

Gilles Deleuze

Seminar on Foucault, 1985-1986

Part III: Subjectivation

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Part 1

... [to] finish up, and so that this last session might consist of your possible questions, your reactions, including your ways of seeing things, that is, what we might have done if, and that I couldn't, but others here might have done, some other directions in which we might have gone, or directions that I considered but without going far enough with them, etc., well, this ought to be an open session where it is mainly you who do the speaking.

Obviously, since I already have a pile of [written] questions here, and this method suits me fine, right? Some of you who don't like to speak publicly, they passed me some questions, and how excellent they are, good, very good. These are very good questions, but then you have to accept the pact that I indicated to you from the beginning: the more a, the better a question is, the less of an answer there is, since the better a question is, by definition, so it's, so it's the person who asked the question who is the only one capable of answering it.

So I have an attitude through which I can say in what way the question seems interesting to me, and then one just has to say, it is not a matter of giving answers; in fact, it is a matter of seeing, and already here, in what you are passing to me, I feel sensibilities. That's what always interests me, this tale of philosophical sensibilities. I see sensibilities -- that does not mean sensibility applied to philosophy -- I see properly philosophical sensibilities that are very different from each other.

So, it's odd that -- well, maybe it's not odd -- most of the questions relate to the [seminar's] end, to the topic of the fold and of subjectivation, and that's perhaps what is the most problematic for you, but after all, this is normal since it is obviously what caused the greatest problem for Foucault. For me, of course ... if you had one thing to criticize me for, it would be this one. Since you are very kind, you are not doing so, but your questions come back to that. This would be, I believe I have very well -- this is a great compliment that I'm giving myself -- I believe I have shown very well why the discovery or the invention of this dimension in his thought had become more and more necessary for him. [*Pause*] Although he might have told himself, "everything I'm saying about power certainly corresponds to our real situation and our real status," that does not prevent, he could not bear to offer a thought, in fact, which, in fact, would only initiate a

perpetual clash with power. That is why this text seems extraordinary to me, there, taken from "The Life of Infamous Men", once it's said that Foucault really liked this notion of the "infamous man"; it made him laugh. He lived as an infamous man.¹

This text about man, about infamous men, almost strikes me more than anything when he proposes the question: how does one cross the line? So, you understand that starting from there, already, your questions, the written ones you've given me, create a linkage. How does one cross the line? The questions abound, since one can just as well ask me: but then, for Foucault, could we [say], for example, that drugs were a way of crossing the line? Or else, was homosexuality the line, was it a way of crossing the line? And which homosexuality?

So, the questions that are put to me here, one of which is very interesting, these are really questions of philosophical sensibility, asking: is it the same for a man and for a woman, to cross the line? Or is it not the same thing? You could also ask, is it entirely the same line? There is no opposition between the line and crossing the line, right, since the line is only reached in the act of crossing it. But, in fact, should categories as simple as man, woman, homosexual, heterosexual intervene or not? What does that mean? What does it mean precisely to cross the line?

So, one could reproach me, and I would advise you to reproach me, for having clearly shown the necessity of this problem, and for having shown much less, having shown less well, that this was not the solution, because you sense [that] there is no solution, it's... We could say, that's not how the problem presents itself, I suppose. I mean, there are a lot of people out there who think that's not how the problem presents itself, that we have no line to cross. But without following Foucault's texts, when I mentioned texts like those by Michaux and Melville regarding Foucault's themes, this was not at random. For what I hoped to have you sense, and it seems that you have sensed it perfectly, is that this theme can be found within authors who are very independent from one another, that each time it is imagined -- if I come back to a part of the questions -- is it in the same way that Captain Ahab crosses the line? Okay, so you have those who don't cross it and don't want to cross it, that is, even deny that there is a line to be crossed. They will remain on this side of it, but they will have reasons for staying there.

Then there are these kinds of madmen who say -- let's call them madmen for now; Melville called them monomaniacs. -- The notion of monomania, which in the 19th century played a large role in psychiatry, is it by chance that Foucault dealt with it so well in "I, Pierre Rivière", which is a very beautiful case of monomania?² But now, in the 19th century, it is very odd that this notion has a great success, a great importance in the psychiatry of the time, but in addition, in Melville -- speaking of this for myself, he is one of the greatest writers who has ever existed, so I attach importance to him, that is why I always speak of questions of sensibility; here I am speaking directly to those who consider this in much the same way -- in Melville's case, those characters who confront the line are monomaniacs. They are presented as monomaniacs. And Ahab sets out on this fantastic adventure with a precise whale, and the line, what is it? It is Captain Ahab's connection to this whale, the white whale that cannot be confused with any other.

On this point, commentators have told us a thousand times that the white whale is this and that, and again that, and again this. Of course, this is all useful. It's useful. Still, the line must be taken literally. It means whatever you want, but above all, it literally means what it means. There is no

discourse that endures two seconds if it does not consist in speaking literally, that is, excluding any figure, whether it be metaphor, metonymy, or whatever. All speech is literal or it's nothing at all. The line of the outside is a rope. So, I am saying, maybe there are spiritual ropes. You will tell me, ah ah! "spiritual ropes" is a metaphor. No, it's not a metaphor, I don't think so, fine. It's a line of the outside, good. Ahab is confronted with the line of the outside. This is the white whale and the past of the white whale. He will die there, fine. [Pause] And in a way, he betrayed, he betrayed his duty, his duty as captain which was to save his men and which was, I remind you, to obey the law. And the law of the whaler is, once again, very simple: you will not choose your whale; you will not have an inherently insane relationship with a whale, a specific whale. You will not choose your whale, that is, you will attack the whales you encounter. Fine. This is the law.

It goes without saying that the question of reaching and crossing, which is the same, reaching and crossing the line of the outside, is beyond the law. We have seen that Foucault, in all his thought and his theory of power, certainly did not define himself as an author attaching the slightest importance, or great importance, to the notion of law, since his entire conception of power is independent of the concept of law. Fine.

And I am making a leap. When Michaux confronts drugs as a line, is that also metaphorical? Is it via metaphor that the word "line" is employed technically in connection with drugs? Ah, it's very interesting when a word pops up, lands on something, fine. When Michaux both confronts mescaline, and when he renounces mescaline, why does all his writing that abandons forms become linear drawing? The line isn't a metaphor there. It is so little a metaphor that he goes from writing to drawing, and his drawing is a linear drawing, tracing lines. As he said in a text that I quoted to you, I am a linear accelerator. Is it the same line of the outside for Captain Ahab, let's say, for Melville and for Michaux?³

Of course, we are careful not to create confusion; it's terrible when authors with no relation at all get mixed up. But, when we confront authors who have to see something, what do they have to see, there, in this case which concerns us, Melville and Michaux? Confronting the line. But confronting the line is fully a seafaring experience; for Melville, it is truly an oceanic experience, coupled with a biblical experience. Good, we could insert everything, all the experimental coordinates, of the big theme of the line for Melville. We could also insert Michaux's references, with linear drawing, drugs, and other things as well. Fine.

For Foucault, this theme of the line of the outside, understand, for all, I believe that this is a point common to all: it is at once, independently of the way in which he could produce a concept from it, the concept should take into account these lived determinations. This is at once something that threatens to strangle you, and [that] also might give you breathing space. [Pause] What does it mean to reach the line of the outside? That's the answer to the question now, so I think of other writers, lots of them, you know; that's a problem for lots of people. One of you suggested Van Gogh, Van Gogh's correspondence, what about that? How does it work? What does that mean, someone wondering how to attain something? And what is this, what does it mean to pretend to attain something? One of you, in one of the notes he just passed me, said yes, the waiting, what

does it mean to wait, once you say that we are not waiting for something, right? *[Pause]* I don't remember where it is in the text; well no matter, we'll find it later. *[Pause]*

I am saying Van Gogh, it's not nothing, right? This man is possessed by a kind of fear. We think of him too often in the final explosion, but for a whole part of his life, he lives facing fear, in panic afraid of color: I am not worthy of color. Approaching color, this is really, color is the line, it is the line of the outside. He feels that he is still far, far, far away. *[Pause]* And he will speak about filing (*limer*), filing the wall with patience, caution. The line of the outside, I am telling you, well yes, it is just as much what can take your breath away as it is what gives you breath. Not easy.

Once again, Michaux stops taking mescaline. Maybe he was able to grasp from it whatever it could offer, but maybe he also thought he could have found it otherwise, whatever it offered him. Captain Ahab, he belongs to the sea; can it be said that someone belongs to drugs? I do not believe so. He only belongs to drugs through his death. Captain Ahab belongs to the sea, that is ... or else, I don't know if, what we can say about this.

So, fine, I'll go back to Van Gogh. Approaching color, it is... but you suspect there are precautions, precautions ... and tremors, right; this is fear and trembling as related to color. How dare I touch color? If someone is a painter, they can understand what that means. If a young painter dashes into color as an element with which he has no problem, I believe he has everything to fear about his true vocation. If he thinks this has been achieved ... usually, people who think it's been achieved aren't doing too well. So, fine, and when he starts into the color, there he faces a line of the outside, and this line of the outside, what does he find there? We cannot say that it will end very well for the life of Van Gogh; at the same time, we must say that it ends wonderfully in terms of the painting. Good.

The line of the outside for Van Gogh is one of several things, but if you said, "this is what it boils down to", that would be a misunderstanding; among other things, it's his madness. But the line of the outside for his pal Gauguin *[Pause]* is no doubt color as well. They traveled a great distance; at first, Gauguin, his splotchy (*teigneuses*) colors were discussed, you understand, and it was true, there is no other word, no other word, it's splotchy. I'm not talking about Van Gogh, so it's the potato, it's the potato, Van Gogh's first attempts. Admire the distance traveled. One goes to the Midi [*south of France*], fine; people say, ah, the Midi, that's his line of the outside, fine. One must believe, in fact, that going to the Midi isn't simply about taking the train. Why? Because going to the Midi may well be something else; it may look like the line of the whale, right, since he will experience infernal crises there; we must also believe that the Midi is indeed something other than just the Midi, literally.

Gauguin needs something else; in the end it's not the Midi that interests Gauguin, as a function of his project, but even then, he still isn't aware of his project, right? He needs another, more distant line; he needs this radical conversion of life. He needs this weird death, right? In all that, although they may well die tragically, we can say that these men got what they wanted, at what cost, at what price of suffering? Terrible suffering, but maybe this suffering didn't even matter to them. It was their lot, it was their lot. Why? I come back to that, because confronting the line of

the outside is also making the fold, the operation of subjectivation. It's not two things. We have to say, the line of the outside is both what fundamentally threatens my life -- I always risk my life there, even when it doesn't seem like I am. There are people for whom going to Bécon-les-Bruyères is risking their life.⁴ There are others for whom that's nothing, right? You cannot know where someone's line of the outside is. Fine.

So, I am saying that the line of the outside is at once where I risk my life, [*Pause*] because I am irresistibly drawn into it, because that's where what I want is located, even if I don't yet know what I want. And then, at the same time, that's where I can breathe and survive. And we have to say well, all this is contradictory. Yes, this is contradictory; this is where I risk my life and, at the same time, where I can breathe and survive. Again, Kierkegaard's expression that he also had his line, his line of the outside, what was it? It was the breakup with the fiancée, that's what it was. This is what gave him both air to breathe and where he found the unbreathable. Fine. So, he translated that: something possible (*du possible*), otherwise I'll suffocate. Something possible, otherwise I'll suffocate, but something possible is not the possible in general. Van Gogh's possible is color. The possible, the possible is the impossible as well. Captain Ahab's impossible possible is Moby-Dick, the white whale.

So, I am saying that reaching the line of the outside, crossing it, and folding it to effect a subjectivation is the same thing. On this point, among the questions that I've received today, many of these questions, in very different styles -- that's why I like them, therefore, with very different sensibilities -- if I try to translate them, I see that they come back, it seems to me, if I understand them correctly, this amounts to telling myself: does every fold of subjectivation constitute, does every folding of the line form a subject, a subjectivation? Can't it do something else? Is there necessarily subjectivation? You know, I would say, yes, it's a matter of, it's a matter of words at that level. It's not the subject that matters. Let's say that what matters is how each of us experiences ourselves when we constitute ourselves as subjects, how each of us experiences ourselves when one says "I".

