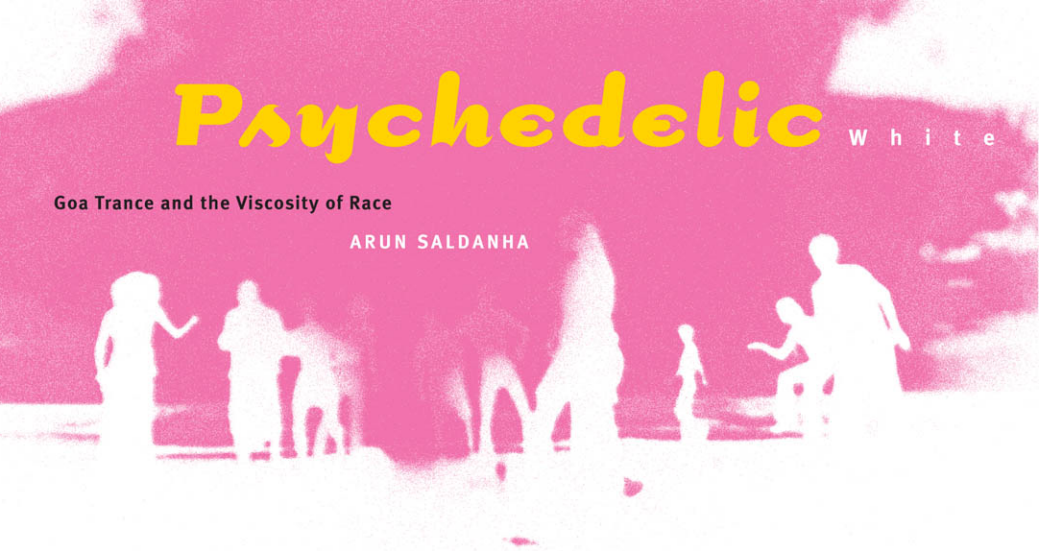
Psychedelic White

Goa Trance and the Viscosity of Race

ARUN SALDANHA



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This is no field for the faint of heart. You are venturing out (like the Portuguese sailors, like the astronauts) on the uncharted margins. But be reassured—it's an old human custom. It's an old living-organism custom. We're here today because certain adventurous proteins, certain far-out experimenting cells, certain hippy amphibia, certain brave men pushed out and exposed themselves to new forms of energy.

—Timothy Leary, about his Harvard LSD experiments

When a number of bodies of the same or of different magnitudes are pressed together by others, so that they lie one upon the other, or if they are in motion with the same or with different degrees of speed, so that they communicate their motion to one another in a certain fixed proportion, these bodies are said to be mutually united, and taken together they are said to compose one body or individual, which is distinguished from other bodies by this union of bodies.

—Spinoza

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Preface

Bodies are different. Finally, this is coming to bear on theory. Feminism has led the way in stressing the irrefutability of bodily differences. But for a host of reasons, the bodily differences we call race have been relegated to the discursive realm. Race is a cultural construct, full stop, with no basis in the material world of flesh, phenotype, and the physical landscape. This book tries to suggest a new ontology of race, and asks throughout: but what *is* race? It asks how racial difference emerges not because people think or write "such and such is white," "so-and-so is Indian," and neither because a dominant discourse "others" certain minorities. Racial difference emerges as many bodies in the real world align and comport themselves in certain ways, in certain places. Taking the embodiment of race seriously is not a mere addition to existing poststructuralist approaches. It calls for quite a radical shift in thinking, and I know it is tricky. Most theories of race are still very much steeped in an antirealist, psychoanalytic, dialectical framework. I've come to believe, however, that a shift toward materialism in the conceptualization of race is nigh, and it won't be just this book arguing for it. Race is simply far too important a force to prevent such shifts to happen.

Without the precise, dedicated, and insightful criticisms of Doreen Massey and Jenny Robinson, I would never have managed to focus my thinking. I am deeply grateful to a host of others, in no particular order: Nigel Clark and Susan J. Smith, examiners of my thesis; Jan Teurlings in Amsterdam, for our lifelong dialectical effort at escaping the dialectic;

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I have been very honored with the reviews of the manuscript by Mike Crang, Brian Massumi, and Charles J. Stivale, as well as encouragements from Elizabeth Grosz, Ash Amin, and Richard Leppert. Thanks to Carrie Mullen, who first expressed interest in publishing this project when she was executive editor at the University of Minnesota Press, and to Jason Weidemann for the subsequent editing process.

And last, to all you psy-trancers out there: bom shankar. Keep it going, but keep it shanti.

ethnography as thought

> Something in the world forces us to think. This something is an object not of recognition but of a fundamental encounter. What is encountered may be Socrates, a temple or a demon. It may be grasped in a range of affective tones: wonder, love, hatred, suffering. In whichever tone, its primary characteristic is that it can only be sensed.
>
> —Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*

An Entry

Where do we start thinking? Which are the encounters that enable new concepts to be sensed?

> let's see. when we came in there was a huge number of brits and some rich indians and a few backpackers, still very few tranceheads. so it wasn't entirely sure whether it would get to be a "good party," in the sense that the party would survive the morning and thus become magical. i met t—when it was starting to get light. he was sitting at the banyan tree with some japanese guys, and he said, after he'd seen that dark indian trancehead with long hair, isn't it a coincidence, every time he decides to go party every so often, at that time, it turns out that the people he knows also go there. perfect telepathic timing. a good sign, he said, it's going to be a great party, i don't know but i've got a feeling, and he decided to take a quarter of a hofmann [LSD]. we smoked some chillum and joints and for sure, the israelis trickled in, they sat next to the bar on the right on two mats (i mean, two mat businesses) waiting patiently, like on new year, [this time] not really for the indians to disappear but for an adequate MOMENTUM, enough compatriots and other rave psychotics to claim the party.

This comes from field notes. They were about an open-air party for tourists at a ground called Dolce Vita, in a Goan village called Anjuna.

India.

The notes are probably puzzling at first sight. Why Anjuna? What's with the Israelis, and Japanese avoiding Indians? What are "tranceheads," and why are they watching out for Israelis to turn up at the party? Why do they wait for Indians to leave? What does a "magical morning" consist of? What is a "mat business"? How does "momentum" of ravers come about? And why were these notes written down in the first place? Why

does a half-Belgian-half-Indian guy go study foreign ravers in some third-world village?

This sort of puzzlement forces a reassessment of what one knows. Anjuna's music and drugs tourism is legendary and it is probably the only village in the third world that brought forth an own kind of electronic dance music, Goa trance, which is played at outdoor parties across the globe. Goa trance makes a fascinating case study in cultural geography. It appeared shortly after house and techno music established themselves in the United Kingdom and other European countries around 1990, but the conditions for Anjuna's trance scene go back to the early seventies. The coastal village was "discovered" by hippie travelers at a time when there was much interest in the mind-altering qualities of India. Although Goa is generally considered "less Indian" by tourists because of more than 460 years of Portuguese colonial influence, the hippies eagerly took to its tranquil tropical beaches and tolerant locals. By 1975 Anjuna was a secluded haven for a semi-resident community of hippies who could freely indulge in drugs, nude sunbathing, and all-night full-moon parties. Music was always central to Anjuna's tourism, but it was with Goa trance that it boomed. Goa's festive image long attracted large numbers of domestic tourists too. Charter tourism from the UK and other European countries was consolidated at about the same time that Goa trance became available in large music stores in Europe, in 1995. What began with Goa regulars simulating Anjuna's parties in their home countries grew into a transnational underground rave/club scene, stretching from Tel Aviv to Stockholm, from Brasília to Cape Town.

The excerpt above describes a key attraction in Anjuna's music and drugs tourism: sunrise. This is when for many dancers the party only begins, in part because for others—mostly middle-class Indian tourists—it is the time to leave. At this particular party, Dolce Vita was unusually charging an entry fee, hence there were hardly any Indian tourists. In fact, it was probably deliberate policy to limit their number. This is because the hard core of party revelers, who stay in Anjuna for months, would rather there was just them and the local women selling tea at the parties. In the perception of this hard core, charter tourists and especially domestic tourists lack an affective connection to Goa trance, LSD, personal style, and budget traveling. Ravers like T. are almost obsessed with protocol and with making the party just right. They are quite serious about what Goa means to them: a place to be transformed in. Domestic tourists are not there to transform themselves and are therefore unwelcome. What the experienced ravers do (unlike the mostly British charter tourists and


To Mumbai
MAHARASHTRA
Pernem
Arambol
KARNATAKA
Morjim
Siolim
Chapora
Assagao
Vagator
Bicholim
Anjuna
Mapusa
BARDEZ
Baga
Porvorim
Calangute
Valpoi
Candolim
Old Goa
Fort Aguada
PANJIM
Goa University
Bandolim
To Hampi & Bangalore
Vasco da Gama
Dabolim Airport
Ponda
GOA
Dudhsagar Falls
Colva
Margao
ARABIAN SEA
Quepem
Sanguem
Palolem
Chaudi
0 Kilometers 20
0 Miles 10
KARNATAKA
To Gokarna

Goa.

backpackers) is wait on the mats supplied by the local women, until dawn makes the Indians leave.

I felt this segregation. It was what annoyed and frightened me, and it was what spurred me on. I realize now, a couple of years later, that my thinking on race was at the very least accelerated through the intensities of my ethnographic fieldwork. I wanted to make sense of what I encountered. This book wants to find out what sort of theoretical vocabulary is needed to make sense of racism when it's not supposed to be there. It turns out that making sense of Anjuna needed some new concepts, and a theoretical reconsideration of race itself. So, why Anjuna? To form new concepts.

The Concepts

It is by observing the event of a party as something fully physical that I could appreciate the segregation of the morning. Nobody likes to talk about it, and hardly anyone has described it in writing. What matters is therefore not the representations of an event, but its actual unfolding. I had to be there, among other bodies, checking what they were doing, what they did with mats and chillums (traditional Indian hash pipes) and trees and the Goa trance flowing through the landscape. I had to find out where they were sitting and dancing, how their appearances differed, why they were looking at each other all the time. What is it that gave ravers' bodies "momentum"? Three conditions: that they were dancing and on drugs—a question of the *embodiments* of rave tourism; that they cared about looks and who was around them—a question of familiar *faces;* and that their skin color betrayed where they come from, by and large rich countries such as the UK, Japan, Israel, and Germany—a question of *locations*. Embodiment, face, and location are three theoretical principles that will structure the present study.

A fourth concept that will be introduced, and perhaps the most salient one, is *viscosity*. Viscosity enables a rigorous grasping of social spaces by putting the dynamic physicality of human bodies and their interactions at the forefront of analysis. In basic terms, viscosity pertains to two dimensions of a collective of bodies: its sticking together, and its relative impermeability. At that Dolce Vita party, at 8 a.m. on January 6, 2000, there was a viscosity of predominantly white ravers. They stuck together in time and space because they all saw each other regularly, smoked chillum together, danced to Goa trance, wore flashy clothing, and had money to spend on LSD and Ecstasy. Others, especially domestic tourists, weren't

habituated to all this; they didn't have the cultural or economic resources to join in. When the sun came up, most Indians felt visible and out of place between so many white bodies. The denser the collective, the more difficult to cut through it: these are the two dimensions of viscosity. There is no downright exclusion; Israeli and Japanese bodies might be more ambivalently white than Germans or Canadians. Still, the net effect is that there is a strong tendency of dancers to be white. Therefore, the observable fact that the Indians leave is a contingent effect of music, subcultural rules, mutual stereotypes, economic inequality, and differential experiences with drugs.

The problem I want to address is why viscosity of white bodies comes about in Anjuna. After all, Goa is popularly known as a former hippie hangout—isn't it all peace and love, aren't those backpackers and ravers really into India, is Goa trance not the most cosmopolitan of electronic dance musics? Why would a white microcosm be re-created if the whole point of going to India and Goa is adventure, escape, becoming different? This book attempts to explain how it is that countercultural experimentations with music, drugs, and travel can coexist with the reinstatement of where one is coming from, of who one is. Young whites are in Anjuna seemingly to sample and develop a lifestyle quite different from what they're used to, but the way they do this betrays the limits of their escape and rebellion; that is, by virtue of being tourists in an exotic place, recognizably different and wealthy in a poor country, they contribute to the inertia of old racial divisions. Studying the parties in Anjuna will pave the way to an understanding of whiteness that stresses its inherent capacity to spread, change itself, and become unexpectedly viscous.

The set of practices of self-transformation that I will focus on will be called *psychedelics*—in the singular, like "economics" and "aesthetics." Psychedelics is the hedonistic, sometimes mystical structure of feeling that, as the name implies, was epitomized in the sixties cult of LSD. But I enlarge the term significantly: insofar as whites use the pleasures of drugs, art, ritual, travel, the risky, and the exotic to alter their minds and position in the world as whites, I'll call them psychedelic. The fact that bodies involved in psychedelics can be Swedish, Israeli, Japanese, Indian, Canadian, or Zimbabwean does not make psychedelics less white. What is significant is that these bodies are most *probably* white. Hence psychedelics isn't antithetical to white modernity. On the contrary, to argue for the creativity of whiteness is to show to what extent it can reinvent and reinforce itself. The ethnography will demonstrate how the viscosity of whites can arise from the fact that they succeed in mutating themselves. Psychedelics shows the many possibilities of whiteness.

Here I need to mention the last theoretical concept of the book, derived mostly from Gilles Deleuze: *virtuality*. Deleuze produced a long string of concepts that in their sheer intensity and variation innovated philosophy, but it was virtuality that they were all implicating. Briefly, virtuality refers to the connections that things are potentially capable of. Virtuality is tendency, probability, latency. Without a concept of virtuality, the analysis of whiteness cannot appreciate how it comes to be—and why it seems so difficult to dismantle. Whiteness gathers its strength from being versatile, not from mere ruthless oppression. I will attempt to understand whiteness in order to change it; my concept of the concept is, then, more pragmatic than Deleuze's. If I'd produce a similar proliferous network of concepts as he did, I think they would prove pretty short-lived. By limiting myself to a rather more austere conceptual set, it's my hope that the engagement with it will be easier.

The Argument

Although the human sciences have been ardent in criticizing the inequalities that remain in place because of race, what race actually is often elides analysis and commentary. According to the dominant paradigm, race is necessarily "constructed" through language and culture, so what it is "itself" cannot be known. What then counts, in human geography, cultural studies, anthropology, and sociology, is often the discourse on, media images of, people's opinions about race, instead of the realities of embodiment, face, and location. Thus Richard Dyer's *White* has discussed cinematic representations of whites and shown how whiteness is insubstantial without a profound symbolism of virtue and control.[1] The work of Dyer and others in white studies has been valuable in exposing how whites have historically erased their own racial specificity. Although blacks and reds are colored, that is, deviations from white, whites are just human. Humanity is itself defined on white terms.

My study falls under white studies, but I will take issue with the latter's theoretical basis, what is commonly called social constructionism. Against positivism and realism, social constructionism holds that the meaning of social and even physical phenomena is not given once and for all, but depends on how they are understood in society. In its critical versions, social constructionism studies how different groups struggle over the meanings of phenomena such as whiteness, nation, poverty, and disease. Social constructionism, then, tends to understand these phenomena primarily through their ideas, their representations in language and images. Against pure idealism, social construcionists hold that these representations are

not mere fictions or fantasies, as they have "real effects." However, how these effects occur (for example, what impact cinematic depictions of whites have on actual people in real space and time) is usually left unscrutinized. My ethnography attempts to grasp the geographies of social/physical reality as constituted *only* by "real effects." Whites taking up the dance floor in the morning and somehow managing to dispel Indians again and again in Anjuna is hardly a question of representation. Psychedelics is primarily about what happens to bodies and how it is that these bodies tend to be white, even if these bodies are using "representations." The first, obvious way that the analysis here differs from most research following the constructionist paradigm lies in that it tries to address race as an event, not how it is known through discourse or in people's minds. When analyzed as an event, whiteness in Anjuna can be shown to be both creative and constricting. I think it will become evident, as the book progresses, that only ethnography could establish the conceptual imbrication of psychedelics and viscosity.

It is a commonplace assumption that whites have for a long time been fascinated and transformed by drawing on other people's cultures and landscapes. These fascinations and transformations have been notably given systematic attention in Edward Said's *Orientalism*.[2] Yet the fact that white appropriations of otherness were fueled by a conscious effort to transcend the constraints of white society—that European exoticism and primitivism, though intertwined with colonial subjugation, also tell of the self-critique and self-transformation of whites—has seldom been put at the center of theorization. The second way in which this book departs from most theories of race is that whiteness is treated as something positive; that is, it is much more than simply the negation of nonwhiteness. White racism will need to be conceived as a system involving not just exclusion, but more complex shades of differentiation and interaction prior to any distinction between self and other, West and East.

Usually in the constructionist paradigm, instead of virtuality and creativity, the oppressive and rigid nature of racial boundaries is emphasized. For many theorists of race today, such as Paul Gilroy, race is always already racist because it is fundamentally about drawing a sharp boundary between white and nonwhite. Hence Gilroy's title: *Against Race*.[3] Populations have been "othered" as inferior or evil by white people, a process that was institutionalized and globalized during European imperialism and American slavery but continues to inform current portrayals of nonwhites in insiduous ways. Race is just one way of classifying humans, and from this Gilroy concludes that a future without it is conceivable and desirable. In contradistinction to this kind of antiracism, and as a third

departure from social constructionism, this book calls not for an abolishing of the idea of race, but its critical reappropriation so as to combat racism more adequately. The ethnography will give evidence toward a conception of race as a heterogeneous process of differentiation involving the materiality of bodies and spaces.

What this study seeks to do, in short, is formulate a materialist theory of race. The ethnographic description and reflection will draw attention to events and constellations in Anjuna that permit, or rather encourage, thinking race in terms of bodies and spaces. I built my conceptual apparatus with ample aid from Deleuze, who, unlike most theorists of race and colonialism, doesn't ground his thought in negativity and representation. To anticipate my theoretical conclusion, race is a shifting amalgamation of human bodies and their appearance, genetic material, artifacts, landscapes, music, money, language, and states of mind. Racial difference emerges when bodies with certain characteristics become viscous through the ways they connect to their physical and social environment. Race is a machinic assemblage, to use a concept of Deleuze's collaborator Félix Guattari. Machinic assemblage is an ontological concept and therefore apt for tackling the question "What is race?" Basically, the concept presents constellations, especially biological and sociological constellations, as fully material, machinelike interlockings of multiple varied components, which do not cease to be different from each other while assembled. A machine in the narrow sense works because bolts are bolts and cogs are cogs. Thus, there is order—for example, there is a relatively stable constellation that can be called whiteness—but order is a shifting effect of many little connections and flows.

The whiteness of the space and bodies at Dolce Vita was achieved through components such as skin color, cannabis, tea, sunlight, conversation, trees, entry charge, and dancing skills. What is more important than distinctions between nature and nurture, or innate and environmental, or culture and economy, is how an assemblage functions, how it manages to emerge and persist in its own right. A consequence of thinking race as a machinic assemblage is that the phenotype of bodies cannot be something incidental to how bodies act as vehicles for racial differences: phenotype matters. Deleuze has a powerful notion of virtuality that enables conceiving matter such as phenotype as active and full of potentiality, instead of completely curtained or frozen by "discourse."

My philosophical sources are not restricted to Deleuze and Guattari. Prior to them, feminists such as Elizabeth Grosz and Adrienne Rich taught me how to affirm the differential materiality of bodies. As in feminism, the theorization of the body presented here is linked to a political and

ethical project of reorganizing human differences, so that privilege is not an automatic implication of one's corporeality or where one comes from. It is not that the dominant constructionist conceptions of race and gender actively prevents this, of course. But it certainly seems that a more rigorous understanding of the material dynamics of privilege based on phenotype—what is race?—can contribute to such a project.

Crucial to my ethnography will be the understanding of *emergence*, which I treat as a subcategory of virtuality. Far from being fixed in either genes or culture, racial difference emerges through a host of processes at different levels of organization. The concept of viscosity, moreover, allows for a fundamentally spatial way of imagining race, as opposed to collapsing it into a disembodied and mental contraption, as tends to be done in much theory. In the last chapter, I will briefly take issue with Frantz Fanon's conception of race and his lasting influence on critical race theory. By positing race as primarily a dialectical system of exclusion and recognition (self versus other), theorists have failed to appreciate the entangled and effervescent nature of both race and racism. Understanding the complex materiality of race means abandoning the basically Hegelian perspective on human difference that continues to inspire much of critical theory.

Instead of identity politics and a downright negation of whiteness, or a celebration of hybridity and anarchy, or a regime of multiculturalism and tolerance, the politics that follows from my ethnography acknowledges that an escape from whiteness can perversely reinforce it—as happens in Anjuna. But that is no reason to deny its emancipatory possibilities. Whiteness and race need to be understood and proliferated in new ways, not abolished or denied. In contrast to what is usually expected of bringing phenotype back into the human sciences, therefore, this study asserts that a materialist (or machinic) analysis of race cannot be appropriated by eugenics or biological essentialism, while it can definitely contribute to the battle against white supremacy. It was during my encounter with Anjuna that my thinking on race slowly started forming. In fact, rave culture and hippie travel might be the quintessential places to start thinking the strange materiality of race.

1
Psychedelic Whiteness

> They are above the multitudes, looking down from the Furthur heights of the bus, and the billion eyes of America glisten at them like electric kernels, and yet the Pranksters are grooving with this whole wide-screen America and going with its flow with American flags flying from the bus and taking energy, as in solar heat, from its horsepower and its neon and there is no limit to the American trip.
>
> —Tom Wolfe, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*

What a White Body Can Do

Anjuna's psychedelic trance scene cannot be understood outside its hippie legacy. There are clear continuities between Goa's psy-trance scene and the legendary fluorescent Furthur bus of the Merry Prankster, which brought Ken Kesey's delirious multimedia "acid tests" across the United States and into Mexico. These continuities express what this book is about: psychedelic whiteness. In an essay on the American hippies, Stuart Hall usefully summarized the eclectic practices and attitudes that defined them.[1] Hippie culture literally held together through the adoption of black slang and what Hall calls "assumed poverty"; enacting Jack Kerouac's *On the Road;* an identification with American Indians and India; hallucinogenic mysticism; slogans about "togetherness"; a yearning for childhood innocence; and a new brand of hedonistic anarchism do your own thing. Each of these meant a redefinition of what it meant to be white and middle-class in the America of the fifties and sixties, challenging its politeness, suburban consumerism, hometown nostalgia, the Protestant work ethic, and white supremacism.

> [I]n its more active mode, Hippies and "flower power" are a way of carrying on a sort of spiritual politics by "other means". Instead of taking society from in front, like the campus militants, or burning it, baby, to the ground, like the black ghetto militants, they mean to unravel it from

> within, destroying the *rationale*, undermining the legitimacy, the social ethic which is the moral cement which holds the whole fabric together.[2]

It is this active (as opposed to reactive) "spiritual politics by other means" that I wish to call psychedelics. Psychedelics is the commitment certain whites have to transforming themselves through drugs, music, travel, and spiritualities borrowed from other populations. Psychedelics is less an organized, antagonistic kind of politics than an "unraveling from within" of the "moral cement" that defines the privileged position of the white bourgeoisie. Important though the taking of hallucinogenic drugs is to psychedelics, it follows from a more general sensual, romantic, and self-conscious framework. Psychedelics is an ethical practice, a relationship to oneself, one's body, one's place in society and the world, which seeks not to destroy the culture from which it sprang but to explore its fringe possibilities to the advantage of one's individuality.

More philosophically, my ethnography is a study in materialist ethics in the Spinozist tradition. Spinoza's monism understood the human body, like all bodies, as an active but constrained agent in a material world, itself composed of many smaller bodies: "Bodies are distinguished from one another in respect of motion and rest, quickness and slowness, and not in respect of substance."[3] As Deleuze has remarked, the *Ethics* is in effect very much like the science of ethology, the ecological study of animal behavior in which an organism's possible movements depend on its ongoing relations with other beings.[4] A well-known passage of Deleuze and Guattari reads:

> We know nothing about a body until we know what it can do, in other words, what its affects are, how they can or cannot enter into composition with other affects, with the affects of another body, either to destroy that body or to be destroyed by it, either to exchange actions and passions with it or to join with it in composing a more powerful body.[5]

To account for the openness and connectivity of bodies, Deleuze identifies two "dimensions":

> A body, of whatever kind, is defined by Spinoza in two simultaneous ways. In the first place, a body, however small it may be, is composed of an infinite number of particles; it is the relations of motion and rest, of speeds and slownesses between particles, that define a body, the individuality of a body. Secondly, a body affects other bodies, or is affected by other bodies; it is this capacity for affecting and being affected that also defines a body in its individuality.[6]

Through Spinoza, Deleuze conceives a body in a "kinetic" and a "dynamic" dimension. First, a body's *composition:* how are particles held together to compose a perceivable body capable of interacting in its own right, and what forces enable these particles to be (temporarily or permanently) dismantled? Second, a body's *capacities to connect:* how can and does it connect to other bodies, to flows of matter and energy, and to the common environment? Bodies are therefore conceived in their specific virtualities, as emergent and evolving entities with probable future trajectories. Living the inherent kinetics and dynamics of a body is not attaining a separate consciousness of it, but coming to grips with its present possibilities. "There can be no idea in the mind which excludes the existence of the body," stated Spinoza, "for such an idea is contrary to the mind."[7]

Psychedelic practices of self can then be understood as ethical explorations of a (modern) human's possibilities. Michel Foucault used a kind of Spinozist framework to study how free Greek men constituted themselves as subjects.[8] If Foucault called the ancient Greek use of sexual pleasure erotics, psychedelics is the use of all sorts of pleasure (drugs, sex, travel, dropping out, dance, style) to transform oneself. Now, one body isn't another. Foucault maintained already in his history of madness that the social effectivity of bodily composition (such as particular neurological conditions) depends on its material and discursive embeddings.[9] Pierre Bourdieu's sociological conception of embodiment comes to mind to further grasp this embedding.[10] As a geographer, I want to insist more strongly than Foucault and Bourdieu that a body's capacities are always linked to its physical singularity, which, according to the space it finds itself in (patriarchy, racism, capitalism, ageism, the hospital, the gym, the school, the freak show, etc.), will circumscribe what is possible and what not. Seen in an ethical light, humans are socially—indeed, biologically—compelled to performing what Foucault calls a "problematization" of their bodies and environments.

A culture of this habitual opening up (or closing) of the body to affections from without requires what Foucault defines as "arts of existence," "techniques of the self,"

> those intentional and voluntary actions by which men not only set themselves rules of conduct, but also seek to transform themselves, to change themselves in their singular being, and to make their life into an oeuvre that carries certain aesthetic values and meets certain stylistic criteria.[11]

In what could be called an ethology of men in antiquity, Foucault shows how adult, free males became "ethical subjects" and constituted an erotic culture insofar as they worked on their bodies. Free Greek men became

free Greek men by managing the sensuous encounters between their bodies and other bodies (women, boys, peasants, slaves, foreigners), food, medicine, law, the household, different times of the day, and different spaces in the city. Notwithstanding the geographic, class, and gender specificity of Foucault's analysis, I think it's safe to say that no social formation would be possible without its members constantly working on their selves, without a constant vigilance to what bodies do and can do, when and where. Transformations of self can therefore both make individuality flourish and simultaneously tie individuals into social formations.

Modern techniques of the self are "psychedelic" insofar as they derive power from what is excluded from modern bourgeois rationality. Shamans in nonmodern societies are not engaged in what I'm calling psychedelics because their drug taking is not concerned with a subversive project of breaking loose from their cultural locatedness. Furthermore, more than in antiquity, the self in psychedelics is considered as a state of mind: "consciousness," "enlightenment," a liberation from the weights of home, work, school, church, clothes, aging, pain, and discipline. The crazy hallucinogenic ways in which the psychedelic body opens up to its surroundings are instrumental to this ethics. Strong advocates of psychedelics such as Timothy Leary and Terence McKenna state quite clearly that it is about mind mastering matter, about transcendence of the geohistorical body. The irony is that treating the self as a project that can be rationally given direction is precisely the idealist notion constitutive of bourgeois cohesion.

In fact, psychedelics runs deep in modernity. Modern individualism reinvented the ancient techniques of the self, except that now it required inspiration from elsewhere. The Marquis de Sade, Charles Baudelaire, Richard F. Burton, Paul Gauguin, Aleister Crowley: wealthy white men have for a long time been fascinated by the transformative qualities of sex, the occult, and intoxicating travels. These were isolated individuals before the 1960s, however. The acid tests championed the Merry Pranksters and the Grateful Dead knitted together a whole psychedelic movement, and a quintessentially American one too. No other known substance is capable of having a determinable effect at the doses LSD operates with. With up to ten thousand trips lying dormant in a mere gram, LSD could be easily produced and distributed. Not just that—its neurochemistry most powerfully suits the requirements of a project of psychedelics. In many ways LSD represents the epitome to date of the psychedelic sensibility of white modernity, intertwined as it was with novel ways of dwelling, dressing, traveling, making music, having sex, meditating, praying, eating, sleeping, and making art.

Some critics, such as Theodor Roszak, argued that the popularization and commodification of the psychotropic experience meant that what Aldous Huxley was capable of—a careful critique of the Judeo-Christian tradition and the Western polis from within—became increasingly elusive:

> [The hippies] have, in adolescent rebellion, thrown off the corrupted culture of their elders and, along with that soiled bath water, the very body of Western heritage—at best, in favor of exotic traditions they only marginally understand; at worst, in favor of an introspective chaos in which the seventeen or eighteen years of their own unformed lives float like atoms in a void.[12]

However, it matters not so much whether Huxley's intellectualist descriptions of mescaline were more "authentic" or informed than the pop-Buddhist hotchpotch of an acidhead. As the more optimistic American critic Leslie Fiedler argued, what matters is the common cultural sensibility that drove both the acidhead and the intellectual to yearn for chemical enlightenment.[13] Even if the hippies did not invent psychedelics, it can be argued that the scale and intensity of psychedelic transformations of self between about 1965 and 1975 were unprecedented, making this era a prime point of entry into the discussion of whiteness and perhaps even of modernity.

In sum, psychedelics is an ethical commitment to overcoming the material and geographic fact of embodiment, of being shaped in certain ways in certain places. It is not that hippies deepen a prior essence of self, purifying their being of socialization. Their practices are psychedelic to the extent that they invoke a core as a site for investment and transformation, opposing what elders and the law have to say about it. The psychedelic self isn't at all purified of the social; rather, it seriously plays around with what the environment has to offer. It is the social itself that already contains the possibility of the psychedelic.

White Lines of Flight

The psychedelic movements inaugurated by Huxley, Leary, and Kesey formed a culmination of white modernity's deeper engagement with its geographic and racial beyonds—with what Deleuze and Guattari would call the "lines of flight" of white modernity. Of course, LSD's chemistry cannot exhaustively explain this. The counterculture had to be fed with other places, other racial formations. Leslie Fiedler is a valuable source of inspiration in this regard. In *The Return of the Vanishing American*, he wrote

that the ad hoc European colonization of North America has always been based on a mythological "West" and an obsession with the archaic life of the first Americans who, perhaps more than the landscape, defined where the final frontier lay for the white expansionists:

> The Western story in archetypical form is, then, a fiction dealing with the confrontation in the wilderness of a transplanted WASP and a radically alien other, an Indian—leading either to a metamorphosis of the WASP into something neither White nor Red (sometimes by adoption, sometimes by sheer emulation, but never by actual miscegenation), or else to the annihilation of the Indian (sometimes by castration-conversion or penning off into a ghetto, sometimes by sheer murder).[14]

The racially and ecologically different lured the white adventurer further and further away from the Old World, into the New. The story of America is a story of white men continually reinventing themselves by trying to conquer and reach out to what was not (yet) white at that time:

> [W]e are tempted to say that it is the woodman which the ex-European becomes besides his Red companion: the hunter, the trapper, the frontiersman, the pioneer, at last the cowboy—or maybe next-to-last, for after him comes the beatnik, the hippie, one more wild man seeking the last West of Haight-Ashbury in high-heeled boots and blue jeans. But even as he ceases to be a beatnik and becomes fully hippie, the ultimate Westerner ceases to be White at all and turns back into the Indian, his boots becoming moccasins, his hair bound in an Indian headband, and a string of beads around his neck—to declare that he has fallen out of the Europeanized West, into an aboriginal and archaic America.[15]

Moreover, in the case of the beats and hippies, the frontiers of what it meant to be white were pushed well beyond California:

> The earth, it turns out, is mythologically as well as geographically round; the lands across the Pacific will not do, since on the rim of the second ocean, West becomes East, our whole vast land (as Columbus imagined, and Whitman nostalgically remembered at the opening of the Suez Canal) a Passage to India.[16]

Significantly, Fiedler suggests that American transformations of whiteness were always also a matter of drugs, including coffee and tobacco. Especially the hallucinogens marijuana, peyote, and mescaline "are our [i.e., white America's] bride to—even as they are gifts from—the world of the Indian: the world not of an historical past, but of the eternally archaic."[17]

Carlos Castañeda's account of mescaline and marijuana ritual in Mexico and Terence McKenna's ethnobotanical evolutionism are important texts in modern literature not because of anthropological accuracy, but because of their vivid imagination of a purer prehistorical and psychogeographic beyond given to the white man.[18] Here is Aldous Huxley again:

> Travelling further, we reach a kind of Far West, inhabited by Jungian archetypes and the raw materials of human mythology. Beyond this region lies a broad Pacific. Wafted across it on the wings of mescaline . . . we reach what may be called the Antipodes of the mind.[19]

It is not a coincidence that geographic markers become nebulous and interchangeable on mescaline. As an "excursion into the unknown," the hallucinogenic trip emulates not only psychosis (an early synonym of "psychedelic" was "psychotomimetic"), but also white explorers' constant urge to transcend themselves, by traveling ever further, even with the risk of totally losing their bearings:

> It is only a step from thinking of the West as madness to regarding madness as the true West, but it took the long years between the end of the fifteenth century and the middle of the twentieth to learn to take that step. . . . We have come to accept the notion that there is still a territory unconquered and uninhabited by palefaces, the bearers of "civilization," the cadres of imperialist reason; and we have been learning that into this territory certain psychotics, a handful of "schizophrenics," have moved ahead of us.[20]

It is remarkable how Fiedler's "mythological geography" (his phrase) discovers the machinic links between whiteness, travel, drugs, masculinity, and insanity. Fiedler prefigured Michael Taussig's *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man*, a study of how white colonial attitudes toward indigenous Colombians consist of both racist brutality and an irresistible belief in the redemptive power of "the wild man" and his sacred drugs.[21] However, Fiedler has a deeper sense than Taussig of just how powerful white flirtations with alterity are. In a 1965 essay on youthful futurism and the use of hallucinogens, "The New Mutants," Fiedler had already argued that sixties youth aimed at nothing less than the "postmodern" reinvention of humanity.[22] The fact that Fiedler writes specifically about the United States does not make his cultural criticism irrelevant to what I am seeking here: a way of talking about how white people become white people by virtue of their engagements with bodies and spaces different from them.

Fiedler also prefigured Edward Said's much more influential *Orientalism*. After Said, it has become commonplace to argue that European identity was historically attained negatively, through the aesthetic and scholarly othering of Europe's colonies and dependencies, especially the Middle East. By coding the East as barbaric, despotic, but mysteriously attractive, the West was simultaneously cohering itself as the opposite: civilized, democratic, and rational. I want to maintain, with Fiedler, that whiteness has derived its hegemonic power in globalization much more positively than Said allows, from continually drawing from others what it needs to surpass itself. Whiteness is constituted not simply by erecting walls between self and other, important though exclusion and stereotyping are. Especially white American identity emerged not from fixing boundaries between rational and irrational, but, on the contrary, from restlessness, a quest for the exotic and the erotic, even a certain madness. Saying that white colonial identity was entirely built upon what I call psychedelic transformations of self would be nonsensical. Likewise, saying that only European populations have sensually, intellectually, and economically invested in exploration and otherness is plainly inaccurate. But I do think it can be argued that psychedelics intensifies a creative dimension uniquely constitutive of whiteness.

White Negroes

If psychedelic practices forge new relationships with what white modernity bars itself from, they are necessarily paradoxical in racial terms. The title of what is one of the most famous essays on the postwar counterculture, "The White Negro" by Norman Mailer, captures this point well. Reflecting on "Hip," the subcultural attitude of the beatniks in the mid-1950s, Mailer contends that this attitude wouldn't have been possible without the borrowing of marijuana and bebop from America's black population.[23] Indeed, *hip*, *hipster*, and *hippie* probably stem from the black and criminal slang word *hep*, meaning "with it," "fashionable." Because young whites in the United States were experiencing an existential crisis after Auschwitz and Hiroshima, it was the primitive, now-centered, and orgiastic way of life of the Negro, according to Mailer, that held attraction to them:

> So there was a new breed of adventurers, urban adventurers who drifted out at night looking for action with a black man's code to fit their facts. The hipster had absorbed the existentialist synapses of the Negro, and *for all practical purposes* could be considered a white Negro.[24]

A decade later, the white Negroes had become hippies, with their own drugs, own music, own slang and own ghettos. Some of the inspiration for hippie rebellion still came from black culture—even if it was precisely this borrowing that alienated actual blacks. Hippies may have adopted some Negro practices, but they clearly remained white. Stuart Hall:

> Hippie society is, therefore, strikingly, a part of white America. . . . There are black faces on the Haight Ashbury sidewalks, and organised black militant groups, like the Panthers, in other parts of California, but by and large the Hippie scene in San Francisco is separated from the largely black slums which surround it by high, though invisible walls.[25]

Lauren Onkey reminds us of a particularly dense moment of the racial politics surroundings hippie culture.[26] Jimi Hendrix's early-morning guitar-solo deconstruction of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the Woodstock festival in 1969 for many commentators captured the unsteady relationship between the counterculture and traditional American values. Hendrix was at once a messianic hero of psychedelic living and a Negro in Native American, Indian, and Gypsy garb; if the hipster was the white Negro, Hendrix was the Negro hipster. Even in his repudiation of Nixon's militarist chauvinism, Hendrix held "an exaggerated belief in human potentiality which indicated how strongly the American faith in man's power to control his own destiny continued to affect [him]," as one critic wrote of the era.[27] Hendrix's screeching feedback at Woodstock captured the fact that although nearly all of his audience, to his continual embarrassment, was white, Hendrix himself proved that psychedelics could also urge nonwhites to the point of this sublime dismantling of a quintessentially WASP hymn. It is telling, however, that as a result, most other blacks regarded Hendrix and his psychedelic rock as white—for all practical purposes.

Psychedelic whiteness is versatile in its choice of inspiration. Fiedler observed that the "West" became the "East" as hippies were slowly drawn more to India than to American Indians. Although the geographic imagination shifted, the mechanism behind it didn't. The love of India of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, George Harrison, and millions of their fans said as much about their own whiteness as about India. Sixties exoticist imaginations of India are but one instance of a wider yearning of adventurous whites to taste, know, pin down, and/or attain otherness. This exoticism not only betrays the position of those who are imagining—whites—but also begs the question what happens to actual white bodies once they engage with nonwhite spaces and cultures. It needs to be noted that Mailer,

Fiedler, and Said are cultural critics, not ethnographers, and their writings serve as critical, not methodological, guidelines for studying psychedelic whiteness. For ethnography, what matters is how race enters the psychedelic project in embodied practice. We need a short philosophical chapter to clarify what sort of materialism could frame such ethnography.

2
What Materialism?

> The entire world is an egg.
>
> —Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*

Emergence

In understanding Anjuna's tourist practices as creative, I have been inspired by popular science writing. This may seem strange for someone trained in media studies and cultural geography, but I'm encouraged by the fact that some Anglophone scholars of Deleuze, such as Manuel DeLanda, are arguing that the humanities and social sciences have largely failed to grasp the deeply creative nature of the material world.[1] The difference that matter itself makes, as opposed to the difference that consciousness makes of it, has on the whole remained elusive to the human sciences. This is because they have insisted that matter (the body, nature, things) is only capable of agency insofar as it is mediated by culture, language, and the mind. By contrast, Deleuze holds that matter is itself "problematic." Matter contains—or rather is—a creativity beyond the creativity that is habitually attributed to culture, language, or the mind. The schism between the human and physical sciences followed from the peculiarly modern European way of separating mind and matter after Descartes. If the humanities talk about fluidity or entropy, they're supposed to be meant as metaphors, whereas for physical scientists, it's the real stuff.

What is needed for materialist philosophy, first of all, is not a distinction between real and metaphorical, natural and social, but a deeper ontological distinction between fixity and movement. This distinction is not one of opposition. Instead of being opposed to movement, fixity only exists

and subsists by emerging from an organization of movement. The concept of emergence has a legacy in the analytic philosophy of science that may be traced back to John Stuart Mill's momentous *System of Logic*.[2] Bypassing highly specialized debates, emergentism holds that every level of organization, from the cell to the world-economy, exhibits "emergent properties" that do not derive from, and cannot be predicted by, the properties of its constituent parts. Emergent properties arise irreversibly and immanently (without external blueprint) through the ways that many smaller particles are constrained in their interactions. Although the individuality of a complex system is real, it is necessary to keep in mind its temporality, manifold nature, fuzzy boundaries, and dependency on its outside.

A thorough conception of emergence is central to avoiding dualism in Deleuzian ontology. Closely following Deleuze, Brian Massumi writes:

> [P]ositionality is an emergent quality of movement. The distinction between stasis and motion that replaces the opposition between literal and figurative from this perspective is not a logical binarism. It follows the mode by which realities pass into each other. "Passing into" is not a binarism. "Emerging" is not a binarism. They are dynamic unities. The kinds of distinction suggested here pertain to continuities under qualitative transformation. They are directly processual (and derivately signifiying and codifying). They can only be approached by a logic that is abstract enough to grasp the self-disjunctive coincidence of a thing's immediacy to its own variation: to follow how concepts of dynamic unity and unmediated heterogeneity reciprocally presuppose each other. The concept of field, to mention but one, is a useful logical tool for expressing continuity of self-relation and heterogeneity in the same breath. Embarrassingly for the humanities, the handiest concepts in this connection are almost without exception products of mathematics or the sciences.[3]

There are ways of thinking that will be crucial to my ethnography that are more adequately developed in the physical sciences, especially in what is popularly known as complexity theory. First, as Massumi says, the humanities have tended to treat fixity and movement as a binarism. They tend to posit the existence of entities such as classes, roles, systems, functions, individuals, sexes, races, signs, discourses, subject positions, cultures, and places as prior to, instead of derivative of, change and heterogeneity. Thus change happens to class, rather than that classes form through change. The perennial problem of social structuration is posed in the wrong way as long as emergence is not understood. The Marxian tradi-

tion has no doubt attempted to infuse materiality with history, but social relations were ultimately reified by economic reductionism, class essentialism, teleology, scientism, the dialectic, and a continuing separation of the human from the natural. Meanwhile, cultural studies and much poststructuralist theory have not only chosen to examine discourse and meaning at the cost of physicality, but have overemphasized—indeed, celebrated—flux and hybridity, thereby omitting to offer explanations for the real structures and divisions that can and do arise.

Second, the humanities almost by definition conceive human reality as a realm absolutely different from all other processes. There is no logical or empirical reason, however, for treating human systems as exempt from the regularities of thermodynamics, biomes, or the solar system. What needs to be explained is how different levels of organization (including human society) impinge and depend on each other, and how they are possible in the first place. As popular science writers such as Philip Ball argue, much contemporary computer simulation demonstrates that some concepts—emergence, field, bifurcation, phase space, self-organization, dissipation, chaos, network—are useful for understanding different kinds of organization in analogous terms. This doesn't mean that social theory becomes irrelevant, only that it be recast through certain conceptions of the material world in general.[4]

But third, complexity theory also respects the specificity of each level or threshold of organization, however unstable such an organization might be. Human interaction does not work "the same way" as the interaction between molecules, clouds, or termites. Molecular relations can help think human relations anew because the *concept* of relation is common to them both. To be sure, the enthusiasm for analogy sometimes obscures this antireductionism. But in my mind, a complex concept of process is intrinsically multiscalar and transdisciplinary, and allows for the physical singularities of scales, systems, and probabilities. If some mathematical analogies can be shown between molecular interaction and human interaction, this is never necessarily owing to their abiding to the same physical or mathematical laws, but to an adequate conception of interaction. What is most important is not to show analogy. What is most important is enabling to think across tresholds, to think otherwise. Analogy serves only to forge new dialogues between the humanities and physical sciences, to surprise them both, and to make sense differently.

Far from attempting to assume an air of science proper or fashionability, materialism in ethnography, cultural theory, and human geography borrows modestly from the physical sciences because the latter contain

ways of thinking process and reality that have been largely subordinated in the human sciences. It is these subordinated conceptions that might have to be mobilized in order to engage with the social and political problems that the humanities address.

Virtuality

As DeLanda and Massumi make abundantly clear, central to the forthcoming exchange between the physical sciences and Deleuze studies will be the concept of the virtual. Thinking through biology, thermodynamics, and calculus, Deleuze distinguishes between the virtual and the actual in *Difference and Repetition*. To simplify, the virtual of a physical system (a convection cell, an organism, a social formation) can be defined as the set of potential trajectories for change the system itself generates out of its internal composition and exchange with its changing surroundings. The virtual is as real as what is actually present, but only insofar as it has the capacity to become actual, insofar as it is pulling and pushing the actual toward becoming different. Virtual reality subsists "beneath" physical space and time; its spatiality is strictly unrepresentable. It might be called a parallel world, or it might be called "infinite," but it can be found nowhere else than here and now. The virtual changes (differen*t*iates) in correspondence to the evolution of an actual system (differen*c*iation) in which it is actualized. The virtual realm and physical space-time form an ontological circuit.

It might be easier to understand this seemingly mystical approach by admitting that, in a way, Deleuze holds that Ideas are real, but they inhere in matter, not in the subject. So there are two reasons why this ontology is resolutely not Platonic. First, actualization is always invention not imitation, because it involves active selection from, a slowing down of, the virtual Ideas. Second, virtual spaces are wholly immanent to the physicality of given systems and are therefore geographically and historically contingent, instead of Plato's transcendent Ideas. Although monist statements do pop up in *Difference and Repetition*, and more in Deleuze's later collaborative work with Guattari (the plane of immanence, the chaosmos), we need to remember that virtuality's infinite differentiation at infinite speed makes it always already an infinite plurality absolutely exceeding any concept of it. For a rigorous conception of the virtual, we need to fully affirm both its multiplicity and its immanence. This denies the existence of one eternal cause or ultimate ground to what is and can be: Oneness, God, Man, Reason, Totality, Language, Laws, Mind, Dialectic, Sign, even Life. The study of the virtual can be neither religious nor

positivistic, and it should remain wary of vitalism and relativism. It is radically *empirical:* try to sense what's happening, try to respect the definition of the situation, don't start but end with the taken for granted, remain open to new and troublesome questions.

There are three aspects of virtual space (also called *topology*) underpinning this book that I want to introduce: "intensive difference," "abstract machine," and "lines of flight." *Intensive difference* refers to Deleuze's emphatic point that within any situation or system there is unevenness, that is, force fields, differentials, or charges constituted by the asymmetry between the capacities of the various components or regions:

> Every diversity and every change refers to a difference which is its sufficient reason. Everything which happens and everything which appears is correlated with orders of differences: differences of level, temperature, pressure, tension, potential, *difference of intensity.*[5]

Strictly speaking, intensive difference can only be *felt:* the moment before a kiss, or before an execution. Vertigo is a way of feeling the pull of actual, quantitative height. Thus mathematics is nothing more than an incredibly sophisticated and consistent method for sensing immanent virtuality. Music fulfills a similar function.

Thinking with intensive difference is thinking how tension and heterogeneity cause things into process, how space breeds time. Unsurprisingly, Deleuze shows a liking for embryology, that wonderful science of gradients, individuations, and folds. The chicken exists virtually in the egg (among other possibilities):

> Types of egg are therefore distinguished by the orientations, the axes of development, the differential speeds and rhythms which are the primary factors in the actualization of a structure and create a space and a time peculiar to that which is actualized.[6]

The universe is a vast chemical potential for growth. My ethnography will look at smaller systems, at heterogeneities of the type that Guattari called *assemblages* (*agencements*, from *agencer*, to arrange, to put together).[7] Assemblages are composed of elements of various kinds and levels—chemical, behavioral, artificial, meteorological—and are therefore filled to the rim with intensive difference. My ethnography is chiefly going to describe intensive differences between human bodies—how economic, cultural, phenotypical, and other disparities open those bodies to certain kinds of interactions and transformations.

Intensive difference embodies *tendencies.* The ensemble of an assemblage's tendencies is what Guattari calls an "abstract machine," which

> is not universal, or even general, but singular; it is not actual, but virtual-real; it has, not invariable or obligatory rules, but optional rules that ceaselessly vary with the variation itself, as in a game in which every move changes the rules. . . . The abstract machine is like the diagram of an assemblage. . . . We should not conclude from this that the assemblage brings only a certain resistance or inertia to bear against the abstract machine; for even "constants" are essential to the determination of the virtualities through which the variation passes, they are themselves optionally chosen.[8]

An assemblage's abstract machine delimits what can probably happen to it. It is the system's virtual double, the system's Idea. The concept of abstract machine has much affinity with the probabilistic notion of phase space in statistical mechanics. Ilya Prigogine and Isabelle Stengers explain:

> The dynamic state of a point particle is specified by position (a vector with three components) and by momentum (also a vector with three components). We may represent this state by two points, each in a three-dimensional space, or by a single point in the six-dimensional space formed by the coordinates and momentum. This is phase space. . . . Inasmuch as we are incapable, not only in practice but also in theory, of describing a system by means of a trajectory and are obliged to use a distribution function corresponding to a finite region (however small) of phase space, we can only predict the *statistical* future of the system. . . . Probability becomes an objective property generated from the inside of dynamics, so to speak, and which expresses a basic structure of the dynamical system.[9]

Tendencies in the same assemblage can diverge sharply from each other. Guattari calls the wildest, most creative (or destructive) tendencies "lines of flight." So hippie culture has tendencies both to break away from white urban modernity and create miniature replicas of that modernity elsewhere. This acknowledgment of intrinsic productive tension will be indispensable for my ethnography and its political conclusions.

Emergence entails that there is always a virtual realm that exceeds the system. As Prigogine showed, there are in any complex, far-from-equilibrium system certain flows that have the potential to disrupt instead of support its individuality; every assemblage contains lines of flight. Lines of flight are those tendencies that would continue dismantling the assemblage if they would remain "turned on." They are dangerously uncontrollable. Although complexity theorists and emergentists

often have sophisticated conceptions of intensity, phase space, and structuration, it is Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari who conceptually and politically insist on the lines of flight.

A nonessentialist, nonmechanistic, and emergentist materialism cannot do without a careful consideration of virtuality. Matter's intrinsic changeability means that it is never totally knowable, but also that it can lend itself to many different kinds of understandings, uses, and arrangements. Thinking with and through the virtual not only exposes the multiplicities of relations and movements that go into the transformation and cohering of entities such as organism, species, class, sex, or race. It also keeps what is possible for the future open for contestation and amendment. For the systems of human beings that this study is going to dwell on, the future is, then, in itself an incentive for struggle.

3
Tripping on India

> India, the idea and the place, has itself shaped the self-images of others. From Megasthenes in the early third century BC, via Alberuni, the Portuguese missionaries, Schlegel and the Romantics, Schopenhauer, and on to the theosophists, Kipling, E. M. Forster, Paul Scott, the Beatles, and Goa Trance, other cultures have recurringly used India as a foil to define their own historical moments: to reassure or doubt themselves.
>
> —Sunil Khilnani, *The Idea of India*

Breathing Spirituality

Back to our story of white creativity, to hippies exploring the lines of flight that open up their bodies to other places and cultures. It isn't difficult to understand why it was India that attracted their psychedelic interest. India's rich philosophical, religious, and aesthetic history had been a source of inspiration for a long intellectual tradition in the West. Particularly Buddhism's insistence on the fluid and monist nature of reality entered popular culture after Alan Watts and Aldous Huxley likened this mystical notion to their experiences on hallucinogens. For those interested in transforming themselves, India simply *breathed* spirituality. By the sixties, even for those travelers and tourists who weren't doing yoga or reading the *Rig Veda*, India's sacred cows, trains, vegetarianism, pilgrimage centers, Taj Mahal, erotic sculptures, sitars, sadhus, deserts, and mountain passes had been sufficiently invested with exoticism that simply being there produced some form of enlightenment.

