Criminological Displacements:
A Sociological Deconstruction*

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This text re-presents a deconstructive sociological reading of Michel Foucault's several investigations of the genealogy of the human sciences. We take the sociological history of criminology as an exemplar of the relation between the form and content of Western social science theorizing and the historically material pleasures associated with the production of a certain knowledge of "Other"ness within the intellectual marketplace of modern Western society. In analyzing the epistemological pleasures of human scientific knowledge in terms of sadism, surveillance, and the realization of a normal subject in discourse, we make connections between the structures of social scientific knowledge and the hierarchical organization of capitalist, racist, heterosexist, and imperialist power. We conclude with an outline of the methodological and political implications of a critical, post-structuralist intervention into social science theorizing.

A Preface: Some Words About Power and Knowledge and the Text That Follows

[Power and knowledge directly imply one another.... There is no power relation without the correlative constitution of a field of knowledge, nor any knowledge that does not presuppose and constitute at the same time power relations (Foucault, 1979:27).]

This is a story of what we (in relation to each other) read, that is re(w)rite, as important sociological and political implications of Michel Foucault's several investigations of the genealogy of the human sciences. The text that follows re-presents a story of the production of a certain subject in history. Our descent into the narrative confines of this story partially retraces the material and imaginary emergence of a certain "he" who speaks in the name of the law like truths of social science (Foucault, 1977). This he of whom we write occupies (or is occupied by) a powerful positioning of knowledge within the institutional sites of formal theoretical practice in the advanced capitalist West. He captains that ship we call the research enterprise, gate-keeps entry into scholarly journals, presides over the classroom, chairs dissertation committees, and dispenses awards of fellowships for work deemed worthy. He is the father of a certain discipline, the master of a given "order of things," in time marked ceremoniously through ritual (Foucault, 1970).

This is a text about the rituals of a given epistemological practice and its pleasures: Rituals of the book, the boardroom, the bedroom; rituals of the classroom, the office, the factory, the computer center, the penitentiary, the lunatic asylum, the television. Each of these sites of epistemological ritual is the material locus of an imaginary production of a given order of things (Pfohl, 1981). It is also a site of sacrifice where some things other are banished from commonsense, erased from memory. To ritually enact the knowledge of modern Western Man is to enter the hierarchical theater of a particular homogeneous enlightenment. It is also

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to make dark, unmemorable, or unconscious the reciprocal possibilities of a heterogeneity of other knowledges—other relations of power foreclosed or silenced. It is repeatedly to discover ourselves positioned within the institutional social apprati of a particularly violent epistemology; to find ourselves seduced or secured within the linguistic prisonhouse of capitalist, racist, heterosexist, and imperial hierarchies. It is to realize our thoughts and theories, desires and actions, but only within the exclusionary rule of a specific historical conjuncture of power and knowledge. This is a history of our present. We want out.

We want to de-realize the hierarchical role of modern Man, to intervene within against the hegemonic codes that socially dominate our senses of time and space. Codes of empire. Phallic codes. Codes of economy and color. We want out. We want a different knowledge and want knowledge differently. We want a “partial” knowledge: a cognitive, moral, and carnal relation to power that is, at once, always incomplete and politically reflexive of its own material and imaginary positioning within history. We want a knowledge based not in the universal name of the Father, nor in the codified rule of the son/sun (the Western daydream of omnipresent enlightenment), nor in the pure spirit of positivist mastery (the desire for a picture perfect word-world). We want a different knowledge and want knowledge differently. This is our desire: to displace the hegemonic closures of contemporary social science theorizing so as to open ourselves out towards others, toward other relations of power and knowledge. This is a desire to disturb and restructure the epistemological sites by which we are identified, to de-fetishize the routine ritual productions and normatively unnoticed sacrifices that operate upon, within, and through us in the academic marketplace of an almost fully industrialized culture of transnational capital. This is our desire: a sociological deconstruction.

Our desire for a different practice of theoretical knowledge leads us to interrogate the epistemological form or aesthetics of sociological writing as well as its content—the art as well as artifactual effects of “normal (social) science.” This interrogation leads us to conclude that what sociology ordinarily refers to as “social facts” are, in fact, nothing but powerful forms of fiction. As such, we find our own words about such matters poured through an opening in the sociological imagination partially realized in the late writings of Emile Durkheim (1965; Durkheim and Mauss, 1963) and in the subsequent investigations of Marcel Mauss, Georges Bataille, Michel Leiris, and the other “surrealist ethnographers” associated with the College of Sociology in France in the years between the world wars in Europe (cf. Clifford, 1981; Richmond, 1982; Stoekl, 1985).

We read these critical breaks within the development of French social theory as anticipating what has come to be known in the years following May 1968 as the intervention of poststructuralist theorizing. Historically situated between a revolutionary refusal of France’s colonized Others to submit to the homogenizing gaze of Western anthropological imperialism and a practical political desire to counter the epistemological lure of fascism, certain critical French social theorists, writers, and artists were drawn into a desire for a deconstructive displacement of the facts of everyday Western social life, and of the rules of the sociological method that theoretically secured their reign.

Our desires for a different theoretical practice are situated not dissimilarly in the United States in the late 1980s. The resistance of colonized Others and the lure of fascism; these are forces in the history of our present as well. Signs of resistance are today noticeable in a variety of counter-institutional sites, whether simply as expressive explosions of violence or as reflexive strategies of historical change. Consider the ecstatic rituals of violence against either the self or its other that express the abandonment of once productive urban wasteland by the migration of transnational capital to the cheaper labor markets of its “periphery.” Or the more reflexive collective resistance of women, peoples of color, and of those who desire sex differently, or of those at the imperial margins who “just say no” to a continuation of economic, cultural, and political subordination.
In order for critical Western sociological theorists to enter into a reciprocal dialogue with these heterogeneous Others who resist our normal science, we must first ourselves resist the homogenizing effects of the discipline that has become us. This will not be easy. It requires both an unlearning of our given epistemological confines, and a learning of some different methods, that is, different ritual practices of power and knowledge.