We will see that there are such differences that, in fact, maybe just one word, subject, is not good. And precisely Foucault does not use it; he uses: process (*processus*) of, or procedure (*procédé*) of subjectivation, which implies that there are many, many very different procedures, and as we have seen, historically there are many, and they are not reduced to the same one, and they do not come down to a unitary form of subject, which would be, for example, the Kantian subject, or the subject ... But there are some subjects... the question would rather be, are there any -- I would even say the word "subject" is too much -- are there processes that result in something other than subjects? I think so, but finally, this was not Foucault's problem. Generally, Foucault used a convenient expression, process of subjectivation, telling us that there were plenty of them.

And I come across a text which is extremely moving, which is among Foucault's texts, when he did not control what he was saying, when, and therefore, understand, when he did not consider himself as author. There has been a lot of misinterpretation about this matter -- I'm opening a digression, because I did not expand on this very much -- it is often said: Foucault rejected the notion of author. That's silly; he never did that. He maintained a very, very precise thesis, which consisted in saying: be careful, "author" is a function; "author" does not designate anything

existing; “author” does not designate an existing character. On this point, people say, well ok, so for him, the author does not exist. That’s silly. The notion of author doesn't refer to an existing character, okay. That doesn't mean that the author doesn't exist; that means: the author is a function; the author is a function. This function is a derivative function, it is a derivative. There are primitive functions and derived functions, for example, in mathematics. We say “author” is a derived function. Derived from what? From a certain type of product, good. Foucault fully recognizes himself as the author of the books he published and corrected. This is important about Foucault’s position before his death, in relation to the texts he believed to be completed (*au point*), all of that.

And Foucault is quite consistent when he says of the other texts: I can be whatever you want; invent the functions you want, I am not the “author”. That only shows that as regards the author function, he has a certain fundamental requirement. For example, if I speak with someone, I am it completely (*je le suis complètement*); if I speak with someone, I do not consider myself “author”. I am the author of my books, period, that it. I'm not an author of anything else, because, here again, that could only be used metaphorically. I am not the author of a letter that I am writing. And even, when I write an epistolary novel, if I have this idea, well then, there will be a double function: there will be a function, let us say, once again, of the signatory of the letter, the letter maker who signs, and then the author as he creates an epistolary novel, fine. In an interview, I am not an author, I am the one being interviewed. I may or may not judge that the interview may or may not be published, that does not make the interview a work (*une oeuvre*), that is, something that refers to an author. Fine, all these are extremely simple things, but in the current state of literature, if we can call it that, these are notions that are very confused, since we no longer understand this type of things.

So, in a conversation, Foucault may well feel that the conversation can be transcribed. If there is a third person there that enjoys doing this, why not? Foucault’s mode was more one of no secrets. It's odd how he was both extraordinarily discreet, not talking about himself, but at the same time, there was no secret. He was not hiding. He corresponds entirely to the text on, the one he was writing about the statement (*énoncé*).⁵ It's not visible, and yet it's not hidden, right. Fine. This is exactly him; he was absolutely not hidden, yet he was not visible. This, I believe, there are a lot of conceptual texts by Foucault which are, as always in philosophy, and philosophy is also a kind of personal journal, eh, it is very odd how... it comes back to what I've been trying to tell you from the start: concepts are extraordinarily personal. Concepts are, they are, they are superior autobiographies, right? That doesn't mean this is the life I had, right? No, that's not it. But these are things that concern life. So, good.

Foucault can have a conversation with someone, and a third person wants to transcribe it, fine. And then we can publish it, even with Foucault agreeing, saying well fine. He will simply say: I am not the author. Publish it, publish it as conversation, recorded like that, if you're interested, right? He can add: that doesn't interest me much. But now, in one text -- here I seem to be departing from the subject of your questions, but I am not doing that at all -- in one text, he develops a matter of Foucault’s own concern, something very beautiful. He's not trying, he's not trying to make it theoretical. Theoretically, it's not even fundamentally perfect, but he's not doing philosophy, he's not doing theory. He's talking with a friend. That friend happens to be [Werner] Schroeter, the filmmaker.⁶ They speak vaguely concerning Schroeter's cinema.

And here we find Foucault telling him something that obviously Schroeter hadn't thought of. It's funny, because in my opinion, in the conversation, Schroeter -- everyone has their pride, it's not to make fun of Schroeter, not at all, everyone has their pride -- and for Schroeter, that annoys him. He wants to seem to have thought of it, but we can tell that he did not think of it, because this is a rather original distinction that Foucault proposes here, which has no equivalent in his books, which might have had an equivalent later. If he had lived, maybe he would have given it a philosophical value.

He basically says to Schroeter, you know, what interests me in your films, he says, is that they present us characters in a state of passion and not at all in a state of love. [*Pause*] And he is trying to say, but, like that, as it comes to him, he is trying to say how for him, Foucault, passion is a completely different state; it differs in nature from the state of love. And you immediately feel that, then with the rights of a conversation, where condemnations and exaltations always arise, love will not be very interesting, right, and passion will be quite interesting. One more step, you will perhaps feel, if you read the whole of the text which has been published, that Schroeter is going to jump on this, that passion is rather more of a homosexual tendency, and that love rather a heterosexual tendency. This point, I mean, it can be argued, [*Deleuze laughs*] that's not the point. It is a lived impression; Foucault delivers a lived impression. He says: for me, as I am living, I can be in a state of passion, and I do not confuse that with love. And he suggests, he says, I myself am very close to passion, but love, ultimately, I have a very poor understanding of what it is to love.

I'll read this to you just in case, like this, but let yourself go, see if that speaks to you. "[Except for one word]⁷, I think we're talking about pretty much the same thing" -- he said to Schroeter -- "To begin with, you can't really say that these women" -- those who were brought together in a Schroeter film that they are discussing -- "you can't really say that these women love each other. Neither can one say in 'Maria Malibran'" -- Schroeter's famous film -- "neither can one say in 'Maria Malibran' that there is love."⁸ What is passion?" asks Foucault, and he replies, "It's a state, it's something that falls on top of you." You'll allow me to comment as we go along as if each of us are in the conversation. I'm listening to this, obviously I wouldn't have interjected, but I would tell myself, this is something that falls on you, that grabs hold of you, you can say that about love. [If] I might have heard Foucault say that, starting to say, "oh, passion is not the same as love, and I'm close to passion and I don't really know what it is 'to love'", I would have told myself, that's interesting. When someone says something interesting, it's best to keep quiet. The time has come to listen a little. You have to be silent, because it's beautiful, first of all, it's not... , and then, yes, because it's interesting, if we interrupt him, well, he will lose it, he will think of something else , and we won't know. But, all the same, I would tell myself, at the beginning, I would tell myself, this is starting badly, because if the purpose is to tell us: passion "is something which falls on [us], which grabs hold of [us], that takes hold of [us], and seizes [us] by both shoulders, [and that] doesn't stop and doesn't begin anywhere," I tell myself, hey this is odd, because that's usually what people call love, so that's odd, what does he mean? So, I would have listened even more closely, right?

And he adds, as if it were all one: "It's a constantly mobile state, but it doesn't move to a given point". So there, I don't know; if we all suppose that we've participated in the conversation, then I would have told myself, from my own perspective, I would have told myself, ah well, that's

where it starts, right, that's where it starts, because there we can clearly see that an opposition with love begins to emerge. "It's a constantly mobile state, but it doesn't move to a given point. There are high points and low points and times where it becomes white hot", I would have said, ah good, well then, passion for Foucault is a story of intensity, it is a distribution of intensities. Onto what? I don't know yet, right? Onto what, between who and who, these are intensities, right, there are strong moments and weak moments, moments when it is carried to incandescence, it floats: " It's a kind of unstable moment that keeps going for obscure reasons, perhaps through inertia. ... Passion creates all the conditions necessary for it to continue and yet at the same time, it destroys itself. In a state of passion, you're not blind". He supposes, I admire that, and one cannot do otherwise, when he is in the process of loading up a notion like passion with original determinations; onto the other notion that he does not like, that of love, he is placing the worst platitudes, [*Deleuze laughs*] he puts everything that is idiotic onto the side of love. That is, in love, one would be blind. Yes, if you will... [*Deleuze laughs*] "In a state of passion, you're not blind. It's simply that in these situations of passion, you are not yourself" – you are not yourself – "Being yourself no longer makes sense. You see things very differently." Good.

It's not clear, I would tell you that while discussing (*en cours*), understand, I would tell you that while discussing; you would ask yourself, but what's going wrong here? I mean, there, what I just read to you, grant me that it does not make a book, nor a fragment of a book; it is not at all developed as a fragment of a book, nor a moment of in a course, it is not at all developed. On the other hand, very good, it can constitute a conversation. Yes, this is a conversation. "In passion ...", then he continues, and it branches off constantly, right, a new idea. Earlier, it was a distribution of mobile intensities, but between the two, between two persons, or what? And two persons close or far off? We do not know. "In passion, there is also a quality of pain-pleasure that is very different from what can be found in desire or in what is called sadism or masochism. ... Between these women," -- Schroeter's women – "I don't see a sadistic or masochistic relationship between these women, but what does exist is a completely inseparable state of pain-pleasure. ... Each woman suffers greatly, but you can't say that they make each other suffer." In fact, I tell myself, it becomes a bit clearer; I'm not trying to turn that into a concept, I'm holding on to it. So, passion would be affects, I add; it would be distributed intensities, in what way and between whom and whom, we do not yet know, but a mobile distribution of intensities, and this distribution would imply, and would create for itself, and would compose states of suffering-pleasure, states of suffering-pleasure irreducible to masochism and sadism. You can't say that the one causes suffering for the other. In other words, these are common affects, a community -- so passion would be a community of affects of suffering and pleasure. In whatever condition it may be, perhaps, as much as when we're together as when we're apart.

Can you say that about love? Perhaps, I still don't see why we shouldn't say that about love. [*Pause*] He sees it, since he adds: "In love, there is, in a way, someone who is in charge of this love, whereas passion circulates between the partners." Fine, it circulates between the partners; see, it returns, a common affect of suffering and pleasure which circulates between the partners. From a perfectly innocent conversation, I am already tearing out a concept outline. Can I answer

someone who asks me, but why not call that love? In a conversational tone, Foucault tells us, in love, there is somehow someone who is in charge of that love, whereas passion circulates between partners.

Schroeter, who wants to show that he's following well, says: "Yes, love is less active than passion." I'm afraid that's not what Foucault meant. Foucault: "The state of passion is a mixed state between different partners", it is a mixture between the partners, very odd, while he refuses this quality of mixture in love. *[Pause]* Foucault is trying to clarify, "It's perfectly possible to love without being loved in return" -- one can perfectly love without being loved in return -- "It's a solitary affair". Ah well, then even the passion between two would be communal, and even the love among twelve would be solitary. *[Laughter]* It's possible, it's possible. I'm not convinced; I tell myself, I'm not convinced, so I'm dreaming: here, I would have, I might have intervened, I would have said, but why, why speak like this? That *[intervention]* wouldn't have been very interesting, unless I had something else to say ... *[End of the cassette]* [47: 41]

Part 2

... *[if]* I hadn't intervened, I would have already interrupted the thing with my stupid question; why? Well, that would have stopped him from saying that. It's not that what he's saying there is very strong conceptually, but it's very interesting; you can see why he doesn't want the word love. We can see very well why he does not want the word love. I remember Foucault telling me: I will never stand the word desire. I said: why? Why? He says, for me, whatever they may be, so he tells me with great, great kindness, whatever your attempts may be to explain that desire is absolutely not linked to lack, for me, I can't help myself each time that I say the word desire from seeing lack there. Okay, so I tell myself, and I tell him, well that's not a problem; at that point, you just have to change the word, *[Laughter]* since the essential agreement, namely that the notion of lack is a filthy notion, well, we still maintain the essential agreement.