The pleasures sought in the East were also, or mainly, profane—just as they were at home, as is amply shown in contemporary ethnographies of hippie culture.[1] Even if they had renounced their affluence at home, the hippies were relatively well-off in the third-world countries they passed through.[2] Hippie adventurers proved that it was easy enough to find your way around the planet, even before *Lonely Planet*, as long as you had dollar bills. What most enthused hippies was the extremely low prices of cannabis;

the Asian hippie trail of the late sixties was first and foremost a pot trail.[3] LSD was smuggled along, opium was easily available. Traveling perpetually stoned through places that hardly saw any whites, hooking up with fellow travelers, talking a lot of zany orientalism, but seldom getting to know any locals, the Asian hippie trail was in a sense a string of white bubbles leading to Goa.

Anjuna's rave tourism retains a keen sense of psychedelics and the importance of escaping white modernity. The following comes from an interview in 1998 with Cyrille, then twenty-six, from France:

CYRILLE But it was eh like eh another kick for me to go traveling, to break the barrier, you know?

Yeah. Which barrier?

CYRILLE Yeah barrier. Because the system, they give you education, they they tell you . . . go India, you will catch malaria! And you will catch this, and that . . .

[laughs] Yeah, you have problems . . .

CYRILLE Maybe they will kill you . . . And they fucking yeah man . . . Yeah because they don't want you coming here. If you can understand me.

Yeah. They don't want you to go searching for something else.

CYRILLE . . . See, yeah, they—

They want to keep you . . . à la France.

CYRILLE They want cus-cus-customer. Yeah, they want to keep you in France, or in the system.

Yeah, in the system.

CYRILLE Because you are customer and we are in the . . . we have to buy. This is their, you know. So if you go out of the system, and you . . . are not customer, so this already a bad point but ah, is not the worst. Because you can understand thinking, like we are speaking about. And if you understand this, after you can be a virus. And if you are a virus—

[laughs] You can start infecting other people!

CYRILLE Yes. So you can kill the system.

Yeah that is why.

CYRILLE So this is why they fear eh.

Yeah. That is the fear.

Hippie trail, early 1970s.

CYRILLE All of this. And this is also why they fear about techno music.

Hm.

CYRILLE Because techno its mean music, but a message, and its mean drugs, and drugs means also means—

All the bad things.

CYRILLE —over, over-reality, so over-reality means—

You can open the system.

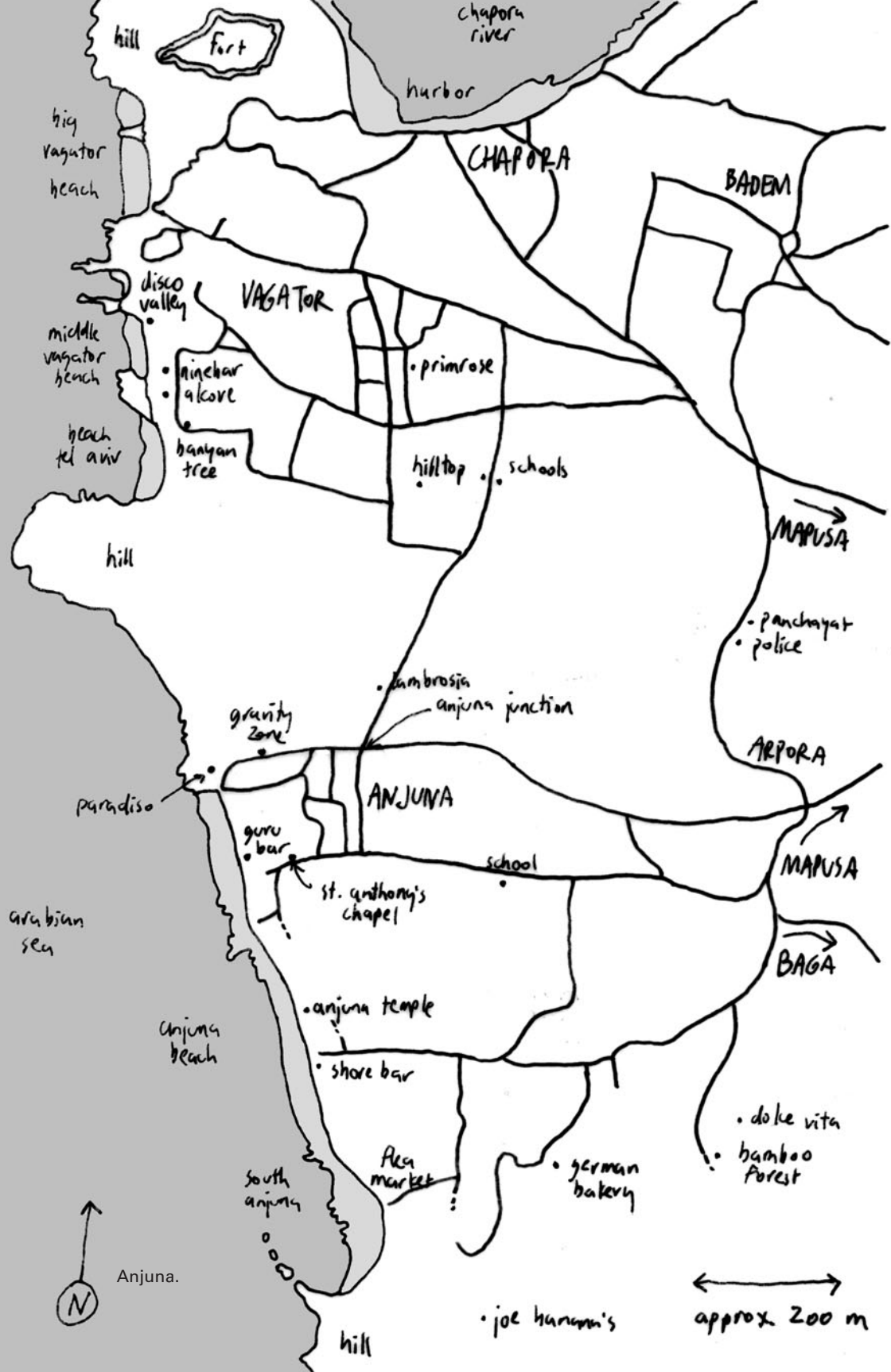
CYRILLE —you can understand fucking many reality, not only one. It's many, nature is not only one nature. You can understand, nobody don't don't have to be like eh Schwarzenegger, or look like this, and wear Levi's, and you know?

[laughs] Yeah.

CYRILLE There is not only one type. You can understand this. So this is to make fear in the people. Fear in the system. And the system is really afraid by this.

Cyrille articulates the essence of psychedelic whiteness I have been discussing so far, namely, the anarcho-mystical dream of *getting away* through psychoactive drugs and music. He lists the social machines that ensure that people in the West stick with their conventional lives: consumerism, stereotypes about third-world poverty, fear of disease, advertising, and Hollywood cinema. Goa was, according to Cyrille, the perfect place for those labeled "crazy" by "the system," to find freedom from oppression. Freedom is a word used profusely in Goa to describe what tourists come in search of there. Cyrille's conspiracy theory might seem an exaggerated way of looking at the disciplinary regimes keeping young whites in check, but it demonstrates that psychedelics (taking drugs, dancing to electronic music, traveling to India, meeting like-minded people, becoming viral) is indeed a conscious project of reinventing oneself.

Anjuna lies on the most western point of North Goa's taluka (district) Bardez, in between the mouths of the Baga rivulet and the Chapora River. The area of about 13 km^2 comprising the village is a geomorphological bowl with two vaguely crescent-like beaches. There are some ten thousand permanent residents in the area. During the tourist season there are an estimated thousand migrant laborers from elsewhere in India, most of them very poor; plus, of course, 3,500 to 4,500 foreign tourists. The *panchayat* (village council) resides over Anjuna proper, Vagator, and Chapora, each separated by hills and mostly divided into *vaddos* (wards) controlled by local Brahmin families. Chapora has a small fishing port and fish market,


hill
Fort
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harbor
big vagator beach
CHAPORA
BADEM
disco valley
VAGATOR
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beach tel aviv
banyan tree
hilltop
schools
MAPUSA
hill
panchayat
police
ambrosia
anjuna junction
gravity zone
ARPORA
paradiso
ANJUNA
guru bar
school
MAPUSA
st. anthony's chapel
arabian sea
BAGA
anjuna temple
anjuna beach
shore bar
dolce vita
bamboo forest
flea market
german bakery
south anjuna
N
Anjuna.
joe hanuman's
approx. 200 m
hill

but the Anjunkars have in general traditionally lived off the rice fields and coconut palms. After three decades of tourism, however, employment and land use are predominantly geared up for the foreign visitors.[4]

Goa's climate is tropical, with temperatures hardly changing over the year. Practically all rain falls in the monsoon period between June and September, when there are almost no tourists. Goans are proud of their *sossegado* (relaxed) way of life; in the popular and official imagination, physical and moral geography are seamlessy interwoven.

Goa's tourist season has always been the winter, its peak the last week of the year. On most days tourists can expect some eleven hours of direct sunshine. The last Goa freaks leave by the end of May, when it is uncomfortably hot. The Anjunkars then have several months to work on their guesthouses and rice fields, preparing the village for the next season.

It is interesting to learn of Anjuna's cosmopolitan and tumultous past. According to Teresa Albuquerque's popular-historical book *Anjuna*, the village's original name was Hanzun, its strategic location having been named by Arab sea traders well before the year 1000.[5] Following Vasco da Gama's 1498 arrival in Calicut (now in Kerala), the Portuguese conquered the already important port city of Goa (now Old Goa) in 1510. The northern provinces of Bardez and Salcete were annexed in 1543. Having become the capital of all of Portuguese Asia and Africa, Goa underwent a period of about 150 years of intense intercontinental trade, prosperity, and missionary activity, feeding the Christocentric myth of *Goa dourada* or "Golden Goa." The present St. Michael's Church in Anjuna was built as early as 1613. The military fortress at Chapora (of which only the walls remain) was built shortly after 1717, and several grand colonial mansions date back to the same period. But Portuguese decadence was legendary, and after wars with the Dutch and the English, Goa remained stagnant for a very long time. Only in 1961 did Nehru's troops force the Portuguese to give up their "Rome of the East." Goans had to wait until the tourist

	Jan	*Feb*	*Mar*	*Apr*	*May*	*Jun*	*Jul*	*Aug*	*Sep*	*Oct*	*Nov*	*Dec*
max. temp.	32°C 90°F	32°C 90°F	32°C 90°F	33°C 91°F	33°C 91°F	30°C 86°F	29°C 84°F	28°C 82°F	29°C 84°F	32°C 90°F	33°C 91°F	32°C 90°F
min. temp.	19°C 66°F	21°C 70°F	23°C 73°F	25°C 77°F	26°C 79°F	24°C 75°F	24°C 75°F	24°C 75°F	24°C 75°F	24°C 75°F	22°C 72°F	21°C 70°F
rain (mm)	0.0	0.1	0.6	7.3	86.9	824.0	900.8	602.8	255.4	115.3	33.8	16.7

Goa's climate. Mean figures per month for Panjim. Sources: www.weather.co.uk and www.worldclimate.com.

boom of the 1980s before economic development kicked off again, and it is now one of the richest states in India.

About 30 percent of Goa's 1.35 million inhabitants are Catholic, there is a tiny Muslim minority, and the rest are Hindu. Older Catholics still understand Portuguese, although their first language is mostly English. The indigenous language of native Goans (less than two-thirds of the total population) is Konkani, which borrowed many words from Portuguese, and is the state's official language. The first language of Goan Hindus is generally Marathi. Most inhabitants in Anjuna manage everyday conversations in English and Hindi. Many Goan Catholics either have lived in other Portuguese or British colonies or retain strong sentimental links with their native village while living in Bombay, England, or the United States. The myth of Golden Goa explains the continuing cultural hegemony of the Goan Catholics. It is the suburban moralism of Goan Catholics that has always fed the virulent opposition against Anjuna's party scene. The Catholic resistance against the parties' influence on Goa's youth is ironic, however: the culture it claims to defend was itself forced upon Indians by the zealously imperialist Portuguese. One needs to always remember Goa's historical and present position in networks of empire and migration to understand just about any cultural politics in its present.[6]

Goa Rediscovered

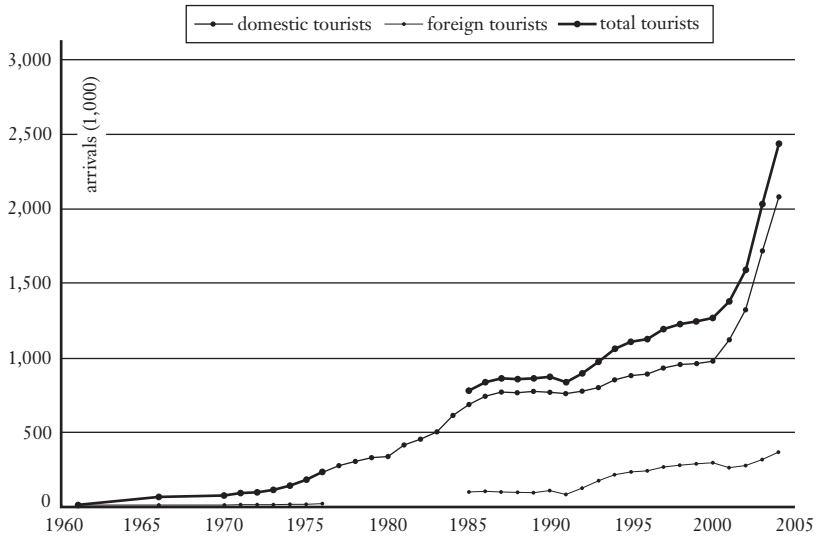
In 1967, the Goan government opened the first "tourist hostel" in Calangute. Probably on the advice of some Bombay Goans, the first white freaks ventured in to check out Calangute's long, desolate beach. Eager for hash and the road, the freaks had found their way through the Middle East to India, roaming around ashrams, music and dance classes, holy cities, and temple sites. They had learned from Shivaite sadhus in the north how to smoke *charas* (Indian hashish) with a chillum (terra-cotta or stone cylinder). Goa was not immediately of interest; it wasn't "real India." There are rumors, however, of Graham Greene, Allen Ginsberg, and Aldous Huxley having visited Goa before 1965. The freaks stayed in palm-leaf huts near the ocean and walked around naked. By the closing of the decade, townspeople, then Bombayites, were visiting Calangute solely to check out the stories of bare white flesh. Henceforth, Goan beaches would remain a space where male and female, white and brown, and intellectual and freak clashed heavily.

Already in 1970, therefore, *paradise was lost* (a tired phrase in writing about tourism in Goa). The flower children had to look for quieter beaches

where they could be left alone by male voyeurs and Catholic crusaders. They found Anjuna, which was sufficiently insulated by hills from Baga and by a mud track from Mapusa. The American Eight-Fingered Eddy (he has three fingers on his right hand) is popularly accredited with being the longest-coming Goa freak. After trying Calangute and Colva, he started renting a house in South Anjuna in the beginning of 1970. Goa Gil, another legendary American who was to become the world's most famous Goa trance deejay with characteristic gray dreadlocks (check out his Web site), arrived at Eddy's house the same season. Eddy and Gil both stressed in conversations that in South Anjuna in the early seventies, there had already emerged a microculture of not only sunbathing in the nude and smoking chillums, but having little dos with guitars and bongos around camp fires. The freaks knew each other well, as their networks spanned from Copenhagen to Tehran and Kathmandu. Within a few years, Anjuna had become so happening that freaks congregated there every winter to celebrate New Year and full moons, and chill out after doing the tougher traveling. The beginnings of music tourism and Goa trance had been defined.

Partly owing to a longer history of culture contact, partly owing to a relative naïveté concerning Nehruvian takes on imperialism and socialism, and certainly owing to a total lack of legislation regarding drugs and nudism, the freaks found the Anjunkars to be surprisingly tolerant. Indeed, as hitchhiker Tom Thumb observes, "Goa is the place where people go to run away from India!"[7] White skin would act as magnets elsewhere in India, but in Anjuna, all involved appear to agree, there was no tension to speak of during the early seventies. Goa Gil likes to say that Anjuna "united" the best of the West (creativity, individuality) with the best of the East (spirituality, simplicity). The locals made some extra money providing porticoes and fish curry, the freak commune did its psychedelic thing on the beach.

As is a constant in all tourist destinations, the Goan government pursued an aggressive policy of tourist development since the mid-eighties. Infrastructure and natural resources have slowly but steadily been privatized. Openly hostile to backpacker and rave tourism, politicians regularly promise Goa's electorate that they will put a stop to Anjuna's nudism, "narcotourism," flea market, and noise pollution. They pamper the five-star hotel lobby. Corruption in real estate, construction, and tax collection is rampant. With Goa Police being partially privatized too, thugs hired by antiunionist business tycoons are now free to terrorize villagers into complying with large-scale expansion plans.



Tourist arrivals in Goa, 1960–2005. From 1966 to 1984, domestic tourist arrivals are for Goa, Daman, and Diu, the latter of which received very few tourists. Figures for 1970 to 1976 apply to tourist seasons, not calendar years. Blank spaces indicate no data available. Sources: S. N. Chib, *Tourism in Goa: Report* (Panaji: Department of Tourism, Government of Goa, Daman, and Diu, 1976); Institute of Social Sciences, *Tourism in Goa: Socio-economic Impact,* manuscript report 2 (New Delhi: ISS, 1987); Department of Tourism, *Tourism Master Plan: Goa — 2011,* draft final report, internal document, Doc. 98066/DFR/UP version R1 (Panaji: Department of Tourism, Government of Goa, 2001); and the annual *Tourist Statistics* leaflets published by the Department of Tourism of Goa.

The graph shows the effects of the Goan government's neoliberal pro-tourism policy. The figures are dependent on the information the guesthouses and hotels supply to the government and are very dubious anyway. The government's latest Tourism Master Plan reveals projections of more than 2 million arrivals by 2011; by about 2021 it wants to host three times as many tourists as there are Goans now. The growth in domestic tourism is already exceeding what was projected in 2000. Although the term "sustainable development" does appear in the Master Plan, its actual feasibility is cynically prevented by keeping alive the official fantasies of such luxury attractions as golf courses, amusement parks, off-shore casinos, an oceanarium, jungle safaris, floating restaurants, duty-free shopping, "techno-recreational centers," and a tribal village "solely for tourism purposes." Even then, "sustainability" by the Department of Tourism and the tourism business is defined more in terms of "safety" and "cleanliness" than redistribution of wealth or political transparency. Despite these big plans, the government's plans of increasing foreign tourism are far from

realistic, if not completely overstretching Goa's carrying capacity. Competition with other beach destinations in the third world is fierce, and if the endemic problems of corruption, bed shortage, airport congestion, roads deterioration, water shortage, and air pollution aren't taken care of, foreign tourists will simply go someplace else.

Tourism in Vagator and Anjuna is still nowhere near as developed as in Baga and Calangute, containing only a few hotels (two of which are one-star), none of which are connected to foreign tour operators. With Anjuna being so securely defined by psychedelic culture and family-run guesthouses, there seems little scope for charter tourism. This also means that freaks and travelers in Anjuna can keep defining themselves against two-week tourists. Although many young charter tourists do frequent Anjuna's parties, Baga would rather have them spend their money at its own clubs and restaurants. Locals say that hotels pressure taxi drivers not to take tourists to parties. It is because of their shorter stay, greater subjection to surveillance by the hotel industry, dependence on taxis, and spatial segregation from Anjuna that in the ethnography I will continue distinguishing between "charter tourists" from Baga, Calangute, and Candolim, and "freaks" and "backpackers" staying in the Anjuna area.

The arrival of electricity in Anjuna in 1975 represents a tipping point in its music history. Before that, Eddy, Gil, and their freak friends were already having regular parties on the beach, at their houses, and after the Wednesday flea market. One Alan Zion had dragged a Fender PA and two tape decks overland (vinyl doesn't stand the heat and traveling), which were run on car batteries. Among the music played was Jimi Hendrix, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Who, Pink Floyd, Santana, and the Grateful Dead. When some freaks expressed disgust at the prospect of electrification, Camilo D'Souza, who used to run a guesthouse, cleverly asked them how, then, would their Coca-Cola be cold and their music played all day and night?

After 1975, the parties in the southernmost corner of Anjuna Beach had live rock and cassette music amplified throughout the night. Guru Bar and Shore Bar were the first venues to hold regular parties, and soon there were parties in Vagator too. Bob Dylan, John Lennon, and the Who are supposed to have visited Anjuna in those days. Goa Gil set up the Music House in Chapora where musicians used to jam every Saturday. He was always one of the music lovers who would insist on playing the new tapes he'd bought in the West, claiming he played purely electronic tracks as early as 1973. Every season the music changed slightly, along, to an extent, with the crowd; every season had its anthems. From psychedelic and prog rock, it went to fusion, reggae, even P-funk, and new wave. By

the early eighties, Anjuna's scene was such an outlandish collection of hippies, punks, junkies, globe-trotters, artists, Rastafarians, and "Osho people" (devotees of the infamous Rajneesh in Poona who himself turned up at Camilo D'Souza's) that the conditions were right for it to say goodbye to rock.

Goa and the Summer of Love

It is important to have a feeling of just how improbable the leap from rock to electronic music is. Richard Dyer has noted that rock culture wouldn't exist without a phallocentric coding of the guitar, live drumming, and voice being seen as more authentic than anything produced by synthesizers and programming.[8] Rock was rock because it wasn't soul or disco, which were considered artificial, effeminate, and mindless. Especially psychedelic rock was considered intelligent and mind-expanding. Anything that was too danceable, too syncopated, could not be part of the white rock legacy. Indeed, DJ Andi remembers that many freaks would be disgusted about what they called "disco music" when it was first being played in Goa. In reality, it wasn't disco at all, but synth-pop: New Order, Yes, Depeche Mode, Talking Heads, Eurhythmics, and the German futuristic band so influential in all of electronic music, Kraftwerk. Gil even played some New York break dance and Prince. He told me that it was during the 1983–84 season that deejays like Laurent, Disco Fred, Swiss Rüdi, and himself started playing all-night dance sets. They were collecting the more heady B sides, copying and looping the segments without vocals on double tape decks, trying to build up a hypnotic effect through repetition. Around 1986, more explicitly dance-oriented industrial, Hi-NRG, and Eurodance came to Goa. Dancing to music like that of the Belgian industrial group Front 242, it became plain that an LSD trip was far superior when the legs moved and the brain was stimulated with sounds that are *not* human or authentic. Now that they were tuned into the electronic thing, they were determined to pass the vibe on, shaman-style.

Gradually the crowd started to comprehend what musical repetition was about. Parties that were meant for dancing were henceforth called *acid parties*, their careful preparation and mystical significance reminiscent of Ken Kesey's collective LSD happenings twenty years earlier. There was the same sense of exhilaration and magic. DJ Andi recalls:

> Actually, to me the thing was that when I came eh near to the music, and I had this acid in my head, the first time I went near to this "disco" music so-called, I was so much amazed that eh . . . everything was new. Hah?

> Every sound which I hear in my ear was new. And I was so much . . . eh . . . amazed, that that I said what, every little sound, every little tune, this is something new! I've never heared before in my life like this, what is this?

By the mid-eighties, "Goa parties" were regularly being organized by the freaks back in their home countries in the summer. Meant to reconvene with Anjuna friends and meet their friends, the parties played the particular selection of music Goa was slowly becoming identified with. In Britain, there was also the crustie movement, an unlikely convergence of punks, squatters, backpackers, goths, environmentalists, and New Agers. Meanwhile, in Detroit and Chicago, new forms of black dance music were evolving out of disco, funk, electro, and Kraftwerk.[9] House music arrived in London and Manchester via Ibiza by 1987. Illegal parties, or raves as they were called, were held in derelict buildings around London's M25 orbital (according to the Goa freaks, Anjuna's parties should therefore not be called raves). The new music was acid house, with the unmistakable squelches of the Roland TB303 bass synthesizer. Remembering California in 1967, the summer of 1988 was in the UK famously dubbed the second summer of love, made explosive by the massively rediscovered MDMA, or Ecstasy, as it had been named in California.

Acid house, early British trance legends like Eat Static, Orbital, and Psykick Warriors of Gaia, the tribal/industrial techno of the Spiral Tribe crustie network, and the beginnings of German and Belgian hard-trance were then fed back into Goa. London's trend-spotting magazine *i-D* proclaimed the "Indian summer of love" as early as May 1991. But while Britain's Ecstasy-induced revolution of raving and clubbing was relatively devoid of class and sexuality markers, *i-D* had to admit "most of these full-time residents [of Anjuna] are viciously protective of their privacy," "making anyone who is not a hippy feel incredibly uncomfortable."[10] Not being driven by a love drug but by introspective LSD, Goa had commenced its underground divergence from other trance music. Around 1992, in this misty transnational circuit of ravers and DAT cassettes, record stores and deejays (Paul Oakenfold and Alex Paterson from the UK, Sven Väth from Germany) started speaking of "Goa trance." British record labels from that time, such as Dragonfly, TIP, Flying Rhino, and Blue Room Released, are still important for psychedelic trance. Early Goa trance came out of a unique amalgamation of psychedelic rockers, acidhead mystics, gay club culture, innovative music producers, and antiestablishment crusties. In those days, everyone needed to join in—at least, everyone who was acceptably weird for the crowd already there.

Compilation CD series like *Distance to Goa* and *Goahead* started appearing some two years later, when the more poppy trance also started hitting the charts. Important movers of Goa trance included Juno Reactor, Hallucinogenic, Astral Projection, the Infinity Project, Total Eclipse, and X-Dream. At bars and raves in Anjuna there was hardly any other music to be heard. In 1995, *i-D* again made the analogy between Goa trance and acid house, and between Goa and Ibiza.[11] With underground Goa parties being held in Sweden, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Australia, Israel, and Japan, it seemed to *i-D* that a couple of exotic beaches in India had become the new gatekeeper for the latest global dance music. Everywhere there were similar fluorescent party decorations, paintings of Ganesha and Shiva, chillums, Indian snacks, fire jugglers, and hallucinogens, though there are important local variations. I went to the MAGE II (Second Mid-West Annual Goa Experience), for example, held outside Ames, Iowa, in October 2004. Although most were high on a range of obscure hallucinogens, American raves don't allow smoking and beer.

So, by virtue of a dance genre carrying its name, "Goa the location has become Goa the state of mind."[12] Rave intellectual Simon Reynolds calls Goa a "floating signifier."[13] He says that trance music in general is the "Esperanto of electronic dance music," but notes that it is also the most vilified by critics and club elites. The very fact that the signifier "Goa" and trance music in general caught on in certain places, among certain people, shows that it doesn't float freely.[14] As Andrew Ross writes:

> Trance is commonly described as a global music, even a global movement. . . . Naturally, the term "global" refers to mostly white people in the overdeveloped world, and to the process by which trance draws inspirational sources from the underdeveloped world. Deejays do their R&D in wild places, like the beaches of Goa and Thailand, the deserts of Australia or Israel, or wherever "native spiritual emergies" can best be tapped, and then the polished product is released in metropolitan mega-clubs.[15]

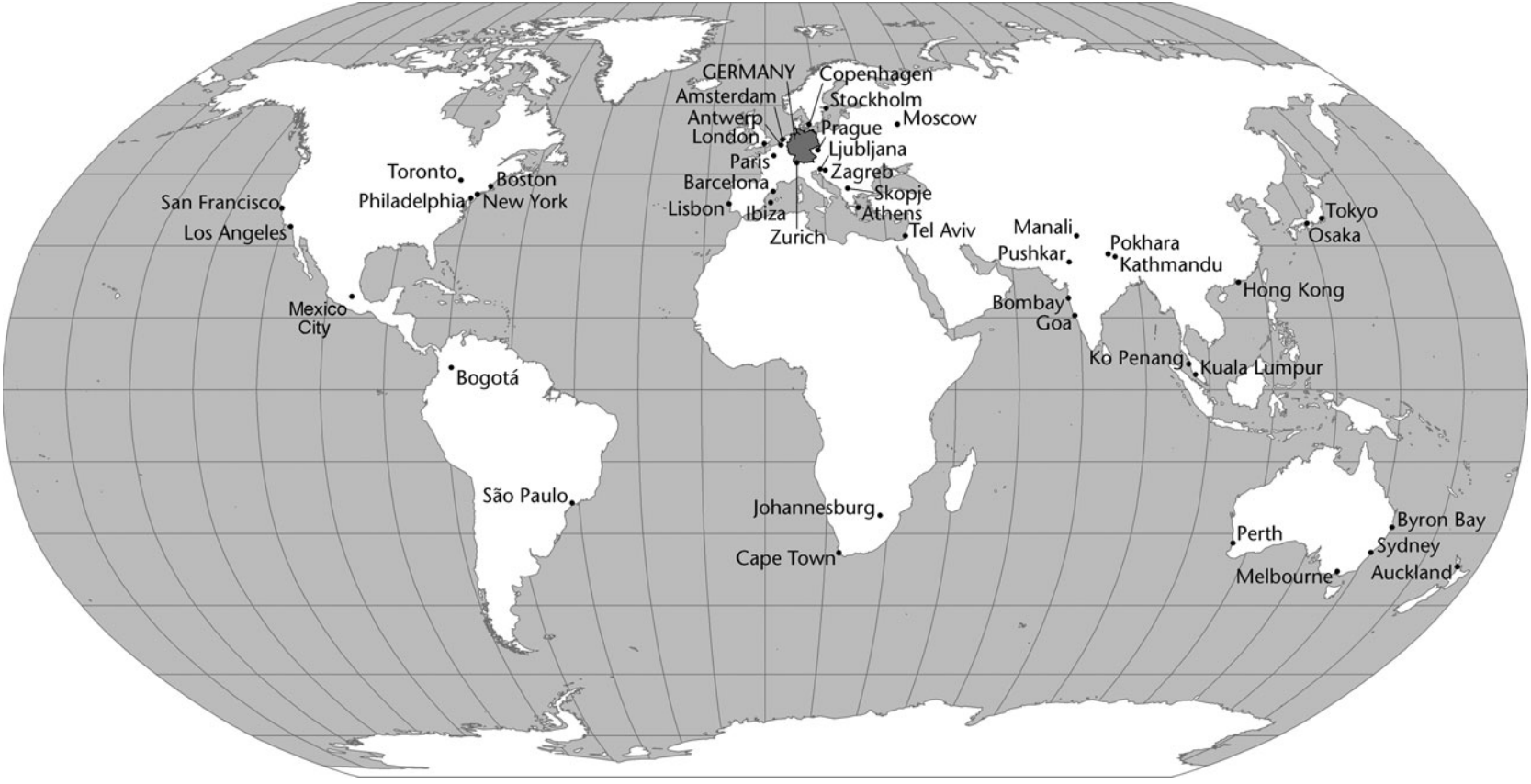
Especially in Israel, Goa trance became a hugely popular electronic genre, providing a platform for youthful expression against the state. Anjuna is firmly established as a Mecca for all young Israelis who have just done with their military service. Service lasts at least twenty months for women and thirty-six months for men. Men further do a month of training every year until they're about fifty. The army is habitually invoked to explain why Israelis can be found in such large numbers in the backpacker circuit. In India, there are villages, bars, shacks, guesthouses, beaches, dance-floor corners that are almost exclusively populated by Israelis. They often use the Hebrew word *balagan* (originally from Russian-Jewish

immigrants, "puppet theater," which came to signify mess, chaos, trouble) to designate the fun they have on holidays, especially at Goa's trance parties. Gili voiced the opinion of many other Israelis I spoke to when he said that it's not difficult to understand why there are so many Israelis in India: "We come from a country of *balagan*!" In India, "You see Indians, cows, crazy things," and this, in combination with drugs, cheap living, partying, socializing with compatriots, and above all being "free" from the military machine, is what attracts Israelis to India.

Israeli backpackers don't so much escape the military machine as use it as a pretense for unique levels of viscosity. As many in India (and also Thailand, Brazil, Australia) will tell you, so hardened and traumatized are most of these youngsters that they become aggressive in the pursuit of *balagan*, especially toward local people. Quarrels, fights, and accidents in Goa predominantly involve Israelis. Goa's hippie summer of love is long gone, and many would argue that Israelis played no small role in this. However, as the ethnography will show, there are more complicated causes than just the Israeli army. Israeli backpackers merely slip into the tendencies toward arrogance intrinstic to the traveler counterculture.

So, what is the music in Anjuna's rave scene like? Goa trance in its heyday, 1995 to 1997, was characterized by a pronounced kick drum, straightforward hi-hat and clap patterns, thumping between 145 and 155 bpm. Significantly, in its purposeful path away from black dance musics (house, jungle, Detroit techno, hip-hop), Goa trance in a way returned to rock's emphasis on the cerebral, sometimes even integrating heavy metal guitar chords or a 3/4 rhythm to bring home its intellectuality. "For all its cult of the mystic Orient, Goa trance is sonically whiter-than-white. All the creativity is in the top level (melody and filigree), with not a lot going on in the rhythm section," notes Reynolds.[16] The distinctly hallucinatory force of Goa trance (called simply "Goa" in much of Europe) arises from increasing and decreasing the filter cutoff frequency of the bleeps, crunches, and sweeps in raga-like melodies, then passing these through stereo delay and phaser effects. Unlike in house and techno, Goa trance tracks are complete units, and deejays are usually bad at mixing. Tracks sometimes have "ethnic" instrumentation and quirky sci-fi samples scattered over them. The net effect of all these auditory spirals is that the listening experience of Goa trance is *fractal*, a hypnotic though fairly predictable journey into sound and space, tracks lasting seven to ten minutes. In short, Goa trance is sound embodying what I called psychedelics.

Reynolds's main argument in *Energy Flash* (published as *Generation Ecstasy* in the United States) is that by 1993–94, European rave culture had passed the stage of its original euphoria, which was sometimes captioned



Psy/Goa trance scenes worldwide, late 1990s.

with "Peace, Love, Unity, Respect," or PLUR. The commodification, speedy quality of the Ecstasy, fragmentation of genres and audiences, snobbism, and gang-related violence were paralleled by darker music, especially in jungle and gabber. Perhaps a similar cynicism crept into Goa trance a few years later. Late- to post-nineties psychedelic trance music, which came to be known as "psy-trance," still aims at something psychotropic, but is more mature and austere than Goa trance. Whereas old-school Goa trance is trippy, elaborate, pompous, at times fluffy, the minimal psy-trance of artists like Midimiliz and the Delta is eerie and industrial, bordering on the brutal; in the words of M. on 604, a psy-trance discussion list, "dark and serious like motherfuckin' cancer baby!" Although Goa trance has at least the possibility of integrating "world music" (didgeridoo, tabla, chanting), contemporary psy-trance often evokes a clinically built dungeon. Although there is more attention to percussion, the ultra-low kick drum and cathedral-reverberated screeches and bellows prevent any feeling of funkiness or elation. Psy-trance's psychedelic drive manages to persist, however. It's still geared to self-alienation, still recognizably "white." So, while the history of psychedelic dance culture is an entanglement of trajectories of sounds, travelers, drugs, and scenes, its tendency toward whiteness has not only remained intact, but has perhaps become stronger, as the music became dark and serious like motherfucking cancer.

the researcher's body

One morning, after a party at the temple on Anjuna Beach, I complained about the perils of participant observation in my field diary: "i really don't know how one's body is supposed to participate while one's gaze has to observe: how do i become cartesian?" A central conflict of my fieldwork consisted in not being able to "come out" as a researcher. It wasn't too difficult to blend into the at times aggressive economy of subcultural style—though it would get me anxious, I'd get fed up with the music. Yet it was difficult to forget that I was an ethnographer, alone, so to speak, with a mission. If on holiday like everyone else, there would have been no worries about being alone most of the time, often not knowing what to do. But I was in Goa for work. I felt I had to arrange interviews, use every opportunity to converse, get to be known. My field diaries and field notes are littered with frustration and self-deprecation. I wrote in my native language, Dutch, lest someone would get to read the diaries, but also because it created more of a private bubble. Writing was more than a way to spend time when organizing interviews was difficult and there were no parties: it gave existential embeddedness. The writing often belies classic ethnographic self-doubt and guilt. Such as the following, from January 2000:

> how damn difficult it is psychologically, to start extrapolating from the unbelievably micro level of sitting in the field with your entire body, then ask yourself terrifying questions such as "is what i'm writing relevant

> then?" "am i not wasting my time?" "will i be able to ANALYZE all of this?" the big problem is simply the place itself—the temperature, the sea, the sun, the sand, the siesta, the chatting, the laziness, the staring, and then of course the partying, the drugs, the alcohol, the sleeping in, the waiting everywhere, the people, the movement, the mess, the possibilities, the impossibilities. the problems, the pollution, the fear, oh oh.

Research, even philosophy, is embodied practice, as this project proved with intensity. It is difficult to distinguish what was intuited through my own experience, and what was learned through observing others interact. My relation to the place was as ambiguous as my public image. A young man alone, in a place rife with socializing; half-Indian, half-Belgian, definitely not white; dressed, however, unlike Indians, in kurta pyjamas and flip-flops; shaved head, with glasses (remarkably rare in Anjuna); well tanned but no jewelry or tattoos or flashy clothing; talking English with a slight Indian accent, as well as Dutch and French, but no Hindi, Konkani, or Kanada; dancing easily and frequently, but most times alone: I was always aware of how my own body fitted awkwardly in the system of differences I was studying. In fact, it gradually dawned on me I was rather unique in Anjuna. There were other brown-skinned party regulars, of course, but they wore more freaky fashion, and stayed for shorter periods. I was mistaken for an Anjunkar, a Goan (the Portuguese surname), a domestic tourist, and a baba; on the other hand, toward the end of the major trip, an Israeli girl said that "everyone" (the Israelis she gossiped with) thought I was Israeli, all the more remarkable for being alone. The researcher's body scrutinized by the population being scrutinized: the irony made me at times excruciatingly self-conscious. More positively, it showed that embodiment, face, and location apply to the researcher as well.

Research, especially if it takes up its political responsibilities, is a heterogeneous performance, and sometimes the research problem justifies downright deceit. Paul Routledge has explained how he used his own body, his whiteness, to acquire sensitive information on Goan hotels for the two main NGOs working on tourism issues, Goa Foundation and Jagrut Goenkaranchi Fauz (Goa's Vigilant Army) (JGF).[1] Depending on whether I was dealing with freaks, charter tourists, domestic tourists, locals, seasonal migrants, academics, activists, or friends, different aspects of me needed to be highlighted or hidden. Trying to gather information on how the parties were organized, in particular, felt more like investigative journalism or spying than ethnography. It is unclear what the real risk was in poking my nose into what's generally considered a mafia and

violent business, but it was wise to do it quietly. The researcher's embodiment is more likely to be chameleonic than steadfast, and the honesty that the methodological literature conventionally prescribes wouldn't have got me very far.

All of this meant I discovered much of Anjuna through myself, discovering some things about myself along the way (not in the least how difficult it is to admit to failure). But then ethnography is always a personal and lonely affair. I felt much affinity with the posthumously published field diaries of Bronislaw Malinowski's years in Papua New Guinea. On January 9, 1918, he wrote:

> I know that if I had to go to war, I would have gone calmly and without too much inner fuss. Now: place my everyday life in that heroic frame; be ruthless in relation to appetites and weakness; not to yield to depressions and such digressions as the inability to take photos. Shake off clumsiness, yearning, sentimentalism. . . . To fight, to keep going, to be ready at any moment, without depressions and premonitions![2]

The encounter with the field is a challenge uniting the ethical, theoretical, and physiological from the start. Being in an alien place and having vowed to document it, the encounter tells of heroism, of what one is and what one is capable of. "The Anthropologist as Hero," Susan Sontag's essay on Claude Lévi-Strauss, begins:

> Most serious thought in our time struggles with the feeling of homelessness. . . . Modern thought is pledged to a kind of applied Hegelianism: seeking its Self in its Other. Europe seeks itself in the exotic—in Asia, in the Middle East, among pre-literate peoples, in mythic America; a fatigued rationality seeks itself in the impersonal energies of sexual ecstasy or drugs; consciousness seeks its meaning in unconsciousness; humanistic problems seek their oblivion in scientific "value neutrality" and quantification.[3]

Ethnography can thus be seen to belong to white modernity in the same way as do psychedelics, exploration, and the Enlightenment (though I would question whether these should be thought in Hegelian terms). There is evidently a danger in romanticizing fieldwork and forgetting that it is precisely this adventurous and noble thirst for the unknown that allies it to patriarchal colonialism. The ethnographer is hardly braver than the Red Cross nurse, the migrant laborer, the single mother, or the hacker. Heroism in anthropology is not a given but a call for understanding one's embodiment-face-location in the field. It is admitting to fragility

and improvization amid uncertainty and threat. This could be considered the Levinasian aspect of ethnography. Donna Haraway writes:

> "Ethnography," in this extended sense, is not so much a specific procedure in anthropology as it is a method of being at risk in the face of the practices and discourses into which one inquires. To be at risk is not the same thing as identifying with the subjects of study; quite the contrary. And self-identity is as much at risk as the temptation to identification. One is at risk in the face of serious nonidentity that challenges previous stabilities, convictions, or ways of being of many kinds.[4]

Finding out how the researcher embodies the field, and how the field places the researcher, is the first step to sound ethnographic practice. What emerges is what Haraway called situated knowledge: knowledge generated in certain places, from certain embodied perspectives, transported to other places.

So, how did I get to Anjuna in the first place? I had been in and around Goa a few times while living in Bangalore as a child and teenager. My memories of the place blend with the stereotypes of beach, sun, great food, pop music, and the presence of attractive foreigners. In November 1996 I visited Anjuna without parents for a few days, having heard in Bangalore of its raves. I found it amazing that a veritable transnational music scene had developed in a third-world village, and that too with quality electronic dance music. The apparent interest in Indian spirituality and rurality was encouraging. In good cultural studies fashion, Goa trance seemed an epitome of globalization and subcultural creativity.

The practices of white tourists in Anjuna and their exoticist relationship to India were always the focus of my ethnography. What changed was the theoretical and political perspective. I first read a lot of phenomenology-inspired social theory, to find out how Goa trance culture correlated with the particular sense of place tourists had in Anjuna. However, very soon into my first research trip (a month in the 1998–99 season), the celebration of travel and syncretism started swinging to a more critical examination of what I started calling Anjuna's "politics of place." Two research trips later (five weeks in 1999–2000, a month in 2000–2001) and I was trying to grasp Anjuna through postcolonial theory. Drawing mainly on Foucauldian discourse theory and a bit of deconstruction, I was struggling to theorize what sort of colonization Goa trance entailed. Having moved from communication studies at the Free University of Brussels to geography at the Open University, an interest in actor-network theory and corporeality became consolidated. Over 2001 I realized that what

was fascinating about Anjuna lay in its messy, situated interminglings of different bodies, not in any bending of formal categories, or historical resemblances with imperialism, or psychic incongruities. It had always been there in front of my ethnographic eyes, but had to emerge gradually as a theoretical formulation: cultural difference in Anjuna was a difference of bodies. It was of crucial importance, I discovered, that the hard core of ravers and hippies was white. This had been too evident to be noticed. Postcolonial theory, with its strong emphasis on psyche and language, couldn't appreciate how bodies came to differ from each other in physical space and time. I thus started an ongoing process of pinning down how the materiality of race should be conceived if I was to abandon the notion that it was only a construct of discourse. The concept of viscosity was for me a huge step forward in pinpointing what was interesting about practice: its tendency to stick bodies to particular spaces and times. From a geographic point of view, viscosity *is* social differentiation. With this conceptual tool, all work during the major research trip (four months over 2001–2) basically consisted in mapping the sticking together of Goa freaks. *What makes white bodies stick together?* This question was at the center of investigating what constitutes racial difference in Anjuna, and it is also what allows me to formulate a retheorization of race.

I went back to Anjuna one last time during the 2005–6 season, having done with the PhD, gotten a job at the University of Minnesota, and almost completed this book. As I had predicted, but not hoped, the police and judges had all but shut the rave scene down. Except for the increased silence at night and the absence of Israelis, however, I felt very little had changed. I stayed with the same family. I did experience one morning phase of a Hilltop party. And the white bodies remained as sticky as before.

viscosity

> Whether it is easy or difficult to force the parts composing an individual to change their situation, and consequently whether it is easy or difficult for the individual to change its shape, depends upon whether the parts of the individual or of the compound body lie with less, or whether they lie with greater surfaces upon one another.
>
> —Benedict de Spinoza, *Ethics*

Between 2001 and 2002, the concept of viscosity emerged as I tried to make sense of the ambivalent movements of different bodies in Anjuna. Observing again and again that certain spaces and times tended to attract hippies and ravers, which then made these spaces and times relatively impenetrable for Indians, I needed a concept to account for both the attractive forces between white tourists and the surface tension that enveloped them, without losing sight of the possibility that the boundaries could be (and were regularly) transgressed. I needed a concept in between solidity and fluidity. Viscosity is a decidedly materialist way into the virtual topology, the abstract machine of social space. An early hinting at viscosity in my field notes, on the first party I attended as an ethnographer, is worth quoting. It was at Shore Bar, the place where everyone used to gather after the Wednesday flea market:

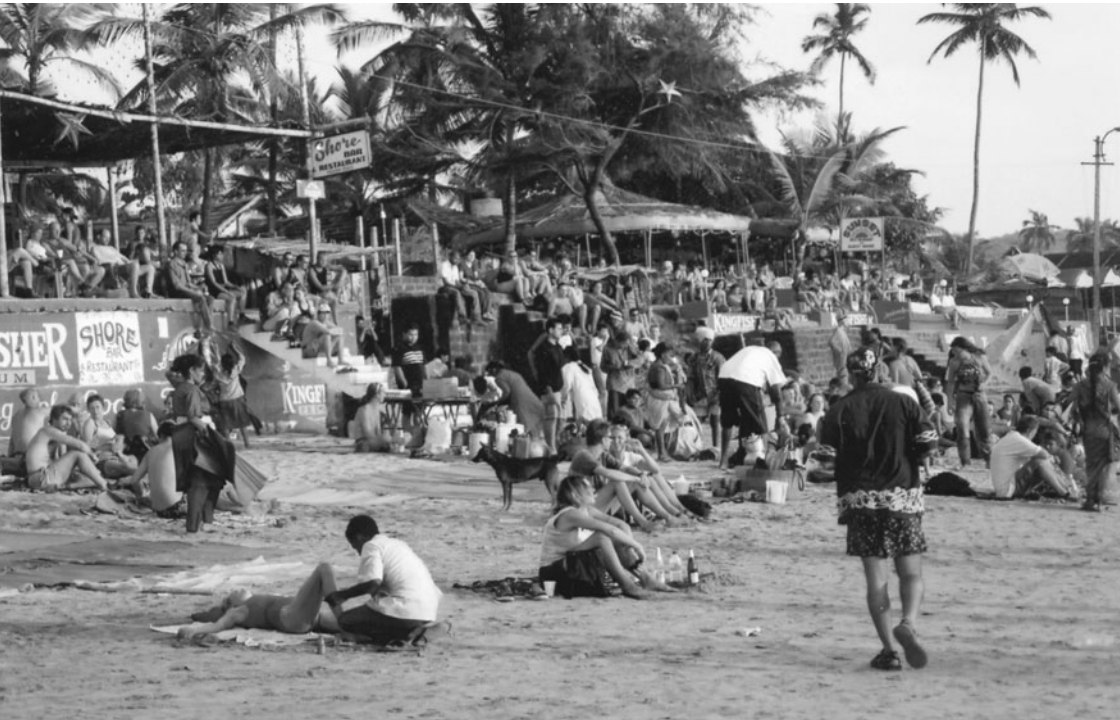
> you hear the music from afar, the wind brings shreds of it to you. the boom-boom-boom is a point of orientation. even if it's dark and you have the nasty feeling you'll next step into a jellyfish, you know you're going to the shore bar and the people are there. along the beach you meet some indians and a dog. they are vague silhouettes. . . . you get the real locals, in lungi almost, who give everything they've got [in dancing] in groups of three or four—not in shore bar this time as there was too little space and of course westerners have priority. . . . it's only an interpretation, but it certainly seems as if a party's atmosphere can never be supported by

> indians alone. . . . [newly arrived white] youngsters start dancing when there's already a momentum of WHITE dancers. . . . but then: the indian elite also comes to taste the imperial luxury. the brits are pushed with their nose on the facts: when in india, you're in india, you can't have pockets of only westerners.

Viscosity explains why music, ways of dancing, clothing, architecture, the beach, stereotypes, the psychohistories of colonialism, the distribution of light and money power together make white bodies stick and exclude others. Viscosity is about how an aggregate of bodies holds together, how relatively fast or slow they are, and how they collectively shape the aggregate (in this case, the aggregate of white youngsters in Shore Bar). Viscosity is also about how this holding together is related to the aggregate's capacities to affect, and be affected by, external bodies (in this case Anjuna's "locals"). These are the kinetic and dynamic dimensions of the Spinozist aggregate body that Deleuze had recognized:

> In short, if we are Spinozists we will not define a thing by its form, nor by its organs and its functions, nor as a substance or a subject. Borrowing from the Middle Ages, or from geography, we will define it by *longitude* and *latitude*. A body can be anything; it can be an animal, a body of sounds, a mind or an idea; it can be a linguistic corpus, a social body, a collectivity. We call longitude of a body the set of relations of speed and

Shore Bar on a late Wednesday afternoon, 1998.



> slowness, of motion and rest, between particles that compose it from this point of view, that is, between *unformed elements.* We call latitude the set of affects that occupy a body at each moment, that is, the intensive states of an *anonymous force* (force for existing, capacity for being affected). In this way we construct a map of a body.[1]

Viscosity, the inherent resistance to flow (kinetic dimension) and to perforation (dynamic dimension), has, of course, long been studied in fluid mechanics, engineering, and geology. Michel Serres often invokes states like turbulence, vortices, and viscosity in his work when he wants to invoke the self-patterning fluidity of the physical world, which he finds especially in Lucretius.[2] Discussing Lucretian physics with Bruno Latour, Serres says (and his French can only be translated awkwardly):

> A viscosity takes over. It comprehends. It creates comprehension. It teaches. But one must concede that everything is not solid and fixed and that the hardest solids are only fluids that are slightly more viscous than others. And that edges and boundaries are hazy. Hazy fluids. Then intelligence enters into time, into the most rapid, lively, and subtle shifts and fluctuations of turbulence, of the dancing flames. Yes, it is an advancement in the very notion of comprehension. Relations spawn objects, being, and acts, not vice versa.[3]

The popular science writer Philip Ball, in *Critical Mass: How One Thing Leads to Another*, provides an inspiring combination of contemporary physics and political philosophy, implying we are at the brink of a profound rethinking of human bodies in motion and at rest.[4] Nonetheless, it should be evident that flows and clusterings of human bodies are incalculably more complex than fluids, comprising scales and temporalities from the biochemical and ecological to the artifactual and macroeconomic. It would be absurd to reduce humans to automatons becoming turbulent and viscous outside their own knowing. What the concept of viscosity does is sense that the flows of people are at once open-ended and gradually thickened by recurring, allegedly conscious decision making. Both the thickening and the opening up are functions of the particularly dynamic interactional nature of human being. The concept of viscosity in my ethnography is more literal than a metaphor, but vaguer than concepts in physics. It is this that makes it a concept rigorous enough for my purposes.

One important thing to remember about human viscosity is that actual speed on one scale can "slow down" the abstract machine of a web of relations on a higher scale. The fluidities of finance capital, missiles, business travel, advertising, and telecommunications serve to consolidate the

topological power of the capitalist system. Conversely, the movements of refugees mainly strengthen state borders and the inequalities between those with and without property. Becoming less sticky isn't always liberating: many indigenous peoples have been displaced and were probably much better off sticking to one place. The systemically violent geographies of capitalism, patriarchy, and nationalism remain topologically rigid owing to the actual relations of speed and slowness distributed over billions of different bodies, machines, bytes, and money.