This is also the case with regard to the possibilities of resisting the epistemological lures of fascism. "Stay tuned." We are today popularly informed of who we are, what we desire, and what we might possess through a mass of electronically-mediated images. And so we are lured into the fascinations of fascism (McRobbie, 1983; Sontag, 1981:73–105). Daily exposure to images of "Dynasty," "Wheel of Fortune," and divinely-inspired invocations for random roadblocks and mandatory drug testing. Screen to screen, stadium to stadium, long lines of beautiful young men in uniforms in search of the thrill of victory; the pleasures of a perfect body and the pornographic excitement of becoming almost fully commodified, a living doll, the word made advert then flesh, the perfect model, the simulacrum. Accuracy in academia—what critical sociological practice can counter this fascinating fascist appropriation of certain violent fictions as truly the real world without end, Amen? The bombing of abortion clinics, the burning of crosses, paramilitary mens' clubs practicing in parking lots, a resurgence of the Klan, U.S. sponsored terrorism aimed at the suppression of struggles for justice in Central America and the relationship between the United States and South Africa. And from the airwaves, above it all, the televised image of an actor playing the role of a President declaring himself a Contra, advertising democracy just after "Jeopardy" and some time after Hiroshima; and how many years after Watts, after the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, or "Superbowl IV," Rambo, "Leave it to Beaver"? What difference? The specter of fascist epistemology: this is also a significant feature of the history of our present, perhaps more complexly, more subtly, more electric.

We want a way out. This is a desire for a different theoretical practice, for a method that may better disturb and counter the memory that threatens to inscribe us within the epistemological lures of fascism, within the collectively re-presentations of an advanced capitalist, imperialist, heterosexist, racist, and electronically mass-mediated nation-state, bureaucratized in history and culturally anxious for popular rites of sacrificial release of some sort or of the Other. This is a desire for deconstruction.

Despite its roots in the epistemological displacements of French sociological theorizing in the years following World War I, the reflexive challenge of post-structuralism has largely been ignored by the professional discourse of sociology within the United States. While American literary critics and students of art, architecture, and the cinema have begun to grapple with issues related to the narrative structuring, fictive composition, and historical provisionality of all powerful claims to knowledge, questions regarding the artifactual nature of socially scientific knowledge have yet to disturb significantly the relative conceptual slumber of the dominant theoretical and methodological paradigms of American sociology. Because of this general lack of professional sociological engagement with the aesthetic and substantive challenges of post-structuralist thought, and because the text that follows makes use of a variety of post-structuralist thematics, we feel compelled to conclude this preface with a brief statement of what we read as some of the more radical implications of post-structuralism for the practice of sociology.

Post-structuralism advances what may be described as a historical and materially-informed surrealist conception of the relation between things and words, between artifacts and the linguistic rituals of power and knowledge. As such, post-structuralism critically displaces the epistemological groundings of both positivist and humanist varieties of American social theory. While positivists contend that sociology must "objectively" explain, predict, and control observable structures of social action, humanists argue that the discipline should instead concern itself with the meaningful interpretation of subjective social interaction. Despite
these apparent differences, both varieties of American theory share a fundamental commitment to a "realist" strategy of theory construction. Both view social facts as "things" independent of the historically-materialized narrational practices of the sociologist who pictures them as such. What differs is simply the locus of the realism identified by these two approaches. Whereas positivists see social facts in terms of abstract and objective structures amenable to quantified classification and measurement, humanists identify the subjective interpretive experience of sense-making individuals as a truly factual starting point for their more qualitative theoretical enclosures.

Post-structuralist theory resists the truth of both these positions. It also resists their pleasure—the pleasure of interpretively mastering either the objective or subjective "facts" of the Other. It resists the temptation to forget that its own re-presentation of facts is an essential feature of the sacrificial epistemological ritual by which any act of theorizing secures a given identity, a particularly truthful "being-in-the-world." As such, post-structuralism refuses to grant the theorist a place of (transcendental) epistemological privilege outside of the narrative or textual confines in which she or he finds a self materially and with imagination in history. This refusal, if incorporated into the practice of sociology, has significant implications for both the style and content of theoretical literature. Literature? With one final quote we end this preface, then move on to a re(w)riting of Foucault's critique of the literary structure of the criminological sciences, that is, the law-abiding theoretical productions of the normal human sciences in the world in which we find ourselves (w)riting. This is a history of the present.

Literary practice remains the missing link in the socio-communicative ... fabric of the so-called human sciences .... [Moreover] the insertion of this practice into the social science corpus necessitates a modification of the very notion of "science" (Kristeva, 1980:98).

The Pleasures of Criminology: Pleasures of the Text

[This] whole effort consists in materializing the pleasure of the text, in making the text an object of pleasure like the others. ... The important thing is to equalize the field of pleasure, to abolish the false opposition of practical life and contemplative life. ... What we are seeking to establish in various ways is a theory of the materialist subject (Barthes, 1975:59, 61).

The content of criminology: crime, the criminal, and the effects of a law that orders. But what is its pleasure? What positions criminology in history as a powerful practice of knowledge? What binds the criminologist to his labor within the material constraints and imaginary confines of the professional intellectual marketplace in the modern or post-modern capitalist West?

The pleasure of criminology is to displace the Other's unfixed pleasure into the pain of a certain victim and to master her, to keep an eye on her, to induce her to confess herself the proper subject of the law.

This is what makes the criminologist content: His content, for it is he who speaks in history of a criminal justice, no longer in the name of the Father, as once before the alter, but now in the name of a law universal, abstract and beyond a reasonable doubt. Erect before the bar he sees her as grave matter to be ordered knowledgeably. His deadly nature and her laws he rights, he writes, he rites—three rights and nothing left: the rights of man, the writings of a science, and the ritual construction of an imperial order.

The pleasure of criminology is to displace the other's unfixed pleasure into the pain of a certain victim and to master her: to subject her to the rules of reason, just as he defines her, this exotic contrary fallen between the cracks. She is the criminologist's subject matter, this unreasonable savage other, dark and unruly. She is the object of his discipline and dangerous. He comes upon her at night in the city and enlightens. To master her, to reduce her to a thing...
he can count upon—this is the first pleasure of criminology. He says, “We need to penetrate the facts of this crime.” This is the first pleasure of criminology: SADISM.

The second pleasure of criminology involves his gaze. To keep an eye upon her, to classify, count, and cut her up; to make her visible as a certain thing; to dissect that visibility into rates and measure her incidents; to map her determined figure and to analyze her probable path; to uncover everything about her and to lay her bare; to arrest her so that he may operate upon her and see what happens. This is the criminologist’s principal method—to never let her escape from sight, to watch her constantly so as to know everything she is. This is the episteme of the discipline, the second pleasure of criminology. He says, “We need a positive science of the facts of this crime.” This is the second pleasure of criminology: SURVEILLANCE.

