Today, I’d like to wrap up—or nearly wrap up. And we’ll have two more optional meetings, only for those who are interested in coming. One of the two meetings largely dedicated to the questions or problems that you yourselves have posed all year. To see what you think… whatever sort of question you might have for us, but you must have something to… you must have a direct response to everything that… And then one of you will have us listen to a piece by Boulez—rather, parts of a piece by Boulez—*Fold by Fold*, and we’ll try to find the reason behind this seemingly strange title. All that to say that my goal today is to draw some conclusions. A reminder about the green cards; it’s urgent that you hand those in…[1] Okay, last time, you recall, we saw a certain theme about the relationships between force relations, that is, struggle, power struggles and modes of subjectivation. And in many regards, it revolved around something Foucault had developed, more and more so in his late writings, namely, social struggles, and the emergence of new social struggles implies, presupposes, new modes of subjectivation. Which was a way of confirming both dimensions, the dimension of power and the dimension of subjectivation, as they appear in Foucault’s last books. So, I also asked one of you if there was anything that needed to be clarified, for example, about the Italian movement. Uh… And Eric here was eager to look into that. Yes, how would you describe the relation…

**Eric:** [inaudible]

**Deleuze:** There, Eric—I think, really, you’ve gotten to what’s essential; everything you said is so rich. It’s… Can you say more about the collective brain? On the modes of subjectivation or the equivalent for the modes of subjectivation. And then we can stop there because that’s exactly I was hoping for regarding struggle—struggle and the production of new subjectivity.

**Eric:** [inaudible]

**Deleuze:** Yes, yes, yes, but today we have a moment of peace. I mean, the mistake is to believe that this peace will last. Listen— thank you so much, because it was indeed very rich, and it’s important that all this about Marxism begins with the Frankfurt School… the framework of Marxism anticipates it… in both cases, this link between new struggles – new subjectivity is anticipated.
I don’t think there’s anything at all interesting about such a comment. Uh… why not? Because it doesn’t reintroduce the subject but gives us a certain conception of what he calls a mode or a process of subjectivation. There’s no point in saying that it’s a reintroduction of the subject, I think, if we don’t ask one basic question as we follow Foucault through his career: why? What does he need it for? Then perhaps we can answer that it’s because he had presented the problem of power in such a way that he was confronted by this necessity. We might wish he hadn’t posed the problem of power this way—I don’t know, anything’s possible—but, if we’ve followed him up to the point where he poses the problem of power in this way, I think we come up against the very intense question that he wound up asking himself: how to cross the line? Am I going to stay on the side of power? And if you share this question, then, if you tarry with it for long enough, in thought, you’ll that his answer follows. If it’s possible to cross the line, that is, to pass to the other side of power, it will be in form and in following a new axis or unlocking a new function. We’ve seen what these functions consist in, according to him… folding the outside, the fold of the outside or, if you prefer, more concretely, the way in which force—always the force from outside—the way in which force folds in on itself. That’s what he calls the interior of the exterior; you remember the boat, the ship of fools, which lies in the interior of the exterior.

You could almost say… it’s like if someone said—aha! He’s rehabilitating interiority. That’s not what’s interesting. When the word “interior” appears, it doesn’t appear coupled with the exterior; it doesn’t appear as opposed to the exterior. The interior-exterior opposition is swapped out for the idea that the exterior has an interior and that there is no other interior. That might still seem obscure. There isn’t any interior as opposed to the exterior. There isn’t a rehabilitation of interiority; there’s the discovery of a movement of the exterior, namely the movement whereby the exterior constitutes an interior which is the interior of the exterior. And we saw how, in other terms, we saw what this movement of subjectivation consisted in: it’s a derived function, it derives from force relations. What derives from force relations is force’s bending back on itself. So, this dimension of subjectivation, we saw, is going to be picked up by power, but new modes of subjectivation are going to grow, to be constituted. So, we find ourselves with three axes, and that’s what I’d like to try and pin down for today’s session.

It’s like… at the end, in one of his last interviews, Foucault says it’s like there are three ontologies. The ontology of knowledge, the ontology of power, and the ontology of the self. He won’t use the word subject, right? The product of subjectivation is the self. He avoids saying “subject” to better express how the interior is only ever the interior of the exterior. Ontology of knowledge, ontology of power, ontology of the self. In other words, there’d be a knowledge-being, a power-being, and a self-being.

I’m thinking of Latin, of an expression that I’ve already quoted, which I quite like, that comes from Nicolas of Cusa, the Renaissance author. Nicolas of Cusa invented a word in Latin. “Power” is posse (p-o-s-s-e), and the verb “to be” in the third person, “he is,” is est (e-s-t). So, Nicolas of Cusa invented the term, possest (p-o-s-s-e-s-t). The possest, to designate puissance-being, pouvoir-being.[2] What he meant by puissance, by pouvoir, doesn’t interest us here because it’s very different from Foucault, but I’m recalling this formulation because it might be useful, the possest. And you could say that, in Foucault, there are three ontologies, three beings. Then you’d do the same thing: what would knowledge-being be in Latin? “To know” is scire. You would say: there is a sciest—sciest—there is a knowledge-being, the sciest. Then there is a
power-being, the *possest*. And then there is a self-being, the *se*—since “self” is *se* in Latin—the *se-est*. Do these clumsy expressions add something, or are they just for fun? Why, in any case? It highlights the ontological character of these three axes and, at the same time, that they’re historical ontologies.

Why? Because for Foucault, everything exists in variation. Everything exists in variation. In this sense, everything is historical. And yet, he tells us, throughout his career, this isn’t the work of a historian—why? It’s not the work of a historian because I think that all Foucault is interested in—and this places him in a certain Kantian tradition—is the study of conditions. He’s not interested in the behaviors that emerge; he’s not doing a history of behavior. Neither is he doing a history of ideas—he’s said so a thousand times. Many books inspired by him are histories of behavior or histories of ideas, but he was never after that. He claimed to write a history of the conditions under which behaviors appear and the statements with which ideas are articulated, in other words, a history of the conditions of knowledge.

Likewise, he doesn’t do a history of institutions; he identifies the relationships, what he calls force relations or microphysics, as the conditions for any institution, since institutions can only form from such force relations. And likewise, he doesn’t do a history of private life, which is possible, which has been done, is still done. He writes a history of subjectivation as the condition for all private life. Just one problem: according to him, what makes this nevertheless historical, even though it’s not the work of a historian? It’s that, for Foucault, conditions are never the conditions of possible experience, as they are in Kant; in other words, they are no more general than what they condition. They are no more general than the conditioned. Language, for example, and light as conditions for knowledge always have a singular and limited existence. Their power-relations are always inseparable from one diagram and no other. Subjectivation is inseparable from a certain way of folding, the determination of points through which the folds pass.

In other words, the conditions are singular and not universal à la Kant. So, it’s something other than history, since it’s a study of conditions, and yet it’s a historical ontology because the conditions are never general or universal, or, to use a philosophical word, they aren’t apodictic; you’d have to call them problematic—problematic in that they vary with every period and every social group. And again, corresponding to the three ontological axes are three fundamental questions: corresponding to the axis of knowledge is the question “What can I see and what can I say today?” That is the problem; that’s what he calls problematization: today or in another period. In the period where I find myself, what can I say? What can I know? What is my power and how do I resist power—the second problem. Third problem: what is the mode of my subjectivation? What folds am I wrapped up in? In other words, the three axes are inseparable from what Foucault calls a problematization. What does that mean, ultimately? I believe that there was one thing that interested Foucault from one end of his work to the other.