Actual movement cannot therefore be evaluated unless it is understood within its virtual effects. Movement always relates to power relations on a variety of often contradictory scales. Does it gnaw at the viscosities of class, sex, and race? Does it show an understanding of the contingency of distribution, the dependency of one's privilege on another's containment, the intrinsic vulnerability of every identity? Are the opportunities that difference (in wealth, living conditions, language, body type) offers utilized so that all parties become located otherwise than before? An ontology of the viscous in the human realm directly entails ethics and politics. Materialist ethnography cannot but change the reality it describes, however modestly.

4
Goa Freaks

> On a personal level, *Freaking Out* is a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded and restricting standards of thinking, dress and social etiquette in order to express CREATIVELY his relationship to his immediate environment and the social structure as a whole. We would like everyone who HEARS this music to join us . . . become a member of *The United Mutations* . . . FREAK OUT!
>
> —Frank Zappa, liner notes to *Freak Out!*

The ethical imperatives of modern embodiment were well known to sixties subcultural leaders such as Frank Zappa. Ethics is the relationship a body has to itself, the problematization of what a body *can do* in a given environment. When you freak out, you become conscious about the confines of your embodiment, about how you're forced to behave and feel and listen. Zappa implores you to become someone different, a freak. Dance, drugs, dress are vehicles for getting *out* of your conventional place, into spaces of the future wherein national and racial belongings no longer hold and everything mutates into a monstrous communism. Freaking out one's racial embodiment raises issues of social marginality and transcendence: how is it possible to disavow one's particularity, one's privilege?

What Zappa calls freaking out is what I called psychedelics, the countercultural experimentation with what a white body can do. In the language of Deleuze and Guattari, freaks follow the lines of flight inherent in white modernity, and thereby challenge it. But freaking out, unfortunately, is more complicated than Zappa thinks. Central to this book is that freaking out can lead to snobbish ritualism and the danger of becoming isolated—to viscosity. It's true that hippies transform themselves into freaks of whiteness by virtue of challenging the holding together of white modernity. But, as Deleuze and Guattari warn over and over again in *A Thousand Plateaus*, lines of flight all too often close in on themselves while being actualized, becoming "microfascistic," paranoid, regressive,

suicidal.[1] And perhaps *white* lines of flight are especially prone to breeding microfascism.

The hard core of Anjuna's tourists have often called themselves the "Goa freaks." *Freak* has some relation to the Old English *frícian*, to dance. The word possibly had early connotations of festivity and improvization, but how it came to stand for "capriciousness" is uncertain. What is certain is that in the early nineteenth century the Latin *lusus naturae* was translated as "freak of nature," later abbreviated to "freak" in the American sideshows of human beings with morphological peculiarities. Slang connotations of homosexuality, fetishism, and simply social deviance were added in the first decades of the twentieth century. In the 1920s, Aleister Crowley offered that "Great men seem to enjoy going about with freaks."[2] The word also began to be used to signify great enthusiasm for something: cocaine freak, nature freak, Jesus freak, Goa freak. In the early 1960s the word was appropriated by the counterculture to exploit exactly this sense of deviance and enthusiasm. In naming themselves freaks, white youths immediately called attention to their desire for the escape from normality and from the past.

For situating freakishness historically, Leslie Fiedler will again be helpful. In *Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self*, he traces the West's fascination with the abnormal body from Pliny to medicine, ethnology, and science fiction.[3] He argues that postwar popular culture in the United States, most spectacularly in sixties underground comics, continued the tradition of the early-twentieth-century freak show: the exhibition of what "we" don't want to see but yet are so forcefully, nearly erotically, drawn to.

Fiedler is rather enthusiastic about the rebellious adoption of the term "freak" by the hippies. Rachel Adams agrees that "any contemporary understanding of the history and culture of freaks is inevitably filtered through our knowledge of [the sixties]."[4] She rightly criticizes Fiedler for his nostalgia, as well as his ambiguous views on women and sexuality. Fiedler did show that what is required for freakishness is the intense psychocultural coding of bodily specificity (height, weight, hair, skin, genitals, extra limbs, conjoined bodies)—so much so, that freaks in their sheer physical difference defy the definition of Man that helped shape Euro-American history. "Only the true Freak challenges the conventional boundaries between male and female, sexed and sexless, animal and human, large and small, self and other, and consequently between reality and illusion, experience and fantasy, fact and myth," he writes.[5] Adams demonstrates that the display of freaks in American sideshows played out important political anxieties among the white middle-class public in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Because freaks are staged as

special objects for horror and perverse delight, they can also reveal strategies for disrupting the identity of the spectators and even the possibility of categorization itself. In Elizabeth Grosz's words: "The freak confirms the viewer as bounded, belonging to a 'proper' social category. The viewer's horror lies in the recognition that this monstrous being is at the heart of his or her own identity, for it is all that must be ejected or abjected from self-image to make the bounded, category-obeying self possible."[6]

In analogy with queer theory, Adams argues that *freak*, as label, and *freaking*, as critical practice, enable us to conceive race, gender, sexuality, class, and able-bodiedness as reiterative performances instead of essential characteristics. Just as "queering" has come to mean deconstructing (hetero)sexist and technocapitalist regimes, "freaking," in Adams's scheme, entails the laying bare of a multitude of corporeal differences and a shifting politics of solidarity. Slaves, savages, monsters, women, queers, dykes, immigrants, the poor, the disabled, and animals all suffer from condescending spectatorship. There are many oppressions, many corporeal differences, but insofar as they are predicated on a desperate attempt to draw boundaries between the normal and the abnormal, they all share a fundamental instability, which is the possibility of politics.

Although their theoretical tools diverge, Adams, Grosz, and Fiedler approach freaks with a self/other model I would like to avoid. What needs to be explored more precisely is not just that hippies at least nominally identify themselves with sideshow exhibits and the disenfranchised, but how in that very act they demonstrated their continuing stickiness to a dominant culture. Hippies, backpackers, punks, ravers do subvert white culture, and, like circus freaks, they become spectacular exhibits of difference. Hippies and psy-trancers in Goa, for example, push the limits of whiteness, class, gender, sexuality, home, health, and reason. It is nonetheless an empirical matter whether the potential for freaking in Adams's politicized sense is actualized. Instead of identifying some bodies as freaks, I'd like to treat it as a virtually real tendency. In this way, some bodies (on drugs, or with rare shapes) have the potential to transform into something very different, and, in the same moment, criticize the way some bodies are exploited, hurt, and displayed. Insofar as they *can become* differently white, I'm going to call these bodies freaks in the sixties sense.

This does not mean I could definitively assign a label—freak or nonfreak—to every body I encountered in Goa. Neither is it a straightforward term used by the people I studied themselves. As evident from the furor among Anjuna's hippie elders about the late Cleo Odzer's revelatory *Goa Freaks*—a sensationalist account of seventies hedonism in Anjuna—Goa regulars are very differentially positioned not only to the term "Goa freak"

but also to the lifestyle Cleo described under that name.[7] More specifically, it was only a minority, including Cleo and her entourage, who used cocaine and heroin. Furthermore, the scene is very different today, peopled much more by charter tourists, backpackers, and young ravers than semi-resident hippies or junkies. Although only some of the younger generation use the word *freak* on a regular basis, old-timers like DJ Andi and my neighbor J. lamented the gradual thinning out, over the nineties, of what they call "freaks": friendly, well-traveled, independent-minded, fluorescent acidheads. Conversely, the younger Cyrille seemed willing to get rid of the distinction freak/tourist and Anjuna/Baga altogether. "People then will say, 'Yeah, but here is the freaks, and there is the tourists,' and nah, is shit! The tourists, they also want to escape, otherwise they stay in their country uh."

It is less a question of who *is* a Goa freak than how one *becomes* a Goa freak in particular spaces and times. Like viscosity, "Goa freaks" emerged as a concept to analyze real tendencies of white bodies. It was possible that I called the same body a "backpacker" because she or he took the bus from Delhi, a "charter tourist" because she or he is staying in Baga, and a "Goa freak" while dancing till 11 a.m. Similarly, a body may be a "hippie elder," "old-timer," or "Goa regular" solely because she or he is older than forty and/or has been coming for many years. But she or he becomes a "Goa freak" by virtue of knowing where to get good acid. Evidently, some bodies incorporate more of the project of psychedelics (staying for several months, riding a bike, smoking chillum, desiring escape), and thus will incorporate the category "Goa freaks" more readily and frequently. This ethnography attempts to find out which bodies these are.

A question that occupied me unremittingly in Anjuna was whether *Indians* could be Goa freaks. If urban Goans, seasonal laborers, domestic tourists, sadhus, Indian Britons, and NRIs (Non-Resident Indians) dance to psy-trance and act arrogant toward Indian bus tourists, isn't there something wrong with my claim that psychedelics is a continuation of *white* modernity? And it has to be added that Anjuna houses Japanese, Nepali, Tibetan, Korean, Brazilian, Arab, and black tourists too, not to mention the historically ambivalent whiteness of the Israelis. The answer lies in my earlier definition of psychedelic whiteness. This might seem tautological, but it is an empirical finding that it's more relevant, and easier, to freak out for lighter-skinned youngsters from advanced capitalist nations. Freaking and psychedelic techniques of the self are things whites do because it is potential to the historical-geographic construction of whiteness. If Indians or other darker-skinned bodies engage in these practices too, they risk looking awkwardly derivative.

I think the inherent whiteness of freaking out is tacitly known throughout the world, especially in Goa. To illustrate, an extract from my interview with Nina and Tina, in their forties, respectively from Gujurat and Denmark, who were talking about the 1970s:

NINA Because all the Westerners had this guy called Jimmy, and he was an Indian, but . . . a freak, so they asked Jimmy—he was the right person because he was very soft-spoken, very Urdu [?]—"Make sure everything worked okay," eh . . . amongst that area. You know. And eh, he tried. You know. He helped out. Nothing much. You know. Just a bit.

Hm. You said he was a freak. What do you mean by by "freak"? Because you know, "Goa Freaks," what—

TINA [touch of impatience] Not a tr- not a traditional—

NINA Straight, nine-to-five job person.

TINA —not a traditional Indian, ehm . . .

NINA Yeah.

TINA A freak like the rest of them.

Recall that Jimi Hendrix, the black hipster, hardly made the culture of White Negroes less white. On the contrary, his and other blacks' feeling was that he had betrayed his blackness, thus only reiterating that psychedelics was a white thing. It is similar in Goa. Indians need to do far more than simply leave their nine-to-five jobs and wear hippie clothes to become freaks. They *live* there, "amongst that area." If the Jimmy Nina talked about was mainly around to help out whites, not to engage in psychedelics of his own accord, I wouldn't be inclined to call him a freak. (Nina herself, however, has severed herself sufficiently from her parents' culture to grant that she has been on a psychedelic project.) There have always been Indians hanging around amid the white freaks in Goa, but the *way they're there* forecloses an easy passage to freakdom. Most locals and seasonal laborers don't have the money for partying. For sure, there are wealthy youths from Bombay and Bangalore who could qualify as Goa freaks. However, few mix with the longer-staying white freaks, and practically all return to their families and work after a short time of partying. So, studying the whiteness of psychedelics is not by definition limited to studying psychedelic whites. Of course, not all hippies, backpackers, or psy-trancers in the world are white. They overwhelmingly *tend to be*—because they can do it with greater ease.

5
Drugs and Difference

> All drugs fundamentally concern speeds, and modification of speed.
>
> —Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari,
> *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*

Psychedelic Paradise

Psychotropic (literally "mind-altering") drugs have long been quintessential to white transformations of self. There exist molecules that upon ingestion fundamentally change the way the human body relates to things, space, and time itself: what better way to ethically realign oneself? Psychopharmacology has gone some way in explaining how artificial mind alteration involves an intervention in the releases and pathways of the brain's neurotransmitters. Nonetheless, the causes of intoxication don't lie solely in the molecules. Different bodies react differently to the same molecules in different places. There are other forces at work apart from the neurochemical. A materialist psychopharmacology should be committed to explaining drug effects as determined through embodied interaction. We can then appreciate that drug taking facilitates differences between brains, which in turn facilitate distinctions between populations of bodies.

Sadie Plant's *Writing on Drugs* is somewhat reminiscent of Foucault's anti-psychoanalytic histories of sexuality, medicine, and madness. Indeed, according to Plant, Foucault's death prevented him from writing his book on drugs. But she suggests that "Foucault was always writing on drugs, and didn't need to write the book at all":

> The use and control of drugs takes Foucault's overriding theme—the deployment of the body as an instrument of power, resistance and experi-

> ment, and the continually shifting distinctions between its proper and improper uses, the activities sanctioned by its culture and those it defines as illegitimate—to some of its most intimate and substantial extremes. If all his studies deal with these material histories of the body, drugs are the point at which they all converge.[1]

Contrary to what might be expected of such a powerful social and biological force, few have dared to conceptualize the complex materiality of drugs. Avital Ronell's Heideggerian/Freudian essay on Madame Bovary, *Crack Wars*, is without doubt the most insightful testimony to the pervasive technologies of intoxication in "narcotic modernity:" "Drugs make us ask what it means to consume anything, anything at all. This is a philosophical question, to the extent that philosophy has always diagnosed health, that is, being-itself or the state of non-alienation, by means of its medico-ontological scanners."[2] Yet, like most commentators, Ronell restricts her narcoanalysis to addiction and literature, which leaves out the creative and masterful corporeality of what I've termed psychedelics. Drugs are almost always reduced to the pathological, the chemical, the criminal, the discursive, the socioeconomic, or the undecidable (in Ronell). David Lenson's phenomenological account of drug culture avoids this reduction, but is mostly confined to the United States in the 1990s and, sadly, does not fully explore the racial and geopolitical dimensions.[3] Psychedelics needs to be studied within its contexts of interracial and intercultural intensity to appreciate its full import for human differentiation.

Tom Thumb, a Briton who hitchhiked to Goa, says in a UK newspaper: "More psychedelics have been taken in Goa than anywhere else and you can immediately feel it—it adds to the land's aura" (*Independent*, June 18, 2000). Drug users know full well that Goa's drugs are physically interwoven with its social and physical reality. For hippies and psy-trancers, Goa has always been psychedelic paradise. Cleo Odzer's *Goa Freaks* is full of anecdotes of foreigners blissfully unaware of how strange and decadent they must have looked to Indians:

> April brought my birthday. To celebrate, Neal and I taxied to the Fort Aguada Hotel, the fanciest in Goa, an hour's drive away. We ordered an exquisite dinner in the elegant dining room and snorted our lines of coke off the tablecloth. As usual we couldn't eat much, but we enjoyed the food tremendously by slinging it across the room from the ends of our forks.[4]

A considerable amount of conversation in Anjuna revolves around drugs: qualities, routes, prices, rituals, pleasures, risks. Trying to find respondents,

I was often ushered away with something like, "It's simple, people come to Goa for drugs. As long as you have something to smoke it's okay." Drugs abound in Anjuna, though in degrees of availability: *charas* (hashish), Ecstasy, MDMA (purer Ecstasy), LSD, magic mushrooms, cocaine, amphetamines, marijuana, opium, ketamine, mescaline, heroin. *Charas* is smoked daily or hourly by practically all tourists (freaks, backpackers, charter, domestic), as well as some local boys and seasonal migrants. For Goa freaks, however, drug taking is almost compulsive. I knew a Tibetan guy during the 2000–2001 season who was frantically looking for the hash cookie lady the day his sore throat prevented him from smoking chillum. At a party in someone's house once, he got dismayed with his Tibetan friend for passing out on the floor. He shouted and slapped his friend awake, then forced a tab of E into his mouth. From where this nonnegotiable urge to become high in Goa?

For freaks, Goa needs to be *intensified*. Goa's *sossegado* (relaxed attitude), tropical beaches, cheap living, motorbikes, and, of course, easy availability of drugs and psy-trance parties encourage a shedding of responsibility. You can come across spaced-out tourists after parties on the beach, in restaurants, in the middle of a paddy field, or exchanging traveler's checks. My Israeli neighbor in the 1999–2000 season was boasting about the three stamps of acid he was taking along for his motorbike trip to Gokarna, some six hours from Anjuna: one to get there, one for the party, and one for the ride back. There is an intimate connection between the Indian landscape, riding bikes, altered brains, and subcultural capital. Add music, and acid becomes more necessary than food. What is conducive to being stoned and trippy in/of India might not be so much its spirituality as simply the privilege of being able to be stoned and trippy. After all, it is by and large white bodies that are able to embark on prolonged and intensive transformations of self in India.

Raymond Schwab argued that the artistic, philosophical, and scientific imaginations of India were crucial to the European Renaissance, as well as the Enlightenment.[5] Depictions of Goa as a psychedelic paradise for whites goes as far back as the accounts of Jan Huygen van Linschoten, a sixteenth-century Dutch adventurer who spent eight years in the Portuguese Rome of the East. Linschoten reported to Europe the widespread licentiousness he witnessed among the decadent merchant and colonial classes there. He wrote that a common drug in the city of Goa was betel nut *(paan)*, which is still very much used by poor Indians today but seems to have been a drug used by all before tobacco and chewing gum arrived on the scene. The decadence of Goa's colonial class seems to have involved as much lethargy as today's beach bums in Anjuna:

> The Portingales women have the like custom of eating these Bettele leaves, so that if they were but one day without eating their Bettele, they perswade themselves they could not live: Yea, they set it in the night times by their Beddes heades, and when they cannot sleepe, they doe nothing els but chaw Bettele and spit it out againe. In the day time wheresoever they doe sit, goe, or stand, they are continually chawing thereof, like Oxen or Kine chawing their cud: for the whole exercise of many Portingales women, is onely all the day long to wash themselves, and then fal to the chawing of their Bettele.[6]

Linschoten also discusses opium, *bhang* (cannabis leaves), datura, and alcohol, as well as, of course, all the spices that attracted European traders to Asia in the first place.

However, India's psychedelic essence was fully discovered some centuries later, after LSD was invented. According to LSD guru Timothy Leary,

> the impact of a visit to India is psychedelic. You are flipped out of your space-time identity. Indian life unfolds before you a million-flowered-person-vine-serpent coil of life ancient, wrinkled, dancing, starving, laughing, sick, swarming, inconceivable, unreasonable, mocking, singing-multi-headed, laughing God-dance.[7]

Shiva, sadhus, garlands, cobras, poverty, sensuality, fractals, chaos: the encounter between foreigners and India is immediately mind-blowing and ethically transformative. Leary even makes the wilder claim that LSD's neurochemistry would never have spurred a counterculture were India not colonized. Lysergic acid diethylamide no. 25 was first synthesized in 1938, then accidentally ingested by Albert Hofmann at Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Switzerland. Effective at doses as low as 100 micrograms, it was taken up enthusiastically by American psychologists such as Leary at Harvard, who together with a bunch of now-famous intellectuals and gurus believed the drug heralded not just the possibility of escape from capitalist oppression and ethnocentrism, but an era of final salvation, of a new species. And this mutation, Leary thought, would have to necessarily pass through India.

> Historical note: On December 31, 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to the English East India Company. The aim of the game was to bring back peppers and spices of the East. The fabled turn-on vegetables. This charter granted over 350 years ago has had more effect on the psychedelic revolution of the 1960's than Sandoz Laboratories and its lysergic discoveries. Without the East India expedition LSD would be a pharmacological curiosity.[8]

Seldom have the imaginary geographies of colonialism and psychedelics been more intertwined than in this quote. Drugs in India only enhance what is already psychotropic and self-transforming for the white visitor.

Acid Virtuality

Leary's visions need to be taken seriously as real imaginations of transcendence and engagement with the abstract machine "India." The relationship of LSD to the East has been explored comprehensively in collections such as *Zig Zag Zen: Buddhism and Psychedelics*.[9] Alan Watts already argued in "The New Alchemy" that the acid trip confirmed his view of life as process: "The sensation that events are happening of themselves, and that nothing is *making* them happen and that they are not happening *to* anything, has always been a major feature of my experiences with LSD."[10] The subjectless tripping of Watts can be easily likened to Deleuze's ontology:

> A chicken is one egg's way of producing others. In our normal experience something of the same kind takes place in music and the dance, where the point of each action is each moment of its unfolding and not just the temporal end of the performance.[11]

The transcendental and therapeutic potentials of LSD have since Watts been hotly debated, having become a topic again with advances in neuroscience.[12] It seems evident to anyone who has experienced its neuropharmacology that, if there is one magic potion that reveals virtuality, that reveals that anything is merely a temporary and unique condensation or perception of eternal change, it has to be LSD. Whether this means finding "God" is an interesting philosophical question. From a pluralistic perspective, there is no cosmic Whole with which mystical experience could communicate. Still, it is certain that LSD's chemistry lends itself as no other to finding lines of flight in a sustained way, and hence, to Anjuna's type of tourism.

It should also be remembered that psychedelic trance music reacts strongly with LSD. The crunchy squelches and ominous bass synth stabs, the militaristic kick drum, the sci-fi voices and completely inhuman flutterings of sound are, after all, specifically designed to make your brain, stomach, legs, and inner ear dwell in a fractal world quite inexplicable to the uninitiated. Musicologists have tried to specify what "psychedelic" means. Analyzing the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, and the Beatles, one popular musicologist concludes:

> to be truly "psychedelic" at least some of the music's parameters must go through devices that create "molten" shapes in timbre, articulation, and spatial placement. Psychedelic music dechronicizes and depersonalizes the listener through its excessive length, repetition, volume, and spatial depth. It then dynamizes the familiar forms, harmonies, and sonic details of rock through methods indebted to surf music, free jazz, musique concrète, and assorted technologies. In these ways, the free-wheeling multileveled ornamentations of psychedelic music enable rock to explore its most primal impulse: to become like the world Albert Hofmann discovered, inhabited by objects that are "in constant motion, animated, as if driven by an inner restlessness."[13]

Of course, the spectrum of sounds that can be produced electronically has widened stupendously since the sixties and seventies. The meticulously programmed and danceable nature of psy-trance draws repetition to extremes Pink Floyd and the Grateful Dead could only dream of. Gili, another Israeli, told me:

> Since I stop acid, the music look different to me, you know. I like to dance, but it's different now. It's not got the same feelings. A lot of . . . wall, it doesn't take you to the same spot. It's fast music, you know, it's not like disco. You dance long time, like fourteen hours. If you don't take anything it's difficult.

Psy-trance is the most psychedelic, the most LSD-friendly music ever. There simply is no other music that makes bodies on acid dance for fourteen hours on stretch.

Deleuze's *Difference and Repetition* easily comes to mind when attempting to explain how difference arises from repetition at a psy-trance party: how so much intensity and joy can be extracted while locked into what for many is rather formulaic or scary music. Is it a coincidence that the book was written at the height of the psychedelic revolution?

> The point of sensory distortion is often to grasp intensity independently of extensity or prior to the qualities in which it is developed. A pedagogy of the senses, which forms an integral part of "transcendentalism," is directed towards this aim. Pharmacodynamic experiences or physical experiences such as vertigo approach the same result: they reveal to us that difference in itself, that depth in itself or that intensity in itself at the original moment at which it is neither qualified nor extended.[14]

It also can't be a coincidence that in his review of this book, Foucault included an aside on drugs, suggesting that LSD

> presents [a] univocal and acategorical mass not only as variegated, mobile, asymmetrical, decentered, spiraloid, and reverberating, but causes it to rise, at each instant, as a swarming of phantasm-events. As it slides upon this surface at once regular and intensely vibratory, as it is freed from its catatonic chrysalis, thought invariably contemplates this indefinite equivalence transformed into an acute event and a sumptuous, aparreled repetition.[15]

Deleuze added a footnote to Foucault's review: "what will the people think of us?" The history of the love affair between sixties French philosophy and drugs remains to be written.

Foucault's words were carefully chosen. Psy-trance repetition sure feels like a "swarming of phantasm-events," an epic catharsis from habitual modalities of being, at once collective and immensely personal. "After an acid trip, you can reject everything you have ever been taught," claims a writer of the era.[16] Within the conditions of LSD and psy-trance, it is possible to sense the sub- and suprahuman energies eddying around the fixities of individual and cultural identities. Bodies tapping into these energies are precisely *freaks*. Misquoting Grosz: "Freaks cross the borders that divide the subject from all ambiguities, interconnections, and reciprocal classifications, outside of or beyond the human."[17] On a more sober note, what countercultural writers like Watts and Leary omit to say is that because freaks are more interested in, and capable of, trippy catharsis than others, they actually reinstate racial and cultural belonging. In India's freak circuit, the heavy consumption of drugs follows from an old-European, even colonial, attitude toward the place. Whether freaks then reject everything they've ever been taught is not at all a given.

Sociochemical Monitoring

You might think that being psychedelic in India is a matter of blind abandonment. But, as a technology of the self, it is also very much about being in control. Recklessness and meticulousness are tendencies in mutual presupposition. The concept of sociochemical monitoring tries to theorize this presupposition. It refers to the acquired capacity of bodies to regulate the sensual intensities that they go through, in accordance with subcultural and situational exigencies. Although thinking and behavior change drastically on drugs, sociochemical monitoring calls for a *channeling*. Stumbling about, slurring, being overly gregarious, and dancing erratically are frowned upon (though it is acceptable for a few isolated weirdos). Sociochemical monitoring isn't confined to psy-trance or Anjuna, of course.

Just think of what goes on at a university wine reception. But what makes sociochemical monitoring among the Goa freaks interesting is the tension between esoteric snobbery on the one hand, and attempts at transcending social hierarchy on the other.

On the whole, psy-trance demands a more cautious attitude toward drugs than happens in other dance scenes. Around the world, psy-trance's location in space and time continues to be chosen carefully—full moon, solar eclipse, in deserts, forests, or caves, on sacred mountains or remote islands. Parties are elaborately decorated with UV lighting, psychedelic clothing, computer projections, statues of Shiva or Ganesh, chill-out tepees, candles, incense, and all sorts of fluorescent and spiraling contraptions. Goa trance old-timers dress up in loud fluoro clothing and there are body painters. There are fire jugglers, fire-eaters, fireworks, and camp fires. With so much trouble being taken for the physical circumstances of the party, organizers expect the audience to behave accordingly. In Timothy Leary's famous terms, "setting" (environment) and "set" (preparation) need to be imbricated.

Whereas in British club culture being "off your face" on Ecstasy is generally perceived to be a good thing, most LSD takers continue a tradition of self-control. Endless near-mystical conversations in Goa and e-mail discussions on the psy-trance mailing lists illustrate that drugs are consumed quite carefully by psy-trancers. This doesn't amount to stating that Goa freaks cannot be in rapture or jump around wildly at parties. But sociochemical monitoring prescribes they not *lose their face* in the process. Through the preparatory natures of "set" and "setting," psychedelic transformations of self secure one's position in the social grid.

In Anjuna, being capable of doing just about anything in daily life after a chillum is the first lesson in sociochemical monitoring. Howard S. Becker's "Becoming a Marihuana User" stands as a classic in the study of cannabis culture. Against criminal psychology, Becker argued that a person has to *learn* how to smoke and enjoy marijuana: "Marihuana-produced sensations are not automatically or necessarily pleasurable. The taste for such experience is a socially acquired one, not different in kind from acquired tastes for oysters or dry martinis."[18] In Becker's study, novices to cannabis are generally helped in skill acquisition by the more experienced users. This is certainly not the case with chillum ritual. As the most regular and socially binding of drug practices, the sociochemical monitoring of chillum smoking brings forth a plethora of ways in which novices can be made to feel like novices.

Robert Lewis Gross notes in his participant study of *samnyasa* (renunciation) in North India that the ascetic, mystical, and traveling tradition

of sadhus emerged some five thousand years ago.[19] Chillum smoking as a recognized form of *sadhana* (God realization) goes back many centuries. Especially *samnyasis* (ascetics) who worship Shiva, the dancing god of both ascetism and eroticism, smoke chillums all day. Chillums were immediately appropriated by the beatniks and hippies traveling through India, and represent the most widespread and consistent borrowing from Indian culture among freaks. Gross remarks:

> It was practically impossible to avoid the stigma of being labelled a 'hippy', and I never totally escaped this annoying definition of myself. . . . Smoking ganja and taking other intoxicants play an important part in the ritual and religious life of the sadhus and happened to be one of the 'occupational hazards' of doing this study.[20]

Most of Anjuna's chillum ritual remains formally similar as among the sadhus (so studying it involved the same occupational hazards). Intently smoking chillum the correct way is a sure sign of status. "In fact, every traveller who's smoked chillums in India knows that it's more often [than babas] the Italian 'chillum fascists' who give you grief for some minor transgression of the code," writes Tom Thumb.[21] Writing less about drugs and more about budget traveling, William Sutcliffe's *Are You Experienced?*—ironically, an instant classic among backpackers—tells about the widespread snobbism in India's backpacker circuit.[22] Exaggerating for comic effect, Sutcliffe captures the fetishism of little rules that often accompanies travel. Traveling is accompanied by what might be called experiential ableism.

How to become a chillum smoker? Freaks, mostly males, crumble *charas* in their palm or a smoothened coconut shell. Elsewhere in South India, ganja (marijuana) might be used. A cigarette, preferably a Wills or Goldflake, is heated to dry the tobacco, then mixed thoroughly with the *charas.* The mixture is stomped into the top of the chillum, a specially cut stone keeping it there. All this needs little attention or light and can be done while dancing.

Receiving the chillum from its owner to light it is considered a *gift*, immediately generating a bond. The lighting is awe-inspiring and requires practice. Here is an instruction from 1970 (and again, note the meticulousness):

> Hold between thumb and four fingers (pointing straight up and bunched together at tips) of left hand. Wrap right hand around the back of left hand, leaving a hole for mouth between thumb and first finger on left hand, closing any other gaps by holding more tightly and adjusting grip.

> Test by drawing strongly before lighting. Keep chillum upright, head to one side and get someone else to light it. Beware of hair going up in flames. Constant strong drawing is necessary to keep it alight.[23]

The idea is to produce so much smoke that the head is momentarily shrouded. The chillum then rapidly goes clockwise around what can be called the "chillum circle," usually of four to six. Each person receives the chillum with his or her right hand, left hand flat on the chest and bowing the head, then raises the chillum to the forehead and exclaims "Bom Bolenat," "Bom Shankar," or another invocation of Shiva, "bom," "boom," or "bam" being the sacred syllable of destruction. A *safi*, a piece of cloth wrapped around the base of the chillum, prevents anything other than smoke from entering the mouth. Even then the smoke is very harsh on the lungs, and chillum smokers are chronic coughers. Listening to some Anjuna regulars in the morning raises the impression that coughing is a form of subcultural capital. The deeper the cough, the cooler you are.

When the *charas* has been burned, the chillum is emptied and the inside is thoroughly cleaned with the *safi*, which in Anjuna is often held by another person while the chillum owner rubs the chillum over it. Then the process starts anew. Its sheer reiteration reproduces sociochemical monitoring. Italian freaks in Anjuna have been the most ardent chillum smokers since the seventies, surpassed only by the Israelis, and the most expensive chillums at Anjuna's flea market and on the Internet (check out the aptly named www.chillum.it) are sold by Italians. Chillum prices go as high as five thousand rupees (roughly a hundred dollars). A lot of fuss is made about the smoothness of the inside, which is professionally verified by holding the chillum up to a light source. On the outside, the psychedelic carvings are intricate and should be uniquely awesome, even demonic. A lot of fuss is also made about the quality and origin of charas (Nepali or Afghan "cream" being considered the best) and how cheap it was (showing your proximity to the source).

Chillums mark spaces and times among the Goa freaks. Occasions that for many are inconceivable without chillum include waking up, meeting friends, drinking chai, sunset, waiting for dinner, the beginning of a deejay set, sunrise, and the end of a party. Sociochemical monitoring further dictates that chillums should never affect one's exactitude in deejaying, dancing, chatting, financial transactions, or riding one's bike. As C. J. Stone remembers about the sixties:

> We took a lot of LSD together, and smoked a lot of dope. Sumbo, the Nigerian film-maker, who was over here doing a course, called us White Rastas. And he was right, in a way. We didn't say 'Jah!' as we blew on a

> chillum: we said, 'Bom Shankar!' and then put the chillum to our foreheads taking a lungful of the biting smoke and collapsing into fits of . . . of dry coughing. I would have said, 'before collapsing into fits of giggles', except we didn't. We didn't laugh very much. We took our dope very, very seriously.[24]

Through their ritual *weight*, chillums literally weave together bodies. It is okay to borrow a chillum if you've got some *charas* to spare. Invariably, you will find yourself surrounded by the friends of the chillum owner. It is improper to invite yourself into a chillum circle of strangers, even if it happens that sheer proximity to a chillum circle gets you invited into it, though this has become more infrequent over the years. In conversations, the chillum ritual is often referred to as an instance of the scene's particular sociability and openness to strangers. But "stranger" is here circumscribed to mean only a very select type of body: someone who has been initiated, someone whose face is familiar. In practice, this means that the stranger is most often white, even a compatriot. Racially mixed chillum circles are rare; at parties, there is the "deejay posse"—a come-and-go network of the foreign deejay, his friends, some white and Goan dealers, some savvy taxi wallahs, barmen, and owners of the venue.

In short, though borrowed from the sadhus, chillum ritual is mainly an affair of whites in Anjuna. First of all, it was whites who brought it to Goa. In my experience, boys in Indian cities hardly bother with the ritual, as it holds little ancient attraction to them; it is only in Goa that some of them smoke chillum. But it is also mainly whites who can afford good chillums and know where to get cheap and good *charas*. I've seen many domestic tourists shyly asking for cannabis and freaks feigning ignorance. Both local and foreign dealers are reluctant to sell drugs to domestic tourists because they're perceived to be rowdy and reckless, or else there is paranoia about the possibility of dealing with an undercover cop. Whites know other whites, smoke with other whites, and share their *charas* with other whites. The mixed nature of the deejay posse is an exception. Chillum circles on the whole serve to differentiate white from nonwhite bodies: white Rastas.

Sociochemical monitoring means that for shorter-staying tourists, it is difficult to become acquainted with drug ritual. In comparison to backpackers and charter tourists, Indians attempting to join in drug taking suffer a further stigma of being seen as *imitators* of foreign culture—and bad imitators too. I agreed to find some Ecstasy in 2002 for a charter tourist in Primrose Bar. A British freak I knew could get some, but his immediate, instinctual question was "Is he Indian?" I said no, he's a Brit,

and got him there for the transaction. To any observer familiar with dance culture, it is clear that most domestic tourists are new to it, whereas charter tourists go clubbing at home too. This is why freaks will generally prefer other whites to Indians. Of Indians, only babas (sadhus, who in Goa often shed their ascetism) are sometimes invited into chillum circles. Bombay jet-setters who can fly to and fro a lot can and do attain the same level of sociochemical monitoring as Goa freaks and clubbers. But Indians simply don't start on an equal footing with whites, because they are inevitably considered contaminants of an originally white counterculture.

It's not that the social status of Goa freaks is accepted without complication. Charter tourists are usually not bothered with drug ritualism. They're in Goa for two weeks of holiday, not to change their way of life. Similarly, though they struggle against the stereotype of being but bad imitators, I have heard many a domestic tourist ridicule the pettiness and arrogance of the freaks. Domestic tourists are on the whole as unconcerned with psychedelic transformations of self as charter tourists are. However, this is precisely what further consolidates freak viscosity: those not interested in psychedelics are just not welcome. *Is he Indian?:* a kneejerk reaction. And although charter tourists might be sold drugs, even then they remain outsiders by virtue of their clothing, not participating in chillum circles, not knowing the way to the party, and so on. The microfascist obsession with experience in Anjuna implies that if you're white there, you should be a freak; and if you're a freak, you've got to be white.

6
Trance, Dance, and the Trance-Dance

> Raw molecular dancing units of energy.
>
> —Timothy Leary, *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*

Techno-Shamanism

In modern culture, strong experiences tend to call for intellectual explanation. The concept of trance-dance was popular in the early nineties to capture the strong religious undertones of electronic dance culture, having developed alongside and sometimes interwoven with New Age philosophy and dance therapies. Dancing to the repetitive rhythms and evocative harmonies and melodies of Goa or other trance music, you might well sense the permeability of your bodily housing, not only to dissolve in communion with everyone present, but to connect to the earth and the entire universe. *Eks-stasis:* standing outside oneself. DJ Goa Gil, the world's most famous and probably oldest Goa trance deejay, gives a fair definition of trance-dance in interviews.

GIL Is that it, then?

Yeah, that's it.

GIL Okay, let me just say one more thing then.

Okay.

GIL Eh . . . [pause] [stresses each phrase with index finger] We are using trance music and the trance-dance experience to set up a chain reaction in consciousness. This is what we call redefining the ancient tribal ritual for the twenty-first century. Through the trance-dance experience hopefully people become more sensitive

and aware of themselves, their surroundings, the crossroads of humanity, and the needs of the planet. With that awareness comes understanding and compassion. That is the need of the hour and the true Goa spirit.

Yeah.

GIL Dance! Dance is active meditation. When we dance we go beyond thought, beyond mind, and beyond our own individuality, to become one in the divine esctasy of union with the cosmic spirit. This is the essence of the trance-dance experience.

Yeah.

GIL *Om namah shivaya* [gets up and starts walking to his house].

In an interview with Karin and Silke from Denmark, the commonly held belief was reiterated that the throbbing beat of Goa trance goes back to ancient tribal drumming and the maternal heartbeat. Although neuromusicology does suggest some possible developmental and evolutionary benefits of rhythm, it would be rather the melodies and harmonies of Goa trance that affect synaptic senses of time, space, and emotion. In any case, the brain and body need to *learn* how to appreciate such alienating music.[1] There were countless other explanations of the power of the trance-dance experience in Anjuna; my young Japanese neighbor during the 1999–2000 season would offer me his theories on a daily basis. Although not everybody invokes fetal being or the cosmos, all dedicated trancers expect that a good party involves an intense journey into bonding and exultation, more or less in line with what anthropologists such as Mircea Eliade classify as ecstasy.[2] If anthropologists of religion have systematically reported on the use of drugs for spiritual purposes, in what I call psychedelics ecstasy becomes the most important existential modality in a social program of reinventing oneself.

In *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, William James already famously appreciated the mystical effect of nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and alcohol: "Sobriety diminishes, discriminates, and says no; drunkenness expands, unites, and says yes. It is in fact the great exciter of the *Yes* function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core."[3] James's philosophy of mysticism is attractive because it accounts for the universality and commonness of religious experience, without losing sight of its social and psychologial immanence:

Name it the mystical region, or the supernatural region, whichever you choose. So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region (and most of them do originate in it, for we find them possessing us in a way for which

> we cannot articulately account), we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong. Yet the unseen region is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world.[4]

James wrote that "not conceptual-speech, but music rather, is the element through which we are best spoken to by mystical truth."[5] The anthropology of the interplay between trance and music is also well established.[6] All this anthropological and philosophical interest in becoming high then trickled down into popular culture, giving rise to such notions as the trance-dance and techno-shamanism.

More than the experiences usually considered in the philosophy and anthropology of trance, transcendental experience in white psychedelic counterculture is considered a means to *overcome* one's kind or racial formation to embrace all of humanity or all of the planet. It is noteworthy how psychedelics uses not just mystical, but scientific discourses in explaining and anticipating this overcoming:

> The delight of flowing cosmic belongingness. The astounding discovery that consciousness can tune in to an infinite number of organic levels. There are billions of cellular processes in your body, each with its universe of experience—an endless variety of ecstasies. The simple joys and pains and burdens of your ego represent one set of experiences—a repetitious, dusty set. As you slip into the fire-flow of biological energy, series after series of experiential sets flash by. You are no longer encapsulated in the structure of ego and tribe.[7]

The irony is that even when music and drugs make some bodies feel their selves dissolving into prehuman chaos, it is this very feeling that differentiates them from other bodies. Mysticism and ecstasy, to build on James and Eliade, are constitutive of the real and the social; it is precisely the intensity of music and drugs that makes bodies susceptible to social and cultural differentiation.

The importance of the production of ecstasy in electronic dance music poses a great responsibility for the deejay. Rave discourse speaks of the deejay as techno-shaman, whose playlist preparations and fingers determine if a whole congregation of bodies reaches the sought-after trance state or not. More than in hip-hop, house, and mainstream trance, Goa trance deejays feel they are somewhat like the spiritual mediums of nonmodern societies. Gil told me:

> And I feel that, you know, now I feel that, now when I look back in my life it looks like everything happened for a purpose, and I've been given,

> you know, and then it's been my duty to pass these things which I've been given on and being a musician, music is the . . . perfect natural vehicle for me, because I've been a musician all my life, and so all these things joined together in that way. So I see, I see when I have a certain duty to pass these things on and it's my mission . . . to pass these things on through my art form which is music.

A more vivid example of techno-shamanism is found in a (scripted) conversation between Eugene ENRG aka DJ Krusty and Ray Castle. Ray Castle, a deejay from Byron Bay, Australia, says: "Part of the shamanic richness I strive for is the magic of trying to extend the natural universal laws into TRANCE DANCE music and channeling this music in my role as DJ TECHNO SHAMAN." Yet techno-shamanists in fact embrace a highly eclectic intellectualization of the trance-dance experience. Krusty continues: "Unlike the hierarchical, patriarchal, traditional Christian ritual, which is dominated by a priest, techno cyber shamens, such as yourself, open the space as a pagan ritual, free-for-all, that is created by a group of equals, and offers a vehicle to experience one's own BLISS." To which Ray Castle replies: "We are META MUTATING GLOBAL INFORMATIONAL BEINGS, there is metacontinuity in CHAOS MATHS. A dance party is a CHIROS SATORI EXPERIENCE (time outside of regular time), where one can gain a bright-light-bulb-like experience of illumination and understanding."[8] DJ Andi told me that during a full-moon party in Pokara, Nepal, he was struck by lightning, lifting him thirty centimeters up in the air—a rather frightening realization of cosmic bright-lightbulb-like illumination.

Considering these deejays' testimonies, the question arises to what extent techno-shamanism escapes white modernity. The credit for becoming meta-mutating global informational beings goes entirely to the self-appointed techno-shaman, who is nearly always male. If deejaying is a near-missionary vocation, the question is how techno-shamanism overcomes Christian patriarchy and star hierarchy in popular music (this is what Krusty claims is done in techno-shamanism). Moreover, deejaying in Goa trance deejays, including that of Gil and Andi, hardly matches the acquired shamanic skills anthropologists of shamanism describe. Traditionally, Goa trance is played track after track, with the deejays themselves often on acid or Ecstasy; there's none of the creative mixing, panning, and scratching of techno and house. Anyone with a good CD or MP3 collection and the right contacts can therefore become a techno-shaman.

In short, far from reinvigorating some pagan past, or learning from the oppression of existing tribal communities, or understanding what

satori consists of, techno-shamanism and hallucinogenic mysticism belong to a series of white amateur intellectualisms, more often than not concealing rather narcissistic, masculinist feelings of being different, a next stage in human evolution. Without wanting to discredit those many psy-trance party organizers worldwide who do live up to their ecofriendly and spiritual rhetoric, I am more interested in why this eclectic mysticism captivates deejays and audiences. Claims about communion, mutation, and transcendence need to be taken seriously, for they point to the heart of what psychedelics is all about: whiteness reinventing itself through exoticism and sociochemical monitoring.

The United Colors of Goa Trance

Whether or not club/rave culture presents resistance to the bourgeois status quo has been a question pivotal to its intellectual appropriation. Most academics adamantly defend raves and clubs as spaces devoid of power relations.[9] "In much of this commentary therefore, one is far more likely to encounter the raver as a non-specified general; as a 'techno-shaman' or a 'cyber-hippie' rather than as a raced, sexed and otherwise inscribed and embodied subject," writes a more critical ethnographer.[10] Likewise, dance enthusiasts I interviewed, such as Silke, Cyrille, and Charlotte, claimed in honesty that every person on Earth can appreciate the mystical powers of Goa trance. The diffusion of trance across the world and the international nature of Goa's scene, of course, reinforce this conviction.

Unsurprisingly, it is in Goa trance that the concept of peace-love-unity-respect or PLUR, having originated in the acid house movement and sometimes found in hip-hop, found its fullest expression. PLUR is akin to the naive humanism of the United Colors of Benetton variety, which, as Patricia MacCormack has pointed out, only reiterates the way that white perspective on racial difference works: by *including* ever more phenotypical differences in a bouquet of happy faces and thereby obscuring real inequalities. MacCormack calls this arrangement "faciality" after Deleuze and Guattari, and I'll later show to what extent it pervades Anjuna.[11]

ANDI Now the Israelis they also have gotten in the tune, so now okay we can say it's a whole big family, you know. Certain time there was this trip that eh, "Wuh we only want to have Israeli party, wuh we only want to have Israeli deejay." Like this, you know.

But you can't have that, in Goa everybody has to come.

ANDI Yeah, that's the beauty of Goa, it's more than the UN! It's really UN lived.

Yeah.

ANDI We are living it, you know. We are living in a party; there is black and yellow and red and green and purple people no.

[laughs] Yeah.

ANDI [laughs out loud] All dancing together, you know.

PLUR is the wishful thinking of Goa trance. Deejays and dance enthusiasts know that in practice, unity isn't so easy. They *feel* the tension between PLUR discourse and concrete divisions. The younger crowd of freaks doesn't talk in the same celebratory manner of the parties. Cyrille was one of the few who in 1998 spontaneously told me about the tension, but it is something that I have discussed with other critical tourists on countless other occasions. Most tourists probably would, if pressed on the matter, agree that PLUR never worked in Goa. Few, however, care.

CYRILLE I was in one in one party some days ago and eh . . . my friend tell [hoarse disapproving voice] "Look how much tourist!" [i.e., domestic tourists] You know because they don't have the clothes and shit like this. And . . . I had this feeling for [unclear] "Yeah, they're tourists." And then I thought thought about me, I say, "But I look tourist also, yeah yeah, I have no fashion clothe or this that or eh . . ." And I look this man, he looks like the man who work in the bank.

Yeah.

CYRILLE The clothes, the clothes—

Oh yeah yeah, it was like with a mustache?

CYRILLE Really, really! And you have like the clean shirt, you know . . .

And the mustache.

CYRILLE And eh yeah and something like that, you know. You know what I mean.

Yeah yeah yeah.

CYRILLE Bah he enjoy!

Hm.

CYRILLE And I was like . . . yeah but everybody can have the right to be happy.

Yeah! And especially, you know, because they're here [i.e., because domestic tourists are in their own country].

CYRILLE Yes man. And this make me more happy! Because I say, he's not freaks, he's fucking freaks! He's not because he's got no *psychédeliques* clothes he's fucking *psychédelique* man [i.e., it's not because he hasn't got psychedelic clothes that he can't be psychedelic].

Yeah. But you have some people, some tourists [i.e., freaks] who don't want to have those Indians. You know, I've heard of people who say, "No, no Indians"

CYRILLE Yeah, because because they are no no open mind!

Hm. But these are people from the trance—

CYRILLE It's like . . . from the trance, and some people they look [domestic] tourist and eh . . . they whoever looks *psychédeliques*, they can say, "Yeaaaah, we don't want tourist!"

Yeah.

CYRILLE You know.

Yeah.

CYRILLE It's the same. But I can tell again, everybody can enjoy, and have the right to!

Yeah, everybody.

CYRILLE We come . . . We born naked, everybody, and we will die naked, everybody. So it's mean we are free, and we have all the same right.

Yeah. Right to party.

CYRILLE It's not because you come from this family, a freaks family, or eh . . .

Or a very rich family.

CYRILLE Or Rothschild, Rothschild family. It don't means you're more rich, or more *psychédelique*. This is shit!!

It is important to remember that Andi's explicit multiculturalism is rarely heard in Goa nowadays, let alone Cyrille's condemnation of Goa freak intolerance toward domestic tourists. Cyrille's vehemence only indicates how widespread this intolerance is.

Mysticism needs to be approached *ethically*. The question is always, how is a body affected, and how do its capacities and actual connections distinguish it from other bodies? In the trance-dance, sensuous affections beyond ego, tribe, humanity, or planet might occur—radically new connections between the dancer's body and sound, certain rare molecules,

sand, vegetation, sun, moon, ocean, even the cows and dogs that walk around the parties in the morning. But these connections are precisely what differentiate bodies. Alon, from Israel, was telling me how he was dancing on LSD on the beach at Disco Valley. Then the sun rose.

> Because I was so . . . what's the word called, so high? I feel . . . that I'm on the planet, I see the sun go up, I see all the-eh . . . all the sea, on the other side. . . . You see the mountains . . . and you see the moon go down. . . . And then, and then, suddenly I think, whoa! The moon doesn't go down, the sun doesn't go up! It's me that turns! And I see the-eh water and I think, all of there, far away . . . You go straight. . . . And you can feel it inside, you know, because all of my my doors open? . . . Some, something. I can't feel it if I'm eh . . . regular, you know.

With Mircea Eliade and William James, Alon's experience could be qualified as genuinely mystical. My point is, however, that it is highly unlikely that the chai mama sitting next to him had the same Copernican epiphany. The mere fact that Alon was *capable* of dancing on LSD that morning, inhabiting Goa trance, opening his doors, and pondering celestial movement betrayed his location in the distributions of money, education, and opportunities to travel. Moreover, Alon is likely to mention the experience only to fellow trance-dancers, probably only to fellow Israelis. Talking about experiences like this strings bodies together, keeps them sitting in beach shacks and guesthouses, makes them viscous. In short, though Alon's experience was admittedly mind-altering and subversive, the differential distribution of capacities that underpins the *possibility* of that experience is firmly uneven in Anjuna.

All of this shouldn't blind us to the real sense of plurriness and cosmic ecstasy dancers in Anjuna might feel. You can start chatting to your neighbor while drinking chai and receive friendly smiles on the dance floor; people offer a sip of water or a joint; they jump in joy, raise their hands, greet the sun, spur each other on, hug new friends; and those acting very trippy are honorably left to themselves. Peace, love, unity, respect. But not everyone is *capable* of joining in all of this, especially not locals or domestic tourists. Some Indians do engage in these practices, but they do so as novices and among themselves, mostly lacking the sociochemical monitoring, hip clothing, and assuredness that the Goa freaks possess. When there are many Indians on the dance floor, they will cheer and dance enthusiastically, while freaks await their turn; when the dance floor is full of whites in the morning, Indians shy away. PLUR, like chillum circles, hardly ever merges both groups. Because it has to be *learned*, even earned, PLUR is, despite itself, segregating from the start.

Techno-shamanism, trance-dance mysticism, and PLUR are real insofar as they inform experiences of trance deejays and audiences, experiences of togetherness and communication with protohuman flows of vitality. But there are two qualifications. First, trance-dance betrays old and new parochial themes of exoticism, on the one hand, and universalism from a privileged white position, on the other. Second, in practice, most advocates of trance-dance conveniently forget that PLUR requires sociochemical monitoring, and sociochemical monitoring leads to actual segregation, along racial, sexual, and economic lines. Together, this means that mysticism and microfascism can coexist, that the potentiality of PLUR is mostly smothered by the potentiality of viscosity.

7
The Psychopathology of Travel

Some don't finish the season uh.

—Gili

India-Psychosis

Heaven and Hell was Aldous Huxley's sequence to his illustrious *The Doors of Perception*. It asserted that opening one's doors of perception was not only about mystical bliss, but could just as well lead to pain and horror. If I've just dealt with the ecstasy, now it's time for the casualties. When psychedelics leads to hell, instead of transcending one's body, one becomes locked up inside it. Huxley wrote:

> When the visionary experience is terrible and the world is transfigured for the worse, individualization is intensified and the negative visionary finds himself associated with a body that seems to grow progressively more dense, more tightly packed, until he finds himself at last reduced to being the agonized consciousness of an inspissated lump of matter, no bigger than a stone that can be held between the hands.[1]

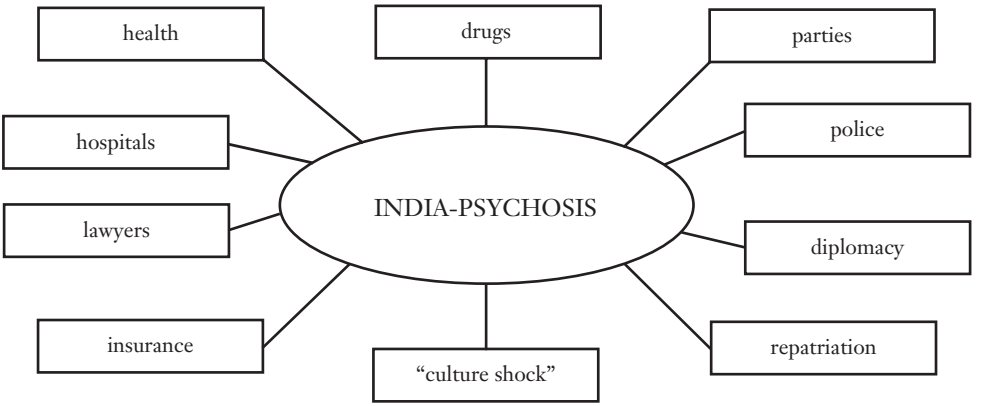
Within the context of Anjuna's hippie and party tourism, this inspissation (thickening) becomes a racial issue: white bodies struck by casualty find themselves vulnerable and manipulated *by virtue of* being white in a non-white country. In *Fous de l'Inde*, psychiatrist Régis Airault asks the question "Does India make one mad?" Following Freud, he argues that the combination of drug abuse and backpacking, especially during longer stays in Goa, leads to a pathological situation in which white adolescents at the same time attain "oceanic feelings" akin to Hindu mysticism and become

anxious, paranoid, depressed, addicted, psychotic, or suicidal.[2] Although Airault recycles old stereotypes to explain the "culture shock" backpackers experience in India (Indians as tirelessly inquisitive, India's ancientness, the omnipresence of death, India on the whole as a constant "challenge"), it is these very stereotypes of India as intensely different from the West that open the possibility for psychedelics becoming pathological.

