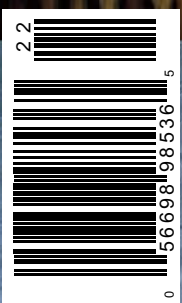


Cabinet

A QUARTERLY OF ART AND CULTURE
ISSUE 46 PUNISHMENT
US \$12 CANADA \$12 UK £7



ARTIST PROJECTS / PENAL CODES

When we commissioned the artist projects for this issue, we asked the participants to consider a scene of punishment, whether real or imagined, that they have either been the subject of, participated in, or witnessed (either in actuality or in a fictional context). These scenes of punishment could range, we explained, from the minor (e.g., being given a parking ticket or being sent out of class) to the severe (e.g., torture, capital punishment) and might just as likely emerge from any of the wide range of institutional contexts in which punitive measures are enforced—from the arena of the family to the school, from competitive sports to larger political bodies. While the generality of the brief did in fact produce projects with diverse content, we were intrigued to find a striking formal symmetry—every one of them included, in one way or another, a textual element, suggesting that perhaps scenes of punishment have within them something that exceeds the visual, requiring that we must, finally, return to language to fully access their meaning.

Page 86: Lin + Lam, *Giornate: lamenti di Michelangelo*, 2012.

The citation is appropriated from an October 1512 letter that Michelangelo wrote to his father. The letter is available in E. H. Ramsden, *The Letters of Michelangelo*, vol. 1 (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1963), letter 82, p. 75.

Page 87: Javier Téllez in collaboration with patients from the Bronx Psychiatric center, *S-t-e-r-e-o-v-i-e-w*, 2005.

Page 88: Ellen Harvey, *Making the Punishment Fit the Crime*, 2012.

Page 89: Francesco Simeti, *Assessment*, 2012.

Back in April, coming back to New York from MASS MoCA the day after the opening of the "Invisible Cities" exhibition, I was given an extremely severe speeding ticket on the Taconic Parkway. I still believe that the ticket was excessive and grossly unfair and have not managed to let go of it. With the whole family in the car—a hideous Mini Cooper with racy checkered decals that I had rented to please my boys—I felt ashamed like hardly ever before.

Postcard: Frank Heath, *Proxy Cipher Vietnam*, 2012.

Encrypted text reads: According to the current mailing standards of the United States Postal Service International Mail Manual, sending this postcard is a violation of United States Postal Service regulations prohibiting "invisible ink, codes, ciphers, symbols or other types of secret correspondence, and shorthand notes" mailed from the United States to Vietnam. This message is encrypted using a simple substitution cipher shifting each character three letters forward in the alphabet. Also known as a Caesar Cipher, this code was Julius Caesar's method for protecting military correspondence. In a traditional fashion, the final ciphertext is written in fixed groups omitting punctuation and spaces. In the event of a seizure, return, or penalty from this action, the return addressee will be held responsible.

I lead a miserable existence and reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; I live wearied by stupendous labours and beset by a thousand anxieties. And thus have I lived for some fifteen years now and never an hour's happiness have I had, and all this have I done in order to help you, though you have never either recognized or believed it—God forgive us all. I lead a miserable existence and beset by a thousand anxieties. I live wearied by stupendous labours and beset by a thousand anxieties. And thus have I lived for some fifteen years now and never an hour's happiness have I had. I lead a miserable existence and reckon not of life nor honour. I live wearied by stupendous labours and beset by a thousand anxieties. Never an hour's happiness have I had, and all this have I done in order to help you. I lead a miserable existence and reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; thus have I lived for some fifteen years now, and all this have I done in order to help you, though you have never either recognized or believed it. I lead a miserable existence and reckon not of life nor honour—though you have never either recognized or believed it. I reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; I live wearied and thus have I lived for some fifteen years now. All this have I done in order to help you—God forgive us all. For some fifteen years I am wearied by stupendous labours. Never an hour's happiness have I had. I reckon not of life nor honour—forgive us all. I live wearied by a thousand anxieties. And all this have I done, though you have never recognized it. A miserable existence have I lived for some fifteen years now. In order to help you I have I lived for some fifteen years, wearied by stupendous labours. Though you have never either recognized or believed it I live beset by a thousand anxieties. Never an hour's happiness have I had. Wearied, miserable, beset in order to help you. I reckon not of life nor honour—all this have I done, though you have never recognized or believed it. I am beset and wearied by a thousand anxieties. And never an hour's happiness have I had for some fifteen years. I lead a miserable existence, though you have never either recognized or believed it. I have done all this in order to help you—God forgive you. I lead a miserable existence and reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; I live wearied by stupendous labours and beset by a thousand anxieties. And thus have I lived for some fifteen years now and never an hour's happiness have I had, and all this have I done in order to help you, though you have never either recognized or believed it. God. For some fifteen years never an hour's happiness have I had. I lead a miserable existence. I lead an existence beset by a thousand anxieties. And all this to help you. You have never either recognized or believed it—God forgive my miserable existence. Never an hour's happiness to help you. Never either recognized or believed. I reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; Stupendous labours for some fifteen years to help you, God. I reckon. I am wearied and miserable. I live beset by anxieties. This existence have I lived for some fifteen years now. Miserable and never an hour's happiness have I had. You have never recognized that I lead a miserable existence in order to help you. You have never recognized, believed I live wearied in order to help you. Never an hour's happiness have I had for some fifteen years. And I am beset by a thousand anxieties. Wearied by a thousand labours and miserable. For fifteen years I have done this in order to help you—God forgive us. God forgive us. I reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; I live a miserable existence and all this in order to help you, though you have never recognized it. Beset by stupendous anxieties have I lived and never an hour's happiness have I had. I live wearied in order to help you. Never an hour's happiness that is of this world. I live wearied. A miserable existence with a thousand anxieties. I reckon not of life nor honour—that is of this world; I lived for some fifteen years thus wearied by stupendous and miserable labours. In order to help you, I lead a miserable existence. For some fifteen years, though you have never believed it. I live beset by miserable anxieties, God. My existence never in fifteen years an hour's happiness have I had. So help you I live beset by anxieties.