What does it mean to think? What does it mean to think? And if you put the question that way, I believe, just as there are three axes, there are, in the span of Foucault’s writings, three determinations for what thinking means. I’d say, first of all, that to think is to see and to speak. We have to add a caveat: “to think is to see and to speak” only inasmuch as there’s a disjunction. Since speaking isn’t tied up with seeing, since there’s a disjunction between seeing and speaking,
we have to say that thinking always comes between the two. Thinking is the interval between seeing and speaking. There is a fissure between seeing and speaking, so to think is to see and to speak, insofar as thinking takes place between seeing and speaking, in the fissure between seeing and speaking, in the seeing-speaking disjunction. And we’ve seen that. I’m going over it again since I’m regrouping it in terms [of the question] “What does it mean to think?” We saw that seeing only becomes visible at its limit, at its own limit. That which can only be seen. Speaking only becomes enunciable by reaching its own limit. Yet it’s necessary for the respective limit, the limit proper to each of them, seeing and speaking, to be at the same time a limit they share, which separates them and which relates them to each other in separating them. Which means something very simple. It’s that, yes, it’s in between-seeing-and-speaking where thought sees and speaks and where thinking operates. And then, regarding power-being, what does it mean to think power-being? This time we’re no longer dealing with the two big forms, the visible and the sayable.[3] It’s about punctual relationships; it’s about force relations that go from one point to another. These points are true singularities; they’re singular points. What does it mean to think? Here, I think, in the most general terms, to think means to emit singularities.

It’s that, you see, force relations… force relations to the extent that force relations are relationships between singular points; it’s not only between men and not only at the level of political power. Power-being, or the possest, equally concerns nature, equally concerns things. It concerns natural things just as much as it concerns artificial things. In what way? Well, I’d say: chance, for starters—chance is a force relation. In what way is chance a force relation? You throw dice at random. You throw dice at random. And you throw three dice: you roll 4, 2, 1. Okay, that’s a force relation. It could even be that chance is the foundation of all force relations. Between randomly thrown elements, there is a force relation. Emitting singularities.

And there’s a long tradition—which includes Nietzsche, Mallarmé—comparing or contrasting thought to a game. It matters what sort of game is considered. It’s clear that Heraclitus’ game is not the same as Leibniz’s game; they would all agree that, yes, thinking is playing in one way or another. Their differences emerge the moment we ask: sure, but what game… what game… what are you playing? It might not be easy to say what Heraclitus’ game involves, but it’s clear that if I figure out what Heraclitus’ game consists in, I’ll understand what he means. What his fragments mean.

And so, when Leibniz, centuries later, takes up the idea that divine thought plays and calculates by playing, he is very precise as to what sort of game he mean—a game much closer to chess, for example. Namely, [it involves] occupying maximum space through minimal means. His own example is that of paving a surface. Paving.[4] But a chess move, everyone knows—even bad players—everyone knows that it’s a pure force relation[5]… not between the two players; that’s not the point—that’s the psychology of the game, but the ontology of the game is such that each piece is a line of force. Each piece is a line of force, and there’s a wide variety of lines of force, but, for the amateurs—I’ll remind you, for example, that [?] another game like go is completely different, so it won’t be enough to say, “to think is to play”; one will have to tell us which game they’re thinking about, what game it is.

Are we talking about playing chess, or are we talking about playing go? Are we playing a random dice game? Or… what is it? But if I remain at the generality which allows for
agreement… yes, to think is to play, that is, if we take it as a fundamental sign of the game: to think is to cast a roll of the dice. And see what it means… it’s not a metaphor, it’s not anything poetic, it means to cast singularities and, in casting out singularities, deploying the relationships between singular points, between my three faces—one which shows 4, the other which shows 2, the other which shows 1—there is a certain force relation. And with that, as you recall, what we’ve seen with Foucault takes on its full meaning, when Foucault says that a series of letters—I take a handful of letters—and first of all, I toss them at random. I’d say that, in this passage from *The Archeology of Knowledge*, first of all we have the possest, the power-being, the force relation; it’s the relation that’s established between emitted singularities. You could try it for yourself by throwing a fistful of letters at random.

But at another level, it isn’t at all random. It’s according to probabilities, rates of frequency, for example, the frequency of the letters in a language—note that they have an order of frequency—or the even more complex relationships that are no longer random relations, frequency relations, and then we’ve seen relations, perhaps, between letters and fingers on a typewriter. And we get to the series A Z E R T, azert. There, too, we have singularities between which there are force relations. The force relations this time will be the relations of frequency in the French language, the relations of frequency between letters in the French language combined with the relations of the fingers in such a way that you don’t have letters with a high rate of frequency that could only be typed by crossing fingers—that would lose you time. In all of these I could say: to think, indeed, to think is Mallarméan par excellence, or it’s Nietzschean par excellence, when the earth trembled under the… when the earth trembled… I’ve lost it, hold on… uh… well, in a word… Zarathustra. From Zarathustra to Mallarmé, you find—now in terms of “casting a roll of the dice”—something that turns up, in a way, as early as Heraclitus, which will be rationalized in the Leibnizian chess game… one could write an entire history of the philosophical game and its examples, up to and including—to really account for everything, for everyone—Wittgenstein’s idea of language games.

What is a game? I can just say that to play is to think. In what sense? Strictly: emitting singularities. That’s the domain of power-being. What is my power, ultimately—My power is: emitting singularities. And we saw that between chance and necessity there were so, so many transitions, namely, that there were these semi-dependent chains that only represent rolls insofar as these rerolls account for the results of a prior rolls. I claim that thinking is never simply throwing at random, or rolling[6] at random, but that to think is to build up these series of rolls where the next roll depends on the results of the roll before it, depends partially… and that it’s the whole set of these successive rolls that we call a thought. And if there was an unconscious, it’s because, in a seemingly simple thought, there are perhaps a thousand (?) rolls.

That would be the second definition for what it means to think. So, there’s still a third definition. One more to go. This time, we’d say something like this… I’m not at all trying to convince you, the question… that’s why I would like to leave them (?), afterwards it’s up to you to discuss, respond—I’d like for it to tell you something, if possible. This time, we’d say: to think is to fold, to think is to bend. Now, this would be the thought of self-being. No longer the thought of knowledge-being, no longer the thought of power-being, but the thought of self-being. And what does it mean to bend? It’s to form the inside of the outside. It doesn’t oppose an inside to the outside. It doesn’t mean reflecting on oneself; it means folding the outside. To form to inside of
the outside. To double the outside of an inside with which it is coextensive, i.e. which forms an inside with the outside, which is topologically related to the outside. Now that would be the topology of thought. To constitute an inside that’d be coextensive with the outside…according to the fold’s condition. To constitute a space within—Michaux’s expression, the space within—to constitute a space which would now be coextensive with the space without along the line of the fold.[7] The space within is topologically in contact with the space without. And the inside no doubt would condense the past, just as the outside would usher in the future, so that the fold would be nothing other than the line of time.[8] The fold in which outside and inside coincide, as coextensive.

You’re thinking, “I don’t know, this is all pretty confusing…” After all, it’s not easy to say what thinking means. At any rate, we get three answers from Foucault. Thinking, according to knowledge-being, right, is seeing and speaking, but in the interval between seeing and speaking… or rather, a nice way of putting it would be: yes, it is seeing and it is speaking, but in the interval between speaking and seeing. Then there was power-being’s answer: [to think] is to emit singularities; it’s a roll of the dice. And then there was self-being’s answer: to think is to bend the outside, to bend force in order to form an inside, topologically in contact with the outside, coextensive and co-present with the outside. Maybe we’d be able to… I don’t know, we’d have to be able to make a sort of… and to discuss it without… a sort of diagram for Foucault. Let’s try to make a diagram or a sort of uh… we can give it our best shot, uh… yes, a sort of philosophical portrait. What would I say, if I really tried to sum up all of our work this year?

