refer to? To a fruit that, as such, will poison Adam if he eats it. This is an instance of an encounter between two bodies whose characteristic relations are not compatible: the fruit will act as a poison; that is, *it will determine the parts of Adam's body* (and paralleling this, the idea of the fruit will determine the parts of his mind) *to enter into new relations that no longer accord with his own essence.* But because Adam is ignorant of causes, he thinks that God morally forbids him something, whereas God only reveals the natural consequence of ingesting the fruit. Spinoza is categorical on this point: all the phenomenal that we group under the heading of Evil, illness, and death, are of this type: bad encounters, poisoning, intoxication, relational decomposition.[9]

In any case, there are always relations that enter into composition in their particular order, according to the eternal laws of nature. There is no Good or Evil, but there is good and bad. "Beyond Good and Evil, at least this *does not* mean: beyond good and bad."[10] The good is when a body directly compounds its relation with ours, and, with all or part of its power, increases ours. A food, for example. For us, the bad is when a body decomposes our body's relation, although it still combines with our parts, but in ways that do not correspond to our essence, as when a poison breaks down the blood. Hence good and bad have a primary, objective meaning, but one that is relative and partial: that which agrees with our nature or does not agree with it. And consequently, good and bad have a secondary meaning, which is subjective and modal, qualifying two types, two modes of man's existence. That individual will be called *good* (or free, or rational, or strong) who strives, insofar as he is capable, to organize his encounters, to join with whatever agrees with his nature, to combine his relation with relations that are compatible with his, and thereby to increase his power. For goodness is a matter of dynamism, power, and the composition of powers. That individual will be called *bad,* or servile, or weak, or foolish, who lives haphazardly, who is content to undergo the effects of his encounters, but wails and accuses every time the effect undergone does not agree with him and reveals his own impotence. For, by lending oneself in this way to whatever encounter in whatever circumstance, believing that with a lot of violence or a little guile, one will always extricate oneself, how can one fail to have more bad encounters than good? How can one keep from destroying oneself through guilt, and others through resentment, spreading one's own powerlessness and enslavement everywhere, one's own sickness, indigestions, and poisons? In the end, one is unable even to encounter oneself.[11]

In this way, ethics, which is to say, a typology of immanent modes of existence, replaces morality, which always refers existence to transcendent values. Morality is the judgment of God, the *system of Judgment.* But ethics overthrows the system of judgment. The opposition of values (Good-Evil) is

supplanted by the qualitative difference of modes of existence (good-bad). The illusion of values is indistinguishable from the illusion of consciousness. Because it is content to wait for and take in effects, consciousness misapprehends all of nature. Now, all that one needs in order to moralize is to fail to understand. It is clear that we have only to misunderstand a law for it to appear to us in the form of a moral "You must." If we do not understand the rule of three, we will apply it, we will adhere to it, as a duty. Adam does not understand the rule of the relation of his body with the fruit, so he interprets God's word as a prohibition. Moreover, the confused form of moral law has so compromised the law of nature that the philosopher must not speak of natural laws, but only of eternal truths: "The application of the word 'law' to natural things seems to be metaphorical, and the ordinary meaning of law is simply a command."[12] As Nietzsche says concerning chemistry, i.e., the science of antidotes and poisons, one must be wary of the word *law,* which has a moral aftertaste.

It is easy, however, to separate the two domains—that of the eternal truths of nature and that of the moral laws of institutions—if only one considers their effects. Let us take consciousness at its word: moral law is an imperative; it has no other effect, no other finality than obedience. This obedience may be absolutely necessary, and the commands may be justified, but that is not the issue. Law, whether moral or social, does not provide us with any knowledge; it makes nothing known. At worst, it prevents the formation of knowledge (*the law of the tyrant*). At best, it prepares for knowledge and makes it possible (*the law of Abraham or of Christ*). Between these two extremes, it takes the place of knowledge in those who, because of their mode of existence, are incapable of knowledge (*the law of Moses*). But in any case, a difference of nature is constantly manifested between knowledge and morality, between the relation of command and obedience and the relation of the known and knowledge. The tragedy of theology and its harmfulness are not just speculative, according to Spinoza; they are owing to the practical confusion which theology instills in us between these two orders that differ in nature. At the least, theology considers that Scripture lays the foundation for knowledge, even if this knowledge must be developed in a rational manner, or even transposed, translated, by reason: whence the hypothesis of a moral, creating, and transcendent God. In this, as we shall see, there is a confusion that compromises the whole of ontology; the history of a *long error* whereby the command is mistaken for something to be understood, obedience for knowledge itself, and Being for a *Fiat.* Law is always the transcendent instance that determines the opposition of values (Good-Evil), but knowledge is always the immanent power that determines the qualitative difference of modes of existence (good-bad).

III. A Devaluation of All the "Sad Passions" (in Favor of Joy): Spinoza the Atheist

If ethics and morality merely interpreted the same precepts in a different way, the distinction between them would only be theoretical. This is not the case. Throughout his work, Spinoza does not cease to denounce three kinds of personages: the man with sad passions; the man who exploits these sad passions, who needs them in order to establish his power; and the man who is saddened by the human condition and by human passions in general (he may make fun of these as much as he disdains them, but this mockery is a bad laughter).[13] The slave, the tyrant, and the priest . . . , the moralist trinity. Since Epicurus and Lucretius, the deep implicit connection between tyrants and slaves has never been more clearly shown: "In despotic statecraft, the supreme and essential mystery is to hoodwink the subjects, and to mask the fear, which keeps them down, with the specious garb of religion, so that men may fight as bravely for slavery as for safety, and count it not shame but highest honor to risk their blood and lives for the vainglory of a tyrant."[14] This is possible because the sad passion is a complex that joins desire's boundlessness to the mind's confusion, cupidity to superstition. "Those who most ardently embrace every sort of superstition cannot help but be those who most immoderately desire external advantages." The tyrant needs sad spirits in order to succeed, just as sad spirits need a tyrant in order to be content and to multiply. In any case, what unites them is their hatred of life, their resentment against life. The *Ethics* draws the portrait of the *resentful man,* for whom all happiness is an offense, and who makes wretchedness or impotence his only passion:

> But those who know how to break men's minds rather than strengthen them are burdensome both to themselves and to others. That is why many, from too great an impatience of mind, and a false zeal for religion, have preferred to live among the lower animals rather than among men. They are like boys or young men who cannot bear calmly the scolding of their parents, and take refuge in the army. They choose the inconveniences of war and the discipline of an absolute commander in preference to the conveniences of home and the admonitions of a father; and while they take vengeance on their parents, they allow all sorts of burdens to be placed on them.[15]

There is, then, a philosophy of "life" in Spinoza; it consists precisely in denouncing all that separates us from life, all these transcendent values that are turned against life, these values that are tied to the conditions and illusions of consciousness. Life is poisoned by the categories of Good and Evil,

of blame and merit, of sin and redemption.[16] What poisons life is hatred, including the hatred that is turned back against oneself in the form of guilt. Spinoza traces, step by step, the dreadful concatenation of sad passions; first, sadness itself, then hatred, aversion, mockery, fear, despair, *morsus conscientiae*, pity, indignation, envy, humility, repentance, self-abasement, shame, regret, anger, vengeance, cruelty. . . .[17] His analysis goes so far that even in *hatred* and *security* he is able to find that grain of sadness that suffices to make these the feelings of slaves.[18] The true city offers citizens the love of freedom instead of the hope of rewards or even the security of possessions; for "it is slaves, not free men, who are given rewards for virtue."[19] Spinoza is not among those who think that a sad passion has something good about it. Before Nietzsche, he denounces all the falsifications of life, all the values in the name of which we disparage life. We do not live, we only lead a semblance of life; we can only think of how to keep from dying, and our whole life is a death worship.

This critique of sad passions is deeply rooted in the theory of affections. An individual is first of all a singular essence, which is to say, a degree of power. A characteristic relation corresponds to this essence, and a certain capacity for being affected corresponds to this degree of power. Furthermore, this relation subsumes parts; this capacity for being affected is necessarily filled by affections. Thus, animals are defined less by the abstract notions of genus and species than by a capacity for being affected, by the affections of which they are "capable," by the excitations to which they react within the limits of their capability. Consideration of genera and species still implies a "morality," whereas the *Ethics* is an *ethology* which, with regard to men and animals, in each case only considers their capacity for being affected. Now, from the viewpoint of an ethology of man, one needs first to distinguish between two sorts of affections: *actions*, which are explained by the nature of the affected individual, and which spring from the individual's essence; and *passions*, which are explained by something else, and which originate outside the individual. Hence the capacity for being affected is manifested as a *power of acting* insofar as it is assumed to be filled by active affections, but as a *power of being acted upon* insofar as it is filled by passions. For a given individual, i.e., for a given degree of power assumed to be constant within certain limits, the capacity for being affected itself remains constant within those limits, but the power of acting and the power of being acted upon vary greatly, in inverse ratio to one another.

It is necessary to distinguish not only between actions and passions but also between two sorts of passions. The nature of the passions, in any case, is to fill our capacity for being affected while separating us from our power of acting, keeping us separated from that power. But when we encounter an

external body that does not agree with our own (i.e., whose relation does not enter into composition with ours), it is as if the power of that body opposed our power, bringing about a subtraction or a fixation; when this occurs, it may be said that our power of acting is diminished or blocked, and that the corresponding passions are those of *sadness*. In the contrary case, when we encounter a body that agrees with our nature, one whose relation compounds with ours, we may say that its power is added to ours; the passions that affect us are those of *joy* and our power of acting is increased or enhanced. This joy is still a passion, since it has an external cause; we still remain separated from our power of acting, possessing it only in a formal sense. This power of acting is nonetheless increased proportionally; we "approach" the point of conversion, the point of transmutation that will establish our dominion, that will make us worthy of action, of active joys.[20]

It is this theory of the affections as a whole that defines the status of the sad passions. Whatever their justification, they represent the lowest degree of our power, the moment when we are most separated from our power of acting, when we are most alienated, delivered over to the phantoms of superstition, to the mystifications of the tyrant. The *Ethics* is necessarily an ethics of joy: only joy is worthwhile, joy remains, bringing us near to action, and to the bliss of action. The sad passions always amount to impotence. This will be the threefold practical problem of the *Ethics: How does one arrive at a maximum of joyful passions?* proceeding from there to free and active feelings (although our place in nature seems to condemn us to bad encounters and sadnesses). *How does one manage to form adequate ideas?* which are precisely the source of active feelings (although our natural condition seems to condemn us to have only inadequate ideas of our body, of our mind, and of other things). *How does one become conscious of oneself, of God, and of things?—sui et Dei et rerum aeterna quadam necessitate conscius* (although our consciousness seems inseparable from illusions).

The great theories of the *Ethics*—the oneness of substance, the univocity of the attributes, immanence, universal necessity, parallelism, etc.—cannot be treated apart from the three practical theses concerning consciousness, values, and the sad passions. The *Ethics* is a book written twice simultaneously: once in the continuous stream of definitions, propositions, demonstrations, and corollaries, which develop the great speculative themes with all the rigors of the mind; another time in the broken chain of scholia, a discontinuous volcanic line, a second version underneath the first, expressing all the angers of the heart and setting forth the practical theses of denunciation and liberation.[21] The entire *Ethics* is a voyage in immanence; but immanence is the unconscious itself, and the conquest of the unconscious. Ethical *joy* is the correlate of speculative affirmation.

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Ethics and the Event

We are sometimes hesitant to call "Stoic" a concrete or poetic way of life, as if the name of a doctrine were too bookish or abstract to designate the most personal relation with a wound. But where do doctrines come from, if not from wounds and vital aphorisms which, with their charge of exemplary provocation, are so many speculative anecdotes? Joe Bousquet must be called Stoic. He apprehends the wound that he bears deep within his body in its eternal truth as a pure event. To the extent that events are actualized in us, they wait for us and invite us in. They signal us: "My wound existed before me, I was born to embody it."[1] It is a question of attaining this will that the event creates in us; of becoming the quasi-cause of what is produced within us, the operator; of producing surfaces and linings in which the event is reflected, finds itself again as incorporeal and manifests in us the neutral splendor which it possesses in itself in its impersonal and preindividual nature, beyond the general and the particular, the collective and the private. It is a question of becoming a citizen of the world. "Everything was in order with the events of my life before I made them mine; to live them is to find myself tempted to become their equal, as if they had to get from me only that which they have that is best and most perfect."

Either ethics makes no sense at all, or this is what it means and has nothing else to say: not to be unworthy of what happens to us. To grasp whatever

happens as unjust and unwarranted (it is always someone else's fault) is, on the contrary, what renders our sores repugnant—veritable *ressentiment,* resentment of the event. There is no other ill will. What is really immoral is the use of moral notions like just or unjust, merit or fault. What does it mean then to will the event? Is it to accept war, wounds, and death when they occur? It is highly probable that resignation is only one more figure of *ressentiment,* since *ressentiment* has many figures. If willing the event is, primarily, to release its eternal truth, like the fire on which it is fed, this will would reach the point at which war is waged against war, the wound would be the living trace and the scar of all wounds, and death turned on itself would be willed against all deaths. We are faced with a volitional intuition and a transmutation. "To my inclination for death," said Bousquet, "which was a failure of the will, I will substitute a longing for death which would be the apotheosis of the will." From this inclination to this longing there is, in a certain respect, no change except a change of the will, a sort of leaping in place [*saut sur place*] of the whole body which exchanges its organic will for a spiritual will. It wills now not exactly what occurs, but something *in* that which occurs, something yet to come which would be consistent with what occurs, in accordance with the laws of an obscure, humorous conformity: the Event. It is in this sense that the *amor fati* is one with the struggle of free men. My misfortune is present in all events, but also a splendor and brightness which dry up misfortune and which bring about that the event, once willed, is actualized on its most contracted point, on the cutting edge of an operation. All this is the effect of the static genesis and of the immaculate conception. The splendor and the magnificence of the event is sense. The event is not what occurs (an accident), it is rather inside what occurs, the purely expressed. It signals and awaits us. In accordance with the three preceding determinations, it is what must be understood, willed, and represented in that which occurs. Bousquet goes on to say: "Become the man of your misfortunes; learn to embody their perfection and brilliance." Nothing more can be said, and no more has ever been said: to become worthy of what happens to us, and thus to will and release the event, to become the offspring of one's own events, and thereby to be reborn, to have one more birth, and to break with one's carnal birth—to become the offspring of one's events and not of one's actions, for the action is itself produced by the offspring of the event.

The actor is not like a god, but is rather like an "antigod" [*contre-dieu*]. God and actor are opposed in their readings of time. What men grasp as past and future, God lives it in its eternal present. The God is Chronos: the divine present is the circle in its entirety, whereas past and future are dimensions relative to a particular segment of the circle which leaves the rest out-

side. The actor's present, on the contrary, is the most narrow, the most contracted, the most instantaneous, and the most punctual. It is the point on a straight line which divides the line endlessly, and is itself divided into past-future. The actor belongs to the Aeon: instead of the most profound, the most fully present, the present which spreads out and comprehends the future and the past, an unlimited past-future rises up here reflected in an empty present which has no more thickness than the mirror. The actor or actress represents, but what he or she represents is always still in the future and already in the past, whereas his or her representation is impassible and divided, unfolded without being ruptured, neither acting nor being acted upon. It is in this sense that there is an actor's paradox; the actor maintains himself in the instant in order to act out something perpetually anticipated and delayed, hoped for and recalled. The role played is never that of a character; it is a theme (the complex theme or sense) constituted by the components of the event, that is, by the communicating singularities effectively liberated from the limits of individuals and persons. The actor strains his entire personality in a moment which is always further divisible in order to open himself up to the impersonal and preindividual role. The actor is always acting out other roles when acting one role. The role has the same relation to the actor as the future and past have to the instantaneous present which corresponds to them on the line of the Aeon. The actor thus actualizes the event, but in a way which is entirely different from the actualization of the event in the depth of things. Or rather, the actor redoubles this cosmic, or physical actualization, in his own way, which is singularly superficial—but because of it more distinct, trenchant and pure. Thus, the actor delimits the original, disengages from it an abstract line, and keeps from the event only its contour and its splendor, becoming thereby the actor of one's own events—a *counteractualization.*

The physical mixture is exact only at the level of the whole, in the full circle of the divine present. But with respect to each part, there are many injustices and ignominies, many parasitic and cannibalistic processes which inspire our terror at what happens to us, and our resentment at what occurs. Humor is inseparable from a selective force: in that which occurs (an accident), it selects the pure event. In eating, it selects speaking. Bousquet listed the characteristics of the humor-actor [*de l'humour-acteur*]: to annihilate his or her tracks whenever necessary; "to hold up among men and works *their being before bitterness.*" "to assign to plagues, tyrannies, and the most frightful wars the comic possibility of having reigned for nothing"; in short, to liberate for each thing "its immaculate portion," language and will, *amor fati.*[2]

Why is every event a kind of plague, war, wound, or death? Is this simply

to say that there are more unfortunate than fortunate events? No, this is not the case since the question here is about the double structure of every event. With every event, there is indeed the present moment of its actualization, the moment in which the event is embodied in a state of affairs, an individual, or a person, the moment we designate by saying "*here,* the moment has come." The future and the past of the event are evaluated only with respect to this definitive present, and from the point of view of that which embodies it. But on the other hand, there is the future and the past of the event considered in itself, sidestepping each present, being free of the limitations of a state of affairs, impersonal and preindividual, neutral, neither general nor particular, *eventum tantum.* . . . It has no other present than that of the mobile instant which represents it, always divided into past-future, and forming what must be called the counteractualization. In one case, it is my life, which seems too weak for me and slips away at a point which, in a determined relation to me, has become present. In the other case, it is I who am too weak for life, it is life which overwhelms me, scattering its singularities all about, in no relation to me, nor to a moment determinable as the present, except an impersonal instant which is divided into still-future and already-past. No one has shown better than Maurice Blanchot that this ambiguity is essentially that of the wound and of death, of the mortal wound. Death has an extreme and definite relation to me and my body and is grounded in me, but it also has no relation to me at all—it is incorporeal and infinitive, impersonal, grounded only in itself. On one side, there is the part of the event which is realized and accomplished; on the other, there is that "part of the event which cannot realize its accomplishment." There are thus two accomplishments, which are like actualization and counteractualization. It is in this way that death and its wound are not simply events among other events. Every event is like death, double and impersonal in its double. "It is the abyss of the present, the time without present with which I have no relation, toward which I am unable to project myself. For in it *I* do not die. I forfeit the power of dying. In this abyss one [*on*] dies—one never ceases to die, and one never succeeds in dying."[3]

How different this "one" is from that which we encounter in everyday banality. It is the "one" of impersonal and preindividual singularities, the "one" of the pure event wherein *it* dies in the same way that *it* rains. The splendor of the "one" is the splendor of the event itself or of the fourth person. This is why there are no private or collective events, no more than there are individuals and universals, particularities and generalities. Everything is singular, and thus both collective and private, particular and general, neither individual nor universal. Which war, for example, is not a private affair? Conversely, which wound is not inflicted by war and derived from

society as a whole? Which private event does not have all its coordinates, that is, all its impersonal social singularities? There is, nevertheless, a good deal of ignominy in saying that war concerns everybody, for this is not true. It does not concern those who use it or those who serve it—creatures of *ressentiment.* And there is as much ignominy in saying that everyone has his or her own war or particular wound, for this is not true of those who scratch at their sores—the creatures of bitterness and *ressentiment.* It is true only of the free man, who grasps the event, and does not allow it to be actualized as such without enacting, the actor, its counteractualization. Only the free man, therefore, can comprehend all violence in a single act of violence, and every mortal event *in a single Event* which no longer makes room for the accident, and which denounces and removes the power of *ressentiment* within the individual as well as the power of oppression within society. Only by spreading *ressentiment* the tyrant forms allies, namely slaves and servants. The revolutionary alone is free from the *ressentiment,* by means of which one always participates in, and profits by, an oppressive order. *One and the same Event?* Mixture which extracts and purifies, or measures everything at an instant without mixture, instead of mixing everything together. All forms of violence and oppression gather together in this single event which denounces all by denouncing one (the nearest or final state of the question).

