives aux événements du 23 Mars.

Adresser les signatures à Annette LAINÉ-PAIN - 65, boulevard H. Marquès 94200 IVRY SUR SEINE

Une souscription est ouverte : libeller le chèque à l'ordre de : Anne-Marie LAINÉ-PAIN.



REVELATIONS - REVUE LA

le Même et les Autres...

Dès le début, de cet arrêt, les juges définissent l'atmosphère dans laquelle il sera rendu.

Par ce texte, on veut continuer l'entreprise d'intimidation et de discrédit lancée contre le C.I.N.E.L., en particulier à cause de ses positions contre l'extradition de F. Piperno et Pace. Pour cela, en plus de l'inculpation de François Pain et de son incarcération sur la base d'une seule photo, la Chambre d'accusation assimile et amalgame le C.I.N.E.L. avec les milieux autonomes d'une manière fallacieuse et en forme de sous-entendu.

Il est pour le moins surprenant que les juges, même avec des goulots, reprennent en compte des affirmations de police suffisamment incertaines pour que la Cour prenne ses distances en écrivant « selon eux (les policiers) Pain est connu pour ses relations avec les milieux autonomes ». Elle continuera en nommant indéniablement le C.I.N.E.L. et l'on comprendra que dans un même paragraphe elle fait un amonclement sans courir le risque que personne puisse s'en plaindre. Le tour est joué, la seule pratique judiciaire qui soit démontrable dans cet arrêt, c'est bien celle d'une somatique de l'hypocrisie.

La suite coule de cette source : il faut maintenir F. Pain en détention par n'importe quel moyen. Deux seront utilisés principalement : la première, à l'aide d'un raisonnement pour le moins forcé et le second, par une nouvelle inculpation de roid réunie à la requête du Parquet aussi tôt après l'arrêt. Probablement, au cas où la Chambre d'accusation n'aurait pas osé et aurait confirmé la décision du juge d'instruction de libérer François Pain, celui-ci aurait été ré-écuré immédiatement au titre de recel. Ce qui laisse supposer que le Parquet est parfaitement conscient de la légité des charges qu'il fait peser sur F.P. et fermement décidé à réprimer l'individu et non une quelconque infraction.

La Chambre d'accusation se lance dans un commentaire de l'ensemble de la manifestation, sur l'accouplement et le comportement des manifestants extrapola uniquement des trente photos, montrant F. Pain et sélectionnées par les services de police. Ce syllogisme provoque d'inévitables contradictions entre « aucun des clichés ne met en évidence un geste où l'ébauche d'un geste de violence » et « ces photographies ne le montrent pas davantage s'opposant aux gestes de violence ». Lesquels ? A défaut d'acte la présomption découle du fait que François Pain avait des attitudes et des accouplements de manifestant moyen conformes à ceux des autres et de son voisin dont il est tout autant question que de François Pain.

Pourtant on a pu voir dans la presse des manifestants caqués, maculés, tenant à la main ce qui ressemblait à une barre y compris dans le journal « Minuts » versé au débat. Mais les juges occulteront curieusement toute référence à des photos montrant le sec incriminé en train de voter avant sa chute sur François Pain ainsi que les photos postérieures qui le représentent les mains vides.

Les faits étaient bien maigres, la Cour se rabat sur l'ordre public. Mais comment justifier d'un trouble actuel causé par des événements datant de dix mois. Et bien, d'une part avec l'extraordinaire motivation qui consiste à déclarer les manifestations de certains parlementaires comme « répression de l'ordre public », sans indiquer que ces « prolongements » consistent en la demande d'inscription d'une loi d'amnistie à l'ordre du jour du parlement et que l'émotion considérable causée dans l'esprit de la population l'a été tout autant par les faits que par le « fonctionnement de la justice associant flagrant délit, loi anti-casseurs et faux rapports de police pour faire tomber de lourdes peines de prison sur n'importe qui, sélectionnée au hasard.

Mais surtout, cela masque la nature du véritable trouble apprécié par la Chambre d'accusation qui nous renvoie au 81 de l'arrêt et qui constitue les activités politiques de François Pain.

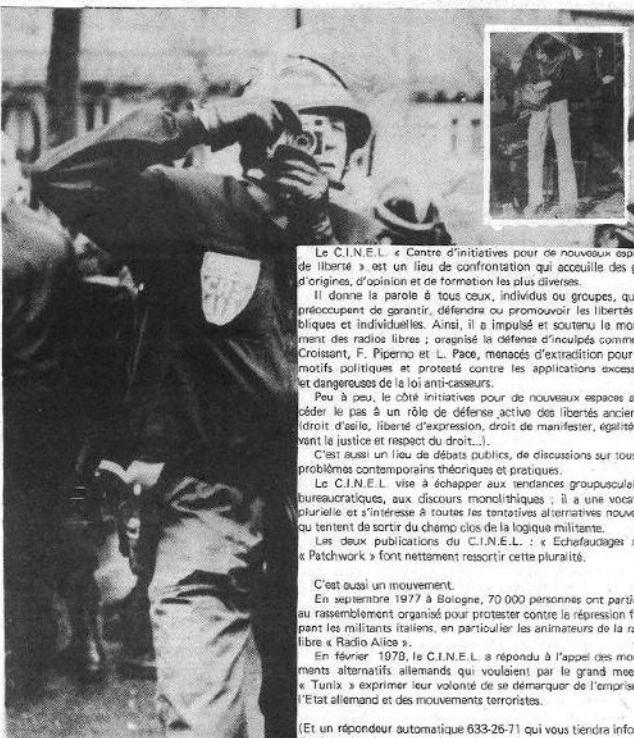
REVELATION : s'il avait tué son voisin en criant « légitime défense », il serait déjà libre.

Ensuite la Chambre se réconforte en appréciant les « garanties de représentation » en référence à une norme qui serait celle d'un célibataire fonctionnaire. Avant son arrestation, François Pain habitait chez l'*« amie »* à laquelle il est fait allusion, bien connue des services de police pour avoir, au titre de concubine, fait l'objet d'une perquisition et de deux interrogatoires. Il termine le montage d'un film pour la D.G.R.S.T., objet d'un contrat aujourd'hui interrompu.

De fait, F. Pain risque de venir gonfler le nombre des chômeurs déjà très nombreux au sein des réalisateurs de films : ce que par un superbe paradoxe, la Chambre d'accusation lui fait grier.

Dans les jours qui suivront, F. Pain se vit signifier une nouvelle interpellation recette. Recel de quoi ? Du sac qui n'était plus dans les mains de F. Pain, d'après les photos produites par la police quelques instants après celle qui fut prise devant chez Lancel. Dont acte : aussitôt ouverte, l'instruction sera clôturée par le juge. Elle n'était plus nécessaire.

Mais on sait bien qu'un inculpé est déjà un coupable et que deux fois rien, c'est tout de même quelque chose : une fumée. Or, il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu... l'entreprise de discrimination et de discrédit est presque réussie.



Le C.I.N.E.L. « Centre d'initiatives pour de nouveaux espaces de liberté » est un lieu de confrontation qui accueille des groupes d'origines, d'opinion et de formation les plus diverses.

Il donne la parole à tous ceux, individuels ou groupes, qui préoccupent de garantir, défendre ou promouvoir les libertés publiques et individuelles. Ainsi, il a impulsé et soutenu le mouvement des radios libres ; organisé la défense d'inculpés comme Croissant, F. Piperno et L. Pace, menacés d'extradition pour motifs politiques et protesté contre les applications excessives et dangereuses de la loi anti-assaillants.