Foucault's history of madness provides me with a methodology for treating drugs and pathology in their historical and institutional configurations—material configurations of biology, medical practice, policing, architecture.[3] Loosely conjoining Foucault and Airault, then, what I term "India-psychosis" is the psycho-institutional assemblage in which white visitors to India are caught when hedonism directly results in some form of mental and behavioral maladjustment. Often this goes hand in hand with compulsive drug taking, alcoholism, splitting up with lovers or friends, rape, bike accidents, infection, loss of passport, money, or other valuables, expiration of visa or plane ticket, minor violence, damage to property, seizure of drugs, and arrest. Calling unfortunate touristic encounter a kind of psychosis is in no way intended to belittle schizophrenia, much less to romanticize it. It is to account for the reality of the easy slippage between uncontrolled psychedelic tourism and psychological breakdown. Even if only tourists with a predisposition risk a clinically psychotic state, I suggest with Airault that the *potentiality* for psychosis is massively present in the material organization of Goa's party scene, and is thus an issue for all.

Airault argues that backpackers' obsession with us/them differences only deepens when they get into trouble. Backpackers in India continually fret about the slyness, laziness, and filthiness of Indians, a paranoid theme that I encountered almost daily in conversations in Anjuna. But at least as much as India's poverty and disorder, it is the culture *of the backpackers and freaks themselves* that produces India-psychosis. Although sociochemical monitoring prescribes a certain level of caution and reflexivity, the sense of freedom from the disciplinary regimes at home can become so overwhelming that caution disappears, and backpackers find themselves in great mental or physical confusion.

"It's not easy to be white in India," is what M. of the organization Om Yesu Niketan said flatly. "Many people are lonely here, most people maybe." It is those white bodies gone lonely in their psychedelic transformations of self that Om Yesu Niketan (Sanskrit for "House of Jesus") has since 1981 tried to rehabilitate, with new Lutheran volunteers coming from mainly Sweden every season. India-psychosis should not be underestimated. If we take the conventional (and conservative) figure of 1 percent



Institutional configuration of India-psychosis.

of all populations and cultures as suffering from severe schizophrenia, there must be a couple of thousand foreign tourists each year in Goa who are biographically or genetically predisposed to go through a psychotic episode. But in the experience of Dr. Melvin Fernandes of the Psychiatric Unity at Goa Medical College, backpackers are "more disposed to psychosis," more susceptible to losing "their reference points," than charter tourists are. Backpackers are in India for much longer, often traveling alone; they take more drugs; are on a tighter budget and obsessed with traveling cheap; come into closer contact with poverty, unhygienic circumstances, and nebulous bureaucracy; are not yet or no longer embedded in the disciplinary regimes of family and work (or, in the special case of Israelis, have just left the army); are often uninsured; are more likely to lose valuables, especially when partying; and, last but not least, as Dr. Fernandes said pointedly, "For them, it's it's it's freedom. It's like a place which is like eh paradise sort of. You can do anything. The notion you can do anything and there's no responsibility." Freedom, mobility, mind expansion: psychedelics itself encompasses the possibility of psychological or physical breakdown.

If charter tourists suffer a breakdown, hotels are swift to identify the problem and the tourists are well looked after. Police and the law are kept at bay while immediate measures are taken to bring the tourists to small but professional private clinics, contact the tour operator, family, insurance company, and embassy or consulate, and fly them home within a few days. It is the political economy and enclavic nature of charter tourism that ensures what Dr. Fernandes calls a "mafia-like" efficiency in the repatriation of tourists, in which any contact between the patient and Indian institutions is precluded. In their own way, charter tourists—and

not just those with difficulties—are sharply defined as white, as objects of a surveillance machine.

This efficiency is lacking in Anjuna. When tourists in Anjuna experience serious trouble, usually their friends will come to their aid. In many cases, Valium, vitamin C, lots of water, and a good night's sleep sort things out. Locals are also helpful, though they will avoid the authorities. Dr. Henriques in Badem is well known and is regularly called to parties to attend to overdoses. With antipsychotics like Haloperidol now widely available, doctors along the coastal belt have learned to deal with psychiatric cases. Some Goan doctors have seen how lucrative the psychopathology of traveling can be.

Sometimes backpackers who experience problems start roaming about, and their troubles remain undetected by others in Anjuna. For women this entails the danger of being raped, as Inspector Nolasco Raposo of the Anti-Narcotics Cell and other police sources have told me (newspaper archives confirm that there are far more rapes of foreign than of local women in the tourist belt). When the police are summoned and a (male) victim acts aggressively, he is often badly beaten up in the police station, according to locals and confirmed by Dr. Fernandes. The police are also capable of asking for bribes. In all these instances of tension, the whiteness of the backpacker is not incidental. It is difficult to establish this claim without firsthand evidence, but inferring from other interactions it can be assumed that "rapists," policemen, and officials will behave differently in front of a white person in difficulties.

Dr. Fernandes says that victims are nearly always "extremely paranoid" of Indian institutions. In the hospitals there is an intense mistrust of staff and diagnosis, as well as a phobia of being ripped off (by private clinics) or contaminated by poor hygiene. This paranoia is *not* directed at institutionality in general. It follows from the general imagination of sly and filthy Indians mentioned earlier. If it concerns an infection, overdose, or accident, some foreigners simply run away from the ward. L. from Om Yesu Niketan told me about an Israeli boy who was hospitalized with multiple fractures after crashing into a tree. When the nurses didn't let him smoke his joints in bed, he would shout abuse. L. had a difficult time making the Israeli understand that behavior wasn't going to help him get into a better state. Most patients also experience depression after having been violently shaken out of holiday euphoria. In the paranoia and confusion they experience inside hospitals, clinics, police stations, and legal offices, victims of India-psychosis seem conscious of their foreignness and right to a better treatment. Their bodies become "thickened" through a very steep intensive difference with their surroundings.

The repatriation of foreigners has to be organized through diplomatic representatives in India. In Dr. Fernandes's experience, embassies are generally "the least bothered," presumably because of a historical annoyance with the recklessness of hippie tourism. Still, casualties are so common that, since the seventies, there is a small network of contacts in Panjim, Bombay, and Delhi that Dr. Fernandes and a few lawyers use to ensure that repatriation proceeds at all costs. In the worst cases of drug abuse, hyperpyrexia results in cardiac arrest. Repatriation of corpses requires a lot more paperwork; even after death white bodies are caught up in a specific international meshwork of institutional arrangements.

Yet another factor in the psychopathology of travel is that victims are almost completely at the mercy of bureaucracies they cannot penetrate. Om Yesu Niketan's volunteers do their best in Anjuna and Vagator, where the parties are and the trouble starts; but being white tourists themselves, they too have to trust Indians completely to take care of the red tape. Again, this is a matter not just of linguistic and cultural, but also of spatial gradients—distances between Anjuna and Mapusa, Panjim and Delhi, institutional thresholds that white bodies cannot cross.

It is not only white tourists who need to be warned of the dangers of freaking out. In fact, accidents, overdoses, and deaths may have become more numerous among domestic tourists since the late nineties, as their consumption of Ecstasy and LSD increased. However, the particularity of casualty among backpackers and freaks lies in the fact that they are white, foreign, and traveling independently in a third-world country. I'm not arguing that the pathology of travel *is* "white," but that difficulties among whites have a tendency to be more acute, more racially differentiating.

The Story of Cleo

Dr. Cleo Odzer (1950–2001) has been important to my project as she published the only testimony of the freak scene in Goa.[4] Cleo's story is worth relating at length not only because it gives insight into psychedelic continuities from the seventies to the nineties, but because it will give further substance to the concept of "microfascism," lines of flight turning stale and self-destructive. With almost teenage naïveté, *Goa Freaks* relates the period between 1975 and 1980 when Cleo was one of the South Anjuna freaks living a crypto-aristocratic life of drugs, sex, and partying. The sensationalism in the book only underlines the profound psychedelic relationship Cleo and her friends had established with Goa. This obviously struck a chord with her nineties readers. As "a reader from California" posted on amazon.com: "This book is the best I have ever read! Cleo is

awesome! *Goa Freaks* is my favorite book of all time. I have read books by Stephen King and other famous authors and not one can compare to this book. I have read it about ten times."

Originally from a wealthy New York Jewish family, Cleo started traveling across Europe and Israel and took a "freak bus" from Athens to Bombay in September 1975. She found what she was looking for in South Anjuna. "What an existence. This was the life I'd been bred for—relaxed and self-indulgent."[5] Eager to become accepted as part of the glamorous in-crowd, she quickly learned that to sustain popularity and a diet of cocaine parties, she needed to smuggle and deal drugs. Come end of monsoon, the freaks would gather in Anjuna to spend the many thousands of illegally earned dollars. On coke, egos in South Anjuna skyrocketed, status being measured by how many parties you gave, the drugs you passed around, the local servants you had. "Sanity is the thing that keeps back," wrote Aleister Crowley about cocaine. And about driving on cocaine: "The wind of our speed abolished all my familiar bodily sensations. The cocaine combined with it to anæsthetise them. I was disembodied; an eternal spirit; a Thing supreme, apart."[6]

But, as Crowley's book testified so long ago, the spiritual aspects of cocaine and heroin quickly fade out. In South Anjuna, the more destitute freaks started using needles. "I noticed many were beginning to look less like flower children and more like pirates," recalls a traveler about the 1975–76 season.[7] Relationships ended, kids were neglected, there was prostitution and blackmailing. Junkies went psychotic, or drowned, or committed suicide. Some were killed in intergang disputes. E., a Goan ex-dealer, told me freaks were easily gotten rid of when their "credit" had run out. E. was one of a number of Goan boys who became involved in South Anjuna's hedonism. Attracted to the white girls, some local boys started mingling with the foreigners, only to find themselves in the same vicious circle of having to deal to maintain their coke habit. The extent to which locals became part of the Goan junkie scene is nevertheless usually overblown.

Locals I have spoken to, such as Guru and Camilo D'Souza, speak of the late seventies with great bitterness. D'Souza said that at one time a foreigner had a bag of twenty-five revolvers for sale at Anjuna's flea market. If this is accurate, it must be the sharpest illustration of how ugly South Anjuna had become. In the Australian Paul Mann's novel *The Ganja Coast*, a Bombay detective exposes a network of corrupt officials and white drug smugglers. "On the surface Goa looked like paradise," Mann warns. "Underneath, it was a murderous cesspool of vice, drugs, and greed, where nobody could trust anybody and nothing was the way it seemed."[8] Although

the corruption and greed were very real around 1980, Mann's idea that heroin was smuggled to the West by repatriating murdered white corpses seems a bit far-fetched. The fact that South Anjuna hippie vice inspired a foreign detective novel still remains highly significant.

All of this to sketch the criminological context of growing tensions in which Cleo Odzer's dream started to crumble. During monsoon 1979, she was arrested in Delhi for possession of stolen traveler's checks, chained to the desk of a police inspector, and forced to have sex with him. She then had to come off the heroin in a crowded and filthy juvenile jail. In what could only have been a miserable condition, she one day thought the sun would do her some good:

> I went to the far corner of the courtyard, spread the blanket on the concrete, took off my clothes, and lay down. Every single one of the girls came out and stared at me. I closed my eyes.
>
> Within a minute I heard a voice. "Please, you dress," it said. I looked up to see a woman in a green sari. "Have you no shame?" she continued. "We do not behave in that manner in this country."
>
> As I raised my head I saw eighty girls laughing hysterically. Oh, yes, now I remembered. Indians never saw each other naked. They never even looked at their own bodies. When they washed themselves, they kept their clothes on and washed around this and around that. I'd forgotten.[9]

It may require a little imagination to realize how forcefully this incident actualized the tendency toward "inspissation" of the pathological freak body in India. Cleo had led a relatively stable if edgy life within a bubble of whites in Anjuna. Her inevitable arrest suddenly singled her out as a sick criminal to be judged by a bureaucratic machine she confesses she knew nothing about. Through this isolation, her whiteness was painfully and literally illuminated—her white skin in the sun on display for a whole prison institution: an intensive difference between her lonesome, defiant, adult, naked, heroin-craving body and eighty amazed Indian girls, all of whom can be safely assumed to have been very poor. The naïveté or rebellion in the decision to sustain a tan, to remain a conspicuous and irresponsible Goa freak even so far away from Anjuna Beach, made the bodily difference more intense still.

Bailed out by a befriended dealer, Cleo returned to Goa. But South Anjuna had turned insipid. Everyone was broke, everyone had dead friends; it was time to leave. "I sighed. 'No drugs, no India—my life is over.'"[10] She sold her considerable collection of luxury goods at the flea market, returned to New York in March 1980, entered a rehab program,

and, determined to de-freak herself, even earned a PhD in anthropology at the New School.

I first came across Cleo Odzer's Web site (www.echonyc.com/~cleo) in 1997.[11] In 1999 she said she'd had enough of New York and was moving back to Goa, where I interviewed her that December. She was proud of having managed a straight life for at least ten years. "I can say, 'I did it!' Right. Now I can go back to being a . . . outlaw. [laughs] Hippie freak!" She snorted a line of coke during our interview and didn't seem too healthy, but was enthusiastic about the CD-ROM celebrating Anjuna's countercultural continuity that she was putting together. She insisted: "I'm so happy to be back. It's coming home. It's . . . fabulous. I just . . . I'm so glad I had this place. You know, to come to 'cause where would I go otherwise?"

Where, indeed? Sadly, however, Cleo had no connection with the young generation of ravers, while all the old-timers I've spoken to were furious about her book. It had transgressed rule number one of the scene: no media exposure. Goa Gil formulated it thus in our interview: "This chick was so stupid she was dangerous and that's why she came back expecting everybody to welcome her with open arms, I didn't even once speak, I avoided her like the plague. After she did that and tried to spoil the na—the name of the Goa freaks, no! She was banned from our society." Gil suggested the book should have been called *Burnout: My Junkie Years in India*. "What a wasted life! She could've done so much more, but she just wasted her fucking life, it's really a pity." Apart from doing coke again, Cleo had AIDS, which I learned from Dr. Fernandes ten months after she had died. The doctor was involved in the diplomatic regulation of her body. Left in a morgue in Mapusa for more than a month with no one claiming responsibility, she was finally buried in Mapusa without a funeral. It didn't make the papers.

During the 2000–2001 season, Cleo's condition visibly deteriorated and she was continually ill. I saw her last at the Saturday Nite Hippie Market in Baga, when she presented the second, Goan edition of *Goa Freaks*. She looked frail, confused, a ghost of Anjuna's erstwhile counterculture that she was struggling to get her charter tourist audience interested in. I think Cleo had returned to Anjuna to die. The version of psychedelics she and her circle embarked on included international crime, hard drugs, and a total disregard for other people. These Goa freaks felt very connected and superior by virtue of the intense life they were leading—plausibly more Goa freak, and more viscous, than Anjuna would ever again know. Intrinsic to this psychedelics was also the decadence, the deceit, the egotism, and disease. Cleo's story is just another variation on a general tragic

theme in all psychedelic culture: lines of flight turning *heavy*, into agony and loneliness. When sociochemical monitoring doesn't moderate, far from transcending embodiment into plurry *ekstasis*, freak bodies become their own prisons:

> But if it is true that drugs are linked to this immanent, molecular perceptive causality, we are still faced with the question whether they actually succeed in drawing the plane necessary for their action. The causal line, or the line of flight, of drugs is constantly being segmentarized under the most rigid of forms, that of dependency, the hit and the dose, the dealer. . . . Instead of holes in the world allowing the world lines themselves to run off, the lines of flight coil and start to swirl in black holes; to each addict a hole, group or individual, like a snail. Down, instead of high.[12]

the trials of transcendence

Transcendence: a specifically European disease.

—Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari,
A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia

The question has so far been emphatically Spinozist: What can a white body do? Can it escape the regimes of hometown, family, church, school, reason, work, consumerism, law, and army? Granted that white modernity in itself contains the potential of escaping it, of self-transformation, to what extent do hippies, travelers, and ravers manage to em-body that potential? Mobilizing the word's longer history in problematizing the boundaries between self and other, center and margin, I have used the word *freak* for those bodies experimenting with white lines of flight. "Goa freaks" is more properly a virtual pole toward which bodies *tend* than an actual demographic group. With India in general and Goa in particular imagined to be a cheap, easygoing psychedelic paradise, naturally conducive for mind expansion, I have been arguing that white bodies are far more likely to gravitate to the Goa freak pole than Indians are.

Mind expansion includes both hedonism and spirituality, both wantonness and technique. Sociochemical monitoring was the concept introduced to account for this seeming paradox: altered brains have to be *managed* to be subculturally or mystically significant. If psy-trance involves genuine mysticism, it is a mysticism filtered through sociochemical monitoring. This means that instead of the transcendence of body, there is a heightened awareness of what the body is supposed to do, at parties, in chillum circles, on the beach. In Anjuna, those who are experientially able tend to be white. Moreover, the intellectual consolidation of the mystical experience, through concepts like trance-dance, techno-shamanism, and

PLUR, eclectically draws on exoticist clichés about nonwhite and pagan cultures, as well as universalist clichés of human togetherness. Both this eclecticism and its silence about actual segregation reveal a privileged white position.

This is the heart of the matter. Psychedelics aims at breaking through the confines of whiteness by a dissipation of the body into subracial, even subhuman and cosmic, flows of energy. But psychedelic bodies find themselves *thrown back* into whiteness because only whites are doing the dissipating, and they even become intolerant toward other joining in. They become pathologically viscous. In Goa, there is no transcendence, but a heightened immanence of whiteness; Goa freaks are microfascists. For Deleuze and Guattari, fascisms are everywhere in modernity, and prior to the Nazi state: "Unlike the totalitarian State, which does its utmost to seal all possible lines of flight, fascism is constructed on an intense line of flight, which it transforms into a line of pure destruction and abolition."[1] Fascism is not conservative but revolutionary. It thrives on people's real desires. It is also inherently paranoid, because the glorification of one's own difference coincides with a deepening fear of being disrupted by others and strangers. Plunging into an obsessive control of selfness, fascism quickly kills off its own possibilities of transformation and becomes suicidal. In no way is microfascism a risk for social marginals or delusional revolutionaries. Deleuze and Guattari suggest that there is a "cancerous" and violent microfascist tendency in any oppositional movement, be it unionism, local activism, or youth culture.[2]

Drawing from Foucault, James, and Eliade, I suggest that transformations of self be studied within assemblages of substances, brains, sounds, cultural beliefs, institutions, international relations, money, and, ultimately, the differentiation of bodies. This becomes obvious when white tourists in a heavily stereotyped postcolonial country like India become victims instead of masters of psychedelic adventure. India-psychosis, or the possibility of white tourists in India feeling acutely out of place, is a problem Goan authorities and intellectuals hardly address. Cleo Odzer's life showed the fine line between fun and torment, boldness and vulnerability. When things go awry for white tourists in India, they become entrapped, suicidal, and "thickened" in their bodies. They cannot escape the fact that they are foreign in unknown territory, though they are also entitled to specialized arrangements. They cannot escape what I'll call "the fact of whiteness." Cleo was *visibly* a white freak in that Indian prison, in that Indian policeman's office, in that lonely morgue. The visibility of it all: this is going to be the theme of my next few chapters.

T-shirts at the flea market.

8
Visual Economy

> Subculture forms up in the space between surveillance and the evasion of surveillance, it translates the fact of being under scrutiny into the pleasure of being watched. It is a hiding in the light.
>
> —Dick Hebdige, *Hiding in the Light: On Images and Things*

Freaky Styles

Anjuna is a place rife with visible social stratification. A piece in the *New Statesman* (September 19, 1997) by British novelist Deborah Moggach claims that Anjuna incarnates a touristic "caste system." At the lowest rank are the package-deal tourists, the untouchables like the author herself, who realize on the first day how untanned and square they look. At the highest rank are the venerable Goa freaks. "The brahmins are the old hippies; they're the ones who have been here for years, smoked brown like kippers inside out. They whizz around on old Enfields—how superior people look on motorbikes! They have long ropes of hair, washboard stomachs and lowslung sarongs." A later chapter will show that even (or especially) when bodies are near-nude, they are conscious of status hierarchy. Here I'm going to introduce Anjuna's "visual economy" to give a sense of what people look like, and at, in the village.

I borrow the term "visual economy" from Deborah Poole's historical anthropology of photography in the Andes, aptly titled *Race, Vision and Modernity*. "Across racial categories, individuals were compared [by archivists] for the purpose of assigning both identity and relative social worth. I suggest that the visual archive of colonial—or non-European—images participated in specific ways in the consolidation, dissemination, and popularization of this logic of comparability and equivalence."[1] There is no archive of pictures of bodies in Goa, of course. In my case, the visual

economy of race emerged on the ground, between actual bodies. Goa freaks distinguish themselves from locals and mere "tourists" by virtue of associating specific subcultural signs with their bodies. Bodies are not the same before consumption and adornment—they are sexed, raced, aged, diseased, disabled, classed. The *interracial distinctions* that have emerged in Anjuna through Goa freak fashion, the cult of motorbikes, and the Hindu symbol of Om are as cultural as they are phenotypic. More complicated still: it is precisely through the exoticist borrowings from Indian culture that whites set themselves apart from Indians.

Distinction, Pierre Bourdieu would agree, is an accumulation of encounters between a consumer and consumer goods, only indirectly arranged by financial capacity. Subcultural distinction is obtained through consuming particular services and pleasures, and not others. Furthermore, as Sarah Thornton shows in her study of clubbing culture, there are contested style hierarchies *within* subcultures.[2] What Thornton calls subcultural capital, Dick Hebdige simply called style. In *Subculture*, he inaugurated the structuralist study of youth culture's inventiveness by elaborating on the Lévi-Straussian notion of bricolage:

> [Subcultures are] cultures of conspicuous consumption—even when, as with the skinheads and the punks, certain types of consumption are conspicuously refused—and it is through the distinctive rituals of consumption, through style, that the subculture at once reveals its "secret" identity and communicates its forbidden meanings. It is basically the way in which commodities are *used* in subculture which marks the subculture off from more orthodox cultural formations.[3]

Like Hebdige, I think it's important that most punks are white and most reggae fans black. Like Poole, I think that media technologies (photography, but also Internet, television, electronic music) intervene in populations to arrange bodies into racial differences. This is not, however, a formalist question of homologous signs or discourses, but à la Bourdieu, a materialist question of how particular bodies have come to select, recode, and circulate particular meaningful elements. That entails an understanding of how subcultural distinction emerges historically and geographically through its reiterated and literal overlaying of phenotypical difference. To avoid a linear and uncontested understanding of distinction, one needs to appreciate that bodies are already differentiated prior to consumption.

In Goa's freak scene, style has always been complex, with bodies and signs coming from many places and freaks being dedicated to looking wild and individualist. Bohemian, hippie, punk, and rave fashions are recognizable in their eclecticism and idiosyncracy, borrowing elements from

tramps, Gypsies, folklore, African Americans, the Wild West, indigenous and colonized cultures, bikers, dandies, soldiers, science fiction, fantasy, horror, Rastafarianism, and haute couture. But it is precisely the recognizability of this heterogeneity that makes the personal styles converge into a collective phenomenon, a fashion. During Goa trance's heyday in the mid-1990s there was a fashion particular to the scene centered on fluorescent clothing, which lights up under ultraviolet light (remember the Day-Glo of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters). Crucially, in Goa, part and parcel of recognizing freaky style is that it goes around on lean, tanned bodies. The recoding of the lungi, garlands, tie-dye, dreadlocks, tribal jewelery, the bindi, piercings, tattoos, Rajastani scarves, Peruvian rucksacks, kitschy Hindu gods, manga imagery, fairy tales, chillums, *bidis* (Indian cigarettes), even accessories like djembes and didgeridoos, as well as *not* wearing hair gel, makeup, perfume, or a watch, all serve the purpose of showing where one stands in Anjuna: I am a freak, I am *different kind of white*.

Even animals can be auxiliaries. On Beach Tel Aviv once, all the stray dogs were inexplicably barking. Their concern about territoriality was revealed when a bodybuilder type and his stunning girlfriend, both Israelis, appeared with two huge Dalmatians. Both human and canine couple pretended not to notice the barking and the staring all around them, as they slowly made their way to the shack popular with Israelis. This noisy announcement of their arrival happened wherever they went. Camilo D'Souza told me about Alehandro, a notorious South Anjuna drug trafficker in Cleo's time, the aristocratic son of a Madrid professor now long dead. Alehandro would ride around the village on a *horse*—not unlike the typical *fidalgo* ("son-of-a-somebody") during the heydays of decadence in sixteenth-century *Goa dourada*.

Goa's touristic fashion comes to full glory at the parties. Quite playful and provocative bricolages can be admired there: the American in surf suit and the Persian in business suit; the Japanese girl in salwar kameez and the Japanese boy in dhoti and red turban; T-shirts with Jesus, Playboy, and Lego logos, "I love Goa," "The Ramones," and "The Golden Triangle"; the British woman in a sea-drenched evening dress; the British man dressed as a sorcerer; Israelis in army boots; girls in hot pants and bra; fifty-somethings showing off fluorescent underwear; the geisha-white Japanese woman with parasol; the Bombay girl in Scottish plaid skirt, rolling joints; and last, but not least, A., Anjuna's Goa freak jester, a Goan of about forty-five who steals the show at parties by balancing hot chai on his head, swallowing burning *bidis*, or dancing erratically and pornographically in red underpants.

The emphasis on appearance annoys many older Goa regulars I spoke to, such as Nina and Tina. Goa Gil said the younger generation has "never done any spiritual practice; for them it's just a scene and a fashion." Goa trance garb was commodified and homogenized during the late nineties through the flea market and numerous shops in Goa, such as Lambrosia and the now defunct Anjuna Trance World, as well as globally through the Internet. This has made hippie elders feel that the spontaneity of the scene was lost. My neighbor J. complained that subcultural capital is in Anjuna more important than being sociable: "the right dreadlocks, the right bike, an exotic girlfriend, the biggest chillum, and the best *charas*."

The dress choices of Goa freaks had, in 2001–2, come a little closer to "India" again, with many Israelis wearing lungi (boys) or silver anklets (girls), dancing on slippers (flip-flops), or barefooted. This return to tropical wear indicates a departure from the loud post-acid house fluorescence that defined old-school Goa trance in the mid-nineties. But slippers and lungis are exactly what differentiate freaks from domestic tourists. Locals and bus tourists dress far more traditionally and homogeneously (typically, shirt, trousers, shoes, and mustache for men, salwar kameez for women). Going barefooted in public is inconceivable for anyone in India who has the money for footwear. By virtue of sharing phenotype with the plentiful domestic tourists who have little to do with subculture, it is far more difficult for Indian youths to attain freak status. This is less because freak fashion is expensive or unavailable than because it just has come to look more "natural" on white bodies. Both whites and Indians in Anjuna know that it was whites, not Indians, who had been inventive and countercultural in wearing lungis and going barefooted.

Enfield

Goa freaks hate to walk. Even in South Anjuna, on narrow paths between palm trees, a freak would rather take his or her Enfield than walk the three hundred meters to the beach. When you see white people walk (or, hardly ever, cycle), they're almost certainly backpackers staying in Anjuna for a few days. Riding a motorbike is simply indispensable to asserting the sense of freedom that makes a Goa freak. By contrast, in Baga and Calangute, hotels and taxis try to preclude any independent mobility of tourists. During the big party nights of December 24 and 31, with hundreds of Maruti taxis and Indians in SUVs, the chaos of improvised parking lots and congested roads is replete. Even when Nine Bar shuts on a

normal day, the commotion of a few hundred bikes revving on the top of the cliff is tremendous. Easy riders are not lonesome in Goa.

Motorbikes deserve attention for being one of the central objects that Goa freaks use to create intensive difference and reproduce faces. The status hierarchy of two-wheelers is well defined. At the bottom are the rare TVS moped and Bajaj scooter, which are, however, sometimes redefined as cool.[4] Then come the popular but touristy Honda Kinetic scooter, the Yamaha or Suzuki 100 cc, and, at the top, the old-fashioned, stubborn, thudding 350 (occasionally 500) cc Royal Enfield Bullet. The respect commanded by riding this vintage 1955 British model is unconditional. Many Israelis buy one for the season (costing between Rs 25,000 and 60,000), and Enfield fanatics can sit for days or weeks at garages practicing, or more often supervising, the art of motorcyle maintenance. Quite incredibly, some get the exhaust pipe altered to make the deep thud audible kilometers away at night: faces are also produced through noise. "You look at all these people driving around yeah, and does any one of them look friendly to you, I mean like a nice person?" asks J.

The pleasures of idly riding through the lush Goan landscape should not be underestimated. I found simply starting an Enfield—opening the choke, manually calibrating decompression, kicking the starter down to hear and feel the engine's deep reverberations commence—quite a thrill. Riding the Enfield's weight around the narrow curves of the villages gives a feeling both soothing and exalting. "Martin from Scotland" wrote a letter to the *Herald* of November 9, 2000, shortly after the Goan government made helmets compulsory (which still is not effectively implemented):

> One of the most important reasons for coming to Goa is the freedom of not wearing a crash helmet, feeling the warm air as you drive around avoiding potholes, pigs, cattle, dogs, chickens, humans and oncoming trucks. The tourist season will give rich pickings for your corrupt police who extort money but turn Nelson's eye to serious offenses. Wake up Goa, and oppose this new regulation before you are short of pockets and lazy officials get fat with your rupees.

To which the editor replied: "Can you get away with not wearing helmets in Scotland"—and, it might be added, without license or insurance, shirtless, wearing flip-flops, often stoned, drunk, or high on party chemicals, riding well over speed limits, and with malfunctioning lights. There are reasons enough for Goa Police to extract bribes from white bodies. This racialized corruption is so ingrained that Goa's image was getting tarnished. Maria Monserrate, Police Inspector of the Traffic Cell, verified a

rumor that in 2000 policemen were summoned from higher up to leave foreign tourists on bikes alone.

A Goa freak makes a minimum of three return trips a day, just between Anjuna and Vagator, for many months. Although they sit sternly on their saddles, seemingly staring straight ahead through thick black sunglasses, what could be called the "tourist glance" is an important component of riding pleasure. When I would pass other bikes on my own, I could sense Anjuna's visual economy at work. In fact, this might be another reason to be against helmets. *An Enfield is approaching, who is that . . . from afar it looks like that older Israeli with the shaven head . . . no, it's that French guy who knows X . . . he took that corner quite neatly . . . wasn't he dancing in the deejay's tent this morning?* In restaurants close to the road, you can see eyes turn briefly to check the face of any white rider passing. Locals on bikes are not acknowledged.

Riding or driving pleasure, especially during party nights and on drugs, can turn selfish or self-destructive. This could seem incongruous with the image of a sleepy hippie scene, but makes sense when seen within the framework of the microfascism involved in psychedelic transformations of self. Here's T. on the 604 psy-trance discussion list about Goa Gil playing in Philadelphia: "as long as his asshole friend, i think sita ram (?) who nearly killed me (and the woman on the back) by (on purpose) hitting my kinetic honda with his tata jeep and running me off the road in south anjuna isnt there/fucking dangerous assholes sometimes disguise themselves as peace lovong *[sic]* hippie freaks." In 2001, 8 fatal, 18 "slight," and 5 "minor" accidents were recorded by Anjuna Police Station, of which 27 were the result of "rash and negligent driving" and in which thirty two-wheelers were damaged.[5] No information was available as to how many foreigners were involved in these accidents, but the pathology of traveling in India frequently encompasses road casualties. My impression is that, grotesquely, corporeal traces of accidents constituted subcultural capital. Here are my field notes on a full-moon party in January 2002:

> and GRAZE WOUNDS mama mia what a lot of graze wounds have i seen lately, you can see them when there's so much nakedness, some really nasty ones too as big as beerspills, scabs and puss and ointment and powder and band-aid, some guys and girls (most of them indeed israelis) at five places, back shoulders arms legs, and it's as if they're semi-proud of it but i can only speculate about that of course—look at me, i've survived an accident and i'm still dancing.

In short, the Enfield brings together several strands of inquiry. White bodies adopt a rustic Indian motorbike to assert their easy rider independ-

Royal Enfields, Anjuna.

ence and visibility as a long-staying Goa freak. As a visitor to Anjuna's seventies counterculture wrote, "the hippies, in their own way, cared as little for Indian culture as their colonizing forebears had, taking what they wanted from it and scorning the rest."[6] The Enfield Bullet forms a machinic extension of the white Goa freak body. The unnecessarily frequent use of it leads to a sorting device of the road, reiterated encounters between riders establishing what's going to be called *faces* in the next chapter. Sociochemical monitoring prescribes being capable of riding around while drugged, meanwhile evading cops and emitting an aura of respectability. The psychedelic pleasures of zooming and thudding around exotic villages can, however, turn dangerous to others and oneself. Wounded flesh appears valued in a visual economy.

Om

A description of Goa trance's visual economy cannot omit one crucial subcultural sign: the ancient Vedic syllable Om. The Sanskrit letters *a*, *u*, and *m*, standing for three levels of being, combine to form the sound of the universe. Reciting the Om sound is central to much Hindu ritual, but

it has become something of a cliché in postsixties Western depictions of yoga and Hinduism. "[This] one Syllable (which also means 'the Unflowing') is the source of all speech. Since speech is essential to [ancient] Vedic sacrifice, and the sacrifice is the basis of the world order, it is easy to think of the Syllable as the origin of the world: the one underlying the many, not just with reference to speech but to all things."[7] Neuroscientific experiments even suggest that experienced recitation of the Om sound can itself produce an altered mental state.[8] In its visual form, Om is the most widespread of Goa trance's exoticist adoptions of Indian culture. Although it is a popular symbol in all Indian religions, coming closest to Hinduism's symbol for God's eternal recurrence, few Hindus would associate it with electronic dance music and hallucinogenic drugs.

I didn't know of Om while roaming around Anjuna during a moonlit night covered in dense mist in 1996. It was my first acid trip. Except for a dog or two, the only other movement in the village emanated from the ocean's menacingly ancient darkness. We stumbled across a figure drawn in the sand too big to decipher. The next day a hippie elder happened to

Om, sound of the universe.

tell me about Om, and I realized that someone had dug a huge Om on the beach. This suitably cosmic first encounter with Om, and the weird connections between hippies, Anjuna Beach, and Hindu mysticism that it embodied, triggered some early ethnographic interest. I should have noticed the omniprence of Om: as tattoos, on deejay tents, clothing, chillums, paintings, palm trees, bags, Enfields, stickers, CD covers, flyers, Web sites. Goa freaks signal and seal their Goa freakness through circulating Om. As a strong visual reference to India and Goa, Om is the most recognizable symbol of both Hinduism and psychedelic trance culture worldwide. Thus visual economy, especially thanks to the Internet, also embraces the *disembodying* of a sign like Om, speeding it around the planet: Om as exotic logo.

There is even an Om Beach. It's called this because it physically resembles the symbol, just south of the millennia-old pilgrimage center of Gokarna in Karnataka. The beautiful little bay has become a satellite of Anjuna, its geomorphology itself profoundly capturing exoticism (and more and more parties too). Anjuna's cliqueish viscosity is reproduced to the extreme along the curves of the Om, as little groups of freaks divided by nationality camp at regular intervals in the thick vegetation. Goa freaks are typically happier mumbling "Bom Shiva!" on Om Beach than visiting Gokarna, which is the home of one of Hinduism's most revered lingams (popular phallic sculptures representing Shiva's creative power). It seems that the symbolism and tranquillity of Om Beach and Gokarna do nothing to inspire a departure from Anjuna's debilitating visual economy.

Clothes, adornments, chillums, signs of ancientness such as Om and yin and yang, motorbikes, even entire beaches or pets—all are drawn into a racializing visual economy. Phenotype, of course, does not *determine* style: not all whites are freaks. There are nerdy-looking backpackers and trashy-looking charter tourists, as there are freaky-looking domestic tourists and local boys. But evidently, the coupling between certain kinds of bodies and certain kinds of styles is *somehow* curtailed. In the case of appropriations of Indian culture, white bodies tend to have accumulated a very different attitude toward India and Indian culture than Indians have, and in everyday interaction they act out that attitude. It *happens to be* the case that white bodies staying in Anjuna for long stretches of time cultivate the prides of the big chillum, tattoos, Enfield, and scars. A strong tendency toward interracial distinction through body–object connections is integral to Anjuna's material culture.

9
Faces of Goa

> Ever evolving, ever changing, yet ever repeating, they are the cycles which describe events in human cultural history the world over. They are the "Faces of Goa."
>
> —Karin Larsen, *Faces of Goa*

The Face according to Deleuze and Guattari

Karin Larsen's demographic history of Goa, *Faces of Goa*, shows how the area has always been at the crossroads of genetic, economic, and cultural flows.[1] Goa is indeed full of faces, very different faces, but nonetheless faces that demonstrably converge into relatively predictable forms, places, and rituals. This might be especially true for where tourism is concentrated (predictably, tourist faces do not feature in Larsen's book). In Anjuna there is a barely mentioned structure of faces, a field of possibilities that Félix Guattari terms "faciality" *(visagéité)*, underlying all interactions, which pushes actual bodies into behaving in certain ways, whether they want to or not.[2] In "On the Face," Plateau 7 of *A Thousand Plateaus*, Deleuze and Guattari call faces those virtual attractors to which actual human bodies *tend:*

> Faces are not basically individual; they define *zones of frequency or probability*, delimit a field that neutralizes in advance any expressions or connections unamenable to the appropriate significations. Similarly, the form of subjectivity, whether consciousness or passion, would remain absolutely empty if faces did not form loci of resonance that select the senses or mental reality and make it conform in advance to a dominant reality. . . . Concrete faces cannot be assumed to come ready-made. They are engendered by an *abstract machine of faciality (visagéité)*,

> which produces them at the same time as it gives the signifier its white wall and subjectivity its black hole.[3]

There would be no faciality without the black hole/white wall system. Black holes are self-regulating subjectivities: the psyche relentlessly sucks in and libidinally charges whatever the body senses. Of course, black holes become so much denser in a place where sensuous affection is a way of life. White walls are the significations the body emits: one is blinded by the glaring self-referentiality of signs. I'm not going to discuss black holes and white walls, as these concepts, besides connoting determinism, make it difficult to conceive the *practices* of faciality. It is telling that Deleuze and Guattari see the close-up as the ultimate in faciality. It seems that they do not completely break with the almost metaphysical importance that is accorded to vision in Sartre, Lacan, and semiotics. Faciality does happen outside cinema and photography. Most secondary literature on faciality tends to read faciality off visual representations.[4] Alphonso Lingis, however, demonstrates that the concept has also a more corporeal, even biological twist. It is certainly not that vision is irrelevant, but it needs to be treated as an embodied and ethical process. "[Subjects] are to line up the movements of their animal bodies before the black holes of their own looks, where these movements are subjected to judgment, to yes and to no."[5]

Faces, then, need to be understood as social *functions* that bodies participate in when subjected to the regulatory workings of social machines in modernity. Whereas faciality is the ensemble of material connections in which bodies and things are drawn, facialization is what happens *to* them insofar as they reproduce faciality. Faces are virtual and emerge through the machinic interactions of bodies with objects and physical environments. People become facialized not because of ideology, repression, or texts, but because of their material comminglings with places, tools, and each other. Facialization is an intensely spatial and corporeal process. "Even a use-object can be facialized: you might say that a house, utensil, or object, an article of clothing, etc., is *watching me*, not because it resembles a face, but because it is taken up in the white wall/black hole process, because it connects to the abstract machine of facialization."[6]

How exactly do faces capture bodies? Deleuze and Guattari liken the abstract machine of faciality to a cybernetic sorting device that performs two operations. The first operation constructs a grid of categories. "Regardless of the content one gives it, the machine constitutes a facial unit, an elementary face in biunivocal relation with another: it is a man *or* a

woman, a rich person or a poor one, an adult or a child, a leader or a subject, 'an x or a y.' . . . You don't so much have a face as slide into one." The second operation decides whether a concrete body answers to the accumulated clusters of facial traits. If not, the grid will mutate in order to make the boundary-transgressing body just as recognizable as the rest. "Aha! It's not a man and it's not a woman, so it must be a transvestite."

> At every moment, the machine rejects faces that do not conform, seem suspicious. But only at a given level of choice. For it is necessary to produce successive divergence-types of deviance for everything that eludes biunivocal relationships, and to establish binary relationships between what is accepted on first choice and what is only tolerated on second, third choice, etc. The white wall is always expanding, and the black hole functions repeatedly.[7]

All this might seem a curiously deterministic theory of subjection. I'm going to argue in the next chapter that Plateau 7 does have a bleak streak to it. Deleuze and Guattari are making the analogy to cybernetics, however, to allow for several aspects of face that would otherwise be unaccounted for. As mentioned, they stress the machinic and corporeal ways that facialization works. This calls for acknowledging an abstract machine behind actual bodies: the propensity of bodies to both escape from and conform to emergent categories. Furthermore, faciality, like electricity, continually spreads as it invents new uses for itself. "The abstract machine [of faciality] crops up when you least expect it, at a chance juncture when you are just falling asleep, or into a twilight state or hallucinating, or doing an amusing physics experiment."[8] Faciality's devious mutatibility makes it unpredictable and inherently imperialist—this is why it is in essence white, a point I'll come back to later.

In the remainder of this chapter and in the following two chapters, I investigate the viscosity of different types of body in the bar, at the beach, and at the party, three quintessential sites of Anjuna's music tourism. Each provides evidence of a regularity in the way that light, space, objects, and bodies interrelate to pigeonhole bodies into categories: racial, sexual, generational, national, socioeconomic, and so on—the "and so on" being intrinsic to faciality's working.

The In-crowd at Nine Bar

Every evening, as the shadows become longer, Anjuna's motorbikes flock to the cliffs at Vagator Beach. Since the mid-1990s, Nine Bar has been the place to be for sunset chillums, for the day's first loud trance music,

meeting with friends, and generally getting into the mood for the night. Becoming bigger and better organized every season also meant that Nine Bar's abstract machine of faciality became more developed. The bar was expensively landscaped in 2001, with the entrance steps leading to a spacious dance floor without a roof. Anyone entering is thus instantly visible, and remains so while walking over the empty dance floor and getting a drink on the elevated platform. These features of the built environment have diminished the focus on the sunset. Whereas in previous seasons people would face the horizon, now they face the people coming down the steps. Only some backpackers who are on their own stare into the sea, and turn their back to the visual economy. Whereas in previous seasons the two entrances were hidden, today's conspicuous entrance makes Nine Bar reminiscent of a dance-room ball in which the distinguished guests are announced. Some domestic and charter tourists hesitate at the prospect of having to be so visible.

It is in Nine Bar that white tourists cohere most into what I call the "in-crowd," a heterogeneous collection of slightly older Goa freaks of varying nationalities who are at the top of the style hierarchy, go to most parties, and visit a bar (in this case, Nine Bar) almost daily for months. They all know each other—at least from sight, but more properly through chillums, beach shacks, and gossip. Unless you can be as cool as they are, they're unapproachable. Frequently, in-crowd people would pretend they didn't know me even after I had talked with them, something many others complain about too. It is a matter of days before any visitor to Anjuna starts recognizing the familiar faces of the in-crowd. They stand out in their individualized style and demeanor, their togetherness with others of the in-crowd. Only the in-crowd will shout at each other across an empty dance floor; only people from the in-crowd will start dancing all by themselves; only their children can run around naked in public spaces.

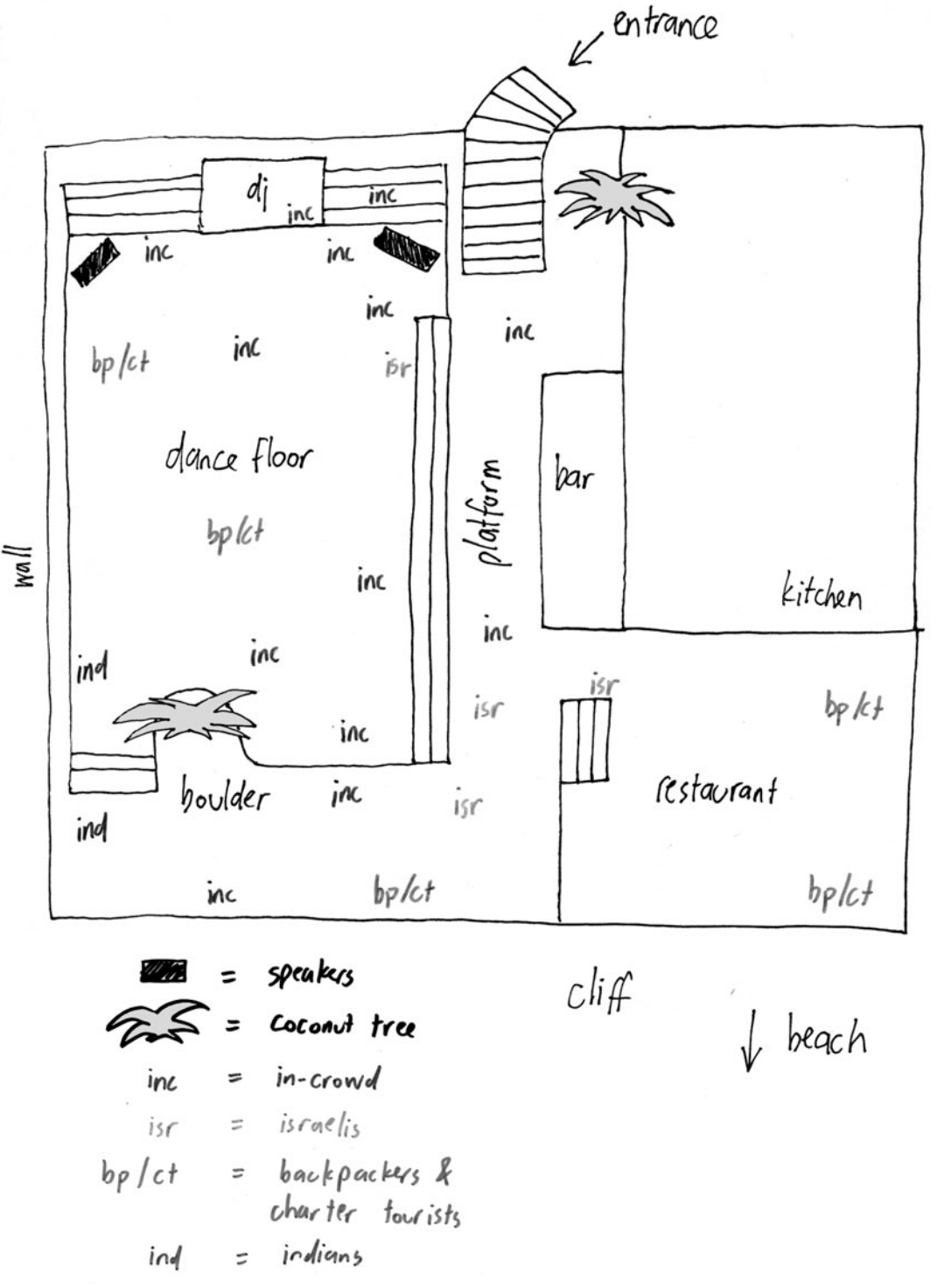
It needs to be emphasized that for all their insistence on visuality, the in-crowd is paranoid about photography. It is permitted to photograph the sunset, and take a snap or two of your friends at close range, but I've seen many a Goa freak shout at people who try to take an overview picture. Only known freaks may take pictures. Oddly, after thirty years of steady commodification, the myth of pristinity is still a compelling part of Anjuna's visual economy. According to old-timers, freaks have always been austerely defending Goa from media exposure, even turning aggressive for the cause. To be able to loudly reprimand an unsuspecting tourist for taking a picture definitely places one in the in-crowd. I had my reflex camera snapped from me in 1998 by F., a French Goa regular and deejay, after I politely asked whether I could photograph the Nine Bar deejay.

I protested, saying (in French, to lower suspicion—I was conscious of my brown skin) that they were being ludicrous and I wasn't a cop. My camera was handed back, but F. remained wary of me from then on.

Their self-assurance means that the in-crowd is to be found in the most conspicuous spots of Nine Bar, which predictably shifted as the architecture changed. Although they all take care not to resemble each other too much, what unites the in-crowd is the dedication to looking cool and the concomitant looking down on anyone who is incapable, or unwilling, to participate in faciality. This includes many Goa veterans. "Why for fuck's sake would I want to stand there just staring at people and people staring at me?" said my English neighbor J. about Nine Bar. Gil said, equally bitterly:

> It's more the locals that bring me back, and the environment and . . . my life here that brings me back. You see, now . . . I don't hang out at all, I don't go to, I mean for me all these Shore Bar, and Nine Bar, and Primrose and this and that it's boring, I mean I say that for so many years and now . . . the people that go aren't so interesting anyway. And also, everybody's on such an ego trip, and then, they put this vibe on you when come in, because oh, you know, and then, because maybe because I'm Goa Gil so people know me, so . . . I go out somewhere and then suddenly everybody's, like, coming and laying some trip on me or wants to talk to me or sending me vibes and then I have to cer— adopt certain mental attitudes, or reflexes to deal with that.

The routine condemnation of bar faciality by old-timers like J. and Gil and many others I spoke to indicates how suffocating visual economy has become. It is not too speculative to suppose that the harshness of Nine Bar's faciality has now made most people come much later than sunset. In darkness and tumult, facialization becomes muddled. Significantly, whereas there would be quite a few dancing at 5 p.m. in 1998, in 2001 this moment had been postponed to 8 p.m. What is relevant to my argument is that it is only after dark that Indians arrive. Before Nine Bar was guarded by walls and a bouncer, there would even be an occasional beggar. Of the non-in-crowd, domestic tourists seem to be the most agoraphobic: they come later, and are more prone to stick to the corners, than charter tourists, backpackers, young ravers, and the lonesome old-timers. Once three Indian boys entered with great bravura while Nine Bar was still light, empty, and white. They swayed determinedly to the bar to order their beers and walked straight over the dance floor, looking around and joking. But the exaggerations of their demeanor only proved that it isn't straightforward for Indians to feel comfortable in Nine Bar. When I tried



Distribution of bodies at Nine Bar.

to steer conversations to this issue (Why aren't you dancing? Shall we go stand there, we can see more people?), they would pretend they didn't know what I was talking about. It's tough to admit that a holiday scene can be uninviting.

The visual economy of Nine Bar divides its space into territories for specific bodies. It is essential to understand how the map of the bar is *not* the representation of a finished state. It indicates the *tendency toward* viscosity in Nine Bar. There is no point in mapping individual bodies as their distribution is nebulous and dynamic. The map gives a necessarily vague sense of what usually happens. Indians and the more timid backpackers and charter tourists hide in the furthest corner from the entrance behind the coconut trees, and along the wall opposite the bar. Israelis, who can make up a third of the audience, stand and dance in front of the bar and at one end of the cliff edge. The in-crowd also sits and stands along the edge, and dances in privileged places, such as on the platforms next to the deejay and in front of the speaker next to the entrance. The rest of the dance floor is populated by younger Goa freaks, charter tourists, backpackers, and some hippie elders. The in-crowd and the Israelis never sit at the tables in the restaurant, where it is much calmer. Probably because it is more lit up, there are no Indians there either, just a handful of backpackers.