> The psychopathology which the poet makes his own is not a sinister little accident of personal destiny, or an individual, unfortunate accident. It is not the milkman's truck which has run over him and left him disabled. It is the horsemen of the Hundred Blacks carrying out their pogroms against their ancestors in the ghettos of Vilna. . . . The blows received to the head did not happen during a street brawl, but when the police charged the demonstrators. . . . If he cries out like a deaf genius, it is because the bombs of Guernica and Hanoi have deafened him.[4]

It is at this mobile and precise point, where all events gather together in one that transmutation happens: this is the point at which death turns against death; where dying is the negation of death, and the impersonality of dying no longer indicates only the moment when I disappear outside of myself, but rather the moment when death loses itself in itself, and also the figure which the most singular life takes on in order to substitute itself for me.[5]

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The Selective Test

There is a force common to Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. (Péguy would have to be added in order to form the triptych of priest, antichrist, and catholic. Each of the three in his own way makes repetition not only a power peculiar to language and thought, a superior pathos and pathology, but also the fundamental category of the philosophy of the future. To each corresponds a testament as well as a theater, a conception of the theater, and a hero of repetition as a principal character in this theater: Job-Abraham, Dionysus-Zarathustra, Joan of Arc-Clio). What separates them is considerable, evident and well known. But nothing can hide this prodigious encounter in relation to a philosophy of repetition: *they oppose repetition to all the forms of generality.* Nor do they take the word "repetition" in a metaphorical sense: on the contrary, they have a way of taking it literally and of introducing it into their style. We can, or rather must, first of all list the principal propositions which indicate the points on which they coincide.

1. Make something new of repetition itself: connect it with a test, with a selection or selective test; make it the supreme object of the will and of freedom. Kierkegaard specifies: it is not a matter of drawing something new from repetition, of extracting something new from it. Only contemplation or the mind which contemplates from without "extracts." It is rather a matter of acting, of making repetition as such a novelty; that is,

a freedom and a task of freedom. In the case of Nietzsche: liberate the will from everything that binds it by making repetition the very object of willing. No doubt it is repetition that already binds; but if we die of repetition we are also saved and healed by it, healed above all by the other repetition. The whole mystical game of loss and salvation is therefore contained in repetition, along with the whole theatrical game of life and death, and the whole positive game of illness and health (cf. Zarathustra ill and Zarathustra convalescent by virtue of one and the same power of repetition in the eternal return).

2. In consequence, oppose repetition to the laws of nature. Kierkegaard declares that he does not speak at all of repetition in nature, of cycles and seasons, exchanges and equalities. Furthermore: if repetition concerns the most interior element of the will, this is because everything *changes* around the will in accordance with the law of nature. According to the law of nature, repetition is impossible. For this reason, Kierkegaard condemns as aesthetic repetition every attempt to obtain repetition from the laws of nature by identifying with the legislative principle, whether in the Epicurean or the Stoic manner. It will be said that the situation is not so clear with Nietzsche. Nietzsche's declarations are nevertheless explicit. If he discovers repetition in the *physis* itself, this is because he discovers in the *physis* something superior to the reign of laws: a will willing itself through all change, a power against the law, an interior of the earth opposed to the laws of its surface. Nietzsche opposes "his" hypothesis to the cyclical hypothesis. He conceives of repetition in the eternal return as Being, but he opposes this being to every legal form, to the being-similar as much as to the being-equal. How could the thinker who goes furthest in criticizing the notion of law reintroduce eternal return as a law of nature? How could such a connoisseur of the Greeks be justified in regarding his own thought as prodigious and new, if he were content to formulate that natural platitude, that generality regarding nature well known to the ancients? On two occasions, Zarathustra corrects wrong interpretations of the eternal return: with anger, directed at his demon ("Spirit of Gravity . . . do not treat this too lightly"); with kindness, directed at his animals ("O buffoons and barrel-organs . . . you have already made a refrain out of it"). The refrain is the eternal return as cycle or circulation, as being-similar and being-equal, in short as natural animal certitude and as perceptible law of nature itself.

3. Oppose repetition to moral law, to the point that it becomes the suspension of ethics, a thought beyond good and evil. Repetition appears as the logos of the solitary and the singular, the logos of the "private thinker." Both Kierkegaard and Nietzsche develop the opposition of the pri-

vate thinker, the thinker-comet, bearer of repetition, and the public professor, doctor of law, whose second-hand discourse proceeds by mediation and finds its moralising source in the generality of concepts (cf. Kierkegaard against Hegel, Nietzsche against Kant and Hegel; and from this point of view, Péguy against the Sorbonne). Job is infinite contestation and Abraham infinite resignation, but these are one and the same thing. Job challenges the law in an ironic manner, refusing all secondhand explanations and dismissing the general in order to reach the most singular as principle or as universal. Abraham submits humorously to the law, but finds in that submission precisely the singularity of his only son whom the law commanded him to sacrifice. As Kierkegaard understands it, repetition is the transcendent correlate shared by the psychical intentions of contestation and resignation. (We rediscover the two aspects in Péguy's doubling of Joan of Arc and Gervaise.) In Nietzsche's striking atheism, hatred of the law and *amor fati* (love of fate), aggression and acquiescence are the two faces of Zarathustra, gathered from the Bible and turned back against it. Further, in a certain sense one can see Zarathustra's moral test of repetition as competing with Kant. The eternal return says: whatever you will, will it in such a manner that you also will its eternal return. There is a "formalism" here which overthrows Kant on his own ground, a test which goes further since, instead of relating repetition to a supposed moral law, it seems to make repetition itself the only form of a law beyond morality. But in reality things are even more complicated. The form of repetition in the eternal return is the brutal form of the immediate, that of the universal and the singular reunited, which dethrones every general law, dissolves the mediations and annihilates the particulars subjected to the law. Just as irony and black humor are combined in Zarathustra, so there is a within-the-law and a beyond-the-law united in the eternal return.

4. Oppose repetition not only to the generalities of habit but also to the particularities of memory. For it is perhaps habit which manages to "extract" something new from a repetition contemplated from without. With habit, we only act on the condition that there is a little self within us which contemplates: it is this which extracts the new, in other words the general, from the pseudorepetition of particular cases. Memory, then, perhaps recovers the particulars dissolved in generality. These psychological movements are of little consequence: for both Nietzsche and Kierkegaard they fade away before repetition proposed as the double condemnation of habit and memory. In this way, repetition is the thought of the future: it is opposed to both the ancient category of reminiscence and the modern category of *habitus*. It is in repetition, by repeti-

> tion that forgetting becomes a positive power and the unconscious a positive, superior unconscious (for example, forgetting as a force is an integral part of the lived experience of eternal return). Everything is summed up in power [*puissance*]. When Kierkegaard speaks of repetition as the second power of consciousness, "second" does not mean a second time but the infinite which belongs to a single time, the eternity which belongs to an instant, the unconscious which belongs to consciousness, the "*n*th" power. And when Nietzsche presents the eternal return as the immediate expression of the will to power, will to power does not at all mean "to want power," but on the contrary: whatever you will, carry it to the "*n*th" power; that is, separate out the superior form thanks to the selective operation of thought in the eternal return, thanks to the singularity of repetition in the eternal return itself. Here, in the superior form of everything that is, we find the immediate identity of the eternal return and the overman.[1]

We are not suggesting any resemblance whatsoever between Nietzsche's Dionysus and Kierkegaard's God. On the contrary, we suppose, we believe that the difference is insurmountable. All the more reason to ask: whence the coincidence concerning this fundamental objective, on the theme of repetition, even though they understand this objective differently? Kierkegaard and Nietzsche are among those who bring to philosophy new means of expression. In relation to them we speak readily of an overcoming of philosophy. Furthermore, in all their work *movement* is at issue. Their objection to Hegel is that he does not go beyond false movement, in other words the abstract logical movement of "mediation." They want to put metaphysics in motion, in action. They want to make it act, to carry out immediate acts. It is not enough therefore for them to propose a new representation of movement; representation is already mediation. Rather, it is a question of producing within the work a motion capable of affecting the mind outside of all representation; it is a question of making movement itself a work, without interposition; of substituting direct signs for mediate representations; of inventing vibrations, rotations, whirlings, gravitations, dances or leaps which directly touch the mind. This is the idea of a man of the theater, the idea of a director—before his time. In this sense, something completely new begins with Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. They no longer reflect on the theater in the Hegelian manner. Neither do they set up a philosophical theater. They invent an incredible equivalent of theater within philosophy, thereby founding at the same time this theater of the future and a new philosophy. It will be said that, at least from the point of view of theater, there was no production: neither the profession of priest and Copenhagan around 1840 nor the

break with Wagner and Bayreuth were favorable conditions. One thing, however, is certain: when Kierkegaard speaks of ancient theater and modern drama, the environment has already changed; we are no longer in the element of reflection. We find here a thinker who lives the problem of masks, who experiences the inner emptiness of masks and who seeks to fill it, to complete it, albeit with the "absolutely different"; that is, by putting into it all the difference between the finite and the infinite, thereby creating the idea of a theater of humor and of faith. When Kierkegaard explains that the knight of faith so resembles a bourgeois in his Sunday best as to be capable of being mistaken for one, this philosophical instruction must be taken as the remark of a director showing how the knight of faith should be *played.* And when he comments on Job or Abraham, when he imagines the variations of the tale *Agnes and the Triton,* the manner in which he does so does not mislead: it is that of a scenario. Mozart's music resonates even in Abraham and Job; it is a matter of "leaping" to the tune of this music. "I only look at movements" is the language of a director who poses the highest theatrical problem, the problem of a movement which would directly touch the soul, which would be that of the soul.[2]

Even more so with Nietzsche. *The Birth of Tragedy* is not a reflection on ancient theater so much as the practical foundation of a theater of the future, the opening up of a path along which Nietzsche still thinks it possible to push Wagner. The break with Wagner is not a matter of theory, not of music; it concerns the respective roles of text, history, noise, music, light, song, dance, and decor in this theater of which Nietzsche dreams. *Zarathustra* incorporates the two attempts at dramatizing Empedocles. Moreover, if Bizet is better than Wagner, it is from the point of view of theater and for Zarathustra's dances. Nietzsche's reproach to Wagner is that he inverted and distorted "movement," giving us a nautical theater in which we must paddle and swim rather than one in which we can walk and dance. *Zarathustra* is conceived entirely within philosophy, but also entirely for the stage. Everything in it is scored and visualized, put in motion and made to walk or dance. How can it be read without searching for the exact sound of the cry of the higher man, how can the prologue be read without staging the episode of the tightrope walker which opens the whole story? At certain moments, it is a comic opera about terrible things; and it is not by chance that Nietzsche speaks of the comic character of the overman. Remember the song of Ariadne from the mouth of the old Sorcerer: here, two masks are superimposed—that of a young woman, almost of a Koré, which has just been laid over the mask of a repugnant old man. The actor must play the role of an old man playing the role of the Koré. And here too, for Nietzsche, it is a matter of filling the inner emptiness of the mask within a theatrical

space: by multiplying the superimposed masks and inscribing the omnipresence of Dionysus in that superimposition, by inserting the infinity of real movement in the form of the absolute difference given in the repetition of the eternal return. When Nietzsche says that the overman resembles Borgia rather than Parsifal, when he suggests that the overman belongs at once to both the Jesuit order and the Prussian officer corps, we can only understand these texts by taking them for what they are: the remarks of a director indicating how the overman should be "played."

Theater is real movement, and it extracts real movement from all the arts that it employs. This is what we are told: this movement, the essence and the interiority of movement is *not opposition, not mediation* but repetition. Hegel is denounced as the one who proposes an abstract movement of concepts instead of a movement of the *physis* and the psyche. Hegel substitutes the abstract relation of the particular to the concept in general for the true relation of the singular and the universal in the Idea. He thus remains in the reflected element of "representation," within simple generality. He represents concepts instead of dramatizing Ideas: he creates a false theater, a false drama, a false movement. We must see how Hegel betrays and distorts the immediate in order to found his dialectic on that incomprehension, and to introduce mediation in a movement which is no more than that of his own thought and its generalities. When we say, on the contrary, that movement is repetition and that this is our true theater, we are not speaking of the effort of the actor who "repeats" because he has not yet learned the part. We have in mind the theatrical space, the emptiness of that space, and the manner in which it is filled and determined by signs and masks through which the actor plays a role which plays other roles; we think of how repetition is woven from one distinctive point to another, including within itself the differences. (When Marx also criticizes the abstract false movement or mediation of the Hegelians, he finds himself drawn to an idea, which he indicates rather than develops, an essentially "theatrical" idea: to the extent that history is theater, then repetition, along with the tragic and the comic within repetition, forms a condition of movement under which the "actors" or the "heros" produce something effectively new in history.) The theater of repetition is opposed to the theater of representation, just as movement is opposed to concepts and to representation which refers it back to concepts. In the theater of repetition, we experience pure forces, dynamic lines in space which act without intermediary upon the spirit, and which link it directly with nature and history, with a language which speaks before words, with gestures which develop before organized bodies, with masks before faces, with specters and phantoms before characters—the whole apparatus of repetition as a "terrible power."

It becomes easy, then, to speak of the differences between Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. But even this question must no longer be posed at the speculative level of the ultimate nature of the God of Abraham or the Dionysus of Zarathustra. It is rather a matter of knowing what it means to "produce movement," to repeat or to obtain repetition. Is it a matter of leaping, as Kierkegaard believes? Or rather is it a matter of dancing, as Nietzsche thinks; he does not like the confusion of dancing and leaping (only Zarathustra's ape, his demon, his dwarf, his buffoon, leaps).[3] Kierkegaard offers us a theater of faith; he opposes spiritual movement, the movement of faith, to logical movement. He can thus invite us to go beyond all aesthetic repetition, to go beyond irony and even humor, all the while painfully aware that he offers us only the aesthetic, ironic, and humoristic image of such a going beyond. With Nietzsche, it is a theater of unbelief, of movement as *physis*, already a theater of cruelty. Here, humor and irony are indispensable and fundamental operations of nature. And what would the eternal return be, if we forgot that it is a vertiginous movement endowed with a force: not one which causes the return of the Same in general, but one which selects, one which expels as well as creates, destroys as well as produces? Nietzsche's leading idea is to found the repetition in the eternal return at once on the death of God and the dissolution of the self. But it is a quite different alliance in the theater of faith: Kierkegaard dreams of an alliance between a God and a self rediscovered. All sorts of differences follow: is the movement in the sphere of the mind, or in the intestines of the earth which knows neither God nor self? Where will it be better protected against generalities, against mediations? Is repetition supernatural, to the extent that it is over and above the laws of nature? Or is it rather the most natural will of nature in itself and willing itself as *physis*, because nature is by itself superior to its own kingdoms and its own laws? Hasn't Kierkegaard mixed all kinds of things together in his condemnation of "aesthetic" repetition: a pseudo-repetition attributable to general laws of nature, a true repetition in nature itself; a repetition of the passions in a pathological mode, a repetition in art and the work of art? We cannot now resolve any of these problems; it has been enough for us to find theatrical confirmation of an irreducible difference between generality and repetition.

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Eternal Recurrence

Because it is neither felt nor known, a becoming-active can only be thought as the product of a ***selection***. A simultaneous double selection by the activity of force and the affirmation of the will. But what can perform the selection? What serves as the selective principle? Nietzsche replies: the eternal return. Formerly the object of disgust, the eternal return overcomes disgust and turns Zarathustra into a "convalescent," someone consoled (*Z* III "The Convalescent").[1] But in what sense is the eternal return selective? Firstly because, as a thought, it gives the will a practical rule (*VP* IV 229, 231/*WP* 1053, 1056 "The great selective ***thought***").[2] The eternal return gives the will a rule as rigorous as the Kantian one. We have noted that the eternal return, as a physical doctrine, was the new formulation of the speculative synthesis. As an ethical thought the eternal return is the new formulation of the practical synthesis: ***whatever you will, will it in such a way that you also will its eternal return***. "If, in all that you will you begin by asking yourself: is it certain that I will to do it an infinite number of times? This should be your most solid centre of gravity (*VP* IV 242). One thing in the world disheartens Nietzsche: the little compensations, the little pleasures, the little joys and everything that one is granted once, only once. Everything that can be done again the next day on the condition that it be said the day before: tomorrow I will give it up—the whole ceremonial of the obsessed. And we are like those old

women who permit themselves an excess only once, we act and think like them. "Oh, that you would put from you all *half* willing, and decide upon lethargy as you do upon action. Oh that you understood my saying: 'Always do what you will—but first be such as *can* will!' "[3] Laziness, stupidity, baseness, cowardice, or spitefulness that would will its own eternal return would no longer be the same laziness, stupidity, etc. How does the eternal return perform the selection here? It is the *thought* of the eternal return that selects. It makes willing something whole. The thought of the eternal return eliminates from willing everything which falls outside the eternal return, it makes willing a creation, it brings about the equation "willing = creating."