But notice here, this is something very similar. Why doesn't he want the word love? He does not want the word love because this word, for him -- so he may be right; whether he's right or not right, that's not very important -- this word is inseparable from a set in which each word solicits the other. That is, at the extreme, I would say, if I try to extend this, I would tell him yes, yes, well perhaps then, he is in the process of doing everything, in fact, something that concerns love. Love lives from proofs. It's like God. God lives from proofs of his own existence; well, he has long lived from proofs of his own existence. Love lives from proofs, a proof of love. In its most obvious form, when someone suffers and says, see, it is not ... so there, this is a suffering which is not the one that Foucault was talking about earlier; someone who suffers from love and who says, "tell me that you love me," this is a solicitation, "tell me that you love me." But what lover doesn't have this need, "tell me you love me"? Or else, if he stops himself from saying it, there will be a solicitation that can be, like, "is the cake I made for you tonight good?" *[Laughter]* But, this is "tell me that you love me", and here I apologize; no, I'm the one who should be embarrassed because I seem to be acting as if the solicitation, "tell me you love me", came more from women than men, whereas men, what do they say here? It's no longer about baking a good cake that evening; it's absolutely whining, "ah, tell me you love me"; this is worse than anything, really, worse than anything. Fine.

Here I tell myself, yes, the multiplicity of little solicitations which are distributed between two subjects, and which distribute the subjects, so I understand better what he was saying earlier: love is not really a mixture; it's an assignment of subjectivity. Even if it takes turns, there is always one who plays the role of the lover and one who plays the role of the beloved even if things change at a rapid pace. And this is an intersection of solicitations. Good. The state of passion would be a commonplace; reunited or separated, the two impassioned persons pass through common affects which will henceforth be called affects of suffering and pleasure, since there is no distribution, [*Pause*] there is no demand. This is Foucault's way of saying: there is no lack. Whereas in love, there must always be lack; there must always be one who lacks something, and when neither is lacking, when neither person lacks, it is love itself that is lack. So fine, that's his perspective.

This state – so he continues, but at the same time, he is reassuring, he appears agreeable – Foucault says: “Love can become passion.” That is, if it progresses, if it's able to move beyond its... [*Deleuze does not finish this*] then it can become passion, fine. Love can become passion. Schroeter: “And so it becomes suffering”. [*Laughter*] Schroeter is perfect because, I mean, he is very, very intelligent... Here each time, he wants to show that he has understood. And I believe that, in a conversation, one must above all not raise objections, but one must also not show that one has understood something because we've never really understood the thing, right? At most, one must rather act, do anything so that the other continues talking, “And so, it becomes suffering”, and anyway, Schroeter does that somewhat. And Foucault answers: “This state of mutual and reciprocal suffering” – this state of mutual and reciprocal suffering – “truly is communication.” That is, the only true communication is this state of mutual and reciprocal suffering. “It seems to me that this is what's happening between these women” – in Schroeter's film – “Their faces and bodies are not lit by desire but by passion.” [*Pause*]

And Schroeter says – this text is funny – Schroeter says: and you, he says to Foucault, “Do you tend to lean toward passion or toward love?” [*Laughter*] After what Foucault has just said, one... Foucault [says] quite serious (*sobre*): “Passion.” [*Laughter*] Schroeter, who is going to say some very interesting things here, he is inspired (*lancé*), Schroeter, finally he's inspired: “The conflict between love and passion is the subject of all my plays in the theater” – I think he's exaggerating; in the end, he means: in all the plays that I've directed, since he directed many theater productions – “Love is a spent force that is destined to be lost immediately because it's never reciprocal. It's always suffering and total nihilism, like life and death. The authors I like are all suicidal, for example, Kleist and Hölderlin— who is someone I think I understand, but outside the literary context.” Fine.

He's saying something else here. And it's odd because he explains, “to work is to create, and to create” is “my dream. When I don't reach these states of passion, I work.” Whereas obviously, for Foucault, it is not when I do not reach these states of passion that I work; rather, I only work in a state of passion, since the state of passion is not just with people, it is also with things, with notions, with whatever you want. “What's your life like?” Schroeter asks. Foucault, modest, replies: “Very sedate”. Schroeter: “Can you tell me about your passion?” Foucault: “For eighteen years I have been living in a state of passion with someone, for someone. Perhaps at some point

this passion turned to love. Actually, it's a state of shared passion, an ongoing state, which has no other reason to end other than itself, which totally inhabits me, and in which I'm fully invested. I believe" – and here, that will be his vivid definition of passion -- "I don't think there's a single thing in the world, absolutely nothing, that would stop me from going to him, talking to him." See, there it is asserted, that's why it seemed to me, from the start, it seemed to imply to me that the two can be very far apart.

There is a distribution of intensity, of common affects, of suffering-pleasure, and it's mobile distribution; nothing would stop me when it's a matter of going to find him, etc., and Schroeter asks an interesting question: "What differences have you noticed in the state of passion as lived by a woman and as lived by a man?" Foucault: "I would tend to say" [*Pause*] – I don't understand this well; besides, that was... "I would tend to say that it's not possible to know whether passion is stronger among homosexuals" – and I have the impression that this sentence means: in my view, it's possibly stronger among homosexuals; you'll see from what's next – "In these nontransparent states of communication that are passion, when you don't know what the other's pleasure is, what the other is, and what's happening with the other". – Ah no, he means, yes, in heterosexuality, where there is a heterogeneity more, of another nature between partners, isn't the state of passion... [*Deleuze does not finish this*]

Yes, next, well next, he starts joking, the conversation is over. I mean, he starts joking: "We have objective proof that homosexuality is more interesting than heterosexuality: namely, that there are a considerable number of heterosexuals who would like to become homosexuals but very few homosexuals who really want to become heterosexual. It's like going from East to West Germany. We can love a woman, have an intense relationship with a woman" – so, including a relation of passion – "more so perhaps than with a boy, but we would never want to become a heterosexual." Yes, this isn't false; I don't know.

So, why did I read this to you? It was to try to make you feel in the most concrete way that in this story of modes of subjectivation, it is not a question of saying, well, too abstractly, a mode of subjectivation is the process of constitution of a subject. I had clearly pointed out from the start that subjectivation, as Foucault understood it, was both collective and particular. There were national subjectivations, there were class subjectivations, we had seen that, right? There were group subjectivations. What interests me here is that, you see, passion, if I return to this text again, I would say that what Foucault is trying to show us is that the state of passion operates a subjectivation of a completely different type, different from a state of love. Which means... yes?

A woman student: [*Inaudible; she brings up the example of "Wuthering Heights" and the relations occurring therein*]

Deleuze: Completely. I think that, in Foucault's mind, the examples would fit. *Wuthering Heights* is the relationship between the man, well, the little wild boy, and the girl, and is typically a relation of passion, and not love, right? You fully understood that, yes. Werther, in fact, there is no doubt that Werther is a romantic type of love, yes, that absolutely, yes. Yes, even in the literature, we'd say give me an example of passion in this sense; I believe that you've named the most vivid example, to my knowledge, immediately, yes.⁹

So, you see, it is not even enough to say: there are several modes of subjectivation. Now we are experienced enough to be able to question the word "subject". "Subject" is a word without importance. That's why, when we say that, in the end, Foucault comes back to the subject, that's not it at all. What interests him is the word "subjectivation". But we should even say, at the extreme, that subjectivation is not necessarily the production of the subject. The production of the subject is only one case of subjectivation, just as here, I would say, what he has just shown us is that in the affective domain, there were productions of passion, processes of production of passion, which must not at all be confused with processes of production of love, not at all; this is very, very different.

I would say, at the outside -- so forgive me here, as this is a final session, I'm selecting my case - - in this matter of subjectivation, what interests me? It would not exactly be the difference between passion and love; for me, it's something else that interests me, but which is entirely related to this problem. It is rather, how do people, in fact, constitute themselves as subjects, or how do they constitute themselves when they say "me" or "I"? Well then, they manage to constitute themselves as subjects. And I am saying, but, they can be constituted ... [*Deleuze does not complete the sentence*]

If you will, what would interest me would be to say: there are processes, at the extreme -- what to call that -- processes of individuation, only you'd have to, you'd have to grant me the notion of collective individuation; there would be private individuations and collective individuations. I would say, for me, there are processes of individuation without a subject. The subject is the product of an individuation or a subjectivation of a very particular type. And I'm not sure that it's not a product already booby-trapped ahead of time. I mean, what's always interested me, for example -- and this is linked to Foucault's issues, somewhere -- what has always interested me is individuations without subject, individuations without subject, that is, individuations of events. What interests me is when proper names do not designate persons, non-personological individuations, non-personal individuations. Hence, a wind, you recognize a wind. No two breezes are alike, are they? Ah, this is my breeze, oh yes, oh well, that one I recognize, this is my breeze, this is the breeze inside my house, that one. You will tell me, that's at home here, but then you'll see, let's wait; this is a conversation.

So, you'll say, it's the mistral.¹⁰ You will tell me, the mistral is, it is, still it's a concept, it's an abstract concept, so this is a whole other problem ... Not at all. Not at all. It's a singularity, the mistral. We can make a concept out of it, of course; we can derive a concept from everything. But a wind is a singularity.¹¹ A wind is a singularity; a wind is individual as much as a person, good. All that, an hour, one o'clock in the afternoon, or an hour of the day is perfectly individuated. Once again, five in the evening, five in the evening is something that always fascinated me. Five o'clock in the evening. Fine, there are individuations of hours. It is this that has always interested me; it is the attempt to define impersonal individuations and without subject, fine, the individuation of an event, because, if I succeeded, if I succeeded, at that point, there is no more problem. I could cheerfully say: but there was never a subject. I mean, we all relate to this kind. And if there was a hint of a great English novel earlier, I think the English know that. The Brontë sisters notably present their characters, but they are, they are, they have the individuation of winds, of a wind, of a, of a sea, of a wave, of a type of wave. They are not

persons. They are not persons, they are events. This doesn't mean grandiose stuff, to be like a breeze and not like a person. This is, this is ... For me, this is the highest point in life.

So, you ask me, where is your line of the outside? My own line of the outside, it is there, it's to become a breeze. At first glance, this is a bit simple, even a little silly, but if you live it strongly enough, it's very, very difficult, you know. It's true, I think, it's not about heroism; you risk your life in this, you risk the unbreathable, you also risk being able to breathe... Being a person does not interest me, okay. I only see bad things about being a person. So, all the authors I love have the feeling of these individuations without subject.

So I come back to that, in the idea, in what Foucault calls -- I don't want to make silly comparisons -- in what Foucault calls passion, there, the state of passion, understand that this is a process, as he would say, of subjectivation, or I would prefer to say a process of individuation, but without subject, very particular, very, very different from that of love. And it is related to a type: it's obvious that in the state of passion, you keep brushing up against a line of the outside. Once again, to fold, that is, to produce an individuation, to fold the line of the outside, and to confront the line of the outside, these are not two successive moments; it is at same time that this occurs. It is at same time that this occurs. If it doesn't occur at the same time, we are carried away by the line of the outside, yes.

So, I believe that for a lot of the questions that you've asked me here, I believe that it is the very persons who are asking them who have to answer them, because you can invent as many processes of individuation and subjectivation as you want. I think the most important thing would be to ask yourself, if you follow this way of posing the problem, of yourself, it would be to have a vague obscure awareness -- one can hardly hope for clarity, it is undesirable in these areas -- a vague obscure awareness of the two fundamental questions: what is my own line of the outside to me? Where is it going? Which unites with, with what? With what concerns you, yourself? I mean, this isn't a matter of metaphysics, once again, if he asks us, what is my own line of the outside, and I answer: it is color, it is the line of color, good. At that point, yes, you have to move on, you have to be a painter, or something else -- color is multiple -- or a dyer, but you know dyeing is a very great experience with color; that's something important. At that point, I no longer see any problem in talking about a vocation, yes, attraction to a line of the outside.

Because when you are in that state, color has two modes of existence; it can exist in the world, but when it is raised up into a line of the outside, and there too, everything I am saying must be corrected, they do not preexist, the lines of the outside do not preexist. Moby-Dick does not preexist Captain Ahab; Moby-Dick is a more dangerous whale than the rest, that's all, older and more experienced than the rest. It is the Moby-Dick-Ahab relation that makes it a line of the outside for Ahab and for the entire crew, since the crew depends on Ahab. So, I believe in this sense that you have to ask yourself, how do you see your own line of the outside? And what way, literally, forgive me the word, that vulgar word, what way of flirting with it? Van Gogh said it better: file away (*limer*), file with caution. But the fact is that a line doesn't get mounted, like a wild horse. A line is, at the same time, I don't know what, physico-magnetic-psychic, it is all you want, but it is dangerous. It's here that you can surely give the maximum of what you can give, the most of what is in you, right? But if you give it your all in one go, you're dead. If you believe it's been reached, you can give it your all.