Peu à peu, le côté initiatives pour de nouveaux espaces a cédé le pas à un rôle actif des libertés anciennes (droit d'asile, liberté d'expression, droit de manifester, égalité devant la justice et respect du droit...)...

C'est aussi un lieu de débats publics, de discussions sur tous les problèmes contemporains théoriques et pratiques.

Le C.I.N.E.L. vise à échapper aux tendances groupusculeuses, bureaucratiques, aux discours monolithiques ; il a une vocacité plurIEL et s'intéresse à toutes les tentatives alternatives nouvelles ou tentent de sortir du champ clos de la logique militante.

Les deux publications du C.I.N.E.L. : « Echafaudage » et « Patchwork » font nettement ressortir cette pluralité.

C'est aussi un mouvement. En septembre 1977 à Bologne, 70 000 personnes ont participé au rassemblement organisé pour protester contre la répression française des militants italiens, en particulier les animatrices de la radio libre « Radio Alice ».

En février 1978, le C.I.N.E.L. a répondu à l'appel des mouvements alternatifs allemands qui voulaient par le grand meeting « Tunix » exprimer leur volonté de se démarquer de l'emprise de l'Etat allemand et des mouvements terroristes.

(Et un répondeur automatique 633-26-71 qui vous tiendra informé 24 heures sur 24 des activités cinq-étoiles.)

REVELATIONS - REVUE LA

20-IX-79

Docteur François TOSQUELLES

Cher ami : J'ai appris que au delà de vos problèmes de santé - que je jure, j'en assure, de débrouiller, - maintenant on vous y a enfermés. D'après le Nouvel, à la suite d'une photographie, s'il était l'heure de plaisanter, je dirais comment cette anecdote illustre les méfaits des Traitements par l'image-corporel, qui font si mal dans la pratique psychiatrique. Le Dr Wallon plustôt que Freud ou Lacan, a dit ce que a la

Letter from Francesc Tosquelles to François Pain, 1979
Translated by Jesse Newberg

Dearest Friend,

I've learned that in addition to your health problems—which I once tried to unwind—now you're being locked up.

If it were more of a laughing matter, I'd say it illustrates the harmful effects of treatments based on body image, which are so detrimental to psychiatric practice.

suite d'une théorie des "images" a conduit la
biologie a un impasse.

je pense malaisement vers n'importe quel humeur
et pourrais goûter, de ce chose, et pourrie je
regrette d'écrire ces mots, dont je voudrais toutefois,
que vous y voiez plutot la re-affirmation de la
considération amicale, qui en tout moment et
dans toute les circonstance je vous dois. Nul est
famais ni seul ni exclu, et même maintenant vous
non plus, vous ne l'êtes pas.

Bien à vous

Tosquelles

Dr. Wallon, better than Freud or Lacan, described how following a theory of "images" leads biology to an impasse.

And since I already regret writing these words, I'd like you to see in them the reaffirmation of the friendly consideration that at all times and under any circumstance I owe to you.

No one is ever alone or excluded, and even now, you are neither.

Kind Regards,
Tosquelles

Pierre-Félix GUATTARI
« Domaine Vaugoin »
D HUIZON
41220 LA FERTÉ-SAINT-CYR

Mon grand loulou

Quel bazar !
Je vous que c'est la
femicie, pas que je
b'ais -
Bou, je fais à Longwy
parler de tout ça !
J'espére que tout

Letter from Félix Guattari to François Pain, 1979
Translated by Jesse Newberg

Mon grand loulou,

What a mess! I think this is the first time I've written to you.

Well, I'm headed to Longwy to discuss all of this!

I trust all this will be good for you, that you'll finally "clean up your act."
But that's obvious of course!

ce va te faire du bien,
que tu vas t'"amender"!

Enfin, tu vois ce que j'
veux dire!

Et ce que tu vas enfin
travailler au scénario?

Dis moi où tu as bon
de ggh-

Bises

✓

* Gérard te fait une bise ; je me
dis de te dire de faire aussi
Michel Tubiana comme avocat (il a d'accord)

Are you going to work on the script? Let me know if you need anything.

Kisses

Gérard [Fromanger] sends a kiss. He wants me to tell you to get Michel Tubiana as your lawyer (he agreed).



Still from François Pain's *Francesc Tosquelles: A Politics of Madness*, 1988. Written by François Pain, Jean-Claude Polack, and Danielle Sivadon. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.



Still from François Pain's film of a conversation between Mony Elkaïm (left), R. D. Laing (center), and Félix Guattari (right) at the Family Therapies conference, Brussels, 1981. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

Jackie Wang

The Stone of Madness

Reversal of the direction of diagnosis in the antipsychiatry movement: society is sick. In *The Extraction of the Stone of Madness* by Hieronymus Bosch, the one who administers care is mad. Medieval trepanning is protopsychosurgery: *Your ministrations are killing me*. The “stone of madness” that is removed is a bud—the removal of potential in the form of a golden flower, or the sign of wisdom in alchemical texts. In the painting, the doctor is sanguine. His authority is propped up by the nun and the monk, standing to his right, watching the procedure. Who is the slack-jawed peasant in red pantaloons, who must be rid of the rocks in his head? A shell of himself, newly hollowed, he stares vacantly into the viewer who shudders at the sight of what people can be made into by the charlatan who promises to deliver a “cure.” His body is limp. He is tied to the chair so that he does not slide onto the ground at the moment the doctor drives the chisel into his head and he loses all bodily control.

And yet, I have sometimes longed to be lobotomized like our drooling man. When being a subject was akin to living inside a burning house, it might have felt like relief, for the atmosphere of anguish to be gathering up into a single dense point, a blooming stone, where all thoughts are deposited into the flaming Dutch tulip: rare, broken, and virus infected. Did I manifest the false brain-tumor diagnosis? I told myself, Well, now I can finally rest. Under the cover of the diagnosis, I can go to sleep, blow off my emails.

To have once been afflicted is to live permanently in the shadow of the mind’s eclipse. When Frantz Fanon says that madness is not

freedom, but freedom's negation, I know what he means. Now—on terra firma with one eyeball on hell. The darkness could return. Terror—I don't want to go back there. What is the darkness that terrible feeling that everything is wrong and I reach for pills not wanting to be awake to the thing that terrible void why speak into it and lament the silence no crutch just the absence of Will before the task of making a life. Minds do unravel. I wanted a cure!

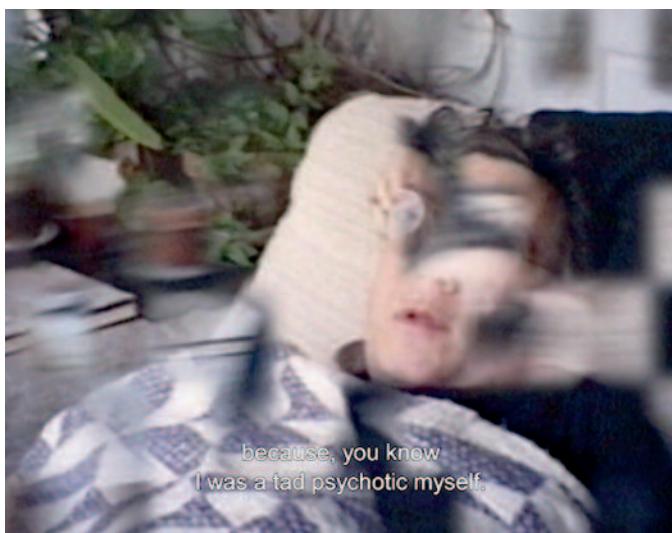
Still, I believe Francesc Tosquelles when he writes “You can discover your being only in madness, and in the madness that is for the other, that is, if you're not crazy in love with some fool, like me or somebody else, you will never know who you are.” Was my desire for a cure a desire for sovereignty, conditioned by the capitalist milieu, where one's worth depends on one's self-possession, that capacity for self-optimization? Well, sometimes you just want the pain to stop.

