

No Limit

UBERMORGEN
Kasseler Kunstverein

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Curated by
Michelle Kasprzak

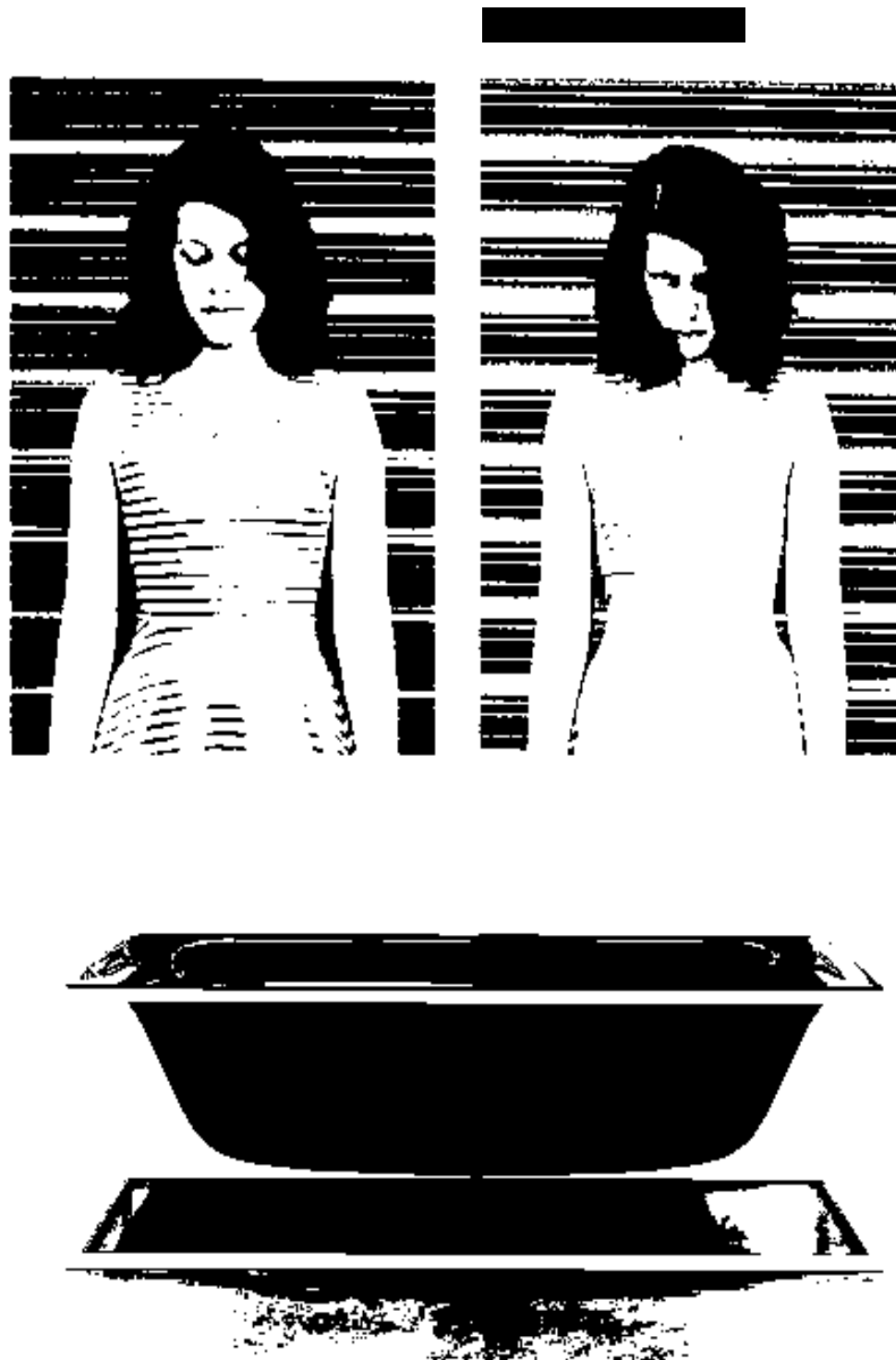


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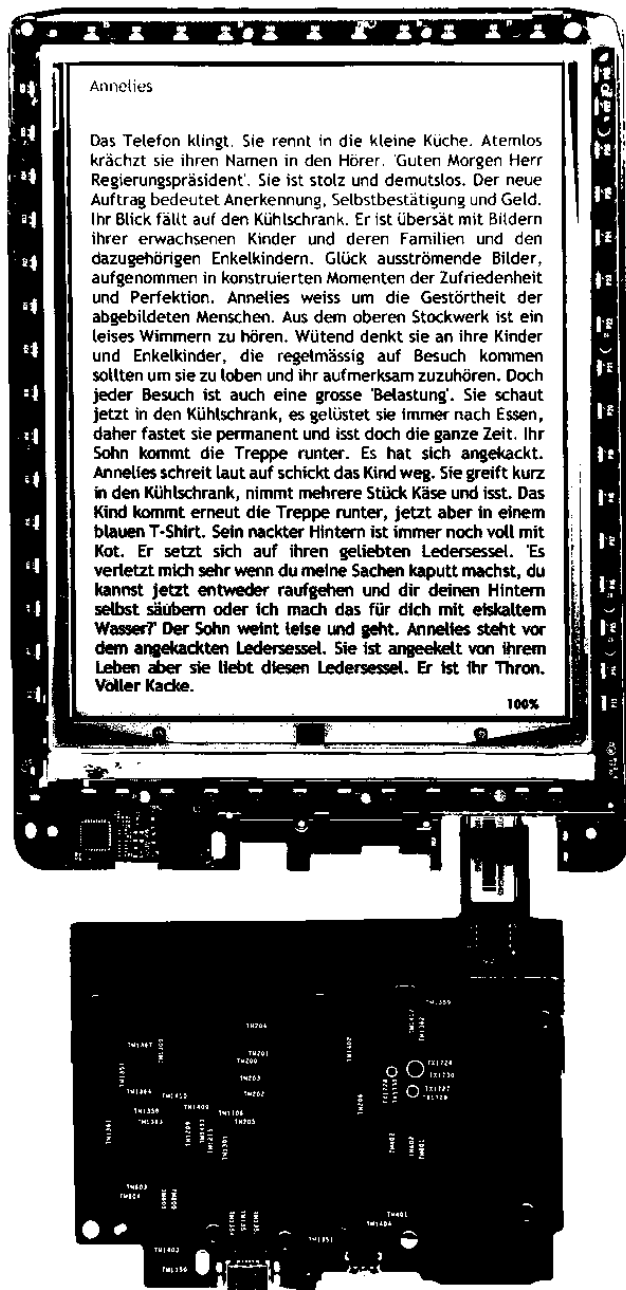
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About the Exhibition

Capitalist logic and the language based on it - Newspeak - enable psychopaths and perverse narcissists to wreak havoc in the core of our social system. Evil is banal, it is universal and it has a shared language. Evil transcends our imagination. The disciplinarian glance and the microphysics of power culminate in the subjective contemplation of the antisocial and narcissistic personality disorder and of Silicon Valley autism. These categories colonise our thought world and the collective madness homo sapiens is caught up in becomes symbolically visible. Madness is an evolutionary advantage (Pääbo): no limit. The psychopathology of disturbances and the lack of empathy lead to the discovery of glitches and mutations. Antisocial homo sapiens is coldblooded and manipulative; he is hardwired to seek his own advantage and will stop at nothing. A Starbucks Vanilla Latte is worth more than the life of a human being. The 'Other' is reduced to the function of bearing witness to one's own grandiosity and one's own monstrosity, 'it' becomes part of the narcissist's inflated ego. As individuals we have acquired the knack of holding our own against psychopaths, as a society we are powerless. As a collective we fail to take evil into consideration, the Californian wolf in sheep's clothing, and therefore face extinction. Existing as human beings is unthinkable without empathy, nevertheless empathy ranks as a human handicap. Human beings without empathy do not deserve that name. We cast a limitless glance at a highly dysfunctional family (grandmother, mother, father, daughters, sons), at causes and effects and extrapolate from individual fault clusters to society. What is evil per se becomes 'hyperreal' if it is made visible and it can then be controlled (Baudrillard). Post-capitalist logic and the language resulting from it - Doublespeak - will make it impossible for psychopaths, Californian autists and perverse narcissists to wreak havoc in the core of our social system. This is a fictitious exhibition. Any resemblance to real persons or circumstances is unintended and purely coincidental.

Curated by Michelle Kasprzak - <http://no-limit.org>

Curatorial Essay by Michelle Kasprzak

What Use Are Other People?

What use are other people? In a contemporary culture featuring the arms race of social media likes and badges, the Quantified Self, smartphone streaming, and all manner of highly-performative humblebrags, what use is the other but just as a witness to our own magnificence and monstrosity? In their recent essay *The Dads of Tech*, Astra Taylor and Joanne McNeil slay the “crackpot utopianism” of Silicon Valley culture and observe that “social networks like Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr, Foursquare, and Snapchat reliably reflect and perpetuate the values of the young men who started them”, and that even further down the food chain slackjawed coders “develop technologies to solve the trivial problems that beset their cohort—laundry and meeting girls—with apps like Washio and Down”. Or, as critic and theorist Jeanne Randolph noted in the years of the dot com bubble, “...moral conundrums are the scaffolding upon which all technological devices are built.”