It is clear that such a selection falls short of Zarathustra's ambitions. It is content to eliminate certain reactive states, certain states of reactive forces which are among the least developed. But reactive forces which go to the limit of what they can do in their own way, and which find a powerful motor in the nihilistic will, resist the first selection. Far from falling outside the eternal return they enter into it and seem to return with it. We must therefore expect a second selection, very different from the first. But this second selection involves the most obscure parts of Nietzsche's philosophy and forms an almost esoteric element on the doctrine of the eternal return. We can therefore only summarize these Nietzschean themes, leaving a detailed conceptual explanation until later.

1. Why is the eternal return called "the most extreme form of nihilism" (*VP* III 8/*WP* 55)? And if the eternal return is the most extreme form of nihilism, nihilism itself (separated or abstracted from the eternal return) is always an "incomplete nihilism" (*VP* III 7/*WP* 28): however far it goes, however powerful it is. Only the eternal return makes the nihilistic will whole and complete.

2. The will to nothingness, as we have investigated it up to now, has always appeared in an alliance with reactive forces. Its essence was to deny active force and to lead it to deny and turn against itself. But, at the same time, it laid in this way the foundation for the conservation, triumph, and contagion of reactive forces. The will to nothingness was the universal becoming-reactive, the becoming-reactive of forces. This is the sense in which nihilism is always incomplete of its own. Even the ascetic ideal is the opposite of what we might think, "it is an expedient of the art of conserving life." Nihilism is the principle of conservation of a weak, diminished, reactive life. The depreciation and negation of life form the principle in whose shadow the reactive life conserves itself, survives, triumphs, and becomes contagious (*GM* III 13).[4]

3. What happens when the will to nothingness is related to the eternal

return? This is the only place where it breaks its alliance with reactive forces. Only the eternal return can complete nihilism *because it makes negation a negation of reactive forces themselves*. By and in the eternal return nihilism no longer expresses itself as the conservation and victory of the weak but as their destruction, their *self-destruction*. "This perishing takes the form of a self-destruction—the instinctive selection of that which must destroy. . . . The will to destruction as the will of a still deeper instinct, the instinct of self-destruction, the will for nothingness" (*VP* III 8/*WP* 55). This is why Zarathustra, as early as the Prologue, sings of the "one who wills his own downfall," "for he does not want to preserve himself," "for he will cross the bridge without hesitation" (*Z* Prologue 4). The Prologue to *Zarathustra* contains the premature secret of the eternal return.

4. Turning against oneself should not be confused with this destruction of self, this self-destruction. In the reactive process of turning against oneself active force becomes reactive. In self-destruction reactive forces are themselves denied and led to nothingness. This is why self-destruction is said to be an active operation an "*active destruction*" (*VP* III 8; *EH* III 1).[5] It and it alone expresses the becoming-active of forces: forces become active insofar as reactive forces deny and suppress themselves in the name of a principle which, a short time ago, was still assuring their conservation and triumph. Active negation or active destruction is the state of strong spirits which destroy the reactive in themselves, submitting it to the test of the eternal return and submitting themselves to this test even if it entails willing their own decline; "it is the condition of strong spirits and wills, and these do not find it possible to stop with the negative of 'judgement'; their nature demands *active negation*" (*VP* III 102/*WP* 24). This is the only way in which reactive forces *become active*. Furthermore this is why negation, by making itself the negation of reactive forces themselves, is not only active but is, as it were, *transmuted*. It expresses affirmation and becoming-active as the power of affirming. Nietzsche then speaks of the "eternal joy of becoming . . . that joy which includes even joy in destroying," "The affirmation of passing away and *destroying*, which is the decisive feature of a Dionysian philosophy" (*EH* III "The Birth of Tragedy" 3; 273);

5. The second selection in the eternal return is thus the following: the eternal return produces becoming-active. It is sufficient to relate the will to nothingness to the eternal return in order to realize that reactive forces do not return. However far they go, however deep the becoming-reactive of forces, reactive forces will not return. The small, petty, reactive man will not return. In and through the eternal return negation as a quality of the will to power transmutes itself into affirmation, it becomes an affir-

mation of negation itself, it becomes a power of affirming, an affirmative power. This is what Nietzsche presents as Zarathustra's cure and Dionysus' secret. "Nihilism vanquished by itself" thanks to the eternal return (*VP* III). This second selection is very different from the first. It is no longer a question of the simple thought of the eternal return eliminating from willing everything that falls outside this thought but rather, of the eternal return making something come into being which cannot do so without changing nature. It is no longer a question of selective thought but of selective being; for the eternal return is being and being is selection (selection = hierarchy).

All this must be taken as a simple summary of texts. These texts will only be elucidated in terms of the following points: the relation of the two qualities of the will to power (negation and affirmation), the relation of the will to power itself with the eternal return, and the possibility of transmutation as a new way of feeling, thinking, and above all being (the overman). In Nietzsche's terminology the reversal of values means the active in place of the reactive (strictly speaking it is the reversal of a reversal, since the reactive began by taking the place of action). But *transmutation* of values, or *transvaluation,* means affirmation instead of negation—negation transformed into a power of affirmation, the supreme Dionysian metamorphosis. All these as yet unanalyzed points form the summit of the doctrine of the eternal return.

From afar we can hardly see this summit. The eternal return is the being of becoming. But becoming is double: becoming-active and becoming-reactive, becoming-active of reactive forces and becoming-reactive of active forces. But only becoming-active has being; it would be contradictory for the being of becoming to be affirmed of a becoming-reactive, of a becoming that is itself nihilistic. The eternal return would become contradictory if it were the return of reactive forces. The eternal return teaches us that becoming-reactive has no being. Indeed, it also teaches us of the existence of a becoming-active. It necessarily produces becoming-active by reproducing becoming. This is why affirmation is twofold: the being of becoming cannot be fully affirmed without also affirming the existence of becoming-active. The eternal return thus has a double aspect: it is the universal being of becoming, but the universal being of becoming ought to belong to a single becoming. Only becoming-active has a being which is the being of the whole of becoming. Returning is everything but everything is affirmed in a single moment . Insofar as the eternal return is affirmed as the universal being of becoming, insofar as becoming-active is also affirmed as the symptom and product of the

universal eternal return, affirmation changes nuance and becomes more and more profound. Eternal return, as a physical doctrine, affirms the being of becoming. But, as selective ontology, it affirms this being of becoming as the "self-affirming" of becoming-active. We see that, at the heart of the complicity which joins Zarathustra and his animals, a misunderstanding arises, a problem the animals neither understand nor recognize, the problem of Zarathustra's disgust and cure. "O you buffoons and barrel organs! answered Zarathustra and smiled again . . . you—have already made an old song of it" (*Z* III "The Convalescent" pp. 234–35). The old song is the cycle and the whole, universal being. But the complete formula of affirmation is: the whole, yes, universal being, yes, but universal being ought to belong to a single becoming, the whole ought to belong to a single moment.

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Man and Overman

Foucault's general principle is that every form is a compound of relations between forces. Given these forces, our first question is with what forces from the outside they enter into a relation, and then what form is created as a result. These may be forces within man: the force to imagine, remember, conceive, wish, and so on. One might object that such forces already presuppose man: but in terms of form this is not true. The forces within man presuppose only places, points of industry, a region of the existent. In the same way forces within an animal (mobility, irritability, and so on) do not presuppose any determined form. One needs to know with what other forces the forces within man enter in a relation, in a given historical formation, and what form is created as a result from this compound of forces. We can already foresee that the forces within man do not necessarily contribute to the composition of a man-form, but may be otherwise invested in another compound or form: even over a short period of time man has not always existed, and will not exist for ever. For a man-form to appear to be delineated, the forces within man must enter into a relation with certain very special forces from the outside.

I. The "Classical" Historical Formation

Classical thought may be recognized by the way in which it thinks of the infinite. In it every reality, in a force, "equals" perfection, and so can be raised to infinity (the infinitely perfect), the rest being a limitation and nothing but a limitation. For example, the force to conceive can be raised to infinity, such that human understanding is merely the limitation placed on an infinite understanding. No doubt there are very different orders of infinity, but they are formed only on the basis of the limitation weighing down a particular force. The force to conceive can be raised to infinity directly, while that of imagining can achieve only an infinity of an inferior or derived order. The seventeenth century does not ignore the distinction between the infinite and the indefinite, but it makes the indefinite the lowest degree of infinity. The question of knowing whether or not the whole range can be attributed to God depends on the separation of whatever is reality in the range from whatever is limitation, that is to say from the order of infinity to which the range can be raised. The most typical seventeenth-century texts therefore concern the distinction between different orders of infinity: the infinity of grandeur and the infinity of smallness in Pascal; the infinite in itself, the infinite in its cause, and the infinite between limits in Spinoza; all the infinities in Leibniz, and so on. Classical thought is certainly not serene or imperious. On the contrary, it continually loses itself in infinity: as Michel Serres says, it loses all center and territory, agonizes over its attempts to fix the place of the finite in the midst of all the infinities, and tries to establish an order within infinity.[1]

In brief, the forces within man enter into a relation with those forces that raise things to infinity. The latter are indeed forces from the outside, since man is limited and cannot himself account for this more perfect power which passes through him. Thus the compound created from the confrontation between the forces within man, on the one hand, and the forces that raise to infinity, on the other, is not a man-form but the God-form. One may object that God is not a compound but an absolute and unfathomable unity. This is true, but the God-form is a compound in the eyes of every seventeenth-century author. It is a compound precisely of every force that can be directly raised to infinity (sometimes understanding and will, sometimes thought and range, etc.). As for other forces which can be raised only by their cause, or between limits, they still belong to the God-form, not in essence but in consequence, to the point where we can derive from each one of them a proof of the existence of God (proofs that are cosmological, physico-teleological, and so on). Thus, in the classical historical formation, the forces within man enter into a relation with forces from the outside in

such a way that the compound is a God-form, and not at all a man-form. This is the world of infinite representation.

In the orders derived from it we must find the element that is not infinite in itself, but which nonetheless can be developed to an infinite degree and consequently enters into a scene, or unlimited series, or continuum that can be prolonged. This is the sign of the classical forms of science still prevalent in the eighteenth century: "character" for living beings, "root" for languages, money (or land) for wealth.[2] Such sciences are general, the general indicating an order of infinity. Thus there is no biology in the seventeenth century, but there is a natural history that does not form a system without organizing itself in series; there is no political economy, but there is an analysis of wealth; no philology or linguistics, but a general grammar.

Foucault will subject this triple aspect to a detailed analysis, and find it the perfect place in which to divide up statements. In accordance with this method, Foucault isolates an "archaeological ground" in classical thought which reveals unexpected affinities, but also breaks relations that are too predictable. This avoids making Lamarck into a precursor of Darwin, for example: for it is true that Lamarck's genius lay in injecting a historicity into living beings in several different ways; this is something still done from the viewpoint of the animal series, to save this idea of series which is threatened by new factors. Therefore, Lamarck differs from Darwin in belonging to the classical "ground."[3] What defines this ground and constitutes this great family of so-called classical statements, functionally, is this continual development towards infinity, formulation of continuums, and unveiling of scenes: the continual need to unfold and "explain." What is God, if not the universal explanation and supreme unveiling? The *unfold* appears here as a fundamental concept, or first aspect of an active thought that becomes embodied in the classical formation. This accounts for the frequency of the noun *unfold* in Foucault. If the clinic belongs to this formation, it is because it consists in unfolding the tissues covering "two-dimensional areas" and in developing in series the symptoms whose compositions are infinite.[4]

II. The Historical Formation of the Nineteenth Century

Mutation consists in this: the forces within man enter into a relation with new forces from the outside, which are forces of finitude. These forces are life, labor, and language—the triple root of finitude, which will give birth to biology, political economy, and linguistics. And no doubt we are used to this archaeological mutation: we often locate in Kant the source of such a revolution where the "constituent finitude" replaces the original infinity.[5] What could be more unintelligible for the classical age than that finitude should

be constituent? Foucault nonetheless introduces a completely new element into this scheme: while we were once told only that man becomes aware of his own finitude, under certain historically determinable causes Foucault insists on the necessity of introducing two distinct phases. The force within man must begin by confronting and seizing hold of the forces of finitude as if they were forces from outside: it is outside oneself that force must come up against finitude. Then and only then, in a second stage, does it create from this its own finitude, where its knowledge of finitude necessarily brings it to its own finitude. All this means that when the forces within man enter into a relation with forces of finitude from outside, then and only then does the set of forces compose the man-form (and not the God-form). *Incipit Homo.*

It is here that the method for analyzing statements is shown to be a microanalysis that offers two stages where we had previously seen only one.[6] The first moment consists in this: something breaks the series and fractures the continuums, which on the surface can no longer be developed. It is like the advent of a new dimension, an irreducible depth that menaces the orders of infinite representation. With Jussieu, Vicq d'Azyr, and Lamarck, the coordination and subordination of characteristics in a plant or animal—in brief, an organizing force—imposes a division of organisms which can no longer be aligned but tend to develop each on its own (pathological anatomy accentuates this tendency by discovering an organic depth or a "pathological volume"). With Jones, a force of fluxion alters the order of roots. With Adam Smith, a force of work (abstract work, any work that is no longer evidence of a particular quality) alters the order of wealth. Not that organization, fluxion, and labor have been ignored by the classical age. But they played the role of limitations that did not prevent the corresponding qualities from being raised *to infinity,* or from being deployed to infinity, if only in law. Now, on the other hand, they disengage themselves from quality and reveal instead something that cannot be qualified or represented, death in life, pain and fatigue in work, stammering or aphasia in language. Even the land will discover its essential avarice, and get rid of its apparent order of infinity.[7]

Then everything is ready for the second stage, for a biology, a political economy, a linguistics. Things, living creatures, and words need only *fold back* on this depth as a new dimension, or *fall back* on these forces of finitude. There is no longer just a force of organization in life; there are also spatio-temporal programs of organization which are irreducible in themselves, and on the basis of which living beings are disseminated (Cuvier). There is no longer simply a force of inflection in language, but various programs on the basis of which affixive or inflected languages are distributed and where the self-sufficiency of words and letters gives way to verbal interrelations,

language itself no longer being defined by what it designates or signifies, but referring back instead to "collective wills" (Bopp, Schlegel). There is no longer simply a force of productive work; instead there are conditions of production on the basis of which work itself falls back on capital (Ricardo) before the reverse takes place, in which capital falls back on the work extorted (Marx). Everywhere comparisons replace the general fact that was so dear to the seventeenth century: comparative anatomy, comparative philology, comparative economy. Everywhere it is the *fold* which dominates now, to follow Foucault's terminology, and this fold is the second aspect of the active thought that becomes incarnated in nineteenth-century development. The forces within man fall or fold back on this new dimension of in-depth finitude, which then becomes the finitude of man himself. The fold, as Foucault constantly says, is what constitutes a "thickness" as well as a "hollow."

In order to reach a better understanding of how the fold becomes the fundamental category, we need only examine the birth of biology. Everything we find proves Foucault's case (and could equally be found in any other discipline). When Cuvier outlines four great branches he does not define any generality larger than genre or class, but on the contrary concentrates on fractures that prevent any continuum of species from grouping in increasingly general terms. The branches of organizing elements set in motion certain axes, orientations, or dynamisms on the basis of which the living element is folded in a particular way. This is why the work of Cuvier extends into the comparative embryology of Baer, based on the foldings of germinal layers. And when Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire contrasts Cuvier's organizational program with a single composition or structure, he still invokes a method of folding: we pass from the vertebrate to the cephalopoid, if we bring together the two parts of the vertebrate's spine, its head towards its feet, its frame up to its neck, and so on.[8] If Geoffroy belongs to the same 'archaeological ground' as Cuvier (in accordance with Foucault's method for analysing statements), this is because both invoke the fold, one seeing it as a third dimension that brings about this move under the surface. What Cuvier, Geoffroy and Baer also have in common is that they resist evolutionism. But Darwin will found natural selection on the advantage which the living creature has, in a given environment, if it makes characteristics diverge and opens up differences. It is because they fold in different ways (the tendency to diverge) that a maximum of living creatures will be able to survive in the same place. As a result, Darwin still belongs to the same ground as Cuvier, as opposed to Lamarck, to the extent that he bases his evolutionism on the impossibility of convergence and the failure to achieve a serial continuum.[9]

If the fold and the unfold animate not only Foucault's ideas but even his style, it is because they constitute an archaeology of thought. So we are perhaps less surprised to find that Foucault encounters Heidegger precisely in this area. It is more an encounter than an influence, to the extent that in Foucault the fold and the unfold have an origin, a use, and a destination that are very different from Heidegger's. According to Foucault they reveal a relation between forces, where regional forces confront either forces that raise to infinity (the unfold) in such a way as to constitute a God-form, or forces of finitude (the fold) in such a way as to constitute a man-form. It is a Nietzschean rather than Heideggerean history, a history devoted to Nietzsche, or to *life:* "There is being only because their is life. . . . The Experience of life is thus posited as the most general law of beings . . . but this ontology discloses not so much what gives beings their foundation as what bears them for an instant towards a precarious form."[10]

III. Toward a Formation of the Future?

It is obvious that any form is precarious, since it depends on relations between forces and their mutations. We distort Nietzsche when we make him into the thinker who wrote about the death of God. It is Feuerbach who is the last thinker of the death of God: he shows that since God has never been anything but the unfold of man, man must fold and refold God. But for Nietzsche this is an old story, and as old stories tend to multiply their variants Nietzsche multiplies the versions of the death of God, all of them comic or humorous, as though they were variations on a given fact. But what interests him is the death of man. So long as God exists—that is, so long as the God-form functions—then man does not yet exist.