Does pain bind us to the social, or rip us from it? Individuate or concatenate? Binds insofar as the destruction of (the illusion of) autonomy stitches us to those on whom we depend, while simultaneously attacking our capacity for relation by commanding the totality of our attention. Pain as a measure of the self in the form of the self's undoing: the ground on which I stand has collapsed. The parameters of thought shrink to the size of “my” pain. But “my” is a misnomer here, as pain is often experienced as an invasion by something external, even when it emerges from within.

I have no easy answers. The Sufi in me, like Tosquelles, knows that we reach God through the madness of love. The part of me that dreads the onset of mental eclipses balks at the romanticization of madness. If we must suffer, let us not waste it, let's lose ourselves, and in shedding the self, discover, with dilated eyes, the world.



Jean Oury (*center*) at La Borde's annual festival. La Borde Archives.



Stills from François Pain's *Félix's Couch*, 1986. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

John Kelsey

La Borde Plays Itself

In *From One Machine to Another, the Same Flow* (2010), a video interview with Félix Guattari recorded by François Pain in 1986, the militant schizoanalyst laughs about being called a “has-been.” Guattari concedes that at La Borde, he and the clinic’s founder, Jean Oury, have always been grinding away at the same old questions: How to reorganize institutions of psychiatric care in order to render them more productive of subjectivity? How to remodel subjectivity itself as a machinic and collective production, while opening psychoanalytic practice to the outside world and to historical reality? Speaking to the camera, Guattari underscores the importance of “staging,” “cutting,” and the production of “scenes” in the psychotherapeutic situation, and we begin to understand that he’s also referring to the presence of the camera in the room. Guattari is the ostensible subject of *Félix’s Couch* but this is also a scene about the use of video, and how Pain’s camera is staging a scene where Guattari proceeds to reminisce about the early days of La Borde. It’s a performance that feels worked out on the spot, with Guattari tucked under an afghan on his couch, playing the horizontal analysand to the elevated video camera raised upon its tripod.

Guattari is asked about his experiences working alongside Francesc Tosquelles at the Saint-Alban psychiatric hospital in the 1950s. The radical approaches to mental health that emerged there owed much to dire conditions of starvation at the end of WWII, he says. Looking back to the origins of institutional psychotherapy, Guattari remembers the war as both catastrophic and generative, seeing how a militant approach to care was born of necessity and resistance, with survival on the line and nothing to eat or work



Photograph of Francesc Tosquelles with Elena Álvarez (Hélène Tosquelles). La Borde Archives.

with except what could be collectively produced. Doctors, staff, and patients had to band together, sharing responsibilities and undoing institutional hierarchies. Historically, Tosquelles hired nuns and sex workers as care staff with license to make major decisions. He opened the hospital to promote communication with local village life and farmlands. Guattari remembers getting involved with a monthly newsletter which was collectively published by patients and staff at Saint-Alban. He recalls the experience of a “crystallization of enunciation,” by which he means the organization of an active, collective subject that would revolutionize psychiatric practice by first learning to work on the madness of the institution itself. And the value of this “enunciation” had less to do with whatever political contents it contained than with Tosquelles’s militant style of producing situations that functioned like statements. Because the subversion of the institution is itself a “collective assemblage of enunciation,” whereby a new sort of psychiatric subject comes into being, elaborating fresh existential territories and escaping catastrophe.

Pain's camera hovers in a sort of suspended visual *écoute*, replacing the psychoanalytic ear with his camcorder. *From One Machine to Another, the Same Flow* organizes a split screen image with Guattari positioned screen-right on his couch and, on the left, black-and-white film footage shot at Saint-Alban and La Borde rolling by like grainy memories. In this way, Pain decenters his subject, Guattari, and assembles a composite image containing multiple temporalities. The interview continues to mimic the form of a standard psychoanalytic session but the archival footage speaks at the same time as Guattari. By inviting friends (Danielle Sivadon, too, appears in some shots, prompting Guattari with questions) and video technology into the room, in place of "the subject who's supposed to know," *From One Machine to Another, the Same Flow* stages a collectively performative situation where a machine now plays doctor to the schizoanalyst. It's a little ramble down memory lane, which in other hands might lead straight to the neurotic problem of influence. What concepts and methodologies did Guattari smuggle from Saint-Alban back to La Borde? Where does schizoanalysis come from, really? When Guattari defends himself as a theoretical has-been, he does so in the context of a mock psychoanalytical session. It's funny how he shares the screen with his mythic, black- and-white celluloid past. He's a decentered, machinic has-been, who, at the end of the video, jokes about being good with psychotics because he, too, is a bit psychotic.

In this and other videos made at La Borde, Pain never seeks to establish an objective, documentary angle on the situations he engages. The camera is a machinic participant in the schizoanalytic experiment. It plays along, it generates psychotherapeutic scenes, it becomes immanent to the processes in question. Watching Pain's video interviews with Guattari and others, we get the feeling that discourse is not the most valuable dimension of the "enunciation" that's being produced here at La Borde. Pain



Still from François Pain's *Tanaka Min La borde* (1986) *Tokyo* (2000), 2008–21. Courtesy of the Artist and New Galerie.

records freewheeling engagements between his subjects and the camera as it roams through the everyday life of La Borde. Language emerges from encounters, not panel discussions or formal addresses: words transmitting between bodies and the camera, captured on the fly in the midst of ongoing activities which often interrupt what's being said. The camera also captures what's unspoken, the statements in between the statements.

In a recording of a Min Tanaka dance performance on the grounds of La Borde, *Min Tanaka à La Borde* (1986), which includes the impromptu responses and reflections of patients, visitors, and staff, Pain's subjects engage his camera as a comrade and friend. The video recorder is immanent and familiar, a machinic component of the dance performance and its clinical staging. Another video, *La Cuisine* (2022), takes place in the clinic's kitchen, which served an important therapeutic function at La Borde, with patients collectively involved in the activities of cooking and cleaning. It's a playfully chaotic situation with too



François Pain filming *Min Tanaka* at *La Borde*, 1986. Photograph by Jean-Michel Pain. Courtesy of François Pain.

many cooks, plus the camera, producing subjectivity and also lunch. Pain's videos are less like documentaries about a radical institution than group performances of schizoanalytic desire, where the camera sets up situations so the clinic can play itself.

Le Cahier Vert (1980) is a short film collaboration by Guattari and Pain, produced outside the clinical context of *La Borde*. Guattari's script is a sort of first-person interior monologue narrating a man's existential crisis following the dissolution of a romance. The film begins with a slammed door and follows the protagonist out into the street, where he wanders in confusion, entering and exiting a wine shop empty-handed, buying a newspaper which he lets scatter in the wind, finally wandering off the urban high street into a sort of construction site or *terrain vague*. Here we see a man derailed by emotion, forgetting how to pay for things, then fumbling awkwardly with a pay phone and an elevator. A voice-over spirals around obsessive thoughts about a green notebook left behind in the apartment and his need for Valpolicella wine, which

reminds him of the time he was in Italy with her, the woman he's just broken up with ... and the nagging question of when exactly things started to go wrong between them. Now exiled from their couple, all connections with everyday reality become disordered, to the point where his crisis borders on paranoia: he's being watched in the streets. The screen image, meanwhile, is graphically gridded like a notebook page where Guattari's handwriting appears superimposed on the street scenes. As with *From one machine...*, Pain organizes a multiplied or "schizo" image that folds written entries from a lost notebook into the protagonist's trajectory across a space punctuated by signs, machines, and other bodies. We see a man in the process of losing it. And at the same time, a subjective diagram in the making, a pedestrian line of flight.

