DIALOGUES II

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a part of language. We must speak like everyone else, we must pass through dualisms, 1–2, or even 1–2–3. It must not be said that language deforms a reality which is pre-existing or of another nature. Language is first, it has invented the dualism. But the cult of language, the setting-up of language, linguistics itself, is worse than the old ontology from which it has taken over. We must pass through [*passer par*] dualisms because they are in language, it's not a question of getting rid of them, but we must fight against language, invent stammering, not in order to get back to a prelinguistic pseudo-reality, but to trace a vocal or written line which will make language flow between these dualisms, and which will define a minority usage of language, an inherent variation as Labov says.

In the second place, it is probable that a multiplicity is not defined by the number of its terms. We can always add a 3rd to 2, a 4th to 3, etc., we do not escape dualism in this way, since the elements of any set whatever can be related to a succession of choices which are themselves binary. It is not the elements or the sets which define the multiplicity. What defines it is the AND, as something which has its place between the elements or between the sets. AND, AND, AND–stammering. And even if there are only two terms, there is an AND between the two, which is neither the one nor the other, nor the one which becomes the other, but which constitutes the multiplicity. This is why it is always possible to undo dualisms from the inside, by tracing the line of flight which passes between the two terms or the two sets, the narrow stream which belongs neither to the one nor to the other, but draws both into a non-parallel evolution, into a heterochronous becoming. At least this does not belong to the dialectic. Thus we could proceed like this: each chapter would remain divided in two, there would no longer be any reason to sign each part, since it is between the two anonymous parts that the conversation would take place, and the AND Félix, AND Fanny, AND you, AND all those of whom we speak, AND me, would appear as so many distorted images in running water.

C.P.

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On the Superiority of Anglo-American Literature

I

To leave, to escape, is to trace a line. The highest aim of literature, according to Lawrence, is 'To leave, to leave, to escape . . . to cross the horizon, enter into another life . . . It is thus that Melville finds himself in the middle of the Pacific. He has really crossed the line of the horizon.' The line of flight is a deterritorialization. The French do not understand this very well. Obviously, they flee like everyone else, but they think that fleeing means making an exit from the world, mysticism or art, or else that it is something rather sloppy because we avoid our commitments and responsibilities. But to flee is not to renounce action: nothing is more active than a flight. It is the opposite of the imaginary. It is also to put to flight – not necessarily others, but to put something to flight, to put a system to flight as one bursts a tube. George Jackson wrote from prison: 'It may be that I am fleeing, but throughout my flight, I am searching for a weapon.' And Lawrence again: 'I tell you, old weapons go rotten: make some new ones and shoot accuretely.' To fly is to trace a line, lines, a whole cartography. One only discovers worlds through a long, broken flight. Anglo-American literature constantly shows these ruptures, these characters who create their line of flight, who create through a line of flight. Thomas Hardy, Melville, Stevenson, Virginia Woolf, Thomas Wolfe, Lawrence, Fitzgerald, Miller, Kerouac. In them everything is departure, becoming, passage, leap, daemon, relationship with the outside. They create a new Earth; but perhaps the movement of the earth is deterritorialization itself. American literature operates according to geographical lines: the flight towards the West, the discovery that the true East is in the West,

the sense of the frontiers as something to cross, to push back, to go beyond.[1] The becoming is geographical. There is no equivalent in France. The French are too human, too historical, too concerned with the future and the past. They spend their time in in-depth analysis. They do not know how to become, they think in terms of historical past and future. Even with the revolution, they think about a 'future of the revolution' rather than a revolutionary-becoming. They do not know how to trace lines, to follow a channel. They do not know how to pierce or plane down the wall. They are too fond of roots, trees, the survey, the points of arborescence, the properties. Look at structuralism: it is a system of points and positions, which operates by cuts which are supposedly significant instead of proceeding by thrusts and crackings. It warps the lines of flight instead of following them and tracing them and extending them in a social field.

Is it in Michelet, the fine extract in which the kings of France are contrasted with the kings of England: the former with their politics of land, of inheritance, of marriages, of lawsuits, of ruses and cheating, the latter with their movement of deterritorialization, their wanderings and renunciations, their betrayals passing by at breakneck speed? They unleash the flood of capitalism, but the French invent the bourgeois apparatus of power capable of blocking them, of calling them to account.

To flee is not exactly to travel, or even to move. First because there are travels in the style of the French – too historical, cultural and organized – where they are content to transport their own 'egos'. Secondly, because flights can happen on the spot, in motionless travel. Toynbee shows that nomads in the strict, geographical sense are neither migrants nor travellers, but, on the contrary, those who do not move, those who cling on to the steppe, who are immobile with big strides, following a line of flight on the spot, the greatest inventors of new weapons.[2] But history has never begun to understand nomads, who have neither past nor future. Maps are maps of intensities, geography is no less mental and corporeal than physical in movement. When Lawrence takes up cudgels against Melville, he criticizes him for having taken the voyage too seriously. The voyage turns out to be a return to the savage, but such a return is a regression. There is always a way of reterritorializing oneself in the voyage: it is always one's father or mother (or worse) that one finds again on the voyage. 'Going back to the savages made Melville sicker than anything . . . And once he has escaped, immediately he begins to sigh and pine for the "Paradise", Home and Mother being at the other end of a whaling voyage.'[3] Fitzgerald puts it even better: 'This led me to the idea that the ones who had survived had made some sort of

clean break. This is a big word and is no parallel to a jail-break when one is probably headed for a new jail or will be forced back to the old one. The famous "escape" or "run away from it all" is an excursion into a trap even if the trap includes the South Seas, which are only for those who want to paint them or sail them. A clean break is something you cannot come back from; that is irretrievable because it makes the past cease to exist.'[4]

But even when a distinction is drawn between the flight and the voyage, the flight still remains an ambiguous operation. What is it which tells us that, on a line of flight, we will not rediscover everything we were fleeing? In fleeing the eternal mother-father, will we not rediscover all the Oedipal structures on the line of flight? In fleeing fascism, we rediscover fascist coagulations on the line of flight. In fleeing everything, how can we avoid reconstituting both our country of origin and our formations of power, our intoxicants, our psychoanalyses and our mummies and daddies? How can one avoid the line of flight's becoming identical with a pure and simple movement of self-destruction; Fitzgerald's alcoholism, Lawrence's disillusion, Virginia Woolf's suicide, Kerouac's sad end? English and American literature is thoroughly imbued with a sombre process of demolition, which carries off the writer. A happy death? But it is this that can only be understood on the line, at the same time as it is being traced: the dangers which are courted, the patience and precautions which must go into avoiding them, the corrections which must constantly be made to extract the line from the quicksands and the black holes. Prediction is not possible. A true break may be extended in time, it is something different from an oversignificant cut, it must constantly be protected not merely against its false imitations, but also against itself, and against the reterritorializations which lie in wait for it. This is why it jumps from one writer to another like something which must be begun again. The English and the Americans do not have the same way of beginning again as the French. French beginning again is the *tabula rasa*, the search for a primary certainty as a point of origin, always the point of anchor. The other way of beginning again, on the other hand, is to take up the interrupted line, to join a segment to the broken line, to make it pass between two rocks in a narrow gorge, or over the top of the void, where it had stopped. It is never the beginning or the end which are interesting; the beginning and end are points. What is interesting is the middle. The English zero is always in the middle. Bottlenecks are always in the middle. Being in the middle of a line is the most uncomfortable position. One begins again through the middle. The French think in terms of trees too much: the tree of knowledge, points of arborescence, the alpha and omega,

the roots and the pinnacle. Trees are the opposite of grass. Not only does grass grow in the middle of things, but it grows itself through the middle. This is the English or American problem. Grass has its line of flight, and does not take root. We have grass in the head, not a tree: what thinking signifies is what the brain is, a 'particular nervous system' of grass.[5]

Take as an example the case of Thomas Hardy: his characters are not people or subjects, they are collections of intensive sensations, each is such a collection, a packet, a bloc of variable sensations. There is a strange respect for the individual, an extraordinary respect: not because he would seize upon himself as a person and be recognized as a person, in the French way, but on the contrary because he saw himself and saw others as so many 'unique chances' – the unique chance from which one combination or another had been drawn. Individuation without a subject. And these packets of sensations in the raw, these collections or combinations, run along the lines of chance, or mischance, where their encounters take place – if need be, their bad encounters which lead to death, to murder. Hardy invokes a sort of Greek destiny for this empiricist experimental world. Individuals, packets of sensations, run over the heath like a line of flight or a line of deterritorialization of the earth.

A flight is a sort of delirium.[6*] To be delirious [*délirer*] is exactly to go off the rails (as in *déconner* – to say absurd things, etc.). There is something demonaical or demonic in a line of flight. Demons are different from gods, because gods have fixed attributes, properties and functions, territories and codes: they have to do with rails, boundaries and surveys. What demons do is jump across intervals, and from one interval to another. 'Which demon has leapt the longest leap?' asks Oedipus. There is always betrayal in a line of flight. Not trickery like that of an orderly man ordering his future, but betrayal like that of a simple man who no longer has any past or future. We betray the fixed powers which try to hold us back, the established powers of the earth. The movement of betrayal has been defined as a double turning-away: man turns his face away from God, who also turns his face away from man. It is in this double turning-away, in the divergence of faces, that the line of flight – that is, the deterritorialization of man – is traced. Betrayal is like theft, it is always double. Oedipus at Colonnus, with his long wanderings, has been taken as the prime example of a double turning-away. But Oedipus is the only Semitic tragedy of the Greeks. God who turns away from man who turns away from God is the primary theme of the Old Testament. It is the story of Cain, Cain's line of flight. It is the story of Jonah: the prophet is recognizable by the fact that he takes the opposite path to that which is ordered by God and thereby

realizes God's commandment better than if he had obeyed. A traitor, he has taken misfortune upon himself. The Old Testament is constantly criss-crossed by these lines of flight, the line of separation between the earth and the waters. 'Let the elements stop kissing, and turn their backs on one another. Let the merman turn away from his human wife and children . . . Cross the seas, cross the seas, urges the heart. Leave love and home.'[7] The 'great discoveries', the great expeditions, do not merely involve uncertainty as to what will be discovered, the conquest of the unknown, but the invention of a line of flight, and the power of treason: to be the only traitor, and traitor to all – Aguirre, Wrath of God. Christopher Columbus, as Jacques Besse describes him in an extraordinary tale, including the woman-becoming of Columbus.[8] The creative theft of the traitor, as against the plagiarisms of the trickster.