To the pleasures of mastery and positive science, sadism and surveillance, the criminologist adds a third—the truth of a normal subject, himself. For just as he sets about to master her and to keep his eye upon her, he discovers himself the proper subject of the law. In subjecting her “unruly nature” to the gaze of his law, he realizes himself. The gaze, with which he freezes her, mirrors back upon him and he finds his truth in what she’s not: his normal self in relation to her, the other, the illegal alien, the outlaw. This, the truth of the normal subject, is the historical effect of criminological discipline, the material and imaginary locus of its power, its final pleasure. He says, “We need to know who’s guilty and who’s not.” This is the third pleasure of criminology: THE TRUTH OF THE NORMAL SUBJECT, HIMSELF.

The Pleasures of Sadism: Mastering the Facts of Crime as “Things”

Sadism and the Confines of Reason

He said, “We need to penetrate the facts of this crime”—to master the nature of this thing laid bare, to make visible her laws, to reasonably ascertain her origin and to rationally calculate and predictively control her effects. She read this as a declaration of sadism; not because he bound her and beat her, but because of the ritual manner in which he rationally confined her otherness and silenced her, as an object to be worked upon, unreasonable and in need of a calculative make over. The Marquis de Sade had done the same and called it crime and here he was speaking a similar language and calling it criminology.

He Found Himself Alone and Afraid

It was the late eighteenth century. The calculative isolation of individuals competing for a wage had long since replaced the interdependent economic relations of feudalism. The commodified space of market labor had made his time a thing. Within this time he found himself alone with no nexus to others but the relation of things exchanged at the going rate, “naked self-interest . . . callous cash payment” (Marx and Engels, [1848] 1968:37). And just as this commodity exchange had set him apart ruthless in self calculation, the rise of the nation-state stripped away previously collective political ties, dismembering the ritual powers of kin, the Church, the guild, the locale. And so he was transformed, appearing in his own eyes as an atomized individual, subject to law, a self-interested economic strategist, owing allegiance to none but the state and his reason.

Within this time he found himself alone and afraid. He talked of progress but found his vision of things and himself made uncertain by the sight of the other’s pleasure when it resisted his reason or fell ungraced between the cracks of his newly enlightened order. He saw her nature as greedy, vile and voracious, and called her the dangerous classes (Frégier, 1840). He saw her “huddled together in the grossly overcrowded” (Scull, 1977:22) spaces of his city,
“lurking in the squalid alleys,” ready to cut his throat “for a pocketful of change” (Rennie, 1978:3). And he said it was necessary to defend his society “from the usurpation of each individual, who will always endeavour to take away . . . not only one’s own portion, but to encroach on that of others . . . [P]unishments [must be] established against the infractions of the laws” (Beccaria, [1764] 1963:57).

It was the late eighteenth century. This was the beginning of criminology. She took, notice of the punishments he had prepared to silence her and said, “We won’t play nature to your culture” (Kruger, 1984:28). It was too late. He had already prepared a cell for her confinement saying, “Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, pain and pleasure. . . . They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think” (Bentham, [1780] 1948:1).

The truth of what he said was self-evident to men such as he who forged their only knowledge of nature within that powerful order of things in which they found themselves alone and afraid. It was the late twentieth century and James Q. Wilson said, “The radical individualism of Bentham and Beccaria may be scientifically questionable but prudentially necessary” (Wilson, 1975:62). And Chief Justice Burger said, “We must not be misled by cliches and slogans that if we abolish poverty, crime will also disappear. A far greater factor is the deterrent effect of swift and certain . . . penalty” (Burger, 1981:44).

She said, “NO!” She told him that she remembered a time when things were not fixed in this fashion (Michalowski, 1985:48). Nor was this, his view of pleasure, hers. She said, You’ve turned me into a thing and call it nature—a rational abstraction from the concrete relations in which you find yourself in time, over against me, and in fear. What you see as the natural facts of my greed are nothing but the ritual representations of the time in which you find yourself alone with no nexus to others but the relation of things exchanged. You project this, your pleasure, upon me and call me nature.

He found himself alone and afraid. He remembered nothing of what she said. This was his culture: forgetting. He said, “[M]an is really born isolated, selfish, cruel and despotic; he wants everything and gives nothing in return. . . . Only our selfish interests bind us. The reason that I, the strongest of the gang, do not murder my comrades is because I need their help. It is for the same reason that they do not stick a dagger in my back. Such a motive is a selfish one, though it has the appearance of virtue. What society calls its interests is nothing but a mass of private interests” (Sade, 1964:25, 24-25).

He had transformed her into a thing, unruly and cruel, and called it nature and demanded its submission. He had positioned himself outside of nature, looking down: her master, a man of reason, extracting the rights of law, the rights of man. He demanded her silence but she resisted saying, “What you call reason, I call sadism.” The sadist “draws a portrait of the other which reminds us of that part of his own mind he would deny and which he has made dark to himself” (Griffin, 1981:161).

He found himself alone and afraid. He remembered nothing of what she said. He spoke of progress but found his vision, his self, made uncertain by the sight of the other’s pleasure when it resisted. And so he sentenced her under law. And George Jackson said, “Every time I hear the word ‘law’ I visualize gangs of militiamen or Pinkertons busting strikes. . . . I see a white oak and a barefooted black hanging, or snake eyes peeping down the lenses of telescopic rifles, or conspiracy trials” (Jackson, 1972:168). But he remembered nothing of this and so he sentenced her to exile, confined her to a place where the pains of punishment promised a more certain compliance, a more rational order of things.

It was the late eighteenth century. This was the beginning of criminology and he said, “Pleasure’s effects . . . are always uncertain; often disappointing. . . . [P]ain must be preferred, for pain’s telling effects cannot deceive” (Sade, 1966:252). This is the voice of the Marquis de Sade. This is the beginning of sadism. Beccaria, Bentham, and Sade were contemporaries, each a theorist of the relation between the pleasures of crime and its punishment. Confined
by the lawful reason espoused by Beccaria and Bentham, Sade exceeded their reason, discovering within his cell the imagined pleasures of total control, the contentment promised by complete and rational mastery of her furious nature (Bataille, [1962] 1977:164–76).

Sadism . . . is a massive cultural fact which appeared precisely at the end of the eighteenth century [just as criminology], and which constitutes one of the greatest conversions of the Western imagination . . . Sadism appears at the very moment that unreason, confined for over a century and reduced to silence, reappears, no longer as an image of the world . . . but as language and desire. And it is no accident that sadism, as an individual phenomenon bearing the name of a man, was born of confinement . . . and that Sade’s entire oeuvre is dominated by the images of the Fortress, the Cell . . . the inaccessible Island which thus form, as it were, the natural habitat of unreason (Foucault, 1965:210).

It was the late eighteenth century. It was the beginning of criminology. It was the beginning of sadism.