As playful and lightheaded as these videos are, catastrophic affects inform both *From One Machine to Another, the Same Flow* and *Le Cahier Vert*. In the former, Guattari invokes the major catastrophe of WWII, which remains ambiguous because it also provides the historical conditions for the invention of institutional psychotherapy. And then there's the more intimate, existential catastrophe of Guattari on the couch, half joking about becoming a depressed has-been in the 1980s. A personal crisis resonates with the big historical one ... the macro and micro now put into machinic communication via Pain's split-screen image. Meanwhile, in *Le Cahier Vert*, the catastrophe of a romantic breakup is accompanied by the neurotic threat of writer's block (the abandoned notebook), triggering an unplanned deterritorialization, along with the terror of what happens next, maybe a trip into new existential territory ... we don't really know. Seen from a processual angle, catastrophe frees up subjective components, which become momentarily chaotic. And it's the machinic unconscious that transforms these into a possible breakthrough, an unforeseen assemblage. Whatever the existential scale of a catastrophe, the subjective processes that

come into play are machinic and micropolitical. Pain's camera, a sensitive visual ear, picks up on these barely perceptible adventures, which aren't always spoken aloud but are sometimes communicating at the level of body language and machinic rhythms, vocal inflections, in the ways a subject inhabits or exits a frame, or a depression. At the same time, the video screen is split and composite, producing a nonlinear complex that runs at different speeds at once. Inner flights connect with images of the world, finding traction there and realizing a diagram.

Revisiting these videos today, we get a palpable sense of the way Pain's videography participated in the experimental culture of La Borde. The camera records in the midst of collective activities, becoming another experimental component in the clinical production of subjectivity. It frames scenes, stages clinical performances. It clowns and wanders. It joins in the madness. Streaming these files on Vimeo in 2025, meanwhile, is like time traveling back to an era when media technology was still a militant option, still unambiguously on the side of the production of subjectivity. It was the moment of "prosumer" technology, desktop publishing, and the Minitel. In his later writings, Guattari focused increasingly on cybernetics and the emergent potentialities of networked societies, never rejecting a technological acceleration which, in sync with deregulated, global capital, already threatened to overwhelm our cozy existential territories, our human attention and our time. Faced with a sort of schizoanalytic catastrophe in the making, he was still able to imagine a coming "postmedia era" in which emergent tech might finally concatenate with desiring production to unleash mutant, virtual multiplicities. Today, psychotherapists have begun to interface remotely with their clients on FaceTime. There's now a burgeoning market for AI-driven self-care and self-optimization apps, AI gurus and AI therapists. The death drive, too, is machinic and it seems that we can never be schizoanalytic enough.



Commemoration of Armistice Day at Saint-Alban, November 11, 1952. Frantz Fanon, under the French flag, presides over the ceremony with veterans.

Liberated Frequencies

On the Media Histories of Institutional Psychotherapy

Sigmund Freud enjoined that to be ordinarily unhappy was to be able to love and work, and suffer through the pain of both. In some ways, the project of institutional psychotherapy took the core of this commitment most seriously of any of Freud's offspring, but to do so, understood that psychoanalysis could not be practiced as we are told it had been, or not only.

What does it mean to say psychoanalysis should not be conducted with its furniture, its presumptions? The list of things jettisoned by institutional psychotherapy: the traditional fee, length, format for association, scale. Alongside it, the understanding that the in-person dyad was *the only* way psychoanalysis might be practiced—itself, as I have argued elsewhere, a fiction: Freud uses the post liberally to conduct his treatments.

Nonetheless, by the 1930s, an image of psychoanalysis existed, one that retroactively flattens the practice. But World War II provided a litmus test for moving therapy away from this picture. Allowing for the mediation collectivity required—in the newspaper, in large groups, or on the radio—was a reformulating gesture of the very practice itself. This spirit, which seeks to return psychoanalysis to a laboratory of experience, was nowhere more pervasive than in Saint-Alban, and in the new traditions and milieus established therein.

But what is often missing from our US-based accounts, both of psychoanalysis generally, and specifically in our address of

1. This short account is an extension of earlier work in *The Distance Cure: A History of Teletherapy* (MIT Press, 2021).

institutional psychotherapy, is the centrality of the play with media. Media and milieu sit close together, not just conceptually, but in practice. Media help convene the milieus central to institutional psychotherapy, not just to the limit of the wall of the asylum, being ripped asunder, but outward, through dissemination. From the Saint-Alban worker's collective, the Club, and its newspaper (even Fanon wrote for it), to the 1960s and '70s experiments Tosquelles undertook with supervising and analyzing collective treatments via taped recordings (his "cassette groups"), let alone the hundreds of hours of footage from institutional psychotherapeutic experiments in France, Italy, and Northern Africa, media histories of institutional psychotherapy are begging to be written. The works of François Pain—in his involvement in both Radio Alice and Radio Tomate—most ardently show how important media is to the milieu of milieu therapy.

The radio experiments that became a hallmark of the 1970s and '80s afterlife of institutional psychotherapy especially served as a joint locus for political and psychotherapeutic experimentation in the Institutional Psychotherapeutic lineage that did not see the boundary of the asylum wall as the end of its project. Tearing down the walls was, of course, a starting place instead.

If psychoanalysis was born from the letter, the radio met its force in World War II. If in Central Europe, direct Nazification stopped the work of analysts and analysands, sending them around the world, letter writing was one mode of keeping some form of contact, sometimes in the form of written analysis. In England, radio became a mode of broadcasting care: Klein told parents not to forget, that even under the threat of bombs, children must play. Winnicott advised mothers on how to do the most ordinary of care in the most extraordinary of times.

In some ways, these experiments with what we might do if we could not meet together seeded a future of radical radio



Still from Pain's *Radio Alice in Paris*, 1978. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

experiments. But another trajectory—the study of groups, of therapeutic milieus—was just as central even if not medium specific. Starting in the 1930s, with Trigant Burrow's experiments in group therapy, followed by Tosquelle's milieu therapies and Bion's working groups (both in the 1940s), practitioners were also drawn to moving beyond the dyadic care Freud had largely attended to, and thus prescribed. Thus, the radio became a tool for offering presence over distance as much as it was a tool for thinking systems manifesting in individuals.

* * *

That the radio (its medium, its message, and the relation between the two, just being worked out) and group symptomaticity had something to do with one another was perhaps first articulated by Frantz Fanon. As I have argued elsewhere, in "This Is the Voice of Algeria" (*A Dying Colonialism*), Fanon understood radio media as having no political *a priori* (meaning it could be occupied by both



Frantz Fanon in Georges Daumézon's *Stages*, 1955, photograph from an 8 mm film. Cinémathèque de Bretagne / Brittany Film Archive. See Elena Vogman, "Geopsychiatry: Media and the Ecologies of Madness," *Grey Room* 97 (2024).

left and right), but deeply impactful depending on *how* it was occupied. The radio *medium* was thus, on his understanding, a disseminative medium of groups: its purpose of definition and unification. Fanon saw this empirically, and over time. First, the radio was used as part of the longstanding colonial project in Algeria: the French radio was used to group together French-Algerians. He saw it again as a medium for unification when the Algerian Front de Liberation Nationale (FLN) began to broadcast from its post in Egypt into the country. In the shift from colonial-information system (“its very existence dispenses safety, serenity”) to a new method of disseminating “The Voice of Fighting Algeria,” Fanon details that physical radios took on new, expansive disseminative networks. Suddenly there was a reason for Algerians to tune in.