But when the man-form appears, it does so only by already incorporating the death of man in at least three ways. First, where can man find a guarantee of identity in the absence of God?[11] Secondly, the man-form has itself been constituted only within the folds of finitude: it places death within man (and has done so, as we have seen, less in the manner of Heidegger than in the manner of Bichat, who conceived of death in terms of a "violent death').[12] Lastly, the forces of finitude themselves mean that man exists only through the dissemination of the various methods for organizing life, such as the dispersion of languages or the divergence in modes of production, which imply that the only "critique of knowledge" is an "ontology of the annihilation of beings" (not only palaeontology, but also ethnology).[13]

What does Foucault mean when he says there is no point in crying over the death of man?[14] In fact, has this form been a good one? Has it helped to enrich or even preserve the forces within man, those of living, speaking, or

working? Has it saved living men from a violent death? The question that continually returns is therefore the following: if the forces within man compose a form only by entering into a relation with forms from the outside, with what new forms do they now risk entering into a relation, and what new form will emerge that is neither God nor man? This is the correct place for the problem that Nietzsche called "the superman."

It is a problem where we have to content ourselves with very tentative indications if we are not to descend to the level of cartoons. Foucault, like Nietzsche, can only sketch in something embryonic and not yet functional.[15] Nietzsche said that man imprisoned life, but the superman is what frees life *within man himself,* to the benefit of another form, and so on. Foucault proffers a very peculiar piece of information: if it is true that nineteenth-century humanist linguistics was based on the dissemination of languages, as the condition for a "demotion of language" as an object, one repercussion was nonetheless that literature took on a completely different function that consisted, *on the contrary,* in "regrouping" language and emphasizing a "being of language" beyond whatever it designates and signifies, beyond even the sounds.[16] The peculiar thing is that Foucault, in his acute analysis of modern literature, here gives language a privilege which he refuses to grant to life or labor: he believes that life and labor, despite a dispersion concomitant with that of language, did not lose the regrouping of their being.[17] It seems to us, though, that when dispersed labor and life were each able to unify themselves only by somehow breaking free from economics or biology, just as language managed to regroup itself only when literature broke free from linguistics.

Biology had to take a leap into molecular biology, or dispersed life regroup in the genetic code. Dispersed work had to regroup in third-generation machines, cybernetics, and information technology. What would be the forces in play, with which the forces within man would then enter into a relation? It would no longer involve raising to infinity or finitude but an unlimited finity, thereby evoking every situation of force in which a finite number of components yields a practically unlimited diversity of combinations. It would be neither the fold nor the unfold that would constitute the active mechanism, but something like the *superfold,* as borne out by the foldings proper to the chains of the genetic code, and the potential of silicon in third-generation machines, as well as by the contours of a sentence in modern literature, when literature "merely turns back on itself in an endless reflexivity."

This modern literature uncovers a "strange language within language" and, through an unlimited number of superimposed grammatical constructions, tends towards an atypical form of expression that marks the end of

language as such (here we may cite such examples as Mallarmé's book, Péguy's repetitions, Artaud's breaths, the agrammaticality of Cummings, Burroughs and his cut-ups and fold-ins, as well as Roussel's proliferations, Brisset's derivations, Dada collage, and so on). And is this unlimited finity or superfold not what Nietzsche had already designated with the name of eternal return?

The forces within man enter into a relation with forces from the outside, those of silicon which supersedes carbon, or genetic components which supersede the organism, or agrammaticalities which supersede the signifier. In each case we must study the operations of the superfold, of which the "double helix" is the best-known example. What is the superman? It is the formal compound of the forces within man and these new forces. It is the form that results from a new relation between forces. Man tends to free life, labor, and language *within himself.* The superman, in accordance with Rimbaud's formula, is the man who is even in charge of the animals (a code that can capture fragments from other codes, as in the new schemata of lateral or retrograde). It is man in charge of the very rocks, or inorganic matter (the domain of silicon). It is man in charge of the being of language (that formless "mute, unsignifying region where language can find its freedom" even from whatever it has to say).[18] As Foucault would say, the superman is much less than the disappearance of living men, and much more than a change of concept: it is the advent of a new form that is neither God nor man and which, it is hoped, will not prove worse than its two previous forms.

Part Three

Desire and Schizoanalysis

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Psychoanalysis and Desire

Assemblages—in their content—are populated by becomings and intensities, by intensive circulations, by various multiplicities (packs, masses, species, races, populations, tribes . . .). And in their expression, assemblages handle indefinite articles or pronouns which are not at all indeterminate ("a" tummy, "some" people, "one" hits "a" child . . .)—verbs in the infinitive which are not undifferentiated but which mark processes (to walk, to kill, to love . . .)—proper names which are not people but events (they can be groups, animals, entities, singularities, collectives, everything that is written with a capital letter, A-HANS-BECOMING-HORSE). The collective machine assemblage is a material production of desire as well as an expressive cause of utterance: a semiotic articulation of chains of expressions whose contents are relatively the least formalized. Not representing a subject—for there is no subject of enunciation—but programming an assemblage. Not overcoding utterances but, on the contrary, preventing them from toppling under the tyranny of supposedly significant combinations. Now, it is curious that psychoanalysis—which boasts that it has so much logic—understands nothing of the logic of the indefinite article, of the infinitive of the verb and of the proper name. The psychoanalyst wants there to be, at all costs, a definite, a possessive, a personal, hidden behind the indefinite. When Melanie Klein's children say "a tummy" or ask "How do

people grow up?" Melanie Klein hears "my mummy's tummy" or "Will I be big like my daddy?" When they say "a Hitler," "a Churchill." Melanie Klein sees here the possessive of the bad mother or of the good father. Military men and weathermen—more than psychoanalysts—have at least got the sense of the proper name when they use it to refer to a strategic operation or geographical process: Operation Typhoon. On one occasion Jung tells Freud about one of his dreams: he has dreamed of an ossuary. Freud wants Jung to have desired someone's death, doubtless that of his wife. "Surprised, Jung pointed out to him that there were several skulls, not just one."[1] In the same way, Freud does not want there to be six or seven wolves: there will only be one representative of the father. And again, there is what Freud does with little Hans: he takes no account of the assemblage (building-street-nextdoor-warehouse-omnibus-horse-a-horse-falls-a-horse-is-whipped!); he takes no account of the situation (the child had been forbidden to go into the street, etc); he takes no account of little Hans's endeavor (horse-becoming, because every other way out has been blocked up: the childhood bloc, the bloc of Hans's animal-becoming, the infinitive as marker of a becoming, the line of flight or the movement of deterritorialization). The only important thing for Freud is that the horse be the father—and that's the end of it. In practice, given an assemblage, extracting a segment from it, abstracting a moment from it, is sufficient to break up the ensemble of desire, to break up becoming in act [*le devenir en acte*], and to substitute for them overimaginary resemblances (a horse = my daddy) or analogies of oversymbolic relationships (to buck = to make love). All the real-desire has already disappeared: a code is put in its place, a symbolic overcoding of utterances, a fictitious subject of enunciation who doesn't give the patients a chance.

If you go to be psychoanalyzed, you believe that you will be able to talk and because of this belief you accept the need to pay. But you don't have the least chance of talking. Psychoanalysis is entirely designed to prevent people from talking and to remove from them all conditions of true enunciation. We have formed a small working group for the following task: to read reports of psychoanalysis, especially of children; to stick exclusively to these reports and make two columns, on the left what the child said, according to the account itself, and on the right what the psychoanalyst heard and retained (cf. always the card trick of the "forced choice"). It's horrifying. The two central texts in this respect are Freud's little Hans and Melanie Klein's little Richard. It's an amazing forcing,[2] like a boxing match between categories that are too unequal. At the outset there is Richard's humor, which makes fun of M. K. All these assemblages of desire on his part pass through a mapping activity during the war: a distribution of proper names,

of territorialities and deterritorializing movements, thresholds and crossings. Insensitive and deaf, impervious, Mrs K. is going to break little Richard's strength. The leitmotif of the book is in the text itself: "Mrs K. interpreted, Mrs. K. *interpreted,* Mrs. K. INTERPRETED . . ." It is said that there is no longer any of this today: significance has replaced interpretation, the signifier has replaced the signified, the analyst's silence has replaced the commentaries, castration is revealed to be more certain than Oedipus, structural functions have replaced parental images, the name of the father has replaced my daddy. We see no important practical changes. A patient cannot mutter "mouths of the Rhône' [*bouches du Rhône*] without being corrected—"mother's mouth" [*bouche de la mère*]; another cannot say, "I would like to join a hippie group" [*groupe hippie*] without being asked "Why do you pronounce it big pee?" [*gros pipi*]. These two examples form part of analyses based on the highest signifier. And what could analysis consist of, if not these kind of things about which the analyst no longer even needs to talk because the person analyzed knows them as well as he does? The person analyzed has therefore become the analyzer—a particularly comic term. It's all very well to say to us: you understand nothing, Oedipus, it's not daddy-mummy, it's the symbolic, the law, the arrival at culture, it's the effect of the signifier, it's the finitude of the subject, it has the "lack-to-be which is life." And if it's not Oedipus, it will be castration, and the supposed death drives. Psychoanalysts teach infinite resignation, they are the last priests (no, there will be others after them). It cannot be said that they are very jolly; see the dead look they have, their stiff necks (only Lacan has kept a certain sense of laughter, but he admits that he is forced to laugh alone). They are right to say that they need to be "remunerated" to put up with the burden of what they hear; they have nonetheless given up supporting the thesis of a symbolic and disinterested role for money in psychoanalysis. We open by chance some article by an authoritative psychoanalyst, a two-page article: "Man's long dependence, his powerlessness to help himself . . . the human being's congenital inferiority . . . the narcissistic wound inherent in his existence . . . the painful reality of the human condition . . . which implies incompletion, conflict . . . his intrinsic misery, which it is true leads him to the most elevated creations." A priest would have been long since hounded out of his church for sustaining so insolent and obscurantist a style.

But yes, nevertheless, many things have changed in psychoanalysis. Either it has swamped, it is spread into all sorts, of techniques of therapy, of adjustment or even marketing, to which it brought its particular touch in a vast syncretism, its little line in group polyphony. Or it has hardened, in a refinement, a very lofty "return" to Freud, a solitary harmony, a trium-

phant specifying that wants no more pacts except with linguistics (even if the reverse is not true). But whatever their considerable difference, we believe that these two opposed directions provide evidence of the same changes, of the same evolution, which bears on several points.

1. First, psychoanalysis has displaced its center—from the family to married life. It sets itself up between spouses, lovers, or friends rather than between parents and children. Even children are guided by psychologists rather than being led along by their parents—or parent-child relations are regulated by radio consultations. The phantasm has made childhood memory redundant. This is a practical remark, which bears on the recruitment of people to be psychoanalyzed: this recruitment takes place less and less according to the genealogy of the family tree and more and more according to the circle of friends ("You ought to get analyzed as well"). As Serge Leclaire says, perhaps humorously, "there are now analyses where the circles of allegiance of couches frequented by friends and lovers take the place of relations of kinship."[3] This is of some importance to the actual form of problems: neurosis has abandoned hereditary models (even if heredity moves through a family milieu) to pursue patterns of contagion. Neurosis has acquired its most frightening power, that of propagation by contagion: "I will not let go of you until you have joined me in this condition." We admire the discretion of the earlier neurotics, of the hysterics or obsessionals, who either got on with their business alone or did it in the family: the modern depressive types are, on the contrary, particularly vampiric or poisonous. They take it on themselves to bring about Nietzsche's prophecy: they cannot bear the existence of "a" health; they will constantly draw us into their clutches. Yet to cure them would mean first destroying this will to venom in them. But how could the psychoanalyst do this—the same man who derives from it an excellent self-recruitment of his clientele? It might have been thought that May '68 would have dealt a mortal blow to psychoanalysis and would have made the style of specifically psychoanalytic utterances seem absurd. No, so many young people have returned to psychoanalysis. Precisely because it was able to abandon its discredited family model in order to take up a still more worrying direction, a "political" microcontagion instead of a "private" macrolineage. Never has psychoanalysis been so full of life, whether because it has succeeded in penetrating everything, or because it has established new foundations for its transcendent position, its specific order.

2. Historically, psychiatry does not seem to us to have been constituted around the notion of madness but, on the contrary, at the point where this notion proved difficult to apply. Psychiatry essentially ran up

against the problem of cases of delirium where the intellectual faculty was intact. On the one hand, there are people who seem to be mad, but who are not "really" so, having kept their faculties, and first and foremost the faculty of properly managing their money and their possessions (paranoid conduct, the delirium of interpretation, etc.).[4] On the other hand, there are people who are "really" mad and yet don't seem to be, suddenly committing an outrageous act which nothing led us to foresee, arson, murder, etc. (monomaniac conduct, the delirium of passion or revenge). If the psychiatrist has a bad conscience, it is because he has had one since the outset, because he is implicated in the dissolution of the notion of madness: he is accused of treating as insane certain people who are not exactly so, and of not seeing in time the madness of others who clearly are. Psychoanalysis slipped between these two poles, saying that we were at once all insane without seeming to be, but also that we seemed mad without being so. A whole "psychopathology of everyday life." In short, it is around the failure of the notion of madness that psychiatry is constituted and that psychoanalysis has been able to link up with it. It is difficult to add anything to the analyses first of Foucault, then of Robert Castel, when they show how psychoanalysis has grown in the soil of psychiatry.[5] By discovering between the two poles the world of neurotics, their intellectual faculties intact, and even absence of delirium, psychoanalysis, at its inception, succeeded in bringing off a very important maneuver: getting all sorts of people to go through the liberal contractual relationship who had until then seemed excluded from it ("madness" put all those it afflicted outside all possible contracts). The specifically psychoanalytic contract, a flux of words for a flux of money, was going to make the psychoanalyst someone able to insert himself into every pore of the society occupied by these doubtful cases. But the more psychoanalysis saw it was gaining ground, the more it turned towards the deliriums concealed behind neuroses, the less it seems to have been happy with the contractual relationship—even if, on the face of it, it was retained. Psychoanalysis had in fact achieved what was the source of Freud's anxiety at the end of his life; it had become interminable, interminable in principle. At the same time, it assumed a "mass" function. For what defines a mass function is not necessarily a collective, class or group character; it is the juridical transition from contract to statute. It seems more and more that psychoanalysis is acquiring an untransferable, inalienable, *statutory fixity*, rather than entering into a temporary *contractual relationship*. Precisely by setting itself up between the two poles where psychiatry came up against its limits, by enlarging the field between these two poles and exploring it, psychoanalysis was to invent a

statute law of mental illness or psychic difficulty which constantly renewed itself and spread out into a systematic network. A new ambition was being offered to us: psychoanalysis is a lifelong affair.

The importance of the École Freudienne de Paris is perhaps particularly connected to the fact that it expressed for the first time the requirements of a new psychoanalytic order, not just in theory, but in its statutory organization, in its founding acts. For what it clearly proposes is a psychoanalytic statute, in opposition to the old contract: at a stroke it envisages a bureaucratic mutation, the transition from a bureaucracy of the eminent (the radical-socialist type, which suited the beginnings of psychoanalysis) to a mass bureaucracy; this time an ideal of giving out statutory documents like certificates of citizenship, identity cards, in contrast to limited contracts. Psychoanalysis invokes Rome, assumes a Ciceronian air and sets up its boundary between "Honestas" and "the rabble."[6] If the École Freudienne has brought so many problems to the psychoanalytic world, it is not simply as a result of its theoretical hauteur or of its practice, but because of its plan for a new explicit organization. The other psychoanalytic bodies may have judged this project to be inappropriate; but they did so because it told the truth about a change which affects the whole of psychoanalysis and which the other organizations preferred silently to leave alone, under the cover of the contractual motif. We do not regret the passing of this contractual cover-up, which was hypocritical from the start. Moreover, we are not saying that psychoanalysis is now concerned with the masses, but simply that it has assumed a mass function—whether this was phantasmal or restricted, or for an "elite." And this is the second aspect of its change: not only to have moved from family to conjugality, from kinship to match, from lineage to contagion, but also from *contract to statute*. On occasion the interminable years of psychoanalysis give social workers additional "salary increments"; psychoanalysis can be seen permeating every part of the social sector.[7] This seems to us to be more important than the practice and the theory which in general outline have stayed the same. Hence the reversal of the relations between psychoanalysis and psychiatry, hence psychoanalysis' ambition to become an official language; hence its pacts with linguistics (we do not have a contractual relationship with language).

3. Yet the theory itself has changed, seems to have changed. The transition from the signified to the signifier: if we no longer look for a signified for supposedly significant symptoms; if we look, on the contrary, for the signifier for symptoms which would be no more than its effect; if interpretation gives way to significance—then a new shift takes place. Psychoanalysis then has, in effect, its own references and has no more use for an

external "referent." Everything that happens in psychoanalysis in the analyst's consulting room is true. What happens elsewhere is derived or secondary. An excellent method for encouraging trust. Psychoanalysis has ceased to be an experimental science in order to get hold of an axiomatic system. Psychoanalysis, *index sui;* no other truth than that which emerges from the operation that presupposes it; the couch has become the bottomless well, interminable in principle. Psychoanalysis has stopped being "in search of" because it is now constitutive of truth. Once again, it is Serge Leclaire who puts it most succinctly: "The reality of the primitive scene tends to reveal itself more concretely by means of the analytic consulting room than in the surroundings of the parental bedroom. . . . From a figurative version, we move to the version of reference, a structural one, revealing the reality of a literal manoeuvre. . . . The psychoanalysts couch has become the place where the game of confronting the real properly unfolds." The psychoanalyst has become like the journalist: he creates the event. At any rate, psychoanalysis advertises its wares. So long as it interpreted or so long as it interprets (search for a signified), it returns desires and utterances to a condition which is deviant by comparison with the established order, by comparison with dominant meanings, but by the same token localizes them in the pores of this dominant, established body, like something which can be translated and exchanged by virtue of a contract. When it discovers the signifier, it appeals to a specifically psychoanalytic order (the symbolic order in opposition to the imaginary order of the signified), whose only need is itself, because it is statutory or structural: it is it which develops a body, a corpus sufficient by itself.

