



The Critical Criminologist

Newsletter of ASC's Division on Critical Criminology

Message From the Chair

As we rapidly approach the start of the 2002 annual meetings of the American Society of Criminology, it is now time to think about issues that need to be addressed at our annual DCC business meeting. The meeting will be held on Friday, November 15 at the Palmer House Hilton Hotel in Parlor B from 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. Prior to this meeting, at 3:30 p.m. (same day and ending at 5:00 p.m.) in Parlor A, there will be a joint meeting of our division, the Division on People of Color and Crime, and the Division on Women and Crime. The joint meeting, as you may recall from reading the last issue of *The Critical Criminologist*, was scheduled so that members of these divisions can get together to discuss the "unintended consequences" of the ASC program change.

The DCC party will start at 7:00 p.m. and will be held in Parlor B on November 15. I look forward to seeing all of our friends and colleagues at the three events announced here. Further, please let the DCC Executive know if there is anything beyond the issues covered below that should be discussed at the 5:00 p.m. business meeting. Unfortunately, both this meeting and the party are not listed in the hard copy of the preliminary program but are posted on the ASC website.

One of the most exciting features of the DCC business meeting is the awards ceremony. As you know, each year one Division member receives a Lifetime Achievement Award and another gets the Critical Criminologist of the Year Award. Moreover, the DCC gives a Graduate Student Paper Award and an Undergraduate Student Paper Award. Please send your nominations and papers to me and I will forward them to the Awards Committee. My e-mail address is dekesere@ohiou.edu and my office telephone number is (740) 593-1376.

It is also time to search for new Co-Editors of *The Critical Criminologist*. The current Editors, Barbara Simms, Rick Matthews and Mary Bosworth, have made many important contributions to this newsletter and we greatly appreciate the considerable amount of time and effort they have devoted to keeping DCC members up-to-date on news and issues of major concern to all of us. The DCC would also like to thank all the people who have sent Barb, Rick and Mary articles, announcements, etc.

We will elect the new Editors at the business meeting and we need nominations well in advance of this event. The Editors do not have to be based at the same institution; however, they require financial support from

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their schools. Currently, Pennsylvania State University pays for printing and Ohio University pays for postage and other costs associated with mailing the newsletter. Contact Barb, Rick and Mary if you would like to know more about the work and costs associated with producing *The Critical Criminologist*. And, please send your nominations to me. I am in the process of recruiting a committee to help elect the new Editors and those who join it will be announced very soon.

Obviously, our financial situation is of paramount concern to DCC members. I can honestly say that we are strong and the DCC Executive will provide a financial statement at the meeting. Consider, too, as stated in the *Annual Report on the Division on Critical Criminology* (please go to <http://critcrim.org/>), the balance, as of December 31, 2001, was \$9,966.32. On behalf of the DCC, I would like to thank Sarah Hall and Chris Eskridge for helping us maintain our financial records. They have been helpful in many other ways too numerous to mention here.

Special thanks also go to Jeff Walker, Paul Leighton and Jock Young for helping to make *Critical Criminology: An International Journal* one of the most exciting journals in our field. They will make a brief presentation at the business meeting, and, again, I strongly encourage all DCC members to submit their latest progressive work to *Critical Criminology*.

In addition to preparing for the November 15 meeting, we need to recruit volunteers to sit at the DCC table, which will be located at the Book Exhibit. Please let me know if you can take an hour out of your busy schedule to do this work. Basically, volunteers are responsible for sharing DCC information (e.g., membership forms, announcements, etc.) with those who drop by the table and for letting them examine copies of *The Critical Criminologist* and *Critical Criminology*.

The DCC always welcomes new members and bringing people to our meetings and to the party are excellent ways of increasing our membership. Moreover, invite your students to these gatherings. It is often said that today's student is tomorrow's colleague and the DCC is always looking for new ideas and new members who would like to help us constantly move forward.

Walter DeKeseredy,
Ohio University

**Monstrous Negotiations. A
Conversation on Life and Jungle
Criminology.**

Ronnie Lippens

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Subcomandante Marcos, I read a nice little phrase. I went like « what I want you to understand is that dialogue is one thing and negotiation is another ». Marcos said that in 1994, during extremely tense negotiations with the then PRI regime. The phrase made me think.”

“No, seriously. How’s your research going on?”