I knew a gymnastics teacher who had an admirable method, which I never forgot because it seemed very good to me; he said to me one day -- in high schools, gymnastics teachers were very despised at the time, that must not have changed very much, and like philosophy teachers in high schools, they have a position, they are almost as despised, but they are allowed everything because they are crazy, whereas, well then, at the same time, it must not be like that now. I was very good friends with the gym teachers, often, because they fascinated me, so we made an alliance. -- And there was one who told me, last night I spanked my kid up, I beat him, if you had seen that. I said, oh well, why? Why did you beat your... He told me: I listened to him, and he was saying all the swear words he knew, all the swear words. So, I came in, slapped him in the face, and explained it to him. And he was great. I was thinking to myself, this can't be this simple platitude, beating one's kid because he said some swear words. He told his kid: you understand, right, you understand why I beat you? It's because you said everything you know all at once. *[Laughter]* Give me a word, a swear word that you know and that you haven't said. And with his paternal insight, he got it right. The kid didn't know any more words. He hadn't kept anything for himself.

And you know, it's amazing, that need to... never say everything you know because that's a sign you know nothing, right? It's true, eh, the person who says everything is always the one who knows absolutely nothing, he would have done better to be silent. If you don't keep a little something that you can't even say, eh, that's caution. Recklessness is going in there like that, and thinking, oh, oh, that's changed since Van Gogh. Now that has changed. There is one thing that hasn't changed, yeah, at least one thing that hasn't changed.

So fine, I think it's a bit the same thing, to find out what your concerns are, that is, what is this, this line of the outside, and in what way do you constitute yourself as a "subject" in quotation marks, in what way do you constitute yourself as "subject"? Since it's, I don't mean, "me, I" can have so many different meanings, including being a simple habit. But if saying "I" is a habit, you have to see what that entails. If, on the contrary, you live it -- I believe that there are people who live it in the name of a certain awareness of thought -- it is obviously very different. You will not make yourself... at that point, for you, the real individual will be the subject. For me, I'm telling you, the real individual has never been the "subject"; it has been things like the "breeze" type, it has been the "event" type of things. Event, good.

So, in that sense, that's why I sense myself as a Spinozist, but that's tells you how much there too, it's not worth discussing. In philosophy, it is not a question of knowing whether Spinoza's conception of the individual is more satisfactory than Kant's conception of the subject; it is a question of knowing what are the prerequisites for the problem of individuation in Spinoza and the prerequisites for the problem of the subject in Kant. This is what you need to know first, and one has to pay dearly for the difficulty of fully understanding.

This is what I wanted to say; so, as way of answering a bit regarding this aggregate, I wanted to take this text, passion-love for Foucault, in order to say, in fact, good, there we are, good, let's assume. He tells us: here we have a mode of subjectivation that you haven't thought of, but modes of subjectivation are absolutely endless. So, if I take up the question again: how did Foucault die? Well if, in some way, we can say that he is dead, deaths do occur in the way a person might have wanted, as he would have wanted. Maybe he wanted to live some more,

maybe, I don't know. All I can state is the greatness of the work he did; did he want to live? Did he not want to live anymore? And as a function of what line of the outside, and by constituting himself in what way, what mode of subjectivation? I believe that one of his ultimate answers -- because this text is not the only one of this type, I believe that even in America, there have been texts of this type, not more developed, equally conversational texts -- well, he leaves us something about what he had sought, or possessed, this state of passion which is not to be confused with love. Good.

There we are, I've answered very imperfectly the questions which you put to me, and to finish my intervention, I'm choosing here -- I had said that I would not speak, so I'm the only one speaking -- there we are, I am choosing a question which is very good, and I'll read it: "Could we come back to the issue at Michaux?" Yes, there are lots of things; I'll answer right away, there are lots of things that we saw at full speed, that would be the subject of another year if we had to [do so] -- I think stopping is good, I think it's good for it to stop now, because it would be nothing more than commentary on..., I've given you everything I could -- "According to the texts here" -- we're connecting texts to this [*Deleuze continues reading the student's question*] -- "according to the texts here, it seems to me rather that the fold is synonymous with suffocation, with night, since man must unfold". My only answer is, once again, and that is already true of Heidegger, for all those who manage these operations of the fold and unfold, above all, do not see these as two opposites.

Once again, recall Heidegger's statement, in the texts I quoted the last time: that which unfolds in the fold, the fold is there only so that something might unfold there, and that which unfolds in the fold is what we will call "appearance" (*l'apparaître*). There is no opposition between the fold and the unfolding; these are complementary operations. You will tell me, at one point, you could very well tell me, at one point, you yourself are forgetting that you created an opposition to explain Foucault. Yes. At that point, I distinguished unfolding as an operation of 17th-century thought, and the folding as an operation of 19th-century thought, yes.

On the level of knowledge (*savoir*), I can say that the operations of the fold and unfolding distinguish themselves. But next, when we approached, and when we envisioned the fold for itself, we were on another level. Accept that on another level, the distribution of notions, concepts, changes. At that moment, on the level of the line of the outside, and no longer of operations of knowledge, on the level of the line of the outside, unfolding and folding, just like the confrontation of death and the discovery of the breathable, the discovery of something a little breathable finally, these are strictly complementary, one taken within the other, without being able to say which one over the other. Will death win out? Yes, obviously, always, at the end, but at the end of what, and at the end of what triumph of life? That's why from the maximum -- and there one could reproach me for having pulled Foucault too much in this direction -- in the maximum of what I was capable, I pulled Foucault towards a kind of vitalism, of course, as he says himself, a vitalism against a background of mortalism.

But, fold and unfold, line of death and line of life, these are absolutely intertwined, are no longer distinguishable from each other, to the point that at the heart of their aggregate is a rope, that the two adversaries, death and life, fold and unfold, whatever you want, engage in a kind of struggle, free themselves from each other, or else merge with each other. [*Pause*] It should be titled, here,

all that, everything that we just said, everything that I just said should be titled "as you live", as each of us lives. And obviously there is no worse misunderstanding than when, that this is some sort of conjoined exercise (*exercice enclitique*), right, that you have to summon your line of..., saying, "it's between us now" (*à nous deux*).¹² It crosses through us, right, it's rather of the time zone type. It crosses through you like time zones, the line of the outside, you're intersected by it. You are in no hurry to discover it. Because the day you discover it, you will be tempted. Someone asked me, in the questions: Can we compare that to [Carlos] Castaneda?¹³ Obviously, we can compare that to Castaneda. Why? Because Castaneda expands massively on the idea of lines, there are lines of the universe, and in confronting lines of the universe, there are dangers, right? The whole series of dangers indicated by Castaneda or his Indian, there is fear, but there is also the too great a certainty, etc., etc.

I'm saying, don't be in a hurry to discover your lines if, first of all, there isn't the line of the outside and then all that. You can only experience the line of the outside in a relation; it's as complicated as a hand; these are not the same lines as the lines of the hand. I believe, I have always dreamed of creating a linear philosophy, that is, a philosophy without form, a philosophy made of lines. That seems to me the... but it's the line of the outside that will encounter you -- that, I believe very strongly -- at the appropriate time. You don't get in a hurry, because if you rush it, this will occur in the form of a mortal confrontation; it will be in the form of this drug bullshit (*connerie de drogues*) or some other bullshit, that will make you completely senile before your time, and although you'll say, "I encountered the line", well, it is not you who will have won. So, don't rush it. And don't think of his confrontation as a fight. We've left behind the combat zones; the fight, Foucault spoke about fights at the level of power struggles; it was necessary to go through combat. For fights, I will come back to Van Gogh's example. Van Gogh had plenty of fights, and it's probably the weight of the fights that he went through that drove him mad, much more than the confrontation with the line. But it's beyond forms of combat that you encounter the line.

That doesn't mean you can do without the fighting, right? What is the difference between East and West? I think of an author whom, I think, Foucault did not understand well, because he had nothing to do with him, because he was much closer to Foucault than Foucault thought. His answer, there's a question I've been asked on this, about East and West, yes, about American authors. American or English authors are powerfully impelled, unlike the French, by lines which direct them, by geographical lines, right? So, one of you even asks, can't we, at the extreme, limit, rather than subjectivation, talk about de-subjectivation, and you refer to Henry Miller. We must also refer to [D.H.] Lawrence, a whole tradition. Yes, I hope that after what I just said, there is no more problem in this regard. If there are authors of de-subjectivation, it is because they are authors who do not believe in the ego. That does not mean authors of disindividuation; they are individuations without ego; they are individuations of another type, of a new type.

In Miller, for example, what is the most individuated thing in the world? It's a walk. It's a walk. In this way, he connects with an author who nonetheless is not among his favorites, he connects with Virginia Woolf, that what is most individuated thing in the world is a walk, right? To see, look at "Mrs. Dalloway", good. So that, I ... But among these English-American authors, some seem drawn to the East, for example, Miller. He has Eastern wisdom. He doesn't say wisdom, we don't know. And others are drawn to everything but the East. Lawrence, to whom Miller owes so

much, he can't stand the East; he could care less about the East. What interests him is the feathered serpent. This is Italy and South America. If you want to read, for example, a great book on, how, on historical subjectivation, research on the subjectivity of the Etruscans, well then, the greatest book in the world Lawrence's *Etruscan Places*, which is a book, he thinks, it's wonderful, really.¹⁴ But what interested him was Italy, and then it was South America. The East, Lawrence had absolutely nothing to do with it. And that's for some very, very simple reasons. He says it, he says it: nothing counts if we do not go through the fight, the fight of souls, including the struggle of the sexes. The struggle of the sexes inspires some great moments and life in Lawrence and his work.

Nothing goes forward (*rien ne passe*), so he uses the metaphors of two poles, the polar struggle, right? Everything must go through the balance of power. You will not find anything if you have not gone through the balance of power; that's a fundamental idea by Lawrence. You will remain clinging to your dirty little ego if you do not go through the balance of power. Good. I don't have time, and it's not my point to say why he thinks that; these are splendid pages, sublime pages, but undoing the ego, for him, that is, achieving true individuation, undoing the ego goes through the balance of power. Notice, it's a matter of accents. So, the East, rightly or wrongly, he considers that the East is a way of going beyond the balance of power, that all the forms of wisdom of the East consist ... [*Deleuze does not finish this*] Does he or doesn't he doesn't understand? That's something else. Whereas in South America, on the contrary, he sees the culture of the balance of power elevated all the way to animals and plants. He sees a cosmos, really, a dynamic cosmos; he sees in it a cosmos of forces, hence his attraction, hence his irresistible attraction to South America, and his indifference to the East.

For Miller, Miller, he does not think that the balance of power is very, very creative. He goes through the balance of power, but he does not think about the creative nature of the balance of power. What he really thinks immediately is of the necessity, the absolute necessity, of undoing the little ego, what he calls the little ego. As a result, they have the same goal, that is, to individuate without a subject. But once again, to individuate without a subject is absolutely, or it fits into what Foucault calls, in the broadest sense, processes, modes of subjectivation. In other words, not only do modes of subjectivation vary between eras, but within the same era, they vary from one individual to another. And do not take subjectivation, do not understand subjectivation in terms of the word "subject"; do the opposite: understand the word "subject" as fulfilling some aspects of the process of subjectivation, and again, not all aspects. For there are individuations which do not produce any subject and which, in a way, deserve to be called the processes of subjectivation.

And then, if you understand all that fully, which mixes together, well, you will understand at the same time that the line is the fold that it [the line] makes, and the unfolding that is imposed on it, if you assimilate the unfolding with this kind of maximum tension, where you confront something that resembles death; if you consider the fold, this kind of operation equally very tense, which gives you something to breathe, something possible, otherwise I suffocate, etc., there you will understand that at this level, unfolding and the fold are no longer absolutely opposed.