Once again we clearly come up against the question of power, of the apparatus of psychoanalytic power—with the same inflections as before: even if this power is narrow, localized, etc. This question can only be posed in terms of very general remarks: it is true, as Foucault says, that every formation of power needs a form of knowledge which, while not dependent on it, would itself lack all effectiveness without it. Now this usable knowledge may take two shapes: either an unofficial form, so that it can set itself up in the "pores," to seal some hole or other in the established order; or an official form, when it itself constitutes a symbolic order which gives a generalized axiomatic system to the established powers. For example, the historians of antiquity show the complementarity of Greek city and Euclidean geometry. It was not because the geometricians had power but because Euclidean geometry constituted the knowledge, or the abstract machine, that the city needed for its organization of power, space, and time. There is no State

which does not need an image of thought which will serve as its axiomatic system or abstract machine, and to which it gives in return the strength to function: hence the inadequacy of the concept of ideology, which in no way takes into account this relationship. This was the unhappy role of classical philosophy—as we have seen it—that of supplying, in this way, the apparatuses of power, Church and State, with the knowledge which suited them. Could we say today that the human sciences have assumed this same role, that of providing by their own methods an abstract machine for modern apparatuses of power—receiving from them valuable endorsement in return? So psychoanalysis has submitted its tender, to become a major official language and knowledge in place of philosophy; to provide an axiomatic system of man in place of mathematics; to invoke the Honestas and a mass function. It is doubtful whether it is succeeding: the apparatuses of power have more interest in turning to physics, biology, or informatics. But psychoanalysis will have done what it could: it no longer serves the established order unofficially: it offers a specific and symbolic order, an abstract machine, an official language that it tries to weld onto linguistics in general, to assume a position of invariant. It is more and more concerned with pure "thought." Living psychoanalysis. Dead psychoanalysis, because it has little chance of succeeding in its ambition, because there are too many competitors and because, at the present time, all the forces of minority, all the forces of becoming, all the forces of language, all the forces of art, are in the process of fleeing from this particular ground—in the process of talking, thinking, acting, and becoming in other ways. Everything is happening by another route which psychoanalysis can't even intercept, or which psychoanalysis only intercepts in order to stop. And this is the very task which it sets itself: to overcode assemblages in order to subject desires to signifying chains, utterances to the status of subjective examples—all of which reconcile them with an established order. The four progressive changes that we have just seen—transition from the family to the circle of contacts, substitution of statute for contract, discovery of a specifically psychoanalytic order, a pact with linguistics—mark this ambition to take part in the regulation of assemblages of desire and of enunciation, or even to stake out a dominant position in this regulation.

We have been credited with many blunders about the *Anti-Oedipus*, about desiring machines, about what an assemblage of desire is, the forces that it mobilizes, the dangers it confronts. They did not come from us. We said that desire is in no sense connected to the "Law" and cannot be defined by any fundamental lack. For that's the real idea of the priest: the constituent law at the heart of desire, desire constituted as lack, the holy castration, the split subject, the death drive, the strange culture of death. And it is doubtless like

this each time that desire is conceived as a bridge between a subject and an object: the subject of desire cannot but be split, and the object lost in advance. What we tried to show, on the contrary, was how desire was beyond these personological or objectal coordinates. It seemed to us that desire was a process and that it unrolled a *plane of consistence*, a field of immanence, a "body without organs," as Artaud put it, crisscrossed by particles and fluxes which break free from objects and subjects. . . . Desire is therefore not internal to a subject, any more than it tends towards an object: it is strictly immanent to a plane which it does not preexist, to a plane which must be constructed, where particles are emitted and fluxes combine. There is only desire insofar as there is deployment of a particular field, propagation of particular fluxes, emission of particular particles. Far from presupposing a subject, desire cannot be attained except at the point where someone is deprived of the power of saying "I." Far from directing itself toward an object, desire can only be reached at the point where someone no longer searches for or grasps an object any more than he grasps himself as subject. The objection is then made that such a desire is totally indeterminate, and that it is even more imbued with lack. But who has you believe that by losing the coordinates of object and subject you lack something? Who is pushing you into believing that indefinite articles and pronouns (a, one), third persons (he, she) and verbs in the infinitive are in the least indeterminate? The plane of consistence or of immanence, the body without organs, includes voids and deserts. But these are "fully" part of desire, far from accentuating some kind of lack in it. What a strange confusion—that of void with lack. We really do lack in general a particle of the East, a grain of Zen. Anorexia is perhaps the thing about which most wrong has been spoken—particularly under the influence of psychoanalysis. The void which is specific to the anorexic body without organs has nothing to do with a lack, and is part of the constitution of the field of desire crisscrossed by particles and fluxes. We will shortly return to this example to give more detail. But already the desert is a body without organs which has never been hostile to the groups who people it; the void has never been hostile to the particles which move about in it.

We have an image of the desert which involves the thirsty explorer, and an image of the void, as a ground which opens up. Images related to death which are only valid where the plane of consistence, which is identical to desire, is unable to establish itself and does not have the conditions to build on. But, on the plane of consistence, even the scarcity of particles and the slowing down and drying up of fluxes are part of desire, and of the pure life of desire, without indicating any lack. As Lawrence says, chastity is a flux. Is the plane of consistence something very strange? We would have to say

simultaneously not only: "You've got it already, you do not feel desire without its being already there, without its being mapped out at the same time as your desire," but also: "You haven't got it, and you don't desire it if you can't manage to construct it, if you don't know how to, by finding your places, your assemblages, your particles and your fluxes." We would have to say simultaneously not only: "It is created all alone, but know how to see it," and also: "You have to create it, know how to create it, take the right directions, at your risk and peril." Desire: who, except priests, would want to call it "lack"? Nietzsche called it "will to power." There are other names for it. For example, "grace." Desiring is not at all easy, but this is precisely because it gives, instead of lacks, "virtue which gives." Those who link desire to lack, the long column of crooners of castration, clearly indicate a long resentment, like an interminable bad conscience. Is this to misunderstand the misery of those who really do lack something? But apart from the fact that psychoanalysis does not talk about these people (on the contrary, it makes the distinction, it says pompously enough that it is not concerned with real privations), those whose lack is real have no possible plane of consistence which would allow them to desire. They are prevented from doing this in a thousand ways. And as soon as they construct one, they lack nothing on this plane, and from this starting point they set off victoriously towards that which they lack outside. Lack refers to a positivity of desire, and not the desire to a negativity of lack. Even individually, the construction of the plane is a politics, it necessarily involves a "collective," collective assemblages, a set of social becoming.

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Delirium: World-Historical, Not Familial

In the third synthesis, the conjunctive synthesis of consumption, we have seen how the body without organs was in fact an egg, crisscrossed with axes, banded with zones, localized with areas and fields, measured off by gradients, traversed by potentials, marked by thresholds. In this sense, we believe in a biochemistry of schizophrenia (in conjunction with the biochemistry of drugs), that will be progressively more capable of determining the nature of this egg and the distribution of field-gradient-threshold. It is a matter of relationships of intensities through which the subject passes on the body without organs, a process that engages him in becomings, rises and falls, migrations and displacements. R. D. Laing is entirely right in defining the schizophrenic process as a voyage of initiation, a transcendental experience of the loss of the ego, which causes a subject to remark: "I had existed since the very beginning . . . from the lowest form of life [the body without organs] to the present time, . . . I was looking . . .—not looking so much as just *feeling*—ahead of me was lying the most horrific journey."[1] When we speak here of a voyage, this is no more a metaphor than before when we spoke of an egg, and of what takes place in and on it—morphogenetic movements, displacements of cellular groups, stretchings,

folds, migrations, and local variations of potentials. There is no reason to oppose an interior voyage to exterior ones: Lenz's stroll, Nijinsky's stroll, the promenades of Beckett's creatures are effective realities, but where the reality of matter has abandoned all extension, just as the interior voyage has abandoned all form and quality, henceforth causing pure intensities—coupled together, almost unbearable—to radiate within and without, intensities through which a nomadic subject passes. Here it is not a case of a hallucinatory experience nor of a delirious mode of thought, but a feeling, a series of emotions and feelings as a consummation and a consumption of intensive quantities, that form the material for subsequent hallucinations and deliriums. The intensive emotion, the affect, is both the common root and the principle of differentiation of deliriums and hallucinations.

We are also of a mind to believe that everything commingles in these intense becomings, passages, and migrations—all this drift that ascends and descends the flows of time: countries, races, families, parental appellations, divine appellations, geographical and historical designations, and even miscellaneous news items. (*I feel that*) I am becoming God, I am becoming woman, I was Joan of Arc and I am Heliogabalus and the Great Mongol, I am a Chinaman, a redskin, a Templar, I was my father and I was my son. And all the criminals, the whole list of criminals, the decent criminals and the scoundrels: Szondi rather than Freud and his Oedipus. "Perhaps it's by trying to be Worm that I'll finally succeed in being Mahood. . . . Then all I'll have to do is be Worm. Which no doubt I shall achieve by trying to be Jones. Then all I'll have to do is be Jones." But if everything commingles in this fashion it does so in intensity, with no confusion of spaces and forms, since these have indeed been undone on behalf of a new order: the intense and intensive order.

What is the nature of this order? 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 indeed 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 individualization 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. Along the way we struggle against other races, we destroy civilizations, in the manner of the great migrants in whose wake nothing is left standing once they have passed

through—although these destructions can be brought about, as we shall see, in two very different ways.

The crossing of a threshold entails ravages elsewhere—how could it be otherwise? The body without organs closes round the deserted places. The theater of cruelty cannot be separated from the struggle against our culture, from the confrontation of the "races," and from Artaud's great migration toward Mexico, its forces, and its religions: individuations are produced only within fields of forces expressly defined by intensive vibrations, and that animate cruel personages only in so far as they are induced organs, parts of desiring-machines (mannequins).[2] A season in hell—how could it be separated from denunciations of European families, from the call for destructions that don't come quickly enough, from the admiration for the convict, from the intense crossing of the thresholds of history, and from this prodigious migration, this becoming-woman, this becoming-Scandinavian or Mongol, this "displacement of races and continents," this feeling of raw intensity that presides over delirium as well as over hallucinations, and especially this deliberate, stubborn, material will to be "of a race inferior for all eternity": "I have known every son of good birth, I have never been of this people, I have never been Christian, . . . yes my eyes are closed to your light. I am a beast, a Negro."[3]

And can Zarathustra be separated from the "grand politics," and from the bringing to life of the races that leads Nietzsche to say, I'm not a German, I'm Polish? Here again individuations are brought about solely within complexes of forces that determine persons as so many intensive states embodied in a "criminal," ceaselessly passing beyond a threshold while destroying the factitious unity of a family and an ego: "I am Prado, I am also Prado's father. I venture to say that I am also Lesseps. . . . I wanted to give my Parisians, whom I love, a new idea—that of a decent criminal. I am also Chambige—also a decent criminal. . . . The unpleasant thing, and one that nags at my modesty, is that at root *every name in history is I*."[4] Yet it was never a question of identifying oneself with personages, as when it is erroneously maintained that a madman "takes himself for so-and-so. . . ." It is a question of something quite different: identifying races, cultures, and gods with fields of intensity on the body without organs, identifying personages with states that fill these fields, and with effects that fulgurate within and traverse these fields. Whence the role of names, with a magic all their own: there is no ego that identifies with races, peoples, and persons in a theater of representation, but proper names that identify races, peoples, and persons with regions, thresholds, or effects in a production of intensive quantities. The theory of proper names should not be conceived of in terms of representation; it refers instead to the class of "effects": effects that are

not a mere dependence on causes, but the occupation of a domain, and the operation of a system of signs. This can be clearly seen in physics, where proper names designate such effects within fields of potentials: the Joule effect, the Seebeck effect, the Kelvin effect. History is like physics: a Joan of Arc effect, a Heliogabalus effect—all the *names* of history, and not the name of the father.

Everything has been said about the paucity of reality, the loss of reality, the lack of contact with life, autism and athymia. Schizophrenics themselves have said everything there is to say about this, and have been quick to slip into the expected clinical mold. Dark world, growing desert: a solitary machine hums on the beach, an atomic factory installed in the desert. But if the body without organs is indeed this desert, it is as an indivisible, nondecomposable distance over which the schizo glides in order to be everywhere, something real is produced, everywhere something real has been and will be produced. It is true that reality has ceased to be a principle. According to such a principle, the reality of the real was posed as a divisible abstract quantity, whereas the real was divided up into qualified unities, into distinct qualitative forms. But now the real is a product that envelops the distances within intensive quantities. The indivisible is enveloped, and signifies that what envelops it does not divide without changing its nature or form. The schizo has no principles: he is something only by being something else. He is Mahood only by being worm, and worm only by being Jones. He is a girl only by being an old man who is miming or simulating the girl. Or rather, by being someone who is simulating an old man simulating a girl. Or rather, by simulating someone . . . , etc. This was already true of the completely oriental art of the Roman Emperors, the twelve paranoiacs of Suetonius. In a great book by Jacques Besse, we encounter once again the double stroll of the schizo, the geographic exterior voyage following nondecomposable distances, and the interior historical voyage enveloping intensities: Christopher Columbus calms his mutinous crew and becomes admiral again only by simulating a (false) admiral who is simulating a whore who is dancing.[5]

But simulation must be understood in the same way as we spoke of identification. It expresses those nondecomposable distances always enveloped in the intensities that divide into one another while changing their form. If identification is a nomination, a designation, then simulation is the writing corresponding to it, a writing that is strangely polyvocal, flush with the real. It carries the real beyond its principle to the point where it is effectively produced by the desiring-machine. The point where the copy ceases to be a copy in order to become the real *and its artifice.* To seize an intensive real as produced in the coextension of nature and history, to ransack the Roman

Empire, the Mexican cities, the Greek gods, and the discovered continents so as to extract from them this always-surplus reality, and to form the treasure of the paranoiac tortures and the celibate glories—all the pogroms of history, that's what I am, and all the triumphs, too, as if a few simple univocal events could be extricated from this extreme polyvocity: such is the "histrionism" of the schizophrenic, according to Klossowski's formula, the true program for a theater of cruelty, the *mise-en-scène* of a machine to produce the real. Far from having lost who knows what contact with life, the schizophrenic is closest to the beating heart of reality, to an intense point identical with the production of the real, and that leads Reich to say: "What belongs specifically to the schizophrenic patient is that . . . he experiences the vital biology of the body. . . . With respect to their experiencing of life, the neurotic patient and the perverted individual are to the schizophrenic as the petty thief is to the daring safecracker."[6] So the question returns: what reduces the schizophrenic to his autistic, hospitalized profile, cut off from reality? Is it the process, or is it rather the interruption of the process, its aggravation, its continuation in the void? What forces the schizophrenic to withdraw to a body without organs that has become deaf, dumb, and blind?

We often hear it said: he thinks he's Louis XVII. Not true. In the Louis XVII affair, or rather in the finest case, that of the pretender Richemont, there is a desiring-machine or a celibate machine in the center: the horse with short, jointed paws, inside which they supposedly put the Dauphin so he could flee. And then, all around, there are agents of production and anti-production, the organizers of the escape, the accomplices, and allied sovereigns, the revolutionary enemies, the jealous and hostile uncles, who are not persons but so many states of rising and falling through which the pretender passes. Moreover, the pretender Richemont's stroke of genius is not simply that he "takes into account" Louis XVII, or that he takes other pretenders into account by denouncing them as fake. What is so ingenious is that he takes other pretenders into account by assuming them, by authenticating them—that is to say, by making them too into states through which he passes: I am Louis XVII, but I am also Hervagault and Mathurin Bruneau, who claimed to be Louis XVII.[7] Richemont doesn't identify with Louis XVII, he lays claim to the premium due the person who traverses all the singularities of the series converging around the machine for kidnapping Louis XVII. There is no ego at the center, any more than there are persons distributed on the periphery. Nothing but a series of singularities in the disjunctive network, or intensive states in the conjunctive tissue, and a transpositional subject moving full circle, passing through all the states, triumphing over some as over his enemies, relishing others as his allies, collecting everywhere the fraudulent premium of his avatars. Partial object: a

well-situated scar—ambiguous besides—is better proof than all the memories of childhood that the pretender lacks. The conjunctive synthesis can therefore be expressed: "So *I* am the king! So the kingdom belongs to *me!*" But this *me* is merely the residual subject that sweeps the circle and concludes a self from its oscillations on the circle.

All delirium possesses a world-historical, political, and racial content, mixing and sweeping along races, cultures, continents, and kingdoms; some wonder whether this long drift merely constitutes a derivative of Oedipus. The familial order explodes, families are challenged, son, father, mother, sister—"I mean those families like my own, that owe all to the Declaration of the Rights of Man!"; "When I seek out my most profound opposite, I always encounter my mother and my sister; to see myself related to such German rabble is, as it were, a blasphemy with respect to my doctrine of the Eternal Return!" It is a question of knowing if the historico-political, the racial, and the cultural are merely part of a manifest content and formally depend on a work of elaboration, or if, on the contrary, this content should be followed as the thread of latency that the order of families hides from us. Should the rupture with families be taken as a sort of "familial romance" that would indeed bring us back again to families and refer us to an event or a structural determination inside the family itself? Or is this rather the sign that the problem must be raised in a completely different manner, because it is already raised elsewhere for the schizo himself, outside the family? Are "the names of history" derivatives of the name of the father, and are the races, cultures, and continents substitutes for daddy-mommy, dependent on the Oedipal genealogy? Is history's signifier the dead father?

Once again let us consider Judge Schreber's delirium. To be sure, the use of races and the mobilization or notion of history are developed there in a manner totally different from that employed by the authors we have previously mentioned. The fact remains that Schreber's memoirs are filled with a theory of God's chosen peoples, and with the dangers that face the currently chosen people, the Germans, who are threatened by the Jews, the Catholics, and the Slavs. In his intense metamorphoses and passages, Schreber becomes a pupil of the Jesuits, the burgomaster of a city where the Germans are fighting against the Slavs, and a girl defending Alsace against the French. At last he crosses the Aryan gradient or threshold to become a Mongol prince. What does this becoming-pupil, burgomaster, girl, and Mongol signify? All paranoiac deliriums stir up similar historical, geographic, and racial masses. The error would lie in concluding, for example, that fascists are mere paranoiacs. This would be an error precisely because, in the current state of affairs, this would still amount to leading the historical and political content of the delirium back to an internal familial deter-

mination. And what is even more disturbing to us is the fact that the entirety of this enormous content disappears completely from Freud's analysis: not one trace of it remains; everything is ground, squashed, triangulated into Oedipus; everything is reduced to the father, in such a way as to reveal in the crudest fashion the inadequacies of an Oedipal psychoanalysis.