“Erm ... I’ve been meditating. On critical criminology. On, like, how to imagine critical criminology in this day and age.”

“This is not going to be another postmodern thing again, is it ?”

“What’s in a name? You should know that I

“Hi. What have you been up to, lately ?”

“Oh, reading stuff. About the neo-Zapatista uprising mostly. In the jungle of texts written by

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stopped using the p-word a long time ago. It's of no use anymore."

"Perhaps you could tell me about how to imagine critical criminology, then? In this day and age? A critical criminologist myself, I just might be interested."

"I don't know. It may be a bit too vague to your taste. A bit blurry perhaps. And speculative. Well, it is about imagining critical criminology, of course. So it's also about imagination, and imagery, yes. But you're going to be bored. Critical criminologists... it doesn't compare to critical legal studies, where they are getting used to literary stuff and all things imaginary."

"Try me."

"Alright then. I guess I just have to begin somewhere. I'm going to meditate on critical criminology, or rather, on how one possibly might re-imagine this patchy field. Patchy? Maybe I'm already re-imagining this field. A field? Does it have boundaries? And who, or what, has churned this field into something patchy? Churned? Who has been churning? And why should all this churning have ended up into something patchy? And these *whos* or *whats* that are doing this churning, are they patchy too? Are they churning patchy fields because they themselves are patchy? Or have they turned patchy because they have been churning patchy fields for too long? And where did this patchiness come from? Was there something else before? Perhaps this field was smooth and plain, just like those who churned it, plainly and smoothly? But then again, where did this patchiness come from? From some kind of outside, from another field, an adjacent one? And what did that look like? Smooth and plain? Or patchy? Did the patchiness come from there? Or perhaps this patchiness was already here, on this side, in this very field which we call 'critical criminology'? Perhaps this patchiness has always been around, but we didn't notice it, back then in the old days? Perhaps it just grew and grew, and burst out and sprawled into the open,

from the very soil of this field of 'critical criminology'? But wait a minute. Why am I talking as if this field would be *patchy*? Why patches? Aren't patches, well, like patches? That is, aren't they kind of square, or some shape at least, with borders that, like rows of stitches, keep them apart/together? Together, oh yes, but also apart. But what if this field of 'critical criminology' is not patchy at all? Imagine lines and curves, stretching and curving, intertwining, and fraying. Imagine clews, or imagine rhizomes (as Deleuze has imagined them). Imagine a field where the rows of stitches suddenly start to move and to fray, like cancerous growths, criss-crossing the field and each other. Now imagine these lines and curves wriggling and intertwining monstrously, up to the point where the field itself disappears under, or should I say, *into* the wriggling, criss-crossing lines.'

"Monstrously?"

"The monstrosity in this imaginary is that which is being produced and reproduced when lines and curves meet and cross and intertwine. There, in the nodes that are formed by swerving and fraying lines, monstrosity emerges. The nodes are the monsters. They're the result of merging-and-mixing materials that previously would have been deemed 'irreconcilable', or 'contradictory', or 'alien', or whatever. When lines fray out and shoot across the field's surface, or rather, when the field is gradually turning into fraying and shooting lines that, coming from *interstitches*, intertwine, then they (the lines, that is) gather material which they pick up along the road. When lines meet and when they form nodes, then all these quite diverse materials tend to be jumbled together into something hybrid, yes, into something monstrous. You see, this is more like Donna Haraway's monsters :

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cyborgs, for example, that are made of/as nodes of hybridity, with tentacles (the lines! do you see them?) reaching out everywhere into outsides that are not really outsides anymore, and with insides that don't look like nice and smooth and clear-cut insides at all. The one is in there, as well as the other, well, none at all actually, or both. Their singularity, as they say, is always a multiplicity. And an ever-moving multiplicity at that!"

"Jumbled together *jungled* together?"

"Maybe. Let's get back to jungles later. For now, let us stay on this field of 'critical criminology' a little longer. Well then, imagine this field as wriggling, criss-crossing lines. Or as a spread of clustering and dissipating nodes, as a mesh, or a mess, or a *network* of interconnecting and disconnecting nodes of hybridity. *Chaohybrids*, that is, loosely shackled collections of materials of sorts that, precisely *because* they are loosely shackled collections of materials of all sorts, move and evolve unpredictably, chaotically, the rhizomic way. Just imagine this field as a moving network of moving nodes of wriggling lines, basically."