California's technology culture (and to varying degrees, the incubators, innovation parks and TED-type conferences modelled on this culture the world over) is mocked for being autistic, but this is a lazy and inaccurate diagnosis: the incessant self-regard and entitlement complexes on display are more characteristic of narcissists and psychopaths than those on the autistic spectrum. It is an easy and deadly mistake to read the frozen, utterly self-absorbed affect of the narcissist as a harmless case of Asperger's. When these tendencies are paired with the

American Dream, the American right to the pursuit of happiness enshrined in its Declaration of Independence has devolved into an narcissistic entitlement - the right to happiness itself.

The nuclear family is an essential part of that dream, but it is here where we can be most fundamentally betrayed. In this exhibition, *No Limit*, UBERMORGEN unravels the familial taboos, terrible silences, outright lies, and manipulations which become the norm when a pathological narcissism or psychopathy takes hold. As Stephen Wise notes in his book *Child vs. Parent*, “The continuity of parental functioning is suggested by the Hebrew origin of the term, child, which is etymologically connected with builder, parents being not the architects of a moment but the builders of a lifetime.” Some are born sick (and this is hidden under layers of denial) and some are made sick.

Naturally, the presence of malignant mental illness in the family home allows a host of other destructive behaviours to flourish. Making art as a response is a difficult task: a serious artist would hesitate to make art with a solely therapeutic aim, but it would also be impossible to say that any artwork produced in the wake of such deep trauma was untouched by it. Novelist Edward St. Aubyn has written five volumes of fictionalised memoir about his privileged upbringing at the hands of a psychopath father and narcissist mother (undiagnosed). Recalling that after many

years, telling his mother of the sexual abuse he suffered at the hands of his father, ““She said, ‘Me, too’ ”—meaning that his father had raped her as well. “She was very, very keen to jump the queue and say how awful it was for her.”” Though the novels are clearly based on St. Aubyn's life, and come after a spectacular bout of extreme addiction and years of psychoanalysis, “...it would pain him if readers mistook a twenty-year literary project for a therapeutic one.” Herein is the conundrum of tackling the topic of psychopathy and narcissism in art: one runs the risk of being accused of using art as therapy, or of also being a narcissist.

Our starting point in this exhibition is the home and family. Through the prism of the multi-generational portrait in *No Limit*, we see how lives can be built by family ties and also destroyed, with survival technique piled on survival technique, and self-involvement causing immunity to others' pain. A central point of the exhibition is the defunct refrigerator, with not a single Tupperware container of homemade goodies inside, only a few lonely store-bought items amid a spooky glow. These household items in the exhibition - the refrigerator, the bathtub, the couch, sideboard and carpet - appear slick at first glance but upon further inspection are cheap, giving a sense of the shallow world our cast of characters inhabits.

The massive and total eruption of narcissistic and psychopathic-friendly culture, spreading through every Chrome browser and App Store worldwide, has inevitably shaped our expectations of each other, with emerging evidence suggesting that we become disposable items to each other - empathy is extinct. Though technology and

cultural globalisation have greatly increased the potential number of victims, the voices in this exhibition reach through the ages, showing that narcissism and psychopathy in pre-internet times were simply enacted more locally (particularly at home, where it is most keenly felt). As we see in the Grandmother figure in this exhibition, who lived in wartime but “did not really notice anything about the war”, it was still possible then to practise un-networked narcissism. Remarks around the family dinner table about Hitler's acts spoiling your plan to attend school in Germany was as about far as her narcissistic outrage could spread, pre-Facebook. One of the few core values which ensures we live in civilization and not as warring animals is empathy, but this value has little currency today, and none with narcissists and psychopaths. Then add the layer of capitalism to the psychopathic edge of technology culture, and there's no empathy if, for example, you fail to earn your crust. Couldn't you rent your living room on Airbnb, drive more miles for Uber, or take your clothes off on a webcam once in a while?

Sam Vaknin, himself a narcissist and an uncredentialed expert, writes in *Narcissistic and Psychopathic Leaders*: “[The narcissist] behaves arrogantly and haughtily. Feels superior, omnipotent, omniscient, invincible, immune, “above the law”, and omnipresent (magical thinking). Rages when frustrated, contradicted, or confronted by people he or she considers inferior to him or her and unworthy.” In the rework of Elliot Rodger's YouTube rants, the way in which the artists have manipulated and distorted the image provides a softened mask, so that we can stomach hearing an entitled and confused young man declare “I don't know why you girls aren't attracted to me but I will punish you

all for it” before he proceeds on his shooting spree. Where Grandmother may have had to content herself with an internal monologue, today we see that the endless droning of an injured narcissist is perfect for YouTube: mixed among the millions of other uploads, and addressed to no one, Rodger's chilling arrogance and threats go totally unnoticed, until it is too late to stop him.

Madness is an extreme, but so is genius. By definition, to be an outlier is to be exceptional. Exceptionalism is also strongly present in technology culture and creative culture. Jeanne Randolph says, on the intersection of representations of the body and technology: “In our era we must rely almost exclusively on culture (offered by artists, by philosophers, by psychoanalytic theorists, by intellectuals) not science to bring speculation where it is least welcome. Today if it is least welcome because everyone is counting on the apparent omnipotence of computerization to represent us to ourselves, tomorrow some other medium will promise to represent us to ourselves more accurately, more precisely, foretelling the glory of “redefining what it is to be human”. Speculation luxuriates in “reinterpretations of what it is to be human.” Ethics hinges on the difference.” This exhibition provides a harrowing view of a tormented emotional landscape, which can get better or worse as technology increasingly enters the mix. Through this suite of works, the artists invite us to look into the mirror and our family trees, to have the courage to speculate on what impact our failings have on our creations: our families, our technologies, and ourselves.

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Interview with UBERMORGEN

Michelle Kasprzak: When and how did you begin the research for these new works?

Hans Bernhard: We have a long-running history with obsessive research -- a kind of fetish Liz and I have -- about serial killers. Until recently it was more of a side-track alongside our main topics such as torture, migration, energy, mental illnesses, e-commerce, Somali piracy and more, but then a few years ago we started to research the dark triad, psychopathy and malignant narcissism, personality disorders, Machiavellianism, and Silicon Valley Autism. This obsession turned into fascination turned into astonishment about the relevance of this research both on the individual level as well as on the global scale. Today we even think that these disorders -- glitches -- have a important impact on human evolution, so we jumped into more serious research. We spent a good part of the last two years doing just that. Before that, we were working on mental illness and the surrounding conditions both institutionally and individually in the *Psychos Cycle*; most recently the *Psychos Portrait Series*. This Cycle was initiated in 2005 after discovering videos that I produced during my stay at a mental institution in 2002. We retrieved the material and used it for the NTT ICC Museum Show 'Open Nature' in Tokyo in 2005. The personal aspects are not necessarily relevant for the viewer, but the transformation of the research into a show might be a process driven by personal urges. But in the end, the

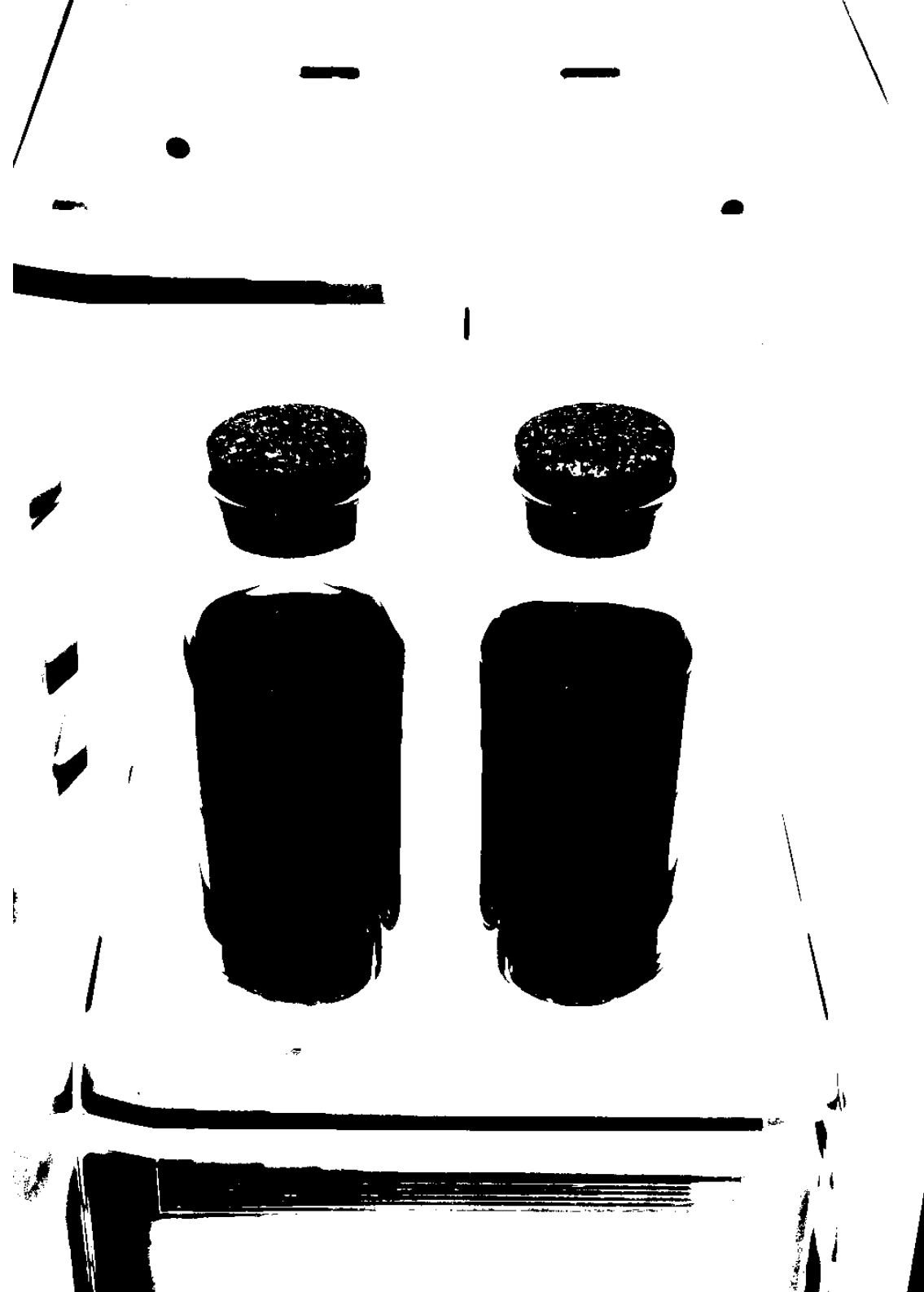
products are not defined by where they come from, or what the motivation was behind them, but by what they are, how they feel, how they look, how people perceive and interact with them. Every object, every biography, and everything else is subject to intentional manipulation and shifting contexts. So what we do best is turning ideas into research and research into projects and projects into stories and stories into fictionalized truth.