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Becoming-Animal

Becoming is to emit particles that take on certain relations of movement and rest because they enter a particular zone of proximity. Or, it is to emit particles that enter that zone because they take on those relations. A haecceity is inseparable from the fog and mist that depend on a molecular zone, a corpuscular space. Proximity is a notion, at once topological and quantal, that marks a belonging to the same molecule, independently of the subjects considered and the forms determined.

Schérer and Hocquenghem made this essential point in their reconsideration of the problem of wolf-children. Of course, it is not a question of a real production, as if the child "really" became an animal; nor is it a question of a resemblance, as if the child imitated animals that really raised it; nor is it a question of a symbolic metaphor, as if the autistic child that was abandoned or lost merely became the "analogue" of an animal. Schérer and Hocquenghem are right to expose this false reasoning, which is based on a culturalism or moralism upholding the irreducibility of the human order: Because the child has not been transformed into an animal, it must only have a metaphorical relation to it, induced by the child's illness or rejection. For their own part, they appeal to an objective zone of indetermination or uncertainty, "something shared or indiscernible," a proximity "that makes it impossible to say where the boundary between the human and animal lies,"

not only in the case of autistic children, but for all children; it is as though, independent of the evolution carrying them toward adulthood, there were room in the child for other becomings, "other contemporaneous possibilities" that are not regressions but creative involutions bearing witness to "*an inhumanity immediately experienced in the body as such,*" unnatural nuptials "outside the programmed body." There is a reality of becoming-animal, even though one does not in reality become animal. It is useless, then, to raise the objection that the dog-child only plays dog within the limits of his formal constitution, and does nothing canine that another human being could not have done if he or she had so desired. For what needs to be explained is precisely the fact that all children, and even many adults, do it to a greater or lesser degree, and in so doing bear witness to an inhuman connivance with the animal, rather than an Oedipal symbolic community.[1] Neither should it be thought that children who graze, or eat dirt or raw flesh, are merely getting the vitamins and minerals they need. It is a question of composing a body with the animal, a body without organs defined by zones of intensity or proximity. Where does this objective indetermination or indiscernibility of which Schérer and Hocquenghem speak come from?

An example: Do not imitate a dog, but make your organism enter into composition with *something else* in such a way that the particles emitted from the aggregate thus composed will be canine as a function of the relation of movement and rest, or of molecular proximity, into which they enter. Clearly, this something else can be quite varied, and be more or less directly related to the animal in question: it can be the animal's natural food (dirt and worm), or its exterior relations with other animals (you can become-dog with cats, or become-monkey with a horse), or an apparatus or prosthesis to which a person subjects the animal (muzzle and reindeer, etc.), or something that does not even have a localizable relation to the animal in question. For this last case, we have seen how Slepian bases his attempt to become-dog on the idea of tying shoes to his hands using his mouth-muzzle. Philippe Gavi cites the performances of Lolito, an eater of bottles, earthenware, porcelains, iron, and even bicycles, who declares: "I consider myself half-animal, half-man. More animal than man. I love animals, dogs especially, I feel a bond with them. My teeth have adapted; in fact, when I don't eat glass or iron, my jaw aches like a young dog's that craves to chew a bone."[2] If we interpret the word "like" as a metaphor, or propose a structural analogy of relations (man–iron = dog–bone), we understand nothing of becoming. The word "like" is one of those words that change drastically in meaning and function when they are used in connection with haecceities, when they are made into expressions of becomings instead of signified states or signifying relations. A dog may exercise its jaw on iron, but when it does

it is using its jaw as a molar organ. When Lolito eats iron, it is totally different: he makes his jaw enter into composition with the iron in such a way that he himself becomes the jaw of a molecular dog. The actor Robert De Niro walks "like" a crab in a certain film sequence; but, he says, it is not a question of his imitating a crab; it is a question of making something that has to do with the crab enter into composition with the image, with the speed of the image.[3] That is the essential point for us: you become-animal only if, by whatever means or elements, you emit corpuscles that enter the relation of movement and rest of the animal particles, or what amounts to the same thing, that enter the zone of proximity of the animal molecule. You become-animal only molecularly. You do not become a barking molar dog, but by barking, if it is done with enough feeling, with enough necessity and composition, you emit a molecular dog. Man does not become wolf, or vampire, as if he changed molar species; the vampire and werewolf are becomings of man, in other words, proximities between molecules in composition, relations of movement and rest, speed and slowness between emitted particles. Of course there are werewolves and vampires, we say this with all our heart; but do not look for a resemblance or analogy to the animal, for this is becoming-animal in action, the production of the molecular animal (whereas the "real" animal is trapped in its molar form and subjectivity). It is within us that the animal bares its teeth like Hofmannsthal's rat, or the flower opens its petals; but this is done by corpuscular emission, by molecular proximity, and not by the imitation of a subject or a proportionality of form. Albertine can always imitate a flower, but it is when she is sleeping and enters into composition with the particles of sleep that her beauty spot and the texture of her skin enter a relation of rest and movement that place her in the zone of a molecular vegetable: the becoming-plant of Albertine. And it is when she is held prisoner that she emits the particles of a bird. And it is when she flees, launches down a line of flight, that she becomes-horse, even if it is the horse of death.

Yes, all becomings are molecular: the animal, flower, or stone one becomes are molecular collectivities, haecceities, not molar subjects, objects, or form that we know from the outside and recognize from experience, through science, or by habit. If this is true, then we must say the same of things human: there is a becoming-woman, a becoming child, that do not resemble the woman or the child as clearly distinct molar entities (although it is possible—only possible—for the woman or child to occupy privileged positions in relation to these becomings). What we term a molar entity is, for example, the woman as defined by her form, endowed with organs and functions and assigned as a subject. Becoming-woman is not imitating this entity or even transforming oneself into it. We are not, however, overlooking the importance of imitation, or moments of imitation, among certain homo-

sexual males, much less the prodigious attempt at a real transformation on the part of certain transvestites. All we are saying is that these indissociable aspects of becoming-woman must first be understood as a function of something else: not imitating or assuming the female form, but emitting particles that enter the relation of movement and rest, or the zone of proximity, of a microfemininity, in other words, that produce in us a molecular woman, create the molecular woman. We do not mean to say that a creation of this kind is the prerogative of the man, but on the contrary that the woman as a molar entity *has to become-woman* in order that the man also becomes- or can become-woman. It is, of course, indispensable for women to conduct a molar politics, with a view to winning back their own organism, their own history, their own subjectivity: "we as women . . ." makes its appearance as a subject of enunciation. But it is dangerous to confine oneself to such a subject, which does not function without drying up a spring or stopping a flow. The song of life is often intoned by the driest of women, moved by *ressentiment,* the will to power and cold mothering. Just as a desiccated child makes a much better child, there being no childhood flow emanating from it any longer. It is no more adequate to say that each sex contains the other and must develop the opposite pole in itself. Bisexuality is no better a concept than the separateness of the sexes. It is as deplorable to miniaturize, internalize the binary machine as it is to exacerbate it; it does not extricate us from it. It is thus necessary to conceive of a molecular women's politics that slips into molar confrontations, and passes under or through them.

When Virginia Woolf was questioned about a specifically women's writing, she was appalled at the idea of writing "as a woman." Rather, writing should produce a becoming-woman as atoms of womanhood capable of crossing and impregnating an entire social field, and of contaminating men, of sweeping them up in that becoming. Very soft particles—but also very hard and obstinate, irreducible, indomitable. The rise of women in English novel writing has spared no man: even those who pass for the most virile, the most phallocratic, such as Lawrence and Miller, in their turn continually tap into and emit particles that enter the proximity or zone of indiscernibility of women. In writing, they become-women. The question is not, or not only, that of the organism, history, and subject of enunciation that oppose masculine to feminine in the great dualism machines. The question is fundamentally that of the body—the body they *steal* from us in order to fabricate opposable organisms. This body is stolen first from a girl: Stop behaving like that, you're not a little girl anymore, you're not a tomboy, etc. The girl's becoming is stolen first, in order to impose a history, or prehistory, upon her. The boys's turn comes next, but it is by using the girl as an example, by pointing to the girl as the object of his desire, that an opposed organism, a dominant history is fabricated for him too. The girl is the first vic-

tim, but she must also serve as an example and a trap. That is why, conversely, the reconstruction of the body as a "body without organs," the anorganism of the body, is inseparable from a becoming-woman, or the production of a molecular woman. Doubtless, the girl becomes a woman in the molar or organic sense. But conversely, becoming-woman or the molecular woman is the girl herself. The girl is certainly not defined by virginity; she is defined by a relation of movement and rest, speed and slowness, by a combination of atoms, an emission of particles: haecceity. She never ceases to roam upon a body without organs. She is an abstract line, or a line of flight. Thus girls do not belong to an age group, sex, order, or kingdom: they slip in everywhere, between orders, acts, ages, sexes; they produce *n* molecular sexes on the line of flight in relation to the dualism machines they cross right through. The only way to get outside the dualisms is to be-between, to pass between, the intermezzo—that is what Virginia Woolf lived with all her energies, in all of her work, never ceasing to become. The girl is like the block of becoming that remains contemporaneous to each opposable term, man, woman, child, adult. It is not the girl who becomes a woman; it is becoming-woman that produces the universal girl. Trost, a mysterious author, painted a portrait of the girl, to whom he linked the fate of the revolution: her speed, her freely machinic body, her intensities, her abstract line or line of flight, her molecular production, her indifference to memory, her nonfigurative character—"the nonfigurative of desire."[4] Joan of Arc? The special role of the girl in Russian terrorism: the girl with the bomb, guardian of dynamite? It is certain that molecular politics proceeds via the girl and the child. But it is also certain that girls and children draw their strength neither from the molar status that subdues them nor from the organism and subjectivity they receive; they draw their strength from the becoming-molecular they cause to pass between sexes and ages, the becoming-child of the adult as well as of the child, the becoming-woman of the man as well as of the woman. The girl and the child do not become; it is becoming itself that is a child or a girl. The child does not become an adult any more than the girl becomes a woman; the girl is the becoming-woman of each sex, just as the child is the becoming-young of every age. Knowing how to age does not mean remaining young; it means extracting from one's age the particles, the speeds and slownesses, the flows that constitute the youth of *that* age. Knowing how to love does not mean remaining a man or a woman; it means extracting from one's sex the particles, the speeds and slownesses, the flows, the *n* sexes that constitute the girl of *that* sexuality. It is age itself that is a becoming-child, just as sexuality, any sexuality, is a becoming-woman, in other words, a girl. This by way of response to the stupid question, "why did Proust make Albert Albertine?"

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The Signs of Madness: Proust

In this essay, we do not intend to raise the problem of the relation between art and madness in Proust's work. Such an approach makes little sense. Even less do we want to raise the question of whether or not Proust himself was mad. This question too would be utterly pointless. The question of this essay, rather, concerns the presence of madness in Proust's work, and the distribution, the use, and the function of this presence.

In at least two of the main characters of *Remembrance of Things Past*, Charlus and Albertine, madness is manifest, although it operates differently in each case. Ever since his initial appearance, Charlus' strange expression and his eyes are described as those of a spy, of a thief, a merchant, a policeman, a *madman*.[1] Later, toward the conclusion, Morel is terrified, and with good reason, by the thought that Charlus' disposition toward him is based on criminal madness.[2] Charlus is constantly under suspicion for a madness which makes him infinitely more frightening than if he were immoral, perverted, wicked, or guilty. Bad manners

> scare . . . one by making one feel that that way madness lies, far more than by its immorality. Mme de Surgis le Duc could not be said to have highly developed moral sense, and would have tolerated in her sons any-

> thing, however base, that could be explained by material interest, which is comprehensible to all mankind. But she forbade them to go on visiting M. de Charlus when she learned that, by a sort of internal clockwork, he was inevitably drawn upon each of their visits to pinch their chins and to make each of them pinch his brother's. She felt that uneasy sense of a physical mystery which makes us wonder whether the neighbour with whom we have been on friendly terms is not tainted with cannibalism, and to the Baron's repeated inquiry: "When am I going to see the young men?" She would reply, conscious of the wrath she was bringing down on herself, that they were very busy working for examinations, preparing to go abroad, and so forth. Irresponsibility aggravates faults, and even crimes, whatever may be said. Landru (assuming that he really did kill his women) may be pardoned. If he did so from financial motives, which it is possible to resist, but not if it was from irresistible sadism.[3]

Past the responsibility of error, one finds madness as the innocence of the crime.

In the beginning, that Charlus is mad is a mere probability; by the end, his madness is almost a certainty. As for Albertine, her madness is a posthumous eventuality, casting retrospectively upon her gestures, her words, her entire life a new and troubling light in which Morel is always held. "She felt in her heart that her obsession was a sort of criminal lunacy, and I've often wondered whether it wasn't after an incident of that sort, which had led to a suicide in a family, that she killed herself on purpose."[4] What is this combination of madness, crime, irresponsibility, and sexuality? Clearly, it blends with the theme of patricide, so dear to Proust, but it cannot be reduced to the familiar Oedipal scheme. Could it be that a kind of innocence exists in the crime caused by madness—the kind of innocence that such prevenance would make even more difficult to bear, to the point of suicide?

Let us examine first the case of Charlus. His initial presence is that of a strong personality with an imperial individuality. The point is, however, that his individuality is an empire and a constellation, concealing and holding many unknown things. But what is Charlus' secret? The constellation is, in fact, built around two shiny, singular points: the eyes and the voice. Sometimes, imperious gleams emanate from the eyes, while at other times, prying agitations. Sometimes they betray a kind of feverish activity, while at other times, a doleful indifference. As for the voice, it brings about the coexistence of a virile content of speech and an effeminate mannerism of expression. Charlus is presented as both an enormous, flickering sign and as a large, optical, voice box. Whosoever hears him, or meets his eyes, is confronted with a secret to uncover, and a mystery to penetrate and interpret.

One senses early on that the secret and the mystery could go as far as madness. The need to interpret Charlus is grounded upon the fact that Charlus himself interprets endlessly; it is as if endless interpretation is already his madness and as if his delirium is the delirium of interpretation.

From the constellation named "Charlus," there emerges a series of speeches, which follow the rhythm of the shifting eyes. In fact, three long narrated speeches find their source in the signs interpreted by Charlus, the prophet and seer; these speeches find their destination in the signs that Charlus proposes to the narrator. The latter has by now been reduced to the status of the disciple and the pupil. However, that which is essential to the speeches is found elsewhere: in the freely organized words, in the independently arranged sentences, and in the *Logos* that calculates and transcends the signs it uses. Charlus emerges as the master of *Logos*. From this perspective, it seems that the three long speeches, despite their differences in rhythm and intensity, share a common structure. First, a period of denegation, when Charlus says to the narrator: "You do not interest me, don't you believe you interest me, yet . . ."; then comes a second period, the time of distanciation: "The distance between you and me is infinite, but we can complement each other, I offer you a contract. . . ." There is also an unexpected, third period and, in it, one might say that *Logos* suddenly begins to skid as it is run through by something which refuses to be organized. It is inspired by a force of a different order—anger, insult, provocation, profanity, sadic phantasm, mad gesture, irruption of madness. This is already evident in the first speech which, despite the fact that it is made entirely of noble tenderness, reaches nonetheless its aberrant conclusion the next day on the beach in Charlus' coarse but prophetic remark: "But he doesn't give a damn for his old grandmother, does he, eh? Little rascal!"[5] The second speech imparts a fantasy of Charlus, depicting a comical scene in which Bloch has a contest with his father and gives a good thrashing to his hag of a mother. "As he poured out these terrible, almost insane words, M. de Charlus squeezed my arm until it hurt."[6] Finally, the third speech moves swiftly to the violent trail of the trampled and ruined hat. Actually, this time it is not Charlus who steps on the hat; it is the narrator. But as we all see, the narrator has at his disposal enough madness for everyone; his madness communicates with Charlus and Albertine's madness, and can set out to anticipate their madness or even to bring about its consequences.[7]

Regardless of how much Charlus appears to be the master of *Logos*, his speeches are agitated by involuntary signs resisting the sovereign organization of language, preventing their being mastered by words and sentences, and causing, just the same, the flight of *Logos* as well as our departure to another domain.

> Whatever the fine words with which he embellished all his hatreds, one felt that, whether he was moved by offended pride or disappointed love, whether his motivating force was rancour, sadism, teasing or obsession, this man was capable of committing murder.[8]

We find signs of violence and madness that constitute an entire pathos against and beneath the voluntary signs concocted through "logic and noble language." This pathos will be revealed for what it is in the various appearances of Charlus, as he speaks less and less from the heights of his sovereign constitution, but also betrays himself more and more in the course of his physical and social decomposition. No longer are we faced with the world of speeches whose vertical communications once expressed a hierarchy of rules and positions; we are now faced with a world of anarchic encounters, violent chance-happenings that communicate among themselves in an aberrant and transversal way. We are left with the meeting between Charlus and Jupien, and with the long-awaited unveiling of the secret of Charlus' homosexuality. But is this really the secret? What is unveiled is not so much the homosexuality that was, at any rate, foreseeable and suspected for a long time, but rather a general condition in view of which the homosexuality is a particular case of a deeper and growing universal madness, with innocence and crime intertwined in so many ways. What is unveiled is the world, where no one speaks any longer, the silent vegetal universe and the madness of flowers, the fragmented theme of which gives a certain rhythm to the encounter with Jupien.

Logos is a large animal whose parts are assembled into a whole and unified under a principle or a directing idea. *Pathos*, on the other hand, is a plant composed of separate parts; the parts communicate only indirectly with one another and by means of a part which is itself separate, and so on ad infinitum, to the point where there can be no further unification of this world; its ultimate pieces no longer lack anything. We now face the schizoid world of sealed boxes, of separate parts, where even contiguity is distance: the world of sex. This is what Charlus teaches us, past his speeches. Given that every individual consists of both sexes, albeit "separated by a partition," we must be prepared to admit an abstract set of eight elements, so that the masculine or feminine "aspect" of a man or a woman could strike a relation with the feminine and masculine "aspect" of another woman or man: *there are ten possible combinations of the eight elements.*[9] We are then left with aberrant relations between sealed vases; a bumblebee that makes flowers communicate, while losing its own carnality, because in relation to them, it is no longer anything but a separate part and a disparate element in the apparatus of plant reproduction.