The Old Testament is not an epic, or a tragedy, but the first novel, and it is as such that the English understand it, as the foundation of the novel. The traitor is the essential character of the novel, the hero. A traitor to the world of dominant significations, and to the established order. This is quite different from the trickster: for the trickster claims to take possession of fixed properties, or to conquer a territory, or even to introduce a new order. The trickster has plenty of future, but no becoming whatsoever. The priest, the soothsayer, is a trickster, but the experimenter is a traitor. The statesman or the courtier is a trickster, but the man of war (not a marshal or a general) is a traitor. The French novel gives us many tricksters, and our novelists are often tricksters themselves. They have no special relationship with the Old Testament. Shakespeare put on the stage many trickster-kings, who came to the throne by trickery, and who in the last analysis turn out to be good kings. But when he encounters Richard III he rises to the height of the most novelistic of tragedies. For Richard III does not simply want power, he wants treason. He does not want the conquest of the state, but the assemblage of a war-machine: how can he be the only traitor, and betray all simultaneously? The dialogue with Lady Anne, which critics have judged to be 'improbable and exaggerated', shows the two faces which are turning away, and Anne, already consenting and fascinated, has a presentiment of the tortuous line which Richard is tracing. And nothing reveals treason better than the choice of object. Not because it is a choice of object – a poor notion – but because it is a becoming, it is the demonic element *par excellence*. In his choice of Anne there is a woman-becoming in Richard III. Of what is Captain Ahab in Melville guilty? Of having chosen Moby Dick, the white whale, instead of obeying the law of the group of fishermen, according to which all whales are fit to hunt. In that lies Ahab's demonic element, his treason, his relationship

with Leviathan – this choice of object which engages him in a whale-becoming himself. The same theme appears in Kleist's *Penthesilea*: the sin of Penthesilea, to have chosen Achilles while the law of the Amazons ordains that they should not choose the enemy: Penthesilea's demonic element leads her into a dog-becoming. (Kleist appalled the Germans, who did not recognize him as one of them: in his long excursions on horseback, Kleist was one of the authors who, despite the German order, knew how to trace a dazzling line of flight across forests and states. Likewise Lenz or Buchner, all the anti-Goethes.) We must define a special function, which is identical neither with health nor illness: the function of the *Anomalous*. The Anomalous is always at the frontier, on the border of a band or a multiplicity; it is part of the latter, but is already making it pass into another multiplicity, it makes it become, it traces a line-between. This is also the 'outsider':[9*] Moby Dick, or the Thing or Entity of Lovecraft, terror.

It is possible that writing has an intrinsic relationship with lines of flight. To write is to trace lines of flight which are not imaginary, and which one is indeed forced to follow, because in reality writing involves us there, draws us in there. To write is to become, but has nothing to do with becoming a writer. That is to become something else. A writer by profession can judge himself in the light of his past or his future, in the light of his personal future, or of posterity ('I will be understood in two years, in a hundred years,' etc.). The becomings contained in writing when it is not wedded to established order-words, but itself traces lines of flight are quite different. You might say that writing by itself, when it is not official, necessarily comes into contact with 'minorities' who do not necessarily write on their own account, about whom no one writes either, in the sense that they would be taken as object, but, on the contrary, in which one is caught up willy-nilly, from the fact that one is writing. A minority never exists ready-made, it is only formed on lines of flight, which are also its way of advancing and attacking. There is a woman-becoming in writing. *Madame Bovary, c'est moi* is the sentence of a hysterical trickster. Even women do not always succeed when they force themselves to write like women, as a function of a future of woman. Woman is not necessarily the writer, but the minority-becoming of her writing, whether it be man or woman. Virginia Woolf forbade herself 'to speak like a woman': she harnessed the woman-becoming of writing all the more for this. Lawrence and Miller are considered to be great sexists: writing, however, drew them into an irresistible woman-becoming. It is only through this becoming, where women have to make as much effort as men, that England has produced so many women novelists. There are Negro-becomings in writing, Indian-becomings

which do not consist in speaking American Indian or 'pidgin French'. There are animal-becomings in writing which do not consist in imitating the animal, in 'playing' the animal, any more than Mozart's music imitates birds, although it is imbued with a bird-becoming. Captain Ahab has a whale-becoming which is not one of imitation. Lawrence has the tortoise-becoming, in his admirable poems. There are animal-becomings in literature which do not consist in talking of one's dog or cat. It is rather an encounter between two reigns, a short-circuit, the picking-up of a code where each is deterritorialized. In writing one always gives writing to those who do not have it, but the latter give writing a becoming without which it would not exist, without which it would be pure redundancy in the service of the powers that be. That the writer is minoritarian does not mean that there are fewer people who write than read; this would no longer even be true today: it means that writing always encounters a minority which does not write, and it does not undertake to write for this minority, in its place or at its bidding, but there is an encounter in which each pushes the other, draws it on to its line of flight in a combined deterritorialization. Writing always combines with something else, which is its own becoming. There is no assemblage which functions on a single flux. This is not a matter of imitation, but of conjunction. The writer is imbued to the core with a non-writer-becoming. Hofmannsthal (who then adopts an English pseudonym) can no longer write when he sees the agony of a mob of rats, because he senses that it is in him that the animal's soul bares its teeth. A fine English film, *Willard*, showed the irresistible rat-becoming of the hero, who clutched at humanity at every chance but nevertheless found himself drawn into this fatal coupling. That there are so many writers' silences and suicides must be explained by these nuptials against nature, these collaborations against nature. What other reason is there for writing than to be traitor to one's own reign, traitor to one's sex, to one's class, to one's majority? And to be traitor to writing.

Many people dream of being traitors. They believe in it, they believe that they are. But they are just petty tricksters. Take the pathetic case of Maurice Sachs, in French literature. What trickster has not said to himself: 'Oh, at last I am a real traitor.' But what traitor does not say to himself at the day's end: 'After all, I was nothing but a trickster.' For it is difficult to be a traitor; it is to create. One has to lose one's identity, one's face, in it. One has to disappear, to become unknown.

The aim, the finality of writing? Still way beyond a woman-becoming, a Negro-becoming, an animal-becoming, etc., beyond a minority-becoming, there is the final enterprise of the becoming-imperceptible. Oh no, a writer

cannot wish to be 'known', recognized. The imperceptible, common characteristic of the greatest speed and the greatest slowness. Writing has no other end than to lose one's face, to jump over or pierce through the wall, to plane down the wall very patiently. This is what Fitzgerald called a true break: the line of flight, not the voyage into the South Seas, the acquisition of a clandestinity (even if one has to become animal, to become Negro or woman). To be unknown at last, as are very few people, is to betray. It is very difficult not to be known at all, even by one's landlady or in one's neighbourhood, the nameless singer, the ritornello. At the end of *Tender is the Night*, the hero literally dissipates himself geographically. That text of Fitzgerald's which is so fine, *The Crack-Up*, says: 'I felt like the men whom I used to see in the suburban trains of Great Neck fifteen years before . . .' There is a whole social system which might be called the white wall/black hole system. We are always pinned against the wall of dominant significations, we are always sunk in the hole of our subjectivity, the black hole of our Ego which is more dear to us than anything. A wall on which are inscribed all the objective determinations which fix us, put us into a grille, identify us and make us recognized, a hole where we deposit – together with our consciousness – our feelings, our passions, our little secrets which are all too well known, our desire to make them known. Even if the face is a product of this system, it is a social production: a broad face with white cheeks, with the black hole of the eyes. Our societies need to produce the face. Christ invented the face. Miller's problem (like Lawrence's): how to unmake the face, by liberating in ourselves the questing heads which trace the lines of becoming? How to get past the wall while avoiding bouncing back on it, behind, or being crushed? How to get out of the black hole instead of whirling round in its depths, which particles to get out of the black hole? How to shatter even our love in order to become finally capable of loving? How to become imperceptible?