**A Night of the Living Dead**

George Jackson said, "The very first time [I was put in prison], it was just like dying. . . . Being captured was the first of my fears . . . acquired . . . over . . . centuries of black bondage" (Jackson, 1970:13). And she said, under the eyes of the sadist we are made to "enter a kind of Night of the Living Dead, in which the human soul has vanished . . . and the human being is represented by a corpse which walks and talks and impersonates the living. Here the arc of culture’s war against nature is completed" (Griffin, 1981:69). We are made silent as things dead but still living.

But upon hearing this he said, Now wait a minute. He was always waiting, she thought, waiting for something that never comes in time, ceaselessly deferring a confrontation with death, with the dissolution of all things, caught up in a march of linearity without return, unable to let himself down. And for this reason he confined her. It was as if by silencing her he could quiet the disturbing noise within and achieve certainty. For without being dead certain, he would lose his grip on things and with them himself. She told him, “Sadism demands a story, depends on making something happen, forcing a change in another person, a battle of will and strength, victory/defeat, all occurring in a linear time with a beginning and an end. . . . [The pleasure of sadism] lies in ascertaining guilt . . . assessing control, and subjecting the guilty person through punishment” (Mulvey, 1985:368).

But he said, Now wait a minute. This parallel between criminology and sadism makes no sense. Beccaria and Bentham advocated the rational use of punishment to deter crimes. Sade, on the other hand, declared that “Happiness lies only in . . . crime” (quoted in de Beauvoir, 1966:52). Now, I ask you, is that reasonable?

To this she replied, "In the modern period, exchange value has come to dominate society; all qualities have been reduced to quantitative equivalences. This process inheres in the concept of reason. For reason, on the one hand, signifies the idea of a free, human, social life. On the other hand, reason is the court of judgment of calculation, the instrument of domination, and the means for the greatest exploitation. . . . As in De Sade’s novels, the mode of reason adjusts the world for the ends of self-preservation and recognizes no function other than the preparation of the object from mere sensory material in order to make it that material of subjugation” (Acker, 1985:110).

He countered by saying, Perhaps, but this is what separates Sade from the criminologist. They were concerned, not simply with self-preservation, but with the legislation of a common good. Classical criminology hoped to deter the offender by the threat of certain punishment. Sade hoped to master his victims rationally, to deploy pain as a means of altering her, and thereby securing submission.

She replied, On this score Sade advances the rule of reason to its limit, to that dark point unseen by those who stand alone within its light. He gave voice to the unspeakable implica-
tions of the rule of reason. Sade said what could not be said from reason’s lips without explod-
ing the material and imaginary conditions of rational language itself. And this, of course, was
the most dangerous of his crimes. Sade wrote from within the deepest confines of reason, that
place where the final making over of a person into a thing is most complete. Perhaps, this
enabled him to envision the “progress” that criminology would make less than a century
later. For as Foucault (1979:116) has noted, “The theatre of punishment of which the eight-
teenth century dreamed and which would have acted essentially . . . [as a deterrent] was
replaced by the great uniform machinery of the prisons.” Thus, has not the criminologist’s
theatre of rational punishment been transformed into a sadist’s theatre of cruelty, a theatre
that fixes her as a thing to be watched and employs discipline, not so much to make her think
about her unreasonable behavior, as to change her thinking, alter her behavior, make her a
more compliant object and reasonably so?

He was alone and afraid in the time in which he found himself. He remembered nothing
of what she said. He spoke of progress but his vision and his self were made uncertain by the
sight of the other’s pleasure when it resisted. And so he confined her for observation and
rehabilitation saying, as it was said to O in another story, “You are here to serve your masters.
During the day, you will perform whatever . . . duties are assigned you. . . . But at the first
sign or word from anyone you will drop whatever you are doing and ready yourself for what
is really your one and only duty: to lend yourself. . . . You will remember at all times—or as
constantly as possible—that you have lost all right to privacy or concealment. . . . [Y]ou must
never look at any of us in the face” (Reage, 1965:15–16). And so he gazed down at her, silent
and eyes averted, alone within the cell. And he said, “We need to penetrate the facts of this
crime.” This is the first pleasure of criminology: SADISM.

The Pleasure of Surveillance: The Eye Upon Her

Scene One: The Objectifying Gaze

[1876: The publication of Cesare Lombroso’s The Criminal Man. Lombroso, an Italian physician
performs an autopsy on the body of the dreaded brigand Vilella when struck by what he perceives as
the apelike structure of the criminal’s skull. Lombroso gazes upon this, the object of the first positive
criminology examination (Pfohl, 1985a:85).]

SHE: This is the gaze that fixes, classifies; the gaze that surveys the facts of the other. This is
the gaze that cuts open and cuts up. This is the gaze that reduces secrets to masterful
knowledge. This gaze holds a positive charge. This is a singular gaze, blinded by reason.

HE: “We must move beyond . . . measurements of environmental impact. . . . We must
develop the capacity for tracing painful stimulus into the organism to the associational
and motivational areas of the brain and then to the motor centers and to behavior. Be-
tween the stimulus and the response is the great big black box. . . . It is here that we will
find the questions we should be asking” (quoted in Pfohl, 1985a:114).

KRUGER: “Your devotion has the look of a lunatic sport” (1984:32).

SHE: This is a knowledge that must be seen. This is a knowledge that masters facts. This is a
knowledge that surveys, makes visible, classifies, counts, dissects. This is a knowledge of
things. This knowledge is under the eye.

HE: The birth of positivism is the end of ideology. We will not compete for the truth. We can
differentiate, measure, master the truth through observation. We can see the facts and
grasp them. We can order these facts, fix this world, control its destiny. We have rights
. . . to order. We write: You have the right to be seen, but not heard. You must be silent
to be properly diagnosed. These are the two rules of my positive science: You must be
silent and avert your gaze. You have lost all right to concealment. My pleasure, my eyes,
work ... they work over you, a ritual. Your eyes are blind, they are my measurement. We can order these facts.

The modern dominance of the principle of reason had to go hand in hand with the interpretation of the essence of beings as objects, an object present as representation, an object placed and positioned before a subject. This latter, a man who says “I,” an ego certain of itself, thus ensures his own technical mastery over the totality of what is (Derrida, 1983:9-10).

SHE: The facts of social life are nothing but powerful forms of fiction. My mouth holds your words. Your eyes burn through me. Your distance, your analysis cuts me up. Your gaze makes things out of my scenes. With your passive contemplation, you observe me with a force. You reduce my secrets to your truths, your facts. You universalize my particularity. You erase my narrative. Your gaze freezes objects outside of time and space and the power structuring practices in which we are situated. My trouble, my sin, is your fact, the facts of this crime. Your gaze, your pleasure, is my containment.