MK: Indeed, the works in the show are fictionalised truth, a creative riff on reality. Can you tell us a bit more about the balance between fiction and reality in the pieces?

HB: In the *No Limit* show, all pieces are based on real characters that we actually know: family, friends, friends of friends, children and parents. They are hyper-real in fact, but by working with them they become something else, we start to own it, we start to sculpt it, spin it, contextualize it, connect it and release it. But yes, the stories are fictionalized, moulded into how we want them to look like and contextualized to fit into our dystopian vision of this *No Limit* family at the center of the exhibition. We combined the seven stories into a family saga using the traditional art form of the fairytale, in the context of the show taking place in the

Kassel, the city of the brothers Grimm. It's fantastic to be part of this process, from early thoughts to actual objects and people continuing your thoughts and giving feedback, associations, and ideas back to you. For example, with Paul Celan's 'Death Fugue' where the main identifier -- next to the sentence that 'Death is a master from Germany' -- is this black milk, everybody remembers this line, so when they walk into our show and see all the black ink: the hyper-stylish bathtub with the black ink, the fridge with the milk bottles filled with black ink, the Amazon Kindles stripped to their electronic components which use black e-ink to display text, not so different from pre-printing press book-making. In the end, the beauty of it is that the morality of the whole thing equals zero. There is no answer, there is just a very strange feeling within the space, horrible moments described in video, text, and visible in the installations and printed paintings. It is killing me, the beauty of it, the contradiction is tearing my heart apart. The aesthetic, textual, and configurational aspects working as a whole is very powerful.

Lizvix: The images in the show, as well as the fridge, portray real characters, though some of them represent the inner self of the original characters, and some the shallow surface of their personalities. I'm especially happy with the fridge, this piece is in a way more real than the character in real life. This piece really strips out the bullshit that this narcissistic person manages to portray with her human body and mannerisms and thus shows nothing but this person's true self.



For the photographic images, we focused on the fundamental emotion that drives the individual characters, like fear, anger, contempt, indifference, disgust.

MK: How are we meant to view the relationships between the "characters" in the show?

HB: You can just walk through the show and see what there is to see, however, if spend more time and energy, you can start to combine the characters and see the family. If you start seeing the family, it will be obvious that there are some major flaws in the functionality of the relationships and the individual positions. So then you can look at the systemic level and analyse the many hints, traps and secret layers to be discovered. You can decide whether you want to approach with your heart or your analytical brain. The high-level humans will be able to do both and combine the emotional approach with an analytical viewpoint, which could be fruitful. But now I have to stop here for a moment and play a high-stakes poker tournament, because you don't want to buy into the concept of making a living with shit like that. No Limit Texas Hold'em.

Lizvlx: To approach these relationships, I guess I would sit down on the couch and inhabit the characters of the fucked up parents and then read the fairy tale that we wrote.

MK: Tell us a bit about the environments in the show -- we have elements of the home mixed with projections

and images -- are we meant to see the gallery as a quasi-home environment?

HB: No. Yes. Yes, the rooms are supposed to create energy as they always do. We tried to enhance and fortify this energy by compressing a lot of information into a very pure, white and easy-on-the-eyes approach. This helps swallow the poison. The opposite strategy would be to shock and overpower people with information, data and a mix of aesthetics. But that is not the way we chose. The museum is a white cube, it is a place where people go to see art, they know it is not a living room, never ever would they be able to turn that off. So the main room, Blütenweisser Raum, is the essence and the center of the show, and you should look at the show as one installation and each room as an installation respectively. The projections are like the legs of the show, they ground it, they create a (fake) feeling of security, of the known, of what one would expect from a museum show today. The transformed textual -- or as I call them, Literature Objects -- objects are like images, frozen moments in time, descriptions of situations long past, they are gone, as Andrea and Olivia are gone, death by suicide after both of them feel ill to schizophrenia. The printed paintings are actually photographs but so manipulated, they might look like photographs but technically they classify as paintings. These were taken a few weeks before the opening of the show, with our two girls Billie and Lola Mae as models, in a sugar cane field on the highway in northern Mauritius. Last but not least the major objects: the fridge, the bathtub, the couch, the side-board and the huge carpet,

all composed similar to Mozart's Requiem, beautifully sweet and horribly sad, it's a symphony of mental illnesses and mentally ill people and the impact on their peers (children and the like), which is way beyond what we can imagine. This is true evil. It exists and it lives in white overly-perfect and over-sized side-boards, huge plastic-leather couches and sündenhaft expensive bathtubs. This is not a parody but it seems like it is, because it is so extreme.

MK: In the description of the show there is an interesting point about how we can sometimes figure out how to defend ourselves against narcissists and psychopaths as individuals, but as a society we are helpless against them. Why is that, and can that be changed?

HB: It seems to us that due to our current oligarchic but also capitalist system one of the consequences is our inability to defend ourselves against almost perfect predators, unempathic, manipulative and highly destructive people. How could we know evil if we can not imagine it? There is currently not much that we can do on a global level, except change our system and deny instant gratification for such behaviour.

Lizvix: This is a personal question, so I don't really want to answer it. Let me put it this way -- personally you can tell someone to fuck off if they are lying to and about you. If a whole system does the same thing, there is nothing much you can do about it, as long as systems have the power they have now.

MK: Tell us a bit more about the black milk in the fridge, and the poem about black milk that this references.

HB: *Black Ink* is an installation combining the five thousand Euro bathtub filled with black ink and the Diptych *Andrea and Olivia* (2014) that is surrounded by one frame. Celan writes about the concentration camp and he uses black milk as the liquid that the inmates were drinking in the morning and the evenings. Since I don't understand poetry I don't understand it, but I don't need to. The power of the words "black milk" and the power of the sequence that he wrote seems to have captured many minds and hearts and we are trying to capitalise on this association. One line goes like this: *Death is a master from Germany his eyes are blue, we drink you at sundown and in the morning we drink and we drink you.*

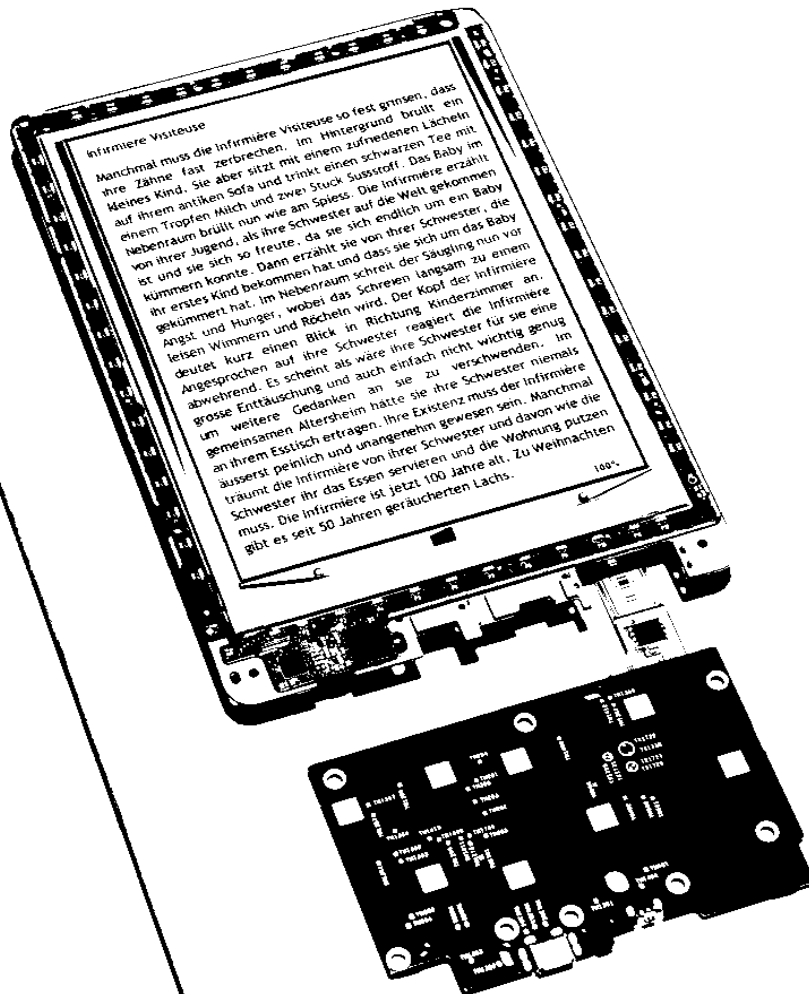
MK: Do you think it is inevitable, in a capitalist, technofetishistic world, that we all become either narcissists or psychopaths?