Okay, you’re opening… are you really hot? You can’t stick it out? Uh… those who aren’t feeling well don’t have to stay, you should go get some fresh air—I don’t know, I don’t know what to do. Yes, it’s very hot. There’s a solution: I’ll take the blame [for your leaving] and I’ll be the one to collapse![9] There. I say we start with the strata, i.e. the formations we’ve been discussing from the beginning. And if I try to depict strata, you’ll tell me… [he draws on the board…] and I call that “1,” or “knowledge-being.” Then, independently of these [?], why [?] ? We’re going to show it, we’re going to stratify. (…) This is what I’m saying… [he continues to draw on the board…] I’m saying: yes, these are stratified formations, and here you have the visible and its scenes.[10] For every layer there’ll be a social formation—social formation 1, social formation 2, social formation 3, and the scenes or visibilities, the conditions for what one can see on that strata. And then you don’t have visibilities but statements, hence why I drew these little things, since you’ll remember the assimilation of statements with curves. While visibilities go through scenes, statements correspond to curves.

Okay, but that’s a detail, it was to make things prettier. And [?] each social formation, there’s also what one can say, what one can say in any given formation, what one can’t say in some other formation, what one can say in… [?] so, strata that consist in visibilities on the one hand, statements on the other. Good so far? Stratified formation is thus knowledge-being. I mean, he never stops talking about it up to *The Archaeology of Knowledge*. It’s the archive. I said that the archive, in Foucault, is audiovisual: statements, visibilities. Why this gap? This gap… fortunately, fortunately I thought about it! Remember, speaking is not bound up with seeing; there is a disjunction between seeing and speaking. Speaking is not seeing, and seeing is not speaking. There is a gap between the two. It’s this gap, or this disjunction, that I’ve marked here.
Already, as Foucault’s readers, we are caught in a sort of labyrinth, and at the start of the year I read you a remarkable passage, but now we’ll add… I’d like to do a sort of literary commentary to help us understand—not a philosophical commentary, not yet at least.

You’ll perhaps recall Melville’s work, borrowed from one of Melville’s most beautiful novels, *Pierre; or, The Ambiguities*, and where Melville tells us that thought has to do with strata, but that it isn’t only a matter of strata. To sum it up, at the point where I am in this chart, we go from strata to strata, we go from formation to formation. And in each formation there is seeing, and there is speaking. There are visibilities that one can grasp, statements that one can form. And imagine… imagine… imagine you’re outside of time, passing from one strata to the other, from the 17th to the 19th century, etc. Each time bumping into a new type of visibility: ah! Something we couldn’t have seen at one level and that we can now see, but only because we’ve lost something, something we once saw and no longer know how to see… and so on.

But then we’re a little panicked: we’re going from stratum to stratum, but what are we looking for? What could we be looking for, if not non-stratified substance? Why search for a non-stratified substance? Hey! It’s not my fault; we see that that can’t suffice, or else we’re doomed, we’re prisoners to our formation and that’s it. We’ll see what we’re able to see in this formation, we’ll say what we’re able to say, if that’s our situation. It’s not that we have to hope no matter what, but I guess… it’s not a kind of abstract reasoning… The fact is that we’re looking for something else there. In visibilities and in statements, in our statements and in our visibilities, we’re looking for something else. The simplest answer, since it doesn’t commit us to anything, is that we’re looking for the non-stratified, something that isn’t stratified. Who’d think to look for life in the archive? If we’re looking for some life, maybe we have to go through the archive, but we cannot stay in the archive. What are these strata, then?

As Melville says—I’ll read the text again, which is so beautiful, since we’re now in a position to give it its full meaning and extension: “The old mummy lies buried in cloth; it takes time to unwrap this Egyptian king.” That’s the archivist’s job, to “unwrap the old mummy.” “The old mummy” doesn’t mean past formations—once again, the archive is just as much in the present as in the past; the old mummy is us. We are all the pharaoh, you know. All of us are already old mummies. What do I mean by that? What I just drew, you don’t know it yet, but that’s the mummy; it’s the mummy of archaeology and the formations, the strata, the superposed strata are the strips of cloth. They’re the strips. We go from stratum to stratum. We go from strip to strip. Why?

Well, because it takes time to unwrap the old mummy. And the young archivist, you see, Foucault’s disciple, the young disciple of Foucault—let’s call him Pierre: “because Pierre began to see through the first superficiality of the world,”[11] that is, the closest stratum… “he fondly weens he has come to the unlayered substance.” No, it’ll probably take a long time in the archive before having the slightest idea. “But, far as any geologist…” and the geologists, the same goes for archaeologists… “But, far as any geologist has yet gone down into the world, it is found to consist of nothing but surface stratified on surface. To its axis…” the axis of knowledge… “To its axis, the world being nothing but superinduced superficies.” It’s the world of strata, made of strips of cloth… So, we find ourselves getting lost in the strata as though in a labyrinth. Yet we’re looking for non-stratified substance. What to do?
I see two possible ways for archaeology to cease to be archaeology and to become something other than archaeology, that is, the man of knowledge and of knowledge-being... [?] to try to climb over the strata [he draws on the board] or burrow deeper and deeper into the idea that, at bottom, the non-stratified element [...] sub-stratic, subterranean... or is it aerial? There—will he, the poor archaeologist, go there? Is he going to go there [he draws]... Okay. For one thing, Melville tells us: be careful digging deeper. “By vast pains we mine into the pyramid...” the pyramid is the strata, the stratified element. “By vast pains we mine into the pyramid; by horrible gropings we come to the central room...” The central room is the burial chamber... “With joy we espy the sarcophagus; but we lift the lid...” and we hope, thereby, reaching the non-stratified. Perhaps... perhaps we’re right. Melville says no! “We lift the lid—and no body is there!—appallingly vacant as vast is the soul of a man!” “Appallingly vacant as vast is the soul of a man”—I looked inside; all I found was emptiness.

It’s what we’ll call the stratic zone, or knowledge-being. What is above the strata? Above the strata. If the strata are on the ground, it’s the aerial or the oceanic. And maybe that’s the non-stratified element. What tells me that there’s something above the strata? There is a disjunction between the two sides of the strata, visibilities and statements. And yet they overlap. There is no conformity, and yet each responds to the other. There is a correspondence without conformity, that is to say, visibilities respond to words, even though I never see that of which I speak. And words respond to the suggestion of visibilities, even though I never speak of that which I see. Remember, we focused on that for an entire quarter: how can there be a correspondence without conformity, since it’s between two disjunctive forms? And yet, there’s a correspondence.

And Foucault’s response was: I must find the reason for their correspondence in another dimension. This other dimension, which I’ll now call the gray area, for the sake of convenience, or, with more literary flair, the oceanic zone, or the atmospheric zone, or the Bichat zone. I won’t get back into why I call it the Bichat zone, it’s the zone of partial [?]—well, I’m getting into it—what will that be? That, we know, is the domain of power-being, that is, of force relations as the relations between singularities. Force relations as the relations between singularities. So, let’s put it—[?] [He writes on the board]. We have to imagine it as very turbulent, very heavy... [He draws on the board] [...]. The land of statements, and then here—these little doodads—that’s the land from which forms, forms of the visible, forms of the sayable, emerge. There, there is no longer any form. What are these little doodads? Well, those are points. There is no longer any form, but there, in my oceanic zone, is power-being, the deployment of power. In what form is power deployed? No... it’s... [?] it is deployed as force relations between singular points. So if the little dots represent singular points [?] singular points in perpetual motion, they never stop, they move, right? They’re always moving.