I no longer look into the eyes of the woman I hold in my arms, but I swim through, head and arms and legs, and I see that behind the sockets of the eyes there is a region unexplored, a world of futurity, and here there is no logic whatever . . . this selfless eye neither reveals nor illuminates. It travels along the line of the horizon, a ceaseless, uninformed voyager . . . I have broken the wall created by birth and the line of voyage is round and unbroken . . . My whole body must become a constant beam of light, moving with an ever greater rapidity . . . Therefore I close my ears, my eyes, my mouth. Before I shall become quite man again, I shall probably exist as a park . . .[10]

There we no longer have any secrets, we no longer have anything to hide. It is we who have become a secret, it is we who are hidden, even though we do all openly, in broad daylight. This is the opposite of the romanticism of the 'damned'.[11]* We have painted ourselves in the colours of the world. Lawrence condemned the craze for 'the dirty little secret', which he saw as running through all French literature. The characters and the authors always have a little secret, on which the craze for interpretation feeds. Something must always remind us of something else, make us think of something else. We remember Oedipus' dirty little secret, not the Oedipus of Colonnus, on his line of flight, who has become imperceptible, identical to the great living secret. The great secret is when you no longer have anything to hide, and thus when no one can grasp you. A secret everywhere, no more to be said. Since the 'signifier' has been invented, things have not fallen into place. Instead of language being interpreted by us, it has set about interpreting us, and interpreting itself. Signifiance and interpretosis are the two diseases of the earth, the pair of despot and priest. The signifier is always the little secret which has never stopped hanging around mummy and daddy. We blackmail ourselves, we make ourselves out to be mysterious, discreet, we move with the air of saying 'See how I am weighed down by a secret.' The thorn in the flesh. The little secret is generally reducible to a sad narcissistic and pious masturbation: the phantasm! 'Transgression', a concept too good for seminarists under the law of a Pope or a priest, the tricksters. Georges Bataille is a very French author. He made the little secret the essence of literature, with a mother within, a priest beneath, an eye above. It is impossible to overemphasize the harm that the phantasm has done to writing (it has even invaded the cinema) in sustaining the signifier, and the interpretation of one by the other, of one with the other. 'The world of phantasms is a world of the past', a theatre of resentment and guilt. You see many people today one after another proclaiming 'Long live castration, for it is the home, the Origin and the End of desire!' What is in the middle is forgotten. New races of priests are always being invented for the dirty little secret, which has no other object than to get itself recognized, to put us back into a very black hole, to bounce us off the very white wall.

Your secret can always be seen on your face and in your eyes. Lose your face. Become capable of loving without remembering, without phantasm and without interpretation, without taking stock. Let there just be fluxes, which sometimes dry up, freeze or overflow, which sometimes combine or diverge. A man and a woman are fluxes. All the becomings which there are in making love, all the sexes, then sexes in a single one, or in two, which have nothing

to do with castration. On lines of flight there can no longer be but one thing, life-experimentation. One never knows in advance, since one no longer has either future or past. 'See me as I am': all that stuff is over. There is no longer a phantasm, but only programmes of life, always modified in the process of coming into being, betrayed in the process of being hollowed out, like banks which are disposed or canals which are arranged in order that a flux may flow. There are now only voyages of exploration in which one always finds in the West that which one had thought to be in the East, organs reversed. Every line in which someone gets carried away is a line of restraint in comparison with the laborious, precise, controlled trash of French writers. No longer is there the infinite account of interpretations which are always slightly disgusting, but finished processes of experimentation, protocols of experience. Kleist and Kafka spent their time making programmes for life. Programmes are not manifestos – still less are they phantasms, *but means of providing reference points for an experiment which exceeds our capacities to foresee* (likewise, what is called programme music). The strength of Castaneda's books, in his programmed experiment with drugs, is that each time the interpretations are dismantled and the famous signifier is eliminated. No, the dog I saw and ran along with under the effect of the drug was not my whore of a mother . . . This is a procedure of animal-becoming which does not try to say anything other than what he becomes, and makes me become with him. Other becomings will link up here, molecular-becomings in which the air, sound, water are grasped in their particles at the same time as their flux combines with mine. A whole world of micro-perceptions which lead us to the imperceptible. Experiment, never interpret. Make programmes, never make phantasms. Henry James, who is one of those to have penetrated most deeply the woman-becoming of writing, invents a post-office girl, a heroine caught in a telegraphic flux, which at the start she dominates, thanks to her 'prodigious art of interpretation' (evaluating the senders, the anonymous or coded telegrams). But from fragment to fragment is constructed a living experiment in which interpretation begins to crumble, in which there is no longer perception or knowledge, secret or divination. 'She had ended up knowing so much about it that she could no longer interpret, there were no longer obscurities which made her see clearly . . . *all that was left was a garish light.*' English or American literature is a process of experimentation. They have killed interpretation.

The great and only error lines in thinking that a line of flight consists in fleeing from life; the flight into the imaginary, or into art. On the contrary, to flee is to produce the real, to create life, to find a weapon. Generally it is in

the same false movement that life is reduced to something personal and that the work is supposed to find its end in itself, whether as total work, or work in the process of being created, which always refers back to a writing of writing. This is why French literature abounds in manifestos, in ideologies, in theories of writing, at the same time as in personal conflicts, in perfecting of perfectings, in neurotic toadying, in narcissistic tribunals. Writers have their own filthy hovel in life, at the same time as having their land, their motherland, which is all the more spiritual in the work to be created. They are happy to stink personally, since what they write will be all the more sublime and significant. French literature if often the most shameless eulogy of neurosis. The work will be all the more significant for referring to the sly wink and life's little secret, and vice versa. You should hear qualified critics talking of Kleist's failures, Lawrence's impotence, Kafka's childishness, Carroll's little girls. It is unworthy. It is always done with the best intentions: the work will appear all the greater the more pitiful the life is made to seem. There is thus no risk of seeing the power of life which runs through a work. All has been crushed in advance. It is the same resentment, the same taste for castration, which animates the great Signifier as proposed finality of the work, and the little imaginary Signified, the phantasm as suggested expedient of life. Lawrence criticized French literature for being incurably intellectual, ideological and idealist, essentially critical, critical of life rather than creative of life. French nationalism in letters: a terrible mania for judging and being judged runs through that literature: there are too many hysterics among these writers and their characters. Hating, wanting to be loved, but a huge incapacity to love and admire. In reality *writing does not have its end in itself, precisely because life is not something personal*. Or rather, the aim of writing is to carry life to the state of a non-personal power. In doing this it renounces claim to any territory, any end which would reside in itself. Why does one write? Because it is not a case of writing. It may be that the writer has delicate health, a weak constitution. He is none the less the opposite of the neurotic: a sort of great Alive (in the manner of Spinoza, Nietzsche or Lawrence) in so far as he is only too weak for the life which runs in him or for the affects which pass in him. To write has no other function: to be a flux which combines with other fluxes – all the minority-becomings of the world. A flux is something intensive, instantaneous and mutant – between a creation and a destruction. It is only when a flux is deterritorialized that it succeeds in making its conjunction with other fluxes, which deterritorialize it in their turn, and vice versa. In an animal-becoming a man and an animal combine, neither of which resembles the other, neither of which imitates the other, each deterritorializing the other,

pushing the line further. A system of relay and mutations through the middle. The line of flight is creative of these becomings. Lines of flight have no territory. Writing carries out the conjunction, the transmutation of fluxes, through which life escapes from the resentment of persons, societies and reigns. Kerouac's phrases are as sober as a Japanese drawing, a pure line traced by an unsupported hand, which passes across ages and reigns. It would take a true alcoholic to attain that degree of sobriety. Or the heath-phrase, the heath-line of Thomas Hardy: it is not that the heath is the subject or the content of the novel, but that a flux of modern writing combines with a flux of immemorial heath. A heath-becoming; or else Miller's grass-becoming, what he calls his China-becoming. Virginia Woolf and her gift of passing from one reign to another, from one element to another; did it need Virginia Woolf's anorexia? One only writes through love, all writing is a love-letter: the literature-Real. One should only die through love, and not a tragic death. One should only write through this death, or stop writing through this love, or continue to write, both at once. We know no book of love more important, more insinuating than Kerouac's *The Underground Ones*. He does not ask 'What is writing?', because he has all its necessity, the impossibility of another choice which indeed makes writing, on the condition that for him writing is already another becoming, or comes from another becoming. Writing, the means to a more than personal life, instead of life being a poor secret for a writing which has no end other than itself. Oh, the poverty of the imaginary and the symbolic, the real always being put off until tomorrow.

II

The minimum real unit is not the word, the idea, the concept or the signifier, but the *assemblage*. It is always an assemblage which produces utterances. Utterances do not have as their cause a subject which would act as a subject of enunciation, any more than they are related to subjects as subjects of utterance. The utterance is the product of an assemblage – which is always collective, which brings into play within us and outside us populations, multiplicities, territories, becomings, affects, events. The proper name does not designate a subject, but something which happens, at least between two terms which are not subjects, but agents, elements. Proper names are not names of persons, but of peoples and tribes, flora and fauna, military operations or typhoons, collectives, limited companies and production studios. The author is a subject of enunciation but the writer – who is not an

author – is not. The writer invents assemblages starting from assemblages which have invented him, he makes one multiplicity pass into another. The difficult part is making all the elements of a non-homogeneous set converge, making them function together. Structures are linked to conditions of homogeneity, but assemblages are not. The assemblage is co-functioning, it is 'sympathy', symbiosis. With deepest sympathy. Sympathy is not a vague feeling of respect or of spiritual participation: on the contrary, it is the exertion or the penetration of bodies, hatred or love, for hatred is also a compound, it is a body, it is no good except when it is compounded with what it hates. Sympathy is bodies who love or hate each other, each time with populations in play, in these bodies or on these bodies. Bodies may be physical, biological, psychic, social, verbal: they are always bodies or corpora. The author, as subject of enunciation, is first of all a spirit: sometimes he identifies with his characters or makes us identify with them, or with the idea which they represent; sometimes, on the other hand, he introduces a distance which allows him and us to observe, to criticize, to prolong. But this is no good. The author creates a world, but there is no world which awaits us to be created. Neither identification nor distance, neither proximity nor remoteness, for, in all these cases, one is led to speak for, in the place of . . . One must, on the contrary, speak *with*, write *with*. With the world, with a part of the world, with people. Not a talk at all, but a conspiracy, a collision of love or hatred. There is no judgement in sympathy, but agreements of convenience between bodies of all kinds. 'All the subtle sympathies of the soul without number, from the bitterest hatred to the most passionate love.'[12] This is assembling, being in the middle, on the line of encounter between an internal world and the external world. Being in the middle: 'The most important thing . . . is to make . . . [himself] perfectly useless, to be absorbed in the common stream, to become a fish again and not a freak of nature. The only benefit, I reflected, which the act of writing could offer me was to remove the differences which separated me from my fellow man.'[13]