The radio, long understood to speak in the voice of the Father,² now parented two groups, led them. The French understood this was disastrous for the reification of colonial power, and could not be allowed. Only one Father could speak. The signal got jammed. But rather than this quieting the relationship between Father and revolutionary movement, it personalized it, putting the words of the FLN into the mouths of Algerians; the radio became a two-way communication device for the first time. First, the FLN had to rapidly shift its frequency. Second, the operator of the radio at home had to literally tune as fast as they could to find the Voice. Then, finally, that operator might only hear a little, sitting close to the radio, and thus the others in the room would rely on the operator to *become* the Voice. As Fanon wrote, “At the end of the evening … the listener would sometimes leave the needle on a jammed wave-length, or one that simply produced static, and would announce that the voice of the combatants was here.”

Like earlier radio seances conducted in the Global North, Fanon describes raising solidarity from static, from noise, which

2. Many media are understood as proxies for the maternal. Not so with the radio, which has historically been masculinized and seen as a mediatic father.

is not to be confused with “nothing” or the absence of meaning. Fanon, working as a media theorist, understood that this aided in the liberation of not only a people—at the level of the group—but also *individuals*. The radio has long been tied to the mystical, but also to madness. Fanon noticed that, in Blida, before the FLN began broadcasting, many of the delusions on the “Muslim Ward” involved the radio and were persecutory (i.e., the radio was the voice of colonialism, and this voice got violently inside). After the FLN took to the airwaves, the delusions didn’t go away. Fanon instead observed something much more spectacular: the medium and its effect remained but the experience of delusion, its guise, had shifted: now it was the FLN speaking inside, and the feeling of persecution was attenuated, vanished. The delusion was loving. The Voice was here.

* * *

Fanon, arriving in Blida from Saint-Alban, was just one of the offspring of that milieu to work with the radio and provide us an account of what new media can do for new subjects, how new media can live in the mind. Guattari, Bifo, and Pain all sought to find how the radio could move from the disseminative practice it supposedly instructed to a two-way, nonhierarchical, participatory medium, one that might bring to bear their theories and experiences of the multiple and the group to the airwaves. Starting in the late ’70s, Franco “Bifo” Beradi’s Radio Alice began broadcasting from Bologna. In parallel, François Pain, along with Félix and Bruno Guattari, helped form Fédération de Radios Libres Non Commerciales and Radio Tomate in France. This also meant, much as the FLN had done, securing not just a content that might be multiple but an infrastructure: transmitters, illegal to purchase let alone use, had to be secured. So did a broadcasting space (which ended up being Guattari’s kitchen, for a time). Inverting what is public and what is private, sending the hearth out rather



Félix Guattari facing the wadi. Photograph by François Pain.

than having the radio conduct a hearth in, Guattari described the project as an “immense, permanent meeting place” where “anyone, even the most hesitant, even those with the weakest voices, suddenly had the possibility of expressing themselves whenever they wanted. In these conditions, one can expect certain truths to find a new matter of expression.” Resonating with the undergirding principles at both Saint-Alban and La Borde, the radio stations gathered to open up. Not to be mistaken for a supersession narrative, radio experiments existed alongside play with new digital media, particularly in Guattari’s turn to experimentation on Minitel in France.

Here, we can see that media theory and milieu therapy nest in one another, inform one another; the liberated frequencies of the FLN (Algeria, ca. 1955), Radio Alice (Italy, ca. 1976), and Radio Tomate (France, ca. 1981) were quite literally the children of the clinic, and formed a network beyond it, expanding its filiation from the scene of remote-countryside and suburban institutions to carry its experimentation forward beyond the postwar period and the economic miracle into the long downturn we live in now.



Stills from Abdeslam Ziou Ziou and Sofiane Byari's *Archéo No logique*, 2023. In the center image, Abdallah Ziou Ziou stands facing the wall. Courtesy of Abdeslam Ziou Ziou.

*The Hand and the Colors*¹

I begin with an image that lingers in me—the palm of a hand filled with debris of many colors, the fragments of a painted wall on the grounds of a hospital in ruins. The hand holds the green and rose debris as if attempting to summon an absent scene, or an invisible presence, through tactile sensation.² The video cuts to a field of rubble, the remains of a large-scale demolition, and then cuts again to a man facing a wall and directing the gaze to a human figure half-visible through a fading layer of whitewash. The camera then rests on the close-up of a hand, delicately removing layers of whitewash to reveal the shapes of a mural painting. It is one of the paintings that in 1981 populated the walls of the psychiatric hospital of Berrechid, then a rural town just south of Casablanca, in Morocco. I recognize the painting from the photographs I have seen from that period. On the side of the main frame of the video we see the man speaking and pointing to the surroundings, telling a story.

The man remembering aloud is Abdallah Ziou Ziou, a psychiatrist, who from 1980 to 1985 was *chef de service* in the former French asylum of Berrechid, alongside a small team of physicians and nurses. His son Abdeslam Ziou Ziou is filming, an anthropologist and an artist who collected and curated his father's archive. He returned to the hospital with his father to

1. I would like to thank Abdeslam Ziou Ziou, Abdallah Ziou Ziou, and Perwana Nazif.

2. Abdeslam Ziou Ziou and Sofiane Byari, *Archéo No logique*, 2023, single-channel video.

make this video, visiting the now ruined pavilions that had been the theatre of an important political-aesthetic intervention in the field of madness. I am watching the video in Casablanca, in December 2023. Over the years we had many conversations about the Berrechid experiment. Yet the uncanny temporality of this video leaves in me an impression beyond words.

In May 1981, as the culmination of a series of actions aimed at opening the hospital to the world and reactivating a desire for life (which included introducing a weekly town hall with physicians and patients, a gardening context, and a football tournament, and bringing musicians and ritual healers to the hospital during religious festivals), the psychiatrist invited the artists of the Moroccan Association of Plastic Art to spend ten days on the hospital grounds, interact with the patients-inmates, and paint with them. He asked the painters to leave behind the familiar space of the canvas, and with it the bourgeois practice of art. He set up a pavilion as their artist residence and asked each painter to choose a ward—each as they could, in terms, as he put it, of the anguish the encounter stirred in them.³ The experiment produced visionary works, in a collaboration at the border of madness.⁴ In the space of ten days the hospital walls became the material support of visions and artworks, the asylum opened its doors to the town, and a new collective life was born. The effervescence was quickly stifled by the repression of the state, threatened by the kind of thinking that could be produced in such a space of frontier creation. Less than a month later, on June 20–21, 1981, the

3. Abdallah Ziou Ziou, “Integration de la peinture en milieu psychiatrique-le cas du Maroc,” *Horizon Maghrébin*, no. 11 (1987).

4. Artists who participated (as members of the Moroccan Association of Plastic Art): Malika Agueznay, Chaïbia Talal, Mohammed Cheba’, Mohamed Hamidi, Abdellah El-Hariri, Saâd Hassani, Mohammed Kacimi, Mohamed Melehi, Hocein Talal, Abdelkébir Rabi’, and Samir Salama; with art writers and poets Toni Maraini and Abdelkebir Khatibi; and with artists/patients Lhachmi, Kalthoum, and all others.