See, I’m laying down force relations. Force relations are what I can define between two points, related at a given moment in relation to a social field, that is, in relation to the state of the strata... in relation to a state of the strata. But it’s already outside the strata. There is nothing outside the strata, but there is an outside of the strata; the outside of the strata is the forces and their relations. [?] [He draws on the board]... that doesn’t cover everything; there’s no reason that it should cover everything. I’ll say, then, that it’s the domain of force relations or of power. There is no longer any form or any people, “we stood”—alas, I’m citing by heart, eh, it goes something like this, but at the same time, read it into the schema, the illustration which is very
explanatory—“we stood above, not as people any longer, two moths or two feathers…” The little dots are the feathers, eh… “like two moths or two feathers, blind and deaf to each other,” in other words, invisible and mute, beyond both visibilities and statements… “Hidden in the flung dust, yelling ‘Bastard! Kill, kill!’”[12] This beautiful passage—much more beautiful than my paraphrase—is from Faulkner’s book titled The Unvanquished, which tells of how, in playing, it’s about a game between a little white boy and a little black boy who fight each other. “We stood above, no longer even people, but like two moths or two feathers… blind and deaf to each other… hidden by the dust we flung at each other, yelling ‘Bastard! Kill, kill!’” It’s a description of force relations. There it’s always a dice roll: it’s a beautiful zone, it’s a hurricane zone. Why? But… several questions… For my drawing to be accurate, why did I leave points outside of force relations? It’s that, as you recall, a force relation defines an affected point and an affecting point. One affected singularity, defined by the affect that it undergoes, one singularity defined by the affect that it exercises.

But we saw that there is another sort of singularity, singularities that aren’t part of force relations: singularities of resistance. [?] To leave room for free singularities [?] in force relations, still, and which will enter force relations in order to be no longer singularities of being affected, or singularities of affecting, but singularities of resisting. No longer points of being affected, or points of affecting, but points of resisting. That’s the first comment to be made on this zone, which is perpetually… Why is it oceanic, perpetually swirling? It’s because every atmospheric state corresponds to a set of force relations, that is, a diagram. And diagrams undergo mutations [?] and I’d say that every diagram is the force relation corresponding to a stratum, one to the other…

Why? Well, because drawings—that’s how it always is—to the drawer it explains everything, in the viewer’s mind, thinking they understood it abstractly, [?]… uh… [?]. [?] notice something, that there isn’t a split [?] and you’d assume so, if you’ve been following along—there is no split at the level of power-being. The formless points, the formless zone—there is no form. The split is between the two forms of knowledge: seeing and speaking. But in force relations, which only combine points, points that aren’t yet determined as visibilities or statements, there is no gap, no split. Hence, I’ve extended it, and yet, we saw, it’s a set of force relations, that is, an atmospheric state, an oceanic state, a state of power-being—a diagram, if you will—that is actualized, that is incarnated [he draws on the board] in a stratified formation, in a stratum.

So power relations are what are actualized and incarnated in stratified formations—why is there a disjunction between stratified formations? That is, why isn’t there conformity? There is no conformity because, we saw, force relations can only be incarnated, actualized, by differentiating themselves, differentiating themselves in two directions, not for themselves, but in one direction which will produce the visible on [?] strata and another direction which will produce the sayable. It’s because to actualize is to differentiate, to be differentiated, that there will be… That the strata will only be able to actualize power relations by means of a gap, a split [?] [he draws on the board] the two lines of differentiation.

Which explains everything! Finally, it’s all clear… I can even say, then—[?] it’d be even nicer [he draws on the board]—the gap, the split, interstrata, between both aspects, both halves of the strata, the split has a sort of domino effect on the oceanographic zone. But then I’ll have a flurry
of singularities, and of free singularities. That would be nice. There. That’s the domain of power-being. And then there’s still something else. There’s something else. Forces, singularities—where do they come from? We’re told, well, they come from the outside; they come from faraway, right? Deeper than any external world. Why? Because the relatively external worlds and the relatively internal worlds are stratified worlds. But well beyond internal or external worlds, there is the Outside, there is the outside-line. And no doubt it’s the outside-line that emits singularities that enter relations, that enter variable relations according to this or that zone, but the outside-line is itself, on its own, beyond the oceanographic zone. For now, I’ll represent it like this… [he draws on the board]. Why is…

There, the outside-line. Now, why do I call it the outside-line? Because it marks the limit of death. It’s as if singularities… It [the line] is winding… It’s winding. It’s as if singularities fell from this the outside-line. When they fall from the outside-line, then, yeah, they enter into relation and these relations constitute force relations, that is, states of power. And the outside-line only bears singularities. And undoubtedly each singularity is defined by a curve, something from this the outside-line… Well, and we also have to think of it… see, it’s terrible because it’s the limit with death. And, at the same time, it isn’t conflated with force relations…

**Question:** [?]

**Deleuze:** Look, whatever you want, eh? For the time being, I’m having a similar problem—if it’s okay with you, right, let me… uh… try to work through it and any comments you might have will… afterward. You’re right, in principle, but I can’t dwell on that… it’s difficult enough as it is… I mean, it’s terrible and yet! And yet, it’s a part of power-being. And what makes it so terrible? Probably its… I’d say its speed! It’s its speed. So fast! So fast, that it can take us away! Power surrounds us, but the outside-line threatens to carry us off at uncontrollable speeds. And to continue on with this kind of call—it seems so vital to me—this call for great literary authors to convey all of that, to make it more bearable, I’d say that, to my knowledge, there are two major authors who knew how to talk about this outside-line and give us some idea of it. And once again, it’s Melville and Henri Michaux

And Melville, [?] to help us understand the outside-line, but it’s not a simple abstraction, each of us has our own outside-line. Melville tells us his, or the one belonging to the followers on Captain Ahab’s boat in *Moby Dick*. And a whole chapter, Chapter 60, titled “The Line, or the Whale-Line,” and why is the whale-line terrible? It unwinds with such speed that it can take off an arm, a leg, a whole sailor. “As the least tangle or kink in the coiling would, in running out, infallibly take somebody’s arm, leg, or entire body off, the utmost precaution is used in stowing the line in its tub. Some harpooners will consume almost an entire morning in this business.”[13] See, the harpooners are here [he draws on the board]. Such precaution… such care is required to not be taken off by the outside-line! They consume almost an entire morning in this business in order to avoid [?] develops… Uh… Secondly, the whole chapter is immense; he gives all sorts of reasons, he says, “this arrangement is indispensable for common safety’s sake; for were the lower end”—the lower end has to be free, as you can see in my drawing, it’s free, there… in fact, you can extend it, you can extend it from one boat to another… “This arrangement is indispensable for common safety’s sake; for were the lower end of the line in any way attached to the boat, the whale would run the line out to the end in a single, smoking minute.”[14]
The speed… Speed which is even worse than power. Worse than power. There is only one thing worse than power and more harrowing: speed. What could that mean? Why? “…in a single, smoking minute as he sometimes does, he would not stop there, for the doomed boat would infallibly be dragged down after him into the profundity of the sea; and in that case no town-crier would ever find her again.” “Thus the whale-line folds”—remember that, since it anticipates what’s to come—"the whale-line folds the whole boat in its complicated coils, twisting and writhing around it in almost every direction. All the oarsmen are involved in its perilous contortions; so that to the timid eye of the landsman, they seem as Indian jugglers, with the deadliest snakes sportively festooning their limbs.” “The deadliest snakes” are segments of [?] of the outside line. Well, it’s a sublime chapter. “But why say more…” And it ends with: “But why say more? All men live enveloped in whale-lines. All are born with halters round their necks; but it is only when caught in the swift, sudden turn of death, that mortals realize the silent, subtle, ever-present perils of life.” Foucault wanted to know how to cross the line, or how not to stay on power’s side. Well. Granted, but in what form?