Here, perhaps, we face the same situation that we can find everywhere in *Remembrance:* from an initial constellation representing an apparently circumscribed, unifiable, and totalizable whole, one or more series are being released. These series, in turn, run into a new constellation, this time decentred or eccentric, made of spinning sealed boxes and mobile disparate parts that follow transversal lines of flight. Charlus' situation is precisely this: the initial constellation with the shine of his eyes and his voice; in the sequence, the series of speeches; finally, the past, disquieting world of signs and boxes, of signs composing Charlus, which are located inside one another and then separated, allowing themselves to be opened midway and interpreted according to the line of flight of a star aging together with its satellites. "M. de Charlus, steering towards us the Bulk of his huge body, drawing unwillingly in his wake one of those ruffians or beggars who nowadays, when he passed, sprang out without fail from even the most apparently deserted corners."[10]

It is the same situation which permeates Albertine's story: the constellation of the young girls from which Albertine gradually is extracted; the long series of the two consecutive jealousies affecting Albertine; finally, the coexistence of all boxes wherein Albertine imprisons herself in her own lies, and where the narrator also imprisons her. This is a new constellation, compensating in a way for the initial one, because the end of love is like a return to the indivisibility of the young girls. A comparison between the lines of flight of Albertine and Charlus is inevitable. Notice the beautiful passage in which Albertine is kissed. The narrator, hiding, begins with the face of Albertine as with a mobile whole wherein her beauty spot shines as a singular point. In the sequence, as the lips of the narrator near the cheek, the desired face moves through a succession of frames, each of which corresponds to another Albertine, with the beauty spot leaping from one frame to another. Finally, we come to the last blur, with Albertine's face distorted and done in, where the narrator, having lost the use of his lips, eyes and nose, recognizes in "these detestable signs" that he is in the act of embracing the loved one.

This great law of composition and decomposition applies to both Albertine and Charlus because it is the law of love and sexuality. Heterosexual love affairs, and especially the love of the narrator for Albertine, are not merely appearances behind which Proust would hide his homosexuality. On the contrary, these love affairs form the initial background from which, eventually, the two series of homosexuality represented by Albertine and Charlus will be derived. "The two sexes shall die, each in a place apart." These series, however, extend to a transsexual world wherein the compartmentalized and interlocking sexes are regrouped in each series in order to

communicate with the sexes of another, as they follow aberrant and transversal ways. A kind of superficial normalcy marks the first level or the first set; on the contrary, all the sufferings, anxieties and culpabilities of what we call "neurosis" mark the liberated series at the second level: the curse of Oedipus and the prophecy of Samson. As for the third level, in the midst of decomposition it restores a vegetal innocence by offering an absolving function to madness in a world of exploding and later sealed boxes, of crimes and illegal confinements which form the Proustian "human comedy." As a result, a new and final power develops that overthrows all others. This power is stark mad—the power of *Remembrance* itself—and it ranks together, policeman with insane, spy with merchant, interpreter with redress-seeker.

Although the stories of Albertine and Charlus follow the same general law, the fact remains that in these two situations, madness has very diverse forms and functions, and it is distributed differently. Between madness-Charlus and madness-Albertine, there are three major differences. First, Charlus has a superior individuation in the guise of an imperial individuality. His disorder is in communication: the queries, "What is Charlus hiding?" "Which secret boxes does he conceal in his individuality?" refer us to yet undiscovered communications and to the aberrancies of these communications. Consequently, madness-Charlus can neither interpret itself nor be manifested and interpreted, except through accidental and violent encounters, in view of the new surroundings into which Charlus is thrust. These encounters function as revealing points, inductors and communicators: encounters with the narrator, encounter with Jupien, encounter with the Verdurins, encounter in the brothel.

Albertine's situation is different because her disorder affects individuation: which of the young girls is she? How can we pick her out of the indivisible group of young girls? In this case, one might say that Albertine's communications are evident from the beginning, while whatever is hidden is precisely the mystery of her individuation. The only way to pierce this mystery is to have the communications interrupted and forcefully stopped, and for Albertine to be imprisoned, immured and confined. A second difference follows. Charlus is the master of discourse; everything happens by means of words, yet, on the other hand, nothing happens in these words. Charlus' investments are primarily verbal, to the extent that things or objects present themselves as involuntary signs; as such, they turn against discourse, sometimes causing it to derail, and other times, forming a counterlanguage which develops within the silence and the muteness of encounters. As for Albertine's relation to language, it is a poor lie, not a majestic deviance. Her investment is in things or objects expressed in language, but only on the condition that its voluntary signs fragment and submit to the rules of the lie

that the involuntary inserts in it: in such a case, everything, including silence, can happen in language, precisely because nothing moves through language.

Finally, there is a third difference. At the turn of the twentieth century, psychiatry established a very interesting distinction between two kinds of sign-delirium: the delirium of interpretation, present in paranoia, and the delirium of redress-seeking, present in erotomania or jealousy. The former, with an insidious beginning and a gradual development essentially depending upon endogenous forces, expands over a general network which mobilizes all verbal investments. The latter has a much more abrupt beginning and is tied to external factors that may be real or imaginary. It depends on a kind of "postulate" regarding a specific object, and enters limited constellations. It is less a delirium of ideas running through the extended system of verbal investments, and more a delirium of acts, animated by an intensive object-investment. Erotomania, for example, presents itself as a delirious pursuit of the loved object rather than as the delirious illusion of being loved. *The delirium of redress-seeking forms a sequence of finite linear processes, while the delirium of interpretation forms radiant, circular wholes.* We do not content that Proust attributed to his characters a psychiatric distinction which was being elaborated during his time. Yet Charlus and Albertine, in *Remembrance,* follow pathways that correspond accurately to this distinction. We tried to show this with Charlus: the early appearances of this grand paranoiac are insidious; the onset and development of delirium, in his case, testify to the presence of fearful, endogenous forces; with his entire interpretive dementia, he conceals the most mysterious, verbal signs of a nonlanguage that gives him form. Such is the vast Charlus-network. We also tried to show this with Albertine: being an object, or in pursuit of objects, she issues postulates that are familiar to her, or rather, she is trapped by the narrator inside a postulate with no escape, which leaves her victimized. (*Albertine is presented as necessarily and a priori guilty; she loves without being loved; she is hard, cruel, and treacherous toward the object of one's love.*) Albertine is both erotomaniac and jealous, although it is rather the narrator who reveals himself to her in these colors. The series of jealousies that have Albertine as their object are in each case inseparable from an external occasion and constitute sequential processes. Finally, the signs of language and nonlanguage intertwine and form the limited constellations of the lie. We are left with a delirium of action and redress-seeking, different from the delirium of ideas and interpretations that characterizes Charlus.

But why should we confuse Albertine with the narrator's behavior toward Albertine, as if they were one and the same? It is obvious that the narrator's jealousy is directed toward an Albertine who, in turn, is extremely

jealous of her own "objects." As for the narrator's erotomania toward Albertine, that is, the delirious pursuit of the loved one, without the illusion of being loved in return, it is conveyed by the erotomania of Albertine, which was for a long time suspected to be, and then confirmed as, the secret behind the narrator's jealousy. Again, the narrator's redress-seeking for the imprisonment and confinement of Albertine conceals Albertine's redress-seeking, which falls under suspicion too late. Charlus' situation is similar: we are unable to distinguish the labor of Charlus' interpretive delirium from the long labor over the interpretation of Charlus' delirium, through which the narrator suffers. But we were searching precisely for the provenance o the necessity of these partial identifications and for their function in *Remembrance.*

Jealous of Albertine and the interpreter of Charlus, who, really, is the narrator himself? We do not consider it to be at all compelling to distinguish between the narrator and the hero as subject of the utterance and subject of the statement, respectively, because this would result in referring *Remembrance* to an alien system of subjectivity (with a double and cloven subject).[11] This is not so much a question of a narrator, as it is of a machine for *Remembrance;* it is less a question of a hero, and more of arrangements in the middle of which the machine functions under certain configurations or articulations, for the sake of certain uses or productions. Only in this sense, do we have the right to inquire about the narrator-hero who does not behave as subject. The reader is struck by Proust's persistent portrayal of the narrator as one incapable of seeing, perceiving, remembering, or understanding. This is the grand opposition to the Goncourt and the Saint-Beuve method, and the constant theme of *Remembrance,* which reaches its apex in the country at the house of the Verdurins. ("I see you like draughts.")[12] In fact, the narrator has no organs, or rather, he does not have the organs that he needs and hopes for. He himself makes this point in the scene of Albertine's first kiss, as he complains that we are lacking adequate organs for an activity that fills our lips, plugs our noses, and blocks our eyes. In other words, the narrator is an enormous body without organs.

But what is a body without organs? The spider, too, does not see, perceive, or remember. Only at the tip of its web does it register the smallest vibration, which gradually spreads over its body in a wave of intensity, making it pounce on the precise point of agitation. Without eyes, nose, or mouth, it responds to signs only; the smallest sign penetrates and then waves through the spider's body, causing the spider to pounce on its prey. *Remembrance* is not structured like a cathedral or a garment: it is built like a web. The narrator-spider has *Remembrance* as his web, in the course of being shaped and woven, as each of its threads is stirred by an unusual sign: the

web and the spider, the web and the body are one and the same machine. The narrator might very well be endowed with extreme sensibility and a prodigious memory; nevertheless, he has no organs so long as he is deprived of all voluntary and organized use of his faculties. But, on the other hand, a certain faculty functions within him whenever it is constrained and forced to do so; the organ, corresponding to this faculty, is given to him as an *intensive sketch* only, stirred by the waves that set off its involuntary practice. Involuntary sensibility, involuntary memory, and involuntary thought, are each the global, intense reactions of the body without organs to the different signs. It is this body-web-spider that is agitated in order to halfway open and then quickly close again the small boxes which bump against the sticky thread of *Remembrance*. Strange plasticity of the narrator. This body-spider-narrator—spy, policeman, jealous, interpreter, redress-seeker, *madman*, universal schizophrenic—will pay out one thread to the paranoid Charlus and another to the erotomaniac Albertine in order to transform them into marionettes of its own delirium, into intensive powers of its own body without organs, and into profiles of its own madness.

Trans. Constantin Boundas

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What Is Desire?

Do you realize how simple a desire is? Sleeping is a desire. Walking is a desire. Listening to music, or making music, or writing, are desires. A spring, a winter, are desires. Old age also is a desire. Even death. Desire never needs interpreting, it is it which experiments. Then we run up against very exasperating objections. They say to us that we are returning to an old cult of pleasure, to a pleasure principle, or to a notion of the festival (the revolution will be a festival. . .). By way of objection they hold up those who are stopped from sleeping, whether for internal or external reasons, and who have neither the means nor the time for a festival; or who have neither the time nor the culture to listen to music; nor the ability to walk, nor to go into a catatonic state except in hospital; or who are suddenly struck by a horrible old age or death, in short all those who suffer: don't they "lack" something? And above all, it is objected that by releasing desire from lack and law, the only thing we have left to refer to is a state of nature, a desire that would be natural and spontaneous reality. We say quite the opposite: *desire only exists when assembled or machined.* You cannot grasp or conceive of a desire outside a determinate assemblage, on a plane which is not preexistent but which must itself be constructed. All that is important is that each group or individual should construct the plane of immanence on which they lead their life and carry on their business. Without these conditions you obviously do

lack something, but you lack precisely the conditions which make a desire possible. Organizations of forms, formations of subjects (the other plane), "incapacitate" desire: they subjugate it to law and introduce lack into it. If you tie someone up and say to him "Express yourself, friend," the most he will be able to say is that he doesn't want to be tied up. The only spontaneity in desire is doubtless of that kind: to not want to be oppressed, exploited, enslaved, subjugated. But no desire has ever been created with nonwishes. Not to want to be enslaved is a nonproposition. In retrospect every assemblage expresses and creates a desire by constructing the plane which makes it possible and, by making it possible, brings it about. Desire is not restricted to the privileged; neither is it restricted to the success of a revolution once it has occurred. It is in itself an immanent revolutionary process. *It is constructivist, not at all spontaneist.* Since every assemblage is collective, is itself a collective, it is indeed true that every desire is the affair of the people, or an affair of the masses, a molecular affair.

We don't even believe in internal drives which would prompt desire. The plane of immanence has nothing to do with an interiority; it is like the outside where all desires come from. When we hear of a thing as stupid as the supposed death drive, it is like seeing a shadow theater. Eros and Thanatos. We have to ask: could there be an assemblage so warped, so hideous, that the utterance "Long live death" would be an actual part of it and death itself be desired in it? Or isn't this the opposite of an assemblage, its downfall, its failure? We must describe the assemblage in which such a desire becomes possible, gets moving and declares itself. But never will we point to drives which would refer to structural invariants, or to genetic variables. Oral, anal, genital, etc.: we ask each time into which assemblages these components enter, not to which drives they correspond, nor to which memories or fixations they owe their importance, nor to which incidents they refer, but with which extrinsic elements they combine to create a desire, to create desire. This is already the case with children who fabricate their desire with the outside, with the conquest of the outside, not in internal stages or by transcendent structures. Once again little Hans: there is the street, the horse, the omnibus, the parents, Professor Freud himself, the "has a pee" [*fait-pipi*] which is neither an organ nor a function, but a machine function, one of the parts of the machine. There are speeds and slownesses, affects and haecceities: a horse a day the street. There are only different politics of assemblages, even with children: in this sense everything is political. There are only programs, or rather diagrams or planes, not memories or even phantasms. There are only becomings and blocs, childhood blocs, blocs of femininity, of animality, blocs of present becoming, and nothing of the memorial, the imaginary or the symbolic. Desire is no more symbolic than fig-

urative, no more signified than signifier: it is made up of different lines which cross, articulate, or impede each other and which constitute a particular assemblage on a plane of immanence. But the plane does not preexist these assemblages which comprise it, these abstract lines which map it out. We can always call it plane of nature, in order to underline its immanence. But the nature-artifice distinction is not at all relevant here. There is no desire that does not result in the coexistence of several levels, some of which can be called natural in contrast to others; but this is a nature that must be constructed with all the fabrications of the plane of immanence. The assemblage of feudalism includes among its elements "horse-stirrup-lance." The natural position of the knight, the natural way of holding the lance, depends on a new symbiosis of man-animal which makes the stirrup the most natural thing in the world and the horse the most artificial one. The figures of desire do not derive from this, but were already mapping out the assemblage, the set of elements, retained or created by the assemblage, the lady no less than the horse, the sleeping knight no less than the wandering quest for the grail.

We say that there is assemblage of desire each time that there are produced, in a field of immanence, or on a plane of consistence, *continuums of intensities, combinations of fluxes, emissions of particles* at variable speeds. Guattari speaks of a Schumann-assemblage. What is a musical assemblage like this, designated by a proper name? What are the dimensions of such an assemblage? There is the relationship with Clara, woman-child-virtuoso, the Clara line. There is the little manual machine that Schumann puts together to hold the middle finger tight and secure the independence of the fourth finger. There is the ritornello, the little ritornellos that haunt Schumann and run through all his work like so many childhood blocs, a whole concerted enterprise of involution, restraint, and exhaustion of the theme and form. And there is also the use of the piano, this movement of deterriorialization that carries away the ritornello ("wings have sprouted on the child") on a melodic line, in an original polyphonic assemblage capable of producing dynamic and affective relations of speed or slowness, of delay or anticipation which are very complex, on the basis of an intrinsically simple or simplified form. There is the intermezzo, or rather there are nothing but intermezzi in Schumann, making the music pass *to the middle* preventing the sound plane from toppling under a law of organization or development.[1] All of this is articulated in the constitutive assemblage of desire. It is desire itself which passes and moves. There is no need to be Schumann. Listen to Schumann. Conversely, there is what happens to make the whole assemblage waver: the little manual machine leads to paralysis of the finger, and

then to Schumann's mad-becoming. . . . We simply say that desire is inseparable from a plane of consistence which must be constructed every time piece by piece and from assemblages on this plane, continuums, combinations, emissions. Without lack, but definitely not without risk or peril. Desire, says Félix: a ritornello. But this is already very complicated: for the ritornello is a kind of sound territoriality, the child reassuring himself when he is afraid of the dark, "Rockabye baby on the tree-top." . . .[2] (Psychoanalysis seriously misunderstood the famous "Fort-Da" when it saw in it an opposition of a phonological kind instead of recognizing a ritornello.) But it is also the whole movement of deterriorialization which takes hold of a form and a subject to extract from them variable speeds and floating affects; then the music begins. What counts in desire is not the false alternative of law-spontaneity, nature-artifice; it is the respective play of territorialities, reterritorializations, and movements of deterritorialization.

In speaking of desire we were no longer thinking of pleasure and its festivals. Certainly pleasure is agreeable; certainly we move toward it with all our might. But in its most attractive and indispensable forms, it comes rather as an interruption in the process of desire as constitution of a field of immanence. There is nothing more revealing than the idea of a pleasure-discharge; once pleasure is attained, one would have a little calm before desire is rekindled: there is a lot of hatred, or fear, of desire, in the cult of pleasure. Pleasure is the attribution of the affect, the affection for a person or subject, it is the only means for a person to "find himself again" in the process of desire that overwhelms him. Pleasures, even the most artificial, or the dizziest, can only be reterriorialization. Desire does not have pleasure as its norm, but this is not in the name of an internal lack which could not be filled, but on the contrary by virtue of its positivity; that is, of the plane of consistence that it traces in the course of its process. It is the same error which relates desire to the law of the lack and to the norm of pleasure. It is when you keep relating desire to pleasure, to the attainment of pleasure, that you also notice that something fundamental is missing. To the point where, to break these preformed alliances between desire-pleasure-lack, we are obliged to make detours through bizarre fabrications, with much ambiguity. Take, as an example, courtly love, which is an assemblage of desire connected to feudalism as end. Dating an assemblage is not doing history, it is giving the assemblage its coordinates of expression and content, proper names, infinitive-becomings, articles, haecceities. (So that's what doing history is?) Now, it is well known that courtly love implies tests which postpone pleasure, or at least postpone the ending of coitus. This is certainly not a method of deprivation. It is the constitution of a field of immanence, where

desire constructs its own plane and lacks nothing, any more than it allows itself to be interrupted by a discharge which would indicate that it is too heavy for it to bear. Courtly love has two enemies which merge into one: a religious transcendence of lack and a hedonistic interruption which introduces pleasure as discharge. It is the immanent process of desire which fills itself up, the continuum of intensities, the combination of fluxes, which replace both the law-authority and the pleasure-interruption. The process of desire is called "joy," not lack or demand. Everything is permitted, except what would come and break up the integral process of desire, the assemblage. This is not something to do with nature: on the contrary, it requires a great deal of artifice to exorcise the internal lack, the higher transcendent element and the apparent exterior. Ascesis, why not? Ascesis has always been the condition of desire, not its disciplining or prohibition. You will always find an ascesis if you think of desire. Now, it has been "historically" necessary that a certain field of immanence should be possible at a particular moment, at a particular place. Chivalrous love properly speaking was not possible until the two fluxes had combined, the warrior flux and the erotic flux, in the sense that valor gave the right to love. But courtly love required a new demarcation in which valor became itself internal to love, and where love included the test.[3] One can say as much, in other conditions, of the masochist assemblage: the organization of humiliations and suffering in it appear less as a means of exorcizing anguish and so attaining a supposedly forbidden pleasure, than as a procedure, a particularly convoluted one, to constitute a body without organs and develop a continuous process of desire which pleasure, on the contrary, would come and interrupt.