And that, at the same time, we can suffocate, oh yes, we can suffocate. You know, everything becomes -- and here the word "wisdom" takes on a meaning -- what is philosophy, it is a kind of wisdom (*une sagesse*). It's a kind of wisdom, but it's not the wisdom you would expect; it's kind of wisdom in a whole different way. It's the art of playing with lines, that is, and in that way, it's an art of life and survival, right, and it's an, it's the art of playing with lines, to know that, at the moment when one believes oneself to be victorious, one is still very far from being victorious, that at the moment when one believes... [*End of the tape*] [95: 10]

Part 3

A student: [*Microphone noises*] ... First of all, there is this question: can we connect the lines of the outside to the image of movement, and as a comment, I would like to thank you for creating certain parallels between Foucault and this filmmaker, what's his name, Schroeter. For it seems to me that the word "passion" is a bit exaggerated, that it has too much enthusiasm. I think that explains everything. Because first of all, before having to take certain [*indistinct word*], the line of the outside has been defined or has been given materially, I would say, materially either by the whales, or by color, or by something which is affected and which makes its fold, but which does not show its dynamism, whereas in the movement-image, I mean, I am still situating myself within the movement-image which closely resembles passion, and I draw from this the affection-image and the action-image, because in the relations between the line of the outside and the line of the inside, the outside was given as something outside the ego (*hors du moi*), it is the farthest and the closest, and the [*indistinct word*], I don't know who, is going to come closer to this outside and be affected. So, I must apologize; first of all, there is this question, and there is the connection between the movement-image and the operation of the line of the outside with the inside, and again, again is there a relation, a relation, I mean, can we speak of this in the way we speak of action in *The Movement-Image*? Fine.

Deleuze: Listen, I'm going to tell you, [*Pause*] it's interesting what you're saying, but in principle, you have to prevent yourself as much as possible from making reductions; this is almost a question of method. I can't answer you except by offering you some advice. One has to wait as long as possible to make reductions because these are nonetheless not entirely the same problems. Last year, in fact, we were talking about the moving image or the time-image. During this year, I engaged in undertaking this research on Foucault with you. Certainly, there are relations, certainly, certainly. I would almost say, let's not rush to make them; let's wait for them to occur on their own. You are straining me a little; you are being a bit brutal with me (*me fais violence*), by asking me to make one. I would say, above all, let us forget perception, action, affection, because you already sense that the entire Foucault grid was something else.

This grid was one that I was proposing to you in relation to the problems that were my own. The Foucault grid, as we have seen, is quite different, since it is between seeing and speaking, right, and so, there would not be ... [*Deleuze does not finish the sentence*]. If there is a possible relation to make, it is at the level, I would say, the line of the outside, what is its relation with time, -- you are right -- what is its relation with movement, what type of movement, and how is its relation with time? This is, this would be the relation between the outside, movement and time. Here,

there would be, there would surely be a reconciliation to be made, but it is not ready made, because to create it, we would have to adopt an entirely new point of view, from a another point of view, everything we did in during the previous years. In any case, this is not a given within what we did during the previous years, because the problem was really too, too different.

On the other hand, I do believe, in fact -- I was telling you, I was very struck by this -- that for a long time Foucault manifested a kind of disinterest in the problem of time. He really believed that the real problem was that of space. And I have the feeling that at the time of, at the end of *The Order of Things*, he has a presentiment that perhaps it is still a question of time, and that in his final books, perhaps he'd, maybe he'd go so far as to say -- but that might be making him say too much, since... -- that the line of the outside is the line of the time. Yes. It's the line of time, but which line of time? So a line of time, in fact, which would come from Kant, namely when the circle is broken in the sense that Borges gives, the labyrinth, all the more so, I do not know what, as it is linear, not at all something that would be circular, not at all the ring of time, right, not at all the ring of time, but time as a straight line, or as... or, to use Michaux's expression, as the whip of the furious charioteer. The whip, no, the whiplash of the furious charioteer.¹⁵

Yes, then, there we could... but above all, you must not, if you will, manage the conjunctions, how would I put it, coldly, arbitrarily. There has to be something in what is being said that calls for a connection. In what we did this year, in my opinion -- for you, this might be different -- in my opinion, for me, there was no place to be making connections with what we did this year. Today, I noted that, for example, a connection which seems to me much more, which for me was essential, between these individuations without subject and what Foucault calls the processes of subjectivation, there, yes. ... Yes ?

The same student: [*While the details are too indistinct to transcribe, he raises the distinction between passion and love that Deleuze pointed out when considering the interview between Foucault and Werner Schroeter*].

Deleuze: Yes, it seems that is what Foucault means.

The same student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Well you know, for me...

The same student: [*Inaudible; he wants to know if, for Deleuze, there is a moment when these concepts entered into his own experience*]

Deleuze: Yes, but you see, you see sharply and precisely like the Indian, because for me, I have no problem in this regard, because I never needed nor wanted to use the concepts of fold and unfolding, so these are not at all any...

The same student: [*Inaudible; he raises the distinction between the line of life and the line of death*]

Deleuze: Yes, yes, that interests me, yes.

The same student: [*Inaudible*; he continues to question Deleuze about concepts, especially the line of life and the line of death; Deleuze comments as the student speaks: “Yes, absolutely, yes, absolutely yes.” The student seems to distinguish between Deleuze’s interests of which do not match, it seems, the student’s own interests, who becomes more and more agitated while speaking] There is no history in the linear sense in your thought.

Deleuze: Yes. Nor for Foucault.

The same student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: No, I don't think so, yes.

The same student: [*Inaudible*; the voices of other students are more and more audible, perhaps to stop this student's tirade]

Deleuze: Absolutely, I totally agree with you, yes. [*Laughter from the students*]

The same student: [*Inaudible*; he seems to raise a question about the use of subjectivation, and the use of metaphors]

Deleuze: For me, the only metaphor I employ, but it's really a metaphor, it's time zones. That passes through us completely, and that is the outside.

The same student: Absolutely... [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Oh good. [*Some other students respond to this student*]

The same student: [*Inaudible*; the student continues with less and less coherency]

Deleuze: Yeah, I see what you mean, yes. Oh well, in any case, these will be blocks of space-time, right? There is no way to speak otherwise today because there, it is even at the level of knowledge, physics has worked so that we can no longer speak of space-time except in space-time blocks, yes. Yes, Yes.

The same student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Yes, well there, you correspond a bit to what Foucault says about, in fact, it is ...

The same student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Yes, that's what Foucault says, and I think, and I think from everything he's said, that's how he, that's how he lived, really. Yeah. Fine.

Another student: [*Inaudible*] [*Deleuze comments as the student speaks: Yes, yes, yes, very good, very good. Yes, yes, yes, yes, I got it, yes, yes.*]

The first student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Yeah, yeah. Yeah. Yes. It's because, maybe if I could answer while reproaching you, it's that you weren't paying enough attention to what little I said -- it's true that I didn't say much – about what I mean by “concept”. If, in fact, it's a matter of general words which designate

concepts in the history of philosophy, for example, the word “substance”, what I am saying would not make much sense. And in fact, then, for example, I would take up “substance” in Leibniz, and I would seek its relation with “substance” in Aristotle, etc.¹⁶ But when I speak of concepts for a philosopher, I mean something quite different, since for me, once again, concepts are really inventions; these are creations.

And it is not at all easy to know what the concepts of an author are. I can say, for example, there is substance in Leibniz; he talks about it all the time, but what is the concept of substance in Leibniz? This is already quite another thing, because we will find that it is not substance that is a concept. That concepts which allow him to form what I would call a new notion of substance is quite another thing. We have to find them, it's not certain ... which ones they are, what are the real concepts, what are new concepts in Leibniz?

Today, I am considering, I am considering our work this year. When we started with Foucault, well, we didn't really know what Foucault's new concepts were. Ultimately, we were even in conditions where we placed ourselves as if we didn't know if there were any. And when, for example, we came across "infamous man," for me, the infamous man, that's a concept from Foucault, fine. For me, concepts are not stuff in one's head, right? They are complexes of concepts, percepts and affects. And if you don't have all three – these are knots of percepts, concepts and affects -- that is, it's something that – I'm speaking in the simplest way -- that forces you to think something that you had never thought of, but at the same time, to see something that you had not yet perceived, and have a feeling that is deep inside you. And that's what doing philosophy is. It's to create one's complexes of concepts-percepts-affects.

When I say, “the infamous man”, “this is a concept from Foucault”, what does that mean? Well then, yes, I can trace my line; I read Foucault, I tell myself, good, there are some simpler words, “to know” (*savoir*). The word “to know” appears all the time. So okay, that's a concept. This is not yet a concept from Foucault. My task, if I interpret, my task is, impressed by the frequency of the word “to know”, to ask myself whether or not there is a concept, namely, did he invent something there? So, I'm looking for... the answer I was offering you, is that yes, in terms of knowledge, he invented a new concept. But at the same time, we noticed that this new concept owed much to [Maurice] Blanchot, and more distantly, owed something to Kant. So, I could draw two lines, right? Fine. That was a big obvious concept, “to know”.

When we stumbled upon a low-key concept, like “the infamous man”, I ask, under what conditions is that anything other than a literary expression? What caught my attention was that the word is loaded with affectivity, an affect. This is a first sign. I'm an infamous man, right, each of us telling ourselves that, well, it's loaded with affect. Then I tell myself, that makes us see things differently, since, let's read Foucault, what does he call an “infamous man”? What he calls an infamous man is a man who, because of his baseness, but ordinary baseness, who because of his ordinary baseness, is challenged by power, is the object of a complaint. You tell me, that makes me see the despicable man in a way, I hadn't thought of this, that that's what a villainous man is. So, in this light, I see, I'm walking around in the subway, that's life changing, you know. It offers you little joys, even in sad things. I see a poor tramp being arrested; I say

hey, the infamous man is familiar with his adventure, he is arrested by the police. The ordinary man, the ordinary man, is stopped by the police, that is the infamous man. So, I have my idea. It must be an original concept since there is new percept and new affect. But that doesn't tell me yet what's original about the concept.

Based on this, I establish my lines. Who was it that spoke about infamy? That's why you have to work, it takes a lot, literally -- forgive me, I'm not an example of this, I have holes; if you knew my cultural holes, you would be reassured, right? [*Laughter*] -- I tell myself, fine, in what I know, who is it that spoke about infamy? And immediately there comes to mind, but maybe you would have to add others that I'm not thinking of, Bataille, Georges Bataille. Well, it turns out that, for own my reasons, Bataille is not an author that appeals to me very much. You have to involve affective relations; this is not an author who has ever attracted me, because transgression, I find that a stupid idea. So, fine, that never suited me, but others may very well ... I tell myself, how did he conceive of infamy? Hey, when he talks about infamy, this is really excess. Bataille is a thinker of excess, of expenditure; he is the one who pushes back the limits of expenditure. Well, that can be said, so it's of the Gilles de Rais type, right? In the legend, Gilles de Rais pushes back the limits of horror; that is infamy.

And then there is another author, Borges, who has spoken a lot, having written a story about infamy.¹⁷ I try to consider, he doesn't define infamy as he understands it, but you can see that it is a very Borgesian conception of infamy. Once again, this seems to me to be a life whose events can only be explained by tangles of incompatibilities. It's when incompatibles tie knots, and oddly enough, the same person there is at the center of those knotted incompatibilities. Fine, I tell myself, yeah, fine, that's another conception of infamy. I am looking, if, and I tell myself, is there ... but I did not check, on purpose, if there was the word, and then we would have to know the Russian word, if there was the word infamy sometimes in Chekhov.

And I tell myself, Chekhov is a third conception of infamy, because there, it is really the ordinary man or the woman and who cannot take it anymore and who, either by excessive ignorance and malice, ignorant malice, or through excessive fatigue, does something which transforms their radical state, that is, transforms them into criminals. One of Chekhov's short stories is for me one of his essential stories; it's five pages, in which you have a little maid, the day's routine of a little maid; she can't take it anymore, she hasn't stopped, she cannot sleep. She cannot sleep. She cannot sleep, because ... fine. And just then, when she's about to fall asleep nonetheless, while shaking the crying kid, there, the crying baby, the baby begins screaming, and really like a sleepwalker, she strangles the baby, and she goes back to bed, and she falls asleep.¹⁸ She is an infamous girl, in Foucault's sense. Exactly: someone, in her ordinary baseness; is this the baseness of her condition, the baseness of her soul? Maybe, maybe not.