Faciality categorizes bodies by making them cluster in certain places; it makes them viscous, and viscous at certain times. On Sundays, for example, there are far more Indians in Nine Bar, including women. When there is enough *momentum* of Indians, they appear more confident and will dance in the middle of the dance floor and among the Israelis, upsetting the usual territorial divisions. On a day like December 24, there are so many domestic tourists that whites become a minority. And when whites become a minority, there are fewer freaks and hardly any in-crowd. In these messy circumstances, the in-crowd is forced to be as scattered as backpackers and charter tourists usually are, and their much thinner presence suggests that they don't like that.

In short, Nine Bar shows some important tenets of Anjuna's abstract machine of faciality. First, faciality is about a *territorial* balance of momentums of different bodies; that is, it works through the spatial and temporal event that was called viscosity. When there are few Indians, the abstract machine comes to full force: the in-crowd stands in the limelight, the Indians hide. When Indians take over, the machine is still at work, but more diffusely. Then, second, the in-crowd hides and lets *other whites* mingle with the Indians until the Indians leave and the in-crowd

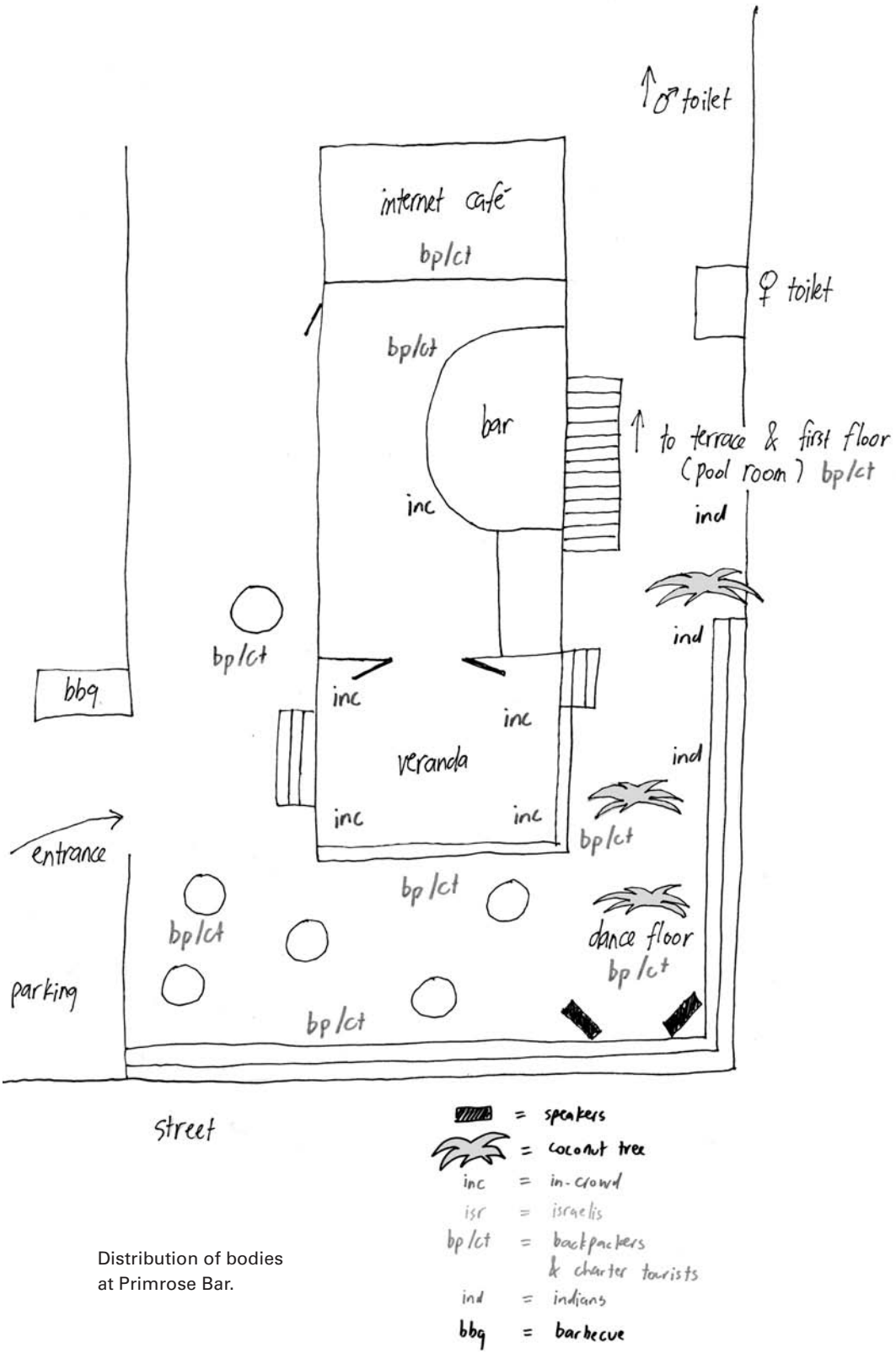
can return to its usual place. Hence, the stickiness of Nine Bar's corners and edges for specific groups of bodies demonstrates a tacit tension between Indians and only a particular kind of whites: the Goa freaks. Third, faciality functions not only through the physical setting in which different bodies interact, but also because all these bodies are constantly *surveilling* each other (the aggression against photography being a good example of the policing that is done). To put it strongly, bodies imprison each other in a panoptic sorting device.

The Primrose Sorting Machine

Nine Bar closes at 10 p.m., and people traditionally ride straight to Primrose Bar, which is open till about 3 a.m. In 1998 Primrose was still a thriving pre-party venue, perfect for finding out about parties and buying drugs, with some already on Ecstasy or LSD. Although it has lost a lot of its Goa trance appeal by having turned into a tourist pub, Primrose still has its in-crowd. Particularly facializing is the veranda, an elevated space with high ceilings through which everyone needs to pass to get to the bar. Not only is everyone in the veranda visible for everyone else and from outside, but the eyes in the veranda have a clear view of anyone walking into Primrose. It is, in other words, perfect for the in-crowd chillum circles, loved especially by the Italians.

In fact, as in the case of Nine Bar, each season the physical aspects that were conducive to looking and boundary making have been enhanced. In 1998–99, if you were sitting just outside the veranda, you could easily converse across the low wall. In 2001–2, however, the veranda had been elevated so that Primrose was in effect divided into two bars: the brightly lit veranda for the in-crowd, the darker outside for the "tourists." In 2005–6, the veranda was lowered again, but was a lot more bright. There was also a new indoor psy-trance club at the back of the compound, which seemed completely unpopular to the Goa freaks for obvious reasons (it's urban, it's confined, no room for any visual economy). In Primose, Indians have always sat in the darkest corner, farthest away from the entrance, between the dance floor and the toilets, and seldom seem to enjoy themselves. The in-crowd never goes to the pool room or dance floor, just smokes chillums, looks around, chats, and keeps cool in the veranda. For outsiders, it is impossible to halt in the veranda while traversing it—unless they know someone of the in-crowd, which, as outsiders, they don't.

And so Primrose's veranda operates like a computer, just as Deleuze and Guattari postulate about faciality. Bodies are *sorted:* white/Indian,



Distribution of bodies at Primrose Bar.

man/woman, familiar/stranger, young/old, traveler/tourist, attractive/ugly, in control/intoxicated—an ever-refining grid into which anyone passing through is expected to fit.

> The binary relation is between the "no" of the first category and the "yes" of the following category, which under certain conditions may just as easily mark a tolerance as indicate an enemy to be mowed down at all costs. At any rate, you've been recognized, the abstract machine has you inscribed in its overall grid.[9]

For ambiguous bodies new labels are invented. *She does look hip for an Indian . . . maybe she lives in Britain . . . no, she speaks in an Indian accent, therefore she must be a rich Westernized Bombayite . . . but she was smoking chillum with some white guys, she must be okay, then . . . she's pretty too* . . . Labeling isn't done by individual minds, but corporeally, in interaction. No one consciously thinks the sorting of the hypothetical Indian girl just described, but everyone and everything cooperates to place her somewhere in Primrose, and this makes her behave in certain ways. Still, even if facialization is an insidious and largely unspoken process, dozens of people I spoke to (J., Gil, Anjuna's legendary old-timer Eight-Fingered Eddy, the more critical backpackers and charter tourists, my Indian and European friends) agreed on the self-monitoring and territorialization going on in Anjuna.

What I've been attempting is to make explicit what everyone in Anjuna feels. Presented here are facts of physics that betray strong virtual tendencies. In Primrose, the veranda is separated from the garden and is much brighter; the in-crowd turns to look at who is entering; no Indians stay inside; the in-crowd never ventures outside its veranda. In Nine Bar, a grand entrance ensures the visibility of all coming in; most people look at this entrance, not the beach and the sunset; the in-crowd never gets tucked in the corners; Indians seldom dance in front of the bar. It is these enduring material constellations of bodies and architecture and light that hint at an underlying abstract machine of faciality.

10
Zombie Beach

> Ophelian, Olympian, overpopulated, democratic, the beach is also sectorial, and it echoes in its space the discriminations of the dominant ideology. On the beach, the possibilities for social defamiliarization and confusion of status are limited: whatever the nature of one's otherness (physical, cultural, economic, or sexual), each group excludes every other in the name of the homogeneity that is indispensable to the success of the topophilic rite.
>
> —Jean-Didier Urbain, *At the Beach*

The Face according to Goffman

Deleuze and Guattari have been accused of being "isolationist" in their conception of modern individuation. Peter Sloterdijk argues that Plateau 7 on faciality presumes an icy, hygienic logic in which bodies are passively selected and isolated from each other. Although this does not respect Deleuze and Guattari's insistence on machinism, it seems fair to ask them: don't bodies interact? We might then require an additional meaning of face, one that stresses the contagion and infection that occurs *between* faces and bodies in everyday life. Sloterdijk suggests a number of more engaging ways of appreciating the face in Western history.[1] Few authors have theorized interaction in more detail, however, than Erving Goffman. In "On Face-Work" he defines face as "the positive social value a person effectively claims for himself by the line others assume he has taken during a particular contact. Face is an image of self delineated in terms of approved social attributes."[2] Goffman helps me sharpen a certain haziness left by Deleuze and Guattari: the directionality of embodied social interaction, where most faces, after all, emerge:

> In general, a person's attachment to a particular face, coupled with the ease with which disconfirming information can be conveyed by himself and others, provides one reason why he finds that participation in any contact with others is a commitment. . . . One's own face and the face of

> others are constructs of the same order; it is the rules of the group and the definition of the situation which determine how much feeling one is to have for face and how this feeling is to be distributed among the faces involved. . . . By entering a situation in which he is given a face to maintain, a person takes on the responsibility of standing guard over the flow of events as they pass before him. He must ensure that a particular *expressive order* is sustained—an order that regulates the flow of events, large or small, so that anything that appears to be expressed by them will be consistent with his face. . . . Given his attributes and the conventionalized manner of the encounter, [an interactant] will find a small choice of lines will be open to him and a small choice of faces will be waiting for him.[3]

What Goffman is getting at, I think, is the abstract machines of social intercourse. W. I. Thomas's famous phrase "the definition of the situation" becomes in Goffman the virtual set of probabilities immanent to particular social interactions recurring in particular places. As in Plateau 7, Goffman's notion of face is a conception of the topology of normalization. But at the scale of the situational instead of the civilization, it becomes clear that face requires *work*, deliberate expenditure of energy on the part of bodies. The weaving together of such work then only secondarily results in individuals and cultures:

> Whether or not the full consequences of face-saving actions are known to the person who employs them, they often become habitual and standardized practices; they are like traditional plays in a game or traditional steps in a dance. Each person, subculture, and society seems to have its own characteristic repertoire of face-saving practices. It is this repertoire that people partly refer to when they ask what a person or culture is 'really' like.[4]

Goffman goes on to define how "face-work" is connected to demeanor, talk, and feeling. In fact, Goffman's entire oeuvre seeks to elucidate the emergence of social order. *Behavior in Public Places* illustrates his eye for the ways in which any social gathering is produced by, and informs, a constant management of the body.[5] Goffman could be criticized by someone like Bourdieu for conceiving social action as goal-oriented and unconstrained by larger systems of domination. His references to women, the poor, blacks, and noncapitalist cultures are scarce. Still, his insistence that the reasons for the directions actions take lie within rules and repertoires that have accumulated in actions themselves cannot be ignored when constructing an emergentist theory of face. *Behavior in Public Places* and *A Thousand Plateaus* were the two books I took with me for my major field trip in 2001–2. While the second is good for making

us aware of great systems of social difference such as racism and capitalism, the first enables considering how those systems could have emerged, and are reproduced or reworked in embodied interaction. Both provided constant inspiration for understanding the faces of Goa around me. In fact, both at some point got soaked in seawater.

Beaches, Hippies, and the Tan

In their cultural history of the beach, Lena Lenček and Gideon Bosker (1998) describe the unique place the beach has occupied in Western culture since antiquity.[6] Not only do powerful myths of Man versus Nature come together at the beach, but, under capitalism, as Michael Taussig observes in Benjaminian vein, the beach becomes the quintessential place for encountering "the archaic" through fantasy. As for Leslie Fiedler and Dean MacCannell, moderns for Taussig seek a kind of lost primitiveness outside everyday urbanity:

> As a site of such fantasy production, the beach's job is not to conceal but to reveal and revel in revealing just such [a] play [with memories involving montage and overlays], announcing itself as playground and transgressive space par excellence, displacing by far all previous rituals of reversal and pleasure. The beach, then, is the ultimate fantasy space where nature and carnival blend as prehistory in the dialectical image of modernity.[7]

The borderline status of the beach has bred quite unique ritual and social formations, analyzed in depth in Jean-Didier Urbain's *At the Beach*.[8] Of course, thriving on montage and transgression, the Californian counterculture of the 1960s had a special relationship with the beach.[9] Just as in Alex Garland's backpacker classic *The Beach*—with Leonardo DiCaprio as lead protagonist in the movie version—the furthest beaches were the best.[10] Californian beach culture thus spread across the planet. But although they may have once shocked the American mainstream with their bikinis, marijuana, and rock music, the hippies' utopian beach life is, in historical perspective, merely an intensification of earlier white exoticisms.

In Goa, unless you were house-ridden by drug addiction, life in the seventies revolved around the beach: sustaining a tan in the nude, getting stoned, swimming, playing volleyball and frisbee, surfing, doing yoga, slurping coconut water, contemplating sunset—then the beach shacks, the flea markets, the full-moon beach parties. Sand and surf form an integral part of Goa's music tourism if one considers the function the beach

has had for Goa trance. It is on the beach that people go to chill out after partying, and on the beach where they start dancing. Parties started on South Anjuna Beach, and the best dancing still happens close to the ocean, at Disco Valley, Nine Bar, the Temple in Anjuna, the Banyan Tree in Vagator, and Wednesday's after-flea market Shore Bar parties.

Importantly, the beach is for sunbathing. A deep tan is indispensable for any white body to even begin contemplating Goa freak status. Untanned two-week tourists have often expressed to me their feeling of being "so very white" among the bronze and healthy-looking bodies of the freaks on the beach and at parties in the morning. But it is not that Goa freaks are "less white." According to Richard Dyer,

> A tanned white person is just that—a white person who has acquired a darker skin. There is no loss of prestige in this. On the contrary, not only does he or she retain the signs of whiteness (suggesting, once again, that skin color is not really just a matter of the color of skin), not only does tanning bespeak a wealth and life style largely at white people's disposition, but it also displays white people's right to be various, literally to incorporate into themselves features of other people.[11]

The longer you stay in Goa, the browner your skin, the more prestige, because all can *see* that you've been there long, that you've *made the place your own*. This prestige is only available for those bodies that can get "tanned"—the fair-skinned ones. Of course, Indians and black Britons get darker in the sun. Only, their darkening cannot be readily associated with long presence away from home, with beach life. Their dark skin could well be "natural." There are few nonwhite sunbathers anyway. Most domestic tourists wear no different clothing when they walk over the beach than at work; while boys and men strip to underpants and get into the waves, women and girls might wet the hems of their salwar kameez. There is on the beach a very sharp *intensive difference* between whites who tan and Indians who don't. Insofar as the beach is a space for lazing around, exposing flesh to the sun, and thereby attaining the look of leisure and the good life, it is a space for whites.

South Anjuna Beach is where white Californian beach culture became concentrated in India. However, apart from some beach tennis, Frisbeeing, swimming, yoga, and an occasional surfer or hang glider, the dominant way of being in South Anjuna has little to do with California's proverbial fitness regime. On visiting me in Anjuna in January 2002, Patrice Riemens, who is, among other things, a translator of Paul Virilio, posted an essay "A Day on Zombie Beach" to account for the unwelcoming,

uncanny sluggishness that characterizes South Anjuna's stoned white bodies.[12] Calling freaks lifeless as zombies, though a little harsh, is a way of ridiculing their self-proclaimed individuality and freedom, and South Anjuna deserves the title of "Zombie Beach" as it incarnates beach viscosity extremely well. Cleo Odzer writes of her first excursion on to South Anjuna Beach in 1975:

> I slowed my steps and desperately scanned faces. Maybe I could find Greek Robert or one of the people Ramdas had introduced me to. I'd die if I reached the end of the beach without finding a place to sit. That would brand me a tourist, new to the scene. I was NOT a vacationer.
>
> "Hi, Cleo!"
>
> Saved![13]

It is tangible to any visitor that the tradition of lethargy and togetherness of the early seventies has been faithfully kept alive at South Anjuna. This is where you always hear Goa trance and where you find old-timers like Eddy every winter; here there are the most white kids and topless women; here everyone ostensibly knows each other.

Of course, lethargy and togetherness require seclusion. Goa freaks are not interested in negotiating what might be called the "right to the beach." Whites staying in Goa quickly learn when and where it is possible to enjoy the beach without the intrusion of other tourists—especially the large numbers of Indian males. On Wednesdays, South Anjuna hippie elders and families flee the flea market hordes and stay at home, or go to Morjim or Arambol for the day. Beach regulars also tend not to show up on Sundays, when the coast is dominated by Indian families. It is at the end of beaches, the farthest from the bus stops, that the freaks congeal. In a sense, geomorphology becomes complicit with white viscosity. At a certain threshold of coagulation, these ends become too dense with white bodies for penetration by brown ones. Most of the Goa freaks on South Anjuna Beach don't read and are not alone, especially not the Israelis. Israeli South Anjuna regulars *radiate* a visual economy of attractiveness and social connectivity. Not that freaks of other nationalities don't do the same thing; Israelis merely come in larger groups and therefore do it more forcefully. Continually interacting and on the lookout for familiar faces, for which they are strategically seated, the Israeli freaks notice any body that passes or comes out of the surf: tan, musculature, sexiness, grace. "At the beach we think that Homo sapiens is really a beautiful species of animal too," muses Alphonso Lingis.[14] (Among the other beach animals are India's independent-minded cattle, who are liable to step over you, eat your pineapple, or defecate. I've been awakened by a

cow licking my shoulder. Dealing with cows, mosquitoes, dogs, pigs, and rats is another kind of subcultural capital in Goa.)

The density of white bodies and staring is such that domestic tourists are immediately a minority out of place. Rarely are territorial divisions unsettled. The few bus tourists and locals who wander to the southern end of Anjuna Beach have no reason to linger about. They hardly ever enter beach shacks, which on every beach tend to be the province of regular chillum circles anyway. Meanwhile, those charter tourists and backpackers who come to South Anjuna are recognizably not part of the zombie scene because of their clothing and paler (or pink) skin. Even with little on, a freak is a freak by virtue of lungi, hairstyle, tattoos, big black sunglasses, tribal jewelry, chillum, devil's sticks, the absence of a *Lonely Planet*, and, of course, his or her tan.

Bus Tourists and Nudism

Corporeal differences become much more intense when sexual desire is involved. It was a matter of two years before Bombay weekend trippers were passing by Calangute to verify the titillating stories about stark-naked Western women. As an ethnographic approach to men–women relationships on the beach, Jean-Claude Kaufmann's Goffmanian "sociology of naked breasts" is helpful.[15] It shows that the politics of gender, skin color, class, obesity, age, and sexuality is present on French beaches too. In Goa, however, naked breasts invite grander mythologies and hence greater intensities. Below is an excerpt from the *Navhind Times* of January 11, 1970, that triggered the myth of Goa's "nudist colony":

> We can give you only verbal pictures because if we print real pictures of the hippy "scene" at Calangute beach, it would invite the wrath of the anti-obscenity laws on our heads. . . .
>
> Picture . . . . . of a nude girl lying on the sands, her legs spread wide and reading an Agatha Christie novel . . . . . .
>
> Picture . . . . . of a voluptuous bouncing girl, sprinting like a gazelle across the sands and plonking herself down at the sleeping young man, in the altogether, and smiling up to us with a sauciness that pushed up our pulse rate . . . . . .
>
> We saw sights straight out of the fables of Sodom and Gomorrah, scenes that reminded us [of] chapters in banned books and blue films . . . a surfeit of sex and the white man's fall on the entire beach from the Tourist Resort to Baga chapel. . . .
>
> These closely-knit (they do not mix with local people for the simple reason that in their lexicon Indians are disgusting) tribalistic and obscene

> young men and women are plundering with impunity the traditional and honoured morality of this peaceful territory. . . . These white men and women with fair skin and dark minds, are today posing a grave menace—because they feel that the 'damn ruthless Indians' can take it.

Bus tours from all Goan cities, Bombay, and Poona to the Bardez beaches became institutionalized during the eighties: foreign tourism as attraction for domestic tourism. The racialized sexism that underpins Goa's "tourist gaze" is obvious.[16] When tourist brochures and Bollywood depict Goa as fun-loving and relaxed, they routinely require white flesh in bikinis to get the point across. Although the sheer volume of domestic tourism and stricter implementation of decency laws since the early eighties has all but stopped nudism in Goa (give or take the odd skinny-dipping or streaking at a party), the myth of nudism prevails. I heard plausible rumors of advertisements in Bombay still promising "fully naked" white women on what is routinely called Goa's "Hippie Beach." On Sundays, buses full of eager young men shout and whistle at any white female as they drive into Goa. Indian patriarchal puritanism about sex proves a volatile combination with the media-fed imagination of a promiscuous West.

This cultural matrix of race and sexuality enframes the embodied interactions between male bus tourists and female sunbathers. Holding hands and embracing each other (as is common among same-sex groups in India), in groups of two to fifteen, the young Indians faux-casually walk as close to white women as they dare, keeping their eyes on the sunbathing bodies as long as possible, slowing down as they come closer, sometimes making jokes and prodding each other. An old ritual consists in bus tourists asking white women (or couples) to pose with them for a photo, usually preceded by a "Hallo, which country?" A more timid interaction is when bus tourists sit for long periods under the shade, where they can get a good view of women nearby, or where they can wait for them to emerge from the water.

The invasion of privacy incites very different reactions from the white sunbathers. Some women ignore the stares and hallos and continue lying topless on their back. Some come to a point where they take their belongings and sit farther away from the shoreline. Others will aggressively—or lazily, to show their contempt—shoo the men away before they've even arrived. However, a few white girls, especially British, seem to enjoy the attention and will sit through some flirtations before making clear they're not interested. Three tipsy Sikhs on Big Vagator Beach managed to convince three Welsh girls that one of them was a masseur (I

Bus tourists passing white woman, Beach Tel Aviv.

later heard from a befriended vendor boy that he wasn't). The Sikh proceeded to give each girl a back massage chiefly involving breasts and buttocks. Some six vendors and twice as many domestic tourists watched in awe, even took pictures. After the last massage, the girls left abruptly. Romances do occasionally happen between young female charter tourists and Indian boys, but it appeared that these Sikhs were just too pushy.

Rituals may therefore be relatively predictable, but there is always room for negotiation, especially when it concerns very different bodies: a clothed, walking, often drunk, brown male majority on the beach just for the afternoon; and a nearly naked, relatively rich, sunbathing white female minority intent on tranquillity. Negotiating race, sexuality, language, decency, class, and the right to the beach, these very different bodies commingling on the beach *cannot but* perform constant face-work—face-work with their entire bodies. Goffman's notion of face-work needs to complement Deleuze and Guattari's perhaps overly computational picture of faciality. Face-work nonetheless also underlines the salience of corporeal specificity and physical context in Anjuna's visual economy.

The Face according to Levinas

A white body needs to decide how to take responsibility for being rich and foreign on a third-world beach. As neither Deleuze and Guattari nor Goffman adequately theorize responsibility, I have had to rely on

Emmanuel Levinas to complete my conception of face. Levinas *starts* philosophy from the Other, and not from an ontologically primary first-person perspective. For Levinas, ethics even precedes ontology: you can only *be* for another person. Ethics consists in letting yourself be destabilized by the radical alterity of the other, in seeing his or her difference not as a threat but as a resource to question your own position in the world. To reinforce my earlier Deleuzian approach, the gap between yourself and an other is an intensive difference, containing possibilities for contagion, mutual transformation, and love. Understanding that self and other contingently and asymmetrically emerged from a multitude of processes (genetic, behavioral, economic, cultural) demands an ethical engagement with one's specificity of being. Engagement is effectively following the lines of flight virtually present in all asymmetry, all interpersonal interaction.

More than Deleuze, Levinas stresses the constituting role that vulnerability plays in the encounter with an other, especially a subaltern other. The refugee, the orphan, and the abnormal, by facing you in their "naked" difference, challenge your efforts at detachment and make you discover your own vulnerability and dependencies. This encounter Levinas calls "the face," or, better, for my purposes, the "face-to-face":

> The face in which the other—the absolutely other—presents himself does not negate the same, does not do violence to it as do opinion or authority or the thaumaturgic supernatural. It remains commensurate with him who welcomes; it remains terrestrial. This presentation is preeminently nonviolence, for instead of offending my freedom it calls it to responsibility and founds it. As nonviolence it nonetheless maintains the plurality of the same and the other. It is peace.[17]

In the face-to-face, you take responsibility toward the other's suffering because you recognize that his or her suffering is irretrievably imbricated in your own privileged position, your freedom. In the face-to-face, the self embraces a relatively powerless other, not to exploit or appropriate him or her into "the Same," but to *give* and to care for. This generosity is not a rational choice, but an immediate response to an imperative without any self-righteousness or expectation.

The face-to-face has to imply a shared space of being-together and some threshold of communication. This is why I am skeptical of the usefulness of designating another human, indeed anything, as *absolutely* other. Unlike Levinas's ultimately dialectical and theological spatiality, I prefer Deleuze's emergent and multidimensional understanding of identity, in which self and other are existentially real but not foundational. It

also needs to be noted that Levinas conceives justice from the point of view of those in power: men with money, a family, a house, and a passport. In a world interconnected by technology and capital, the face-to-face doesn't usually occur in physical proximity. Apart from declining to tell us how ethics could work over distance, Levinas leaves out almost entirely the *geographic conditions* for encounter. How could we tackle misery and subordination in the first place?

But when you're lying on a Goan beach as a rich foreigner, you can't change structures. You're wondering how to deal with being visibly privileged, here and now. Foreign tourism has attracted so many suppliers from well beyond Goa's borders that the competition is crushingly fierce, and there is sign of neither decrease nor regulation. The less the seasonal migrants sell, the more aggressively they hawk, the more they tire and irritate tourists, the less they sell: a vicious circle typical to many a tourist destination in the third world. *Observer* reports on March 11, 2001 about Baga:

> 'Yes madam! Is later now, OK? You will buy now yes definitely!' They awaited me like the reception party from hell as I hopped out of the sea. A torrent of abuse got me another five-minute stay of execution and then they were back. I ran.

The need to make a livelihood compels the out-of-state girls to jump on any white, especially female, body that is in sight. Of the Indians, only the clearly upper-class receive similar treatment, and in any case a few words in Hindi can ward them off. For foreigners, it takes a lot of tact to convince the hawkers that they're not interested—the mistake many newcomers make is to initially raise hope. Some get mean. I've seen a British guy laughingly burn a girl with a cigarette who was offering henna tatooing, to get her away. Freak etiquette of the beach entails, however, that cold indifference works better to ward off vendors than wasting precious energy on brutality or anger.

Only the most friendly of the younger freaks take an interest in the poor Indians on the beach—in their work, their family, their name, their presence. There is, remember, a general consensus among backpackers that poor Indians are only after money. Some shack boys or popular "fruit ladies" are heartily greeted, which makes visible the status of a regular; but after the greeting the attention promptly moves to friends. The ease with which some freaks, Israelis especially, treat vendors (or any Indians, for that matter) rudely made me reckon that being disrespectful or as oblivious as possible to Indians is part of being cool, part of the face-work required to become a Goa freak.

Backpacker couple with Indian vendors, South Anjuna Beach.

However, the face-to-face is not a utopian concept. The intensive difference between children and young mothers from Rajasthan and Karnataka, on the one hand, and rich whites happily baking in the sun, on the other, can also lead to more sympathetic and memorable engagements. There are a few tourists who realize that, though tragic, the vending economy contains an element of play and an opportunity to learn something about ordinary Indians. Being bored, the vendors are happy to chat even if they know it won't lead to purchase. The supposedly economic motive then becomes a source of irony.

Because every vendor and "fruit lady" has her daily territory, as do most tourists, and because beach life is so slow, quite friendly if fleeting relationships can arise between the two groups. White mothers sometimes express affinity with Indian mothers. Many older male loners seem to enjoy simply sitting with locals and seasonal laborers, sipping beer among conversations in Konkani or Kanada. Although these interactions do not change anything about the economic and cultural disparity constituting Goa's tourism, there's at least the gentle and mutual acknowledgment of this disparity. A small minority of whites takes a modest step out of the habitual facialization and face-work, into what Levinas thinks humanity should be all about. This requires courage, courage to swim against the tide. From my observations, these whites are unlikely to be younger Goa freaks.

The beach is a space where there is maximum light and maximum space, hence maximum visibility. Add to that maximum bare flesh and

you've got the perfect physical circumstances for a visual economy. Face is an active and ritualized process requiring face-work of the entire body and containing the possibility of the face-to-face. Face is not a label external to bodies. What bodies *do*—swim, sunbathe, shout, hold hands, drink, smoke chillum—determines who and where they are on the beach. What they *feel* and *think*—annoyance, excitement, prejudice, stonedness, affection for someone very different—matters too in this differentiation. And what they *look like*—in terms of gender, skin hue, wealth, age, attractiveness, clothing—is not in the least incidental to how bodies are facialized. Anjuna's economy of vision, subcultural style, and money power is one that takes bodily specificity very, very seriously.

White girl with Indian girl, Beach Tel Aviv.

Banyan tree, early morning, 2002.

11
Sunlight and Judgment

> I am white: that is to say that I possess beauty and virtue, which have never been black. I am the color of the daylight . . .
>
> —Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*

As the last site of Anjuna's visual economy I am going to analyze, the parties show how *music* interacts with space, time, and light to divide populations of bodies. The subcultural panopticism that emerged in Anjuna reminds us that the production and reception of music are always something visual and collective (even if you close your eyes). Richard Leppert has demonstrated that all European music, despite its pretensions, has always been played by certain bodies, on certain instruments, within certain spaces and visual regimes. Far from being universal, the visual embodiment of European music constituted the bourgeoisie, domesticity, gender, and race:

> Whatever else music is 'about', it is *inevitably* about the body; music's aural and visual presence constitutes both a relation to and a representation of the body. . . . Precisely because musical sound is abstract, intangible, and ethereal—lost as soon as it is gained—the visual experience of its production is crucial to both musicians and audience alike for locating and communicating the place of music and musical sound within society and culture.[1]

Similarly, in Anjuna, there are all sorts of corporeal, economic, and territorial aspects to the visual economy of music, especially as it is channeled through dance. That the trance-dance involves the kinetic distribution of bodies becomes spectacularly clear during what I call the "morning phase" of parties. This phase lasts from sunrise till the end of the party,

which is anywhere from 8 a.m. to early afternoon, though very big parties can go on until the next morning. The morning phase is *le moment suprême* of both Anjuna's psy-trance scene and its visual economy. It is not only the most spiritual and sociable moment of psy-trance worldwide. In Goa it is, because of that, also the most racist. The morning phase evokes Frantz Fanon's strong words in the opening epigraph. In Goa, Fanon would not be talking allegorically.

But how does whiteness materially connect to daylight? First, it's the music. Psy-trance became darker and more repetitive after about 1997. In Goa this has alienated many hippie elders and backpackers who enjoyed dancing through the night and among other tourists; it certainly frightens away Indian novices to electronic music. The nights have concomitantly become dull affairs. Because there is little light at parties except for a few UV lamps (black lights), the darkness of the music now matches the darkness of the night. Parties like these just about bleed to death, until at sunrise the freaks take over.

Another factor was discussed earlier: freaks and many backpackers and charter tourists just don't like Indian crowds. There is especially much tension at parties between white females and intoxicated male domestic tourists, fueled by strong stereotypes on both sides. With Edward T. Hall's work on intercultural "proxemics," it is explicable why Western and Indian feelings of body space clash.[2] White girls (and their boyfriends) would rather wait in the party's large "mat area" (local women selling tea and snacks with mats to sit on) until daylight makes dancing safe. On the other hand, many Indians aren't used to staying up all night, and at least before they en masse took to Ecstasy (before about 2000), most would be exhausted by the morning. Anjuna's rave tourism ethos has come to include staying clear of "the Indians" by sitting through the night on the mats, or, as became increasingly common, simply waking up at 5 a.m. As on the beach, Goa freaks are not interested in negotiating the right to the party. Although some freaks euphemize the Indian momentum by saying "There are too many people," "You can't even move," or "The party is shit"—which, if left unqualified, any freak will comprehend—others will be more explicit. A Belgian psy-trancer told me frankly in February 2002, "Now the scene is good, all the Indians are gone." And as Swiss old-timer DJ Andi said around the same time, "Now it's full house!" Traditionally, many of the hard core come after New Year, after the Indian hordes, some as late as March. The *later* the parties, the whiter, both in the morning and in the season. Full house means empty of Indians. It means viscosity guaranteed.

The hatred of "drunk Indians" and the indifference toward vendors seems to result in an unqualified racism that undoubtedly makes Indians

feel unwanted in the morning. I have seen enough short, disapproving glances at those rare friendly interactions between freaks and poor Indians or domestic tourists to conclude that it's simply not done among the hard core to even notice Indian presence. Freaks somehow censor all communication with Indians. In fact, I myself often had the impression that younger ravers I knew were less friendly to me if I'd meet them among other freaks in daylight. On mentioning this to an older Briton living in India, he claimed that some whites might "confuse" me with a "local," even if clothes and behavior made me "foreign." Speaking about this sensitive issue with Indian friends, they agreed that they felt uncomfortable in intimate, all-white spaces like the Banyan Tree, but wouldn't put their finger on exactly what it was that caused this feeling. It was just not their scene, they said. The scene was for "foreigners."

And so *every* party I've been to in Goa had a white majority during the morning phase, and every party before January had an Indian majority at night. Most mats would usually be claimed by Israelis at around 5.30 a.m., and I would wonder why I hadn't seen so many of them before. The steady conquest by freaks of the dance floor would subsequently be a most interesting process to observe. Just before dawn, scouts leave the mats to check the situation of the dance floor. Slowly, more and more Israelis stand at the edge, passing chillums and starting to dance, until a whole section of the dance floor, usually not central but conspicuous enough, is occupied as the sun breaks through. By that time the majority of Indians has magically left. The momentums of the dance floor are reversed. The real party takes off.

A third factor in the differentiation between morning people and the rest of the audience is the alteration of brains. Goa trance fanatics are formal in this: the music is for acidheads.

ANDI In Goa, trance means trance which is designed to be danced, and to be listened to, while you're tripping. You know. And and and everybody else has to stand back. Because who is dancing the whole night, who is dancing the longest, is the people tripping.

Yeah, tripping. They survive. If you take Ecstasy after some time you're burnt out, you can't do it anymore.

ANDI Yeah. The coke people they come in the morning, they get their line, they do maybe one hour jumping around, then they go home fucking, so this is not the real thing, no.

[laughs] Yeah. That's another trip.

ANDI So the people really giving, putting energy in the party and making it happen, is the acid.

Yeah, the real dancers are the acid people.

ANDI Yeah.

LSD combines with the mystical significance of the sun and the visibility of the familiar sunny faces surrounding you to create a bubble of dancing pleasure that hardly changes for hours. This is the moment music and drugs tourism in Anjuna has always strived for. You need to *feel* that history and cosmic significance.

The final differentiating agent in the morning phase is the sun itself. The value of sunrise for global psy-trance culture should not be underestimated. In all of dance culture, coming late shows subcultural status, and the end of the rave or club night is considered the crux. But in the case of open-air psy-trance happenings, the moment of sunrise attains a mystical meaning, accompanied as it is by tangible changes in visibility, temperature, humidity, dustiness, commotion, type of trance music, and mood. When you see the Israelis appearing in the wings of the dance floor, you know the sun is about to be psychedelically claimed.

ANDI The sunrise was always the the high, the highest point of the party. When the whole night you have danced, everybody was sweating, was dirty, was, was, but everybody happy no, and then in the morning the light come, the sun come, everybody sees, starts to look at each other, and . . . Wow!! Big smiles, you know . . .

Yeah, big smiles on the faces.

ANDI Yeah, yeah.

The first rays of sun, pshew . . .

ANDI Yeah, yeah.

I know what you mean.

ANDI And then then then again the music was eh . . . eh, lower, no, to prepare the people. And then the sun comes, and wrrow, then then the symphonic stuff comes you know, really the the nectar of the sound is playing no . . .

Epic.

ANDI Yeah yeah.

Epic. Yeah. Epic trance.

ANDI And the people eh flying into the sun . . .

As Georges Bataille always knew, the sun is not your usual object. In Bataille's thermodynamic political economy, human ritual, especially sacrifice, needs to be conceived as the necessary dissipation of the energy

in excess of what's needed for sustaining growth. In this humans aren't that different from other biomass. Ultimately, excess and expenditure are dictated by the sun itself, which every day dutifully drowns the planet in far more energy than the planet can digest. "The origin and essence of our wealth are given in the radiation of the sun, which dispenses energy—wealth—without any return."[3] Bataille's reverence for the sun's underrecognized but therefore all the more terrible power to affect human affairs can hardly be ignored when trying to understand what happens during Anjuna's morning phase. Unlike psy-trance mystics, however, Bataille acknowledges living creatures' endless scramble for space even in the brilliant showering of the sun:

> Solar radiation results in a superabundance of energy on the surface of the globe. But, first, living matter receives this energy and accumulates it within the limits given by the space that is available by it. It then radiates or squanders it, but before devoting an appreciable share to this radiation it makes maximum use of it for growth. Only the impossibility of continuing growth makes way for squander. Hence the real excess does not begin until the growth of the individual or group has reached it limits. The immediate limitation, for each individual or each group, is given by the other individuals or other groups.[4]

Goa freaks have yet to learn they've long reached the limits of growth—of viscosity and decadence. Perhaps it's time to listen to the sun's persistent call for generosity.

To round up the argument of the last few chapters, it is in Anjuna a combination of visibility, intoxication, outlandish music, a peculiar sociability, and an exoticist attitude toward the tropical sun that keeps outsiders out. Outsiders, by virtue of their lack of subcultural capital and nonforeign look, are made to feel like outsiders. Old-timers have told me this spatiotemporal division of racial groups has been operational since the beginnings of Goa trance. The most intense actualization of Anjuna's abstract machine of faciality happens during the morning phase of parties. Come sunlight, come judgment: in this constellation, you're either comfortable enough to star in the visual and hallucinatory economy, or you're not, and you leave.

Hilltop, late morning, 2001.

purity as machinic effect

> When difference is read as opposition, it is deprived of the peculiar thickness in which its positivity is affirmed.
>
> —Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*

The racial situation that the visual economy of Goa's rave tourism leads to is not a binary based on negativity and opposition (white against brown), but a positive process of *purification*, a filtering out of contaminant bodies that gradually results in white viscosity. Purification is something internal, and should be seen less as a negation of contamination than as the affirmation of homogeneity and momentum. It needs to be stressed that this purification is absolutely immanent to the ways that bodies interact with each other and their environment; that is, it is necessary to think of faces as not only the cause but the effect of interactions. Viscosity emerges because of the particular ways *this* subculture and *this* economy work. If purification is immanent to interracial interaction, segregation is not only unnecessary, but in actuality never perfect. This is precisely why the concept of viscosity was introduced, a spatiality in between fluidity and solidity. What I have tried to describe are not demographic facts but probabilities: the abstract machine of faciality, which exists within the interplay of phenotypes, behaviors, objects, and physical conditions, as a grid of ideal categories that bodies *tend toward.* Faces are not goals that people intentionally aspire to, but shimmering virtual poles that attract and repel bodies. They're fully contingent on scenes, places, economies.

My descriptions have been showing that physical characteristics of bodies are crucial to their clustering in space and time. Again and again, the rules for subcultural interaction in Anjuna correlate with the fact that

there are very different bodies present. Differences in skin color (including tannedness), fitness, gender, cultural attractiveness, nationality, sexual mores, clothing, length of stay, income, and subcultural capital inform the capacities for bodies rightfully to belong to Anjuna's touristic scene. The reality of intensive differences means that they can and do mobilize bodies, making them tend toward aggregation in actual space and time. Hence, viscosity: in the bars and restaurants, on the dance floor and the beach, in the guesthouses, at the flea market, and on the road.

My argument is that *because* visual economy works materially, regularly, in the midst of things, it leads to viscosity. I wouldn't understand the emergence of white identity in Anjuna were I to have approached psy-trance discursively or psychologically. I instead analyzed whiteness with the machinic model advocated by Deleuze and Guattari. Machinism is opposed to approaches that try to understand identity as mediated or "constructed" only through discourse. In Anjuna, identity is only a tiny bit constructed through language. The countercultural and white identity of freaks coheres through far more interesting processes. In Nine Bar and Primrose, architecture, darkness, and chillum ritual conjoin to form a sorting device placing the in-crowd in a conspicuous position for the rest of Goa's tourists to see. In bars and beach shacks, domestic tourists are hardly visible, though foreigners on the beach also become tourist attractions for domestic tourists. To ensure purity, the zombie-like density of white bodies is inversely proportional to the number of Indians that can pass through. In spite of their conspicuousness, the in-crowd wants to keep the scene pure of photography, journalistic or academic study, police surveillance, and commodification.

The ritualized bothering of white female sunbathers by male bus tourists shows how starkly corporeal specificity matters in social machines. Facialization does not operate on an inert or passive surface, but through bodies of flesh and blood with feelings and prejudices; that is, facialization operates through face-work. But within the negotiation of difference, there is also the potential for what Levinas posited as the face-to-face, reciprocal friendliness in which both parties momentarily bridge worlds, a possibility Deleuze and Guattari's exposé of faciality didn't directly account for. It is when there is psy-trance music involved that white viscosity comes to its full machinic glory, especially under the warm Goan sun. For freaks, psy-trance is best appreciated on LSD and with like-minded people. Because of their appearance and the way they relate to music, it is felt that domestic tourists are not in the least like-minded. Over the years this has led to one of the most curious phenomena of global music tourism, namely, the waiting at home or in the party's mat area throughout the night until do-

mestic tourists leave so that the morning can be subculturally pure. Only white bodies are enveloped in trance and sunshine; psychedelic bliss is defined through the absence of Indians. Although music is a supremely ephemeral art form, it is precisely this quality that makes it so powerful in arranging bodies: it too is a physical force.

And so subculturally pure in Anjuna comes to mean racially pure. To belong to psychedelic paradise, to the morning phase, the end of the beach, the in-crowd, you need to be cool. To be cool, you need resources: a cool look; money to stay in India for many months; experience in traveling, drugs, dancing, riding a bike; regular chats with other cool people; a skin that can be tanned; an arrogance toward newcomers and vendors. These resources, as it happens, are far more easily available for white bodies. Hence whites belong more easily to Goa's music tourism. As the following chapters will argue, it is their location in unequal global distributions of opportunity that enables the success of white bodies in Anjuna. And it is the material process of visuality that makes these bodies coagulate into microfascist viscosity.

12
The Politics of Location

> [I]t is in the dialectical relationship between the body and a space structured according to the mythico-ritual oppositions that one finds the form par excellence of the structural apprenticeship which leads to the em-bodying of the structures of the world, that is, the appropriating by the world of a body thus enabled to appropriate the world.
>
> —Pierre Bourdieu, *Outline of a Theory of Practice*

Begin with the Material

Anjuna's segregation reminds us that all bodies are located. Bodies are located not just in Euclidean space, but also in what many theorists call social space. Pierre Bourdieu's work has been crucial in appreciating how a body's position in uneven distributions of economic, cultural, and social capital delimits what it is capable of. The actual unevennesses in the world correspond to the virtual sets of possibilities (what Deleuze and Guattari call abstract machines, what Bourdieu calls "habituses") available here and now to an agent. Although I would call the relationship between body and space emergent rather than dialectical, and although Bourdieu often falls back into an economistic demographics, what I want to take issue with here is rather Bourdieu's scale of analysis. Are bodies only located in "a society" (Kabyle or French)? Weren't most bodies that Bourdieu and his colleagues studied also located in networks of money, consumer products, technology, geopolitics, and feelings stretching from France to Italy, Algeria, the USSR, the United States, Quebec, China? Location needs to be something much more than sociology and anthropology allow for. Practically no body on Earth today is unaffected by the forces of trade, finance, war, climate change, surveillance technology, and religious fanaticism, which all *inherently* violate the neat delineation of "society." These forces compel the social sciences as well as philosophical anthropology to grasp mobility before bounded existence.

Certain bodies—white healthy heterosexual men—and the places they work and live in are more capable of using and shaping these forces than other bodies and places. Doreen Massey calls the systems of relationalities underlying these forces "power-geometries":

> [D]ifferent social groups, and different individuals, are placed in very distinct ways in relation to these flows and interconnections. This point concerns not merely the issue of who moves and who doesn't, although that is an important element of it; it is also about power in relation *to* the flows and the movement. Different social groups have distinct relationships to this anyway differentiated mobility: some people are more in charge of it than others; some intitiate flows and movement, others don't; some are more on the receiving-end of it than others; some are effectively imprisoned by it.[1]

Massey argues that globalization—this is the word that has come to designate the integration of suprasocietal forces and flows—is too often imagined as straightforward, inevitable, and homogeneous, whereas it's actually multiple, open, everywhere fraught with tensions and inequality. Like all material processes, globalization has very different tendencies, leading to very different results in different places. A materialist ethnography of globalization thus studies local emergences of differences between bodies as condensations of the geopolitical distributions of power and ideas.

"Begin with the material," Adrienne Rich wrote in her influential essay "Notes toward a Politics of Location."[2] She invited feminists to speak *from* and *through* their body, their location in the inequalities between first and third world, heterosexual and lesbian, married and single, rich and poor, white and black, healthy and ill.

> To write "my body" plunges me into lived experience, particularity: I see scars, disfigurements, discolorations, damages, losses, as well as what pleases me. Bones well nourished from the placenta; the teeth of a middle-class person seen by the dentist twice a year from childhood. White skin, marked and scarred by three pregnancies, an elected sterilization, progressive arthritis, four joint operations, calcium deposits, no rapes, no abortions, long hours at a type-writer—my own, not in a typing pool—and so forth.[3]

The politics of location, as it will be used here, thus refers to the ways that bodies actively fold in geographies of inequality in much the same way Bourdieu conceived of bodies accumulating various cultural and economic predispositions. Unlike Bourdieu, however, it insists on corporeal and locational specificity and on distributions between nation-states. Phenotype

(especially skin color and genitalia), labor, access to health services and electricity, sexual practice, nationality, tsunamis, and earthquakes are not discursive inscriptions upon bodies, but constitute them physically and virtually, determining what they can do, where and when. A Deleuzian–Levinasian model of embodiment cannot do, I think, without this feminist-geographic grasp of globalization.

In the remainder of my ethnography, I wish to show how the politics of location leads to the viscosity of white bodies in Anjuna. The book has so far showed how viscosity could emerge because of shared experiences (mystical, hedonist, exoticist) and a visual economy literally placing bodies into segregation. Now I want to show how viscosity can emerge because Goa freaks are connected in particular ways to the world *beyond* Anjuna—they speak in a foreign tongue, or they've been to Nepal, or sell Indian handicraft in Brazil, or their bank account at home can get them out of prison. The argument these last chapters will advance is that in current global capitalism, a body's phenotype is heavily correlated with its position in power-geometries, and this in turn fuels its travels and interactions.

Mixtures of Mobilities

Central to Goa's copresence of bodies from different places is that white-skinned people are visibly temporary visitors, visibly nonlocal. As earlier chapters have revealed, this has immediate repercussions on why interactions take place the way they do. But it would be wrong to suppose that Goa consists of two separate realities, one of locals, the other of white tourists. There are *degrees* of mobility. As Meaghan Morris writes, "The touristic, the neighborly, and the proprietorial are related not by opposition (mobile/fixed, touristic/everyday, itinerant/domestic) but along a spectrum divided by degrees of duration, intensities of 'staying' (temporary/intermittent/permanent)."[4] Shahal from Israel voiced something similar:

> It's a it's a very mixture, you know. Because also in Goa you can find like . . . travelers, and tourist, and people that live here, and local people, and inside tourist you know. So it's a big mixture of people. Different kind of people.

Apart from the Anjunkars, there are semi-resident hippie elders of whom many have children and earn their living in Goa, at least during tourist season; two-week charter tourists from the UK, Germany, Sweden, Russia; backpackers and globe-trotters taking a break from the "real" India; freaks who stay for months and go in and out; illegal aliens; domes-

tic tourists composed mainly of families or groups of males; bus tourists on a one-day tour; rich weekend tourists from Bombay, Bangalore, and Poona; occasional Catholic or Hindu pilgrims; sadhus; seasonal laborers and merchants; Gypsies; and permanent immigrants from the rest of India. Goans themselves have maintained a widespread intercontinental diaspora. Bodies in Goa are defined in terms of location by how viscous they are in relation to not only Goa itself but also to the wider viscosities of nationality, capitalism, tourist itineraries, and postcolonial geopolitics.

In this mixture of mobilities, location in geographies of power becomes ever more important—thus mixture nowise precludes order. In *Imperial Eyes*, Marie Louise Pratt conveniently called mixtures of mobilities "contact zones," "social spaces where disparate cultures meet, clash, and grapple with each other, often in highly asymmetrical relations of domination and subordination—like colonialism, slavery, or their aftermaths as they are lived out across the globe today."[5] Pratt makes clear that yesterday's colonialism continues to shape today's touristic attitudes.[6] Of course, most of the habitable globe could ultimately be called a contact zone, and, as with most studies of colonial discourse, Pratt hasn't the same keen sense of differential mobilities that Morris and Massey have. The concept of contact zone is nonetheless useful to account for an aspect of *all* human movement and dwelling, namely, the collisions and exchanges that necessarily occur when diverse bodies meet. However, colonialism and tourism consist of much more than "imperial eyes" and "transculturation." Not just cultures and ways of looking collide in contact zones. To use a biological term, the contact zone entails "phenotypical encounter." Transformations of self, interracial distinction, and the politics of location all demand a rigorously *ecological* perspective, according to which human phenotype is necessarily embedded in a multilayered and uneven economy of biochemical resources, genetic flows, use-objects, language, immune systems, and protozoa, which are again ultimately embedded in climatology and geomorphology. It should come as no surprise that the politics of location becomes particularly intense in contact zones, that is, where bodies with vastly differing phenotypes and speeds actually come together.