Everyone has their whale-line. So we’ll add: fine, everyone finds their line or lines. In any case, [?] and how do they recognize us in it? They recognize us in the infinite speed of its shifting curves. That’s what we know ourselves by: its speed. So Melville, okay, it was the whale rope, it was the whale-line. Ultimately, he knew that the whale-line was also [?]. Needless to say that Moby Dick, the white whale, merges precisely with the whale-line, since the movement of Moby Dick is the infinite speed of the whale-line. It’s the infinite speed it conveys, and Captain Ahab is the man of force relations, who makes the most of his force relations with his crew, resulting in everything leading up to the confrontation with the outside line, that is, the whale-line. Ahab’s chief mate says: Ahab, you had no right to single out the white whale, we should have stayed on frequency, any whale will do! We should have stuck to the power relations, to force relations, according to their frequency. [?] no right to single that one out. [?] no right to choose! The law… law in the political sense, the whaling law is: you do not choose your whale. Ahab already has [?] a strange and monstrous personal connection with Moby Dick, the abominable whale. And because of that, he can use these power relations to move beyond power relations and drag his men toward the outside-line, which will carry all but one of them away at breakneck speed. Okay.

Michaux. When he talks about his experiences with mescaline in two books, two very fine books: Miserable Miracle and Great Trials of the Spirit. Miserable Miracle, page 127 and following: he says that the problem with drugs… see, it’s like the whale line… for him, it’s the drug line. Right. Mescaline. Mescaline, Moby Dick… there are so many examples in the world… “Now only a line.” He explains that there are no more forms… Drugs have the power to erase all form. What happens? “Now only a line. A line that breaks up into a thousand aberrations.”[15] This is what I tried to illustrate—see, these are the aberrations of the outside-line. “A line that breaks up into a thousand aberrations…” And now Michaux’s splendid formulation: “the whiplash of an infuriated carter.” It responds word-for-word to the passage in Melville, where the sailors’ arms seem to be wrapped in writhing snakes. “The whiplash of an infuriated carter would have been a relief to me. And no pity either. I, the accelerated line I had become…” I had become an accelerated line, the outside-line. The outside-line is an accelerated line. The accelerated line is actually speed… Sorry for chuckling; it’s wonderful: you’re getting ahead of my drawing! (Laughs). Becoming an accelerated line. “The accelerated line I
had become did not retreat, withstood each new slashing, was ready to form again, was on the point of forming again when the force, swifter than a meteor [...] it was agonizing because I [resisted].”[17] What do we take away from the following pages? That the problem of this line, then, I really don’t care that it’s a drug-line. Maybe someone should do a comparative study of lines. What they have in common is that we’re beyond all form; we’re in the formless element. Whatever the character of this line, it’s defined by its speed.

Speed and what? Not only that, but mixed speed, that is, speed and sinuosity. The whiplash of the infuriated carter or Melville’s snake. Melville’s snakes; molecular speed, says Michaux. And, then, exclaims that what Michaux’s interested in, just like what Melville’s interested in, isn’t really whales; it isn’t really drugs. Mescaline… Like he says, mescaline never invented anything; it reveals. Uh… It’s like the whale… the whale, too. What does that mean? It means that what it’s about is thought. That might seem simple to you… well no, it isn’t simple. That Moby Dick be unthinkable, that is, uh… that Moby Dick be fundamentally related to thought, that Michaux’s mescaline be fundamentally related to thought… in fact, uh… whale or mescaline, it’s all about thought. So, it was better to do without whales—at any rate, there are many more—it’s better to do without mescaline, namely: what is the line, the high-speed line. The high-speed line that runs through you like the whip of an infuriated carter: it’s the line of thought, the line of thought. Which moves at dizzying speeds, with which you cannot keep up.

Consider the brain state. What are speeds? Molecular speeds, intra-molecular speeds… Again we end up… now we have something [...] You might find all of this odd… “What does thinking mean?” instead of asking “What is Moby Dick? Or the whale?” or “What are drugs for?” It’s obvious at this point. If Moby Dick is no more than molecular speed par excellence, if mescaline is no more than the molecular speeds it communicates, it’s clear that the question remains: what is the speed of thought? What molecular speeds pass through us every time we think? Since thought is not constituted by what we think. I look at someone and I suddenly think of something else; it’s not these weak and measly thoughts that really matter. It’s the speed at which an association is made. And thought is the speed at which an association is made. What is that? What is this speed that suddenly ran through me?

Thought is not something reminds me of something else… God it’s miserable that something always reminds me of something else! Thought is… and it’s strictly the entire speed at which something reminds me of something else. How can I live at such speeds, that is, being shot through by molecular speeds? How can I live in the rhythm of my brain? That’s what it means to think… Shut the door, we’ll take a break soon, eh, forever… That’s… That’s… What… What thinking means isn’t: you have to think about this or about that, what is philosophy? Well, it’s to confront the speed of thought. It’s nothing else. It’s to confront the speed of thought and, literally, to manage it as best we can. Uh… Then you might say: there are other speeds that one can confront… Yes, one can confront the speed of the whale, etc. But I believe that each time one confronts speed, what one confronts is something that stands for thought, even if it’s a clunker or if it’s… There is something. What is this molecular speed? That’s Michaux’s question. And how to survive it? Okay.

And here, I’m thinking of something that really struck me. One of greatest philosophers among the greatest philosophers: Spinoza. The thing that struck me in The Ethics, for those who have
read *The Ethics*, is that *The Ethics* contains five books. And four proceed along a rather... clear and stately path. Absolutely... It’s the geography. The geography of *The Ethics* is very curious... a sort of... [?] And of course, it’s already about thought! And then the tone changes in Book Five. And whereas before he left no stone unturned and demonstrated everything geometrically, Book Five is extraordinary because, literally, no one has ever thought at such speed. There are lightning-speed shortcuts. There are ellipses. A mathematician once explained to me what it was—and I was surprised by how passionate he was—that it was uh... a truly creative demonstration for a mathematician. Obviously not like in a math book. It’s a series of flashes with blanks, gaps, etc. if necessary, gaps that never come back around. A genius young mathematician named Galois similarly had sorts of demonstrations with ellipses, gaps, precipitations, flashes, as if [?] he didn’t find it necessary to explain himself on that, though. Wham! Wham! A molecular speed. Okay.

If it’s the outside-line, if it’s molecular speed that in a way shows up here as the line of thought, what is the problem? Michaux tells us. Melville told us. What did Melville and Michaux say? Michaux asks: how do I handle this tremendous speed that runs through me? How do I form—another way he puts it, admirably—How do I form a slow being?[18] I should be a slow being. But I should be a slow being as constituted by lines of molecular speed, at great molecular speeds. How to form this slow being? And Melville asked, at the end of the chapter on the rope, on the line, how the harpooner ought to organize the line that surrounds the boat and runs through every point of the boat, so that there’s no risk or as little risk as possible of carrying off a sailor. We have to see these as the same problem. Okay.