HE: We need a positive science of the facts of this crime. We will be objective. We will accurately represent the facts. Your case will be heard.

SHE: The light of your reason blinds your eyes.

HE: The facts can be seen. They will speak for themselves.

SHE: Your gaze which observes, fixes its objects, and then displays them, produces the very facticity you claim to be capturing. Your objectivity mistakes facts for artifacts. Your objectivity denies your place in constituting my subjectivity, in constituting the facts.

HE: This is not the truth. The birth of positivism is the end of ideology.

SHE: [asking] From what womb do you emerge?

Scene Two: The Carceral Gaze

[1843: Publication of Jeremy Bentham’s Edited Works. Bentham, committed to the practical application of criminological theory, drafted architectural specifications for the Panopticon, a huge, round and glass-roofed “inspection house.” At its center would be a central guard tower. There the watchful eyes of state authority could gaze at incarcerated inmates twenty four hours a day (Pfohl, 1985a:64).]

BENTHAM: The Panoptican, the ideal prison, will be “a mill to grind rogues honest and idle men industrious” (quoted in Pfohl, 1985a:64).

SHE: This is the gaze that operates, disciplines, that writes over the other, erases her historical narrative. This is the gaze that forgets its own history. This is the faceless gaze, inscribed in stone, forgotten in memory. This is the Panoptic gaze. This is the discipline that never ends. [She feared, Permanent visibility, the faceless gaze, automatic discipline, the machine body.]

CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER: “What I suggest now . . . is to survey the wreckage and begin a damage control program” (Burger, 1981:45).

KRUGER: “Your manias become science/You are an experiment in terror” (1984:41,44). [She feared, Constant surveillance, manipulative transformation. The panoptican, the eye that surveys endlessly.]

FOUCAULT: “Panopticism is the general principle of a new ‘political anatomy’ whose object and end are not the relations of sovereignty but the relations of discipline. . . . [It is exerted spontaneously and without noise” (1979:208,206).

CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER: “When our distant ancestors came out of the caves and rude tree dwellings thousands of years ago . . . they did so to satisfy certain fundamental human needs. . . . But the basic need was security—security of the person, the family, the home and of property. Taken together, this is the meaning of a civilized society” (1981:43)

SHE: “Your property is the rumor of power”/“Your fictions become history” (Kruger,
The meaning of our society is your property. The meaning of your security is our discipline. The industry of your machines is our docility. The light of your reason is the darkness of the prison.

HE: We need a positive science of the facts of this crime. We will study the prisoners.

SHE: The criminological eye is the carceral eye. Together, they assemble, document, watch for/upon/to write over the lives of others, of us all, prisoners. [The TV calls out.]

"Who are you?
I am number 2.
Who’s number 1?
You are number 6.
I am not a number. I am a free man!" (from ‘The Prisoner’).

SHE: The criminological eye is the industrial eye. Together they assemble, document, discipline, watch for/upon/to write over the bodies of others, of labor, machines.

HE: Discipline is necessary. Every child, later an adult, needs to learn discipline—at home, at school, at work, for the market. Discipline creates order. We must have an ordered world. We must have the facts.

SHE: Your normative science, criminology, plays with a disciplinary technology. [And then she thought:] "Discipline ‘makes’ individuals: it is the specific technique of power that regards individuals both as objects and as instruments of its exercise. . . . [It] is a modest, suspicious power, which functions as a calculated, but permanent economy" (Foucault, 1979:170).

HE: This economy that you speak of, like the economy of goods and machines requires supervision. We need to survey the facts of this crime.

SHE: My knowing reaches out to embrace the sacred. Normalization is my living death. Your word, your eye, they are the same things, all simulations.

HE: This is only a problem for those who don’t conform, who don’t fit. We must be vigilant. We cannot be held "hostages within the border of our own . . . enlightened, civilized country" (Burger, 1981:44).

[She thought this was a fantastic thought, like the phantasms at Disneyland. Jean Baudrillard had been there too and he thought the same thing.]

BAUDRILLARD: "Disneyland is there to conceal the fact that it is the ‘real’ country, all of ‘real’ America, which is disneyland (just as prisons are there to conceal the fact that it is the social in its entirety, in its banal omnipresence, which is carceral)” (1983:25).

HE: We must be vigilant. We must know the facts.

SHE: Your carceral eyes upon the I burn me through. I am your thing. I am your captive. Your comfort is my silence.

Scene Three: The Spectacle of Surveillance

[1986: She is alone with the radio and television. This is the new criminology.]

The ideal point of penalty today would be an indefinite discipline; an interrogation without end, an investigation that would be extended without limits to a meticulous and even more analytic observation, a judgment that would at the same time be the constitution of a file that was never closed, the calculated leniency of a penalty that would be interlaced with the ruthless curiosity of an examination, of a gap in relation to an inaccessible norm and the asymptotic movement that strives to meet in infinity (Foucault, 1979:227).

She awoke this morning and like most other mornings, flicked on the radio, walked toward the shower, and thought she’d make the coffee after the bath. Faint noise from the radio reminded her of fascism in South Africa, the heroic struggle of a country, a continent, chained under the eye of Western imperial reason and of other imerials. Nicaragua, recent crime statistics, the building of new prisons. A faint noise from the radio, a pop song with a
refrain that engaged her: “Every breath you take/Every move you make/Every bond you break/Every step you take/I'll be watching you” (Sting, 1983). A long look in the mirror, the daily surveillance of her body, not thin enough, sagging, cloudy. The face, eye-to-eye, in the mirror that always reflected the same skin in need of a little touch up, a minor make-over, make-up. The clothes to best display the body, mask the not-thin-enough legs, stomach, her own flesh; these occupy her thoughts. She looks again at herself, her image in the mirror. Next week, I'll fix this body, discipline myself. And she thought, like him, I am now alone, at work, with my body, across the newspaper, with the television.

A long look in the mirror, the daily surveillance of her body, like the daily surveillance of her thoughts, her image, her performance at work: those unseen forces, others, against whom she constantly judged herself. She asked herself, in whose image am I made?

And she got angry and screamed, show your faces! Let me see your eyes! But only her double, her eyes, the image reflected in the mirror, the one into which she daily gazed, answered back: I am your eyes. I am your gaze. You are a captive audience. You are my victim. You are under my eyes.

He said, "We need a positive science of the facts of this crime." This is the second pleasure of criminology: SURVEILLANCE.