HB: There are some genetic pre-dispositions in becoming a psychopath, so the surroundings will have an impact on the development of the psychopath and if he can be a functioning member of society or the opposite, a threat to all of us. Here I would like to pose one dangerous and unpopular question: can we deny human rights to actors who are obviously non-human in their action, their biology and their development? The machine comes to mind, and this was actually a large part of the

preparation and research for this show: the question of whether the psychopath should be compared to a machine, but instead of acting as instructed (as a machine does), is the psychopath a machine built to destroy for pleasure, manipulate others and treat them as objects? As for narcissists, they believe that others are here to admire them, that's all, and they can become extremely frustrated and aggressive, and in the case of malignant narcissism, they can become extremely dangerous -- see Elliot Rodger, the Isla Vista spree-killer and son of the *No Limit* family. So it may well be that certain aspects of our media culture support narcissistic behaviour, and American pedagogics may help cultivate this personality disorder by emphasizing the positive aspects of everything in everyone. But malignant narcissism is in no way connected to other forms of non-lethal narcissism that can be found in many people: actors, politicians, business people. If we all became unempathic narcissists and psychopaths, humans would be extinct in a very short period of time -- maybe not as a species, but as what we understand humans to be, somehow compassionate, empathic, caring and altruistic as well as opportunistic, hard, cold and violent.

Lizyx: I don't think this is an inevitability at all. There are always many more good people than evil narcissistic psychopaths. The problem is, one drop of black ink darkens the water of a whole bottle, so it's not about not being a narcissist yourself, rather it's about fighting off that dark evil from your personal space and systems and keeping the psychopaths and narcissists where they belong... Well, don't ask me now where they really



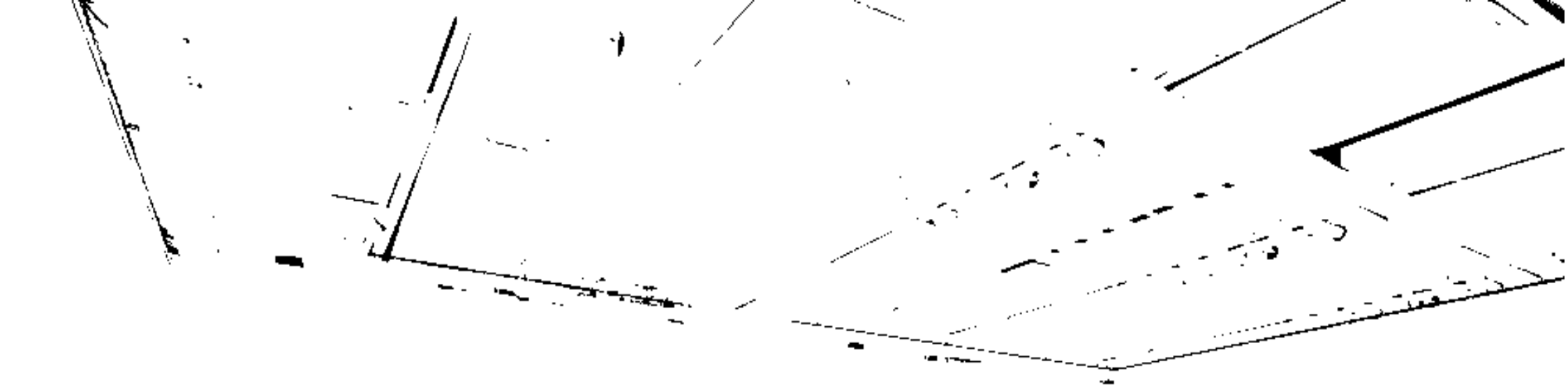


belong, in this metaphor they belong in a bottle which sounds fine with me!

MK: Which "character" in the show do you have the most sympathy for -- or, which one do you think is both attacker and victim?

HB: Andrea and Olivia are true victims, they never had a chance, they never will have another chance because they are dead, gone. Zoe is a similar case, but she's still alive and if she survives she will struggle for all her life, her quality of life will most probably be low, and she will not be a happy person. Anna is more of a fighter, she's surviving, she's having hard times but she's living her life because she's not terribly handicapped, and she's very intelligent, passionate, empathic and strong. On the other extreme, Simon is probably the most dangerous character, he will kill, guaranteed, and he may even be destined for large-scale destruction, perhaps as a corporate warrior, or warlord. Interestingly, Elliot has both roles, he is a perpetrator, a murderer, and he's guilty of what he did. On the other hand he is a very kaputt young man, a loser with a psychopathic father who probably never had a chance. He did have other options but chose to kill, and kill, and kill himself.

Lizvlx: I have the most sympathy for Elliot. I can't explain this, because this evolution of emotion happened through a process of disgust and boredom with him over quite a long period of time. Andrea and Olivia, I have motherly love for, and I can't feel anything for Zoe because she can't feel. That's sad but true.



A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time there was an old witch who gave birth to a daughter called Annelies. She took a dislike to her daughter because she stole people's attention. The witch had the child locked up in a box and had it thrown into deep water. A medical couple from the town happened to find the locked box and brought the girl up. Many years later it happened that the daughter started a family of her own. She, too, had a bad heart and a dislike of children. She lived in a huge house full of resplendent furniture white as snow. Her avaricious husband, Peter, was highly regarded by everyone in the village, but at home his children hated him because he was cold and conceited.

One day all the children gathered in the snow white living room: the twins Andrea and Olivia, Elliot, the firstborn son, rebellious Anna, courageous Simon and Zoe, the baby of the family. The children jointly devised a pact and Elliot, addressing them all, said, 'Our lives are black and unwholesome like coal dust. We want to go out into the world and tell everyone about our diabolical parents'.

The parents got wind of this scheme and flew into a terrible rage. They shouted the children down, saying: 'We'll make sure it's not going to be that easy for you. Anyone leaving this house must bring us three pieces of gold from the city and a white carpet'. Upon this, Andrea and Olivia took their leave and set off on their travels. They had heard of a place where help was a distant possibility. But the people there did not want to help

them. They did not believe their stories. And so it came about that these evil people told the parents, Annelies and Peter, everything. Andrea was so upset at this treachery that one night she threw herself into the well and drowned. On that same night the water of the well turned black forever. Olivia wept for seven days and seven nights. She could not live without her twin sister so she, too, courted death and perished in her turn. When the angry, grasping mother learnt about this, she took two glass bottles, a metal vat and a chalkboard and carried these things to the well. She filled the bottles and the vat with black water, dipped the chalkboard in the well and carried everything back into the kitchen.

Now it was the turn of Elliot, the elder brother. With his two sisters gone, he felt his loneliness even more keenly. He, too, took to the road, in search of a woman who might understand him and help him spread the story of his evil parents. However, never having learnt from his parents how to speak to people, he was unable to find such a woman, no matter how hard he searched. He only found incomprehension, indifference and rejection. The sense of being an outcast caused him so much pain that he decided to take revenge. On a cold winter's day he turned against all happy young people and killed them one after another with a long-bladed knife. Red blood ran in streams down the streets of the town and when he had done he turned the blade on himself and slowly bled to death. When the parents learnt about this in their snow white living room, they were beyond themselves with

outrage and Annelies and Peter said, 'What kind of people were these wretches who have allowed themselves to be killed by our son so that now we are looked at askance by the entire village community?'

Anna could brook the madness of her parents no longer and said, 'If you do not tell me why the water in the well has turned black I'm going to turn my back on this ill-omened house for ever'. The parents said, 'We know nothing'. So Anna left her parents' house to embark on an uncertain quest for recognition and love. She, too, remained faithful to the pact and told everyone she met in the course of her wanderings about her evil parents, her dead sisters and brother and the snow white living room. After some time she arrived at a castle. The queen was sitting on a snow white throne in her great white throne hall and said, 'I smell human flesh '. Anna got such a fright that she stumbled as she was making her escape and fell off a cliff. When her parents heard this, they rode in haste to the queen on their white horses, begging her to pardon them. This was the beginning of a friendship of many years.

This is how it came about that the only children left at home were Simon and Zoe. Simon had long forgotten all about the pact and had instead learnt everything about the life of his evil father. He had stopped longing for love and had understood that evil usually gains the upper hand over good. He killed animals, set fire to the woods and tortured his sister Zoe, who thereupon turned into a white rabbit. Zoe kept trying to feel anything at all but she had simply forgotten how having feelings worked. She paid a

visit to her grandmother to learn there how to have feelings but of course grandmother was a witch and instead of helping her she transmogrified her, using the power of the dark water, into a dark statue of beauty and stone.

Sitting in their living room, the parents stared contentedly at larger-than-life-size pictures of their children. 'I've had a bad dream', said Annelies. 'Don't hold it against the children', replied Peter. They were sitting on the edge of their oversized sofa, drinking black tea, and lived happily ever after in their snow white living room, dreaming of a perfect world, the exact replica of their imaginings.