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MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME WAS A SPECIALTY OF THE NUNS AT ST. MARY'S - UNLIKE AT MY STATE PRIMARY SCHOOL WHERE THE GIRLS JUST GOT HIT ON THE HAND IN FRONT OF EVERYONE AND THE BOYS GOT IT ON THE BUM IN PRIVATE IRRESPECTIVE OF THE OFFENSE IN QUESTION. ALL INSTITUTIONALIZED PUNISHMENT IS A CLICHÉ BUT YOU HAD TO ADMIRE THE NUNS SINCERE ATTEMPTS TO INVENT PUNISHMENTS THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY CAUSE THE SINNER TO REFLECT ON HER SIN. UNLADYLIKE RUNNING IN THE CORRIDORS RESULTED IN THE OFFENDER RUNNING BACK AND FORTH TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN UNTIL IT WAS JUDGED THAT SHE WAS UNLIKELY TO RUN AGAIN ANY TIME SOON. WHEN I SALTED A MUCH-LOATHED PUDDING FORGETTING THAT THE NUNS ATE OUR LEFT-OVERS TO PROMOTE HUMILITY, I WAS SENTENCED TO ONE WEEK ON BREAD AND WATER WHICH DID HAVE THE DESIRED EFFECT OF RENEWING MY APPRECIATION FOR GOD'S BOUNTY, ESPECIALLY GIVEN THAT THE MUCH-LOVED SAUSAGES WERE ON THE MENU TWICE THAT WEEK. COINCIDENCE - I THINK NOT.



New York State Department of Motor Vehicles
DRIVER RESPONSIBILITY ASSESSMENT STATEMENT

POSTAL ID: [REDACTED]



Statement Number: [REDACTED]

Client ID Number: [REDACTED]

Date of Birth/Sex: [REDACTED]

Sections 1199 and 503(4) of the Vehicle and Traffic Law require that, as of 11/18/04, motorists who accumulate 6 or more points on their driving record in an 18 month period, or who are convicted of a drug/alcohol violation or who refuse a chemical test, must pay a Driver Responsibility Assessment in addition to any fines, penalties and surcharges that are assessed by the courts. This applies to all drivers regardless of where they are licensed. Assessments, which are billed every year for 3 years, are \$100 per year for the first 6 points, \$25 per year for 7-11 points in addition to the original 6 points, and \$250 per year for a drug or alcohol incident.

Payment:
The Full Assessment of: \$ 300.00
OR
The Minimum Annual Payment of: \$ 100.00
(this amount includes any overdue assessments)

If you select the Annual Payment option, we will send you a billing statement yearly for the Annual Payment amount for any additional assessment amounts that may be added to your driving record during the year.

For details regarding violations and driver responsibility assessments, visit our website at dmv.ny.gov or call 402-298-3333. For information on State driving records, visit dmv.ny.gov or call 402-298-3333. For information on obtaining a New York State Driver License, visit dmv.ny.gov or call 402-298-3333. For information on the assessment amount, visit dmv.ny.gov or call 402-298-3333.