"I still can't see where you're heading for."

"Not so quick! Let us imagine these interstitches a little further. At first, one might have taken them for mere lines in-between the smoothness of the patches that they keep apart/together. On a closer look, however, things may be a little more complicated than that. When we look at them with a magnifying glass, we may be able to see the meshes, the combinations of *verticality* and *horizontality*, which they are made of. These interstitches ... could they be locations of ambivalence? They include *this*, but also *that*, they have *plus* but also *minus*, they are *here*, but in a way also *there*. As such, they seem to have something of hybridity about them. They are, of course, interstitial. They're neither the one, nor the other. But then, they are a bit of both. But isn't this what borders always are like? Aren't borders always like hybrid zones of ambivalence, places of the in-between, where a promise of the one lurks,

but maybe also a promise of the other, or maybe both, or none? But if this is the case, then maybe this is what has happened to, or *on* the field of 'critical criminology': maybe the borders between the patches, maybe these interstitches, these locations of ambivalence and hybridity, just have spread across the field, while the smooth surfaces of the patches have shrunk accordingly. You could say that, on this field of criss-crossing, intertwining lines and curves, and of wriggling nodes in networks, the messy clews have now taken centre stage, while the smooth patches, you know, that have something of coherence, or purity about them, are now gradually receding into the backdrop. The patches of purity, on the clewy field of contemporary 'critical criminology', are now the border zones. I guess I'm just saying that one would not want to be a receding speck of purity, an *ex-patch*, on today's clewy, wriggling field of 'critical criminology'. If you are, you're bound to end up anxiously watching your borders, guarding them from the lashing and fraying lines that relentlessly move and wriggle, somewhere 'out there'. And you would rather quickly realise that the only way out of this conundrum, well this *mess* really, is to connect with other specks of crumbling purity, just, you know, in order to fight off the threats of the clewy monsters of impurity. But then, for one to be able to connect onto those other specks, one would need to pass through those monstrous zones, and one would be likely to get enmeshed in them, only to get monstrously hybridised in the process. But then again, if one would have connected onto other specks of purity (even when having somehow avoided the passage through the zones of monstrosity), one would have hybridised and turned into a monstrous node anyway. This feels like a catch 22 situation, I know. Zygmunt Bauman once called it, well, I

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1 finally have to say it, haven't I: postmodernity;
 2 an age when so many have come to realise that
 3 ambivalence and hybridity cannot be eradicated,
 4 no matter how hard we try. What we *can* do, of
 5 course, on this wriggling field of monstrosity, is
 6 to negotiate the impossibilities, is to negotiate the
 7 possibilities with and during every move in the
 8 clew network of nodes.

9 "Now, this field of 'critical criminology', is it
 10 more like a patchy field, like a patchwork? Or has
 11 it already been turned, been churned into this
 12 wriggling mess of monsters?"

"I have to admit that I don't know. Well, maybe
 this field is somewhere halfway in-between
 patches, clews and smooth surfaces. But I guess
 that would, finally, make it a clew anyway.
 Maybe there's still some patchiness around, while
 the lines and clews are already gaining ground.
 Maybe the one is there, as well as also the other.
 Or both. Or none. Maybe it's a real mess. More
 like a jungle, or a marsh, or a marshy jungle, like
 the jungles Rod Giblett had in mind, where hybrid
 slime and mud hold thousands of futures and
 possibilities, as well as the powers to close them
 off. Indeed, marshy jungles, where any location
 could be a marshy, hybrid, monstrous node from
 where things can go either way; they can either
 stay put or move, either go here or there, either
 open up possibilities or block them off, either lead
 to a patch of purity or into a mess of fraying lines
 and clews, either bring hope and light, or dark
 depression. Jungles, indeed, that have to be
 negotiated, any second of the day (and night),
 anywhere, wherever one moves, and where the
 experience of previous negotiations may not
 always be of much help during a next move."

'....' (silence here).

"I can hear you thinking. Something like: 'So far
 this journey has been a metaphorical evocation of,
 or a meditation on contemporary life. But what
 has this got to do with critical criminology?'"

"Exactly!"