It must be said that it is the world itself which lays the two traps of distance and identification for us. There are many neurotics and lunatics in the world who do not let go of us until they have managed to reduce us to their state, pass us their poison, hysterics, narcissists, their contagion is insidious. There are many doctors and scholars who offer us a sanitized scientific observation, who are also true lunatics, paranoiacs. One must resist both of the traps, the one which offers us the mirror of contamination and identifications, and the one which points out to us the observation of the understanding. We can only assemble among assemblages. We only have sympathy to struggle and to

write, Lawrence used to say. But sympathy is something to be reckoned with, it is a bodily struggle, hating what threatens and infects life, loving where it proliferates (no posterity or lineage, but a proliferation . . .). No, says Lawrence, you are not the little Eskimo going by, yellow and greasy, you do not need to mistake yourself for him. But you may perhaps put yourself in his shoes, you have something to assemble with him, an Eskimo-becoming which does not consist in playing the Eskimo, in imitating or identifying yourself with him or taking the Eskimo upon yourself, but in assembling something between you and him, for you can only become Eskimo if the Eskimo himself becomes something else. The same goes for lunatics, drug addicts, alcoholics. I hear the objection: with your puny sympathy you make use of lunatics, you sing the praises of madness, then you drop them, you only go so far . . . This is not true. We are trying to extract from love all possession, all identification to become capable of loving. We are trying to extract from madness the life which it contains, while hating the lunatics who constantly kill life, turn it against itself. We are trying to extract from alcohol the life which it contains, without drinking: the great scene of drunkenness on pure water in Henry Miller. Becoming is loving without alcohol, drugs and madness, becoming-sober for a life which is richer and richer. This is sympathy, assembling. Making one's bed, the opposite of making a career, being neither simulator of identifications nor the frigid doctor of distances. You will get into your bed as you made it, no one will come to tuck you in. Too many people want to be tucked in by a huge identifying mother, or by the social medical officer of distances. Yes, lunatics, madmen, neurotics, alcoholics and drug addicts, the infectious ones, let them get out of it as best they can: our very sympathy is that it should be none of our business. Each one of us has to make his own way. But being capable of it is sometimes difficult.

A rule of these conversations: the longer a paragraph, the more it is suited to being read very quickly. And the repetitions ought to function as accelerations. Certain examples will recur constantly: WASP and ORCHID, or HORSE and STIRRUP. One might put forward many others, but returning to the same example should lead to acceleration, even at the risk of wearying the reader. A ritornello? All music, all writing takes that course. It is the conversation itself which will be a ritornello.

On Empiricism

Why write, why have written about empiricism, and about Hume in particular? Because empiricism is like the English novel. It is a case of

philosophizing as a novelist, of being a novelist in philosophy. Empiricism is often defined as a doctrine according to which the intelligible 'comes' from the sensible, everything in the understanding comes from the senses. But that is the standpoint of the history of philosophy: they have the gift of stifling all life in seeking and in positing an abstract first principle. Whenever one believes in a great first principle, one can no longer produce anything but huge sterile dualisms. Philosophers willingly surrender themselves to this and centre their discussions on what should be the first principle (Being, the Ego, the Sensible? . . .). But it is not really worth invoking the concrete richness of the sensible if it is only to make it into an abstract principle. In fact the first principle is always a mask, a simple image. That does not exist, things do not start to move and come alive until the level of the second, third, fourth principle, and these are no longer even principles. Things do not begin to live except in the middle. In this respect what is it that the empiricists found, not in their heads, but in the world, which is like a vital discovery, a certainty of life which, if one really adheres to it, changes one's way of life? It is not the question 'Does the intelligible come from the sensible?' but a quite different question, that of relations. *Relations are external to their terms*. 'Peter is smaller than Paul', 'The glass is on the table': relation is neither internal to one of the terms which would consequently be subject, nor to two together. Moreover, a relation may change without the terms changing. One may object that the glass is perhaps altered when it is moved off the table, but that is not true. The ideas of the glass and the table, which are the true terms of the relations, are not altered. Relations are in the middle, and exist as such. This exteriority of relations is not a principle, it is a vital protest against principles. Indeed if one sees in it something which runs through life, but which is repugnant to thought, then thought must be forced to think it, one must make relations the hallucination point of thought, an experimentation which does violence to thought. Empiricists are not theoreticians, they are experimenters: they never interpret, they have no principles. If one takes this exteriority of relations as a conducting wire or as a line, one sees a very strange world unfold, fragment by fragment: a Harlequin's jacket or patchwork, made up of solid parts and voids, blocs and ruptures, attractions and divisions, nuances and bluntnesses, conjunctions and separations, alternations and interweavings, additions which never reach a total and subtractions whose remainder is never fixed. One can see clearly how the pseudofirst principle of empiricism derives from this, but as a negative limit, always being pushed back, a mask put on at the start: in effect if relations are external and irreducible to their terms, then

the difference cannot be between the sensible and the intelligible, between experience and thought, between sensations and ideas, but only between two sorts of ideas, or two sorts of experiences, that of terms and that of relations. The famous association of ideas is certainly not reducible to the platitudes which the history of philosophy has retained from it. In Hume there are ideas, and then the relations between these ideas, relations which may vary without the ideas varying, and then the circumstances, actions and passions which make these relations vary. A complete 'Hume-assemblage', which takes on the most varied figures. In order to become the owner of an abandoned city, does one have to touch its gate with one's hand, or is it enough to throw one's javelin from a distance? Why in some cases does what is above prevail over what is underneath and in other cases the reverse (the ground prevails over the surface, but painting over the canvas, etc.)? Try your own experiments: each time there is an assemblage of ideas, relations and circumstances: each time there is a veritable novel, where the landowner, the thief, the man with the javelin, the man with bare hands, the labourer, the painter, take the place of concepts.

This geography of relations is particularly important to the extent that philosophy, the history of philosophy, is encumbered with the problem of being, IS. They discuss the judgement of attribution (the sky is blue) and the judgement of existence (God is), which presupposes the other. But it is always the verb *to be* and the question of the principle. It is only the English and the Americans who have freed conjunctions and reflected on relations. This is because they have a very special attitude to logic. They do not conceive it as an ordinary form containing in itself the first principles. They tell us, on the other hand, that you will either be forced to abandon logic, or else you will be led to invent one! Logic is just like the main road, it is not at the beginning, neither does it have an end, one cannot stop. Precisely speaking, it is not enough to create a logic of relations, to recognize the rights of the judgement of relation as an autonomous sphere, distinct from judgements of existence and attribution. For nothing as yet prevents relations as they are detected in conjunctions (NOW, THUS, etc.) from remaining subordinate to the verb to be. The whole of grammar, the whole of the syllogism, is a way of maintaining the subordination of conjunctions to the verb to be, of making them gravitate around the verb to be. One must go further: one must make the encounter with relations penetrate and corrupt everything, undermine being, make it topple over. Substitute the AND for IS. A *and* B. The AND is not even a specific relation or conjunction, it is that which subtends all relations, the path of all relations, which makes relations shoot

outside their terms and outside the set of their terms, and outside everything which could be determined as Being, One, or Whole. The AND as extra-being, inter-being. Relations might still establish themselves between their terms, or between two sets, from one to the other, but the AND gives relations another direction, and puts to flight terms and sets, the former and the latter on the line of flight which it actively creates. Thinking *with* AND, instead of thinking IS, instead of thinking *for* IS: empiricism has never had another secret. Try it, it is a quite extraordinary thought, and yet it is life. The empiricists think in this way, that is all there is to it. And it is not the thought of an aesthete, as when one says 'one more', 'one more woman'. And it is not a dialectical thought, as when one says 'one gives two, which will give three'. The multiple is no longer an adjective which is still subordinate to the One which divides or the Being which encompasses it. It has become noun, a multiplicity which constantly inhabits each thing. A multiplicity is never in terms, however many there are, nor in their set or totality. A multiplicity is only in the AND, which does not have the same nature as the elements, the sets or even their relations. While it may come about between just two, it nevertheless sends dualism off course. The AND has a fundamental sobriety, a poverty, an ascesis. Apart from Sartre, who remained caught none the less in the trap of the verb to be, the most important philosopher in France was Jean Wahl. He not only introduced us to an encounter with English and American thought, but had the ability to make us think, in French, things which were very new; he on his own account took this art of the AND, this stammering of language in itself, this minoritarian use of language, the furthest.