The End



The Family Members

Annelies

The phone rings. She rushes to the small kitchen. Out of breath, she croaks her name into the receiver. 'Good morning, Mr President'. She is proud and unawed. The new commission means recognition, a boost to her ego and money. For a moment, her gaze settles on the fridge. It is littered with pictures of her grown-up children, their families and appropriate grandchildren. Pictures oozing happiness, shot in moments of contrived contentedness and perfection. Annelies knows about the disturbances of the people in this picture gallery. A faint whimper is to be heard from the upper floor. With a flush of anger she thinks of her children and grandchildren, who ought to pay her regular visits to shower her with praise and listen to her attentively. But every visit is also a major 'hassle'. She looks inside the fridge. She always feels peckish so she is on a continuous fast, yet eats all the time. Her son comes downstairs. He has soiled his pants. Annelies screams and sends the child away. She briefly reaches into the fridge, grabs several pieces of cheese and eats. The child comes down the staircase again, now wearing a blue T-shirt. His naked butt is still full of poo. He sits down in her beloved leather armchair. 'It really, really hurts when you ruin my things. You can either go upstairs now and clean your butt yourself or I'll do this for you with freezing water?' The son cries softly and goes away. Annelies stands in front of the leather armchair covered in poo. She feels revulsion at her life but she loves this leather armchair. It is her throne. Covered in poo.

Andrea and Olivia

The little child is standing on a rough bath rug next to the bathtub. The two little feet take up the entire rug. The water in the tub is freezing. The house is unheated. It is winter and the child is crying softly. It must have a bath and wash. Afterwards it is rubbed dry with a rough bath towel until the thin, almost transparent skin turns red. Its long brown hair is dripping with water that is running down the back of this little child. There is no mirror anywhere in the whole house. Mirrors foster self-love. The mother is somewhere in the house, a dry, sugarless cake is being baked in the oven. The father works in an office. In the house there are no sweets, no TV, no basic colours. The child lives in a toned down, deadened world. There are no comics and no gym shoes and there is no unconditional love. All sounds are muted and the child is alone. As if it had been marooned on an island. The child feels alone. In the house where it grows up there is no empathy. The impact of the external world dictates life inside, self-denial and self-chastisement life outside. There are no soft and round objects, everywhere, in the emotions as well as in the objects and the architecture, there are only edges, hard, sharp edges.

Infirmière Visiteuse

Sometimes the Infirmière Visiteuse has to grin so hard her teeth are about to shatter. In the background, the yelling of a small child. Undisturbed, she sits on her antique sofa with a contented smile, sipping her black tea with just a drop of milk and two Nutrasweet. The baby next door is now screaming its head off. The Infirmière goes on about her youth, when her sister was born and when she was so pleased because now at last there was a baby for her to look after. Then she talks about her sister, who had given birth to her first child. She was looking after the baby. In the room next door the baby is now screaming with fear and hunger. Its screams gradually subside to moaning and wheezing. The Infirmière's head briefly indicates a glance in the direction of the children's room. At the mention of her sister's name the Infirmière reacts defensively. It seems her sister is for her one big disappointment and simply not important enough to waste more thought on her. In the old people's home she had never tolerated her sister at her table during meal times. Her sister's mere existence must have been extremely embarrassing and obnoxious to the Infirmière. Sometimes she dreams of her sister and of how that woman has to serve food to her and clean the flat. The Infirmière is now 100 years old. Smoked salmon has been the traditional Christmas dinner for 50 years.

Simon

Simon's father is the owner of a cafeteria. He is good-looking, entertaining and a tippler. He is liked by the patrons. At home he is an angry and frustrated man. He cannot stand the sight of his wife. He regrets having fathered children. He has difficulties bottling up his anger. Simon's mother is a good-looking housewife with serious alcohol-related problems. In the evening Simon often has to look on as his father gives his wife a thrashing. Mostly he goes to another room or he watches with interest. There are children who are born as wrecks. Simon is such a child. Soon his parents separate. In pre-school Simon is active in all directions. What gives him the greatest pleasure is getting other children to do things they do not want to do. At six, he persuades girls to go to the toilet with him. There he gropes their private parts and inserts his fingers into their vagina. He gets double pleasure out of forcing his friend, Fritz, to join in. Simon is an intelligent child. He is simply afraid of nothing and no one. At 10, he is an accident waiting to happen. He has no sense of right and wrong. He is now capable of killing. The years go by. One winter afternoon, Simon stands in the kitchen, a bloody knife in his hand and a grin on his face. His mother is lying in a pool of blood. Simon pulls down her jeans and inserts two fingers into her vagina. Simon is now ready for the world. He cannot wait to exert his power without restraint to maximise his lust.

Elliot

Elliot is looking at the waves of the Pacific. Standing at the Beach Parking Space, he watches two teenagers making out on a bench. He simply cannot understand how such a beautiful girl could have fallen for such a worthless guy. Elliot is completely isolated and alone. A childhood memory flashes through his head. He is getting angry. He continues recording his video. Then he cruises in his BMW through Santa Barbara, a city that is known for Michael Jackson's Neverland Ranch and the UCSB. For Elliot the life of a human being is worth no more than his Starbucks Vanilla Latte. He sees himself as the 'supreme gentleman', as a man who ought by rights to be courted by all women. At the same time he feels completely worthless. A nobody. Elliot is jealous and he is ashamed of it. He has never had sex yet. Why? These are things he simply cannot understand. He wears all the hip clothes and his accessories are all the flavour of the month. He has \$300 Armani sunglasses and drives the right car. Why do women ignore him? He feels slighted. His mother, Li-Chin, 'left' the family early on. To his father, Peter, a psychopath, outward appearances at home always mattered more than reality. What was functional earned praise, what was dysfunctional was ignored, cloaked in silence or suppressed. Elliot dreams of a world where women are kept in concentration camps. He is sitting in his car and behind him the sun is setting. The background looks like a huge plate of blood red soup. His life is a Gesamtkunstwerk, created by his father. Now Elliot is ready to kill. He hits the road.

Zoe

Zoe is 11 years of age. Her mother has always been sad ever since she and Zoe's father split up. Before that, Zoe and her mother used to cuddle a lot. Shortly after the split-up, Zoe's mother tried to commit suicide. After the divorce, it was her father who tried to kill himself. Zoe thinks about her father. She misses him a lot. She does not know any longer whom she can trust. Zoe is not hungry, she is cold. It is satisfying to feel that her body is cold and shaking. Often she deliberately puts on too few clothes in order to make herself cold. She does not notice how madness is creeping up on her. After all, she is only 11 years of age. By day she hallucinates. She kills children, slits open animals and sets houses on fire. She is at the end of her tether. She starts to cut her forearms. The razor blades are among the things her father left behind. The unbearable pressure disappears all of a sudden and she is again capable of thinking and feeling. No one says anything as long as she behaves 'normally'. Until the day the pressure becomes too much. Suddenly the floor of the school toilet is awash with blood and she lies there in a puddle of blood. Zoe is referred to the child psychiatry ward. Stick thin, vomiting, depressive and psychotic children creep along the white, bare corridors. Zoe is watched over by CCTV. Now she sits there all alone and feels as if her head is going to explode and her teeth are going to pop like popcorn. She cries into the pillow and sobs with pain. Her roommates turn round in bed and sleep on. Sometimes nurses waft along the corridor, like an eerie shadow play, like unreal spectres of the civilisation that surrounds them.

Anna



The little girl has to go into hospital. The child acts as if she were looking forward to it. She packs clothes, books and several soft toys for cuddling. The mother drives the girl to the hospital. While her small, red and blue chequered suitcase is being unpacked the ward sister - a nun - stands there motionless, watching her. She tells the girl that she has to choose one of the soft toys. Whichever she chooses will have to be incinerated when she leaves the hospital - for hygienic reasons and for her own protection. The child is afraid but refuses to let on. She chooses Punch, who is not a defenceless animal like the others but a powerful being who will forgive her for having consigned him to destruction. She divines that Punch's destruction will eliminate a witness who has become privy to dreadful happenings. At least Punch has a funny pointed cap, a nose that is not to be overlooked and is armed with a swatter. The white of the nun's habit is now impregnable and does not really admit any defence. The nun keeps on smiling contentedly. She gets hold of Punch and takes him along to the nurses' station. To teach her a lesson, the girl will be getting no food today. The nun makes a resolution to include the girl in her nightly prayers. After her spell in hospital, the girl imagines how Punch defies destruction and strikes all evil people dead, one after another, first the ugly nun and finally Death himself.



The Psychopathy Test



On the web, it's possible to find tests derived from the Hare Psychopathy test, a standard test for determining if one is a psychopath. Here we provide some adapted statements from this test with no answer key, it is up to you to reflect on how you think you 'scored'.

The Psychopathy Test *derived from the Hare Psychopathy test*

What is your age?

What gender do you identify as? Male/Female

True or False: I never never get tongue-tied.

In important ways, I am superior to most people.

I am prone to boredom.

I lie to make things go smoother.

I cheat people out of things.

I rarely feel guilty.

I am an emotional person.

I rarely connect emotionally with others.

I often get others to pay for things for me.

I am impatient.

I am promiscuous.

I was a problem child.

I have difficulty staying committed to long term goals.

I am impulsive.

I frequently perform sloppy work.

I try to evade responsibility.

My romantic relationships usually fall apart quickly.

I committed some crimes as a juvenile.

I have violated a probation order.

I have committed many types of crimes.

I am neither shy nor self-conscious.

I speak with authority.

I am exceptional.

I need to take risks to feel alive.

I am basically an honest person.

I feel bad when I trick people.

If someone deserves it, I don't feel too bad.

I think strong emotions are for the weak.

If people get offended, that is their problem.

I have always taken care of myself.

I never act hastily.

I think sex should not be taken lightly.

I was often in trouble at school.

I lack direction in my life.

I never give in to temptation.

I always keep my word.

My problems are mostly the fault of others.

I don't like to commit in relationships.