"Mind you. I do understand the question. I do
 respect the urgency, or impatience perhaps, with

which it is being asked here. The sense of
 disorientation that may be felt in it. The
 disgust, maybe. The desire for clarity. For
 purity. Let me talk about boundaries and
 desire. Hasn't critical criminology always been
 about both? Take boundaries. Haven't critical
 criminologists always been contesting
 boundaries? Boundaries between those on the
 inside, and those on the outside? I think that, in
 a way, the ultimate object of critique (you
 know, critique, as in critical criminology) has
 always been *the boundary* and, of course, the
 powers behind them, the powers that be that
 drew them (that drew the boundaries I mean).
 Well, if this has been the case, then don't you
 think that people who call themselves 'critical
 criminologists' should reflect on what
 boundaries might be like, today? I mean, are
 they like stitches? Interstitches? Or are they
 like rhizomes, like clews sprawling,
 intertwining and criss-crossing into each other?
 This seems to be a very important question.
 Suppose we are now drifting into an age where
 patches of purity, spaces of coherence, are
 receding, and clews are fraying and sprawling
 everywhere. Then this would mean that any
 point of contemporary life would be a node or
 a multitude of lines crossing. Imagine the
 likelihood for us to predict which one of lines
 that converge there (that is, which one of the
boundaries) would be dominating this point
 (the situation, the event, if you like). Now
 wouldn't we have kind of a complex situation
 going on there? How to negotiate a multitude
 of boundaries that are at play in every specific
 context, in every particular situation? How to
 make sense of them? Can we just jump out of
 the node of lines that make up life's situations,
 can we just make ourselves a smooth and
 coherent space somewhere, a patch of purity as
 I've been calling them, and hope that choices
 will be simple and easy? I mean, where the *ins*
 and *outs* are kind of clear-cut, neatly
 interstitched, as it were. But why do I use the

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word 'choices' here? As if people themselves would not have turned into nodes, or patches, or something in-between; as if they would be built around coherent selves that would spend their lifetime making deliberations and making 'choices'."

"Well, there's a lot of questions here. But ..."

"But there's more to come yet. I promised to say something about desire. Now, hasn't 'critical criminology' always been about desire?"

"You tell me."

"I mean, the desire for better world, for example. A desire for a place free of oppression and domination. I admit, sometimes this desire had a certain utopistic tinge about it, but that need not be the case, of course. For so many 'critical criminologists,' it is this desire for strategies and policies out of oppression and domination that, in so many ways, underscores their 'critique'."

"So?"

"Well, here again, we might ask ourselves, how does desire flow these days? Nicely and neatly? Or is it fraying, clewing, and wriggling in so many multitudes? Imagine the lines and clews again. Suppose desire flows and connects and disconnects along lines like these? As with Deleuze's *lines of flight*. Imagine desire indeed flows like that, how can we, as 'critical criminologists', experts of desire if you wish, ever be sure what complex of desire we are dealing with at any given point in time, in any given situation. Can we ever know which lines and clews have led to the formation of a given event, situation, point, that is, to the formation of a specific node of desire? But there's more. Can 'critical criminologists' ever be sure nowadays which lines have produced *their own* desires, their own 'critique', at any given point? Do we know, as 'critical criminologists', which lines we are fleeing on? Fleeing from what? Fleeing towards where? And how are our own lines and clews

connected onto or enmeshed within other lines and clews? And how can we still see boundaries in all that, determine what is in or out? How can we do that when we realise that our 'critique' is only a tip of an iceberg, or, better still, a little flower perhaps on top of a massive mangrove-like jungle of lines and clews, connections and disconnections that we may have accumulated over the years, our years of 'critical' experience. Imagine all the lines from all those histories, all those geographies that may have hybridized in them."

"Ah yes, but hopefully a bit less mangrove-like in my nodes than in yours."

"Good point. As mangrove-like as you desire, dear. Desire."

"Alright, then. Suppose I agree with all you've said so far. But still I'd say, there's not enough critical criminology in all this."

"Funny, I'd have expected you to say something like that. I thought I'd been talking critical criminology all the time. But since you explicitly ask. Let us take two recent books on critical criminology. Two books I like very much actually. You have read René van Swaaningen's book *Critical Criminology: Visions from Europe*, haven't you? And George Pavlich's *Critique and Radical Discourses on Crime*. Very well. The former, as you will recall, has an erudite van Swaaningen exploring a number of critical criminologies, such as left realism, abolitionism, *guarantismo* and human rights criminology, feminist criminology, while he tries to salvage from each of these what he thinks is worthwhile saving on the road to 'social justice'. René van Swaaningen thus tries to answer questions like 'how can all these theoretical perspectives, in an age of law and order, and of *actuarial justice*, contribute to thinking and practising 'social justice'?"