Some anecdotes might be useful to illustrate what an ecology of Anjuna's differential speeds and phenotypes could look like. Take the guesthouse. Unlike the large hotels in Baga and Calangute, in a family-run guesthouse the politics of location can only be erased with difficulty, as the space is too small and the guests too few to avoid situations in which discrepancies in mobility and wealth show. Anjuna's guesthouses perfectly embody Meaghan Morris's figure of the motel:

> A motel is a type of installation that mediates (in spatial, social, and monetary terms) between a fixed address, or domicile, and, in the legal sense, "vagrancy." It performs this function precisely as a transit-place, a fixed address for temporary lodgement. . . . So at any moment, and in most of the spaces defining the complex, there is constant intermingling of the "host" family's domestic life, the social activities of the town residents, and the passing diversions of the tourists. The motel's solidity as place is founded by its flexibility as frame for varying practices of space, time—and speed.[7]

The house I used to stay in is simple. As in many households, the family crams into one room of the house during tourist season in order to rent out the other rooms. Just about any sound of the family's room reaches the others, and vice versa, which makes for a potentially conflictual soundscape. In late 2000, I was reading in my room late at night. I heard S. and N., two Israeli girls staying in the other guest room, smoking chillum and giggling with an Israeli boy under the veranda. After some time I assumed S. had left with the boy, but she came back and for a long time tried to wake up N., softly knocking on the door and calling her name. When it was clear that N. was too deeply asleep to be awakened, S. took refuge in the garden's hammock. I was startled to find her there at 3:30 a.m. while going to the bathroom outside. Although I was in fact awake and S. had long awakened the grandmother of the house, it turned out she was being careful not to wake *me* up. She wasn't concerned about the family or the neighbors. With a few loud bangs, N. was out of her bed and S.'s ordeal was over.

What I want to make clear with this trivial story is that there is little respect among young freaks and backpackers for the sleep of locals. No one thinks of whispering or switching off their engine when returning at night. Especially during parties (in good seasons, every other day), the whole village becomes a smooth psychedelic space—after all, the music is audible everywhere. You drop by the guesthouse to take a break, do some chillums, collect more money, take another shower. Never is there the slightest concern that there are grandmothers and kids within this smooth space who are trying to sleep.

Different bodies are positioned differently in the constellation of speeds and power that is a guesthouse, and their phenotype plays a crucial role in this positioning. Even though I am not white, I was identified by S. and N. as somewhat white—a guest, a foreigner, even an Anjuna regular (they were first-years). Were I white, or were I to have a nose ring, this identification would have merely been easier. This is how phenotype plays

a role in the contact zone: it efficiently erases doubt about origin and capacities. On another occasion, an Israeli boy from a neighboring guesthouse came to me at 1:30 a.m. to buy water, seeing my room was still lit and thinking I was "of the restaurant" (*which* restaurant? I thought). My ambiguous phenotype took me to a different situation. In this one, I was not a foreigner, not a guest, but a host. I told him irritably to go to the shop at the junction. The lack of respect of most Israelis toward the Anjunkars has led many guesthouses to bar Israelis from staying there. In the 2005–6 season, there were very few Israelis left in Anjuna—of which more in a later chapter.

Conflicts arise constantly in the intimate copresence of the vastly differing hosts and guests of Anjuna. My neighbor J. used to water the plants at Dr. Henriques's hospital in Badem. A sign tells visitors to close the gate, to keep the cows out. J. told me a fellow Briton once rode his Enfield through the gate without closing it, roaring for attention through the hospital's corridors. Urging him to calm down, J. had to resort to slapping the man on the cheek with his slipper (flip-flop). It was another Briton who acted on behalf of the hosts, and had to teach the lesson that this was no way to behave in a hospital—that white skin is no excuse for arrogance—with that quintessentially Indian artifact, the slipper.

I could relate more stories of confrontation in the contact zone, in shops, banks, restaurants, garages, markets, buses, travel agencies, on the road. All trivial, but all begging two questions. First, what degrees of foreignness or localness are being made to matter here and how does phenotype make this construction more straightforward? And second, relatedly: do you do this at home? Would these freaks treat other Brits, other Israelis this way? Being located far away from home in what Morris calls a transitplace, freaks are living *within* the everyday lives of poor strangers who can be readily perceived as different. Crucial to contact zones like Anjuna is the *economic* disparities that constitute them. The Anjunkars are more or less compelled to tolerate insolent behavior, while tourists realize they can get away with it—as the guests with money and freedom.

Flânerie at the Flea Market

Every Wednesday during tourist season, Anjuna is drastically transformed as hundreds of vehicles—mainly taxis from Baga and Calangute—clog the narrow roads between the paddy fields. The *vaddo* of Dando in South Anjuna becomes a chaotic market, spilling onto the road, into the paddy fields, the dunes, and neighboring gardens. Under the palm trees, textiles, jewelry, spices, artisanal art, Ayurvedic lotions, chillums, Enfield Bullets,

musical instruments, pirate CDs, blank minidiscs, hash cake, falafel, fruit juices, illegally imported cigarettes, haircuts, tattooing, piercing, and tarot readings are for sale. Only a handful of hippie elders still sell secondhand goods.

Anjuna's flea market is legendary and attracts far more tourists than Panjim, Old Goa, the Dudhsagar Falls, or carnival. Like all markets, it is a precipitation of transborder flows of goods, money, human bodies, and cultures; in this way Anjuna's flea market is an exemplary mini-version of the contact zone that is Goa: hippie elders, younger freaks, Goans, seasonal vendors and merchants, backpackers, charter tourists, domestic tourists, policemen, and beggars are all differently located in power-geometries of commerce and mobility. Their interrelationships are weaved by *money*—it is a market, after all. Contact zones are not homogeneous mixtures, however. In the encounter between phenotypes, bodies are further accorded zones in the flea market according to their position in global power-geometries (which again correlates with their phenotype). As I'll show, the flea market's various spin-offs in Goa only accentuate this racial-economic segregation.

So, how did this strange intercultural economy start? Sometime during the early seventies, freaks started coming together on Wednesdays to sell or trade clothes, self-made food, drugs, adornments, books, and so on. "There weren't any Indians," recalls Cleo Odzer. "It was us." Soon, the space became ideal for attaining larger sums (to obtain a visa extension, for example, or more heroin) by selling luxury Western goods like jeans and cassette recorders, which were still novel in the "underdeveloped" state of Goa. During Indira Gandhi's protectionist Emergency policy (1975–77), the market flourished as upper-middle-class Goans came to Anjuna to buy the Western goods they dreamed of—from hippies. It was the fact that hippies *came from elsewhere* that provided them with the opportunity to prolong their stay by offering whatever they thought might interest Indians. In her biting critique of hippie travel in India, *Karma Cola*, Gita Mehta tells of the desperateness with which some flea-market junkies continued their attempts at selling useless articles from the West:

> Anjuna Beach in Goa is an anthropologist's dream. It illustrates what people will keep and carry with them to the bitter end, long after they have lost their passports, their money, their virginity, their health, and often their sanity. There they are, still holding on to a plastic feeding bottle, two worn paperback thrillers, a box of American detergent, an opera hat, an extraordinary collection of items that have been clutched

> and carried five, eight, ten thousand miles across the face of the earth, to be displayed for sale by illogically destitute foreigners on the sands of an Indian beach.[8]

What does Mehta mean that some freaks in seventies Anjuna were "illogically destitute"? It means that their phenotype and location in power-geometries of mobility and possession should logically exempt them from poverty. As tourists, *they* should be the ones buying the souvenirs. On the other hand, the fact that hippies were broke is quite logical: it follows from the particular psychedelic project they had embarked upon. They *weren't* souvenir-buying tourists, but semi-resident refugees from white nine-to-five modernity.

During the eighties, the flea market became more mainstream as it began to figure on the itinerary of charter tourists. This went hand in hand with the influx of out-of-state Indians, including street performers, beggars, Tibetan refugees, Nepalis, Kashmiri merchants (who engaged in drug smuggling too), and the colorful Lambadi Gypsies. Everyone was trying to capitalize on the only weekly event concentrating so many tourists in the most touristic of Indian states. The influx of white charter tourists made the prices skyrocket. Although vendors start negotiations at five to ten times the price they buy the goods for, charter tourists inexperienced in bargaining are happy with these prices, which are still low for Western standards. A minority enjoys the bartering. Thus the racial-economic dynamics of the market were reversed: no longer destitute whites selling to rich Indians, but middle-class whites buying from poor Indians—or at least enjoying walking around among all the exotic goods displayed under the sun.

The flea market is still a meeting place for some hippie elders and freaks. They come to the market not so much to buy or sell as for its visual economy: to hang around, meet friends, and smoke chillum; to see who's there, and to be seen there. For them the market is for idly strolling and checking out people, the *flânerie* usually associated with the modern city. But flânerie reveals economic disparity. It is because there is a global inequality in wealth and mobility that some bodies at the market can be flâneurs, and others have to continue harassing tourists in the midday heat. *Flânerie* also introduces viscosity, with very little interaction between the freaks and the other merchants present. I once spent some time registering reactions of passersby to a fruit lady's calls. Every charter tourist at least responded, and some sat down to drink a coconut. Freaks either ignored her completely or made a point of showing they knew her, but still

wouldn't be seen buying an overpriced coconut. Many merchants know the difference between charter tourists, who might buy something, and freaks, who won't. Either way, the white skin of flâneurs matters.

That Anjuna's flea market contains a differentiation of phenotype is obvious, as it is semiformally divided into zones for the freaks, Tibetans, Rajasthanis, Kashmiris, Karnataks, Goans, and miscellaneous other Indians. Freaks hardly go outside their zone, which is calmer, shadier, and tidier than the rest of the market. P., a Dutch hippie elder, told me he wouldn't sell anything if there were Indian merchants next to him. His implicit rationale for a separate white zone was that customers would simply ignore his wares in the same movement as ignoring the Indian merchants' calls for attention. Meanwhile, freaks and hippie elders feel justified in maintaining prices fixed at what you'd pay in most Western cities. For many hippie elders, transnational business in exotic clothing, handicrafts, precious stones, antiques, and so on is the main income. The postmodernist aesthetics of their textiles, too, signifies a strong connection to cultural industries outside India.

According to Shahal, an Israeli selling self-made jewelry, it isn't difficult to get a place in the white zone. The congestion and size of the market suggests you do need to have good connections. Every stand pays *sopo* (tax) to the *panchayat*, and "permits" aren't for grabs. Obtaining a permit reflects viscosities of language (English, Hebrew, Konkani, German), as

Anjuna's flea market.

well as scene savviness. P. complained about Goa's commercialization, which for him included "mafia"-like business at the flea market and the younger freaks ("the newer people," implicitly Israelis) pushing away the hippie elders of the white zone. *Flânerie* has become so important for white freaks at the flea market, in fact, that making money seems to have become secondary.

In the Goan public sphere, the flea market has always been associated with drugs, beach parties, and, since the eighties, a large influx of North Indians. Many believe the market is run by Kashmiri or foreign drug dealers. As with the parties, moral panic about hippie culture and politicians' urge to please the public led to a tough stance of Goa Police on the flea-market issue. With South Anjuna's market overcrowded and regularly clamped down by the police, the hippie merchants started looking for other venues. In 1999, the Saturday Hippie Market in Baga was set up. A clean, well-lit, walled-in private property with parking lot, guards, everything neatly arranged, Foster's as key sponsor, reggae cover bands and Indian folk music onstage, this space represented the definite bourgeoisification of the flea-market phenomenon. There were no beggars, no Tibetans, few Rajasthanis and Goans, but proportionately far more white merchants than in the original flea market. It wasn't very different from "multicultural" summer fairs in Western cities. With chillum smoking being difficult, and in the absence of Goa trance and sand, there were hardly any younger freaks. The hippie elders I spoke to, however, were content with the better organization of their business space and didn't mind that their customers were all charter tourists.

The commodification and simulation of the flea market represents an important facet of Goa's tourism, namely, that hippie culture is an attraction for charter and domestic tourists. What Dean MacCannell famously dubbed the "staged authenticity" of tourist settings is here about not local but recently imported culture.[9] "Even the normal tourists, they come because of the parties. Because of the flea market, because of the hippies! They want to see us, you know," said DJ Andi. "Flea markets" are even held in five-star hotels. Tourists experience Goa more through raves, chillums, "ethnic" wear, tie-dye sarongs, and San Miguel beer than Indo-Portuguese architecture or fishermen. Knowing this, commercial and official promotion never fails to mention Goa's discovery by the hippies and today's Goa trance. Although hotels and the government are keen on curbing rave and backpacker tourism, they need it for marketing Goa as a laid-back and lively place.

In 2001, yet another market started in Arpora just outside Anjuna, called Ingo's Saturday Nite Bazaar. The Bazaar in no time drew *all* white

people away from Baga's Hippie Market, which was now populated exclusively by upper-middle-class Indians. The Bazaar had no walls and was much more spacious, though as organized as Baga's market (zoning, guards, parking lot, sponsored by Foster's, Red Bull, etc.). A large open space with chairs in the middle was perfect for people to sit and see each other, the toilets were clean, there were things to do for kids and European-friendly food. Fewer than two-fifths of the stands were run by Indians—still no Tibetans or locals—and they hardly received any customers. I asked Katia from Germany whether she still sells her clothes at Baga's Hippie Market. She shook her head and explained, "There are no foreigners there, no."

When I last visited the Bazaar, just before leaving Goa in March 2002, the inevitable was already happening. It had become another site for showing your face. With the live music (by Indians) consisting mainly of blues rock covers and mediocre jazz, and everything still geared to families, I was quite amazed that even Israeli freaks started going there. If it's not for smoking chillum, dancing, reveling in the sun, or purchasing anything, why were there so many young freaks? The only reason seems to be visual economy. There was space, and agreeable lighting; the crowds that flood into the South Anjuna daytime market could be avoided, and so could the heat and the nagging of the Indian salespeople and beggars. With a party ban in place, the whitened bourgeois flea market became the space to actualize Anjuna's visual economy. More than the Hippie Market, which was situated too close to Baga's hotels, the Saturday Nite Bazaar was on its way to creating another in-crowd for Anjuna.

But the weekly traffic congestion, and exclusion of Indian merchants, quickly got Ingo and his circle in trouble with local residents and *panchayat.* The Bazaar was forced to move by the court. After having met similar fates by 2005 in Parra and Sivolim, it seems no village is happy to host an exclusivist market for foreigners, however much baksheesh (bribe) is promised. The moral of the flea market's story is clear: from South Anjuna's original market, to the Hippie Market, to Ingo's Bazaar, commodification has entailed the *rewhitening* of Goa's hippie business. Only rich and Westernized Indian families and couples came to Ingo's Bazaar.

In the process of moving from South Anjuna to more controlled spaces, touristic culture became more viscous, which meant gradually shedding off Indian competitors and inviting more flâneurs to practice visual economy. Western tastes in food and textiles, the absence of bartering, begging, and shouting for attention, the international circulation of the goods, the sponsoring—these are what define Ingo's Bazaar as whiter than South Anjuna's flea market. Any tourist market is a configuration of money,

artifacts, regulation, private enterprise, mass tourist demand, migration, law, and public opinion. A body's location in this configuration betrays its relative foreignness, its position in Goa's mixture of mobilities. The main point about the market is that the *phenotypical* differentiation between white and Indian bodies is embedded in *economic* disparity. Global uneven distribution of money over different bodies led to the commodification of hippie culture into souvenirs, the semipermanent residence of some hippie businesspeople, and the zoning of phenotypes. It is at the flea market, then, that the financial dimension of location and phenotype has come to flourish.

13
Cliques

> Many of the hippies were "on the road." They always felt certain of a welcome "amongst our own kind." This was an exclusive thing. If you did not look right, you would not be accepted.
>
> —Paul Willis, *Profane Culture*

On the Road

A tourist is not at home. How tourists socialize reflects their foreignness in a tourist destination. Earlier, I discussed how the in-crowds of bars and beaches point to the little expressed fact that Anjuna's socializing, far from being tolerant and open, favors a spatiality of cliquishness. In this chapter I'm going to argue that inside knowledge of traveling and the party scene, one's first language, and private get-togethers further consolidate the separations between bodies. The virtual location of bodies in a global grid of mobilities, nation-states, language communities, economic regions, and cultural contestations delimits their actual location in the social networks of Goa.

"For moderns," writes Dean MacCannell, "reality and authenticity are thought to be elsewhere: in other historical periods and other cultures, in purer, simpler lifestyles."[1] Modern leisure travel is driven by an urge to experience difference, to not be at home; this makes Jack Kerouac's beat classic *On the Road* supremely modern.[2] But wherein lies the difference that travel makes? The authenticity of being on the road, the experience of being severed off from white urban modernity, doesn't always follow from communication with local peoples. Especially as beatnik travel gave way to hippie travel, as is plain from accounts such as Tom Wolfe's, the authenticity of mobility had far more to do with a Euro-American psychedelic culture adapted to the environments of Marrakesh, Kabul, Delhi,

and New England.[3] The more you become acquainted with the transnational traveler circuit—its people, rituals, hardships, secrets—the more authentic and transformed you become. This doesn't necessarily entail increasing your knowledge of history or geopolitics.

Talking about traveling experience, and greatly exaggerating the personal influences it has had, is a major factor in the formation of cliques in modern contact zones like Anjuna. In its classical hippie age, Goa was an end station of the near-mythological Asian hippie trail. Goa Gil said about his generation:

> 'Cause originally the people who came here traveled overland, they had experience on the way, getting introduced to Asia, introduced to different cultures, different ideas, different spiritual ideas, diff—and you know their mind expanding by seeing that certain, that in certain countries it's okay but in other countries that is not okay, and this . . . traveling widens and expands your mind to see that many different people have many different ideas in many different kind of ways. You can be more open-minded. People came to India in that kind of spirit.

A second factor in clique formation is the repeated meeting of fellow travelers in different places. Daniella said Goa is "the place of coincidences." But though I have myself had quite uncanny meetings-again, what looks like lucky encounter is often quite predictable. Backpackers bump into each other in Goa months after having first met in Kathmandu or Benares simply because they use the same *Lonely Planet.* Third, traveling for longer periods of time tends to harden one's vigilance against being ripped off or conned by local people, especially in the third world. It is telling that in my experience charter tourists who are in Goa for just a week are far more friendly to the Indian workforce than freaks are. Gil admitted later in the interview, "I remember even in the early seventies some people who were really obnoxious with the locals." Some seventies freaks used to call Indians "buffaloes." Viscosity among freaks and backpackers builds up from a shared mistrust of Indians and the agreement that the slow and submissive Indians aren't worth much attention.

A fourth factor is unconditional condescension toward all the regimes freaks fled from—work, education, marriage, mortgages. G. told the 604 psychedelic trance discussion list this story:

> When I was in Goa, I was sitting in a cafi in Arambol with a friend, drinking a beer, smoking a spliff, when it got bombarded by a bunch of old-skool goa hippies . . . One of them tried to include us by chatting to us and asking what we do . . . My friend said he's still looking for the right

> thing to do, and the guy seemed quite happy with this . . . When he asked me, and I told him I'm an IT graduate, and will be starting work in IT when I get back to Australia, he gave a funny "oh you're one of THEM" looks, and immediately turned away and started talking to somebody else.
>
> Pretty fucking rude if you ask me . . . Fucking Hippies! They're the biggest bunch of elitist assholed I've ever had the (dis)pleasure of meeting. I left there feeling VERY disappointed about the whole goa vibe, and got out of goa soon afterwards.

Domestic tourists are far more likely than foreign tourists to embody and display a close connection with domesticity and career. They will subsequently find it quasi-impossible to get to know freaks.

Being on the road and staying in one place for a long time makes travelers more viscous, less interested in intercultural communication, and more snobbish about newcomers who are unfamiliar with what it takes to be a true traveler. Broader than an obsession with independence, clique viscosity is more generally based on what I call "scene savviness." Scene savviness is roughly what Bourdieu calls social capital.[4] Scene-savvy freaks know where to buy their charas in the north and their E and LSD in Goa; they talk of parties in Colombia, the Cambodian jungle, the Sinai Desert; they know who organizes parties, where the baksheesh comes from, and why parties are canceled; they smoke chillum with deejays and dealers; they get Enfields and rooms at minimum prices. Because the political economy of parties is so opaque, casually implying you know something about it shows you're cool. Scene savviness, extensive traveling, long-term stay in Goa, and ties with Anjuna's dodgier sectors are tightly interwoven through the viscosity of cliques.

Freaks Talk

In 2000–2001 it was apparent that Anjuna's trance scene started to include cliques of rich domestic tourists. Four Bombay boys were staying in the house next to me—a new thing for domestic tourists, who generally having nothing to do with rural India. To underline their nonlocalness, these boys would talk loudly about drugs on their mobile phones. More strikingly, they would speak Hindi among themselves but English to the son of the family, though his Hindi is better. These Bombay boys sensed to what extent spoken language brands a body in Anjuna's politics of location. Talking Hindi with the family would have brought them embarrassingly close to localness; they already had their phenotype against them.

Hebrew in Hampi, 2006.

Language does not reflect the world, it rearranges it. Like beach shacks or chillums, it literally knits bodies together. In the messy spaces of travel, speech (and concomitantly, regional dialect, talk shows, pop lyrics, sense of humor) is indispensable for defining a body's location and thus for the formation and reproduction of cliques. Some chillum circles favor the indecipherable bullshit widely known to result from habitual cannabis consumption; others hold dear to the dictates of sociochemical monitoring. Long-staying whites long ago concocted a "freak English" with simplified grammar and some Hindi vocabulary, allegedly so that locals and nonnative speakers can understand. Freak English includes *shanti* (peaceful), *cello* (go), *bas* (enough), *baba* (used for any Indian male, but originally for sadhus), and expressions like "slowly-slowly," "same-same," "I go Mapusa now," "full power" (about parties), and, especially among Israelis, "Why like this" (to express disdain or frustration). As with all borrowings of India (lungi, Enfield, Om), although there is a handful of hippie elders who do speak Konkani or Hindi fluently, the adoption of a few words says more about the way whites socialize and reinvent themselves as freaks than about an interest in learning another language and culture.

If freak English coheres whites, native tongues divide them. Cliques emerge especially among speakers of British English, French, German, and Hebrew. Hebrew is the language heard (and seen) most after English in Anjuna. Older Israelis, or more intellectually motivated ones (or once, a gay Israeli), are more inclined to converse in English, that is, break with language-based viscosity. In conversations with me, these Israelis would try to distance themselves from the packs of reckless and abrasive compatriots. When I'd ask them how they liked Goa, many Israelis would say, "In Goa too many Israeli!" Alternately, they would nominally celebrate the confluence of many nationalities, even though in practice they get drawn into socializing with compatriots. Meanwhile, Danes, Spaniards, Slovenes, Belgians, and others of smaller language communities will mostly be found in mixed-language groups. I was once at a polyglot house party in Arpora, with people from France, Kenya, Italy, Nepal, Norway, India, Germany, Israel, Tibet, Japan, Cuba, Bhutan, and Belgium. Happenings like these seem almost deliberately opposed to the viscosity of language communities elsewhere.

So, what do freaks talk about? Parties. Who was there, how was your MDMA, why did it stop at 8 a.m., trance subgenres, deejay posses, when is the next one: through speech, parties lead lives longer than just the morning phase. Scene savviness is obligatory for—and immediately detected in—most conversation occuring in Anjuna. Sustained discussion about

India's history, religious differences, or federal politics is extremely rare. Furthermore, I noticed between 1998 and 2002, even more in 2006, that spontaneous chatting and cutting through clique divisions became increasingly infrequent. In a sense, what DJ Andi called the erstwhile "crazies" of Goa—the acidheads, fairy hippies, anarchists, *samnyasis*, fluoro trancers, hitchhikers, artists, alcoholics, junkies, and mental patients—are marginalized in the current visual-verbal economy of cliques, pretentiousness, and conformity. To their dismay, travel veterans like Gil became eccentric instead of venerable; at the end of her life, Cleo in public seemed more like an embarrassment than a celebrity. As I discussed endless times with my neighbor J., idiosyncrasy and solitude are now frowned upon in Goa. Viscosity has become the norm.

Private Parties

The most scene-savvy cliques blend into deejay posses and party "consortiums" of in-crowd freaks, deejays, bar owners, landlords, local boys, taxi wallahs, and drug dealers. If you know so much of the workings of the scene that you can instigate a big party, you can definitely consider yourself among the hard core. There was a gradual decline over the nineties of privately held parties, because the police bribes became unpayable except for consortiums (figures I heard during my fieldwork were between 30,000 and 60,000 rupees, or up to $1,400 per party). Where possible, smaller parties are still held and much appreciated. Intimate parties at obscure locations (on the little beach on the way to Baga, or somewhere north of Arambol, or all the way in Hampi, or Manali), with good deejays playing for a select crowd, have always been highly cherished in Goa trance.

To illustrate in what respects private parties relate to viscosity, three examples. The first was in a big house rented by a clique of Israelis. In 1998 I blindly followed a convoy of motorbikes after Primrose shut—Anjuna's traditional way of getting to a party. Except for one or two, the crowd of about twenty was all Israeli, mainly young men. With the windows shut, loud Goa trance was playing inside. Everyone sat against the walls, at least three chillums constantly going round, some seemingly tripping. Two or three guys were the focus of attention as they competed in producing the most impressive *charas* fumes, danced to the favorite tracks, made sure everyone was okay, and repeated insiders jokes. It was helpful that at this early stage in the research I could observe how the fun-loving tightness among Israeli freaks operated: through drugs, music, Hebrew, humor, and phenotypical recognition. (There were numerous

times in the 2001–2 season, in fact, that my fuzzy phenotype made Israelis address me in Hebrew, mostly to sell drugs—"need anything?")

At the Israeli get-together, though the chillums were duly passed to me, no one started a conversation and I couldn't understand any answers to my questions anyway. Bizarrely, the undisputed leader of the gang suddenly squatted behind me and massaged my shoulders for a full ten minutes, while continuing to talk to the others. Why I was singled out for this intimacy I don't know; presumably an uninvited Indian-looking guest with glasses was considered droll. The first point about private party cliquishness is that Israeli and other dedicated Goa freaks *are* hospitable. In fact, their viscosity emerges *because* of that hospitality. But as a guest you need to have the same scene savviness and aloof confidence in sociochemical monitoring as they do. This excludes most backpackers, charter tourists, and especially domestic tourists.

Clique formation has a geography. Private parties, just like meetings on the mats at parties, on the beach, or at the flea market, are nodes in that geography. The most far-reaching instantiation of viscosity imaginable is organizing a party on a *boat*, something that is becoming increasingly popular among wealthier tourists in Calangute and Candolim. With some twenty-five others, I was on a junk during a night in early January 2001, at a party organized by a befriended jet-set French couple. The Indian Ocean was rough, the British skipper was enjoying the speed, and we fought nausea for the better part of the journey. I felt much better at dawn. The sea was perfectly flat, trip-hop flowing from the junk. With a light orange disc rising above the Panjim skyline in the misty-blue distance, we set out in a rowing boat to greet the curious dolphins. It was definitely one of my most poetic—and exclusivist—moments in Goa. A boat party makes sense in that you by definition keep out unwelcome bodies like drunk Indians, beggars, and policemen. It is unlikely that Anjuna freaks will start renting junks, however. A boat is too posh, too organized, and there can't be enough circulation for showing off one's style, for visual economy. Anjuna's cliques need to be *visible*, and therefore close enough to Anjuna.

Cliquishness is also audible. The third private party I want to mention was more like a near-continuous event. Although it concerns a different kind of music and subculture, this example can further clarify Goa's propensity for clique formation. At the end of 1998, a British-French anarchist tekno collective called Sound Conspiracy (see soundconspiracy.freetekno.org) drove a bus and two trucks with state-of-the-art sound and light technology from Bologna to Delhi, then squatted in an abandoned house in Vagator. Sound Conspiracy has links with the legendary

Spiral Tribe, a loose movement of traveling UK sound systems holding raves in rural areas all over Europe, especially at the beginning of the nineties.

> The Spirals are part of the cross-over between the rave scene and the "crusty" subculture—crusties being squat-dwelling anarcho-hippy-punk types named after their matted dreadlocks and post-apocalyptic garb. At the bottom of the crusty spectrum are destitute idlers who panhandle for a living; at the top end are more enterprising types who organize illegal parties, deal drugs, or make and sell artifacts and clothes.[5]

On December 21, 1998, one of the Sound Conspiracy people drunkenly invited me over to their den. A skillfull deejay was spinning 165 bpm industrial gabba without a hint of melody in a little roofless cubic space with a constant strobe, on vinyl (never seen in Goa trance). The whole house was very messy; clearly they'd been partying for a long time. I was immediately subjected to an inquisition, with one girl not believing anything I said. The guy who invited me wanted to make sure none of "my friends" had followed me. Looking gauntly urban and punky, without any tan, some of them skinheads, continually falling over from a dangerous combination of ketamine, Ecstasy, amphetamines, joints, and gin, the young Britons and French present were blatantly *not* Goa freaks. The atmosphere became vicious when someone's bulldog almost shredded a stray dog, with everyone spurring it on. Nearly all people who came to check out where the tekno was coming from, among them some Indians and Israelis, left after a few minutes.

On December 24–26, 1998, for the first of two times ever in Anjuna, there was a big party playing something other than trance music (the second was five days later). Sound Conspiracy had obviously paid enormous bribes to bypass competition from Anjuna's consortiums and to turn Bamboo Forest twice into a hardcore club in the wilderness, complete with computer-controlled laser and strobe lights and an incredibly loud and precise sound system (where did they get the money to buy such gear, ship it to Goa, and get on the party agenda?). The whites enjoying themselves were predominantly British clubbers on a lot of drugs. For Goa freaks, hippie elders, and backpackers, the music was abominable. The disoriented domestic tourists were soon tired out.

Although the forty-eight-hour Christmas party was open to all, it was the sheer relentlessness of the music, more aggressive than the darkest of current psy-trance, that actually turned it into a private party for an in-crowd of English hardcore fanatics. In the morning, I carried into my bed images of mothers with babies begging for food and the Catholic

families dressed up for church looking onto totally spaced-out clubbers. The music was perfectly audible everywhere in Anjuna for the rest of the day—and the piercing quality of Sound Conspiracy's sound system was of a different league than the usual Goa trance. In the mixture of mobilities that constitute Anjuna's contact zone, Sound Conspiracy *blasted* its way in, not caring for anyone else, whether tourist or local, and then left. Cliques—and this is my final point about them—can become obnoxious almost without limit in their pursuit of fun and freedom. During this Christmas party, I first came to a complicated and prolonged insight into how decadently imposing music tourism and anarchism can be—and my own complicity in it. It was pretty intense.

To summarize, travel, drugs, and music make bodies stick together into cliques that roam in certain places and times. For this process, travel, drugs, and music need to be *talked* about. A clear distance from the nine-to-five regime and a disdain for Indian "money-mindedness" are necessary to form part of Anjuna's cliques. The private parties demonstrate that Goa freaks are hospitable only to those whom they consider similar in linguistic, subcultural, and phenotypical terms. For this, cliques need visibility and repeated meeting up. Importantly for the argument, in the formation of social networks, phenotype makes the recognition of a body's location in cultural and economic geographies less ambiguous, or mostly automatic. Indians can be scene-savvy, wealthy, hip, self-assured, astute, but by virtue of their skin color and accent are always *confusable* with "locals." A white person, by contrast, can never be a local.

The only time that the Goa freak cliques and their hegemony of trance music were forcibly challenged was when their might was matched by that of Sound Conspiracy's hardcore mayhem. Cliques feed into the subterranean politics of organizing parties, in which it is clear that there is no respect whatsoever for the rest of the village. Although not a part of the psy-trance scene, the *possibility* of Sound Conspiracy's forty-eight-hour tekno fests is disturbing. At least for myself, the selfishness and disregard for others that had flourished in an Indian hippie travel destination had by then become painfully apparent.

14
Noise, Narcotics, Law and Order

> Music, like drugs, is intuition, a path to knowledge. A path? No—a battlefield.
>
> —Jacques Attali, *Noise: The Political Economy of Music*

The Political Economy of Dodginess

Dr. Jawaharlal Henriques, talking about the parties, said: "Initially, it was, you know, not much of a financial thing." Like all Anjuna's residents, he knows to what extent trance music has become big business. If parties were ever simply get-togethers among friends, it was money that made the unlikely alliance of actors spontaneously emerge through the eighties and nineties, an alliance divided by wealth and phenotype, but held together by the thirst for profit. Much more than is the case with the flea market, the financial transactions of parties are obscure. But like the markets, the way parties are organized underlines differences between bodies. Central to this process is the fact that psy-trance is also *noise*. Noise, together with the massive presence of narcotics, makes Anjuna's rave tourism inherently prone to police action, which again distinguishes between white and nonwhite bodies. Intrinsic to any economy driven by drugs is risk, corruption, and paranoia, which, in the case of Goa corresponds to the delineation of location and phenotype.

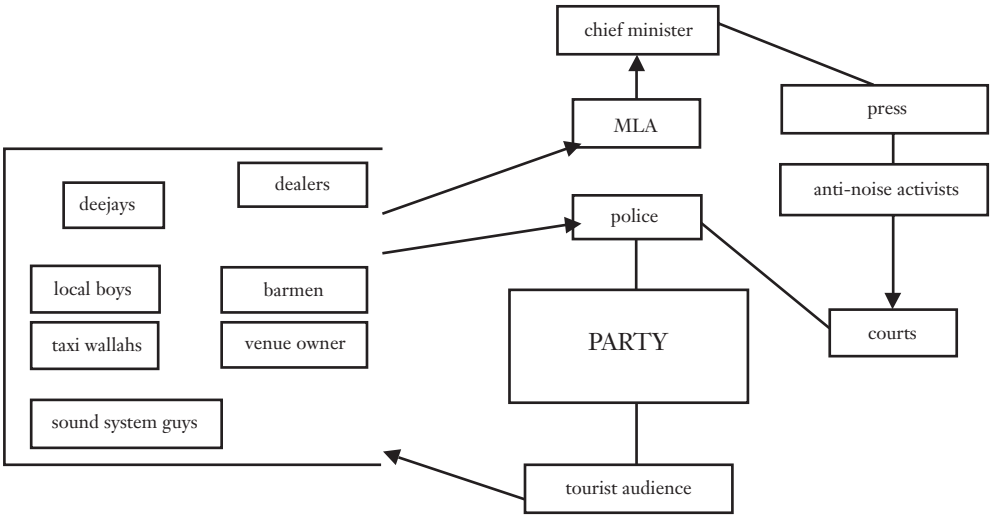
The political economy of Anjuna's parties is as elusive as it is volatile. As deejays like Goa Gil know only too well, there is a real tendency in the political economy itself toward deceit, disorganization, and oligarchy. I gathered substantial, if often speculative, data about the organization of the parties from a wide range of people. Getting to know how the parties are organized in terms of cash payments within party "consortiums,"

political protection, legal regulation, drug dealing, civil protest, negative publicity, and electoralism was a challenge during all of my fieldwork. None of the actors like to see their place in the machine exposed. "Now I tell people if you want to see a really good Goa party, you have to come to my party anywhere else in the world," says Gil. "Because there are not good party in Goa anymore. Everything is business in Goa."

According to Jacques Attali's peculiar political economy of music, music is the domestication of what was formerly—or to others—noise, chaos, subversion, sound out of place:

> All music, all organization of sounds is then a tool for the creation or consolidation of a community, of a totality. It is what links a power center to its subjects, and thus, more generally, it is an attribute of power in all of its forms. Therefore, any theory of power today must include a theory of the localization of noise and its endowment with form.[1]

Attali would agree that the starting point of a political economy of Goa's music tourism has to be the fact that any loud music between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. is illegal in India. It is noise. Goa trance only evolved because regulations have been evaded from the start through the spontaneous emergence of a baksheesh system, in which barmen, venue owners, the suppliers of the sound system, drug dealers, and locals pay the police enormous sums for a "No Objections Certificate" (NOC). It is a public secret that the MLA (Member of the Legislative Assembly) for Bardez



Approximate organigram of the parties.

collects votes in return for lobbying for the parties at government level. The corruption and power politics involved in organizing the parties goes from the chai mamas to ministers in Delhi.

The NOC enables an official order from the Sub-Divisional Magistrate in Mapusa to go on with the party. Apart from specificying the timing, the order contains the following repeated mention of noise:

1. Volume should be kept low to prevent noise pollution.
2. No annoyance should be caused to the general public.
3. No abusive, offensive or obscene announcements should be made.
4. Necessary permission from the competent authority to use the venue and to stage the programme should be obtained separately.
5. Minimum decible (audio) of music should be used.
6. The timings and the conditions given as above should be observed failing which the permission stands automatically terminated and the Police are free to take action as per law in force.
7. The use of funnel speaker is prohibited.
8. No disturbance should be caused to the public.
9. The permission is liable to be cancelled or revoked at any time.[2]

Obviously, Anjuna's open-air psy-trance raves, possibly the loudest public events in Goa, break most of these restrictions. With parties becoming louder and bigger in the mid-nineties, urban, especially Catholic, opinion turned vehemently against rave tourism.[3] At the heart of the politics of noise is the legitimacy of "foreign" practices on Goan soil: wearing Western fashion, promiscuity, upsetting the equilibrium of a coastal village ecology. "Besides the loud music and all night dancing, Raves are havens for the drug trade and the subsequent sexual perversions that are committed under the influence of drugs," writes *Gomantak Times* senior subeditor Peter de Souza.[4] De Souza claims the new "designer drug" for the Y2K parties was "Dolphin—a mixture of ecstasy & Viagra, which causes hyper sexual activity." Confused (and titillating) rumors about Anjuna's drug scene abound among educated Goans and continue floating around the Indian media too.[5] From my own observations, even kissing is quite rare at parties.

At the end of 1999, de Souza embarked on a much-publicized campaign against Anjuna's counterculture. It started with his front-page article "Nature Destroyed for Anjuna Party" on December 19, 1999. De Souza's

target was "Goa2000," what was going to be the "largest millennium party on the globe"—twenty-five thousand people over twelve days in the beach club Paraiso de Anjuna. Goa2000 was organized by Jeh Wadia, a young Goa trance fan from a powerful Bombay clan that has impeccable relations with India's political elites. De Souza was melodramatically proclaimed the "hero of Anjuna" when the High Court in Bombay ruled Paraiso's constructions in violation of the Coastal Regulation Act. In my interview with de Souza, he stressed that without God's help he wouldn't have survived the fatwa the Wadias had spoken out on him. Since his crusade on the cultural and ecological "pollution" of rave tourism, the law has been more stringently implemented in the form of "party bans" lasting weeks on a stretch since 2000, especially during the months of January and February. It was rumored that de Souza was doing a favor to his cousin Roy Fernandes, owner of Dolce Vita, which he bitterly denied. It can't be denied, however, that the abrupt demolition of Goa2000 by an army of cops and thugs was great news for Dolce Vita, Bamboo Forest, and Hilltop.[6]

Although most Goan NGOs, intellectuals, and some residents in Anjuna welcome the party bans, however unpredictable and ambiguous they are, Dr. Henriques never fails to remind the activists and journalists that there are (were?) some seven hundred local families living off the parties, primarily through the mat economy and taxis, but also (this he doesn't mention) through drugs. The profit for locals is widely accepted among freaks as a justification for noise pollution, in a way clearing their conscience. Charlotte from Denmark said about the parties, "It's strange for my grandmother! She wouldn't believe it, it's crazy! I'm sure there is a grandmother like that also here." A similar scale and frequency of noise pollution is unthinkable in a European village. The noise in a way condenses the third-worldness of India.

Freaks, even first-years like the group of Israelis I interviewed, know the basics about the parties' political economy. Baksheesh is a favorite topic to exhibit one's long stay in Anjuna. In addition, talking about baksheesh often betrays a condescending attitude toward the backwardness of India. Talking about the party economy can therefore firmly locate a body both as foreigner and as freak.

What do you think the locals think of the parties, then?

ORLI Oh, I think . . . in some way they don't like it? Because it's . . . there is a lot of parties, a lot of bal—[*balagan*] a lot of mess. You see? But—

ALON But without the parties they can't get their money.

Yeah.

ORLI Yeah, but in another way, they like this because it's their—

Money, yeah.

ORLI Yeah! Because they make good money from it. Everybody!

Yeah. Like all the mats and all that.

ORLI Yeah. Everybody!

ALON The the roads . . . it's new in Goa! The electricity is good in Goa, not like the rest of India. And the water is clean! They use chlorine inside of the water.

Yeah. It's good.

ALON So, from where from where the money? From baksheesh!

ORLI [laughs]

Yeah, and you don't have so many beggars also.

ALON From tourists! From baksheesh! The policemen take baksheesh if they catch you with drugs . . .

ORLI Or for parties . . .

ALON Or for parties . . . and they give it to the . . . up-commander, the up-commander gives it to the up-commander and then to the Prime [i.e., Chief] Minister, and then to—[laughs] And then to Delhi.

ORLI Yeah! [laughs]

ALON Yeah, to Delhi . . . a few body gets, not a lot [laughs]. Everything here in Goa.

The political economy of music and drugs happens to *set up* differently located bodies in relation to each other. First, there's the clique viscosity between dealers, deejays, and dance enthusiasts from abroad. Usually, parties are organized by "some English boys," or "the Israelis," or "the Russians." As an Anjuna policeman told me, Israelis in particular never buy their drugs from Indian dealers, "because they speak same language, no, they are together all the time, there is communication." Amazingly, during the 1999–2000 season, I saw an Israeli wearing a "Hofmann 2000" T-shirt. Hofmann 2000 was the festively potent batch of Israeli LSD widely distributed in Anjuna that year—named, of course, after Albert Hofmann. If location is about how a body is connected to transnational circuits of subculture and criminal activity, this one seemed pretty well connected indeed.

Second, since about 1999, there are thousands of Indian youngsters who are dependent on smuggling and distribution by (and thus, favorable location of) whites for their Ecstasy. Goa's E and coke have steadily seeped into Bombay and Bangalore. As the network of Indian distributors grows, Ecstasy consumption in India might in absolute terms soon match that of Thailand, where it is epidemic.[7] Third, domestic consumption leads to (and will lead to more) moral panic, in which drug addiction, AIDS, prostitution, school absenteeism, crime, and corruption can all be blamed on the cultural imperialism of hippies and ravers. At my "Friday Balcão" seminar for GOACAN (Goa Consumer Action Network, hosted by Goa Desc) in February 2002, a young activist claimed that he had seen with his own eyes how "raves bring the filth of homosexuality and pedophilia into Goa." There is also a belief that Goa trance is in its entirety a marketing gimmick created by international drug cartels and pocket-filling ministers. Although freaks aren't that bothered about their image among middle-class Goans, they become infuriated by the clamping down on parties. Party bans unite freaks in their everyday condemnations of the police, the judges, the intellectuals, or whoever prevents them from having fun. They feel they are denied something as paying guests, as Westerners on a holiday.

Fourth, however, white dealers and deejays cannot do without Goan intermediaries for distributing drugs and having parties, as the ins and outs of local corruption are unknown to them. A white body could never negotiate the undercurrents of Indian bureaucracy, let alone remain unnoticed while doing so. This means that local boys are in the position to demand respect. I heard that deejay J., an Anjuna favorite, suddenly wanted a fee and didn't turn up when everything was ready at Anjuna Temple for a Christmas party in 2001. The shack boys who organized the party lost a lot of money and were furious. They retaliated the Goan way. A few days later, J. was treated with a "bamboo massage," a beating with a bamboo stick. Other deejays, or anyone getting too much in the way of the scene, have been warned in a similar way. Reason enough for an ethnographer to be wary.

Local gangs have been powerful in Goa for centuries. The parties have come into the hands of Goan businessmen, many of whom have little to do with the music. Calling Anjuna's scene cultural imperialism would therefore be imprecise; it is a contact zone, in which relationships between unevenly located groups continually change. The long list of Indians profiting from the economy of drugs—from the taxi wallah to the customs official, from the beggar to the Tourism Police—means that a definitive

cracking down on the parties, as seems to be happening at the time of writing, will deflate a complicated circuit of cash. Although in a way symbiotic, the organization of the parties is *driven* by inequality, blackmailing, and moralism, which is hardly adequate for a sustainable economy, let alone intercultural understanding. The organization of the parties in fact highlights the foreignness of white deejays, dealers, and tourists and therefore keeps them "in place" in Anjuna's structure of distinctions. Again, viscosity is not simply stickiness in Euclidean space, but a local repetition of the topologies of global mobility and connectedness.

The Facializing Extortion Machine

Bardez is a coveted place for Indian policemen. Bribes for parties, traffic offenses, and drugs confiscation are so lucrative that it is a public secret that officers from all over India used to pay their superiors to be posted in the stations of Calangute and Anjuna. In the late 1990s, British media coverage on police harassment and the planting of drugs (including a 1999 documentary by the BBC called *Paradise Lost*) forced Goa Police to go easy on picking tourists out for bribes. But until 1999 pedestrian cops would regularly halt any foreigner on a motorbike on the Anjuna-Vagator road: a selecting device, a facializing extortion machine. On the way to a full-moon party in Gokarna, like all foreigners I was coolly stopped at three checkpoints. "Highway robbers," seventies original Nina calls the Goan cops. With some experience, however, it's possible to avoid a search or paying a fine/bribe.

The Narcotics Squad (later renamed Anti-Narcotics Cell, ANC) and the Narcotic Drugs and Psychotropic Substances (NDPS) Court were established in 1988 as international agencies became worried about Goa's role in trafficking (which, however, is neglible compared to Bombay's role). The ANC is as corruptible as other cops, and as involved in singling out foreigners, only its extortion machine is a lot more covert. A personal anecdote will illustrate. Two Belgian friends and I were smoking a joint in the patio of a guesthouse around midnight on December 29, 1998, when we were suddenly confronted with five ANC officers in civilian clothing, who had probably spotted us from the road. A typical exchange commenced. The ANCers reminded us of India's unrealistically harsh punishment for any drug offense: six months' imprisonment and a fine of one lakh (one hundred thousand rupees) if the offender can prove the drugs were for personal consumption, or up to ten years if she or he can't. (In 2001, after lobbying from lawyers such as Jos Peter D'Souza,

the law was amended and made more lenient, if inconsistently.)[8] After ten minutes I found myself discussing whether there could be another "solution." In order to help us, the father of the guesthouse had come out and was within earshot, so asking for baksheesh straightaway was difficult for the cops. I have heard of cases where ANCers confiscate all travel documents and demand three hundred dollars.

The following scenario, fit for a movie, was finally proposed to us. We could help them in their antinarcotics endeavors, *as foreigners.* The next day we would roam the flea market, look for a dealer, buy half a *thola*, come back for more, follow the dealer to his stash, where incognito ANCers, having followed us, would grab the dealer red-handed. The grotesque choice, it seemed, was between one of us getting six months or some petty Goan dealer getting ten years. The harsh reality of location was apparent. We pretended to take the bait, even shook hands. Although rather scared, we guessed that without any confiscation or report we had little to fear. As expected, there were no dealers at the flea market. The top ANC man kept sneaking about the guesthouse for a few days, still trying to intimidate what he perceived to be pliable backpackers, but we made sure we stayed out of his reach.

This experience not only illustrates the inventiveness of Goa's extortion machine up to the highest levels, it also reveals the opportunistic and cynical distinction Goa Police draw between foreign tourists, who have a lot of money to extract, and poor out-of-state Indians, who can be easily locked up for good PR. Although the use and sale of drugs is much higher among foreigners, and it is foreigners who import the LSD, Ecstasy, and cocaine into India, the figures show that arrests of Indians are disproportionately high.

In all raids, phenotype and location in cliques and power-geometries matter. Jos Peter D'Souza confirmed that there is a lot of "antihippie" sentiment among the ANC and the ultraconservative NDPS judges, who are an important vehicle through which the Government of Goa tries to crush low-revenue backpacker and party tourism in favor of powerful five-star projects. Although some officials indirectly profit from it, drugs tourism on the whole stands in the way of constructing Goa as a well-policed beach resort for the rich. Insp. Raposo of the ANC told me flatly that intelligence and conviction would be easier if police work didn't have to deal with "human rights" rules applying to suspects. In 2003 there was a debate in the Goan press on whether drug peddlers should receive the death penalty. There is thus a tendency in the ANC, the government, and a section of the public toward a policy of ruthlessly wiping out

Table 1. Narcotics-related arrests in Goa, 1991–2001

Country of person arrested	*1991*	*1992*	*1993*	*1994*	*1995*	*1996*	*1997*	*1998*	*1999*	*2000*	*2001*
India	19	37	35	14	13	31	6	13	17	33	11
Nepal	—	4	4	1	—	2	1	1	—	1	5
United Kingdom	3	1	—	2	—	1	2	4	—	1	—
Germany	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	1	—	1	—
France	2	2	—	1	1	1	—	1	2	—	—
Scandinavia	1	—	1	2	—	—	1	—	—	—	—
Netherlands	1	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1
Italy	3	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—
Ireland	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Switzerland	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	1	—
Austria	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spain	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—
Yugoslavia	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Greece	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
Israel	3	—	2	—	—	7	—	1	—	—	1
Africa	4	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	2	2	1
Japan	1	—	—	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
United States	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—
Canada	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1	—	—	—
Australia	1	—	—	—	2	3	—	—	—	—	—
Iran	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—
Iraq	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
Total	40	45	43	27	20	49	12	23	22	39	21
Jailed	48%	71%	54%	40%	81%	67%	73%	94%	94%	N/A	N/A

Note: Figures for 2001 are through September 30. Cases of most of those arrested in 2000 and 2001 were still pending or being investigated in 2002.
Source: Internal documents, ANC.

Anjuna's white counterculture, even as it brings in large sums of (black) money.

In an earlier chapter I argued that the risk of psychopathology is intrinsic to travel. Sometimes, unsuspecting tourists or careless freaks are singled out, their visible foreignness promising far bigger baksheesh than what most Indians could pay. (If the Indians are wealthy enough, their father's connections get them out.) When circumstances look right, the ANC does a raid on a foreign dealer who is already getting into trouble mentally, physically, socially. Clergy, tourism developers, politicians, and judges are most happy to see foreign dealers behind bars. Within the context of a moralizing discourse about the imposition on Goa of drug abuse and AIDS, whites are therefore far more prone to be stopped on bikes and extorted for breaching traffic laws or possession of illegal substances. As a consequence, the Goa freaks are constantly on the lookout for cops. Tales about the planting of drugs, random raids, exorbitant bribes, evil judges, and miserable prisons fuel paranoia and a hatred for any Indian in uniform.

Most arrests are planned by the police, together with befriended local dealers. The Goa Police newsletter states nicely: "Many informants from the locality in the coastal villages have been *cultivated*, who are being briefed constantly for collection of intelligence. The informants are being given cash incentives in order to encourage them to collect information regarding drug activities."[9] In reality, it works something like this. A dealer notifies the police he's selling a kilo of *charas*. The police turn up and catch the buyer red-handed, but report only 500 grams, and give the rest back to the first dealer. This is mostly done to North Indians, whom Goans generally don't get along with. Given that the arrests are planned this way, almost all reports are faulty in one way or another. If there's one thing to be noted from the figures of narcotics seizures in Goa (except that Ecstasy was first confiscated in the year of Goa trance's breakthrough in Europe), it is that they are erratic, nebulous, and definitely untrustworthy.

The perversion of the law means that Jos Peter D'Souza, who handles most cases for foreigners in Goa, often succeeds in obtaining acquittal based on illicit procedure. I've looked into the documents of some of his narcotics cases, and they can be quite mind-boggling. "Kafka's *The Trial* makes more sense than jurisdiction in Goa," he says. This means, on the one hand, that foreign offenders are deeply dependent on his expertise, again underlying their foreignness in India. On the other hand, India's slow bureaucracy leads to irritation and incredulity on the part of the

foreigners, who take it out on D'Souza and act with a "superior attitude" even in a very fragile position. "They're absolutely ridiculous, men, these foreigners."

Intent though judges are on convicting of foreigners, D'Souza often wins the case or at least gets the accused out on bail with the financial help of his or her family and logistical help from diplomatic agencies. However, traffickers from Kashmir, Himachal Pradesh, and Nepal, who lack the money and backing from the embassy/consulate that most foreign nationals enjoy, end up being the scapegoat for the foreign dealers. As E., a former dealer told me, these poorer dealers are imprisoned "just to make some statistics," that is, for ANC propaganda. It's clear the law and order that the police and legal forces aim for in Goa's drug economy is one in which foreigners and Indians are treated very unequally. Of course, the profound corruption and hypocrisy primarily benefit the authorities. This is a far cry from a policy of sustainably dealing with international drug trafficking and the pathology of traveling.