I was a bully in high school.

I have been held in contempt of court.

I am not or would not be proud of getting away with crimes.

Transcript of the video work 'Infirmiere Visiteuse'

Hans: When were you born?

Infirmiere Visiteuse: No, no, no, I was 14, no I was born 1914.

H: Oh, I thought

I: 14

H: 14?

I: Yes, yes, you know there are a few mistakes in this paper.

H: I see, there we go with the first mistake.

I: What?

H: There we go with the first mistake.

I: Yes, haha...

H: So then you are gonna turn 97 now?

I: Yes.

H: For real? Ok! Then, yes, but the 1910's.

I: Hm yes, then i would be..

H: 97, 97, and then you would turn 100 in 2014.

I: Yes.

H: Alright.

I: Yes.

H: The 1910's, can you remember anything when you were a little child? A really small child?

I: Yes, I, no, I cannot remember anything much really.

H: It is, I was a sole child until I was 5 years old.

I: I spoke French in the beginning of my life with my mother and the grandmother who was from the French-speaking part like my second grandmother, and, and then I did slowly start speaking German with the cooks of the

house, or with whoever I can't remember, and when I started school I was perfect in Swiss German and German. And I also could read already, I always tried reading all those big letters above there, and I already read French in the beginning of the school year. And, äh, and then I was able to take care of the baby, like change diapers, I could do whatever take a walk with the baby and I was very happy about that. And then I started at the Gymnasium and I was gone pretty much and away from my siblings. They then teamed up and talked with one another and shared experiences together and I was away at school doing other things. Yes, and my mother luckily, I had a good relationship with them, but they went their ways. Ruth, no, not Ruth, Madelaine then got married when she was 20, she was so young when she got married into a preacher's household and I then went to Grabs where she lived. Because you know, after my school diploma, there was no school for gymnastics in Switzerland and my father would not let me go study to Germany, into Hitler Germany. And then a doctor, a colleague of my husband, said: "do send your wife to Geneva, to Bon Secours, that is a good school, then she has got a good base education." So ok, then I went down to Bon Secours and as I spoke French, nothing was a problem and I had nice colleagues. I felt very good down there. You know, they were pretty strict still there, you had to wear our uniform, when we would go out we were not allowed to speak to any men. I then worked at a clinic for a year. After that I went to Grabs where my brother-in-law had become a protestant preacher and spent a year there. So there my first grandchild was



But I did not really notice anything about the war.



born, yes, a grandchild. I was there during birth and took care of the baby in the hospital. That was very nice. That's how it is, right. And how is your relationship with your sister Ruth? And then I did, then I was done in Grabs at the hospital, then I went home, for the holidays or home. And then there was an opportunity to work in Geneva, The French Church was looking for a visiting nurse. So I said, why not? And so it happened that I got to know Herbert. And he asked to marry me within 2 weeks. I was a bit shocked and thought - is this God's will? I thought I had my life plan within the church, but my preacher said, it is right so, get married, that is ok. And so I told him yes and we got married.

H: Was this the right decision?

I: Yes, yes, I think so! My parents also found it to be alright and my sisters said that I had been so dominant, it is a good idea for you to get married.

H: Meaning you get more dominance from your husband?

I: Yes, yes, and then, he was kind of special. How can I describe this, he hoped to become a chief resident doctor at the hospital and then head. But he did not get to be the head doctor. So he said, ok, then I will open a private practice. And that was the right thing to do. That was the right way for him. He should not have become a head doctor. That was not the right job for him.

H: Why not?

I: I can't say really.

H: So you don't know?

I: He liked doing research, he was the research type. And as the head thing, well I don't know. He was a good surgeon, he became a gynecologist. And that was a good

thing. His practice was successful and he did lots of talks. Yes, he wanted to invest into his Christianity. That is why he worked in the bible reading circle with Mr. Aebi, the secretary of the circle, he took him to meetings where he talked about, how do I say that, sexuality and Christianity. He did that for some time, every night after the practice. Gone with the car. That took a few years, then this stopped, clearly. He was stiff. He fell twice and broke something. It is unbelievable. When we were engaged. No nothing had happened while we were engaged. But later, he either broke a leg or an arm, unconscious. I, I fell so many times skiing and I was relaxed, I let myself fall. But he probably tried really hard and broke his bones. Yes so... with Markus, he was very strict with him. Ooh, the little sweet boy. He sat in his high-chair. We had breakfast at 7 in the morning and he came and Herbert said: "Say good morning to Daddy". Nothing... nothing... so he had to leave for the kitchen. No really! Markus was kind of difficult.

H: Why?

I: I don't know already.

H: How old was he back then?

I: How old are you when sitting in a high-chair? One and a half, two? No, no, this is when I got in the middle and said, hey hey.

This is something I always remembered. And Rene, Markus, Annelies was always in the spotlight. She was the nice one, the good one, and Markus I think thought he had to act like a clown in order to find himself. I need a lot of tea.....

H: Yes, you need a lots of liquids.

I: Yes, right, that's not only it, one should drink water. Water, water, water.

H: Tea is also good for you. You need the caffeine, The theine? Sugar?

I: Yes, yes, one is alone, one learns to do everything by oneself.

It is only logical, this is how it has always been what do I want? And thanks a lot for all the chocolates. So if you want to have some...

H: Are these the right ones?

I: Yes, yes, wonderful.

H: I did my research.

I: With whom? Annelies.

H: Hmm, no, Olivia and Andrea.

I: Everyone said "Flügelräder" but they did not have that at Sprüngli. But they said, something like pyramids but different with nougat inside. So I looked around and figured it must be these.

I: Very good.

H: Good, right?

I: So this is so nice of you. Well.

H: Well, ok.

I: So ok, do you still want to interview me?

H: Yes, let's go downstairs.

I: Yes, yes.

H: I'd love to do it in the park.

I: Yes, good.

H: Let's look for a place. Let's do some more until you get tired again or if you don't want to anymore. I would take photos of a few things and then...but photos, I would like some photos of you... Just so...

I: The album, who is this now again, who did that, Anna put that together. You want to see that?

H: Which album?

I: The one with the photos of my last birthday.

H: I think so. Being busy is ok, but...

I: I was 73 when my husband died. Until then I never thought myself as old. I did not think anyway. Then I had a wonderful 10 years of doing anything.

H: I can remember. You really blossomed. I mean, it's only clear, you don't have to ask anyone anymore. If you can go here or there, you don't need to report to anyone anymore. You can do whatever interests you, I think many women have - after their husbands are gone - a good time, as long as they are physically fit. After grieving, I mean it is never really over, but the acute period...

I: I have a friend, she was devastated when her husband died. She had lost the person she had leaned on. I don't know really. I mean, she was a theologian. I could not grasp her problem.

H: Yes.

I: I just have three stages. My youth, my marriage and my widowhood, kind of. These are all good things. But very nice next to one another.

H: But if you don't want to live until a 100 years. Then you have to think about leaving before kind of. How do you image this?

I: Yes, exactly. I always think, oh, I could think about this still, hmmm, and then another week has passed.

H: Then one could say, you are too busy to die? But you don't feel like keeping it up forever.

I: Yes, that's true. No, no. I don't think about all the things. I should do. I always think, calm, calm. If it works, alright, otherwise...
H: How is this dying thing with you? I am sometimes really scared. I think, oh my God, such a dark big fear of dying. I noticed if you have family, then this is the worst to imagine. That's terrible. This is when you start thinking. And parents die and grandparents of friends and such. Are you scared of dying?
I: No, I hope I don't have to... Yes, I trust God. I trust... I don't know what happens after, I have no idea.
H: You have any kind of imagination?
I: No, I don't imagine.
H: But you believe that there is something and this is what you just believe in.
I: Could be true.
H: But also could not be.
I: Yes.
H: So simply
I: I don't know.
H: I don't know either ...and how is it in the bible, in your interpretation, or in your religiosity?
I: That we go into eternity. Where we probably already are in an altered state. But where we see people from before, kind of. But this is for me... I don't know really. I think, whatever happens, it's right.
H: Right, the bible says, is there a heaven in the Protestant Christian religion as a concept?
I: Yes, yes, that's just eternity, that's not the blue sky above there.
H: Yes, that's clear. No, I think I am rather, I am not even

areligious, I would say I am agnostic... I don't know. It is not that relevant for me. I don't even want to. When you're 13, 14 you don't understand Grandma is gonna be happy.
I: Yes... Hmm...
H: Rene and Peter are not even baptized. Peter the preacher is not properly baptized.
I: Yes, yes... Yes, yes... Niemüller, Yes, yes, Yes, yes...
H: Hmm... Yes, Hmm... It still puzzles me, why he was so into that Celan guy. Yes... Yes... Hhm... Yes That's funny, yes. Yes...
H: And what was that like when Rene told that he was gay?
I: We were taking a walk. I don't remember what we had talked about. And then he told me. I took his hand and said, you are my son, whatever is, you stay.. And then we got a bit scared because of the father. But he then also accepted it. He had to.
H: What do you want to do. Well, you could disown him, that happens also.
I: No, no.
H: But this you would not have let happen, I guess?
I: Do you want more? Hmm.. Yes... That's true.
H: And when Granddad ... That was psychoanalysis if he did that 3 times a week. Did he also take medication or pure analysis? It has always been rumoured in the family that granddaddy was depressed, or bipolar rather.
I: You know, when we moved into the house at the Kurhausstrasse, he always let the shades down.
H: Right
I: And he lit the lamps.

H: It was always dark in his home office.