The Pleasure of Truth: The Normal Subject and His Other

The society that emerged in the nineteenth century—bourgeois, capitalist, or industrial society . . . put into operation an entire machinery for producing true discourses . . . [T]wo processes emerge, the one always conditioning the other: we demand that . . . [the Other, the object of our gaze] speak the truth . . . and we demand that it tell us our truth . . . We tell it its truth by deciphering what it tells us . . . [I]t tells us our own by delivering up that part of it that escaped us (Foucault, 1980a:69–70).

Speaking of Truth

Criminology is a true discourse. It captures the other within its words and orders the truth she speaks. The content of her truth varies at different moments of the discipline. In the nineteenth century, the truth of her perverse or pathological pleasure displaced that which he previously saw as rational. In the 1920s her truth was seen as disorganization, but by the late 1930s she had become a dysfunction or perhaps even a positive contribution to the self-regulating machine in which she appeared a part. In the 1940s she confessed herself a bad learner, or so he said, while during the 1950s she revealed the truth of anomie as he questioned her every strain. In the 1960s she was laid bare again now the object of labeling, while in the 1970s she was viewed as an object of conflict. These truthful contents repeat herself, recycling the facts of her case into the present (Pfohl, 1985a). Despite these differences in what it sees as her truth, the structure of truthful criminological discourse, its basic episteme remains the same as its pleasure: “The pleasure that comes of exercising a power that questions, monitors, watches, spies, searches out, palpates, brings to light” (Foucault, 1980a:45). And, in this, the criminologist finds himself the normal subject of the law, positioned over against her, the alien other, the exotic outlaw, the shadow of his truthful ignorance.

It was the late nineteenth century when he stood above the silent and fixed body of the dreaded brigand, Vilella, the object of the first positive criminological examination, and said, “Speak to me of the truth of your crime.” It was just this morning that he poured over the body of the data spewing forth from the machine, silent and fixed. He demanded the same: a profile, a measured exactness, a story of the other's truth—and he found it! It was not his, but
he worked over this body of evidence until it yielded a certain knowledge, a significance, a model of the other's determined unreasonableness. And in this he discovered a certain pleasure, evidence of his own self-contained normality. This is what only she, as he interpreted her, could provide.

He said, "Speak to me of the truth of your crime."

She said, "The hardest thing was simply to speak. . . . [T]his time what they wanted from her was not blind obedience, acquiescence to an order, they wanted her to anticipate orders, to judge herself . . . and surrender herself as such" (Réage, 1965:74–75).

**True Confessions**

He had learned to speak the truth. He had learned that it was normal to find truth within himself and that this truth was reasonable. He had learned to see his self as the locus of truth, the locus of certainty. He had begun to see things this way as early as the thirteenth century as he found himself confessing before the fathers. They had sacramentalized this ritual just as feudalism began its decline. It was 1215. There was a Lateran Council and it said: No more trials by divine ordeal. No more trials by battle. We need a more reasonable way. He said, "We need to know who's guilty and who's not." He turned his eyes within.

It was the late middle ages. It was not the beginning of criminology but he was moving in that direction. He was increasingly becoming an individualized actor in the material order, just as he was becoming a judge of himself in the imaginary realm. He looked about him and saw signs of judgment everywhere and experienced the demand to keep a biographical ledger of his rights and wrongs. He was becoming the center of his own truth and began confessing this.

Philippe Ariès said, "Beginning in the twelfth century . . . we see the rise among the rich, the well educated, and the powerful, of the idea that every man possesses a personal biography. At first this biography consisted solely of actions, good or bad, which were subjected to an overall judgment: what he was. . . . The actions of the individual are no longer lost in the limitless space of transcendence or, if you prefer, in the collective destiny of the species. From now on they are individualized. . . . [Life now] consists of the sum total of an individual's thoughts, words, and deeds. . . . Life is a body of facts that can be itemized and summarized in a book" (Ariès, 1982:138,103–4).

He said, "We need to know who's guilty and who's not." Everywhere he looked there were images of a final judgment. He saw a fourteenth-century painting by Albergo. There was Christ the stern judge with a book upon his knee. There were words that said: "He whose name is written in this book shall be damned." There were frightened souls before this Lord each with their own book in trembling hands. He felt alone and afraid and the Fathers said, "Confess!"

Foucault said, "[A]ll this helped to give the confession a central role in the order of civil and religious powers. . . . For a long time, the individual was vouched for by reference to others and the demonstration of his ties to the commonweal (family, allegiance, protection); then he was authenticated by the discourse of truth he was able or obliged to pronounce concerning himself. The truthful confession was inscribed at the heart of the procedures of individualization by power" (Foucault, 1980a:58–59).

He gazed at her sternly and said, "Tell the truth. You must confess."

She said, "... what they wanted from her was not blind obedience, acquiescence to an order, they wanted her to . . . judge herself . . . and surrender" (Réage, 1965:74–75).

By the eighteenth century, the book was everywhere in sight and Sade was soon to be confined. In the cathedral at Albi books hung like identification papers from the necks of souls before their last judgment (Ariès, 1982:104–5). Otherwise they were naked and afraid, just as he, with no nexus to others but the relations of things exchanged at the going rate. The
book appears, likewise, throughout the baroque art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a biographical confession at the hour of death, a calculated ledger of good deeds and bad, a passport to the afterlife.

Phillippe Ariès said, "The book is therefore at once the history of an individual, his biography, and a book of accounts, or records, with two columns, one for the evil and the other for the good. The new bookkeeping spirit of businessmen who were beginning to discover their own world—which has become our own—was applied to the content of a life as well as to merchandise or money" (Ariès, 1982:104).

"Book her," he said. "We need to know who's guilty and who's not. Book her and demand a confession."

Foucault said, "We have since become a singularly confessing society. The confession has spread its effects far and wide. It plays a part in justice, medicine, education, family relationships, and love relations. . . . One confesses one's crimes, one's sins, one's thoughts and desires, one's illnesses and troubles; one goes about telling, with the greatest precision, whatever is most difficult to tell. . . . The obligation to confess is now relayed through so many different points, is so deeply ingrained in us, that we no longer perceive it as the effect of a power that constrains us. . . . Western man has become a confessing animal" (Foucault, 1980a:59,60).

He had learned to speak the truth. He had learned that it was normal to find truth within one's self and that this truth was reasonable. He had learned to see his self as the locus of truth, the locus of certainty and he demanded the same from her.

