

## Foreword

### “The New Politology of Eric Wilson”

Eric Wilson put it clearly: if one wants to craft a realistic theory of political violence, he will find himself *entre dos aguas*. On the Right, he will get no cooperation whatsoever from conservative hawks whose job is to salute the advent of the modern Liberal State as a teleological master-stroke: Liberalism, they affirm, is all humans have ever striven for (“democratic consensus”), and now it is here. In their vision, an organism as flawlessly balanced and efficient as the modern Liberal State is *ipso facto* immune to conspiratorial activity: the mere possibility of degenerative internecine feuds at the top is averted by the joint operation of transparency and democratic turnover. In this perspective, (political) crime is always the result of the psychopaths’ and misfits failure to adapt to the rigors of a fast-paced, individualist, “free” society. On the Left, progressive hawks (plus the doves, red-white-and blue) will also rebuke his inquiries because he should know that it would be illogical for elites, whose business it is to protect/further their (economic) interests behind the impersonal façade of governmental protocol, to frame, defame, or liquidate their own (one or many, highest or low) in order to achieve whatever hidden end they might have on their putatively “secret agenda.”

Again, political violence is construed as a pathological disorder that is essentially foreign, extraneous to the conventional management of the modern State.

Being all “theoretical” space is thus obstructed, what is the skeptical politologist to do? *Il peut tricher*; he can cheat French-Style, like, say, Baudrillard. Like Baudrillard, he could argue that momentous, unusual events are the nightmares of our collective mind; they are the theatrical production of our collective subconscious. And it is because our collective subconscious is so corrupt, neurotically torqued, and terrified of holding up the mirror to its savage self that the shows of our day-to-day chronicles appear delirious, or, as they say, “irrational.” The delirium and “irrationality” of it all is to be interpreted as the oneiric labor of these demons we westerners have crammed, hidden in the basement of our psyche. It is astonishing to think that this post-Freudian chicken-halibut could have had any mass-traction at all—as it did, in fact, during the propagandistic campaign of Gulf One, (Iraq, 1990-1991); traction, say, over and beyond the usual Foucauldian fare of “there is no power at the center, but only at the margins.” In any event, all of these are just extravagant “literalized metaphors,” whose primary, obvious propagandistic goal is to efface political responsibility (authorship: whodunit and why? To such questions the postmodern reply is: it is irrelevant; it is one big, “liquid” nightmare, and the demons are ours anyway). They are subtle to the extent that they include the issue of guilt, if tangentially, but defuse that line of thinking forthwith by drowning it in an avowal of public culpability, and immediately thereafter negate the issue wholesale with the suggestion that the political making of history is nothing but a virtual (video-)game. The computer’s gone crazy; and as for the machine’s wiring, we all contributed to it, and eventually lost technical track