Mural painting by Kalthoum, an artist/patient at Berrechid Hospital, 1981.
Archives of Abdallah Ziou Ziou.



Wall painting on Berrechid Hospital pavilion, 1981. Archives of Abdallah Ziou Ziou.

Moroccan army suppressed in blood and over one thousand dead the general strike in Casablanca, known as the Bread Revolt, inscribing the history of the hospital, and its struggles, in a larger history of violence and creation. But the memory and the archives of the experiment remained.

What does it mean to inherit this history of rubble and visionary change? For Abdeslam Ziou Ziou, and others of his generation, the answer is clear: it is a question of channeling the paradoxical energy of a suppressed movement, activating the unconscious afterlives of an experience and taking it elsewhere, otherwise. Scraping the plaster, revealing the colors, the other worlds opened by the images. The hand filled with colored debris in the opening scene is also sowing colors, planting them onto a new life.⁵

* * *

Sitting in the living room of their home, we talk about the Berrechid hospital experiment and what it means to relate to madness.⁶ The psychiatrist reminisces and narrates, and his son and I listen and sometimes ask questions. It is a scene of transmission and confrontation between generations. I am part of this scene as a friend, and because of my stake in these questions, and the book I wrote;⁷ because of the time I spent at another psychiatric

5. *Berrechid 81: Energie d'un mouvement empêché* (Berrechid 81: The Energy of a Suppressed Movement) is the title of a remarkable 2023 exhibition conceived and curated by Abdeslam Ziou Ziou with the participation of artists Fatine Arafati, Sophia Attigui, Sofiane Byari, Grocco/Trick54, and Said Rami. The umbrella exhibition, entitled *The Casablanca School of Modern Art*, was curated by Salma Lahlou of ThinkArt, Casablanca. I write about *Berrechid 81* in my forthcoming book *Art-Cure*.

6. Our conversations took place in Casablanca, in 2022, 2023, and 2024.

7. Stefania Pandolfo, *Knot of the Soul: Madness, Psychoanalysis, Islam* (University of Chicago Press, 2018.)



A group photo of Abdallah Ziou Ziou and others in front of the Berrechid Hospital building, June 1981. From Abdeslam Ziou Ziou's *Collecting Data from What Exists*. Archives of Abdallah Ziou Ziou.

hospital with patients, at staff meetings, in the psychiatric ER. And outside the hospital, with the cures of the jinn, and the experience of possession. And across them, with the felt insistence of the unconscious and the invisible in our life. I am part of this scene also because of my biography and its part of uncanniness, which shapes my involvement, what I can hear, and what I say.

The hospital is an old French asylum—formerly a prison that became an army casern, a military hospital, and finally a psychiatric hospital. When Ziou Ziou took office there as a young psychiatrist, it was technically no longer an asylum. New patients were met in a consultation area and hospitalized when needed. It was in this sense not dissimilar from the hospital where I did fieldwork twenty years later. Yet the many pavilions of “chronic” inmates remained, recognizable by the corrugated zinc roofs. Even the patients who were stabilized had stayed: they had nowhere to go,

their families didn't want to take them back, or their relatives were dead, or they preferred to keep with their routine, the world they knew, unwilling to return to the outside world. Ziou Ziou was able to trace relatives for some of them, rekindling a desire for human connection. A man who fought in the French army in Indochina could see his brother after thirty years.

He had read Fanon and Tosquelles, as well as Willy Apollon,⁸ and during an internship at the Hôpital International in Paris had attended Lacan's seminars and the seminar on psychosis taught by Gisela Pankow, a pioneer of the psychoanalytic reflection on psychosis. He had traveled to Trieste to meet Franco Basaglia and learn about his abolitionist struggle in radically transforming the space of the cure.

But perhaps most important of all, the psychiatrist had been receptive to the question of his patients' experiences: how to listen, how to make oneself hospitable to psychotic experience, an experience that is as such inaccessible to the rationalist and secular language that shapes the sensorium of psychiatry. How could a psychiatrist perceive a psychotic perception? This is the conundrum that haunted him when he first started working.

He tells us about his encounter and lifelong relationship with a Master (*ma' allem*) from the Tariqa Gnawiyya, a ritual specialist and therapist in the realm of jinn possession, who became his close interlocutor and a friend. The Master played his gimbri (a three-string lute) during the liturgy, which is known as Lila, the "Night," and through his tunes made it possible for the afflicted, or just for those present, to meet their spirit in the experience of trance.

"I had to understand," the psychiatrist says. He felt that listening to a person in the grips of psychosis required a different mode of attention, one attuned to emotion and the body—the body as a field of psychic, political, and cosmic forces. He recalls visiting shrines

8. There is a copy of Willy Apollon's *Le Vaudou: Un espace pour les "voix"* in his library.

with his grandmother when he was a child in the region where he was born in northern Morocco. His family followed the Tariqa Darqawiyya. For the first time, he saw people entering trance states.

“When I started working, I felt a blockage. When patients spoke with me during the intake interview, they saw me as a modern rationalist physician and all they could offer were the elements to pronounce a diagnosis. But to accompany them, *to enter with them [besh ndkhal ma’hum]*, I must exit linear thought. How? I searched, asked, read, and I encountered the concept of labyrinthic thought, ‘winding thought’ (*la pensée labyrinthique*). How are we going to understand a painting or a film, or a poem, if we don’t approach it with nonlinear thinking?”

Nonlinear thinking is a practice of the labyrinth, a way of inhabiting imagination. To reach the center of a labyrinth, he explains, you must wander: impossible to reach it on a straight line. Through a kind of aesthetic education he was able to transform his mode of perception, and to “enter” the experience of trance: “I walk through it, I wander, I turn, I meet the jinn, irrespective of whether it exists, then I turn around and exit.”

Listening to, or as he puts it, “entering with,” a psychotic patient requires apprenticing into a mode of knowledge Sufi mystics call “tasting” (*dhawq*): it is an imaginal and an aesthetic experience. When it happens, he says, we call it “witnessing,” *mushahada*. From *shahida* (witnessing, seeing), *mushahada* is an experience of invisible realities; of the divine, as it manifests itself to us. We talk about *al-Futūhāt al-Makkiyya* of Ibn ‘Arabi (d. 1260), *The Openings in Makka*, a text he reads avidly. Ibn ‘Arabi doesn’t give answers or diagnoses, he says, only “keys,” symbolic orientations on the path where we are walking.

I take the image of the hand as one such key. Transforming the space of the clinic, or the asylum, calls for a willingness to wander, and to “enter with.”



Stills from *François Pain's Institutional Psychotherapy as One of the Fine Arts ...*, 2025. Courtesy of the artist and New Galerie.

Institutional Psychotherapy as One of the Fine Arts ... (2025), François Pain

The Wars

François Pain: Should we move on to the war?

Francesc Tosquelles: The war!

François Pain: It's a good transition ...

Francesc Tosquelles: On Armistice Day, I went with my father to hang a white sheet from the balcony of my house, with red ties in the shape of letters, we wrote, in Catalan, “*Visca la Pau*” (Long Live Peace). Something like that. It was one of the first things I did in collaboration with my father: “Long Live Peace.” But this peace, it was the peace of Europe’s wars. It was a war that we Catalans had somewhat mythologized or mystified, because we expected it to give freedom to oppressed nationalities. And thus to Catalonia.