There is also an old Russian peasant, who unbolts the rails in order to be able to fish, to put weights on his fishing line. So, he gets arrested, and the judge tells him, "But you're going to derail the train". And the Russian peasant says to the presiding judge, "Listen, Mr. President, no, you can't say things like that to me, I'm not educated, but I'm not an idiot in any case". That is, he doesn't want to make any connection between an accident as huge as a derailed train, and a tiny

little bolt he took to weight down his line. So the presiding judge tells him, “yes, but that makes the fortieth time that you’ve appeared in front of the [tribunal], that makes forty bolts that you have taken, [*Laughter*] that starts to amount to a lot”. And the peasant gets extraordinarily cunning there, he says, “Oh Mr. President, but our Emperor has got a lot of bolts”, all that, fine. And he gets nabbed, he gets convicted; this is an infamous man.¹⁹ That's it. I tell myself, so a conception in Chekhov’s perspective, that’s Foucault’s conception. And I don't mean to say that Foucault took it from Chekhov; there is an encounter, there is an encounter between them.

So, what is the concept? I am saying, this is a new concept. What is the concept of “infamous man” in Foucault? I would say quite simply, it is the ordinary man insofar as being caught up in one of these base activities; he is suddenly summoned by power, brought to light by power, and forced to speak by power. You will tell me, but this is a story by Chekhov; it is not yet a concept. I am telling you, yes, it is, in Foucault’s case, because that works quite precisely. In an elaboration of the balance of power, or in a theory of power, all of this becomes a concept, the concept of man's fundamental relation with power.

So, when I speak of interpreting, it’s about this; you complete a reading, you complete your reading of Foucault. Myself, in order to respond to you, I’m proposing here, I’m proposing to you this test -- but here, I’ve already corrupted you, because many of you, since they’ve taken my course, have accepted a number of things, so their reading will no longer be pure, but let’s imagine that it can be completely pure -- you would complete your reading of Foucault; of course, we would have common concepts, you and I, as homage to Foucault, in saying yes, a new conception of the concept of knowledge has been created, yes, a new conception of the concept of power. But that would stop pretty quickly, right? I'm sure that your own distribution of new concepts, right, would include terms that got past me because either I didn't see them, or they didn't seem important enough to me. Whereas for you, in your reading, they would become very, very important. For example, a thing that for me is still secondary, the passion-love distinction [*a student near Deleuze helps him find these terms*], or something that I haven’t developed for myself, because I could have but it would have dragged on too long, I didn’t want this; I find that the work we did on Foucault is good, insofar as it hasn’t, it hasn't developed too many, too many things.

I completely let go of some things like what Foucault expects from the body and desires... sorry, from the body and pleasures, and what it means, what we might expect from the still unpublished manuscript, "The Confessions of the Flesh", where he recalls the Christian origin of the flesh, at a time and in relation to phenomenology, which, for its part, substituted, think of Merleau-Ponty’s itinerary, *The Phenomenology of Perception* is centered on the body, right, and all of Merleau-Ponty's posthumous work is based on the discovery of the flesh.²⁰ The substitution of flesh for the body was in phenomenology, I believe, a very, very important movement, and as a result, there, I can wager without risk of losing, that it is not without malice that Foucault will deal with the flesh in his book, "The Confessions of the Flesh", because he will obviously want to recall the Christian origin, the Greeks. The Greeks are absolutely ignorant of this notion of flesh. It's a "Christian" notion ... it's really a Christian notion, right?

And that it is also related to the fold thing; I believe that the flesh is fundamentally folded, that is, that it is fundamentally pleated, while the body is basically unfolded, that I am sure. That is, without knowing anything, of this manuscript, I am sure that one would find, there, that is, that, to the point that if the manuscript appears, we can, if this final book appears quickly enough, we can if necessary return in a few sessions, in one or two sessions, to what this book offers us. Yes, this is what I... yes?

A student: [*Inaudible*; the student reads a text from a book by Jean Cocteau, *The difficulty of being*]

Deleuze: Who's that by? That's funny, that's funny.

The student: This is by Cocteau, in *La Difficulté d'être* (*The difficulty of being*). [*Pause*]

Deleuze: Oh yes, it's a beautiful text, when did you find it?

The student: When it came out in the 10/18 edition ... [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Ah, you, have found yourself ...

The student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: What is it?

The student: [*Inaudible*]

Deleuze: Oh yes. It had to be redone, it's an old edition you have, right? Is it in 10/18, *The Difficulty of Being*? Ok, fine. That is a great text; in fact, we could comment on it, we could also relate it to texts by Michaux, because, but here, understand that this is typical. There is a production of subjectivation in what he calls unfolding, the dream which operates unfolding and which prevents us from suffocating, this is a certain interpretation of the fold-unfolding relations, really. The fold, here, is experienced as suffocating, while it is not necessarily experienced as suffocating. Once again, if you consider Heidegger, the affective distribution is quite different. It is in the fold that appearance (*l'apparaître*) unfolds. That is, he would just as well say, at the limit, it is within the fold that the dream unfolds, right? But there, this text by Cocteau is fundamental. That is because, in fact, it would enter fully, when I was telling you, it would almost be necessary to make tables of the fold-unfolding couples, so we would have, just for today, you see, we would have Melville, Michaux, Cocteau; there is one that talks about Kafka in a question which is very interesting, by the way. Kafka, I'm not sure Kafka contains folding methods, but no matter.

Or else Miller, Lawrence, all that, yes, we would have, I think it's a very, very rich theme, but there we would find few texts that fit so well with our subject. You see the misfortune of things; you discover this on the last day. But at the same time, it's good, it's good; that proves that there was still work to be done, really. ... Yes? [*Deleuze talks to someone near him: You will talk later, ok?*]

Georges Comtesse: [*Inaudible; this is a sort of mini conference on Foucault which lasts a quarter of an hour*]: ... Is the relationship with oneself, as they say, virtual? It comes to sexualize sexual practices. These are the two questions on the basis of which we try to problematize this, especially, in the line of Foucault's discovery. Historically speaking, in Foucault, the thought of the relation to oneself, subjectivation, proceeds from a problem, and it is a problem, and it is a problem which was left in suspense and which Foucault recognized having left it in suspense, starting from *The Will to Knowledge*.

The problem is this: what imposes an ethic or a morality on sexual practice? We do not apparently see the need for linking an ethics or a morality to sexual practices. Foucault's second conjoined problem: what necessitates the incessant intersection of sexuality and the subject? It was around 1976, 1975-1976, when he thought about writing what he called at the time "The history of the subject", that Foucault prepared his course in 1979, in which he reworked the problematic of the problematic of power and which concerns what he called, what he called at the time, the regime of multiple governmentality in this difference from what would remain in the anxiety or phobia of the State.

In other words, the history of the subject that he projects from 1975 onward, [*indistinct word*] the modes of subjectivation, that implies something essential at that time. This implies that the subject of sex, that is, the prisoner of the apparatus (*dispositif*) of modern sexuality, is not insofar as being the subject of sex reducible to an effect of power or an effect of an operation of power. The subject of sex seeks, in fact, to contradict the subject of desire or Christian subjectivity because in this Christian subjectivity, desire as diabolical lust, concupiscence or debauchery is in itself the confession of the flesh, that is, of the cadaveric body in self-hatred as an obstacle to love, because there is desire which slips through despite the redemption of death, of the resurrection of the corpse, in other words, despite deliverance from the body of death. Christianity confronts the subject of desire, imposes from that point its purifying hermeneutics, its practice of statement (*diction*) of secrets, of the universalization of a morality of judgment and of condemnation in the service of love, both of the self and of the neighbor.

Foucault's line is in no way, starting from there, as he has said and repeated, is in no way meant create an impasse, on the contrary, about subjectivity or Christian morality, but -- and this is the initial project of *The Use of Pleasures* -- to make [*indistinct word*] the genealogy of the subject of desire insofar as being Christian subjectivity, and to do this within a history of thought or a history of subjectivation, that is, to find the seeds of potential of the subject of desire and in the Greek ethics of economics, of the economic use of pleasures, as in the individual Latin morality of the distrust of conjugal pleasures.

Consequently, what Foucault marks is the relation to oneself as that which derives not first from the agonistic diagram, but that which derives from what he calls an intense problematization of sexual practice, and this occurring inside the Greek world. So there is no sexual investment [*indistinct word*], neither of the body of the woman, nor of the body of the boy insofar as the body of the woman and the body of the boy are what he calls, in *The Use of Pleasures*, the regions of everyday experience. Henceforth, there is what he calls interference of the sexual --

and I think there is certainly the possibility of problematizing sexuality starting from the sexual because these may not be the same -- there is an interference of the sexual. These regions become sites, the regions become sites of problematization for thought, that is, what is a site? It is a region of access through disturbance (*inquiétude*), through the growing disturbance of an insurmountable apogee of irruption of passions and unleashed forces.

It is therefore the enigmatic event of hetero-affection as a turmoil (*égarement*) of thought that provokes this [irruption], which mobilizes it, makes it interrogative, which transforms regions of experience into sites or centers of thought. In relation to the event of hetero-affection, that is, the return of the irruption of the outburst, the problematization of sexual practice, or of its sites, this is already, one could say, a resource; this is a shift from some of the disturbance, a reserve of forgetting. The problematic sites become empty sites for the event of hetero-affection, sites which seem to dispel the turmoil, the rout of hetero-affected thought, empty sites which will therefore become the supports of a fundamental condition of self, the position of the self, the positions of existence, that is, a position which resides outside the event of hetero-affection of turmoil. This is a reactive heterotopia of the event; it is the fold of subjectivation as a fold of temporalization, shelter, prevention of return, memory of the self as non-exposure, fold as unfolding of time, the very possibility of a history of the subject.

To resituate oneself from the position of self, to resituate oneself in non-exposure is precisely what constitutes the relation to oneself as resistance to dis-position (*dé-position*), to the loss of self. But because the relation of non-exposure remains threatened by forces and passions of the outside, it becomes urgent to consolidate the relation with the self, to prevent its rupture, its breaking through achieving the unique goal which is self-control, the domination of passions and forces of the outside. Attaining such a goal is what Foucault calls in *The Use of Pleasures* the sovereignty of oneself over self as self-government. Governing oneself is therefore the infinite self-affection insofar as being a condition of possibility for the problematization of sites, of sexual practice through the practices of the self, the techniques of the subject which imply the erasure and the accentuated forgetting of the event of hetero-affection.

The sovereignty of the self over self which combines self-control and the domination of the *exoticus* is that [sovereignty] of the man who constitutes himself as, as Foucault says, "master subject" of his conduct. It is through the "master subject", that is, the subject subjected to self, that ethical subjectivation is made possible. The "master subject" [is], says Foucault, (I quote him), "who ought to be distinguished by his ability to subdue the tumultuous forces that were loosed within him, to stay in control of his store of energy, and to make" -- starting from there -- "his life into a work that would endure beyond his own ephemeral existence."²¹

The ethics of *The Use of Pleasures* is therefore the ethics of the virile master, of the identity of the superior man, an identity which is supported by a fundamental difference between activity and passivity, its own dissymmetrical pleasure reserved for oneself, and obligatory frigidity reserved for the other. The test of such an ethic is in the love of the boy penetrated insofar as he stays or remains the passive spectator of the nonreciprocal pleasure of the virile, active, dominant man. The paradox of the ethics of pleasure, or the moderate use of pleasure, is that a boy's

pleasure is enough for it [the test] to collapse or disappear. Henceforth, the obsession with penetration, the threat of being deprived of one's own virile energy will cause the disjunction of desire and pleasure, will bring about the economic limitation of the dangerous sexual act, and this from the beginning of the fourth century onward.