So you might see that my drawing [?]. Or at least that it was incomplete. What is the outside-line? To form... It’s the line of molecular speed. To form the slow being today. To form the slow being that I should be, along the line of molecular speed, the line of great speed... It’s... [?] (he draws on the board). [?] The outside-line [?] the outside-line should form an inside of the outside. 1) The strata, 2) The oceanic zone of power relations, 3) The outside-line, 4) The outside-line’s fold. The fold of the outside-line is what’s known as “the zone of subjectivation” (he continues to write on the board), the constitution of being—whether slow or [?] the high speed line [?] zone of subjectivation where [?] the self. The fold of the outside. The fold of the outside-line is what defines subjectivation, that is, the interior of the exterior. The self wasn’t ever the self of an ego. It’s the interior of the exterior, that is, the ship itself. The ship of fools, Foucault said, in the interior of the exterior, passenger *par excellence*. The passenger *par excellence* is the one on the outside-line which is constituted as slow-being, shot through with molecular speeds... constituted as slow-being in accordance with this zone of subjectivation, of folding (he draws on the board). [?] There are a few things left [?] But see: I would say, then... we had started to find the non-stratified element at the level of the oceanographic zone, but we also find it, if I circle back to Melville’s text on the central room... The central room is the fold, the outside-line is the interior of the exterior; it’s the inside of the outside. The slow-being’s abode. And there is more to fear than the room being empty, than the pharaoh not being there, since in the fold, we said, there is never any subject to discover; there is a subjectivation to carry out, and the subjectivation is the subjectivation of the line itself. It’s precisely what I was saying before: the self is not the self of an ego; it’s not yours. And in that regard, if we had to draw a comparison, but that would derail us... maybe next time, if we had to draw a comparison, a strange text by Merleau-Ponty puts it well... Two texts by Merleau-Ponty that seem to cover this
and draw the link to… between Foucault, Merleau-Ponty, and Heidegger. Because if I stick with these texts, it’s… here there’s an obvious resemblance. “Now perhaps we have a better sense of how much is contained in that little word ‘see.’ Vision is not a certain mode of thought or presence to self.”[19]

It’s at the end of the process of subjectivation that I can close in on myself, and even then, it isn’t advisable. And Merleau-Ponty adds: painters have always seen this.[20] Painters have always seen this… yeah. Yes, there’s something about speed in there, too. And in another passage from Merleau-Ponty—I won’t look for it now… there’s something very remarkable. A text that lines up perfectly with that one. “A relation to Being is needed that would form itself within Being.”[21] That, that lines up perfectly with: the interior isn’t mine, it’s not me. “A relation…” Page 268 of The Visible and the Invisible. “A relation to Being is needed that would form itself within Being. This at bottom is what Sartre was looking for. But since for him there is no interior except me, he didn’t find it.”

Distinguishing these four… these four zones. And what’s essential is seeing that there’s no recourse to any form of dualism whatsoever. I mean: it isn’t about recovering an inside as opposed to the outside. It isn’t about reconstructing a slowness as opposed to speed. It isn’t about defining an ego as opposed to the non-ego. Rather, it’s about constituting, once again, the interior of the exterior. That is the self. It’s about constituting the slowness of speeds. The interior of the exterior, the inside of the outside. That’s it; it isn’t that I appear under form 4, here, this sort of crease in the outside-line. Then, if you’re with me, I’d like to conclude our session with your responses, there are things left to… but maybe we’ll do it next time, then, I especially… if I have time, if you don’t have any questions, I’ll very quickly go through the similarities and differences between Foucault and Heidegger and Merleau-Ponty, because there is a problem regarding some of their overlap and (?) on other points.

But what is… You find yourselves… All year, you’ve patiently followed me in this attempt to piece together Foucault’s thought… I mean, what are your thoughts? Some of you, throughout the year, have given me questions. Sometimes I answered them, as we went along. Uh, I mean, at this point, if you understand someone’s thought, your affective response is crucial. Because that’s something other than discussion. What I’m calling an affective response to thought, which is completely a part of thought, is, again: what about it agrees with you, what bugs you? It isn’t about discussing, it isn’t about objecting to Foucault; each of you has to figure out what agrees with you and decide—as modestly as Foucault—that… decide for yourself what bugs you. Because what bugs you about a thought sort of draws a dotted line in the directions you need to take in order to find what does work for you.

So I’ll read a comment because it’s extremely interesting and is a good example of what you could call… I don’t know… noetic-affective responses, affective responses of thought as such. It’s not so much: I like it or I don’t like it. It’s more about having a… I don’t know what… an affective disposition regarding thought. Yet one of you, I’m reading… because I found it very… and, at the same time, in order to explain to you, I’d like you to understand that myself, personally, I have nothing to say in response to something like this. So one of you said, “Based on what you said, it seems that the only way to not be sort of dazed by the outside is to fold it, to dwell in its inside.” I can already tell you that at least he understood perfectly what I meant: It’s
not an inside which would be mine; it’s about dwelling, inhabiting the inside of the outside, being a passenger par excellence…. That is, being there in the zone of subjectivation. “But doesn’t this effort,” he says, “But doesn’t this effort”—since it’s really an effort, I completely agree—“to brace the line, to fold the line, all too often result in rather sad kinds of work?” Notice the affective tone. “…rather sad kinds of work, oriented toward anxiety, solitude, despair?” Very interesting. They go on to say: “this outside-line that folds and constitutes a zone of subjectivation, which is ultimately the only way to survive, shielded from the line of death’s excessive speeds”—since the outside-line is also the line of death—“isn’t there something sad about that? A culture of anxiety? Blanchot, Mallarmé, Rilke, Van Gogh, whose confrontations are only head-on”—that is, they confront the outside-line, according to the author—“lead them to tactics like ‘expressing the inexpressible,’ for which Blanchot is the best example. It’s a confrontation insofar as it’s always a matter of the expressing opposed to the inexpressible. Artaud’s work, for example. These authors are staggering,” this person says… “These authors are staggering, not with regards to myself, but regarding the inexpressible itself, an inexpressible expressed by works that are nothing but active meltdowns (in the sense of writing in Blanchot’s disaster)…. Nothing but active meltdowns, a big family of stifled, stifling martyrs. So, I had a lot of questions. Can we say the same for Foucault; I am rather aware that… uh… I’d say, I’d say so for Blanchot. Blanchot says: this outside-line is a line of death and, in the end, we fold the outside-line to prepare an interiority.

Indeed, it isn’t joy, eh, in Blanchot. If you say this isn’t joy, emotionally, you couldn’t say that this was joy. It continues. “But isn’t there another possibility? Rather than trying to twist the outside, don’t you think it’s possible to walk the line, to somehow ride it in order to find a whisper of something more than mere survival or the development of a separate territory?” Well, that means precisely [?] very interesting, I think: even assuming that we approach the outside-line, is folding the line to build an interiority, to constitute a process of subjectivation, an interiority in waiting—is that our only solution? Is there another way to treat the line? I’ll keep reading: “… isn’t it possible to walk the line, to somehow ride it in order to find a whisper of something more than mere survival or the development of a separate territory? Isn’t folding or refolding strictly a strategic decision?

“Can’t one attempt something other than a simple [?] strategy? To follow, to chase, to let it spin, to divert—wouldn’t these be more soothing and, in fact, less tragic?” There, oddly, he cites Lautréamont and Beckett as authors in this vein, as opposed to those cited above… Okay. So I think this is very interesting as a response. Here is what I… my response to [?] such a problem wouldn’t be, you understand… again, we’re not at… What’s at stake is the whole linear system. What I mean is that it’s all or nothing. You can’t say to Foucault: yes, strata, yes, power relations—ah, but wait! The rest… uh… that’s where I get off. Again, that’s what I find beautiful in life: if you follow someone, you have to follow them to the end. So what this sentence says in fact implies a linear system that’d be developed completely by other means and that could intersect…

Understand, what forces Foucault’s choice—I’m always repeating it because it’s the key to everything and especially to what unites his work and what makes uh… and what causes a sort of crisis in the later books… It’s because Foucault discovered and determined the formless element, the linear element, he determined it as power relations and because he thought it was
very concrete, he was struck, he was suddenly struck by this, that, far from being independent of power, knowledge came back to power relations, that is: what one says and what one said came back to centers of power, to points of power. Everything follows from there. How to cross this line of power? The answer: it’s truly—and can be nothing other than—confronting death. In other words, the outside-line can only be identified as death. And the question turns out to be “How to live with death?” rather than “How to survive death?” Recall Bichat’s theme: death coextensive with life. How to live with death?