To wrap up my argument about location: the organization of Anjuna's parties reveals how freaks are collectively positioned in terms of their phenotype and foreignness. The music of the freaks is seen as polluting and disturbing—as noise—by most Goans. Environmental regulation and lawsuits like that against Goa2000 follow from the fact that Anjuna's trance scene takes place throughout the night, in open air, and close to people's beds. The intensive difference between foreigners who want to party and villagers who need to sleep before working was almost bound to lead to conflict. What's more, as the parties attract more and more Indian youth, foreigners (people who are recognizably itinerant) are blamed for a range of social problems. The government therefore tries to uphold a staunch antiparties, antihippie image for electoral reasons. As a result, denunciations of any intervention of local authorities in the scene abound among freaks. In short, the politics of noise leads to interracial antagonism between freaks and officials.

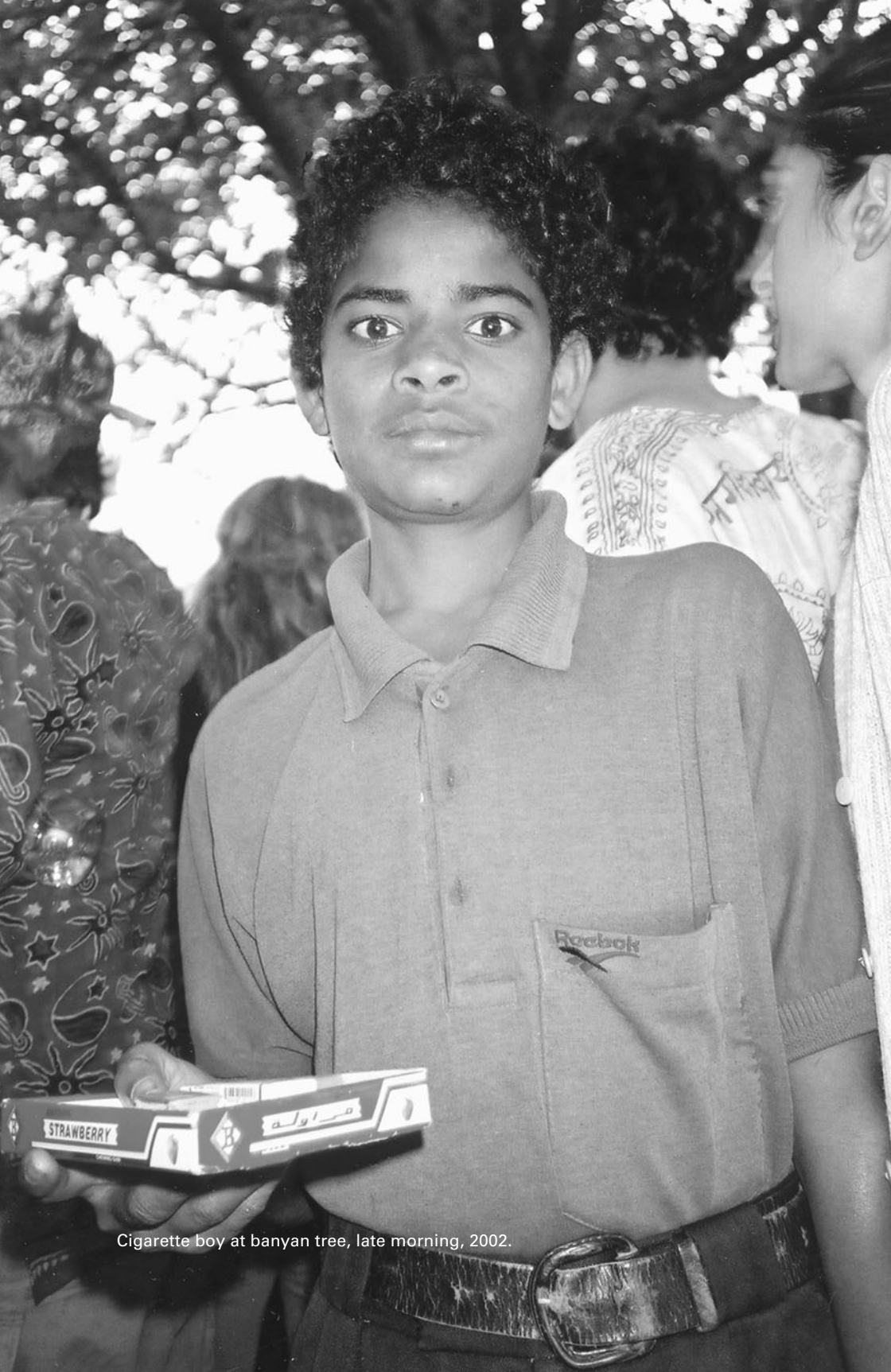
What complicates this antagonism is that a deep-rooted baksheesh system is necessary for the psy-trance music to happen. Foreign drug dealers and deejays are dependent on Goans for organizing parties, as being white and not knowing Konkani or contact persons, they wouldn't be capable of venturing into local corruption. Phenotype matters greatly for the risks of getting into trouble with law and order; on bikes, for instance, white faces are routinely picked out. The ANC plans raids on easy targets among white dealers, who are still better positioned to get themselves out of the mess than the petty Indian dealers are. In Anjuna's

Table 2. Narcotics seizures in Goa, 1991–2001

Drug	*1991*	*1992*	*1993*	*1994*	*1995*	*1996*	*1997*	*1998*	*1999*	*2000*	*2001*
charas	7,130	20,000	13,500	8,000	18,415	39,820	4,781	16,460	4,971	51,056	3,500
ganja	1,368	5,000	26,000	10,000	8,424	2,583	1,900	—	57,197	5,979	14,813
cocaine	8	—	—	—	—	1	—	105	17	83	—
heroin	261	54	646	10	—	260	—	2,114	6	965	130
brown sugar	37.3	70	130	—	12	26	—	—	17	100	173
opium	32	—	107	—	—	60	—	3,000	96	2,250	—
LSD	—	50	164	83	622	420	—	27	239.5	4	12
Ecstasy	—	—	—	—	—	99	12	—	20	1,630	693

Note: Other seizures included 64 "Mandrex tablets" in 1993; 120 grams of "*charas* powder" in 1995; 3 grams of "Ecstasy powder" and 1 gram of "brown sugar tablets" in 1996; 6 "cellophane papers" hash oil, 3 "strips" of "prohibited drugs," and 31 grams of morphine in 1999; and 112 grams of morphine, 500 grams of "hash," and 36 grams of "amphetamine tablets" in 2000. Figures for 2001 are through September 30. LSD and Ecstasy are measured in number of doses; others are measured in grams. Brown sugar is unrefined heroin.
Source: Internal documents, ANC.

ecology of different speeds and degrees of foreignness, Indians are therefore imprisoned more easily: the viscosity of connectedness. Finally, stories about corruption are rife in Anjuna, confirming both scene savviness and stereotypes of a third-world state snatching incautious white travelers for its own interests and agendas. For freaks, India's third-worldness is inescapable.



Cigarette boy at banyan tree, late morning, 2002.

15
Dealing with the Third World

In India, if you have money, you are the king! You are the raja!

—Alon

Rich Hippies

Given the power-geometries of race and money, how do whites conduct themselves in the face of poor, brown others of third-worldness? In the contact zone, difference (locational, economic, phenotypical, cultural) between bodies can either be tamed and solidified through the faciality machine or invite a reponse akin to what Levinas calls the face-to-face, in which both parties let themselves be swept away by the alterity of the other. Evidently, actual responses to difference are a mix of these two possibilities, but what remains important is the difference in the first place: the virtual capacity of an encounter to invite mutual engagement. This virtuality is the intensive difference formed within any encounter. As can be expected, it is on the dance floor that the politics of location becomes the most intense.

Stuart Hall mentions the "assumption of poverty" that characterized the American hippies. Freaking out of middle-class whiteness meant looking scruffy, hanging out in questionable areas, even begging:

> Indeed, open begging in the streets is a more striking and dramatic enactment of symbolic poverty than rough clothes, bed-rolls and sandals: there is a long tradition of travelling rough 'on the road'; but, for affluent America, begging is a major 'bring down', particularly when committed by the children of the well-to-do.[1]

Begging white youths were a common site in India in the late sixties and seventies—a powerful "bringing down" of whites from the traditional imperial association with virtue and money power. But, as Hall argues, adopting spaces, appearances, and practices of the poor remained "symbolic" as long as the hippies remained visibly *from elsewhere:* "The congregation of different 'deviant' strata in the same urban area [or ashram, or coastal village] does not take place without internal strains and tensions, for the respective groups have often reached the same geographical location by very different paths."[2]

Conspicuous consumption, intrinsic to freak culture, led to the decadence of seventies Anjuna, and begging was quickly left to Indians and junkies. Cleo Odzer told me: "We were hippies, but we were rich hippies." On the whole, especially since the early nineties, white travelers in India are well fed, financially secure, and can fly home at any time. Even without any education, any Indian from the age of three knows this. It is apparent in all financial transactions between freaks/backpackers and Indians. As mentioned earlier, "budget" travelers in India after some time develop a paranoia about being cheated, which is also a kind of subcultural capital:

> This paranoia sometimes makes travellers behave strangely. They are obsessed with the idea of not paying more than the local price, which is a result of their obsession with competence and skill. The constant vigilance against being ripped off by the locals is what gives the travellers in India that fatigued, suffering India look.[3]

Comparing prices—how much do you pay for your room? how cheap did you get your *charas*?—and ridiculing each other for paying too much is a favorite pastime among backpackers. Goa freaks, especially Israelis, can become incredibly nasty to Indians over as little as a few rupees. Convinced that the flea market's prices are exorbitant, freaks are only there to hang around, distinguishing themselves from the shoppers, that is, the charter and domestic tourists. Perhaps paradoxically, Shahal from Israel summarized the general economic attitude of backpacking in India by saying that "you don't have to think about money in India." If they're careful enough, Westerners (the "you" in the quote) can live on three to ten times less in India than at home. But the frugality is selective. Freaks are happy to pay for things like gas, cocaine, and Gillette shaving gel.

Tom Thumb writes about partying in Anjuna: "It's no fun trying to hold your head together on acid and turn to find a beggar thrusting their poverty in your face—especially if they look like they're having a better

time than you!"[4] I don't know what he means with the last part of this quote. Although Goa's migrant beggar children do at times laugh, dance, or play at parties, they would conceivably have a far better time with a proper education and a job, so they could one day choose to hitchhike to the UK and maybe take some acid there. Putting it bluntly gives a sense of the blatant disparities in life chances that *constitute* Anjuna's music tourism, as well as the necessary ethical choices they entail for all involved. Being white in public in the third world demands almost uninterrupted engagement with one's body—tourists are "walking dollar signs," perceivable from afar. This leads to annoyance, frustration, and often an inability to enjoy the holiday. Goa is regularly overwhelmed by allegedly licensed New Delhi "ear-cleaners," who for a stiff sum claim to remove goo and stones from the ears of tourists. Only newcomers fall into their trap. Far more obstinate than textile vendors, I've seen many a tourist and freak get so fed up that they resorted to verbal abuse and physical violence to get ear-cleaners away. Irritation may be a very common affect of the wealthy tourist in the third world.

The history of European colonialism cannot be separated from contemporary relationships between white and brown bodies. As commentators such as Richard Dyer point out, whites as a population have a historical habit of being forgetful about their technological, economic, and symbolic privilege.[5] That does not mean that every white body equally reproduces this attitude. Nevertheless, my contention is that for every white body, this historical background forms a *problem.* Phenotype itself propels bodies to ethics, to making decisions about how to behave as rich whites.

Let me focus on the parties again to elucidate what could be called, inspired by Frantz Fanon, "the fact of whiteness."[6] You feel your whiteness because of the poor Indians present: the Goan chai mamas, often accompanied by husband and children, selling chai, coffee, cakes, fruit, cigarettes, chewing gum, omelet sandwiches, falafel, samosas; their children fetching beer and water for the tourists, and wetting the dance floor to abate dust formation during the morning phase; young boys and men walking around selling cigarettes, lighters, watermelon, ice lollies, glow sticks, garlands, croissants, doughnuts; fruit ladies of the beach; migrant laborers cleaning up in the morning; various men connected to the organization of the party; sometimes in the morning, an Indian flute player with a decorated bull (and once, at German Bakery, an elephant); and finally, the out-of-state beggars, who have become more and more organized. Economic activity at parties is such that the big ones start to

resemble the flea market, with Karnatak girls selling jewelry. One was suggesting to tripping freaks that they should buy one of her silk lungis to tear into chillum *safis*.

Many parties, especially at German Bakery, have unrealistically large (thus competitive) mat areas. The closer to the dance floor, the better a chai mama knows the "mat boss." Paying him around two hundred rupees a party, the chai mamas are obviously unhappy with the institutionalization of the morning phase, which makes tourists chill out at home. With Paradiso just about the only regular venue in the 2005–6 season, there was hardly a mat economy to speak of anymore in Anjuna. This is not just a great loss for the chai mamas; they were integral to the scene. Finding your friends, warming up with some chai, the pre-dance-floor chillum circles, distributing your pills and acid, dumping your bag, and waiting for the Indians to leave: this is what chai mamas were for. In their stoic, sometimes stern ways, chai mamas could also be therapeutic:

ANDI They were very very fantastic because there's also a human thing no. Some people sometime you learn eh you know the chai mummy, then . . . then you feel maybe a little bit strange or bad or [unclear] and then the chai mummy cools you down no. And and they're always witty, and eh . . . not all, but most of them, you know, and they can, just to giving you some blahblah which eh makes you feel better. Even if what they say is not important. But it's just it's just a human thing you know, the . . . the the emotional . . . thing, the—

Connection.

ANDI Connection, somebody likes you, somebody loves you, even if it's for you, even if it's for you ten rupees for a chai, but . . . But then eh you can sit down, you can chill out, then you smoke a chillum, then again you go on the dance floor, and it's okay, you know.

Yeah. It's perfect having . . . And has this always been?

ANDI They're so fantastic! It's always been from the beginning.

Always been?

ANDI The chai mummies were just a must.

Knowing a chai mama shows that you're a party regular. Some chai mamas exploit that. B., a middle-aged Goan all freaks know, would beckon me as she did with many long-staying boys and men: "Arun! How are you? Chai coffee?" This gave me the visible status of a regular, while asking customer loyalty in return. As on the beach, it would be wrong to

suppose these economic relationships are purely rational. Like most Goans, chai mamas are concerned about the welfare of those regulars who have friendly relationships with them—especially, as DJ Andi indicates, in the druggy space of parties. Even then, and despite hellos, overall respect for chai mamas is low. By 5 a.m. it is far too crowded and late for the chai mamas to still be calling out for customers and their presence recedes into the background. At that point, their main concern is to get through the party with no chai glasses lost, and their mats not too tattered by stoned people oblivious of walking over them. The rest of the family sleeps amid the commotion of feet and bass frequencies.

Then there are the beggars. Is there anywhere else in the world where there is organized begging on a dance floor? They are not Goan beggars; they're seasonal migrants like the laborers, working for someone or other. Of all Indians, beggars are most forceful in exposing whiteness. In many tourists, poor Indians incite not pity but constant complaining and even contempt. I overheard a British charter tourist once say at Shore Bar about vending, "It's disgusting, a fucking shame to the community." Beggars hardly ever receive money. Young freaks can stare coldly at begging kids until they leave, or shush them away with *nei!* (no, in Hindi), *cello cello* (go, go), *bas!* (enough), "Why like this," "No, no money!" I've seen pushing and threats to hit. There seems to be a palpable consensus among the freaks that the presence of vendors and beggars is not merely bothersome, but illegitimate. As with vendors on the beach, the most effective and widespread method for dealing with them is *deliberate indifference:* just act as if they're not there. This can get difficult when a half-sleeping underfed kid is pulling at your trousers, making the sign for food as your E is just coming up.

The stubbornness in ignoring poor Indians and their attempts to get attention is thus very much an acknowledgment of their presence, even an acknowledgment of the economic disparity that drives them to be so persistent—but also a refusal to show that one actually cares. As Karin and Silke from Denmark stressed, Goa's music tourism is purely escapist, even decadent, in trying to carve out a fantasy space in the third world. Charlotte, also from Denmark, called the situation "fake," and hostility against Indians at parties "the worst form of discrimination." Maybe my questions incited these critical comments, however. Being myself troubled by the interlocking of escapism with racism, I had numerous conversations with like-minded backpackers, charter tourists, and hippie elders about it. We all agreed that deliberate indifference is necessary in order to have fun on the dance floor and not be bogged down by guilt. I too had to learn it.

MARK I think everybody's coming here with the same, with the same . . . with the same . . .

NINA Expectation.

MARK Yeah, with the same expectations. Just having fun, you know. Not not eh thinking about the problems you have at home or somewhere else, just having fun. And meet other people and party.

Effectively, Anjuna's location in the third world needs to be denied, while it is its very third-worldness (low prices, corrupt cops, exoticism) that constituted the rave scene. Simon Lewis's novel *Go* modestly criticizes this paradox. What is significant is that the intensive differences of an Indian village actually inspired a novelist. Note how Lewis shifts from the scene's spectacular psychedelic nature (probably at Disco Valley) to its racial segregation:

> About half the people here are stood about dancing, the others sat around the chai mamas, drinking and smoking. . . .
>
> A bare-chested man in a bandanna walks around asking for skins. A girl in flares with rings on her toes dances besides a man in swimming trunks. Someone talks about someone who chased a frisbee and fell off a cliff. A man with plaits in his beard squats cross-legged on the sand and hums. "But Dad," comes a small voice, "I don't want any acid." A crouching woman digs a hole in the sand, using her hands as a spade.
>
> "Mental here, isn't it?" says Lee.
>
> "I wonder what they think?" says Sol, pointing. Lee follows his finger and sees, high above, on the next hilltop, a line of people silhouetted against the sky, some holding hands. They are standing, watching. Locals; Lee hasn't noticed them before.[7]

There *is* no "just having fun," and certainly not for "everybody," not in a third-world country. The differential locations of the contact zone become compellingly obvious as droves of poor Indians nag white tourists to give them a fraction of what's spent on air travel and drugs. In the encounter with beggars and vendors, on the dance floor, hallucinating, the constitution of Goa freaks as foreign, rich, white subjects is at its most acute.

Vulnerability

The economic disparity at a party is as intense as the visual economy assigning categories (brown, Indian, poor, selling) to the different bodies. Together, they make it very difficult for interracial communication to

Beggar woman at banyan tree, midmorning, 2002.

occur. I attended enough parties to reach the depressing conclusion that Anjuna's psychedelic norms prescribe that one doesn't look at, talk to, or touch poor Indians. There is, then, some reason to be sentimental about the rare occasions on which irritation gives way to more engaging face-to-face encounters between freaks and poor Indians. This was Levinas's understanding of the face, going beyond or above that of Deleuze and Guattari and Goffman: the presence of a person so different from oneself that categories and etiquette cease to take hold, and there is only responsibility toward the non-sameness of the other:

> It is not that there first would be the face, and then the being it manifests or expresses would concern himself with justice; the epiphany of the face qua face opens humanity. The face in its nakedness as a face presents to me the destitution of the poor one and the stranger; but this poverty and exile which appeal to my powers, address me, do not deliver themselves over these powers as givens, remain the expression of the face. The poor one, the stranger, presents himself as an equal.[8]

In contrast to Levinas, I consider the face-to-face as wholly *immanent*, not as a transcendence into common humanity. The face-to-face emerges from sensing the intensive difference, the particular charge between oneself and another, not simply from universal membership of a species. Jeffrey Nealon has read William S. Burroughs through Levinas, to argue that

being-on-drugs radically opens subjectivity to alterity. Echoing Avital Ronell, Nealon considers the encounter between a subject and an addictive substance as nonhuman and impersonal: "'Junk' forces us to confront the face of that which is wholly other—other even to the other person."[9] However, in my case, the bodies on drugs are *already* differentiated and facialized, and any phenomenological "nonhumanization" of a subject needs to be framed within the power relations of a heterogeneous collectivity.

A short list of examples of morning phase intimacies between whites and poor Indians indicates at least the potential for the face-to-face in Anjuna: two white women hugging, carrying, and dancing with two beggar girls about ten years old for more than fifteen minutes at German Bakery, spinning round and round, the girls asking for more and the women apparently not getting tired (or, in the light of previous discussion, not becoming embarrassed by the disapproving glances of other freaks—there was not a single encouraging smile); many other times, happy white women hugging begging mothers or fruit ladies; a British junglista rock 'n' rolling with a vendor boy of about eleven on Sound Conspiracy's tekno; two white boys kicking a ball with local kids at German Bakery; freaks inviting local boys into chillum circles; local children getting into water fights with overheated dancers; a white kid painting local kids with fluoro paint at Banyan Tree; faux-boxing between vendor boys and male freaks; getting a begging woman's baby to laugh; dancing with the old beggar man; paying beggars some drink or food, which they then share.

The most shockingly intimate interaction between white and brown was when a thirty-something woman at a small party next to Anjuna Temple tightly hugged a beggar girl of about twelve for about a minute, then picked her up and danced energetically for a full ten minutes with the girls' legs wrapped around her waist, all the while smiling and staring intently into the girls' eyes. The girl seemed too unsure about the whole thing to really enjoy it. The other whites looked away. Dubious though this event was, it is paramount to comprehend why it is infrequent. Being cool in Anjuna means not caring about poor people, especially not hugging them in the full sunshine when the rest of the audience is stoned and high and trying to forget that this is, still, the third world. I couldn't help remembering the event when reading Levinas's translator Alphonso Lingis:

> Beneath the face as a surface of signs, we see the skin in its carnality and vulnerability. We see in the spasms, the wrinkles, the wounds on her skin, the urgency of her hunger, her thirst, her cold, her fever, her fear, or her

> despair. We are immediately afflicted with these wounds, these wants, this suffering. In our hands extended to clasp her hands, touch turns to tact and tenderness.[10]

Sensuous moments of ethics always need to be contextualized. It is not that hugging Indian kids necessarily illustrates that whites "understand" poverty. Sometimes, whites try to convince the children that it's "not right" that they're still up and not at school. These encounters also only take place when the dancing crowd is at its highest on party chemicals and there's massive white momentum (hence very few domestic tourists). The encounters are heavily gendered. Three meaty Austrian charter tourists in bermudas and boots lay around a young chai mama at Disco Valley, cornering her and asking her one question after another. In my experience, women and girls approach poor Indians on a more equal footing; with white men there was a fine line between fooling around and using poor Indians, especially children and the elderly, as psychedelic toys. I could see some others become as uneasy as I was when a forty-something guy picked up a chai mama's boy of about two and violently shook him in the air at Banyan Tree. Quite bizarrely, at another Banyan Tree party, the octogenarian beggar with thick glasses and temple offerings, a party regular of sorts, suddenly started madly hopping up and down to the banging psy-trance. Had someone fed him a puff of chillum? At a party next to Anjuna Temple, a heavily tripping Briton grabbed a vendor boy's box of ice lollies, climbed up the speakers, and threw the lollies around, first to people cheering, then aiming for the underbelly of a female domestic tourist, shouting "Pussy!" The vendor boy stood helplessly by. It was unclear whether his ice lollies were paid for.

Any interaction between freaks and poor Indians in Anjuna's contact zone is *heavy* with the politics of location. The distribution of wealth and mobility over phenotypically differentiable bodies seems to disallow any mutual relationships. There are feelings of annoyance, anger, and indifference on the part of the foreigners. But the contact zone also contains the possibility for other feelings, for explicit involvements with economic and phenotypical otherness, and this possibility does sometimes erupt. In these involvements, whites *feel* (as opposed to analyze) that their own privilege depends on the subjugation of other people. They stop taking their sameness, their location, their face, their subjectivity for granted. It isn't that they "recognize" the other, but they enter a field of intensive differences in which identities don't hold. Although being friendly to poor Indians might be part of being psychedelic or frantically enthusiastic,

there is in these intimacies and playfulness at least the sense that the dance floor is never populated by rich, white, foreign bodies alone. Although being white in India makes most freaks ignore "the stranger, the poor one," a cosmopolitan, Levinasian ethics would start with these ambivalent encounters.

when the music's over

> People look for this place. People come specially for this kind of place. The minute trance isn't there, people will go to another place.
>
> —Gili

Contact zones such as Anjuna are intense eruptions of unequal interactions between different bodies. A contact zone is like a motel, a mixture of mobility, an ecology of differential speeds. Researching such a zone means tracing how human bodies are located in the geographies of capitalism and white privilege. We cannot talk of embodiment without talking about globalization, the continuously shifting planetary constellation of the relative speeds and slownesses of populations, commodities, foods, electricity, water, viruses, currencies, data, weather systems, drugs, and so on—the "and so on" requiring empirical precision. Contact zones are about far more than the encounter of "cultures."

Conceiving globalization in this materialist way, I've been exploring several aspects of the specific location of the Goa freaks, which variously lead to their viscosity. Globalization is not "inscribed" upon bodies, but bodies themselves connect to flows in certain ways, and this makes them different from each other. Thus Anjuna's clique formation follows from knowing each other from earlier travels, knowing the same language, and sharing music and drugs. The formation of a white zone at the flea market followed not only from visual economy, but from white people's better connection to economies elsewhere, as well as their unwillingness to share the market with too many Indian merchants. In the meantime, by demonizing the hippie foreigners as the bearers of disease and danger, a large portion of Goan intellectuals underline phenotypical difference and create the conditions for the zero-tolerance policies of intelligence and police.

The conflict over Anjuna seems to be concentrated around the question whether psychedelic trance is noise, or whether it is music.

The fact that India is a third-world country means that there will be poor people trying to sell stuff to white people. This corresponds to a powerful *imperative* to respond to poverty. Occasionally, whites in Anjuna forget about subcultural snobbery and visual economy and do engage with locals or domestic tourists in more positive and humble ways. When this happens, whites venture into virtual reality, exploring new intensive differences between them and the third-world context of "their" psy-trance scene. India's third-worldness arguably also means that the better part of rupees generated through tourism in Anjuna is illegal. Greed among the police led, during the 1980s and 1990s, to a baksheesh system in which only consortiums can survive, while public outcry about the parties, especially since 1999–2000, continues to make courts and politicians crack down heavily on noise pollution. It's a vicous circle, and it makes Anjuna's music economy highly unpredictable. It also makes freaks more viscous. As they grow sick of Indian institutions, their denunciation of everything Indian becomes stronger and it becomes more difficult for domestic tourists (or researchers) to mingle with the whites.

According to Eight-Fingered Eddy and Cleo Odzer, freaks have been saying "Goa is dead" since the early seventies. There is no doubt that since the party bans started being imposed around 1994–95, the resentment about the scene has grown and many tranceheads (as on the 604 discussion list) have lost interest in Goa. Many pages of my field notes attempt to capture the eerie atmosphere in Anjuna when a party ban is in place. There is far less movement, the mood is subdued, and people either try to make the best of it in Nine Bar and Paradiso and at home or they go to Hampi or Gokarna to chill out until the music recommences. Daily there are rumors about a party that turn out to be false. Thoroughly disappointed charter tourists fly back to Manchester without having been to a single rave. Chai mamas and taxi wallahs complain too, and representatives go to the Bardez MLA for lobbying. Dealers make little money. During those frustrating times, everyone except the antinoise activists loaths the Goan authorities.

The party ban seems to have become permanent during high season. When I returned to Anjuna after almost three years in December 2005, it was immediately obvious that the Israeli mass had shifted elsewhere (many to Arambol and Hampi). Shore Bar's Wednesday parties were over; Primrose could hardly attract any freaks, even with its new inside club space; Nine Bar was still the place to be, even though there hardly was an incrowd left; I recognized no old-timers anywhere and could discern little

freak fashion; there were no more deejay favorites, no more stable party consortiums except for some Russians in Morjim, and no more Israelis involved in the flea market; the South Anjuna and Beach Tel Aviv scenes seemed dissipated. And *no parties*. Everyone blamed it on the resolute way India's new center-left government was approaching the laws regarding noise and corruption. The Anjunkars almost disavowed it, but business hadn't been this bad for a very long time. I'd never heard Anjuna's crows so clearly in December mornings, never heard so few Enfields, never seen the junction so tranquil. Paradiso was open daily until 6 a.m., catering exclusively to rich domestic tourists and charter tourists, with hard and progressive trance, not psy-trance. Its bass couldn't be heard outside and no chai mamas were allowed, even in the parking lot. This was no longer the psy-trance scene that I've been describing.

Even Hilltop, with all its might, couldn't secure a December 24 party. Only on New Year's Eve did it get exemption from the party ban, as did the Disco Valley consortium for a party next to Banyan Tree (which flopped). Hilltop had the tightest security ever, no vendors, few mats, and exorbitant prices. As before, the night deejays played ridiculously heavy and

Hilltop, around 10 a.m. on January 1, 2006.

undanceable noise-core to get as many Indians out of the way before the morning. But Indians are scene-savvy now. As predicted, there were a whole lot more hip Indian youngsters during the morning phase—Indian clubbing culture has clearly come of age. The morning phase itself was, for me and undoubtedly everyone else, living proof that psychedelic possibilities were still lurking in Anjuna. The Israelis, Japanese, hippie elders, and dads with their just-wakened two-year-olds on their shoulder had emerged again, all the freaks eager to stomp out with their feet the frustration of having had to wait so long. Madness was still around in Anjuna: at 11 a.m. a white man undressed completely and, arms folded like a stubborn child, refused to move from his squatting position. Although this only morning phase of the peak season was no longer white as I described it in earlier chapters, the abstract machine of faciality still reigned in disallowing communication between the nationalities present. If Indian clubbers define the directions Goa's dance culture will take, it will become more commodified and completely taken out of the hands of Anjunkars. And although perhaps new faces will be invented in this phenotypically hybrid psychedelic culture, faciality and economic inequality will continue to constitute it.

"The Criminal Justice Act [1994] put a stop on the outdoor scene in the UK, and so everyone went to Goa. Now Goa is gone where can we go?" asked an old-time British raver in despair in a *Guardian* article on the party bans (February 7, 2000). In the epigraph to this chapter, Gili from Israel voiced the crucial consequence of the party bans in terms of the politics of location. When the music's over, he and other psy-trancers will simply leave for another rave tourism destination. After tens of thousands of words on Anjuna, one shouldn't forget it is but one hub in the geography of tourism and youth culture. Goa has always been part of a larger circuit of hedonistic tourism, and if its infrastructure can no longer support a stable party agenda, psy-trancers can fly to Ibiza, Ko Pa Nang, Riga, Cape Town, Kyoto, or Mexico instead. If it's unlikely that Anjuna's parties will ever stop completely, it's as unlikely that their organization will show signs of attaining transparency, fairness, and sustainability.

For the younger freaks, however, their clique viscosity, distrust of anything official and intellectual, and lack of responsibility toward the local population point to the bottom line of Anjuna's rave tourism: it need not be in Anjuna at all. Even though other destinations don't have the same corrupt machines to organize three outdoor parties a week and the same mythical freak aura that South Anjuna has, at least their beaches will be better, or there are clubs, or it's cheaper, or the supply of acid is guaranteed. It goes without saying that it is the tourism-dependent Anjunkars

who suffer the most from party bans. Foreign drug dealers can make money anywhere; police and politicians will get baksheesh from other sectors; deejays can play at raves in other countries. The party bans only rub it in that locals are *local* and need to make their money in Anjuna itself. They've built shacks and expensive Internet cafés, they've laid down the mats, changed the look of the entire landscape—all for nothing if loud music remains illegal. If psy-trance were to stop, it's difficult to think how Anjuna is going to survive. When the music's over, as Jim Morrison sings dramatically, turn out the lights.

16
A Machinic Geography of Phenotype

> Hitler got the fascists sexually aroused. Flags, nations, armies, banks get a lot of people aroused. A revolutionary machine is nothing if it does not acquire at least as much force as these coercive machines have for producing breaks and mobilizing flows.
>
> —Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari,
> *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*

The Viscosity of Race

So far my ethnography. Now let me explain how it got me thinking. Through the distribution of subcultural capital, white psy-trancers in Goa use the intensities of music and drugs to delineate themselves from others. Dancing for hours on LSD, incorporating the etiquette of chillum smoking, letting themselves be united with the entire landscape, or, on the flip side, finding themselves imprisoned in India-psychosis: it is precisely the exoticist and reckless attitudes of foreigners toward India that make their embodiment distinctive. By stressing the corporeality of touristic and musical practices, especially as managed through sociochemical monitoring, I could show how psychedelics in Anjuna *thickened*, instead of transcended, the whiteness of those participating. In short: psychedelics makes white bodies viscous. Were I to have stuck to psy-trance discourse alone, I might have concluded that in Anjuna race was transcended. One aspect of race in Anjuna is that it is *embodied*; it is sensuous and self-transforming, the way sexuality is for Foucault.

Then I presented the faces of Goa. My concept of face includes faciality (Deleuze and Guattari), face-work (Goffman), and the face-to-face (Levinas). An abstract machine of faciality resides immanently in the ways particular types of bodies interact with objects and environmental conditions, and consists of the virtual tendencies to converge into faces. Race isn't just embodied in human bodies, it is what I'm going to call "machinic."

It emerges out of physical interconnections *between* human bodies and a plethora of sub- and superhuman entities and processes. In Nine Bar and Primrose Bar, the couplings of architecture, light, music, chillums, and phenotype enable a quasi-automatic territorialization of bodies. Because of the constant glancing around that ensured this distribution, it's a "visual economy." The foreignness of Goa freaks is paradoxically enhanced by bodily markers borrowed from India, such as the Enfield motorbike, flip-flops, Om, and yoga. The most acute actualization of Anjuna's faciality machine occurs during the morning phase at parties, when domestic tourists are subtly but predictably forced from the dance floor. This is putatively because there are many drunk males among them, but more plainly because the morning phase, visual economy, the sun itself, have, since the seventies, "belonged" to white Goa freaks. *They* perpetuated the parties. Again, the differentiation and viscosity of bodies through interactions with their physical surroundings would be impossible to study if the materiality of social relations were only appreciated as mediated through discourse.

To avoid a pessimistic reading of Deleuze and Guattari, it needs to be stressed that bodies facialize themselves and therefore leave space for negotiation. On the beach, ritualized interactions between whites and Indians follow from mutual stereotyping and lead to segregation. Occasionally, however, face-work leads to a temporary face-to-face in which tourists and seasonal merchants or locals simply enjoy each other's presence. The sharp asymmetry in life chances, upbringing, appearance, and mobility—*intensive differences*—draws these bodies into reciprocally caring for each other, attaining a peep of a different world, and coming out of the encounter slightly changed. Economic and phenotypical difference is not transcended, as some might wish for, but acknowledged as unjustly interconnected. In my experience, by and large, it's shorter-staying whites—that is, charter tourists and backpackers rather than Goa freaks—who are more inclined to this Levinasian ethics. It seems that staying longer means a more thorough enmeshment in the machinic processes of faciality.

Of course, Anjuna's materiality of race cannot be studied without reference to how and why there were different bodies in the first place. *Location* is the impact on a person's capacities of wider histories and geographies of class, race, colonialism, nation-state, and geopolitics. An embodied, machinic framework needs to include the politics of location to understand what goes on in a place under conditions of globalization. By bringing together bodies from different places for different lengths of time, "contact zones" are especially prone to highlight a body's location. An ecology of differential speeds of Anjuna shows that by being or having

been on the road and by socializing with certain people in certain spaces (private parties, the flea market, Nine Bar, guesthouses; in Moscow, Tel Aviv, and Antwerp), Goa freaks stick together, separate from Goans and domestic and charter tourists.

Meanwhile, by being identified by Goan intellectuals, activists, and judges as bodies out of place and therefore dangerous to Anjuna's cultural and ecological equilibrium, the Goa freaks gain solidarity in their irritation about moral panics and subsequent police action against them. Goa's infamous party bans have long since made parties unpredictable and infrequent, and all locals making money off the parties complain each year about the declining number of foreign tourists. The freaks start going elsewhere; they can. Uneven geographies of mobility interlace with economic disparity that in turn interlaces with racial viscosity: this is the point I've been laboring to establish. At the flea market, for example, hippie elders trade in textiles tailor-made in Malaysia, which they also sell in other countries. The majority of Indian merchants do not have that option. If a white drug dealer or smuggler gets caught, she or he probably has enough cash for bail and a lawyer, and, by virtue of being foreign, exhibits a certain haughtiness in the face of Indian bureaucracy. Not so for Kashmiris or Rajasthanis.

As with visual economy and sociochemical monitoring, economic disparity is at its most acute at parties during the morning. The intensive difference between young whites on extended holiday, spending hundreds of rupees on Ecstasy and overpriced mineral water, and Indian mothers with babies begging, seldom leads to any genuine interaction. At almost all times, whites in India have to deal with the fact they are white, the fact they have more money and attract attention and can return home at almost any time. Quickly, to enjoy the holiday, they learn to feign indifference. If one considers representations alone, this fact of whiteness risks going unnoticed. Anjuna shows that the materiality of race is embodied, machinic, and ecological. This makes racial difference messy, both physically and conceptually entangled with the differences of gender, eroticism, class, and age. How is it possible to think racial difference as simultaneously fluid and fixing, at once relational and discrete, at once productive and constraining, and always supported by a bewildering array of physical components?

Machinism

Microfascism, faciality, flow, deterritorialization, rhizome, abstract machine, becoming woman, the molecular, strata: most of the evocative con-

cepts in Deleuze and Guattari's collaborative work were Guattari's. As he wrote:

> The capacity of human societies to escape from alienations territorialized in the ego, the person, the family, the race, the exploitation of labour, distinctions of sex and so on depends on a conjunction between the semiotics of consciousness and those of de-territorializing machinisms.[1]

Particularly important to the *Capitalism and Schizophrenia* endeavor was, I think, the mutual recognition that Guattari's political concepts matched Deleuze's ontological ones.[2] Guattari's "schizoanalytical" understanding of the unconscious displayed a strong urge to get rid of the Hegelianism of psychoanalysis and the traditional left, just as Deleuze's *Difference and Repetition* sought to break out of Hegelian dialectics and all "representational" thought on a metaphysical plane.[3] Guattari called his materialist, collective view of the unconscious "machinic" to distinguish it from the signifier- and family-obsessed psychoanalysis of Jacques Lacan. What I want to discuss in the closing chapters of this book is how Guattari's machinism helps me make both political and ontological sense of the emergence of race relations, first in Anjuna, and then in general. I want to propose a materialist theory of race, for I do think I can generalize from Anjuna. Perhaps it is the sheer possibility that the psychedelic lines of flight of white modernity are simultaneously concentrated and nullified in Anjuna that allows for the generalization. My fieldwork in Anjuna showed me, I think, the virtuality of race. Ethnography, as I stated at the outset, is thought.

The inspiration for Guattari's machinism initially came from cybernetics. He later turned to the urban theorist Lewis Mumford, as well as chaos theory and the cognitive scientist and Buddhist Francisco Varela. Of these Mumford is most relevant to our concerns. In *Technics and Civilization*, he traced the gradual and complex domination of Western culture by mechanical technology and its rationalist ideology. What is important here is not so much Mumford's pessimistic evaluation of technology as his materialist (if determinist and organicist) understanding of it, seeing tools as completely intertwined with human sensory life:

> Cranks, pistons, screws, valves, sinuous motions, pulsations, rhythms, murmurs, sleek surfaces, all are virtual counterparts of the organs and functions of the body, and they stimulated and absorbed some of the natural affections. But when that stage was reached, the machine was no longer a means and its operations were not merely mechanical and causal, but human and final: it contributed, like any work of art, to an organic equilibrium.[4]

Mumford called the nineteenth-century German engineer Franz Reuleaux the "first great morphologist of the machine."[5] In delineating the "machine-problem" from general mechanics in his *Kinematics of Machinery*, Reuleaux offered an influential definition: "A machine is a combination of resistant bodies so arranged that by their means the mechanical forces of nature can be compelled to do work accompanied by certain determinate motions."[6] For Reuleaux, a machine can only work by the "force-closure" of what he dubs the "kosmic freedom" that necessarily inhabits it. "The whole inner nature of the machine is . . . the result of a systematic restriction; its completeness indicates the increasingly skilful constrainment of motion until all definiteness is entirely removed. Mankind has worked for ages in developing this limitation."[7]

What Guattari retains from Mumford and Reuleaux is especially this creativity-through-restriction that lies at the heart of the machine. Machines are ensembles of connections that are productive by virtue of their concerted work. "Temporalization penetrates the machine on all sides and can be related to it only after the fashion of an event. The emergence of the machine marks a date, a change, different from a structural representation," writes Guattari.[8] It is important to add that the creativity comes from within the organized materiality of the machine, not just from human intervention, as Reuleaux made clear. Guattari radicalizes the definition of the machine to encompass humans and other living matter working *within* the machine to sustain it. For Guattari, machines are emergent, heterogeneous, multiple, constantly evolving and creating their own laws. Machinism thus describes processes very different from Newtonian mechanics. Machines are propelled by a virtual dimension always richer than what actually occurs—what Guattari calls their "body without organs." Machines succeed in becoming relatively stable and expanding only through inventively channeling their many constituent elements and flows. Guattari's general machinism was already implicit in Reuleaux and became explicit in Mumford's later concept of the "megamachine"; think of common expressions such as "the political machine." This is why Deleuze and Guattari could write in *Anti-Oedipus:* "The social machine is literally a machine, irrespective of any metaphor, inasmuch as it exhibits an immobile motor and undertakes a variety of interventions: flows are set apart, elements are detached from a chain, and portions of the tasks to be performed are distributed."[9] *Anti-Oedipus* thus suggests a historical anthropology of social machines in this wider but literal sense, from the "primitive territorial machine" to the "deterritorialization" of capitalism. Seen in this general way, social machines are quite

simply the thermodynamic outcomes of being human on Earth. Here is Mumford:

> The prime fact of all economic activity, from that of the lower organisms up to the most advanced human cultures, is the conversion of the sun's energies. . . . This seizure of energy is the original source of all our gains: on a purely energetic interpretation of the process, all that happens after this is a dissipation of energy—a dissipation that may be retarded, that may be dammed up, that may be temporarily diverted to human ingenuity, but in the long run cannot be averted.[10]

Mumford's materialism comes remarkably close to Georges Bataille's when explaining the interplay between life, sun, sacrifice, war, religion, and wealth (except that he foregrounds equilibrium). Machinic thought has had many trajectories.

Social machines are loosely held-together material formations and economic distributions resulting from the expenditure of variously stored solar power. In *Anti-Oedipus*, elements in social machines include tools, kinship, food, and stories. "Flows of women and children, flows of herds and of seed, sperm flows, flows of shit, menstrual flows: nothing must escape coding."[11] Social machines always overlap and have to be studied on multiple interacting scales—the family is a social machine just as the city, the state, and the firm are. In *A Thousand Plateaus*, social machines are called "machinic assemblages":

> Taking the feudal assemblage as an example, we would have to consider the interminglings of bodies defining feudalism: the body of the earth and the social body; the body of the overlord, the vassal, the serf; the body of the knight and the horse and their new relation to the stirrup; the weapons and tools assuring a symbiosis of bodies—a whole machinic assemblage. We would also have to consider statements, expressions, the juridical regime of heraldry, all of the incorporeal transformations, in particular, oaths and their variables (the oath of obedience, but also the oath of love, etc.): the collective assemblage of enunciation. On the other axis, we would have to consider the feudal territorialities and reterritorializations, and at the same time the line of deterritorialization that carries away both the knight and his mount, statements and acts. We would have to consider how all this combines in the Crusades.[12]

Therefore:

> in all things, there are lines of articulation or segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movements of deterritorialization

> and destratification. Comparative rates of flow on these lines produce phenomena of relative slowness and viscosity, or, on the contrary, of acceleration and rupture. All this, lines and measurable speeds, constitutes an *assemblage*.[13]

It is important that segmentarity/viscosity and lines of flight are not seen as dialectically or dualistically related. Fixity does exist, but is dependent and derivative, not contradictory in relation to flux. Treating the social machinically differs from many conventional sociologies, psychologies, and anthropologies. The concept of emergence is crucial here. What emanates is an empiricism starting not from fixed identities and oppositions (dialectical or otherwise), but from intensive differences much smaller and much larger than those between human individuals, which tend to constrain them into collectivities. My ethnography attempted to put this machinic, nonsubjective empiricism to test: intoxication, pain, visual and verbal interaction, dance, connections with use-objects and landscapes, bodies willy-nilly becoming enfolded in the inhuman power-geometries of capitalism and state surveillance.

Machinic thinking works, at least for my problems. Some might ask why I need Deleuze and Guattari, since other approaches within the social sciences would have worked too, notably approaches in the wake of Bruno Latour. There are indeed strong affinities between machinism and Latour.[14] However, machinism's more rigorously ontological embracing of the science of complexity, its insistence on desire and corporeality, its related critique of global capitalism, racism, and heterosexism, and its explicit struggle to redefine the international left are inadequately found in the sociology and human geography influenced by Latour. Fruitful exchanges continue between the literatures inspired by Deleuze and Latour, as well as Michel Serres, Ilya Prigogine, and Isabelle Stengers. Nevertheless, I think that social machines can only be properly understood and reimagined if we sense what precisely was refreshing about the coupling of an ontological philosopher and a political activist in *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*.

Race Is Machinic

"Racial formation" has become a widespread term, especially in the United States, to grasp how the reality of race is based not only on ideology and prejudice, but on institutional practices, divisions of labor, jurisdiction, and education.[15] The term has not received the philosophical attention it deserves. I'd like to propose that racial formation should be understood with Deleuze's ontology and Guattari's concept of the machinic assem-

blage. Race is machinic. Not stirrups, knights, and courtly poetry, but skin color, fear, and segregation are components of the machinic assemblage of race. If the crusaders are important for the feudal assemblage, so are the colonists and migrants for the racial assemblage. Feudalism and race overlap historically and conceptually, of course. What matters is not perfectly delineating social machines, but the movements between them. It is movement, of whatever scope, that integrates an assemblage, perhaps especially race. At one point, Deleuze and Guattari in fact seem to claim that the psychic and nomadic intensities of the modern period are inherently oriented toward racial formation:

> The first things to be distributed on the body without organs are races, cultures and their gods. The fact has often been overlooked that the schizo participates in history; he hallucinates and raves universal history, and proliferates the races. All delirium is racial, which does not necessarily mean racist. It is not a matter of the regions of the body without organs "representing" races and cultures. The full body does not represent anything at all. On the contrary, the races and cultures designate regions on this body—that is, zones of intensities, fields of potentials. Phenomena of individuation and sexualization are produced within these fields. We pass from one field to another by crossing thresholds: we never stop migrating, we become other individuals as well as other sexes, and departing becomes as easy as being born or dying.[16]

Beneath the differences between actual cultural and racial formations, there teems an infinity of microscopic differences that gradually lock together to produce the distinctions we talk about in everyday life: this is Dutch, that is German, she looks sub-Saharan, this smells typically Goan. We can now start comprehending the power of Deleuze's ontology of the virtual discussed in the beginning of this book. On the enormous "body without organs" of the human species, tens of thousands of years of migration, miscegenation, culture contact, isolation, and adaptation have gone into producing local thickenings of differences until more travel and invention dissolve them. Insofar as phenotypical difference mattered to interaction and power relations, we can speak of racial formations. Racial and cultural identities *emerge.* Emergence is not an essentialist concept, because a population is a social machine: it remains a multiplicity of individuals, practices, and territories. If a population only "is" by connecting to other populations and becoming something different, there can be no static Platonic-type of essence directing it. But neither is emergence an *anti*essentialist concept, because the entity is granted a positive force of its own, namely, the entity's virtual capacities, that does not depend

on any negation, but on an active folding in of the exterior to develop the interior. Thinking in terms of emergence elides being completely for or against essences. It is *non*essentialist. Instead of the antiessentialism and oppositional relationality of many prevalent theories of racism, such as Edward Said's and Frantz Fanon's, a Deleuzian understanding of relation allows for many kinds and scales of difference, and constant differentiation.

From a machinic perspective, race is not something inscribed upon or referring to bodies, but a particular spatiotemporal disciplining and charging of those bodies themselves. Bodies collectively start behaving like situationally distinct aggregates—racial formations, racial clusters. These clusters emerge *immanently*, without external blueprint, through the corporeal habits and connections with the environment that bodies necessarily engage in. Racial formations are much more than discursive categories. This, of course, doesn't preclude coercion. Especially in modern times, racial formation has gone hand in hand with gross violence and lasting inequality. As seen in Anjuna, racial clustering emerges through embodiment, face, and location. Each of these points toward the fact that phenotypical encounter, particularly in a contact zone like Anjuna, is dense with prior historical geographies of colonialism, religious conversion, and capitalism.

The physical characteristics of bodies are made to matter by processes that exceed what is conventionally called social or even human. The clustering of white bodies in Anjuna comprised anything from ways of talking, feeling, smoking, dancing, and sunbathing to the mats at parties, fashion, musical form, law, motorbikes, pharmacies, Ecstasy tablets, Shiva, psytrance Web sites, foreign currency, the Goan press, airplanes, the sea, the sun, and more. Whiteness emerged corporeally, machinically, ecologically, within the interactions between "the most varied components (biochemical, behavioral, perceptive, hereditary, acquired, improvised, social, etc.)."[17] In no way could phenotype be the cause, or in Marxian terms the base, of racial differentiation. But neither was it incidental. The heterogeneity that is race is strictly irreducible to any of its components.

The conception of race I'm suggesting has nothing to do with dividing humans into "races." All whites can be considered one racial formation, but so can the Italians in New York, or Congolese-born naturalized Belgians. Racial formations comprise multiple spatial scales and continually change over time. My concept of race is not meant for taxonomic ordering but for appraising the evolving, multilayered, contested, temporary differentiations between populations. Populations exhibit viscosity, not clear-cut boundaries. Whatever distinctions we can draw between populations is entirely contingent upon the present geographic situation.

Machinism is a kind of realism, but it understands that reality is far too complicated to be transparent.

Anjuna also showed that local cultural exigencies, such as sociochemical monitoring and a visual economy centered on style and territory, are also relevant in the differentiating between phenotypes. This was no simple question of "othering." There was an abstract machine that distributed bodies according to degrees of deviance from the virtual pole of the standard (white) Goa freak. Racial difference is tendential, not dialectical or contradictory. The occurrence of nonwhite freaks, and charter tourists and backpackers who were not aspiring to freak status, only confirmed the malleability of race. If I sometimes had difficulties, both while in the field and while writing, in convincingly delineating what was "white" about the practices of the Goa freaks, it was because I held on to a model in which race was given rather than an effervescent and largely implicit *effect* of myriad physical events. No body was ever completely part of a racial formation; no one actualized the virtual category "Goa freak" perfectly; there is no such thing as pure whiteness. A Brahmin often has lighter skin than an Israeli freak. Sometimes domestic tourists dared to dance in Nine Bar even back in 1998. As a problem for investigation and thought, whiteness becomes interesting precisely *there where it becomes indiscernible*, in its estuary, where it flows into—and is disrupted by—nationality, gender, subcultural capital, economic disparity, mysticism, and moral panic.

The concepts of viscosity and machinic assemblage reveal the profoundly *geographic* imagination that is required to appreciate the materiality of race. From the perspective of viscosity, as Deleuze noted in his reading of Spinoza, a "body" such as race can be *mapped* with some precision.[18] A machinic geography of race maps the physical connections that constitute racial differences, and considers language, attitude, feeling, and media representations only in their properly spatial functioning. Although my ethnography applied the term "viscosity" only to human bodies, it should be clear that humans only become viscous through nonhuman things and forces in their midst. When many bodies become viscous, they together acquire what Deleuze called a kinetic and dynamic dimension, that is, an aggregate's way of holding together, and its capacity to affect and be affected. In the kinetic dimension, freak viscosity on South Anjuna Beach, for example, was held together through the tan, Goa trance playing in the shacks, and familiarity. In the dynamic dimension, the viscosity was relatively unaffected by bus tourists, and continued to affect younger freaks with its mythical aura.

Race, in order to exist at all, must weave together biology, behavior, things, and circumstances. It sets them free, only to recapture them in

racial clusters. Race is always multiplying. It is the *plasticity*, the creative potential of race, that is important, not its rigidity. "In effect, what holds an assemblage together is not the play of framing forms or linear causalities but, actually or potentially, its most deterritorialized component, a cutting edge of deterritorialization."[19] Racial difference is oppressive, but its power lies in continually surpassing itself through devious machinic connections—which means that it can undo itself too.