This is the new meaning of confession. Foucault said, "One had to confess . . . because the work of producing the truth was obliged to pass through this relationship if it was to be scientifically validated. The truth did not reside solely in the subject who, by confessing, would reveal it wholly formed. It was constituted in two stages: present but incomplete, blind to itself, in the one who spoke, it could only reach completion in the one who assimilated and recorded it. It was the latter's function to verify this obscure truth . . . the decipherment of what it said. The one who listened was not simply the . . . judge who condemned or acquitted; he was the master of truth" (1980a:66–67).

**He Speaks Her Truth**

It is now the late twentieth century. Criminology has taken the place of the Inquisition. It still demands that she speak the truth of her illegality only now its demands are of another order. The criminologist speaks, not of doing the work of God, but of serving Man and Reason. He does not expect her to answer fully for herself. Her confession is now filtered through his masterful interpretation. The inquisitor set about his task before the time of sadism and surveillance, before labor's wage became a thing and the imperial rule of modern reason.

Under the positive eyes of criminology the truth of these things, crime and the criminal, can today be seen, regardless of her ability to speak of them reasonably. She is, after all, a thing he has fashioned. And so he can count on her to speak, just as he orders the meaning of what she says. It was just this morning that he poured over the body of the data spewing forth from the machine: silent and fixed. He demanded a profile, a measured exactness, a story of the Other's truth and found "it!"

*A Conversation between a Psychiatrist and a Patient overheard*

PSYCHIATRIST: "I understand your expressions correctly, I have the feeling that you honestly believe that the reason you are here is because of alcohol. That may have been the conveyer. That may have been the one thing that allowed you or that happened at the same time. But I wonder if you have thought about the millions of people that do drink
and do drink too much. alot, and do not commit these crimes. For what I’m trying to help you think about is that when you drink, when your judgment is removed by alcohol, then you will act out something that is already there. There is your key—and there you will find answers.”

PATIENT: “Yeah, that’s right. I go to group therapy here and we’ve talked about that at some lengths. And I don’t know whether its a crutch. You look back and say—Yeah. I was drunk. I did this. I did but maybe the thought was already there. But if I’m sober I don’t act them out. Right?”

PSYCHIATRIST: “Right! You’re under control. I just wanted to bring this up for your thoughts and consideration and that you might seek specific help in helping to get rid of that particular problem” (Pfohl, 1978:148).

She said, “The hardest thing was simply to speak. . . . [T]his time what they wanted from her was not blind obedience, acquiescence to an order, they wanted her to . . . judge herself” (Réage, 1965:74–75).

Criminology is a true discourse. It captures the Other within its words and orders the truth she speaks. And in this he discovered a certain pleasure, evidence of his own self-contained normality, his own truth. This is what only she, as he interpreted her, could provide. This is the third pleasure of criminology, THE TRUTH OF THE NORMAL SUBJECT. He says, “We need to know who’s guilty and who’s not.” Now he knew for sure.

Towards an Uncertain Deconstruction and a Power-Reflexive Practice

Deconstruction seems to offer a way out of the closure of knowledge. By inaugurating the open-ended indefiniteness of textuality . . . it shows us the lure of the abyss as freedom. The fall into the abyss of deconstruction inspire us with as much pleasure as fear. We are intoxicated with the prospect of never hitting bottom (Spivak, 1976:lxxvii).

The content of criminology: crime, the criminal, and the effects of a law that orders. Three certain pleasures: sadism, surveillance, and the truth of the normal subject. Three certain technologies:

He says, “We need to penetrate the facts of this crime.”

He says, “We need a positive science of the facts of this crime.”

He says, “We need to know who’s utility and who’s not.” Certain techniques, certain pleasures, certain constructions.

She says, “I am uneasy in the face of your certain pleasures, your certain constructions. Mine is an uncertain pleasure, an uncertain deconstruction.”

The Provisionality of Mastery

You said, We need to penetrate the facts of this crime. We need to master the things in this world. You seem committed to a realist view of the things of this world. But you forgot that you mastered the text. You forgot that the “things” which appear as social facts (sui generis) are fictive effects of the powerful structuring practices by which we repeatedly embody ourselves in history. You ignored the traces of Marx, Durkheim, Nietzsche (Pfohl, 1985b).

She said, I have taken leave of this world of facts, in order to examine the transformative ritual practices which situate us here and now, at home in a world of artifacts. I am committed to a surrealist view of the things of this world, and these are nothing but the effects of domesticating drama, the timely consequences of our mode of production and reproduction.

You said, My story masters objects, objective truth, and you asked me: What is the objective truth of your story? My answer is uneasy, uncertain. My answer is that the material and
definitional actualities of any “thing” are bound together in an indeterminate relation that “is” the effect of a transformative displacement of one set of social structuring practices by some other(s). From within this collusion or collision of practices arises a “true” story—the real facts of the matter, the real facts of the crime, the self-evidency of these “things.” There are no truths aside from this elusive (intertextual) formation (Derrida, 1976). The truth of things is embedded in a ceaseless repetition of an indeterminate act of differentiation between colliding practices. But so also is truth effected as an act of deference. To make something “truly” present is to make absent something other. Things become real only in a socially-differentiated act of silencing. This imperial exclusion marks the historical production of “things in themselves.” Yet this is exactly what they are not. They are nothing but the cultural, political, and material effects of the power structuring practices in which we are situated.

She said, You forgot that you made me into a thing, silenced me, mastered me. You forgot the uncertainty of my pleasure. I remember that I, by necessity, provisionally forget the socially-constructed nature of my mastery of things within my text. Your certain pleasure of mastery is my uncertain pleasure of reciprocity, of deconstruction. I labor under an ongoing provisionality, under these words, spoken by another she:

[The desire of deconstruction may itself become a desire to reappropriate the text actively through mastery to show the text what it “does not know.” As she deconstructs, all protestations to the contrary, the critic necessarily assumes that she at least, for the time being, means what she says. . . . In other words, the critic provisionally forgets that her own text is necessarily self-deconstructed, always already a palimpsest (Spivak, 1976:lxxvii).]

Watching for Noise

You said, We need a positive science of the facts of this crime. You said, We need a knowledge that sees, that stands over against the objects it desires to know. But your gaze so fixed upon the other refused to reflect back. Your text, conceived of its own right reason, bound itself by the rules of a method that privileges its objectivity apart from the world in which it finds itself.

She said, My uncertain pleasure is the open-ended practice of reading and writing. My uncertain pleasure is the text bound by the historical and material rules of concrete social interaction (Ryan, 1982). My uncertain pleasure situates theorizing as a practical activity in the production of history. My uncertain pleasure denies your dream of positive science. My uncertain pleasure asks: What if the provisionality of forgetting becomes a reflexive feature of theorizing itself? What if it places “under erasure” (Derrida, 1976) the possibility that theorizing can never escape the textual network of powerful social practices into which it asserts itself?