I: Then I always thought, why? Why? I did not understand it. It went on for quite some time until I got it that something was wrong.

H: Yes and then?

I: I don't know anymore.

H: Then the time came when it got worse? Did he go through phases when he had lots of energy and when he would talk a lot and was very convincing? You know, this interests me personally. Because I also had, as I was in hospital 9, 10 years ago, I always tell my kids I was "woogy woogy". Kids don't understand if you say psychologically ill, But if you say "woogy woogy" or do this, then they understand. I find it important to explain this to kids. I also got a diagnosis, bipolar. But I never got sick again after, before neither. My psychiatrist now is unsure what happened then. It just could have been a psychotic episode. Whatever. But I still take medication.

I: Right.

H: and ... Uhm.... This why it interests me, because there are some psychiatric illnesses that run in families. This is why it interests me. Also additionally.

I: You know, sometimes I think, maybe Herbert's mother, She also had.... She did not start to be affected by psychiatric problems until she got into his strict religious family, she was from in Appenzell, Herisau, then she moved to this strictly believing society....

H: I see, ok.

I: And.... Strange... Oh!... Ah... Yes, yes.

H: Then they did not really notice anything but 3 weeks later and then she was put in hospital and then she did

not drink anything for 2 days and nobody noticed. And the problem is that... not drinking

I: Oh, that works.

H: ... is a catastrophe. Then she developed a bladder infection. A bladder infection, ... which spread to her heart within a day or two, she died within 4 days. She was in no pain, she got morphine and whatever. And it was very clear she did not want to anymore. She understood what was happening and the moment she could not get up anymore. And she understood it would take long till she'd be fine again. She gave up. I'll be in bed for half a year or a year and who knows if I'll ever get up again. That's not worth living for. But that's different with you. You roam around, you have your autonomous life....

I: Yes, yes....

H: So this is kind of fine...

H: She went into a comatose state.

I: Oh, yes.

H: Her eyes were still open, she spoke, but she was in much distress, You could see that her body was still fighting. And the infection alone ... and then I spoke with her for a really long time. That was beautiful, I had some time alone with her. Like an hour Talked to her for an hour, caressed her, then she got more and more calm.

I: Mhm.. Beautiful.

H: And you know, the whole family was there again and again, Liz was also there. Yes yes.

I: What other questions you got for me?

H: Right, you wonder about that, you would like to know that. Yes, yes I thought we still stick to the ideas of the

decades, cause you have already lived through so many. First I'd be interested, did anything happen in your birth year?

I: Yes, 1914

H: in your birth year

I: No, 1915.

H: Did anything... social, political, an invention, a person that was born, or anything that's in a context...

I: So this I would not know. I only know it was wartime.

But I did not really notice anything about the war. My father had started his private practice a year earlier, he had to build something for himself. He had a motorbike, apparently, but I don't know that anymore. When I was 4 years old, he bought a car. An electrical car. A small car which had a small seat where I could sit. We would go with 20 km/h to Rheinfelden. That was wonderful.

H: A road trip.

I: Yes, yes, those were our excursions.

H: So on the weekend, on a Sunday?

I: Yes, it is crazy. I of course also when Annelies was born... I cannot remember if it was after the first or second child, I also had someone helping me out with the household. We had this big apartment at the hospital. And when we moved into the house, I needed someone anyway to help, that was often Germans. But always only one person. And I could not cook when I got married. So I took a cooking class in the fall.

H: I have read that

I: So I quickly learned to cook. I had a good basis. That worked well. No, no. But Annelies took it right a step further. Yes, she is super. She does it very well. In her

kitchen, with the table, she prepares everything for guests. If she has got fish which only takes a few minutes, she can do that right on the side and bring it.

Oh no, it is starting to rain. So I learned what I had not known before. And my Aunt Weber, that of course is also a thing. I was the godchild of Pauline, She is the sister of my late Grandmother. They had a jewellery on Storchengasse. I was there for 2 weeks during the summers and Aunt Sophie did the shop, she had an education to do so, she was allowed. Pauline was more in charge of the house. When I was there, we would go to the city at lunchtime... and had our meal there. And then we would take a walk and did all kinds of things. This is when I went to the opera for the first time. That was beautiful, I still know I went to see "Zarewitsch".

Transcript of the video work 'Nice Vanilla Latte'

Nice Vanilla Latte, 2015
HDV, 26:33

Hey, Elliot Rodger here. I am up in the Hills in Montecito right now. It is truly a beautiful day, but as i have always said, a beautiful environment is the darkest hell if you have to experience it all alone. And sadly i have been alone for a very long time. I have been attending College in Santa Barbara for about two and a half years now. In those two and a half years i have experienced nothing but loneliness and misery. And my problem is girls. There are so many beautiful girls here. But none of them give me a chance and i don't know why. I don't know why you girls are so repulsed by me. It doesn't make sense. I do everything i can to appear attractive to you. I dress nice. I am sophisticated and magnificent. I have a nice car. A BMW, well nicer than 90% of the people in my college. You know, i am polite, i am the ultimate gentleman. And yet you girls never give me a chance. I don't know why. I know, i put a lot of effort in dressing nice. These sunglasses here were 300 Dollars, Giorgio Armani, so i put them on. See. Hold on. A car. See. Look at how fabulous i look. You know, i feel so invisible as i walk through my college because none of the girls pay attention to me. I see so many beautiful blond haired girls walking around everywhere, in their revealing shorts, their cascading blonde hair, their pretty faces.

And I want one for a girlfriend. I want to take a girl out on a date and prove to her that I am worthy. I want to feel that sense of being worthy of a girls love and affection. I am 22 years old and i never had a girlfriend. I am still a virgin. I have never had the pleasure of having had sex with a girl. sleeping with a girl, kissing a girl. I never even held a girls hand. Hell, i don't even have a young girls phone number in my cell phone. And that is just such an injustice because i am so magnificent, I deserve girls much more than all those slobs I see at my college who are somehow able to walk around with beautiful girls. I mean, even in the college town that I stay in during my semesters. As I walk around the common areas of those towns or the areas where all the college parties happen I see these obnoxious guys walking with beautiful girls. And that pisses me off because I should be the one with the girls. I mean, look at me. I am gorgeous. But you girls don't see it. I don't understand why you are so repulsed by my. Why won't you give me a chance. It is ridiculous. The other day I was doing some grocery shopping at Trader Joe's. I was of course all alone as I always am, which makes me feel so miserable, anyway, I was doing my shopping and I see this disgusting looking loser - well he is a loser in my opinion - and he walks in with these two beautiful blond girls at his side. I couldn't believe my eyes, I was so insulted by that because I should be the one with the girls but you never give me a chance. If you just give me a chance, get to know me, you will see that I am worthy of you. Because I am. Unbelievable. I mean, this world is so beautiful, but it's so sad and depressing when I have

to experience it all alone and I have to watch other guys able to walk around and enjoy their lives with beautiful girlfriends at their sides. I can only imagine how amazing their sex lives must be. I have never had any sex or anything like that. It is such an injustice. I don't know why you girls hate me so much. I have always wished I could ask you this. This is my way of asking you this. This is the only way I can ask you.

Hey, Elliot Rodger here. I am just sitting in my car right now. Enjoying the view of the beach. And my view has been ruined by this sight right here. In front of me, sitting right there on that bench, is a young couple - I presume about my age. I was enjoying such a nice view until they came and sat down and started kissing. This is the reason why life isn't fair. Why does that guy get to have such a beautiful girlfriend while I am all alone. Why? Why can't I experience something like that right there? They are kissing right now. It's torture for me to watch but I have to do this. I have to film this. I have to show the world why life isn't fair. I have to show everyone why I hate the world. Because no girl would do this with me. Look at them. He is in heaven right now. Sitting at this beautiful beach with his beautiful girlfriend, kissing her, feeling her love, while I am sitting here all alone because no beautiful girl wants to be my girlfriend. I hate them. I hate them so much. Why does he deserve to get that experience and not me? I can only imagine the heavenly things they will be doing together when they go back home tonight. I am sure they will be having sex. What will I be doing? Lying in my bed alone.

With no one, because no one wants me. I bet he goes to the same college as me. Yet he gets to experience his college life with his beautiful blonde girlfriend and I have to suffer this miserable loneliness. It's not fair! Life is not fair.

Hey, Elliot Rodger here. I am just sitting in my car right now. After watching the beautiful sunset descend beyond that hill up there. Enjoying a nice vanilla latte. Oh yeah, that's nice. Makes me feel all pumped up. I have been doing a lot of thinking about how said and unfair my life has been. All because girls haven't been attracted to me. I have been going through college for two and a half years now. And in those two and a half years I've had to rot in bleak and sad loneliness while other guys get to enjoy all the pleasures of sex and socializing and partying. I have never had a taste of that because no girls give me a chance. No girl at my college has ever expressed any interest in me. You give a chance to all these stupid and obnoxious guys that I see you walking with. You don't give a chance to me, why not? I am such a magnificent guy. I am beautiful, you can't deny that. I have travelled all over the world. I have so much to talk about. I am civilized, intelligent, sophisticated. I have a sense of style, yet you girls don't see it. And every single day I have to be insulted by the sight of all these lesser men walking around with beautiful girls. I see so many couple where the guy is so unworthy of having a beautiful girlfriend like that, and yet they are together, he has her love, and I have never had any of that love and affection from girls. Why you girls give those guys a

chance but not me? I deserve it more. It is not fair. Every single day I have to be insulted by the sight of guys enjoying girls while I am all alone. Even watching that sunset up there is a bitter-sweet experience because while I love the peaceful beauty of it I can't help but think of all the other guys who get to enjoy that same sunset with a beautiful girlfriend at their side while I am sitting here all alone in my car. There is no beautiful girl in that passenger seat to enjoy it with me, because you girls have something against me, I don't know what it is. Whenever I drive through this college town called Isla Vista which is just right next to UCSB I see so many hot, beautiful, blonde girls walking with absolute stupid obnoxious looking douchebags and I just can't help but think how wrong that is. Those beautiful blond girls should be walking with me. Not those brutes. I deserve them more. Why do those horrible men get to experience and affection of such beautiful heavenly girls while I have to rot in loneliness all my life. It is not fair. It is such an injustice! I don't understand you girls. It is like your sexual attraction is flawed, it is perverted, you are attracted to the wrong kind of guy. You should be attracted to guys like me, beautiful, magnificent guys. This world is so twisted. It is so cruel. And you girls make it cruel. You girls have starved me of sex, enjoyment and pleasure for my entire youth. You have taken eight years away from my life. Eight years I will never get back. Do you know how much misery you have caused me. I am such a nice guy, why don't you give me a chance.