Well then, the operation of bending, of folding… folding force creates a zone of subjectivation. Yet the reason, in my opinion, that it isn’t so stifling… My reaction isn’t, at any rate, in the case…I don’t think it’s a stifling thought. It’s the way in which this inside, constituted by the fold, has to really—I tried to emphasize it before, but went too quickly—to really be in contact with the outside. It’s not a closed inside. It has to be co-present with the outside at the fold’s limit. It’s this topological relation that I covered much too quickly. It’s this sort of co-presence, of the inside’s application to the outside such that subjectivation is by no means a closure but an opening. As Merleau-Ponty says, only at the end does it risk closing on [you?]. But, if you maintain the impression that this zone of subjectivation, in terms of the line seems to you… well… doesn’t suit you, I’ll say again: you can then be very close to Foucault, but you’ll end up making a system of lines, a linear system, since ultimately all that amounts to saying: to think is to trace lines; just how it means emitting singularities, to think is to trace lines. You’ll have a different linear system. Namely, one that’ll imply a completely different evaluation of power and that’ll already imply a different evaluation of knowledge or of other categories than those of knowledge and power.

Is that possible? It’s clearly possible. Yeah. I don’t see any other response. In other words: yes, okay, okay, it’s… uh… But I’ll reiterate, the only response I’d have is: don’t take the zone of subjectivation to be something that closes you in on yourself. Always remember: yes, it’s the inside, but it’s the inside of the outside. Yes, it’s the interior, but not my interior; it’s the interior of the exterior. Such that this interior is topologically in contact with… this interior formed by the fold of the exterior is topologically in contact with all of the exterior. I get back, I come back, I return to the brain: that’s what they tell us about the brain. Very difficult to interpret the brain, to understand the brain in Euclidean space. It’s a topological space, that is, the entire interior is co-present with the entire exterior. The fold is simply the formation in which it [?], but which, as the interior of the exterior, is attached to the whole exterior of which it [?]. In this way, there’s no conflict with what’s described here as following or riding the line, etc. There’s no conflict… no conflict. Well, are there any comments on… on this schema? I only had one goal… I only had one goal this year: to familiarize you with a great philosophy, as I understand it. I really think that it’s one of the most important philosophies of the 20th century. Then this is infinitely more important than the question: to what extent do you agree, are convinced or unconvinced… There you have it. Are there any comments on the schema itself?

Yes?

Person in the audience: inaudible.
Deleuze: You’re putting it nicely, if I’m hearing you right, and you don’t mean it as criticism, but you’re saying: what you’ve given us is your interpretation of Foucault. Uh… Of course, of course. If you also want to know whether there is another possible interpretation, I’m almost embarrassed at the question. Certainly. All that I can tell you is that—understandably—is that I don’t see one (laughs)… necessarily. I mean, no… there are cases where one says… where, myself, I’d have commented on passages saying, well, you have several possibilities… I don’t see any others, uh…. If, I mean, it’s a matter of… of… of figuring out the requirements we’re setting for ourselves. My requirement was to understand the entirety of the work and the moments of crisis that ran through [?]. Uh… That’s why I attached so much importance to what would only be a detail for others. The whole business after The Will to Knowledge, where Foucault, in this passage that I picked up in an article, it’s obvious that, for example, I attributed enormous value… If I were to critique myself along your lines, I’d say… in your defense, I even heavily emphasized words that appeared very rarely in Foucault’s work. I strongly emphasized the word diagram, for example, which only appears once, because it was illuminating in helping make out Foucault’s thought. But one could always say: even so… it’s still very hard to give a single word so much reach. Uh… If you ask… Then your question becomes: doesn’t The Archaeology maintain… doesn’t it have these relations… relations that aren’t mediated by power relations? It’s possible—it’s possible. I’d be interested, at that point… I don’t believe so; I don’t believe so, for Foucault. I don’t believe so, but you do seem to. All I can tell you is that, when he discovers power relations, he ceases to do archaeology. It’s as if he were carried off by completely different problems. Clearly, if… We will have to, then, complicate the schema… are the… But I’m not sure what you mean. Are the archives, are the strata themselves a direct link to the outside?

The same participant: [?]

Deleuze: That’s it. That’s it. Yeah, yeah, yeah… Well then, that’s what it is… you’re picking back up, there I… Then, I admit, it makes a lot more sense. Are you actually ascribing [?] the statement and to language… not to statements – granting everything I said about statements… — But if you give language a function still more important than the one I’ve given it, it’s clear that everything changes. That is, the intervention [?] saying: language is uniquely privileged, whereas I claimed an equal status for language, life, and labor… uh… if you maintain that language has a privilege which Foucault didn’t have time to analyze, since—grant me this much, at least—it seems that he didn’t have time to analyze it or that he didn’t do it… if you say we have to start there, it’s clear that in the statement-language relationship, there is something here in my schema that [?]. Yes, that’s for sure. I’d just say that, personally, I don’t think so. I don’t think so, that is, I was extremely interested by and understood what Comtesse said about… and… I… I stuck with… So that would maybe come back to the question from earlier. If language is privileged, I’d almost say… You’ll find yourself with other difficulties, because it’s a privilege of absolutely non-linguistic language. Uh, it’s a privilege of literary language. Here, Foucault will never forgo his anti-linguistic [streak], and the very, very ironic way in which he says… the proof that it went poorly in literature is that linguists got involved; and the way he says, very emphatically, that modern literature is a backlash, a compensation for linguistics and not… And not at all an ally of linguistics. It will be a being of language, a literary language-being.

The same participant: [?]
Deleuze: To that I’ll say you’d really have to give “interpretive” a very particular meaning, since Foucault never hid his disdain for interpretation. It isn’t from… at any rate it isn’t from a hermeneutic perspective… Since he loathes hermeneutics, you won’t make any headway there. Rather, I think it’s actually literature, his conception of literature, about which he said very little besides that it breaks with linguistics. But his conception of literature—I can’t see how it’s possible for him to, again, afford language-literature the least privilege over life, or over the formless. Going back to Rimbaud’s trinity… right… that I read to you from the famous letter, the Letter of the Visionary, the new man, responsible for a new language, for a new universal language, but responsible even for the animals and responsible for the formless. I don’t see how… I don’t see how… at any rate, especially in terms of affective responses, everything about this idea horrifies me, that one could make literature without it engaging something in life itself, without it engaging with the non-literary. I mean: how to avoid thereby reconstituting a literary interiority? Yet if… if literature is a self or an interiority, it is the interior of an exterior that itself isn’t literary. So, on that basis, I cannot understand what the privilege of literature means. We can say that literature is a particularly important mode of subjectivation. That’s what he’ll say, for example, at the end when he talks about writings on the self. You recall… uh…

Someone in the audience: [?]

Deleuze: That’s it. That’s it. But if you want to take that approach, or if it’s Comtesse who takes that approach, you’ll obviously have a whole other interpretation of Foucault. If you ask me whether such an interpretation is possible, I’d respond that it is certainly possible, but it isn’t mine. But all the more reason… It’s another way of telling you to do it. Are there any other comments? So are you too tired for me to go over the differences in terminology… we can save that for next time…

Student: [?]