Is it really surprising that this comes to us from English or American? It is a hegemonic, imperialistic language. But for this reason it is all the more vulnerable to the subterranean workings of languages and dialects which undermine it from all sides and impose on it a play of vast corruptions and variations. Those who campaign for a pure French, uncontaminated by English, are in our view posing a false problem which only has any validity in the discussions of intellectuals. The American language bases its despotic official pretensions, its majoritarian claim to hegemony, only on its extraordinary capacity for being twisted and shattered and for secretly putting itself in the service of minorities who work it from inside, involuntarily, unofficially, nibbling away at that hegemony as it extends itself: the reverse of power. English has always been worked upon by all these minority languages, Gaelic-English, Irish-English, etc., which are all so many war-machines against the English: Synge's AND which takes upon itself all

conjunctions, all relations, and 'the way',[14]* the highway, to mark the line of language which is unfolding.[15] American is worked upon by a Black English, and also a Yellow English, a Red English, a broken English, each of which is like a language shot with a spray-gun of colours: the very different use of the verb to be, the different use of conjunctions, the continuous line of the AND . . . and if slaves need to have some knowledge of standard English, it is only in order to flee, and to put language itself to flight.[16] Oh no, it is not a question of imitating patois or restoring dialects like the peasant novelists, who are generally guardians of the established order. It is a case of making language shift, with words which are increasingly restrained and a syntax which is increasingly subtle. It is not a question of speaking a language as if one was a foreigner, it is a question of being a foreigner in one's own language, in the sense that American is indeed the Blacks' language. Anglo-American has a bent for that. One might contrast the way in which English and German form the composite words in which both languages are equally rich. But German is dogged by the primacy of being, the nostalgia for being, and makes all the conjunctions which it uses to create a composite word tend towards it: the cult of the *Grund*, of the tree and roots, of the Inside. English, on the other hand, creates composite words whose only link is an implied AND, relationship with the Outside, cult of the road which never plunges down, which has no foundations, which shoots on the surface, rhizome. Blue-eyed boy:[17]* a boy, some blue, and eyes – an assemblage. AND . . . AND . . . AND, stammering. Empiricism is nothing other than this. It is each major language, more or less gifted, which must be broken, each in its own way, to introduce this creative AND which will make language shoot along, and will make us this stranger in our language, in so far as it is our own. Finding the means proper to French, with its strength of its own minorities, of its own becoming-minor (it is a pity in this respect that many writers suppress punctuation, which in French is equivalent to AND). That is what empiricism is, syntax and experimentation, syntactics and pragmatics, a matter of speed.

On Spinoza

Why write about Spinoza? Here again, let us take him by the middle and not by the first principle (a single substance for all the attributes). The soul AND the body; no one has ever had such an original feeling for the conjunction 'and'. Each individual, body and soul, possesses an infinity of parts which belong to him in a more or less complex relationship. Each individual is also

himself composed of individuals of a lower order and enters into the composition of individuals of a higher order. All individuals are in Nature as though on a plane of consistence whose whole figure they form, a plane which is variable at each moment. They affect each other in so far as the relationship which constitutes each one forms a degree of power, a capacity to be affected. Everything is simply an encounter in the universe, a good or a bad encounter. Adam eats the apple, the forbidden fruit. This is a phenomenon of the indigestion, intoxication, poisoning type: this rotten apple decomposes Adam's relationship. Adam has a bad encounter. Whence the force of Spinoza's question: '*What can a body do?*', of what affects is it capable? Affects are becomings: sometimes they weaken us in so far as they diminish our power to act and decompose our relationships (sadness), sometimes they make us stronger in so far as they increase our power and make us enter into a more vast or superior individual (joy). Spinoza never ceases to be amazed by the body. He is not amazed at having a body, but by what the body can do. Bodies are not defined by their genus or species, by their organs and functions, but by what they can do, by the affects of which they are capable – in passion as well as in action. You have not defined an animal until you have listed its affects. In this sense there is a greater difference between a race horse and a work horse than between a work horse and an ox. A distant successor of Spinoza would say: look at the tick, admire that creature; it is defined by three affects, which are all it is capable of as a result of the relationships of which it is composed, nothing but a tri-polar world! Light affects it and it climbs on to the end of a branch. The smell of a mammal affects it and it drops down on to it. The hairs get in its way and it looks for a hairless place to burrow under the skin and drink the warm blood. Blind and deaf, the tick has only three affects in the vast forest, and for the rest of the time may sleep for years awaiting the encounter. What power, nevertheless! Finally, one always has the organs and functions corresponding to the affects of which one is capable. Let us begin with the simple animals who only have a few affects, and who are neither in our world, nor in another, but *with* an associated world that they have learnt how to trim, cut up, sew back together: the spider and his web, the louse and the scalp, the tick and a small patch of mammal skin: these and not the owl of Minerva are the true philosophical beasts. That which triggers off an affect, that which effectuates a power to be affected, is called a signal: the web stirs, the scalp creases, a little skin is bared. Nothing but a few signs like stars in an immense black night. Spider-becoming, flea-becoming, tick-becoming, an unknown, resilient, obscure, stubborn life.

When Spinoza says 'The surprising thing is the body . . . we do not yet know what a body is capable of . . .', he does not want to make the body a model, and the soul simply dependent on the body. He has a subtler task. He wants to demolish the pseudo-superiority of the soul over the body. There is the soul and the body and both express one and the same thing: an attribute of the body is also an expressed of the soul (for example, speed). Just as you do not know what a body is capable of, just as there are many things in the body that you do not know, so there are in the soul many things which go beyond your consciousness. This is the question: what is a body capable of? what affects are you capable of? Experiment, but you need a lot of prudence to experiment. We live in a world which is generally disagreeable, where not only people but the established powers have a stake in transmitting sad affects to us. Sadness, sad affects, are all those which reduce our power to act. The established powers need our sadness to make us slaves. The tyrant, the priest, the captors of souls need to persuade us that life is hard and a burden. The powers that be need to repress us no less than to make us anxious or, as Virilio says, to administer and organize our intimate little fears. The long, universal moan about life: the lack-to-be[18]* which is life . . . In vain someone says, 'Let's dance'; we are not really very happy. In vain someone says, 'What misfortune death is'; for one would need to have lived to have something to lose. Those who are sick, in soul as in body, will not let go of us, the vampires, until they have transmitted to us their neurosis and their anxiety, their beloved castration, the resentment against life, filthy contagion. It is all a matter of blood. It is not easy to be a free man, to flee the plague, organize encounters, increase the power to act, to be moved by joy, to multiply the affects which express or encompass a maximum of affirmation. To make the body a power which is not reducible to the organism, to make thought a power which is not reducible to consciousness. Spinoza's famous first principle (a single substance for all attributes) depends on this assemblage and not vice versa. There is a Spinoza-assemblage: soul and body, relationships and encounters, power to be affected, affects which realize this power, sadness and joy which qualify these affects. Here philosophy becomes the art of a functioning, of an assemblage. Spinoza, the man of encounters and becoming, the philosopher with the tick, Spinoza the imperceptible, always in the middle, always in flight although he does not shift much, a flight from the Jewish community, a flight from the Powers, a flight from the sick and the malignant. He may be ill, he may himself die; he knows that death is neither the goal nor the end, but that, on the contrary, it is a case of passing his life to someone else. What Lawrence says about

Whitman's continuous life is well suited to Spinoza: the Soul and the Body, the soul is neither above nor inside, it is 'with', it is on the road, exposed to all contacts, encounters, in the company of those who follow the same way, 'feel with them, seize the vibration of their soul and their body as they pass', the opposite of a morality of salvation, teaching the soul to live its life, not to save it.

On the Stoics

Why write about them? A darker and more agitated world has never been set out: bodies . . . but qualities are also bodies, breaths and souls are bodies, actions and passions themselves are bodies. Everything is a compound of bodies – bodies interpenetrate, force each other, poison each other, insinuate themselves into each other, withdraw, reinforce or destroy each other, as fire penetrates iron and makes it red, as the carnivore devours its prey, as the lover enters the beloved. 'There is flesh in bread, and bread in plants; these bodies and many others enter into all bodies, by hidden channels, and evaporate together . . .' Thyestes' terrible feast, incest and devouring, sicknesses which are nurtured in our thighs, so many bodies which grow in our own. Who is to say which compound is good or bad, since all is good from the viewpoint of the two parties which encounter one another and interpenetrate. Which love is not that of brother and sister, which feast is not cannibalistic? But see how, from all these bodily struggles, there arises a sort of incorporeal vapour, which no longer consists in qualities, in actions or in passions, in causes acting upon one another, but in results of these actions and passions, in effects which result from all these causes together. They are pure, impassive, incorporeal events, on the surface of things, pure infinitives of which it cannot even be said that they ARE, participating rather in an extra-being which surrounds that which is: 'to redden', 'to turn green', 'to cut', 'to die', 'to love' . . . Such an event, such a verb in the infinitive is also the expressed of a proposition or the attribute of a state of things. The Stoics' strength lay in making a line of separation pass – no longer between the sensible and the intelligible, or between the soul and the body, but where no one had seen it before – between physical depth and metaphysical surface. Between things and events. Between states of things and compounds, causes, souls and bodies, actions and passions, qualities and substances on the one hand, and, on the other, events or impassive, unqualifiable, incorporeal Effects, infinitives which result from these amalgams, which are attributed to these states of things, which are expressed in propositions. A new way of

getting rid of the IS: the attribute is no longer a quality related to the subject by the indicative 'is', it is any verb whatever in the infinitive which emerges from a state of things and skims over it. Verbs in the infinitive are limitless becomings. The verb to be has the characteristic – like an original taint – of referring to an I, at least to a possible one, which overcodes it and puts it in the first person of the indicative. But infinitive-becomings have no subject: they refer only to an 'it' of the event (it is raining) and are themselves attributed to states of things which are compounds or collectives, assemblages, even at the peak of their singularity. HE – TO WALK – TOWARDS, THE NOMADS – TO ARRIVE, THE – YOUNG – SOLDIER – TO FLEE, THE SCHIZOPHRENIC STUDENT – OF – LANGUAGES – TO STOP – EARS, WASP – TO ENCOUNTER – ORCHID. The telegram is a speed of event, not an economy of means. True propositions are classified advertisements. They are also the elementary units of novels or of events. True novels operate with indefinites which are not indeterminate, infinitives which are not undifferentiated, proper names which are not persons: 'the young soldier' who leaps up and flees and sees himself leap up and feel, in Stephen Crane's book, 'the young student of languages' in Wolfson . . .