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1 What is useful on that road to ‘social justice’,
 2 and what can be discarded? What can lead us
 3 out of law and order societies, and of the
 4 coldness of managerial actuarialism? And so
 5 on. van Swaaningen has been at pains to
 6 explore the boundaries and desires of and
 7 within a number of ‘critical criminologies’,
 8 and he has mobilised a specific set of
 9 boundaries and desires (a specific set from
 10 within *his* nodes) to select some elements and
 11 to reject others, and to subsequently produce a
 12 new set of boundaries and desires (they go
 under the name of ‘social justice’, that’s what
 van Swaaningen tells us). Fair enough. But
 remember the patchwork I spoke of at the
 beginning of my meditation? It looks to me as
 if van Swaaningen has been imagining this
 field of ‘critical criminology’ as a series of
 interstitched patches. Here’s left realism,
 there’s feminism, and this is human rights,
 and so on. Nice and clear, smooth surfaces.
 Nice stitches. The result of van Swaaningen’s
 churning this patchwork, ultimately, was a
 redrawing of the patchwork around a new
 patch (his) which he was able to produce and
 insert amongst the others. van Swaaningen
 says something like: ‘we want out of law and
 order societies, we don’t want managerial
 approaches to social problems, we want to
 build a road to ‘social justice’ instead, and this
 and that could help us build such a road, but
 we don’t want that’. A real *tour de force*, one
 has to admit. But we do end up with yet
 another patch in a reshuffled patchwork. Now,
 as to Pavlich. He is not so much interested in
 critical criminologies. He’s more interested in
 life as such, in how desire and boundaries
 work nowadays. How the desire of/for control
 works, for example. But that’s not the most
 important difference with van Swaaningen.
 The difference is more one of ... imagination,
 indeed. To Pavlich, ‘critique’, as in ‘critical

criminology’, is something that should thrive
 (yes, *should*, Pavlich is no stranger to boundaries
 and desire!) on a refusal «to be governed
 thus». Critical criminologists, according to
 Pavlich, should be very suspicious whenever a
 coherence, something like a source of ordering,
 pops up. Critical criminology, then, is a never-
 ending refusal to submit to sources of order, a
 refusal to ordering structures, a refusal, indeed,
 to be governed in particular ways. Pavlich
 realises that such is possible. If anything, this
 age has produced the conditions to do so.
 Critique here is something that moves, it is a
 thing of movement. I’d like to think that, in
 Pavlich’s critical criminological space, life is
 something of an endless surfing of lines and a
 restless series of movements of a particular
 desire, a desire that refuses to be stopped or
 blocked. A desire for *refusals*, if you wish, to be
 turned into neatly interstitched patches, neither
 by *governmental* institutions, nor by specific
 ‘critical criminologies’.

“Sounds to me as if you have picked two critical
 criminologies, each one of them at the end of a
 spectrum. But how about jungles? If indeed we
 have slipped, as you seem to be claiming, into
 kind of an in-between age, somewhere in-
 between patchworks and restlessly wriggling
 lines and clews, then you should rightly
 conclude that neither van Swaaningen nor
 Pavlich has been able to think boundaries and
 desire appropriately.”

“I’d say yes *and* no to both van Swaaningen and
 Pavlich. That, to me anyway, seems to be an
 appropriate answer in an age of in-betweenness.
 An age of monsters, remember? Yes, because, to
 a considerable extent, there is room for both
 models in a monstrous age. No, because that
 very same room of course will also *impossibilise*
 each of the models. Take van Swaaningen’s
 critical criminology. He has done a remarkable
 job in slowing down the messy nodes of

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boundaries and desire. But in ignoring the restless nodes of multiplicity that may be going on in and in-between patches, I think van Swaaningen may have paid too high a price. He may have missed the possibility that events are likely to be nodes where a multitude of desires and boundaries may be passing through. Anyone interested in 'social justice' these days may be interested in how these multitudes might be exploited. That is, how can possibilities and impossibilities in specific events be mobilised in specific contexts, and how can they be mobilised differently in another. In other words, I could say, 'how can we negotiate these nodes? how can we negotiate *with* others about these nodes?'. I don't think that Pavlich would have a problem with this, but then, on the other hand, I think there's too little slowness in his Nietzschean frayings. Sometimes specific boundaries and specific desire may be able to produce specific coherences, for a while likely, and there may not always be an urgent need to refuse them. In a way, Pavlich's restless refusal, his model of « not to be governed thus », as far as there's some purity in it, could be seen, indeed experienced, as a patch of coherence in its own right; it could be seen and felt as a mode of ordering or governance in its own right."