Starting from the fourth century, says Foucault, there are four things at least which occur, starting from there: reinforcement of the temperance all the way to moderation, the prudence and the avoidance of the sexual relation which is the germ of the pleasure of the Latins as a mastery of pleasures; second, suspicion that sexual pleasure might be evil in itself; third, renouncing all physical contact with a boy; fourth, the ideal of rigorous chastity.²²

All this will therefore -- and I will end on this -- prepare or reinforce the interpretation of passions and forces of the outside, will reinforce the thought of the outside as an unthinkable outside, the whole series of interpretations or the series inflections concerning precisely the interpretation of the outside. First, from the fourth century on, the outside is interpreted as frenzied, demonic pleasure, intemperate, unbridled pleasure. All Greek ethics, Greek ethics from there forward denounces *akrateia*, that is, the ethics of self or *aphrodisia*, that is, intemperance. Second, with the birth of philosophy in Plato, a different interpretation of the outside, the outside will be interpreted starting from incestuous and parricidal desires of the monstrous and tyrannical child as prisoner of the cave or unbridled black horse. Third, at the level of the Roman world, the outside is interpreted as passionate statement (*dire passionnel*) going as far as the love delirium as an excessive pleasure disturbing the attention, the preoccupation of the Latins. Fourth, with Christian subjectivity, the outside is interpreted as evil lust, concupiscence and debauchery. And fifth, with the modern world, the outside is interpreted as the normalized sexual desire of the modern subjectivity.

Deleuze: This is very interesting, but, no it's true, it's very, it's all the more interesting since, in my opinion, what Comtesse has done is to propose a genealogy -- we agree on this, that for Foucault, it is about a genealogy -- what he proposed is a genealogy point by point different from mine. So, I like that greatly, because if you followed, it was, I think I followed, we would have to consider each point ... [*End of the cassette*] [142: 22]

Part 4

Believe me, I'm sincere, I'm not at all saying I'm right, ok? If I try, as I've understood this, as I've understood this, I think the first point would be about this. This is interesting because it shows the possibility of two readings. And I can only give one, it's my own, right, so I can't give another. Fortunately, Comtesse gives us, in my opinion, a completely different one.

The first point of difference is that I attached essential importance to what I called the Greek diagram, that is, the relation of forces independent of any special consideration of sexuality. And I said, what is original among the Greeks, according to Foucault, are relations of rivalry between free men. This is what the Greeks invent. As a result, there will be an affection of self by oneself, that is, a relation of the force with oneself will result from this, or a way in which force is folded

because, when it is free men who rule other free men, which is the discovery of the Greeks, the free man who governs must be able to govern himself.

If I understood correctly, Comtesse immediately raised an objection; he said to me: you have expelled any privilege, even apparent, of sexuality at this level; from then on, you will never bring it back in, and that's nonetheless what it was about from the beginning in Foucault's work, and for Foucault, in his history of the subject. I indicate this first essential difference, and my answer, I did not hide it, is that for me, between the self, that is, the force folded in on itself, and sexuality, there is only a necessarily established encounter (*rencontre nécessairement fondée*). So, Comtesse is perfectly entitled to tell me: although you establish the encounter as necessarily established, you will not have considered it from the start. And in fact, in my reading, it cannot and should not be considered from the start. In Comtesse's reading, it is and should be considered from the start, because it is at the heart of the matter.

The second big difference, and here I did not understand, because I did not understand very, very well, because, and we no longer have time to sort this, but maybe this is because -- but we'll put that aside; I am also going to think about what he said -- it seemed to me that, here I am expressing myself vaguely on purpose, that between subject and subjectivation, Comtesse wanted precisely, through the intermediary, not by the detour, since for him this is not a detour, but through the appeal to sexuality, he wanted to establish a completely different relationship than the one I proposed, in which the subject is never at its best; for me, the subject is at most never anything but the product of a mode of subjectivation, and sometimes there is not even a need for a subject. And it seemed to me in certain respects that Comtesse wanted a completely different relationship between subject and subjectivation, to the point that at least in some of his expressions, he went so far as to suggest -- I am not saying that this was his thought -- that I don't know, he went so far as to suggest that subjectivation was an operation of the subject, that is, that in some respects, we would have to reverse the relation as I proposed it. That struck me as the most astonishing thing in the intervention, but I'm not sure that was Comtesse's thought. I'm just saying, in any case, that he called for a completely different subject-subjectivation relation from the one I was proposing.

Finally, the last point [is] the point that I almost, if you will allow me, that I the least appreciated in your intervention, because it seemed dangerous to me. It seemed dangerous to me for the misinterpretations it could incite in us. In the last point, you made a kind of overview of the different states of the line of the outside. But, for the sake of analysis, at the point you had reached, the line of the outside was struck with a kind of hex sign each time. And I think you and I will agree on the next point, that is, it's not at all a question of all that. The line of the outside is absolutely no better than it is worse; it is, as Nietzsche would say, it is excellent beyond good and evil, and I even mean, for example, from the point of view of an institution, Christianity will never necessarily qualify a line of the outside or an equivalent, will never qualify it as necessarily being evil. It isn't identified with evil either for us as philosophers, or from the point of view of an institution. An institution can emphasize the dangers, but all institutions will always be able to recognize, if you will, the line of the outside; one could say that it also passes through certain mystical, or quasi-mystical states, of which the instituted Church will sometimes

indicate the dangers, and sometimes find compromises with. So above all, I'm not at all saying that this was what Comtesse had in mind, but that's what it was in certain of Comtesse's expressions. Let us be careful not to identify the line of the outside with something that would be seen as evil.

And finally, this is the same thing, it is, it is along the path of the same reaction, I would say that for me, what I expect from *Confessions of the Flesh* is still a diagram -- when you suggested the line of the outside in its excessive character and, in a way linked, to sin, which I do not believe, but once again, neither do you; I am making you say things that you have not formally said -- for me, what strikes me, and I think that in the *Confessions of the Flesh*, for no reason, there is, there is a very deep study on the Christian conceptions of sin, because it is linked to this discovery of the flesh. I would much prefer saying that genealogy, about which Comtesse spoke so precisely, for me, it is at the level of Christianity, it is a genealogy of the flesh, how one passes from the body to the flesh, with the stages he stated, with the role of Plato therein, and how the birth of the flesh explodes with Christianity, really. And, as little as I know, you know, about the story of sin, it's a story, it's a wonder, right, because Comtesse has used, I believe, on several occasions the theme, almost, [of] unbridled concupiscence. And it is true that in some Christian conceptions, sin is presented like this. But once again, that's to introduce a bit of variety. I would say, the subjectification of the sinful man is presented in the form of this exacerbated desire.

But you know, in my opinion, it's an almost heterodox conception. There we'd have to, we'd have to look more closely; it would take specialists, specialists on the Church fathers, but a first conception of sin, that is not it. Christians should not be treated as, as Nietzsche treated them, because that was done once, it is too easy; after Nietzsche, it's too easy. There is a conception of sin that strikes me as appalling, not at all a deviation or exasperation of desire, but on the contrary, a lack of desire. Original sin is laziness. It's laziness. It is the person who does not know how to desire, or it is the one who has given up desiring. Desire being the desire for the good, that is, the desire for God, the man of original sin is the person who did not have enough strength to desire. Among the list of deadly sins, the deadly sin, the true deadly sin of all deadly sins, would be sloth, and not lust, or greed. And that is a notion that you still find very late, I mean, if not even, I mean it matters philosophically, because you cannot understand certain great texts of the 17th century otherwise, it continues in my opinion; this is a story that lasts until the 17th century, and in which Fenelon, and in which all the Bossuet-Fenelon struggles there are completely involved.

If you read, for example, an author like Malebranche, that's very curious. On the same pages, you have the appeal -- and he does the best he can, that is, brilliantly, he manages brilliantly -- and you can see very clearly that he brings together two traditions, one according to which sin is the state of the person who can no longer desire. And Malebranche explicitly uses the word laziness. And on the contrary, the movement, the movement of desire, is already the good. It is not the perfect good, because we go from a particular good to a particular good instead of addressing God, but ultimately, if we go from a particular good to a particular good without reaching God, this is still because we are too lazy, it is because we do not desire enough, understand?

And then there is another conception of desire, and that, this first conception of desire, you find in the countless comments of the "Song of Songs", in early Christianity. And it [this conception] is very, very interesting. The sinner as lazy, I find that great as an idea, a very, very beautiful idea. But in the same pages, you have a kind, so, the sinner as having pushed desire beyond the limits that God assigned to a finite creature, and these two conceptions coexist. In Malebranche, this is very clear, they coexist. And that creates the whole problem of grace, for example, of grace... the great, the great religious discussions, I believe, until the 17th century, depend not fundamentally, but I am saying, depend in part on this problem: sin, or laziness, or lust, that is, either absence of desire or excess of desire.

So, this is not something at all, ... I neither oppose nor approve of Comtesse in this regard. I mean, all the more reason that the line of the outside should not get caught up in a movement, if you will, of excess. Myself, I'm afraid that at the very end of your intervention, you had, how to say, you had Bataille-d Foucault a little; you brought him a little closer to a Georges Bataille, from whom he seems very, very foreign, but that's not even a reproach, right? I mean, that's a nuance based on what I heard. What interests me fundamentally are the two differences that we have, you and me, in reading the genealogy... Yes?

Comtesse: [*He responds to this last point, about having "Bataille-d Foucault"*] It was he [Foucault] who Bataille-d him sometimes.

Deleuze: Okay, okay.

Comtesse: Apart from that, what I have there at the end ... [*The words at the beginning are inaudible because of the sound of the microphone movement very close to Deleuze*]

Deleuze: Yes, yeah, yes.

Comtesse: What interests me are ultimately the interpretations of the outside, I wouldn't say lines of the outside, but I would simply say micro-universes as outside [*a few indistinct remarks*] ... I would say that what interests me in the interpretations of the outside are the ways that have been employed to reduce or distort the outside for, by making it more exactly unthinkable, by continuing to make it unthinkable. And among these interpretations, it seems to me that the Jewish religion and the Christian religion have a certain interpretation of the outside and a certain interpretation of death, which is linked to a certain interpretation of original sin, first of all, since original sin, it's like any religious person, I suppose, initially -- a religious person is someone who, first of all, exists within the assumption that there is absolute life somewhere and that, if there is absolute life somewhere, if there is [*indistinct word*], for example, if one's transcendent life exists somewhere, then original sinner, i.e. death, will be interpreted as continuation of life, that is, death as a diversion of life.

From there, there will effectively be the lack of desire for life, for the desire and loss of life, either a lack or an excess [*Deleuze: Yeah, yeah, yeah*] starting precisely from the religious interpretation of the outside insofar as being original sin, that is, insofar as being the collapse of life, death, diversion, disobedience, exile. That is, starting from death, there is at that moment only a murderous madness of the other [*Deleuze: yes*] and separate death, [*Deleuze: yes*] and

religion, that is, what makes the link is what will make the difference [*Deleuze*: yeah] between the power of life and the power of death, and the difference has a name, that is, it's precisely God. Only, that leaves, this interpretation of the outside, precisely leaves something in suspense, which the Church fathers will confront, a bit like in the religion of love, Christ bequeathed -- in a way a kind of sly bequest, a perverse bequest as well -- he bequeathed to others something that he did not think about because he thought too much inside of love and that, at this level, they [the fathers] are going confront, starting from there, the subject of desire.

Deleuze: Yeah, yeah. Very good, very good, yes, but as you say, but it was, it was our common wish, this is the point at which, in fact, you need Foucault to move into a problem of your own. And it is my wish that it will be this way for each of you. [*Addressing another student*] Did you want to say something as well?

Another student: I would just like to make two comments. One focuses on phenomenology, and the other on the question of power. And last time, you clearly underlined the reworking [*Microphone noise blocks comments*] phenomenology, that is, insofar as [*Microphone noise*] the object, it's that it would enclose us in a purely phenomenological circle, but in tension towards the world. In addition, the reference to our work in *The Visible and the Invisible* by Merleau-Ponty was most interesting because we find there, in fact, an enterprise of going beyond the center of gravity of consciousness toward the outside. Of course, Merleau-Ponty does not expressly use the term "outside"; he sometimes says "object", sometimes "end", but that is, I believe, his thought. It is a revalorization of the body; Merleau-Ponty says in his text "objective body" in the sense that consciousness [*indistinct word*] will henceforth be part of it, and this phrase is quite significant of Merleau-Ponty in speaking about Sartre, that he said that nothingness is "hollow", not a "hole", and this hollow recalled greatly what you said and what you called "fold".