There is a strict complementarity between the two: between physical things in the depths and metaphysical events on the surface. How could an event not be effected in bodies, since it depends on a state and on a compound of bodies as its causes, since it is produced by bodies, the breaths and qualities which are interpenetrating here and now? But how, moreover, could the event be exhausted by its effectuation, since, as effect, it differs in nature from its cause, since it acts itself as a quasi-cause which skims over bodies, which traverses and traces a surface, object of a counter-effectuation or of an eternal truth? The event is always produced by bodies which collide, lacerate each other or interpenetrate, The flesh and the sword. But this effect itself is not of the order of bodies, an impassive, incorporeal, impenetrable battle, which towers over its own accomplishment and dominates its effectuation. The question 'Where is the battle?' has constantly been asked. Where is the event, in what does an event consist: each asks this question spontaneously, 'Where is the storming of the Bastille?' Any event is a fog of a million droplets. If the infinitives 'to die', 'to love', 'to move', 'to smile', etc., are events, it is because there is a part of them which their accomplishment is not enough to realize, a becoming in itself which constantly both awaits us and precedes us, like a third person of the infinitive, a fourth person singular. Yes, dying is engendered in our bodies, comes about in our bodies, but it comes from the Outside, singularly incorporeal, falling upon us like the battle

which skims over the combatants, like the bird which hovers above the battle. Love is in the depth of bodies, but also on that incorporeal surface which engenders it. So that, agents or patients, when we act or undergo, we must always be worthy of what happens to us. Stoic morality is undoubtedly this: not being inferior to the event, becoming the child of one's own events. The would is something that I receive in my body, in a particular place, at a particular moment, but there is also an eternal truth of the wound as impassive, incorporeal event. 'My wound existed before me, I was born to embody it!'[19] *Amor fati*, to want the event, has never been to resign oneself, still less to play the clown or the mountebank, but to extract from our actions and passions that surface refulgence, to *counter-effectuate* the event, to accompany that effect without body, that part which goes beyond the accomplishment, the immaculate part. A love of life which can say yes to death. This is the genuinely Stoic transition. Or Lewis Carroll's transition: he is fascinated by the little girl whose body is worked on by so many things in the depths but over whom skim so many events without substance. We live between two dangers: the eternal groaning of our body, which is always running up against a sharply pointed body which lacerates it, an oversized body which penetrates and stifles it, an indigestible body which poisons it, a piece of furniture which bumps against it, a germ which gives it a pimple: but also the histrionics of those who mimic a pure event and transform it into a phantasm, who proclaim anxiety, finitude and castration. One must succeed in 'establishing among men and works their being as it was before bitterness'. Between the cries of physical pain and the songs of metaphysical suffering, how is one to trace out one's narrow, Stoical way, which consists in being worthy of what happens, extracting something gay and loving in what happens, a light, an encounter, an event, a speed, a becoming? 'For my taste for death, which was bankruptcy of the will, I will substitute a death-wish which will be the apotheosis of the will.' For my pathetic wish to be loved I will substitute a power to love: not an absurd will to love anyone or anything, not identifying myself with the universe, but extracting the pure event which unites me with those whom I love, who await me no more than I await them, since the event alone awaits us, *Eventum tantum*. Making an event – however small – is the most delicate thing in the world: the opposite of making a drama or making a story. Loving those who are like this: when they enter a room they are not persons, characters or subjects, but an atmospheric variation, a change of hue, an imperceptible molecule, a discrete population, a fog or a cloud of droplets. Everything has really changed. Great events, too, are made in this way: battle, revolution, life and death . . . True Entities are events, not

concepts. It is not easy to think in terms of the event. All the harder since thought itself then becomes an event. Scarcely anyone other than the Stoics and the English have thought in this way. ENTITY = EVENT, it is terror, but also great joy. Becoming an entity, an infinitive, as Lovecraft spoke of it, the horrific and luminous story of Carter: animal-becoming, molecular-becoming, imperceptible-becoming.

It is very difficult to speak of present-day science, of what scientists do, in so far as one understands it. One has the impression that the ideal of science is no longer axiomatic or structural at all. An axiomatics was the extraction of a structure which made the variable elements to which it was applied homogeneous or homologous. This was a recoding operation, the reintroduction of order into the sciences, for science has never ceased to be delirious [*délirer*], to make completely decoded fluxes of knowledge and objects pass along lines of flight, continually going further a field. There is thus a whole politics which demands that the lines should be blocked, that an order should be established. Think, for example, about the role which Louis de Broglie had in physics, in preventing indeterminism from going too far, in calming the madness of particles: a restoration of order. Today it seems rather that the delirium of science is having a revival. It is not just the race to find undiscoverable particles. Science is becoming increasingly event-centred [*événementielle*] instead of structural. It follows lines and circuits, it takes leaps, rather than constructing axiomatics. A sign of this is the disappearance of schemas of arborescence, to give way to rhizomatic movements. Scientists are more and more concerned with singular events, of an incorporal nature, which are affected in bodies, in states of bodies, in completely heterogeneous assemblages (whence the call for interdisciplinarity). This is very different from a structure with any elements whatever, it is an event of heterogeneous bodies, an event as such which crosses varied structures and specified sets. No longer is it a structure which frames isomorphic sets; it is an event which passes across irreducible domains. Take, for example, the 'catastrophe' event, studied by the mathematician René Thom. Or else the reproduction-event, 'to reproduce', which happens in a gel, but also in an epidemic or in a news item. Or else the TO MOVE ABOUT which can affect the course of a taxi in a town or of a fly in a swarm: this is not an axiom, but an event which is extended between qualified sets. They no longer extract a structure common to any elements whatever, they spread out an event, they counter-effectuate an event which cuts different bodies and is effected in varied structures. There are, as it were, infinitive verbs, lines of becoming, lines which shoot

between domains and leap from one domain to another, interregnums. Science will be increasingly like grass, in the middle, between things and between other things, accompanying their flight (it is true that the apparatus of power will increasingly demand a restoration order, a recoding of science).

English humour (?), Jewish humour, Stoic humour, Zen humour: what a strange broken line. An ironist is someone who discusses principles; he is seeking a first principle, a principle which comes even before the one that was thought to be first, he finds a course which is even more primary than the others. He constantly goes up and down. This is why he proceeds by questioning, he is a man of conversation, of dialogue, he has a particular tone, always of the signifier. Humour is completely the opposite: principles count for little, everything is taken literally, the consequences are expected of you (this is why humour is not transmitted through plays on words, puns, which are of the signifier, and like a principle within the principle). Humour is the art of consequences or effects: OK, fine, you give me this? You'll see what happens. Humour is treacherous, it is treason. Humour is atonal, absolutely imperceptible, it makes something shoot off. It never goes up or down, it is on the surface: surface effects. Humour is an art of pure events. The arts of Zen, archery, gardening or taking tea, are exercises to make the event surge forth and dazzle on a pure surface. Jewish humour versus Greek irony, Job-humour versus Oedipus-irony, insular humour versus continental irony, Stoic humour versus Platonic irony, Zen humour versus Buddhist irony, masochist humour versus sadist irony, Proust-humour versus Gide-irony, etc. The whole destiny of irony is linked to representation, irony ensures the individuation of the represented or the subjectivation of the representer. Classical irony, in fact, consists in showing that what is most universal in representation is the same as the extreme individuality of the represented which serves as its principle (classical irony culminates in the theological affirmation according to which 'the whole of the possible' is at the same time the reality of God as singular being). Romantic irony, for its part, discovers the subjectivity of the principle of all possible representation. These problems are no concern of humour, which has always undermined games of principles or causes in favour of the event and games of individuation or subjectivation in favour of multiplicities. Irony contains an insufferable claim: that of belonging to a superior race, of being the preserve of the masters (a famous text of Renan says this without irony, for irony dries up quickly when talking of itself). Humour, on the other hand, claims kinship with a minority, with a minority-becoming. It is humour which makes a language stammer, which imposes on it a minor usage, or which

constitutes a complete bilingual system within the same language. And, indeed, it never involves plays on words (there is not a single play on words in Lewis Carroll), but events of language, a minoritarian language, which has itself become creator of events. Or else, might there be 'indefinite' plays on words which would be like a becoming instead of a completion?

What is an assemblage? It is a multiplicity which is made up of many heterogeneous terms and which establishes liaisons, relations between them, across ages, sexes and reigns – different natures. Thus, the assemblage's only unity is that of co-functioning: it is a symbiosis, a 'sympathy'. It is never filiations which are important, but alliances, alloys; these are not successions, lines of descent, but contagions, epidemics, the wind. Magicians are well aware of this. An animal is defined less by its genus, its species, its organs, and its functions, than by the assemblages into which it enters. Take an assemblage of the type man-animal-manufactured object: MAN-HORSE-STIRRUP. Technologists have explained that the stirrup made possible a new military unity in giving the knight lateral stability: the lance could be tucked in under one arm, it benefits from all the horse's speed, acts as a point which is immobile itself but propelled by the gallop. 'The stirrup replaced the energy of man by the power of the animal.' This is a new man-animal symbiosis, a new assemblage of war, defined by its degree of power or 'freedom', its affects, its circulation of affects: what a set of bodies is capable of. Man and the animal enter into a new relationship, one changes no less than the other, the battlefield is filled with a new type of affects. It must not be thought, however, that the invention of the stirrup is sufficient. An assemblage is never technological; if anything, it is the opposite. Tools always presuppose a machine, and the machine is always social before being technical. There is always a social machine which selects or assigns the technical elements used. A tool remains marginal, or little used, until there exists a social machine or collective assemblage which is capable of taking it into its 'phylum'. In the case of the stirrup, it was the grant of land, linked to the beneficiary's obligation to serve on horseback, which was to impose the new cavalry and harness the tool in the complex assemblage of feudalism. (Formerly the stirrup had either been used, but used in another way, in the context of a completely different assemblage – for example, of nomads – or else it was known but not used, or used only in a very limited way, as in the battle of Adrianople.[20]) The feudal machine combines new relationships with the earth, war, the animal, but also with culture and games (tournaments), with woman (courtly love): all sorts of fluxes enter into conjunction. How can the assemblage be refused the name it deserves, 'desire'? Here desire becomes feudal. Here, as elsewhere, it is the set of the

affects which are transformed and circulate in an assemblage of symbiosis, defined by the co-functioning of its heterogeneous parts.