17
Freaking Whiteness

> And already I am being dissected under white eyes, the only real eyes. I am *fixed*.
>
> —Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*

Inclusive Racism

The most influential thinker of racial difference remains Frantz Fanon. In *Black Skins, White Masks* Fanon argued persuasively that in our racist world, blacks are imprisoned by something akin to what I termed a visual economy, the terms of which are defined by whites. Thanks to the influence of Merleau-Ponty, Fanon is better suited for studying racial embodiment than the strongly Lacanian theories of race and colonialism that developed in his wake. In the famous "train passage," Fanon presents racism as from the start a matter of reiterative Goffmanian encounters, of visible phenotype, differential privilege, cultural stereotyping, and emotions like shame, anger, and disgust—much as in my ethnography.[1] Among others, Linda Martín Alcoff has followed this thread in Fanon and argues for race's embodied realities:

> Phenomenological descriptions of racial identity can reveal a differentiation or distribution of felt connectedness to others. Kerouac's sadness is prompted by his lack of felt connection, a connection he may have anticipated when initiating his walk through the black and Mexican neighbourhoods, but one that does not present itself. However, felt connection is a complex issue, undetermined solely by phenotype. The felt connectedness to visibly similar others may produce either flight or empathic identification or other possible dispositions.[2]

Fanon's own focus is on blackness. The condition of blacks is pathological, for Fanon, in that their racialized bodies will never be accepted as belonging to the dominant white culture. At the same time, blacks are not allowed to transform themselves on their own terms either. This existential deadlock is what Fanon calls "the fact of blackness".[3] The way out of this impasse can only be a color-blind universalism, a radical recognition of common species being:

> In effect, what happens is this: As I begin to recognize that the Negro is the symbol of sin, I catch myself hating the Negro. But then I recognize that I am a Negro. There are two ways out of this conflict. Either I ask others to pay no attention to my skin, or else I want them to be aware of it. I try then to find value for what is bad—since I have unthinkingly conceded that the black man is the color of evil. In order to terminate this neurotic situation, in which I am compelled to choose an unhealthy, conflictual solution, fed on fantasies, hostile, inhuman in short, I have only one solution: to rise above this absurd drama that others have staged around me, to reject the two terms that are equally unacceptable, and, through one human being, to reach out for the universal.[4]

My disagreement is not with Fanon's and Martín Alcoff's insistence on embodiment and emotion, but with their reliance on a Hegelian notion of recognition to explain encounter. Because of this they tend to treat white and nonwhite not only as a dyad, but as almost naturally opposed entities. There is, then, little attention paid to the complicated processes whereby some racial formations *become* dominant, that is, how racial formations emerge from material conditions and collective interactions, which greatly exceed the spatiality of self versus other. Deleuze and Guattari's concept of faciality is not based on an intersubjective dialectics enlarged to world-historical scope. In fact, Deleuze and Guattari strongly distance themselves from phenomenology and psychoanalysis. First of all, for them, it isn't consciousness but an abstract machine of faciality that arranges bodies into relations of power. And second, faciality constantly invents new faces to capture deviant bodies, multiplying possible positions far beyond any binaries such as black/white (though binarization can be an important effect). That is precisely its strength. There are thousands of encounters, thousands of trains.

Deleuze and Guattari believe faciality's imperialism arose with institutional Christianity. Being imposed in lands populated by different phenotypes, faciality became a matter of imperialist racialization. That faciality

originated in Renaissance humanism and depictions of Jesus seems a plausible if one-sided interpretation. It is less relevant than Deleuze and Guattari's unusual theory of contemporary racism:

> If the face is in fact Christ, in other words, your average ordinary White Man, then the first deviances, the first divergence-types, are racial: yellow man, black man, men in the second or third category. They are also inscribed on the [white] wall [of signification], distributed by the [black] hole [of subjectivity]. They must be Christianized, in other words, facialized. European racism as the white man's claim has never operated by exclusion, or by the designation of someone as Other: it is instead in primitive societies that the stranger is grasped as an "other." Racism operates by the determination of degrees of deviance in relation to the White-Man face, which endeavors to integrate nonconforming traits into increasingly eccentric and backward waves, sometimes tolerating them at given places under given conditions, in a given ghetto, sometimes erasing them from the wall, which never abides alterity (it's a Jew, it's an Arab, it's a Negro, it's a lunatic . . .). From the viewpoint of racism, there is no exterior, there are no people on the outside. There are only people who should be like us and whose crime it is not to be.[5]

For Anjuna's psy-trance parties, there were "no people on the outside." Locals, domestic tourists, charter tourists, and beggars would join the white Goa freaks on the dance floor, sometimes even in Nine Bar. In fact, as with the United Colors of Benetton, it will be remembered that the rhetoric of PLUR demonstrated faciality's *inclusiveness*—the parties were supposed to be open to all. But immediately, the faciality machine would place all bodies in relation to the Goa freak standard, both spatiotemporally and subjectively, measuring their acceptability through increasingly meticulous signs: sociochemical monitoring, scene savviness, chillum circles, sexual attractiveness. Many nonfreaks felt uneasy being pigeonholed like this—especially domestic tourists, who would retreat to the darker corners. The result was viscosity, bodies temporarily becoming impenetrable—*more or less*.

It would seem to me that to understand the intricate hierarchies of racism, a framework that allows for *gradual* and multidimensional deviances is preferable to a dialectical model. Faciality also explains why after colonialism, with television and tourism, there is scarcely place left for any "dark others." Everyone is included; everyone is facialized. At the same time, Euro-American ways of life continue to spread, and White Man

(Elvis Presley, Sylvester Stallone, David Beckham) remains the global standard against which all other faces are forced to compete. What this account of racism has in common with the Fanonian is that whiteness is the norm, even in our "post"-colonial era. Where it differs, however, is that deviance is based not on lack of recognition or negation or annihilation of the other, but on subtle machinic differentiations and territorializations. The virtual structures behind racial formations don't look like formal logic (a/not-a); they continually differentiate as actual bodies interact and aggregate. Racism, then, can't be countered with a Hegelian sublation into the universal.

The Fact of Whiteness

What Deleuze and Guattari make plain in a different way than Fanon is that to understand racism, one has to understand whiteness. As the field of white studies demonstrates, the white racial formation has since the Renaissance succeeded in arranging all others "around" it in its efforts to control the globe. A lot of white studies shows how whiteness in media representations is both implicit and dependent on a negation of "coloredness."[6] Toni Morrison argues that the white American notions of freedom and progress are imagined through the systematic denial of the presence of African bodies: "Whiteness, alone, is mute, meaningless, unfathomable, pointless, frozen, veiled, curtained, dreaded, senseless, implacable."[7] What is also peculiar about the materiality of whiteness is that it posits itself as a transcendent category. Whites simultaneously refuse to think of themselves as raced or colored (they are above race) *and* continually reinvent themselves, escape their own corporeality (they are beyond race). This just may have something to do with Christian theology:

> Concepts of race are concepts of different kinds of bodies. What makes whites different, and at times uneasily locatable in terms of race, is their embodiment, their closeness to the pure spirit that was made flesh in Jesus, their spirit of mastery over their and other bodies, in short their potential to transcend their raced bodies.[8]

But although it's true that whiteness gains its power from being invisible as a racial formation, the analysis should not stop here. In a sense this leaves whiteness as something in itself empty and ungraspable and leads to the problems identified with the formalism of post-Hegelian antiessentialism. That whiteness is central to contemporary race relations is a geohistorical accomplishment, not a question of formal logic in the uncon-

scious. Even the literature on faciality tends not to analyze the positive and properly machinic workings of whiteness. Through slavery, cartography, guns, urban morphology, the regulation of reproduction, cultural representations and new circulations of nonhuman life (viruses, rats), Europeans profoundly altered the face of the global racial assemblage.[9] They deepened race's virtuality. It seems that whiteness is race's most energetic instantiation—even though, of course, much of its material and imaginative energies were tapped from other racial formations.

Seen through a Deleuzian–Guattarian framework, whiteness is a force whose strength, as I said about race in general, lies in its concurrent implicitness and plasticity. If for Fanon the fact of blackness lay in the impossibility, imposed by whites, of blacks defining themselves, what can be called "the fact of whiteness" is that whites *continually overcome themselves:* becoming spirit, exploring, becoming richer and smarter than one's parents, conquering the world and one's body, going native, psychedelic transformations of self. Seemingly more than any other racial formation (even the warrior and shamanic tribes that Deleuze and Guattari cite as the heroes of deterritorialization), the white racial formation is defined by movement, by its urge to become different—especially during the period called modernity. Except for Leslie Fiedler, few commentators have taken this creative if parasitic fact of whiteness seriously. Of course, this does not deny other cultures and formations their creativity; it only stresses the unprecedented range and industriousness of white self-transformation. The great viscosities of capitalism, colonialism, and White Man emerged out of the many tiny desires to escape the viscosity that tied white bodies to their birthplace and traditional identity.

In short, whites became dominant not simply by constructing an unbridgeable divide between white and nonwhite, as, for example, Edward Said would have it. It is crucial that the point I'm making is not taken as Eurocentric self-aggrandizement in the face of postcolonial theory. What I want to argue is, I hope, uncontroversial: that whites have been squarely in the business of producing and rearranging racial difference, whether it was through relatively benign exoticism and adventurous anthropology or state-sponsored genocide and apartheid laws. Marie Louise Pratt points out that it was certain white bodies who dominated this exercise—influential urban men.[10] But these explorers, generals, merchants, and missionaries were the vanguard of a subsequent globalizing whiteness. The fact of whiteness to a very large extent determined the shape of today's globalization, and most of globalization's injustices cannot be examined separately from it.

Freaking Whiteness

"In no real sense did the hippies become Indians or poor blacks, or prostitutes or tramps—or only in a guilty disingenuous sense—but they found their own significance in what they took these groups to be: a significance to be understood against the dominant society and with respect to their own special awareness," says the ethnographer Paul Willis.[11] Seeing blacks, Mexicans, and Indians as more authentic, because relatively untouched by mainstream white modernity, the counterculture transformed white modernity by appropriating some of that authenticity. But it is that very appropriation that betrays white privilege and that spawns new tropes of subcultural (and potentially racist) snobbism. A creative movement turning in on itself, becoming paranoid and reactionary, is what Guattari called "microfascism." Psychedelics clearly turned microfascistic in Anjuna, accompanied as it was by arrogance, segregation, noise pollution, corruption, exploitation, and psychosis. If whiteness is defined by its lines of flight, microfascism becomes as interesting to the study of whiteness as Nazism. Psychedelics—travel, music, drugs—is whiteness accelerating, whiteness stuttering: either a deeper entrenchment into economic and cultural exploitation, or a shedding of privilege, at least here and now.

On the whole, the Goa freaks of Anjuna do not follow the lines of flight of whiteness to critique their own position as whites. In this sense, they were hardly "freaking" the racial assemblage. Recall the proposition of Rachel Adams and Leslie Fiedler of appropriating *freak* as a critical category:

> [F]reaks cannot be neatly aligned with any particular identity or ideological position. Rather, *freak* is typically used to connote the absence of any known category of identity. . . . I am drawn to *freak* because, like *queer*, it is a concept that refuses the logic of identity politics, and the irreconcilable problems of inclusion and exclusion that necessarily accompany identitarian categories.[12]

A true freaking of whiteness would grasp its lines of flight not for fascism but for a future where paler-skinned bodies have no privileged access to economic and cultural capital and to happiness. Freaking whiteness is problem-based, coalition-led, and self-critical; it would try to understand what biophysical and technological forces subtend it (computers, HIV, floods, radiation). Humanism and cosmopolitanism are severely limited if the struggle against racism is defined only in human terms.

So: race should not be abandoned or abolished, but *proliferated.* Race's energies are then directed at multiplying racial differences, so as to render them joyfully cacophonic. What is needed is an affirmation of race's virtuality. When racial formations crumble and mingle like this, the dominance of whiteness in the global racial assemblage is undermined as the faciality machine finds it increasingly difficult to take hold of bodies. It is not that everyone becomes completely Brownian (or brown!), completely similar, or completely unique. It is just that white supremacism slowly becomes obsolete as other racial formations start harboring the same creativity as whites do now, linking all sorts of phenotypes with all sorts of wealth and all sorts of ways of life (sedentary, touristic, ascetic). When no racial formation is the standard, *race* acquires a very different meaning:

> The race-tribe exists only at the level of an oppressed race, and in the name of the oppression it suffers; there is no race but inferior, minoritarian; there is no dominant race; a race is defined not by its purity but rather by the impurity conferred upon it by a system of domination. Bastard and mixed-blood are the true names of race.[13]

When no racial formation is clearly hegemonic, perhaps there will be no need anymore for the term "race." Although there will always be phenotypical variation and relations of power, perhaps sometime in the future they won't be correlated at all. Unlikely, but possible. Until then, however, there seems little point in trying to stop talking about race, as antiracists such as Paul Gilroy suggest we do.[14] Race is creative, and we can heed its creativities against itself.

Challenging the global faciality machine encompasses the transformation not just of prejudice, tabloid journalism, and Unesco, but of the pharmaceutical industry, farm subsidies, seismology, the arms trade, income tax policy, and the International Monetary Fund. In contrast to what many antiracists and advocates of political correctness prescribe, the sites where the most urgent battles are to be fought are not culture and language, but trade and health. Freaking whiteness is no easy task. A good start for social scientists, however, is to acknowledge the persistent materiality of race. It is important that the real barriers to mobility and imagination that exist in different places be taken into account. Cosmopolitanism has to be invented, not imposed. Taking responsibility and activism will only follow from both understanding and feeling the intensive differences that exist between many different kinds of bodies: between a Jew and a black soldier, between a woman in the Sahel and a woman on Wall Street, between a Peruvian peasant and a Chinese journalist.

Strategies for Anjuna

In research from a materialist point of view, there can be no separating politics and ethics from ontology and science. A short article of mine on the Goa trance scene in the *Unesco Courier* of July/August 2000 reached a wide range of tourism and youth activists. A German NGO and an Israeli antidrugs officer contacted me for more information. I sent the dissertation on which this book is based to Panjim's Central Library and NGOs such as Goa Desc and Goa Foundation, from where it made its way to some Goan journalists and a number of interested academics and psytrancers. My research was never just representation but itself a (small) component in Anjuna's machinic assemblage. I was a bit nervous, for example, about my Friday Balcão seminar in Mapusa, just a few miles from Anjuna, and asked Goa Desc not to publish my first name in the local newspapers. A materialist ethnography accepts that it will have some material effects and tries to foreshadow them. If the suggestions below seem somewhat unabashed, this is because I was necessarily very much involved in what I was studying.

The multiplication of race I'm proposing should be distinguished from other antiracist strategies. It is neither antiwhite, nor pro-Indian, nor a simple celebration of hybridity, nor multicultural or universalist. Machinic antiracism isn't antiwhite because it is aware that the freaky creativities of the white racial formation can be used against white supremacy. It doesn't take sides in racial politics at all (for Indians, for minorities, for the poor, against the rich) but asks what needs to happen for there to be sides at all. Machinism is wary of any identity politics as this tends to hide internal fissures of the identity it seeks to defend. In my case, the resistance against cultural imperialism in defense of some Goan identity has often been severely limited by a strong Catholic, nostalgic and middle-class bias, as well as homophobia and conservative moralism.[15] Machinism also avoids the easy reverence for travel and bricolage found in postmodernism and a lot of cultural studies. Mobility and hybridization can be good or bad. A lack of cosmopolitanism cannot be held against anyone but must be explained. Hailing the transracial inventiveness in consumer tactics hardly erodes the international division of labor, advertising, and the military-industrial complex that support racial clustering in the first place. Finally, machinism does not imply multiculturalism or liberal universalism, because hoping for horizontal equality ("color blindness") and mere tolerance of the other leaves out of analysis the privileged location of whites from which equality and tolerance are bound to be defined. Importantly, though, these common antiracist practices aren't without their relevance. They just need to

be seen as limited in their effectivity and potentially even reinforcing the intricate system of whiteness they want to attack.

Let me expand on these strategic options. The first antiracist strategy I want to take issue with, an unqualified renunciation of whiteness, is found in Goa's antihippie activism, moral panics about the raves, and tough police action. This antithetical stance has demonstrably had no lasting effect, while it prevents critical and informed debate, ensures corruption, and ignores the dependency of locals and seasonal migrants on rave tourism. By 2006 the scene seemed to be all but strangled by the stricter implementation of noise pollution laws. This should be seen not as a victory against imperialism, but as a rash crackdown on an entire tourist economy.

On a more fundamental level, the antithetical stance toward whiteness is hypocritical from the start, as the myth of *Goa dourada* on which it is ultimately based was itself forced onto Goa by a previous invasion of white Christianity (of the Portuguese, including the terrorism of an Inquisition). An obvious first step to do anything about the scene is to do away with all the Catholic moralism and to legalize loud music during the night in designated areas. The scene has to be regulated. It will be then possible to organize raves at regular venues outside the villages (down on Vagator Beach, further inland toward Mapusa, north of Morjim, etc.). Instead of bribes, organizers pay taxes. The rampant competition during the late 1990s among party consortiums, chai mamas, taxi wallahs, vendors at the parties, flea-market merchants, motorbike renters, Internet cafés, beggar gangs, places with pool tables, and so on should be controlled by quota. Of course, the more regulation, the more potential for corruption. But hopefully Goa's strong record in civil action and public debate will continue to bring corruption into the open. And as more middle-class Goan youth participate in the scene, it will appear less of an example of cultural imperialism to the public. The presence of whites on Anjuna's soil is not in itself bad. In fact, the global privilege of whites to sample other places shouldn't be abolished or lamented, but responsibly exploited for generating secure and legitimate income for local populations.

It needs to be clear how tourism affects different groups differently; one can't simply be "pro-Indian." Take Goa's war on drugs. It's perfectly clear that it only benefits corruption and gangsterism, the dupes usually being smaller Indian dealers instead of the big (white) fish. Washington isn't going to allow Delhi any "softer" policy on drugs, but lawyers could court Hindu-chauvinist sentiment into a legalization of cannabis on religious and historical grounds. Doctors and youth workers can lobby for a policy of harm reduction (through flyers) regarding LSD, Ecstasy, ketamine,

and other drugs. This is especially urgent with consumption exploding among rich Indian youth. It is crucial that "the drug menace" is no longer associated with white junkies and a vicious international mafia, as it has been for decades in India. Hopefully, Goans, especially journalists and other intellectuals, will start to understand that even with drug casualties and some local boys dealing, rave tourism is far less detrimental to the landscape and society than the prestige projects pushed by Indian tycoons and purchasable politicians. Anjuna's families make money directly off rave tourism, and their interests can be transparently represented at government level by unionist lobbying via *panchayats* and MLAs. Multiplying race in Anjuna would start with accepting that tourists (both foreign and domestic) will continue to embark on psychedelic transformations of self. What needs to be thought about is how locals could benefit too.

An example of the second kind of antiracism would be finding and celebrating the hybridizations and cultural parodies that emerge in a contact zone like Goa. White sadhus meditating on the beach, Indian sadhus doing cocaine, Goan Goa freaks, resident hippie elders: it is undeniable that these bodies challenge faciality, pointing toward a potential for freaking whiteness. But hybridity is too often imitation, not invention—the rich Bombay youths trying to act like Goa freaks for a weekend. Moreover, it's not a question of mixing two initially discrete racial assemblages, one white, one Indian. Whiteness and Indianness are already hybrid and entwined, though faciality drives bodies to one of them. Also, both whiteness and Indianness need to be transformed in the process of freaking. The bodies listed above do little to change the system of visual economy and the politics of location that underpin psychedelic whiteness.

Nonetheless, Anjuna's abstract machine does consist of many intensive differences and many as yet unknown possibilities. What Anjuna needs to escape faciality are hybrids like white chai mamas, Indian deejay celebs, some Bollywood breaks and house alongside the monotonous psy-trance, locals teaching the in-crowd to dance, freaks visiting Old Goa or *walking* to Big Vagator Beach on a Sunday, charter tourists from Jakarta, Israeli loners, sincere cops, a reggae beach shack run by Kenyans, domestic tourists in Primrose's veranda, Indians and Britons sharing a house, children from a Rajasthani–French marriage, a Japanese-run rehab clinic, a cheap Caribbean restaurant. These instances of the proliferation of race can hardly be identifiable as part of racial formations. They can be neither predicted nor organized, only hoped for and welcomed when they do occur. Within such a hoped-for constellation it is not that race is transcended, but the racial machine experiments with new combinations that erode the standard white Goa freak face.

The third antiracist strategy is multiculturalism. In Anjuna and Goa trance, PLUR is a naive version of this strategy. The ethnography showed that the face-to-face is more than recognizing different "cultures," because the question remains, *Who* does the recognizing? Cultures, people cannot exist side by side if some are more dominant than others. As part of a long thread on Israel/Palestine, T. on the 604 psy-trance list voiced skepticism about Goa trance universalism:

> You know those magic four letters that lurk in the rave/dance scene? "PLUR"—peace, love, unity, respect? Well, total global peace would leave the human race unable to defend itself. Unconditional all-consuming love would make us incapable of stopping someone no matter how much harm they were causing. As for unity—diversity is required for survival, no variation and we could all be wiped out by some nasty virus or similar. And respect . . . well, isn't it the people who have lost respect in the status quo who go out and find something new and different?

By positing the self-sufficiency of psychedelic space, PLUR forecloses any politics. "It seems to be a common concept in the trance (and traveller) scene, that enjoying a free, alternative lifestyle can somehow miraculously help people out in Botswana," wrote D. in the same thread. In any case, if there is any mystical togetherness in Anjuna, it is realized precariously, only in the morning, when there is a manageable minority of Indians. Instead of multiculturalism, there needs to be an acknowledgment of the deep inequalities in mobility and wealth that constitute the scene. Hopefully, the rare face-to-face encounters can accumulate to modestly politicize these inequalities.

As in psy-trance scenes elsewhere in the world, parties in Goa could then be explicitly organized for causes without becoming patronizing or boring. Web sites and guidebooks (it must be said, especially in Hebrew) have to demand elementary politeness toward one's hosts. Backpackers, charter tourists, and Indian freaks who are irritated with the subcultural snobbery and the denigrating way freaks treat Indians should speak up. Likewise, local boys have to be less shy of openly ridiculing the pretentiousness of freaks and start understanding the virtues of organizing. Freaking whiteness in Anjuna would have to include freaks mingling with other tourists, of course. Given their viscosity, this is pretty difficult, but it could be facilitated by spreading in-crowd shacks along the coast. To attract all groups well before morning at parties, light shows, performances, and top deejays can start already after sunset. In any case, the pointless morning phase segregation must be avoided. There's no rationale for keeping chai mamas and their kids and an entire village awake throughout

the night for the snobbery of a minority. True, when I last visited Anjuna in 2005–6, the morning phase was peopled by as many domestic tourists as white freaks. This was not, however, accompanied by any new recognition of Anjuna's power-geometries.

Party consortiums and the in-crowd will have to come to terms with how self-destructive the scene has become, while hippie elders' authoritative opinions about the myopic greed of party consortiums need to be taken into account. Maybe Goa Gil and Eight-Fingered Eddy could publish their stories on much-visited Web sites such as the Psychedelic Chaishop (www.chaishop.com). The near-permanent party ban demonstrates that the only way to save the scene is to regulate it. If negotiation and exposure are deemed to threaten Anjuna's "authenticity," it should be asked how authentic the present state of affairs is. Regulation would need to follow from efforts at cooperation between the various groups involved in the political economy of the parties. The Anjunkars will play a crucial role between officials, party consortiums and the press. However, they will need to be organized first—a meeting between *panchayat*, local boys, venue owners, chai mamas, clergy, antiparty residents, and representatives of seasonal immigrants is bound to be a refreshingly novel event for all.

My hopes for a reorganization of race may seem utopian, open-ended, or anarchistic. Machinism is pragmatic and empirical, however. Perhaps unlike what Deleuze and Guattari would wish for, I think that ending racism will have to include state intervention, as well as statistical surveys, unionization, urban planning, and social critique. Perhaps the indications just outlined of what a pragmatic politics and ethics against racism could consist of in Anjuna will make the project of freaking whiteness look a little more concrete. The creative materiality of race means that it cannot be deliberately abolished. Antiwhite moralism, identity politics, hybridization, and multiculturalism are political strategies not irrelevant, but insufficient to breed the multiplication of racial formations. Never has there been any proper attempt to rearrange Anjuna's racial assemblage; it has, traditionally, been left to teem into more and more microfascism and faciality. The critical question now is how to *make* it teem, how really to freak it out—how to prevent it from repeating the same old habits of white modernity.

I have now fleshed out the theoretical and political conclusions to be drawn from a materialist ethnography of rave tourism in Goa. Race emerges corporeally, machinically, and ecologically, amid the interactions of bodies in the cultural, economic, and artifactual environment of Anjuna. Race can therefore be reconceptualized ontologically as a machinic assemblage. This take on race differs from the dominant social-constructionist

race concept in that it does not disavow the materiality of race, but places it at the heart of theorization. Building on an emergentist and pluralist conception of difference, I want to emphasize the creativity of race, particularly of whiteness. Combating racism thus needs to grasp not just the rigid boundaries and contradictions, but the virtual realm of race by virtue of which it continually rearranges itself. Treating race as social construction alone directs politics away from what can be done to prevent racial subordination on scales from the Goan village to the deeply unjust planet.

the molecular revolution

Phenotype and Politics

DJ Goa Gil likes to associate the unfolding of a good psychedelic trance party with the gradual liberation from what keeps human beings imprisoned: matter. The early night is earth, the middle night water, the late night (say, between 4 and 6 a.m.) fire. Dawn is air, and after that is ether. The trance-dance experience is a progressive communal transcendence of body; by midmorning you're dissolved into a pulsating music-fractal-sun machine. We need to take Gil's claim seriously, but with the concepts of embodiment, face, and location. *Who* is becoming ethereal, how, where—and who isn't? This study took issue with claims of transcendence, which are profuse in rave and hippie culture but slip into academic literature too. Emphasizing the corporeal, machinic, and ecological *immanence* of process and experience, I sought to repoliticize race as a crucial difference that exists between human bodies. I offered a conceptualization of race as what Guattari calls a "machinic assemblage," expanding on Deleuzian notions of difference, emergence, and connection that traversed the ethnography.

In the last chapters, I criticized the dominant paradigm for understanding race—social constructionism—for focusing on race's linguistic and cultural components at the expense of its more extensive (and intensive)

materiality. In particular, the work that *phenotype* does in the racial machine has been all but left out of much social theory. From a machinic perspective, race is simultaneously discursive, genetic, neurochemical, technological, economic, aesthetic, and more. It is thus defined not simply by boundaries between self and other but by the lines of flight of its components: for example, the capacity of phenotype to connect to music, or the capacity of music to connect to phenotype. What can and does frequently precipitate from all these connections is viscosity, bodies slowing down, sticking together, and collectively becoming impenetrable. "Slowing down" means that the connections endure, not necessarily that bodies decelerate in Euclidean space. Thus power-geometries of mobility are viscous in that businessmen keep connecting to airplanes and the stock exchange. The way out of viscosity, out of racism and the privilege white bodies enjoy in this world, is not to abolish race but to multiply it, to use its lines of flight toward a situation wherein skin color, genitals, AIDS, hunger, obesity, beauty, wealth, and speed connect in less predictable ways than they do now.

One component of race that I think hasn't received the attention it deserves is drugs. Psychedelics was defined as the use of pleasure (mainly of drugs and music) in order to escape one's imprisonment in white modernity. Hippies and Goa freaks were psychedelic insofar as they were escaping the regimes of home, education, work, consumerism, and the state, using the intensive difference that drugs and music offered to transform themselves. Overcoming whiteness was always virtually ingrained in white modernity itself. The hippies were building on older traditions of white romanticism, occultism, and travel. "The fact of whiteness," as it was called in the preceding chapter, consists precisely in this urge for *more*, further, higher, faster. Other social formations have had this urge too. But it is the *structural* presence of lines of flight among modern whites that make whiteness quantitatively different from earlier social formations and other racial clusters. Whites reached the planet's poles, climbed Mount Everest, appropriated Buddhism, named the planet's creatures, landed on the moon, invented TV and science fiction as well as the United Colors of Benetton and "world music." Within this generalized thirst for transcendence, it is no coincidence that LSD became popular among whites. Perhaps whiteness *is* psychedelic.

However, when seen in the material workings of embodiment-face-location, psychedelics is on the whole not transcendent but regressive, ultimately reinforcing the white cluster. I've discussed many ways in which Anjuna's psychedelic transformations of self did not overcome whiteness:

the capacity to experience Goa as a psychedelic paradise was mainly a white privilege; the sociochemical monitoring accompanying drug ritualism favored long-staying whites; the discourse around the trance-dance experience and techno-shamanism reworked old European exoticisms and fantasies of transcendence; in India-psychosis, there was a "thickening" of the whiteness and foreignness of freaks. Similarly, Anjuna's visual economy kept white bodies firmly in certain places at certain times. This viscosity emerged through anything from clothing to sunrise and voyeurism on the beach. The white purity of the freaks was attained, consciously or not, as an effect of a host of subcultural rules.

In a broader scope, viscosity also follows from the politics of location, that is, from the conflicts over placements of bodies in global geographies of mobility, wealth, and national belonging. Whether a body speaks Danish or Hindi, or knows deejays, or imports jewelry from abroad to sell at the flea market, or has a family who would pay for bail, are questions one needs to ask when evaluating what that body is capable of in Anjuna. Globalization can therefore be appreciated as a planetary ecology of differential speeds, in which the phenotype of human beings matters for how they are positioned within that ecology. In the end, embodiment, face, and location are three aspects of the same social process.

There are some disconcerting political and ethical problems of psychedelic whiteness in Goa. They include noise pollution, the deliberate indifference of freaks toward Indian poverty, the profound corruption, the moral panic about cultural imperialism in the Goan press, the party bans and their effect on the livelihood of Anjunkars. All these problems correlate with the politics of location and phenotype, as they reflect the intensive difference between white and wealthy freaks and India as a third-world country. But the struggle against white privilege should not confine itself to antiwhite, hybrid, or multicultural politics, as each of these misses the complicated and unpredictable materiality of race. Understanding how phenotype matters in social formations and interactions can thus be the first step toward a situation in which phenotype can be appreciated outside of the entrenched racist configurations now in place. An *ontological* approach to racial formations asks how they emerge as physical aggregates, how what Guattari would call the *molarity* of race comes about, rather than merely how race is known or represented.[1] Again, research into the discourses and ideas of race is relevant and necessary, but it should not shy away from the question of what race then "is," of how it works as a material force, not merely as a fiction or opinion. Race's continuing significance in cultural, political, and scientific hegemonies demands from phi-

losophy and the social sciences a rigorous engagement with its multifarious realities, rather more than what the widespread injunction "race is a social construction" allows for.

Anjuna and the Revolution

The hippies knew very well that their strength lay in their transformation. As Abbie Hoffman, one of the main spokespeople for the sixties counterculture, put it, "This reluctance to define ourselves gives us glorious freedom in which to fuck with the system. We become communist-racist-acid-headed-freaks, holding flowers in one hand and bombs in the other."[2] I do think that psychedelics should be commended for its intensities and the opening of new possibilities. Freaks could be "communist" *and* "racist," dangerous with their peace and love, impossible to pin down, while tripping through it all—as long as they cherished their autonomy from "the system," their placelessness. What was insufficiently developed by activists like Abbie Hoffman was how the freedom to call oneself a "freak" was possible at all. If there were concrete reasons why particular groups revolted against the system, they could not be placeless. The irony that the purposeful escape from categories laid bare the system underpinning the escape, while simultanously inventing still more categories, was rarely noticed while the upheavals were still going on. One wonders how hippiedom might have looked if it had grappled with this irony.

Countercultural placelessness is celebrated in much of the literature on rave, hippies, drugs, dance, and mysticism. If the conclusions to this ethnography are sober in comparison, they are in no way meant to propose a halt to techniques of the self, style, traveling, let alone Goa trance. The ethnography merely proposed to look at both whiteness and psychedelics in ways that can hopefully lead to a different kind of psychedelic whiteness. It appears that Anjuna contains some fine cues (not guidelines) for thinking through the politics of social change.

So, what happened to the hippies? Where have they gone? A weekend magazine of the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* of December 10–11, 1988, has a long semi-scholarly article about the Goa freaks titled "The Remains of Paradise." Situating Goa's hippie culture within modernity's longer search for paradise unpolluted by greed and technology, the article argues that "there is life after the death of the revolution." Goa freaks are what is left of the Western counterculture, of flower power utopianism: "Anjuna is the final destination of desire [*Sehnsucht*]." "This ad hoc society brings its members to the same level, as they free it from the stigmas of origin,

nationality, education, and social stratum. Only gender still plays a small role." It is significant that a Swiss journalist could still in the late eighties be enchanted by Anjuna's psychedelic transformations of self, even calling its "hunters and gatherers" the world's last bastion of revolutionary socialism. Her answer to the question "Where have all the hippies gone?" would be: Anjuna, a village on the west coast of India.

This study also situated the Goa freaks within the quest for "Elysium," but its conclusion was rather different. The freaks did feel free. But they felt free *as whites*. Hence, the freaks weren't exactly free from white modernity, but had, being white themselves, understood its potentials. The paradox was that they used these potentials to re-create a smaller replica of the society they thought they had abandoned. It was precisely the pride in having fled and the conviction that Anjuna was the place where you could "do your own thing," that brought new stigmas and stickiness. The political significance of Anjuna then becomes apparent: it embodies both the hope of a future egalitarian society and the sad repetition of yesterday's divisions. The Deleuzian–Guattarian concept of microfascism—the unintended self-defeat of creative flux owing to an all-too-easy following of lines of flight—is remarkably applicable to Anjuna. In contrast to many commentators, what I would like to retain from Deleuze and Guattari is not their anarchic and avant-garde tendencies, but their frequent call for a cautionary and realist ethics. Judging from Anjuna's microfascism, there might be less need for rebellion, for an aggressive negation of everything that modernity, whiteness, or even capitalism stands for, than for a pragmatic *taking care*. If one understands the differences that embodiment, face, and location make, stratifications can be changed only step by step and collectively:

> Staying stratified—organized, signified, subjected—is not the worst that can happen; the worst that can happen is if you throw the strata into demented or suicidal collapse, which brings them back down on us heavier than ever. This is how it should be done: Lodge yourself on a stratum, experiment with the opportunities it offers, find an advantageous place on it, find potential movements of deterritorialization, possible lines of flight, experience them, produce flow conjunctions here and there, try out continuums of intensities segment by segment, have small plots of new land at all times.[3]

Guattari thus hoped that what he called "molecular revolutions" would replace the class struggle.[4] Earlier, Timothy Leary had preached:

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS
FOR THE MOLECULAR AGE

I Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man.

II Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man from altering his own consciousness.[5]

It is true that Goa freaks found their "advantageous place" on the stratum of white modernity and experienced its lines of flight. Yes, freaks did experiment and go molecular, to use Guattari's word for a loose, centrifugal, and open-ended kind of organization. And there is no doubt that Leary, Ken Kesey, Abbie Hoffman, and their entourage were creative and revolutionary. However, as this study suggested, freaking or molecularizing whiteness has a strong liability to microfascism if it happens carelessly. Few countercultural intellectuals acknowledge the *molar* realities of sociochemical monitoring, visual economy, and the politics of location. Molarity is the necessary conceptual counterpart of molecularity: viscous, oppressive, predictable organization as in faciality. Leary's conception of the "molecular" (he refers, of course, to the LSD molecule) is naive in that it fails to approach molecules and oppression as potentially entwined. Nothing in his commandments prevents molarity from seeping in through the back door.

This is where many modern mystics, hippies, and ravers are at odds with Deleuze and Guattari. In my opinion, there can be no molecular revolution without understanding how the molecular and the molar are mutually imbricated. Psychedelic whiteness tends to molecularize carelessly and ends up reproducing what it escapes. Lines of flight are riskier than viscosity. But given affective commitment and informed deliberation, they can be understood and harnessed against the structures of racism, capitalism, and sexism. A molecular age might well be very far off, but, as Guattari understood in the wake of May 1968, molecular forces are definitely real. They're everywhere, waiting to resonate.

An Exit

At around 8.30 a.m. in Disco Valley, it was promising to become a great morning phase. New Year's Eve 2000–2001 had been disappointing for the Goa freaks because of canceled parties and entry fees. This party, a few days later, was their chance to really celebrate, and the dance

floor was packed with practically everyone of Anjuna's in-crowd. The psy-trance was crisp, deep, pumping. I was ordering drinks at the bar with an Indian-American friend. I was tripping; she was just coming up on E. A tired woman in a ragged sari carrying a baby was tapping my hand for change. She wouldn't stop unless I gave her some. My friend said, with some desperation, "Arun! How do you make sense of all this?" What she meant was, if I was the expert on power relations at Anjuna's raves, what do I have to say about the juxtaposition of this beggar's poverty and the drug-induced joy that was whirling around us? How were we supposed to have fun? Could any of the books I read supply us with some sort of manual to behave appropriately in such insane circumstances? With a faint smile I gently pushed the begging woman away, as always.

I remember being strangely glad at the question. I was being personally summoned, while at the center of what I was studying, to formulate not only what it was that I was studying but also how I went about living it. My response was quick: "I don't! I can't! It doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense at all." I wish I'd said something more profound; this was my moment. I felt my friend should be disappointed that I evaded her question. After all, I *was* trying to make sense of Anjuna's rave tourism; in a way, I was doing it without interruption. The reason I stumbled was that it seemed impossible to formulate once and for all what psychedelics in a third-world village was about, while being bombarded by it. I had to surrender to the madness, the complexity, the non-sense. I told my friend she'd get used to it. "You'll have to focus on the music and the drugs." The only way to participate in the party as a tourist, to enjoy the dancing, was to bracket the deep social inequality that made your enjoyment possible. Goa's trance-dance experience can't emerge without this amnesia. So it was all making sense: I was understanding things about psychedelics while doing it. It just takes some time to formulate. Making sense is a sensuous, shimmering, ongoing, by definition unfinished business, and never done alone.

Understanding a phenomenon such as Anjuna's rave tourism fluctuates between being blinded by its complexity and, once in a while, moments of lucidity, as if its abstract machine itself were drawn before the eyes. In either case, it's a wrestling in which both Anjuna and I experience the other's tricks. Anjuna would resist making sense, I would cunningly find new theoretical frameworks. That is why it is difficult to let go, to stop writing, and to end the wrestle. But why bother about Anjuna? There are worse things in the world than beggars on a dance floor. I hope to have

shown that, at least for me, beggars on a dance floor raise conceptual stakes that reach beyond Anjuna. This ethnography was an attempt at making sense not just of Anjuna and myself, but of race, travel, materiality, inequality, politics in general. Anjuna was an important juncture, and making sense moves on.

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Appendix
Field/Work

Since the early seventies, there's been a vehement stance against any exposure among the Goa freaks. They try to preserve a subcultural pristineness that has been waning every season; they know they themselves attract tour operators, reporters, documentary makers, photographers, novelists, activists, and interested academics, not to mention detectives and intelligence agents. Because the job of these intruders is, indeed, intrinsically about exposing Anjuna, there is little researchers can say to justify their presence and curiosity. I never completely gave up the intention to organize interviews with younger Goa freaks (preferably in focus groups of three to five), not even when the last trip was nearly over. But it was this intention that caused the most persistent frustration.

The tactics freaks used to refuse interviews were diverse. Most said no emphatically, and turned away; some explained briefly that it would destroy the scene; many pretended they didn't understand me or jokingly directed me to someone else. Others insinuated that I could be an undercover cop. Those who were more willing to interact were usually first-years, not of the hard core. But it is difficult to know whether anyone in Goa shows up at the agreed time and place; I wasted many hours waiting for people to turn up. Freaks don't wear watches and appointments are inevitably vague. "I'll see you in Nine Bar, maybe"—but where could we go to, from there? In any case, freaks will be with many other freaks, and stoned, and expect the interviewer to be too. It was certainly possible to become acquainted with individuals in the hard core, but it demanded

repeated, lethargic socializing, with many chillums. Even then there was no guarantee that the investment would pay off.

I did manage to secure a few interviews during the pilot trips. During the major field trip (2001–2) I left the hunting for interviewees until the end in order not to give myself away too soon—only to encounter the problems just described. In hindsight, however, the interviews served simply to confirm arguments that I had already formulated through participant observation. After all, viscosity was a spatial practice and largely unspoken. Yet even with the many frustrations, the interviews were no waste of time. The very difficulty in organizing them disclosed a lot about viscosity. The interviews and informal conversations also served heuristically to check my own interpretations, and although including interview excerpts doesn't necessarily make a text more "polyvocal" or democratic, it does make a story more varied and concrete. Moreover, hunting for interviews necessitated interaction and often debilitating reflexivity on my own place in the scene.

Roughly, the questions asked during the interviews and conversations attempted to solicit views about how young party enthusiasts felt as strangers in an Indian village. What was it in Anjuna that attracted them? What was the difference from "Goa parties" at home? How important was Goa trance's spiritual dimension? What did they think locals thought of the parties? Were they "tolerant" of the charter and domestic tourists being a majority at the parties? What detrimental effects of tourism on Goa could they envisage? What didn't they like about the scene? The following were the interviews organized with respondents, all of them in Anjuna or Vagator. All names in the ethnography are real; abbreviations were used to protect anonymity.

- Karin and Silke, in their mid-twenties, from Denmark, December 16, 1998, on the beach.
- Mark, Daniella, and Nina, around twenty, from Germany, December 22, 1998, at their guesthouse.
- Cyrille, in his mid-twenties, from France, December 22, 1998, on the beach.
- Charlotte (refused recording), in her mid-twenties, from Denmark, December 23, 1998, on the beach.
- Alon, Omern, Orli, and Efart, in their early twenties, from Israel, January 9, 1999, at their house.
- Gili (unrecorded: "No no, not in Goa"; quotes are nonetheless almost accurate), and Shahal, both around thirty and Israeli, February 27, 2002, at the flea market.

This rather meager amount of interviews was partially balanced by being active on the 604 psy-trance mailing list, once from April to June 1999, and again from April to July 2002. The list is prolific and the users, from a large range of countries, are heavily invested in the music, philosophy, drugs, and politics of psy-trance. This openness to debate is not common in Anjuna, and the opinions posted on 604 cannot therefore be taken to be representative of the Goa freaks. The 604 quotes serve rather to give evidence of the importance of certain issues in psy-trance culture. Regarding background information on Anjuna's scene, I obtained valuable information from recorded interviews with the following:

- Guru, who owns Guru Bar, one of Anjuna's oldest, January 8, 1998, at Guru Bar.
- Nina, from Gujurat, and Tina, from Denmark, who lived through Goa's seventies freak days, January 6, 1999, at Nina's house.
- Cleo Odzer, American seventies freak, December 18, 1999, at her house.
- E., a former drug dealer and cocaine addict from Goa, January 17, 2000, at his house.
- Jawaharlal Henriques, a Goan doctor mainly catering to psychological casualties among foreigners, January 7, 2001, at his hospital in Badem.
- Camilo D'Souza, who opened one of the first guesthouses in South Anjuna, January 20, 2002, at his house.
- Melvin Fernandes, a Goan doctor working in the psychiatric division of Goa Medical College, January 27, 2002, on Bambolim Beach.
- Florian Lobo, a Goan antinoise and anticorruption activist, February 5, 2002, at his house.
- Gordon and Zygal, two young activists, and others, February 5, 2002, at Zygal's apartment.
- DJ Goa Gil, American deejay, one of the all-time favorites in Goa trance worldwide and part of Anjuna's music scene since the beginning, February 25, 2002, in his garden.
- DJ Andi, Swiss deejay, part of Anjuna's music scene since the early eighties, February 27, 2002, at Hilltop.

In addition to formal interviews, there were dozens of people with whom I conversed repeatedly, most of them locals on the beach, at parties, getting gas, at shops, guesthouses, and the flea market. To check my interpretations, I would also regularly chat to domestic and bus tourists. I spoke

with police officers in Anjuna and Panjim; restaurant waiters; taxi wallahs; bus drivers; foreign, Goan, and other Indian merchants; individuals in the hotel sector; babas; and activists and journalists from elsewhere in Goa and India. The encounters with people who were involved in the organization of parties (venue owners, some local boys, drug dealers, barmen, etc.) were the trickiest, and it was often difficult to feign casualness in talking about the dodgy political economy of parties. Knowledge of Konkani and Hindi would no doubt have helped me here. Of course, the Hindu family I stayed with provided daily insight into how the scene was experienced by local people, though I rarely discussed what all the writing and visits outside Anjuna were about.

Someone I gained much from was J., a well-traveled Briton in his mid-forties who had been coming to Goa since the late eighties. He occupied the family's other room off and on. Like many other old-timers, J. was outspoken about how the scene had been wrecked over the years by commercialism and ignorance. Several times, I managed to have a chat with Eight-Fingered Eddy, the South Anjuna legend who's been coming since 1970. The theme of Anjuna's decline proved a good way into conversation with hippie elders, though I usually kept quiet about my objectives. On the whole, for reasons already listed, I didn't socialize with younger freaks very much, but if I found myself in their company I would steer the conversation to parties (which was often the topic anyway). When I could talk openly at all about my work, it would be with backpackers or charter tourists who had little affective rapport with the scene. The best aid in interpretation came from my Belgian, Indian, American, and British friends on holiday in Goa.

Outside Anjuna, there were some intellectuals and activists with whom I had regular conversations:

- Sociology lecturer Alito Siqueira at Goa University, who teaches on tourism. Talking to Alito, his colleagues, and foreign academics visiting Goa (Alexander Henn, Patrice Riemens, Anthony D'Andrea) ensured that my analytic skills didn't go rusty.
- Roland Martins and others at Goa Desc (Documentation, Education and Solidarity Center) in Mapusa. Goa Desc grew out of Jagrut Goenkaranchi Fauz (JGF), Konkani for "Goa's Vigilant Army," Goa's most active NGO in the field of tourism in the 1980s and 1990s.
- Claude Alvares, director of Goa's largest environmental and legal NGO, Goa Foundation.

- Jos Peter D'Souza, a lawyer specializing in cases involving foreign nationals and drug policy. Claude and Peter are old friends of my father's, and I met them often.
- Frederick Noronha, an independent journalist who has written important articles on tourism for *Goa Today*.

Further informants included:

- Peter de Souza, senior subeditor of the *Gomantak Times* and famous for his lawsuit against the Millennium Rave at Paraiso de Anjuna.
- Maria Monserrate, Police Inspector at Goa Police's Traffic Education Cell.
- Nolasco Raposo, Police Subinspector at Goa Police's Anti-Narcotics Cell, the de facto Goan division of Delhi's National Intelligence Bureau.
- Govind Khandolkar, director of Goa Tourism Development Corporation Ltd. (GTDC), the main company promoting tourism, now semiprivate.
- Stevie D'Souza, owner of Hilltop Hotel, one of the main party venues in Anjuna.
- Gil Oswald Ribeiro, the Goan businessman who bought Paraiso de Anjuna in 2001, after it was dramatically shut down by court order.
- Frank Judt, a German old-timer and anthropology student who has known Anjuna since the late eighties (via e-mail). Many shorter exchanges about Anjuna happened with psy-trancers, backpackers, and Goans from elsewhere, in person (mainly in Belgium) or via e-mail (mainly via the 604 list).
- Swedish volunteers at the Om Yesu Niketan society, a Lutheran ashram in Vagator mainly catering to foreigners with health or legal problems.
- Mario Almeida, a lawyer and legal activist based in Margao.

Participant observation was mainly carried out at the parties and on the beach, and I wrote almost daily in my field diary and field notebook. I would regularly go to Nine Bar, Primrose Bar, Anjuna's flea market, and some of the in-crowd's smaller bars/shacks. Especially for the parties, a checklist of topics was convenient for structuring the field notes afterward. Topics included physical landscape, style of music, pre-party rumors and post-party gossip, and, of course, viscosities of domestic tourists and freaks. At the parties, my own experience in clubbing enabled full

participation on the dance floor. Dancing and hanging around, I would observe, occasionally start talking to someone, and take mental notes of the general atmosphere and minute incidences, hoping for something unusual to happen. By and large, however, the parties were very predictable.

The following lists all the public parties I attended in Goa, unless stated otherwise all in Anjuna and Vagator. The list here is an estimated third of the total number of Anjuna's parties while I was there. Many that are not listed here were still briefly visited, or at least asked about. An asterisk indicates presence at sunrise, the crucial moment in the scene's racial dynamics. From 2000, I would often awaken just before dawn and ride my motorbike to the party, like most Goa freaks.

1. November 30, 1996, Shore Bar
2. December 9, 1998, Shore Bar
3. December 10, 1998, South Anjuna Beach
4. December 16, 1998, Shore Bar
5. December 19, 1998, Mazee Bar (Arpora)
6. December 23, 1998, Shore Bar
7. December 24, 1998, Bamboo Forest; Hilltop; Paraiso de Anjuna*
8. December 26, 1998, some ground in Badem
9. December 27, 1998, South Anjuna
10. December 30, 1998, Shore Bar
11. December 31, 1998, and January 1, 1999, Dolce Vita; Hilltop; Paraiso de Anjuna*
12. January 2 and 3, 1999, Hilltop
13. January 6, 1999; Disco Valley (soon canceled); Tito's (Calangute)
14. January 7, 1999, Disco Valley*
15. December 15, 1999, Shore Bar
16. December 16, 1999, Bamboo Forest
17. December 25, 1999, Shore Bar; Mazee Bar (Arpora)
18. December 26, 1999, Bamboo Forest
19. December 27, 1999, Gravity Zone; Above Spaghetti Beach*
20. December 29, 1999, Dolce Vita
21. December 31, 1999, and January 1, 2000, Disco Valley; Hilltop*
22. January 3, 2000, Alcove
23. January 5 and 6, 2000, Shore Bar; Dolce Vita*
24. January 12, 2000, Shore Bar; Rose Garden

25. January 15, 2000, Las Viegas (Arpora)*
26. January 12, 2000, Merc Bar (Arpora); a bar on Baga Beach
27. January 13, 2000, Shore Bar
28. January 16, 2000, Hilltop
29. January 17, 2000, Disco Valley*
30. January 18, 2000, Shore Bar; Hilltop
31. December 22, 2000, Bamboo Forest
32. December 24, 2000, Bamboo Forest; Hilltop; German Bakery*
33. December 27, 2000, Shore Bar; Disco Valley*
34. December 29, 2000, Disco Valley*
35. December 31, 2000, and January 1 and 2, 2001, Hilltop; German Bakery*
36. January 2, 2001, Café del Mar (Coco Beach, Candolim)
37. January 3 and 4, 2001, Shore Bar; Disco Valley*
38. January 5, 2001, German Bakery
39. November 7, 2001, Shore Bar; German Bakery
40. November 9, 2001, Bamboo Forest
41. November 11, 2001, Banyan Tree
42. November 14, 2001, Anjuna Beach Temple*
43. November 19, 2001, German Bakery
44. November 21, 2001, Disco Valley*
45. November 24, 2001, Hilltop
46. November 27, 2001, German Bakery
47. November 28, 2001, Disco Valley*
48. November 30, 2001, German Bakery*
49. December 5, 2001, Shore Bar
50. December 7, 2001, Disco Valley
51. December 10, 2001, Bamboo Forest*
52. December 12, 2001, Shore Bar
53. December 14, 2001, Banyan Tree
54. December 24 and 25, 2001, German Bakery; Bamboo Forest; Hilltop*
55. December 25, 2001, Paradiso (formerly Paraiso de Anjuna)
56. December 29, 2001, Banyan Tree*
57. December 31, 2001, and January 1, 2002, Disco Valley; Hilltop*
58. January 20, 2002, at an Israeli dealer's house next to Anjuna Beach Temple*
59. January 23, 2002, Banyan Tree*
60. January 27, 2002, Shore Bar, Banyan Tree*

61. January 28, 2002, Bobby Bar (Sivolim)*
62. February 6, 2002, Shore Bar
63. February 11, 2002, Banyan Tree*
64. February 13, 2002, Shore Bar
65. February 14, 2002, Anjuna Beach Temple
66. February 20, 2002, Shore Bar
67. February 24, 2002, Paradiso
68. February 28, 2002, Ganesh Point (Om Beach, Karnataka)
69. March 2, 2002, Paradiso
70. March 3, 2002, Paradiso
71. December 28, 2005, Paradiso
72. December 30, 2005, Paradiso
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