We do not believe in general that sexuality has the role of an infrastructure in the assemblages of desire, nor that it constitutes an energy capable of transformation or of neutralization and sublimation. Sexuality can only be thought of as one flux among others, entering into conjunction with other fluxes, emitting particles which themselves enter into particular relationships of speed and slowness in the *vicinity* of certain other particles. No assemblage can be characterized by one flux exclusively. What a depressing idea of love, to make it a relation between two people, whose monotony must be vanquished as required by adding extra people. And it is not improved by the idea of leaving aside people altogether by bringing sexuality down to the construction of perverse or sadistic little machines which enclose sexuality in a theater of phantasms: something dirty or stale is given off by all this, something which is too sentimental in any case, too narcissistic, as when a flux begins to revolve around itself and grow stale. So Félix's fine phrase "desiring machines" ought to be given up for these reasons. The

question about sexuality is: into the vicinity of what else does it enter to form such and such a haecceity, particular relations of movement and rest? The more it is articulated with other fluxes, the more it will remain sexuality, pure and simple sexuality, far from all idealizing sublimation. It will be all the more sexuality for itself, inventive, amazed, with neither phantasm which turns round and round nor idealization which leaps into the air: the masturbator is the only one who makes phantasms. Psychoanalysis is exactly a masturbation, a generalized, organized, and coded narcissism. Sexuality does not allow itself to be sublimated, or phantasmed, because its concern is elsewhere, in the real vicinity of and in real combination with other fluxes, which exhaust or precipitate it—all depends on the moment and the assemblage. And it is not simply from one to the other of the two "subjects" that this vicinity or combination takes place; it is in each of the two that several fluxes combine to form a bloc of becoming which makes demands on them both, music-becoming of Clara, woman- or child-becoming of Schumann. Not the man and woman as sexual entities, caught in a binary apparatus, but a molecular becoming, birth of a molecular woman in music, birth of molecular sonority in a woman. "The relations between the two spouses profoundly change over the years, often without them realizing anything; while each change is a cause of suffering, even if it causes a certain joy. . . . With each change a new being appears, a new rhythm is established. . . . Sex is a changing thing, sometimes lively, sometimes resting, sometimes inflamed and sometimes dead."[4] At each moment we are made up of lines which are variable at each instant, which may be combined in different ways, packets of lines, longitudes and latitudes, tropics and meridians, etc. There are no monofluxes. The analysis of the unconscious should be a geography rather than a history. Which lines appear blocked, moribund, closed in, dead-ended, falling to a black hole or exhausted, which others are active or lively, which allow something to escape and draw us along? Little Hans again: how was the line of the building and of the neighbors cut off from him; how was the Oedipal tree developed, what role did Professor Freud's branching-off play, why did the child seek refuge on the line of a horse-becoming, etc.? Psychoanalysis has always haunted parental and familial pathways, we should not reproach it for having chosen a particular way of branching off rather than another, but for having made a dead end out of this one, for having invented conditions of enunciation which crushed in advance the new utterances that it nevertheless gave rise to. We should get to the point of being able to say: your father, your mother, your grandmother, everything is fine, even the name of the father, every entry is fine from the moment that there are multiple exits. But psychoanalysis

has produced everything—except exits. "Anywhere the rails lead us, anywhere at all, and if we come to an old offshoot rail line we don't know anything about, what the hell, we'll just take it, go down it, to see where it goes. And some year, by God, we'll boat down the Mississippi, always wanted to do that. Enough to last us a lifetime. And that's just how long I want to take to do it all."[5]

Part Four

Minor Languages and Nomad Art

17

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Language: Major and Minor

Since everybody knows that language is a heterogeneous, variable reality, what is the meaning of the linguists' insistence on carving out a homogeneous system in order to make a scientific study possible? It is a question of extracting a set of constants from the variables, or of determining constant relations between variables (this is already evident in the phonologists' concept of commutativity). But the scientific model taking language as an object of study is one with the political model by which language is homogenized, centralized, standardized, becoming a language of power, a major or dominant language. Linguistics can claim all it wants to be science, nothing but pure science—it wouldn't be the first time that the order of pure science was used to secure the requirements of another order. What is grammaticality, and the sign *S*, the categorical symbol that dominates statements? It is a power marker before it is a syntactical marker, and Chomsky's trees establish constant relations between power variables. Forming grammatically correct sentences is for the normal individual the prerequisite for any submission to social laws. No one is supposed to be ignorant of grammaticality; those who are belong in special institutions. The unity of language is fundamentally political. There is no mother tongue, only a power takeover by a dominant language that at times advances along a broad front, and at times swoops down on diverse centers simultaneously. We can

conceive of several ways for a language to homogenize, centralize: the republican way is not necessarily the same as the royal way, and is not the least harsh.[1] The scientific enterprise of extracting constants and constant relations is always coupled with the political enterprise of imposing them on speakers and transmitting order-words.

> Speak white and loud
> yes what a wonderful language
> for hiring
> giving orders
> appointing the hour of death in the works
> and of the break that refreshes . . .

Must a distinction then be made between two kinds of languages, "high" and "low," major and minor? The first would be defined precisely by the power [*pouvoir*] of constants, the second by the power [*puissance*] of variation. We do not simply wish to make an opposition between the unity of a major language and the multiplicity of dialects. Rather, each dialect has a zone of transition and variation; or better, each minor language has a properly dialectical zone of variation. According to Malmberg, it is rare to find clear boundaries on dialect maps; instead, there are transitional and limitrophe zones, zones of indiscernibility. It is also said that "the Québecois language is so rich in modulations and variations of regional accents and in games with tonic accents that it sometimes seems, with no exaggeration, that it would be better preserved by musical notation than by any system of spelling."[2] The very notion of dialect is quite questionable. Moreover, it is relative because one needs to know in relation to what major language it exercises its function: for example, the Québecois language must be evaluated not only in relation to standard French but also in relation to major English, from which it borrows all kinds of phonetic and syntactical elements, in order to set them in variation. The Bantu dialects must be evaluated not only in relation to the mother tongue but also in relation to Afrikaans as a major language, and English as a counter-major language preferred by blacks.[3] In short, the notion of dialect does not elucidate that of minor language, but the other way around; it is the minor language that defines dialects through its own possibilities for variation. Should we identify major and minor language on the basis of regional situations of bilingualism or multilingualism including at least one dominant language and one dominated language, or a world situation giving certain languages an imperialist power over others (for example, the role of American English today)?

At least two things prevent us from adopting this point of view. As Chomsky notes, a dialect, ghetto language, or minor language is not im-

mune to the kind of treatment that draws a homogeneous system from it and extracts constants: Black English has its own grammar, which is not defined by a sum of mistakes or infractions against standard English; but that grammar can be studied only by applying to it the same rules of study that are applied to standard English. In this sense, the notions of major and minor seem to have no linguistic relevance. When French lost its worldwide major function it lost nothing of its constancy and homogeneity, its centralization. Conversely, Afrikaans attained homogeneity when it was a locally minor language struggling against English. Even politically, especially politically, it is difficult to see how the upholders of a minor language can operate if not by giving it (if only by writing in it) a constancy and homogeneity making it a locally major language capable of forcing official recognition (hence the political role of writers who assert the rights of a minor language). But the opposite argument seems more compelling: the more a language has or acquires the characteristics of a major language, the more it is affected by continuous variations that transpose it into a "minor" language. It is futile to criticize the worldwide imperialism of a language by denouncing the corruptions it introduces into other languages (for example, the purists' criticisms of English influences in French, the petit-bourgeois or academic denunciation of "Franglais"). For if a language such as British English or American English is major on a world scale, it is necessarily worked upon by all the minorities of the world, using very diverse procedures of variation. Take the way Gaelic and Irish English set English in variation. Or the way Black English and any number of "ghetto languages" set American English in variation, to the point that New York is virtually a city without a language. (Furthermore, American English could not have *constituted* itself without this linguistic labor of the minorities.) Or the linguistic situation in the old Austrian empire: German was a major language in relation to the minorities, but as such it could not avoid being treated by those minorities in a way that made it a minor language in relation to the German of the Germans. There is no language that does not have intralinguistic, endogenous, internal minorities. So at the most general level of linguistics, Chomsky's and Labov's positions are constantly passing and converting into each other. Chomsky can say that even a minor, dialectical, or ghetto language cannot be studied unless invariants are extracted from it and "extrinsic or mixed" variables are eliminated; and Labov can respond that even a standard or major language cannot be studied independently of "inherent" variations, which are precisely neither mixed nor extrinsic. *You will never find a homogeneous system that is not still or already affected by a regulated, continuous, immanent process of variation* (why does Chomsky pretend not to understand this?).

There are not, therefore, two kinds of languages but two possible treatments of the same language. Either the variables are treated in such a way as to extract from them constants and constant relations or in such a way as to place them in continuous variation. We were wrong to give the impression at times that constants existed alongside variables, linguistic constants alongside variables of enunciation: that was only for convenience of presentation. For it is obvious that the constants are drawn from the variables themselves; universals in linguistics have no more existence in themselves than they do in economics and are always concluded from a universalization or a rendering-uniform involving variables. *Constant is not opposed to variable;* it is a treatment of the variable opposed to the other kind of treatment, or continuous variation. So-called obligatory rules correspond to the first kind of treatment, whereas optional rules concern the construction of a continuum of variation. Moreover, there are a certain number of categories or distinctions that cannot be invoked, that are inapplicable and useless as a basis for objections because they presuppose the first treatment and are entirely subordinated to the quest for constants: for example, language as opposed to speech; synchrony as opposed to diachrony; competence as opposed to performance; distinctive features as opposed to nondistinctive (or secondarily distinctive) features. For nondistinctive features, whether prosodic, stylistic, or pragmatic, are not only omnipresent variables, in contrast to the presence or absence of a constant; they are not only superlinear and "suprasegmental" elements, in contrast to linear segmental elements; their very characteristics give them the power to place all the elements of language in a state of continuous variation—for example, the impact of tone on phonemes, accent on morphemes, or intonation on syntax. These are not secondary features but another treatment of language that no longer operates according to the preceding categories.

"Major" and "minor" do not qualify two different languages but rather two usages or functions of language. Bilingualism, of course, provides a good example, but once again we use it simply for the sake of convenience. Doubtless, in the Austrian empire Czech was a minor language in relation to German; but the German of Prague already functioned as a potentially minor language in relation to the German of Vienna or Berlin; and Kafka, a Czechoslovakian Jew writing in German, submits German to creative treatment as a minor language, constructing a continuum of variation, negotiating all of the variables both to constrict the constants and to expand the variables: make language stammer, or make it "wail," stretch tensors through all of language, even written language, and draw from it cries, shouts, pitches, durations, timbres, accents, intensities. Two conjoined tendencies in so-called minor languages have often been noted: an impoverish-

ment, a shedding of syntactical and lexical forms; but simultaneously a strange proliferation of shifting effects, a taste for overload and paraphrase. This applies to the German of Prague, Black English, and Québecois. But with rare exceptions, the interpretation of the linguists has been rather malevolent, invoking a consubstantial poverty and preciosity. The alleged poverty is in fact a restriction of constants and the overload an extension of variations functioning to deploy a continuum sweeping up all components. The poverty is not a lack but a void or ellipsis allowing one to sidestep a constant instead of tackling it head on, or to approach it from above or below instead of positioning oneself within it. And the overload is not a rhetorical figure, a metaphor, or symbolic structure; it is a mobile paraphrase bearing witness to the unlocalized presence of an indirect discourse at the heart of every statement. From both sides we see a rejection of reference points a dissolution of constant form in favor of differences in dynamic. The closer a language gets to this state, the closer it comes not only to a system of musical notation, but also to music itself.[4]

Subtract and place in variation, remove and place in variation: a single operation. Minor languages are characterized not by overload and poverty in relation to a standard or major language, but by a sobriety and variation that are like a minor treatment of the standard language, a becoming-minor and the major language. The problem is not the distinction between major and minor language; it is one of a becoming. It is a question not of reterritorializing oneself on a dialect or a patois but of deterritorializing the major language. Black Americans do not oppose Black to English, they transform the American English that is their own language into Black English. Minor languages do not exist in themselves: they exist only in relation to a major language and are also investments of that language for the purpose of making it minor. One must find the minor language, the dialect or rather idiolect, on the basis of which one can make one's own major language minor. That is the strength of authors termed "minor," who are in fact the greatest, the only greats: having to conquer one's own language, in other words, to attain that sobriety in the use of a major language, in order to place it in a state of continuous variation (the opposite of regionalism). It is in one's own language that one is bilingual or multilingual. Conquer the major language in order to delineate in it as yet unknown minor languages. Use the minor language to *send the major language racing.* Minor authors are foreigners in their own tongue. If they are bastards, if they experience themselves as bastards, it is due not to a mixing or intermingling of languages but rather to a subtraction and variation of their own language achieved by stretching tensors through it.

The notion of *minority* is very complex, with musical, literary, linguistic,

as well as juridical and political, references. The opposition between minority and majority is not simply quantitative. Majority implies a constant, of expression or content, serving as a standard measure by which to evaluate it. Let us suppose that the constant or standard is the average adult-white-heterosexual-European-male speaking a standard language (Joyce's or Ezra Pound's Ulysses). It is obvious that "man" holds the majority, even if he is less numerous than mosquitoes, children, women, blacks, peasants, homosexuals, etc. That is because he appears twice, once in the constant and again in the variable from which the constant is extracted. Majority assumes a state of power and domination, not the other way around. It assumes the standard measure, not the other way around. Even Marxism "has almost always translated hegemony from the point of view of the national worker, qualified, male and over thirty-five."[5] A determination different from that of the constant will therefore be considered minoritarian, by nature and regardless of number, in other words, a subsystem or an outsystem. This is evident in all the operations, electoral or otherwise, where you are given a choice, but on the condition that your choice conform to the limits of the constant ("you mustn't choose to change society. . ."). But at this point, everything is reversed. For the majority, insofar as it is analytically included in the abstract standard, is never anybody, it is always Nobody—Ulysses—whereas the minority is the becoming of everybody, one's potential becoming to the extent that one deviates from the model. There is a majoritarian "fact," but it is the analytic fact of Nobody, as opposed to the becoming-minoritarian of everybody. That is why we must distinguish between: the majoritarian as a constant and homogeneous system; minorities as subsystems; and the minoritarian as a potential, creative and created, becoming. The problem is never to acquire the majority, even in order to install a new constant. There is no becoming-majoritarian; majority is never becoming. All becoming is minoritarian. Women, regardless of their numbers, are a minority, definable as a state or subset; but they create only by making possible a becoming over which they do not have ownership, into which they themselves must enter; this is a becoming-woman affecting all of humankind, men and women both. The same goes for minor languages: they are not simply sublanguages, idiolects or dialects, but potential agents of the major language's entering into a becoming-minoritarian of all of its dimensions and elements. We should distinguish between minor languages, the major language, and the becoming-minor of the major language. Minorities, of course, are objectively definable states, states of language, ethnicity, or sex with their own ghetto terriorialities, but they must also be thought of as seeds, crystals of becoming whose value is to trigger uncontrollable movements and deterritorializations of the mean or major-

ity. That is why Pasolini demonstrated that the essential thing, precisely in free indirect discourse, is to be found neither in language A, nor in language B, but "in language X, which is none other than language A in the actual process of becoming language B."[6] There is a universal figure of minoritarian consciousness as the becoming of everybody, and that becoming is creation. One does not attain it by acquiring the majority. The figure to which we are referring is continuous variation, as an amplitude that continually oversteps the representative threshold of the majoritarian standard, by excess or default. In erecting the figure of a universal minoritarian consciousness, one addresses powers [*puissances*] of becoming that belong to a different realm from that of Power [*Pouvoir*] and Domination. Continuous variation constitutes the becoming-minoritarian of everybody, as opposed to the majoritarian Fact of Nobody. Becoming-minoritarian as the universal figure of consciousness is called autonomy. It is certainly not by using a minor language as a dialect, by regionalizing or ghettoizing, that one becomes revolutionary; rather, by using a number of minority elements, by connecting, conjugating them, one invents a specific, unforeseen, autonomous becoming.[7]

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Minor Literature: Kafka

So far we have dealt with little more than contents and their forms: bent head–straightened head, triangles–lines of escape. And it is true that in the realm of expression, the bent head connects to the photo, and the erect head to sound. But as long as the form and the deformation or expression are not considered for themselves, there can be no real way out, even at the level of contents. Only expression gives us the *method*. The problem of expression is staked out by Kafka not in an abstract and universal fashion but in relation to those literatures that are considered minor, for example, the Jewish literature of Warsaw and Prague. A minor literature doesn't come from a minor language; it is rather that which a minority constructs within a major language. But the first characteristic of minor literature in any case is that in it language is affected with a high coefficient of deterritorialization. In this sense, Kafka marks the impasse that bars access to writing for the Jews of Prague and turns their literature into something impossible—the impossibility of not writing, the impossibility of writing in German, the impossibility of writing otherwise.[1] The impossibility of not writing because national consciousness, uncertain or oppressed, necessarily exists by means of literature ("The literary struggle has its real justification at the highest possible levels"). The impossibility of writing other than in German is for the Prague Jews the feeling of an irreducible distance from their primitive