First, in an assemblage there are, as it were, two faces, or at the least two heads. There are *states of things*, states of bodies (bodies interpenetrate, mix together, transmit affects to one another); but also *utterances*, regimes of utterances: signs are organized in a new way, new formulations appear, a new style for new gestures (the emblems which individualize the knight, the formulas of oaths, the system of 'declarations', even of love, etc.). Utterances are not part of ideology, there is no ideology: utterances, no less than states of things, are components and cog-wheels in the assemblage. There is no base or superstructure in an assemblage; a monetary flux in itself involves as many utterances as a flux of words, for its part, can involve money. Utterances are not content to describe corresponding states of things: these are rather, as it were, two non-parallel formalizations, the formalization of expression and the formalization of content, such that one never does what one says, one never says what one does, although one is not lying, one is not deceiving or being deceived, one is only assembling signs and bodies as heterogeneous components of the same machine. The only unity derives from the fact that one and the same function, one and the same 'functive', is the expressed of the utterance and the attribute of the state of body: an event which stretches out or contracts, a becoming in the infinitive. To feudalize? In an indissoluble way an assemblage is both machine assemblage of effectuation and collective assemblage of enunciation. In enunciation, in the production of utterances, there is no subject, but always collective agents: and in what the utterance speaks of there are no objects, but machinic states. These are like the variables of the function, which constantly interlace their values or their segments. No one has shown these two complementary faces of any assemblage more clearly than Kafka. If there is a Kafkaesque world, it is certainly not that of the strange or the absurd, but a world in which the most extreme juridicial formalization of utterances (questions and answers, objections, pleading, summing up, reasoned judgement, verdict), coexists with the most intense machinic formalization, the machinization of states of things and bodies (ship-machine, hotel-machine, circus-machine, castle-machine, lawsuit-machine). One and the same K-function, with its collective agents and bodily passions, Desire.

And then there is yet another axis along which assemblages must be divided. This time it is according to the movements which animate them, which determine or carry them along, which determine or carry along desire, with its states of things and utterances. There is no assemblage without

territory, without territoriality and reterritorialization which includes all sorts of artifices. But is there any assemblage without a point of deterritorialization, without a line of flight which leads it on to new creations, or else towards death? Let us keep to the example of FEUDALISM. Feudal territorialities, or rather reterritorialization, since it is a case of a new distribution of land and a whole system of sub-infeudation; and does the knight not reterritorialize himself on his mount with stirrups, for he can sleep on his horse? But at the same time, either at the beginning or else towards the end, there is a vast movement of deterritorialization: deterritorialization of the empire and, above all, of the church, whose landed wealth is confiscated to be given to the knights. And this movement finds an outlet in the Crusades. However, in their turn, the Crusades bring about a reterritorialization of empire and church (the spiritual land, Christ's tomb, the new commerce); and the knight has always been inseparable from his wandering path, impelled by a wind, from his deterritorialization on horseback; and serfdom itself is inseparable from its feudal territoriality, but also from all the precapitalist deterritorializations with which it is already shot through.[21] The two movements coexist in an assemblage and yet are not equivalent, they do not balance out, are not symmetrical. We might say of the earth, or rather of the artificial reterritorialization which constantly takes place, that it gives a particular substance to the content, a particular code to the utterances, a particular limit to becoming, a particular indicative mood (present, past, future) to time. But it might be said that the deterritorialization which takes place at the same time – although from different points of view – does not affect the earth any less: it liberates a pure matter, it undoes codes, it carries expressions, contents, states of things and utterances along a zigzag broken line of flight, it raises time to the infinitive, it releases a becoming which no longer has any limit, because each term is a stop which must be jumped over. It always comes down to Blanchot's fine phrase: to release 'the part of the event which its accomplishment cannot realise': a pure dying or smiling or fighting or hating or loving or going away or creating . . . A return to dualism? No, the two movements are caught up in each other, the assemblage arranges them both, everything happens between the two. Here again, there is a K-function, another axis which Kafka traced out in the dual movement of territorialities and deterritorialization.

There is indeed a historical question of the assemblage: particular heterogeneous elements caught in the function, the circumstances in which they are caught up, the set of relationships which at a particular moment unites man, animal, tools and environment. But man also never stops animal-becoming, tool-becoming, environment-becoming, according to another

question within these very assemblages. Man only becomes animal if the animal, for its part, becomes sound, colour or line. It is a bloc of becoming which is always assymetrical. It is not that the two are exchanged, for they are not exchanged at all, but the one only becomes the other if the other becomes something yet other, and if the terms disappear. As Lewis Carroll says, it is when the smile is without a cat that man can effectively become cat as soon as he smiles. It is not man who sings or paints, it is man who becomes animal, but at exactly the same time as the animal becomes music, or pure colour, or an astonishingly simple line: with Mozart's birds it is the man who becomes a bird, because the bird becomes music. Melville's mariner becomes albatross when the albatross itself becomes extraordinary whiteness, pure vibration of white (and Captain Ahab's whale-becoming forms a bloc with Moby Dick's white-becoming, pure white wall). So is this it, to paint, to compose or to write? It is all a question of line, there is no substantial difference between painting, music and writing. These activities are differentiated from one another by their respective substances, codes and territorialities, but not by the abstract line they trace, which shoots between them and carries them towards a common fate. When we come to trace the line, we can say 'It is philosophy.' Not at all because philosophy would be an ultimate discipline, a last root, containing the truth of the others, on the contrary. Still less is it a popular wisdom. It is because philosophy is born or produced outside by the painter, the musician, the writer, each time that the melodic line draws along the sound, or the pure traced line colour, or the written line the articulated voice. There is no need for philosophy: it is necessarily produced where each activity gives rise to its line of deterritorialization. To get out of philosophy, to do never mind what so as to be able to produce it from outside. The philosophers have always been something else, they were born from something else.

Writing is very simple. Either it is a way of reterritorializing oneself, conforming to a code of dominant utterances, to a territory of established states of things: not just schools and authors, but all those who write professionally, even in a non-literary sense. Or else, on the other hand, it is becoming, becoming something other than a writer, since what one is becoming at the same time becomes something other than writing. Not every becoming passes through writing, but everything which becomes is an object of writing, painting or music. Everything which becomes is a pure line which ceases to represent whatever it may be. It is sometimes said that the novel reached its culminating point when it adopted an anti-hero as a character: an absurd, strange and disoriented creature who wanders about continually, deaf and

blind. But this is the substance of the novel: from Beckett back to Chrétien de Troyes, from Lawrence back to Lancelot, passing through the whole history of the English and American novel. Chrétien de Troyes constantly traced the line of the wandering knights who sleep on horseback, supported by their lance and stirrups, who no longer know their name or destination, who constantly set off in zigzag line, who climb into the first cart to come along, even at the expense of their honour. The knight's point of deterritorialization. Sometimes in a feverish haste on the abstract line which carries them off, sometimes in the black hole of the catatonia which absorbs them. It is the wind, even a wind from the backyard, which sometimes hurries us along, sometimes immobilizes us. A KNIGHT TO SLEEP ON HIS HORSE. I am a poor lonesome cowboy.[22*] Writing has no other goal: wind, even when we do not move, 'keys in the wind to set my spirit to flight and give my thought a gust of air from the backyard' – to release what can be saved from life, that which can save itself by means of power and stubbornness, to extract from the event that which is not exhausted by the happening, to release from becoming that which will not permit itself to be fixed in a term. A strange ecology, tracing a line of writing, music or painting. These are ribbons stirred by the wind. A little air passes. A line is traced, the stronger for being abstract, if it is quite restrained, without figures. Writing is made of motor agitation and inertia: Kleist. It is true that one writes only for illiterates, for those who do not read or at least for those who will not read you. One writes always for animals, like Hofmannsthal who used to say that he felt a rat in his throat, and this used to show its teeth, 'nuptials or participation against nature', symbiosis, involution. Only the animal in man is addressed. This does not mean writing about one's dog, one's cat, one's horse or one's favourite animal. It does not mean making animals speak. It means writing as a rat traces a line, or as it twists its tail, as a bird sends out a sound, as a cat moves or else sleeps heavily. Animal-becoming, on condition that the animal, rat, horse, bird or cat, itself becomes something else, bloc, line, sound, colour of sand – an abstract line. For everything which changes passes along that line: assemblage. Being a sea-louse, which sometimes leaps up and sees the whole beach, sometimes remains hidden, its nose against a single grain of sand. Do you know which animal you are in the process of becoming and in particular what it is becoming in you, Lovecraft's Thing or Entity, the nameless, 'the intellectual beast', all the less intellectual for writing with its wooden clogs, with its dead eye, its antennae and mandibles, its absence of face, a whole mob inside you in pursuit of what, a witch's wind?