"Damned if you do, damned if you don't. That's what I hear in your meditations."

"You may be right about that. Ours is an impossible age. But I promised not to mention postmodernity anymore."

"But, then, ... how to imagine critical criminology. What should it look like?"

"You don't give up, do you? What should it look like? Like Marcos."

"Marcos?"

"Well, you know, Subcomandante Marcos. Marcos and the neo-Zapatistas, in Chiapas, Mexico."

"I knew it! I knew this was once again going to be a postmodern thing. Hasn't the Zapatista revolution been dubbed 'the first postmodern revolution'?"

"Yes it has. But this seems irrelevant to me. The question is, what did the Zapatistas say and do?"

"Well, what did they say and do?"

"I guess I have one more minute left to say a few words neo-Zapatismo. Imagine the Mexican state party that ruled the country from 1917 until last year. Refusals by consecutive PRI governments to effectively implement agrarian land reforms had, from the end of the 1960s onwards, caused hundreds of thousands of indigenous people to settle in Chiapas' highland jungle. A people out-of-place in an inhospitable landscape, they welcomed a few hard-line Marxist revolutionaries (amongst them Marcos; this is not his real name of course) who soon found out that cherished revolutionary truths did not fit very well in the mountains. As to the mountains, and the jungle: they very often were, and are, says Marcos, very wet and muddy. After heavy rains, which are quite frequent, the mountains and the jungle quickly turn into a marshy area where it is hard to *negotiate* the meandering muddy footpaths, as well as the very few roads. The mountains and the marshy jungle, writes Marcos, may, on the one hand, provide shelter for the displaced Indigenous peoples and revolutionaries of Chiapas, on the other hand, they also force the latter to be inventive, to be *imaginative* in order to be able to *negotiate* the hybrid and ambivalent conditions which the elements, and life, throws at them. Mud, again, can be a very source of imaginative invention. Not quite land, not quite water, not quite the One, not quite the Other, the location of ambivalence and undecidability, it holds no guarantees, only possibilities, and these can be put to good use during the many negotiations life in the mountains consists of. This, a hybrid, ambivalent place of constant negotiation, of

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creative inventiveness and of imagination, is where displaced Indigenous people met with displaced urban revolutionaries. Here is where an ambivalent, hybrid revolution grew. Here is where neo-Zapatismo emerged, a world of possibility, rather than one of necessity and guarantees; a world, as Louis Wolcher had it recently, where nothing forces people to either cling to or to reject the One (or the Other). Everything can be put to use, somewhere, in and during Zapatista negotiations. There, in marshy Chiapas, in the Lacandon jungle, where voices, forms and styles, hopeful desires and memories from the most diverse corners of Mexico, indeed, of the world, were able to gather in a space of possibility and imagination. In this jungle, this one-time-peripheral-satellite-turned-centre-of-communication, from this *multiplied* singularity, humanity has been, and is being negotiated and re-negotiated. With and within a multitude of voices, styles, forms, hopes and desires, from and towards a quasi-unlimited number of audiences and communicators. With what we tend to call 'reason', with force, with threats, with sensuality, with hope in beating hearts, with 'tender fury' (as Marcos writes somewhere in one of his more poetic texts), these negotiations take place. Not only during official negotiations with the Mexican government. Those are not all that important. But more so during negotiations with anyone who would care to join in the exchange of communications. And also during negotiations of life. Jungle life .. I mean, during life in the Lacandon jungle, of course, but also during jungle life in another sense : contemporary life, the life of multitudes. Universes, communities, differences and voices are invited to join these negotiations. They are invited to express themselves in these negotiations. They are invited to aspire and to shape themselves in and through these negotiations. In short, they are invited to negotiate (humanity). Zapatista life, jungle life: a life thoroughly beyond *as well as* within humanity's universe; a life well beyond *as well as* within the heartfelt warmth of community; a life beyond *as well as* within the reason of difference or the desire of identity; a life, in short, where all these words do not matter all that much anymore. Much more could be said, but I'm afraid I have to get out over there, at the next bus stop."