Deleuze: What? What time is it? Ah… yes… no, you were asking about time. Where is time, inside? Very briefly: for a very long time, Foucault… wasn’t very fond of the problem of time. And, following Blanchot once again, he said: the true problem, the true problems, are problems of space. The true problems of modern thought are the problems of space. And what’s more, in a passage from The Order of Things, he reverses it. He explicitly says: allegedly, modern thought discovered time whereas classical thought privileged space. He says that the opposite is true. In other words, that Foucault has a sort of aversion to the problem of time. And that seems to be the case up until The Will to Knowledge. That’s what appears… it’s the case up until The Will to Knowledge. I have the feeling that then, with the idea of the folding outside-line, there is a… there is a true rediscovery of time. Because that is time. Why is that time? There was a very [?] definition uh… not exactly of time, but of something related to time, in Kant.

And this definition had a big impact on Heidegger. Heidegger said that time is, following Kant’s formula, how the self is affected by the self.[23] Yet in Foucault, The Order of Things, page 357, you have a passage that I find quite interesting, since he all but says… it seems like he’s on the verge of coming back to time. Oh, oh, oh no… it’s not 357… I’ll find it again… Ooooh. Where could it be? I have to find it because if… oof! It’d be nice. When you’re off, you’re never only off by a page… Uh… hold on, 357… why isn’t it there? No, no, it’s 357—I was right, but it’s
not there. Ah, here we go! “Thought…”—357—“Thought […] cannot discover the unthought, or at least move towards it, without immediately bringing the unthought nearer to itself.” See, that, that settles it, eh? Remember: thought comes from the outside, an outside further than any external world, but because it is further than any external world, this thought from the outside will be revealed as in itself the unthought, i.e., the nearest. Nearer than any internal world. It’s already the idea…

It’s like the first formulation of the fold, of subjectivation, before he got to the real problem of subjectivation. It’s a clue, I think, of what comes after this passage on page 357. So, “Thought […] cannot discover the unthought, or at least move towards it, without immediately bringing the unthought nearer to itself—or even, perhaps, without pushing it further away…” It’s further than any external world, thus nearer than any internal world. “… or even, perhaps, without pushing it further away, and in any case without causing man’s own being to undergo a change by that very fact, since it is deployed in the distance between them.” To “undergo a change” is really “affected.” Clearly, I would have infinitely preferred that he put “affect.” Well, we don’t get what we want, eh… “to undergo an affect.” Thought as the self’s self-affection… in the way that what it is further than any external world becomes closer than any internal world, and it is produced by an alteration, that is, a self-affection of thought insofar as it comes from the outside. This self-affection of thought, it seems, is precisely what we ought to call time. Hence, you see, on 338-9, it just so happens that it becomes a question of time, self-affection, whereas space is always something else affecting the self. And if I come back to my schema, the outside-line, which was defined by molecular speeds and which, moreover, folds in to form slow-beings, the zone of subjectivation, is precisely what I have here [on the board].[24] Force folds in on itself. In other words, it is self-affected. It’s the whole movement of the outside-line, insofar as it folds and constitutes an inside coextensive with the outside, that we should call time. That’s why I said earlier that, in the co-activity of the inside with the outside, the inside condenses every past (and we saw that subjectivation was absolute memory), the inside condenses every past, and the outside, the line of death, the line of all speed, ushers in every future. Accordingly, I think this is where we find Foucault’s own understanding of temporality.

Notes

[1] Maybe this is obvious, but I wasn’t familiar! These “green cards” are administrative registration forms to verify enrollment.

[2] I’m certain an editorial decision will be made on puissance / pouvoir. I’ve left them alone here, since they both live comfortably as “power” in English—the former is more at home in physics (as the “power” of force, energetics, etc), whereas the latter is more commonly used in legal disputes or superhero narratives (the power of attorney, the power of x-ray vision, and so on).

[3] Flagging—since editors are likely to make executive decision on énoncer.
The French is *paver une surface* and *pavage*. Because “paving” might mislead the English reader to think of smoothing or flattening out a road (or covering it with asphalt), it might be helpful to recall Leibniz’s Latin. It’s clear Leibniz means the process of filling out or covering the game board via the placement of tiles (*tessellae*). For the passage in question, see Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, *Die philosophischen Schriften VII*, ed. G. I. Gerhardt (Olms: Hildesheim, 1961), 303-4.

Note for editors: In this instance, my usual “force relation” is a bit unnatural. A more natural translation would be “power balance” or “power struggle.” Because “power” is such a charged term in Foucault, and because of Deleuze’s discussion (here and elsewhere)—which I wanted to preserve—I opted for “force relation” throughout. Here, however, it might not work.

Here and in what follows I opted to translate *tirage* as “roll,” even though it’d be more accurately put as “draw” (as in “to draw lots,” to draw at random, *tirer au hazard*). My reasoning is that the reader might mistake a “series of drawings” for a series of sketches. Hence “roll,” in order to preserve Deleuze’s gameplay vocabulary and to be consistent with the example of Mallarmé’s dice.


Likely not intended as “timeline” per conventional translation.

Because of the heat, I presume. Note for editors—maybe I had to be in the room to understand, but the context provided made this sentence a surprisingly difficult challenge. Perhaps someone clever will see a better alternative translation.

Searching for a consistent, reliable translation for *tableau* in this context, I ultimately deferred to Paul Bové; in his *Foucault* translation, he cleverly renders it as “scene” (e.g. *le tableau-description* as “description-scene”). However, since Deleuze is here trying to draw up a visual aid for his course’s findings, the sense of “table” as a chart may also be appropriate.


Deleuze’s quote from memory is, as he says, more or less accurate. I tried to similarly adjust/abridge Faulkner’s original language to reflect Deleuze’s paraphrase. The original passage reads, “the two of us [Ringo and I] neither, not even people any longer: the two supreme undefeated like two moths, two feathers riding above a hurricane. So we were both at it; we didn’t see Louvinia, Joby’s wife and Ringo’s grandmother, at all. We were facing one another at scarcely arms’ length, to the other each invisible in the furious slow jerking of the flung dust, yelling ‘Kill the bastuds! Kill them! Kill them!’” William Faulkner, *The Unvanquished* (New York: Vintage, 1991), 16.
[13] Opening quotation mark missing. In fact, quotations marks are mostly absent from the original transcription.

[14] Deleuze has “the whale would run the line,” as the consequence, whereas Melville’s text reads, “and were the whale to run the line,” as a condition. “If […] the whale were to run the line out to the end almost in a single, smoking minute as he sometimes does, he would not stop there…”


[16] I’m deferring to the Michaux translation, but note that “accelerated line” may not be an ideal translation. Time-lapse, fast-motion, and undercranking are all English equivalents for accéléré, the filming complement to slow-motion. First, something like “linear time-lapse” or “linear fast-motion” may have been more appropriate for Michaux himself: in the preceding paragraph, he contrasts his new linear state with “normal life,” in which one—as a sphere—views the world in panorama. Second, such a translation may be more likely in the context of this lecture because Deleuze had, years before in his Cinema lectures, discussed the use of fast-motion (le montage accéléré) in terms similar to those described here (i.e. in relation to speed [vitesse] and movement). Cf. Lecture from November 24, 1981 (http://www2.univ-paris8.fr/deleuze/article.php3?id_article=82). The reader should bear this caveat in mind whenever “accelerated line” appears in this translation.

[17] The final word of this quote is missing in the transcription.

[18] “L’homme est un être lent, qui n’est possible que grâce à des vitesses fantastiques.” Henri Michaux, Les grandes épreuves de l’esprit et les innombrables petites (Paris: Gallimard, 1966), 147. Translation: “Man is a slow being, only possible thanks to fantastic speeds.”


[22] I have taken some liberty in the following passage in deciding when Deleuze is reading and when he is speaking, inserting quotation marks as needed.

[24] Note for editors: I’m assuming that he’s referring to part of what he’s drawn.