3

Dead Psychoanalysis: Analyse

I

We've only said two things against psychoanalysis: that it breaks up all productions of desire and crushes all formations of utterances. In this way it wrecks both aspects of the assemblage: the machine assemblage of desire and the collective assemblage of enunciation. The fact is that psychoanalysis talks a lot about the unconscious – it even discovered it. But in practice, it always diminishes, destroys and exorcises it. The unconscious is understood as a negative, it's the enemy. *Wo es war, soll Ich werden*. In vain has this been translated as: 'There where it was, there as subject must I come' – it's even worse (including the *soll*, that strange 'duty in an ethical sense'). What psychoanalysis calls production or formation of the unconscious, are failures, conflicts, compromises or puns. In the case of desires, there are always too many for psychoanalysis: 'polymorphous pervert'. You will be taught about 'Lack', 'Culture' and 'Law'. This is not a matter of theory, but of the well-known practical art of psychoanalysis, the art of interpretation. And when we move from interpretation to signifiance, from the search for the signified to the great discovery of the signifier, the situation does not seem to have changed much. Among the most grotesque passages in Freud are those on 'fellatio': how the penis stands for the cow's udder, and the cow's udder for a mother's breast. A way of showing that fellatio is not a 'true' desire, but means something else, conceals something else. Something always has to recall something else – metaphor or metonymy. Psychoanalysis becomes more and more Ciceronian and Freud has always been a Roman. In order to renew the old distinction between true desire and false desire, psychoanalysis

Notes

Preface

1 Translators' note: in English in the original.

Translators' Introduction

1 Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*, Introduction, The Athlone Press, 1987.
2 English translation, London: The Athlone Press, 1983.
3 English translation, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1985.
4 English translation, Introduction to *A Thousand Plateaus*, The Athlone Press, 1987.
5 English translation, The Athlone Press, forthcoming.
6 Vincennes seminar, 7 March 1978.
7 See 'Rhizome', translated by Paul Patton, *I & C*, no. 8, Spring 1981, p. 50.
8 See p. 127, below.

1 A Conversation: What is it? What is it for?

1 Marcel Proust, *By Way of Sainte-Beuve*, trans. Sylvia Townsend Warner, London: Chatto & Windus, 1958, pp. 194–5.
2 Friedrich W. Nietzsche, 'Schopenhauer Educator', in *Untimely Meditations*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983, p. 159.
3 Bob Dylan, *Writings and Drawings*, St Albans: Panther, 1974, pp. 168–70.
4* Translators' note: the three phrases in inverted commas are in English in the original.

5* Translators' note: in other words, civil servants.
6* Translators' note: the third essay in his *Untimely Meditations*, op. cit.
7* Translators' note: as described on p. xii, the French *mot d'ordre* is usually translated as 'slogan'. In this context it could be rendered as 'command' or 'command function'. Professor Deleuze wishes to retain the connection with language and expressions such as 'password'.
8* Translators' note: in English in the original.
9* Translators' note: *'Du côté de chez'*. An oblique reference to Proust's *Du Côté de Chez Swann*, usually translated as 'Swann's Way', but literally, 'In the direction of Swann'.
10* Translators' note: Gilles Deleuze, *Différence et Répétition*, Paris: PUF, 1968.
11* Translators' note: Michel Foucault, *L'Ordre du Discours*, Paris: Gallimard, 1971; translated by R. Swyer as 'The Discourse on Language', appendix to *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, New York: Harper & Row, 1972.
12 cf. G. G. Simpson, *L'Evolution et sa signification*, Paris: Payot, 1951.
13 Henry Miller, *Hamlet*, Paris: Correa, p. 49.

2 On the Superiority of Anglo-American Literature

1 cf. The whole analysis of Leslie Fiedler, *The Return of the Vanishing American*, London: Jonathan Cape, 1968.
2 A. Toynbee, *A Study of History*, London: Oxford University Press, 1972, pp. 132 ff.
3 D. H. Lawrence, *Studies in Classic American Literature*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971, pp. 146–7.
4 F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Crack-Up, with other Pieces and Stories*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965, pp. 52–3.
5 Steven Rose, *The Conscious Brain*, London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1973.
6* Translators' note: for a discussion of the key role of the concept of *délire* in Deleuze's work see Jean-Jacques Lecercle, *Philosophy through the Looking-Glass*, London: Hutchinson, 1985, especially Chapter 5.
7 Lawrence, op. cit., p. 140. And on the double turning-away, cf. Hölderlin's *Remarques sur Oedipe*, with commentaries by Jean Beaufret, Paris: UGE, 1965. And *Jonas*, trans. J. Lindon, Paris: Minuit, 1955.
8 Jacques Besse, *La grande Paque*, Paris: Belfond, 1969.
9* Translators' note: in English in the original.
10 Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*, St Albans: Panther, 1966, pp. 110–11.
11* Translators' note: the phrase *les poètes maudits* (literally 'the accursed poets') was coined by Paul Verlaine in 1884 in a brochure about three symbolist poets, Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Tristan Corbière.
12 Lawrence, op. cit.; cf. the whole chapter on Whitman, which opposes sympathy to identification.

13 Henry Miller, *Sexus*, St Albans: Panther, 1970, p. 19.
14* Translators' note: in English in the original.
15 cf. the remarks of François Regnault in the Preface to the translation of *Baladin du monde occidental*, ed. Le Graphe.
16 cf. J. L. Dillard's book on *Black English*, New York: Random House, 1972. And on the problem of languages in South Africa, see Breytenbach, *Feu Froid*, Paris: Bourgois, 1976.
17* Translators' note: in English in the original.
18* Translators' note: *manque-à-être* is a neologism created by Lacan which means, literally, 'lack-to-be'. Lacan himself has suggested 'want to be' as an English rendering: see his *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis*, translated by Alan Sheridan, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979, p. 281.
19 Joe Bosquet, *Traduit du silence*, Paris: Gallimard, and *Les Capitales*, Paris: Cercle du livre. And Blanchot's wonderful discussions of the event, notably in *L'Espace littéraire*, Paris: Gallimard, 1955.
20 cf. L. White's study of the stirrup and the feudal system, *Technologie médiévale et transformations sociales*, Paris: Mouton.
21 On all these problems, see M. Dobb, *Studies in the Development of Capitalism*, London: Routledge, 1946, chapters 1 and 3.
22* Translators' note: in English in the original.

3 Dead Psychoanalysis: Analyse

1 E. A. Bennett, *Ce que Jung a vraiment dit*, Paris: Gérard, 1973, p. 80.
2* Translators' note: in English in the original.
3* Translators' note: see Chapter 2, note 18.
4 Serge Leclaire, *Démasquer le réel*, Paris: Seuil, 1971, p. 35.
5 cf. the famous case of President Schreber and the verdict which grants him his rights. [Translators' note: the reference is to Freud's essay, 'Psychoanalytic Notes on an Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia (Dementia Paranoides)', in Volume 9 of the Pelican Freud Library, *Case Histories II*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979.]
6 cf. Robert Castel, *Le Psychanalysme*, Paris: François Maspéro, 1973.
7 cf. a curious text of J. A. Miller in *Ornicar*, no. 1.
8 Jacques Donzelot, in *The Policing of Families*, trans. R. Hurley, London: Hutchinson, 1980, shows that psychoanalysis has evolved from the private relationship and that it perhaps entered the 'social' sector very much earlier than has been thought.
9* Translators' note: 'hecceity' is a term from scholastic philosophy which is sometimes rendered as 'thisness'. Professor Deleuze has suggested the following note as explanation of the term: '*Haecceitas* is a term frequently used in the school of Duns Scotus, in order to designate the individuation of beings. Deleuze uses it in a more special sense: in the sense of an individuation which is not that of an object, nor of a person, but rather of an event (wind, river, day or even hour of the day). Deleuze's thesis is that all individuation is in fact of this type. This is the thesis developed in *Mille Plateaux* with Félix Guattari.'
10 Hecceity – and also longitude, latitude – are excellent medieval concepts, whose analysis was taken as far as possible by certain theologians, philosophers and physicists. We are entirely in their debt in this respect, even if we use these concepts in a different sense.
11 cf. the article of Roland Barthes on Schumann, 'Rasch', in *Language, discours, société*, Seuil, pp. 218 ff.
12* Translators' note: the original is, literally, 'Oh, I could tell you, mummy', a line from a French nursery rhyme.
13 René Nellie, in *L'Erotique des Troubadours*, Tours, 1963, gives a good analysis of this plane of immanence of courtly love, in the way it challenges the interruptions that pleasure would like to introduce into it. In a quite different assemblage, similar utterances and techniques are to be found in Taoism for the construction of a plane of immanence of desire (cf. R. Van Gulik, *Sexual Life in Ancient China*, Leiden: E. J. Brill, 1961, and the commentaries of J.-F. Lyotard, *Economie Libidinale*, Paris: Minuit, 1974).
14 D. H. Lawrence, *Eros el les chiens*, Paris: Bourgois, 1970, p. 290.
15 Malcolm Bradbury, *The Machineries of Joy*, St Albans: Panther, 1977, pp. 38–9.
16 Jean Paris, *L'Espace et le regard*, Paris: Seuil, 1965.
17 cf. the crucial book of W. Labov, *Sociolinguistic Patterns*, Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1972.
18 Pierre Guiraud, *Le Testament de Villon, ou le gai savoir de la basoche*, Paris: Gallimard, 1970.
19 Louis Wolfson, *Le Schizo et les langues*, Paris: Gallimard, 1970. [Translators' note: this book has an introduction by Deleuze. For a discussion of Wolfson see Lecercle, *Philosophy through the Looking-Glass*, op. cit., pp. 27–31.]
20 The only book to pose this question, to take the history of medicine as one example, seems, as far as we know, to be that of Cruchet, *De la méthode de la médecine*, Paris: PUF.
21* Translators' note: the French word *régime* can be translated as 'diet' as well as 'regime'.
22 Nathalie Sarraute, *L'Ere du soupçon*, Paris: Gallimard, 1964, p. 52.

4 Many Politics

1 Kleist, *On the Marionette Theatre*.
2 Scott Fitzgerald, op. cit.