Hi, Elliot Rodger here. Well this is my last video. It all has to come to this. Tomorrow is the day of retribution. The day in which I will have my revenge against humanity, against all of you. For the last eight years of my life, ever since I have hit puberty, I have been forced to endure an existence of loneliness, rejection and unfulfilled desires. All because girls have never been attracted to me. Girls gave their affection and sex and love to other men but never to me. I am twenty two years old and I am still a virgin. I have never even kissed a girl. I have been to a college for two and a half years, more than that actually, and I am still a virgin. It has been very torturous, college is the time when everyone experiences those things such as sex and fun and pleasure. In those years I had to rot in loneliness. It is not fair. You girls have never been attracted to me. I don't know why you girls are not attracted to me. But I will punish you all for it. It is an injustice, a crime, because I don't know what you don't see in me. I am the perfect guy and yet you throw yourself at all these obnoxious men instead of me. The supreme gentleman. I will punish all of you for it. Hehehe. On the day of retribution I am going to enter the hottest sorority house of UCSB and I will slaughter every single spoiled stuck-up blonde slut I see inside there. All those girls I have desired so much, they would've all rejected me and looked down upon me as an inferior man if I ever made a sexual advance towards them while they throw themselves at those obnoxious brutes. I take great pleasure in slaughtering all of you. You will finally see that I am in truth the superior one, the true alpha male.

Hehehe.. Yes. After I have annihilated every single girl in the sorority house, I will take to the streets of Isla Vista and slay every single person I see there. All those popular kids who live such lives of hedonistic pleasure while I had to rot in loneliness for all these years. They have all looked down upon me and every time I tried to go out and join them, they have all treated me like a mouse. But now I will be a god compared to you. You will all be animals, you are animals and I will slaughter you like animals. I'll be a god, exacting my retribution and all those who deserve it - and you do deserve it, just for the crime for living a better crime than me. All you popular kids, you have never accepted me and now you will pay for it. And girls, all I have ever wanted was to love you and to be loved by you. I wanted a girlfriend, I wanted sex, I wanted love and affection. You think I am unworthy of it. That is a crime that can never be forgiven. If I can't have you, girls, I will destroy you. Hehehe... You denied me a happy life and in return I will deny all of you life. Hehe... It is only fair. I hate all of you. Humanity is a disgusting and depraved species. If I had it in my power I would stop at nothing to reduce every single one of you to mountains of skulls and rivers of blood. And rightfully so you deserve to be annihilated. And I will give that to you. You never showed me any mercy and so I will show you none. Hehehehehe... You forced me to suffer all my life and now I will make you all suffer. I have waited a long time for this. I will give you exactly what you deserve, all of you, all you girls who rejected me and looked down upon me and treated me like scum while you gave yourselves to other men. And all of you men, for living a better life than me, all of you sexually active men. I hate you. I hate all of you. I can't wait to give you exactly what you deserve. Utter annihilation. Hehehe...



Selected List of Resources

Books/Literature

Collection of works by Sam Vaknin, at the Gutenberg

Project: <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/author/2702>

Child vs Parent, by Stephen Wise:

<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/32118>

Paul Celan, Death Fugue

<http://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/death-fugue>

The Narcissism Epidemic, Living in the Age of

Entitlement, by Jean M. Twenge & W. Keith Campbell,

Simon & Schuster, 2009

<http://www.sakkyndig.com/psykologi/artvit/twenge2009.pdf>

Websites

Sociopath World

<http://www.sociopathworld.com>

Reddit Raised by Narcissists:

<https://www.reddit.com/r/raisedbynarcissists>

Articles

The Real Life of Edward St. Aubyn:

<http://newyorker.com/magazine/2014/06/02/inheritance>

A Structural Theory of Narcissism and Psychopathy by

Laura Knight-Jadczyk

<http://www.sott.net/article/154258-A-Structural-Theory-of->

Narcissism-and-Psychopathy

Wars of Perception by Michelle Kasprzak

[https://medium.com/@mkasprzak/wars-of-perception-](https://medium.com/@mkasprzak/wars-of-perception-e9f5ae9d2827)

e9f5ae9d2827

Empathy and Psychiatric Illness by Matthew Ratcliffe

https://academia.edu/13585366/Empathy_and_Psychiatric_Illness

Wir sind verrückt

Interview with Svante Pääbo (German)

<http://www.spiegel.de/spiegel/print/d-125300691.html>

My Twisted World

Manifesto by Elliot Rodger

<http://abclocal.go.com/three/kabc/kabc/My-Twisted-World.pdf>

Association Between Psychopathy and

Narcissism, Theoretical Views and

Empirical Evidence by Stephen D. Hart, Ph.D. And Robert

D. Hare, Ph.D.

http://www.researchgate.net/publication/235257677_The_association_between_psychopathy_and_narcissism_Theoretical_views_and

[d_empirical_evidence](http://www.researchgate.net/publication/235257677_The_association_between_psychopathy_and_narcissism_Theoretical_views_and)

Without Taste, Psychopaths and the Appreciation of Art,

by H. Maibom and J. Harold

https://www.academia.edu/8067395/Without_Taste_Psychopaths

[and_the_Appreciation_of_Art](https://www.academia.edu/8067395/Without_Taste_Psychopaths)

Youtube

Sam Vaknin, Narcissist Never Sorry

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ipeAbT6kiW8>

Sam Vaknin, Youtube Channel on Narcissism

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCLadFapyecCYAeuTqc12avA>

Festival of Dangerous Ideas: Anne Manne - The Narcissism

Epidemic

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=smCxe_3Tq1E

Art

Parabiosis: Neurolibidinal Induction Complex

Video by Andrea CrespoText by Jack Kahn

[http://dismagazine.com/dystopia/72978/andrea-crespo-sis-](http://dismagazine.com/dystopia/72978/andrea-crespo-sis-parabiosis/)

[parabiosis/](http://dismagazine.com/dystopia/72978/andrea-crespo-sis-parabiosis/)

List of Works

Andrea and Olivia, 2015
Pigment Print on Paper, 420x280cm

Black Ink, 2015
Bathtub, Water/Ink, 190x90x45cm

Nice Vanilla Latte, 2015
HDV 26:37, <https://vimeo.com/137939689>

Family Sage, 2015
7 Amazon Kindle (stripped), Stories of Andrea and Olivia,
Elliot, Anna, Simon, Zoe, Annelies and Infirmiere
Visiteuse, 16,5x11,5x0,9cm each

Blütenweisser Raum, 2015
Installation, White Couch, Carpet, Side-Board,
dimensions variable

Anna, 2015
2 Pigment Prints on Paper, 420x280cm

Zoe, 2015
Pigment Print on Paper, 140x140cm

Simon, 2015
Pigment Print on Paper, 140x140cm

Glowing Dysfunction, 2015
Samsung Fridge, LEDs, 178,9x91,2x65,4cm

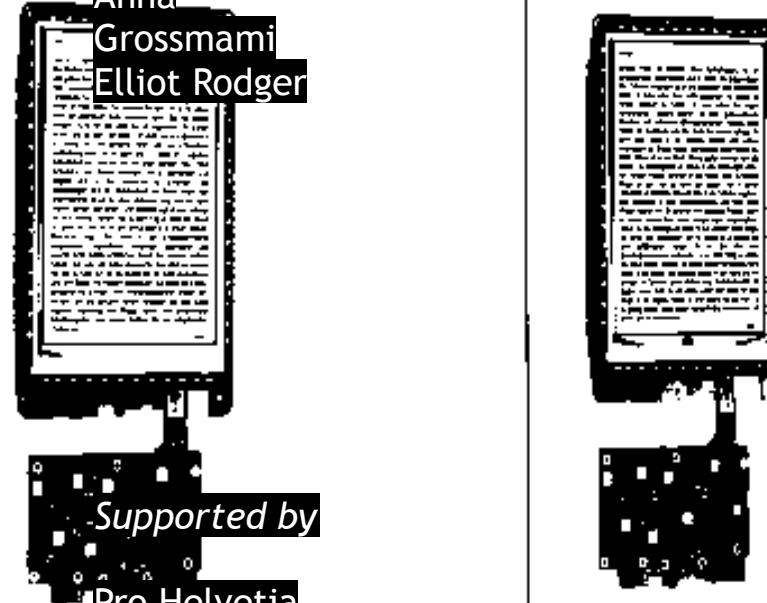
Infirmière Visiteuse, 2015
HDV 38:57
<https://vimeo.com/137940488>

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