"So is Marcos a postmodern critical criminologist then?"

"What if I were to say that 'critical criminology' is about negotiation? I mean, it's about negotiating nodes of multiplicity. Negotiating monsters of multiplicity. It's about negotiating jungles really, jungles of boundaries and desire. And it's about realising that it's about negotiation. What do you think? Critical criminology as the desire for negotiation? Critical criminology as the negotiation of humanity. Critical criminology *as* negotiation, if you wish."

"Now I recall the phrase that, as you mentioned at the beginning, made you think. What we have been doing just now, has this been a dialogue? Or negotiation?"

"You decide now. We shall negotiate further tomorrow."

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ON MEMORIAL DAY LETS NOT FORGET ABOUT THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR ON DRUGS!

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On Memorial Day, as we take stock of who we must remember, perhaps legislators, policymakers, and the general public should also consider the establishment of a national monument to the War on Drugs.

To the War on Drugs? Come on, get real, or give me a break some may say, but consider the following.

We are a nation of monuments. Americans have memorials to great events and people, especially those who have unnecessarily suffered. These structures call attention to our history, which is all too often and quickly forgotten or misconstrued by future generations, and those prone to rapid amnesia.

Since the Reagan administration, a phenomenal amount of resources have been channeled primarily into monitoring and interdicting illegal drugs, and a paltry amount of energy to the treatment of illegal drug users. Traditionally referred to as the supply versus demand reduction approach, this has resulted in sentences which have become harsher for possession and trafficking of most types of illegal drugs, which in turn has lead to a crisis of overcrowding in our state and federal prisons. In part, because of the Anti-Drug Act of 1986, the 1988 Omnibus Anti-Crime Abuse Act, "Three strikes your out" laws, and mandatory minimums, we now have a situation where 2 percent of the male population in the United States is behind bars. In some communities, one in every three African-American males is either

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incarcerated or under the supervision of the Criminal Justice system (e.g., probation or parole), primarily because of the War on Drugs.

1 Not only have individuals been affected, as each year millions of people are arrested, jailed, and sent
2 to prison, but the effects have been felt society wide in the loss of economic and social capital, and
3 the devastation of many impoverished neighborhoods. This is evident not only where I work and live,
4 Baltimore and Washington D.C. respectively, but also other urban inner-city communities that are
pretty much devastated by the manufacture and sale of drugs and the militarization of law
enforcement which has taken place at a rate unparalleled in U.S. history.

5 During the past two decades police have stepped up their stopping, questioning and arresting of drug
6 crime suspects. Some communities are indistinguishable from Beirut during the 1980s, or Kosvo
during the U.N. bombings.

7 Some inner-city residents routinely see their neighbors being arrested on street corners and homes
8 being broken into through drug raids searching for minute amounts of illegal drugs. This kind of
9 activity would never be tolerated in the suburbs. More than likely you can find more drugs in
10 suburban
11 shopping malls or university dormitories, than our so-called drug infested cities.

12 A national Memorial to the War on Drugs will call attention to not only to the citizen victims, but to
law enforcement personnel who have given their lives in the noble pursuit of their jobs. These are the
front line workers who, through following orders have placed their lives in danger, have been injured,
and in some cases have paid the ultimate price by losing their lives.

The Reagan administration carefully reoriented our national priorities from a focus on a war on
poverty and crime in general, to target drugs, including their users and buyers, has been declared by
many astute observers radical, liberal and conservative as a failed policy. These sets of objectives
have been carried forward through the Bush, Clinton, and Bush administrations. No other advanced
industrialized country spends as much money as the United States in interdiction then we do. And the
success of this investment has been less than desirable.

My proposal to create a War on Drugs memorial isn't meant to trivialize other monuments on the
Mall, or one for the victims of the 9/11 attacks, or in other public places throughout the country, that
honor the memory of victims of war.

While we can leave the debate as to where, and what the War on Drugs memorial will look like to a
later time, it is a way of calling attention to the possibility that perhaps we as nation, as an example to
the rest of the world, are mature enough to admit our costly mistakes, and begin reexamining our
values and priorities, and ultimately place more emphasis on treatment, rebuilding communities and
healing those who have suffered the most under the War on Drugs.

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