Jean Oury: Father Oury had three brothers, Jean, Fernand, Gaston. They were all dead, killed at Verdun, such a horrible thing. It just happened, he was stricken for the rest of his existence. It’s all he thought about.

Spanish War

Francesc Tosquelles: And civil war, unlike war between one nation and another, has something to do with, precisely, the nonhomogeneity of the *ego*. Each one of us is made of glued-together bits, with paradoxical unions and divisions inside each of us. A personality isn’t made up of a single block. In that case, it would become a statue.

All of my activities there were setting up the sector, setting up therapeutic communities, and dealing with local politicians, with the

various people who represented certain forces in the region. That's what the sector was all about.¹ But when I came to France, I was sure that we could do good psychiatry.

Not a theoretical certainty, but a practical one.

The Septfonds Camp² Is Directed by Colonel Vigouroux

Vigouroux was very concerned, because a lot of people were committing suicide in the camp, and on the other hand, he was—like any good soldier—essentially an antipsychiatrist, in the modern sense: he knew that if we sent a patient to Cahors or Montauban, it would be for the rest of his life. So he said to me, “What can we do?” I said, “We need a service to be in the camp but not *in* the camp, to treat these guys right away, on the spot.” That's one of the places where I did really good psychiatry, in this concentration camp, in the mud. It was magnificent. On the other hand, it was used to promote escapes … stories like that.

Then one day I received a mysterious telegram from the prefect of Lozère which simply said: “Doctor Tosquelle, would you accept a position in my hospital?”

I arrived at Saint-Alban on January 6, 1940 …

But first, I must say a word about what I said about the cultural explanations and elaborations of the French in general on the Spanish Civil War. They realized, *après-coup*, that if the French government or workers had supported the Spanish Civil War, if they had converted the Popular Front movement into a revolutionary movement, rather than paid vacations, the history of the world would have unfolded differently. But it is like Cleopatra's nose … Things are the way they are.

1. In psychiatry, the sector is a geographic and demographic division, organized within the framework of a public service for the prevention and treatment of mental disorders.
2. The Septfonds camp was established at the end of the Spanish Civil War to hold Spanish Republican refugees. From 1939 onward, it “welcomed” Jewish refugees fleeing Eastern Europe. It is located in the Tarn-et-Garonne department (Southwest France), close to Toulouse. François Tosquelle, like all Spanish exiles, was interned in the Septfonds camp, run by Colonel Vigouroux.

“The Soft Extermination”
In France Fifty Thousand Mentally Ill Starved to Death

Jean Oury: So it was, one might say, a favorable time, given that there were a lot of nurses returning from camps—either prison camps or even concentration camps—who arrived there, saw the deplorable conditions, and said, “We’re not going to start working again after what we’ve just gone through.”

They were very aware that there had to be something new, that the situation had to change!

That was a big part of it, that period—what we strangely call the postwar period. As if there were a postwar period! It never really ends ...

Shit! It’s War Again!
Meeting Organized by “Canal Déchaîné” During the Gulf War)

Speaker: In this specific situation linked to the Gulf War, in Western society, isn’t the mass media, as a means of producing subjectivity, in itself, superior, more aggressive, more powerful than all other producers of subjectivity combined?

Félix Guattari: Yes, I think so too. I think so more and more, yes. It’s frightening. I think that it’s making a very profound intervention into subjectivity. Maybe more profound than the other military campaigns

But today, the idea is being preached everywhere that there is only one mode of development, only one mode of economic rationality, only one mode, finally, of subjectivity, only one mode of controlling opinions, feelings, education on the planet. Which is completely false. Because if there is only one mode, this mode leads to a catastrophe, to a generalized implosion. On the one hand, an implosion on the planetary level, on the level of nations, but also on the level of individuals, the level of social groups.

But one essential condition to consider is that the struggles will not only take place at the economic level, at the political level, but at the level of subjectivity as well, in particular at the level of mass media.

Hence, this perspective that I find interesting in your project, the idea of ushering in a postmedia era—that is to say, reappropriating the mass media, not only in the manufacturing of information, the reconfiguration of information, but the reconfiguration of systems of collaboration, dialogue, the highlighting of sensibilities, the aesthetic reappropriation of the production of images and audiovisual production.

Ultimately, it's through this type of redefining struggles, social practices, mass media practices, etc., that other types of alternative polarities can be initiated and crystalized. Otherwise, it's hard to see that any of the existing left-wing movements, including the ecological movements in their current form, will be able to make much headway in this field.

The Double Alienation

Jean-Claude Polack: It was the '60s or thereabouts—the Club meeting. It was when the residents, over the summer, replaced the staff who took vacations and two or three of them could replace a worker and get paid! At a rate equal to what the staff member would make, but paid to the Club rather than to them directly. So in the Club there was a man, I remember him quite well, a catatonic type.

He had never worked. The only thing he said was “I want a bike.” To which people, both paid and unpaid, would reply: “Oh no, he doesn't do anything, he doesn't work. And what's more he wants a present ...,” etc.

And I recall one of Félix's interventions at the time. He said: “I just don't get it. The only question for us is to know what can we do to make him better? That's it! There's nothing else.” So I remember we bought him this bike. We went with him to buy it. And in the days that followed, he started talking to people, riding around on his bike ...

Jean Oury: A nice example, isn't it?

Jean-Claude Polack: ... Repairing bikes, etc. So at some point, it was necessary to make a bold gesture, one having an almost revolutionary significance in society, right? We give a gift to someone who has shown “himself to be incredibly lazy.” This is the one of the most distinctive features of institutional psychotherapy.

Jean Oury: That's it ... not bad, right? Hold on to that one!

Jean-Claude Polack: I spoke about this with them yesterday ...

Jean Oury: It's a rupture in the usual economy. In the organization of the economy. But this kind of resistance to economico-administrative logic shows up all the time. This resistance is either interpreted as "a bunch of delinquents," or as a chance to escape this heaviness, this alienation—to use a big word—to treat this alienation ... There's a double alienation that needs to be considered: psychotic alienation, the alienation of the mad; and social alienation. A double alienation. And our work, of course, is to cure the mad. But we can't do that ... What we call "curing the hospital": it's social alienation after all. So we were in agreement. And there are a number of symptoms, even in schizophrenia, even in the content of delirium, that are related to social alienation.

We can see this clearly in the extraordinary example you gave of that guy: it's working with social alienation. A sort of meta- ... a dialecticization of something. Even in schizophrenia there are symptoms—not at the level of primary or secondary symptoms, the fundamental symptoms, let's call them that—they really are mad! Then there's a number of symptoms that are worked on, added to, intertwined with the others but which have their origins in, let's say, social alienation.

Jean-Claude Polack: Yes, from the context.

Jean Oury: And we see the people who arrive here who are "Whoa! Whoa!" finding themselves in an environment where everyone talks to each other—no matter who, no matter how, this touches on the level of social alienation.

TOG: (*Collective Assemblage of Enunciation*)

Jean Oury: There is no such thing as institutional psychotherapy, or anything else, in itself. There's the for-itself and the in-itself—Sartre and company—but it's not true; there's no in-itself. It's always going. It's always day one, after all!

That's not to say that there's no such thing as history, but it does call into question—in a grandiloquent way—the concept of history. We rely on it. On something.

But what is history? It's not about little events. It's about positions, political and otherwise, isn't it? With Tosquelles, for example, you can sense that there are historical positions.