He asked, What if . . .

But she interrupted him because she wanted her text to interrupt his reason. She said, My uncertain pleasure asserts the value of a reflexive analysis that understands itself as effecting a provisional knowledge, positioned by the power of its relationships to other practices. My uncertain pleasure is a power-reflexive social practice, a practice that displays, if imperfectly, the mode of its own production, its situationally-bound strategies of textual construction.

She continued, My uncertain pleasure, deconstruction, reflexivity, is not a positive or a normal science. It turns analytically upon itself, just as it acts upon its “subject,” disclosing, not a determinate world of social facts, but an indeterminate production of artifacts, itself included. This is its strategic truth. It opens before me, again and again, the power-invested practices that provisionally effect the things of this world.

She said, You gazed, your eyes alight with reason, but your frame was fixed and you
couldn’t see the noise that you were making. Your certain pleasure is the gaze that holds a positive charge. My uncertain pleasure is the noise in which we find ourselves.

She said, I labor under an ongoing complicity, under the words spoken by another she:

The aspect that interests me most is . . . the recognition, within deconstructive practice, of provisional and intractable starting points in any investigative effort; its disclosure of complicities where a will to knowledge would create oppositions; its insistence that in disclosing complicities the critic-as-subject is herself complicit with the object of her critique; its emphasis upon “history” and upon the ethico-political as the “trace” of that complicity—the proof that we do not inhabit a clearly defined critical space free of such traces; and finally, the acknowledgement that its own discourse can never be adequate to its example (Spivak, 1981:262–63).

**Renaming the Subject**

You said, We need to know who’s guilty and who’s not. As you continued to fix your gaze on her, you deluded us into thinking that she was your problem, your pleasure. But, in reality, it was all of us, you, it was our eyes upon ourselves that fueled your desire. And you took pleasure in displaying your own normality. Your certain pleasure is the truth of the normal subject.

She said, My uncertain pleasure is another naming. My uncertain pleasure is not your normal subject, the subject certain of himself, the subject who recognizes himself when named, the interpellated subject, but the de-centered subject: the subject “at another place on the spiral: deconstructed, taken apart, shifted, without anchorage” (Barthes, 1977:168).

You said, I know the other is de-centered, adrift in the world, anomic, disorganized, ill, angry. This is how I know she differs from me. Over and against her otherness, her difference, I know I am within the law, embraced.

She said, All you have learned is that you have learned to “work by yourself” (Althusser, 1971:181) without the benefits of theory, law, or therapy, and that the others, the “bad subjects . . . provoke intervention” (Althusser, 1971:181). But, all theory, your theory too, is an intervention into the ritual process that produces subjectivity, that produces us. We are all of us de-centered subjects, uncertain subjects, produced as such by and in relation to imaginary, historical, material practices. There is . . . no ‘human essence’. . . . [T]here is only the play of difference, and the multiplicity of mutually conditioning contradictions” (Coward and Ellis, 1977:20).

She said, This is the pleasure of the heterogeneous and contradictory subject. This is an uncertain pleasure of an uncertain subject: a subject who knows we are interrogated—that we all respond to the hailing of our names. But this subject recognizes the provisionality of centering, the uncertainty of that seemingly certain anchorage, only produced by the rituals of taking the world within us. This is the uncertain pleasure of the subject whose truth is always inscribed in the power to know, to entrap in a name.

She said, You desired the truth of the abnormal subject, but you fixed the truth of the normal subject, yourself. Your certain pleasure is the naming of the other and yourself. My uncertain pleasure is the loss of a name, the truths of the de-centered subject.

She said, I labor under an ongoing autobiography, under the words of another she:

Autobiography can be a mourning for the perpetual loss of a name—one’s proper word—thing (Spivak, 1977:24).

**Into the Abyss**

She falls into a dangerous abyss and yet finds pleasure in what she does. She is freed from all but the material and imaginary practices which provide her with a story of herself and the world. And this, of course, is everything. Here, she celebrates a ritual of deconstruc-
tion, not as a bottomless trap of infinite regress, but as the strategic possibility for a finite reconstruction of the things of this world presented by the always contestable constellation of the structuring practices in which we are engaged. This is the uncertain truth of deconstruction. This is the uncertain truth of the acknowledgement of the relation between power and knowledge.

She said, I labor under an ongoing power-reflexivity, under these words:

There is no power relation without the correlative constitution of a field of knowledge, nor any knowledge that does not presuppose and constitute at the same time power relations. . . . It's not a matter of emancipating truth from every system of power (which would be a chimera, for truth is already power) but of detaching the power of truth from the forms of hegemony, social, economic and cultural, within which it operates at the present time (Foucault, 1979:27; 1980b:133).

The content of criminology: crime, the criminal, and the effects of a law that orders. Three certain pleasures: sadism, surveillance, and the truth of the normal subject.

An Epilogue: From Conflict Criminology to a Criminology That Conflicts

He had come from the criminology convention and said that the science of criminology was a science of conflict. He said that both criminals and those who define and detain them were forever locked within the confines of conflict, that each naturally struggled with the other to realize an interest that would impose itself, that would outlaw the other, just as it victoriously claimed the law its own. He informed her that such timeless conflict was a natural fact of human social existence and that, “the assumption here is that there are limits to the human capacity to include others as ‘we’” (Turk, 1980:84). He explained to her that this is what differentiates his theory of criminology from the others. His objective was, less to master the determinate characteristics of the criminal, than to explain scientifically the universal laws of the conflict that criminalizes. This notion was not unappealing to the many liberal voting members of the Criminological Society in which he found himself. Just as he, many were fascinated by the fact that the outlawed other was typically reported as of powerless origin: out-classed, out-raced, or unable to erect an adequate defense of self-interest. And so he turned his eyes to the facts of conflict, counting its structures, numbering its factors, and proposing its laws.

He explained to her that this is what differentiates his conflict theory of criminology from the others. She understood this: that the content of conflict criminology differed from the more conventional science of the causes of crime. But did it differ in its contentment? Did it differ in the fundamental pleasure which positioned the imagination of the criminologist materially in history as master of the natural facts of crime? This question disturbed her significantly. As she pursued this question she found herself losing her center; a slide into a different pleasure—the pleasure of difference; a slide into a different criminological practice—a politics of difference; a different conjuncture of power and its relation to knowledge. When she spoke to him of this disturbance and its different pleasure he had nothing to say. He had been telling her about his conflict theory of criminology, but she was speaking of a criminology that conflicts.

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