Francesc Tosquelles: If I hadn't had a base of “cooperative”—cooperative, socialist culture, as you like; of popular culture, you might say—then I wouldn't have been able ... to follow the path I did. You know what I mean? That's it, isn't it?

Félix Guattari: Tosquelles has certainly always positioned himself as a political activist. I repeat: it's not that he conveys political ideas, but that his way of being in any situation IS political.

Jean Oury: There are some who say: “He thinks he's Lacan ...”

But I say: “You're wrong, the one I'm closest to, connected to, is Tosquelles.”

And that is precisely what Tosquelles is all about: medicine, surgery, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and, at the same time, the structure of the hospital—In other words, a permanent political critique.

Francesc Tosquelles: From this perspective, political commitment led to an analysis of situations. My father was a man of conscience. It's how he thought. That was enough! However, I analyzed situations: the forces at play on a soccer field ... in a psychiatric hospital, in the fields of Spain, the fields of Catalonia, and the relation of one thing to another.

It was always just a matter of examining the local geography and local forces in play.

Félix Guattari: This means that all of a sudden, there's a decentering of subjectivity, and a social object, a social practice becomes prevalent, takes precedence over a certain type of narcissistic performance, a certain type of immediate aim. The group, the logic of the group, the history of the group, its evolution, its insertion into a context, and even beyond that, “its mission,” in quotation marks, takes on a different function.

I think that Tosquelle acted like this from the beginning, with the nuns of Saint-Alban and with all the staff, with all the caretakers ... He acted with a sort of militant logic, an existential logic more than, I repeat, a history of content. And without this "crystalline" factor of enunciation, it seems the Albanese mayonnaise would not have held together.

From One Machine to the Other, a Single Flow

Félix Guattari: So, as I was saying yesterday, the group subject is not only something that becomes autonomous by establishing its own coordinate systems and developing what we could call a "foreign policy": that which develops a certain type of relation which then receives a vision of itself from the outside. As a result, the positions of individuals are, at the very least, overdetermined by this collective subjectivity, this subjective assemblage, a "group subject."

Moreover, it's the fact that this can, in certain circumstances, establish a reference value of meanings that are no longer in line with, or echo, the universes of meaning conveyed externally. It can be quite dramatic, the most stunning example being Pol Pot and the Cambodian Communist Party.

All of sudden, we witness sequences of total madness.

Or in the assembly of factions, in dogmatic movements, we see that there is another logic at work. The trials of Zinoviev, Bakunin, the Moscow trials, we can't understand them if we don't know that there can be not just a kind of derangement of meaning but a tipping point, a point of profound reorganization of meaning.

Of course this can all be chalked up to oppressive madness ... We have seen the type of discourse to which this leads: "Social practices are haunted by the gulag," simplifying everything ... But, in my opinion, we need to take things a little further.

It's because there's this possibility of a degree zero of sense, a stage that allows you to reset the direction of sense, that there's a possible genesis of other directions of sense. There is what I call a heterogenesis of sense: both heterogeneity and, at the same time, processual genesis from a kernel reset to zero.

So there's the idea of a cut, like a stage, like a stage in a theater, that cuts itself off from the ordinary rules of sense, and there's the idea that

on this type of stage certain elements can take on a singularizing function that they wouldn't have had otherwise.

So the institutional stage is one upon which a psychotic's symptom, or an accident in daily life, a temperamental demeanor, or something else that gets in the way of normal functioning—it could just as well concern the cleaning lady, the wife of the director, or the neighborhood psychotic—instead of remaining within a circular horizon, going round and round lifelessly, it could lead to something else, it could find a new way ... it could establish a sort of baroque expansion of subjectivity.

And institutional psychotherapy demonstrated that we can go very, very far in this field.

What we are able to achieve with 150 people, or 180 at the La Borde clinic, is unheard of!

The number of things, activities ... like an institutional music, a subjective music, are unimaginable in conventional institutions, in ordinary clinics and services. It's the possibility of creating a scene where objects that would otherwise be marginalized, rejected, discarded take on the function of what Lacan calls *objet petit a*; that is, they start to become processual.

These *objets petit a* cling too tightly to the Freudian partial objects in Lacan. Instead, I prefer something much closer to Winnicott's transitional objects—or what I'd call institutional objects—and beyond these, operators of the production of subjectivity.

I'd like to detach this function that suspends meaning from the cumbersome, slightly too soma-based, too infrastructural infrastructuro-somatic side, in order to articulate it in terms of dimensions, objects that are much more deterritorialized. That's basically the question.

Danielle Sivadon: Up until now, I had the impression that what gave Tosquelles's thinking its originality was as much his militant past as a particular affinity with psychosis?

Félix Guattari: Tosquelles'?

Danielle Sivadon: No, yours, because when you finally met him you weren't really ...

Félix Guattari: I didn't have much of a problem encountering psychosis, given that I was a tad psychotic myself.

Danielle Sivadon: Maybe it's necessary but not sufficient!

Félix Guattari: Still, it helps! I can assure you that if you'd known me when I was eleven or twelve ... it would have been quite special.

I cured myself with my work in groups.

Deleuze had seen a bit of this: how my "Félix" dimension was a way of conjuring a being of stone ... Even so I'm not quite cured ... It keeps the psychosis alive! No? Don't you think?

That's the truth. Because, as far as I'm concerned, I have questions, problems, and preoccupations that still remain just as new to me. Completely unchanged.

I always find it disorienting when people tell me, "Yeah, that's completely outdated ..." I remember there was a guy who said to me—it wasn't very nice—"Hey, Guattari! You're a has-been." OK! Maybe so. "But that's all old news. *Anti-Oedipus* is completely outdated."

I haven't moved past anything. I'm in exactly the same ... I can keep digging up the same problems. Oury is a bit like that too, we grind away ...

Danielle Sivadon: With his incredible memory ...

Félix Guattari: Yes! We grind away, and yet it's always the same stuff. It's dreadful when it's time to reread discussions we've recorded ... All the years of the early '50s: we talked a lot, and some of those discussions were recorded and ... so we always say the same thing ... It's not the same words. It's not the same elaborations ... but it's ...

FIN

—Translated by Jesse Newberg



Min Tanaka at la Borde

by Joséphine Guattari & François Pain
(1986, 25min)

In the late 50s, Félix Guattari, together with Jean Oury, a Lacanian psychoanalyst, founded of a clinic unlike any other called La Borde. Situated in the lush region of the Loire Castles, some 80 miles South from Paris, La Borde is a special "anti-psychiatric" clinic where mental patients aren't considered sick or abnormal, but encouraged to develop schizophrenic and psychotic expressions of life that everyone could participate in. Life in La Borde was regulated by "the grid," the daily rotation of roles and tasks that insured that no one would freeze into a status or a role, but remain fluid and inventive. Everybody, including therapists, would alternatively work at the kitchen, at the stable, the art studio, the bar, the garden, the library, and new activities or groups would be added at will. Whatever happened everyday would be discussed in various groups and eventual treatments suggested collectively together with the patient. Because everyone and not only the professionals has a potential for healing, everyone participated in the cure.

Wednesday January 5, 2011 at 7:30 p.m. introduced by Sylvère Lotringer.
Arts and Crafts with Tall Paul at 8:30 p.m. \$2 for materials.

Big Deal Tiny Creatures @ DIY Gallery: 1549 W Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90026

Flyer for a 2011 screening of *Min Tanaka at La Borde* at Big Deal Tiny Creatures, curated by Janet Kim, introduced by Sylvère Lotringer, and followed by an art and craft session with Tall Paul Gellman.