The theme of *In der Welt sein* [being in the world] is, moreover, one of the possibilities of posing the question of power as an exercise in concrete practice aimed at transforming subjects or the individual into objects of power. This process of subjectivation that you have analyzed and [*indistinct word*] everything therein implies in an outside, finally begins to be clarified and by virtue of this recognition of spatiality in the broad sense on the part of the proponents of a certain phenomenology.²³

As far as power is concerned now, according to Foucault, it is the producer of practices [*indistinct word*] on the one hand, and on the other hand, it is not justified in just any manner. There is indissolubly the exercise of power; it is the fact that it conforms to certain canonical rules of power. So, the question I would like to ask would be, first, how to escape this canon or any canon if we have to escape it at all costs, and second, if we are moving towards a reduction in the pathology, of what Foucault himself calls pathology or excess of power? Perhaps this reduction would amount to a narrowing of the field of rationalization that Foucault himself suggests in a text that appeared recently.

Deleuze: I believe that for the last question, it is exactly the question that we had chosen in order to finish, since we do not have an answer. What we can say is that, roughly speaking, what we

can say in a very summary way is that the zone of subjectivation, that is, this operation that Foucault presents as that of the fold but that, in my opinion, we discussed, there, we can conceive otherwise. But finally, this zone of subjectivation is in itself independent of power. What does it mean? It means, it is never power that creates it. Power begins and ends in the relations of one force with another. As soon as there is subjectivation, we are outside of power. There you go, that is the first proposition. Governing oneself, as I see fit, in any case, in my reading, is not part of power. The proof is that power operates by binding rules, governing oneself is an optional rule of the free man. Fine.

A second point. About this, it is true, and this is what makes what you are saying entirely correct, that as soon as a zone of subjectivation is created, power does not cease penetrating and capturing it, and enslaving it, good. And it will have to form a new balance of power. For example, regarding the emerging Christian subjectivity, it will take a new pastoral type of balance of power between the priest and the flock, to assimilate and subject this new subjectivation to new forms of power. So, each time, the zone of subjectivation is taken over by instances of power.

A third point, this stated very abstractly, each time the zone of subjectivation is located... taken over by centers of power, new modes of subjectivation are developed. Good. If I understood your question correctly, it is, can we say, for example, that today, much more power has become such that sometimes it moves ahead, it creates its own subjectivations. How can we ignore, if you will, that fascism assumed certain processes of subjectivation in Germany, which were the subjectivation of the defeat of 1918, that which foreshadowed fascism? Fascism broke into these processes of subjectivation and itself raised up and disciplined a new subjectivity which was the fascist subjectivity, and which was a global event in the domain of processes of subjectivation, and which was, in part, organized by power, and which, also in part, was formed according to a particular process of subjectivation during a particular period, at a particular moment. So, it's very complicated.

The question, again, if we -- then who is this, us? -- if we are able to produce particularly resistant subjectivations, this obviously has concerned all discussions for the past thirty years. I mean, if we thought we discovered that revolutions failed and developed into dictatorship, this discovery that people seem to be making lately, they took their time, because we are almost ashamed to remember that this is the basis of the consciousness raising of English Romanticism, right? The basis of the consciousness raising of English Romanticism is what really not only defines the politics, but what defines English Romanticism as politics; it's the great English adventure of turning the revolution into its opposite, namely a story of [Oliver] Cromwell. And all the English Romantics are thinking, there -- believe me, I'm not exaggerating a bit -- they are thinking of this great tale, how does a revolution become its opposite? So, that's all the more reason for me not to consider so tremendous the discovery that, that the Soviet revolution turned out quite badly, because, I mean, that we are being presented with this as the great fact of the 20th century, and that is not reasonable, it is not serious, really.²⁴

So, let's resituate the problem: can we say today... I would even say, Romantic subjectivity -- and God, that there is a Romantic subjectivity -- Romantic subjectivity has been a mode of subjectivation responding to the adventure of power that we can call the failure and reversal of the Revolution, either in the English form with Cromwell, or in the French form with Napoleon. And Romantic subjectivation claims to be a new subjectivation, with, as Felix said earlier, in a subjectivation, there is everything. There is the worst, there is the best; there is the old, there is has the new -- subjectivation consisting in telling oneself, sometimes once one asks, what became of the English revolution, or once one asks, what became of the French revolution -- let's recreate subjectivity, let's recreate a new subjectivity capable of resisting this becoming of power. And Romantic subjectivity, in fact, will be, at that point, it would have to be defined from that point of view, as -- we could have spent sessions on this, but I think we had every interest in concentrating, not dispersing at the end -- we could have spent a session as well, an entire session on: what we could be called Romantic subjectivation, and in its relations with power?

Today we never stop producing subjectivity; the production of subjectivity is a dimension of collectivities, a dimension, but, co-eternal, coexisting. What seemed very interesting to me in Félix's intervention, at an earlier meeting,²⁵ was how he juggled -- but it was me who had asked him that it not be a presentation, that it be a conversation, a bit like Foucault's text earlier -- with the mode, the modes of subjectivation that are created in Brazil, that have already been created long ago in Japan, elsewhere as well, in what sense '68 was a great creation, the emergence of a great creation of subjectivation, not only that, which involved a struggle -- that's what I was telling you. All new subjectivations imply new struggles, new forms of struggle with power, that's obvious. Fine. I assume that, I am not saying that they are the source, but I am saying that there is no new struggle against new forms of power that does not also involve the constitution of new modes of subjectivation, if these only, as Foucault said, concern passion, new modes of communication, etc., and really the constitution of new selves, selves of a new type.

So, I return to a question that is very painful, I think, because it is such a... good question. Drugs have been, it is obvious that drugs have been -- it is in this sense that I am saying that, in subjectivations, you find everything -- particularly in America, drugs have been a factor of subjectivation but having essential importance. I am simply thinking, one more of the reasons, it seems to me, for... if this expression has any meaning, to condemn drugs, it's because, you know, things are going fast, they seem to me to possess already all the aspects of an archaism, so these are not particularly favored, archaisms, within the processes of subjectivation, right? But that drugs played, for example, at the time of the Vietnam War, the role of a process, at the level of the American army, all that we've been told, and which seems to me to be true, profoundly true, [Pause] that it played the role of a process of subjectivation that in a confrontation with power, American power found itself temporarily captured ... It takes a long time, it takes us a long time, to absorb the news of power and to be able to find rhythms, you know, and at that point, this is called "calm", and it takes power a long time to find cause to celebrate (*trouver des parades*) when facing ... [Deleuze does not complete this] I am rather optimistic; I do not think that advertising is adequate; I do not believe that the all-powerful global market is adequate to take over (*recupérer*) new subjectivations like that. It takes over what it chooses to take over;

this was already, from the start, if you will, the MLF can, at the extreme,²⁶... I do not think that this is true, but, imagine even that the MLF is taken over or dissolves as a group, there is something that does not dissolve: it is a new feminine subjectivation, that, that runs no risk of being dissolved, and it has not finished presenting that [subjectivation]; it hasn't even started to raise the problems by which power stuff (*trucs de pouvoir*) is going to get short-circuited, like, and knowledge stuff (*trucs de savoir*). So obviously, biology, all these stories of surrogate mothers, etc., the law, everything will be contained there. Here we have a good starting point for a new start, so feminist movements, everything is there. I am experiencing greatly the current malaise (*torpeur*) as not being particularly discouraging. Fine.

And, what I meant, then, is, well, what conclusion do we draw? Are we more fragile, and more and more fragile vis-à-vis increasingly strong relations of power? You know, [*Deleuze laughs*] I rather think, there are happy things here. They're talking about the tamper-proof ID card, right, the specialists. I'm not a specialist, so I believe in it; I tell myself, ah, well, but what does that mean? First you learn, if you ask anyone, that this means you can't add something to it, that's all. We learn immediately that this is not an ID card that is impossible to produce, right? People, they say oh, that'll take time; yes okay, but hey, they have, they have, they are celebrating (*ils ont des parades*). Computers are amazing, you know, computers are amazing when you, when you already see what a kid can do with a computer. But, hey yes, they are delighted to create... [*Deleuze laughs*] they say, oh well, the computers, they are going to create monsters, subversive monsters as philosophy has never created, great computer hackers when they decide to have some fun, and to cause computers to produce false answers or stop giving answers completely.

Do you already realize why it is necessary to know how to spell? It's because if you ask a computer a question with a spelling mistake, it will spit it back at you. [*Laughter*] So, regarding the stories about Chevènement, right, the return to spelling, it's idiots who are saying, ah Chevènement, he's completely old-fashioned (*fait de l'archaïsme*).²⁷ Not at all; I believe that, in the current state of computers, he wanted to require that kids know how to spell. How do you want to act otherwise? If they don't know how to write "shirt" in the fashion domain, they won't be able to use a computer to find out how many shirts are left in stock; they have to be able to spell, or else everything has to be changed, everything has to be changed in spelling. So now this old thing gets reactivated; it's very cheerful, good. But [*Deleuze laughs*] -- now I'm really just saying anything at all, you know -- these computer-trained kids, I think they're going to develop subjectivities that I personally cannot even conceive of. When I see some of them, I mean, kids who are currently 8 years old and who are trained in electronic games, but what a subjectivity that is... I look at them, sometimes -- that does not help to watch them, it makes me seem smarter but nothing more -- I look at them thinking to myself, but how is that already working in their heads? How, and what is this process of subjectivation in motion? Good; this is very, very, very odd.

So there, concerning your question, I would say I am unable to answer it, but I believe that according to our tastes, everyone has reason to be optimistic, because [*Deleuze laughs*] in any case, I don't believe that one can think, except in the stupidest of science fictions, of a power which would be adequate and which would make everyone into a slave. That, by nature, seems

to me contrary to the concept of power. There is always something that takes flight (*qui fuit*). If I had even a difference with Foucault, it would be at this level: power consists in plugging up the lines of flight, and this is a task, it is a fundamental task, but personally, I would not define a social field by a strategy; I would define it by lines of flight. A social field is something that flees everywhere: money, goods, workers, loans, all that is a system of lines, of lines of flight. And power is about plugging these up. The leaks that are allowed, that we are forced to allow at the price of something else that will have to get plugged up, etc., this is where Foucault, then I would rejoin Foucault, to the point of law; that's the management of permissible illegalities. There are some illegalities permitted, some not permitted, fine; there we are, fine.

So, in this sense, you understand, I believe there is no answer to such a question because this occurs every day. All I can tell you is, pay close attention around you. Some of you are not too old yet, even a lot of you. Me, I'm too old, but that's okay, but all of you, really be very [careful], I mean, to participate in new forms of... [*Deleuze does not complete this*] I have my habits, right? And since I believe that really, being a subject means having habits, and that does not mean anything else. The content of the word "subject" is habit. I'm, I'm used to (*j'ai l'habitude*), what does "I" mean? It means I'm used to breathing. And this is nothing, it's not more complicated than that. This is not an "I" that is assumed, what constitutes me as "I" is the habit of breathing. That will stop, fine, so at that point, I will no longer be "I". But there is no other; this is why I love the English philosophers so much, because they are the first to have given this content to the me and to the "I", the "I" that is nothing other than habit. Well, obviously, we have to say a little more about this, but that would take us a year.

To say a little more, what then is a habit, if "I" am a habit, if each of us is a habit? Well, but there are habits that are more or less fresh, that are more or less young. I'm already an old habit, [*Deleuze laughs*] so... I remember such a beautiful interview with Kerouac, with his French-Canadian accent, in which he said "I'm tired of myself" (*je suis tanné de moi-même*), I'm tired of myself, quite at the end of his life; it is true that he was very much an alcoholic; that, I'm tired of myself, he said, in an improvisation on the trumpet, he did marvelous improvisations, then he improvised, then you felt that his heart was no longer in it, he put down his trumpet, he said "I'm tired of myself". This was an old habit that was coming undone, really, [*Deleuze chuckles*] that, he felt, he felt that it was a habit in the process of coming undone.

But in the end, youthful habits, that is, youthful subjects, you know, that's great. This is how the subject is a case of habit, right, but there are so many other habits in us, all that, the process – me, on my own, I would have said that -- the process of subjectivation is habit in the true English sense of the word. It's also the way of holding oneself, it's posture, it's custom, it's posture, it's a complex of very rich notions, right? So, habit is not at all what one doesn't create; new habits are created every day. The field of micrology, for me, is creation, but it is daily creation, new habits every day, new habits that are born, right, language habits, the habit of playing, the habit of walking in the street. Watching kids because they're lovely little habits, but they're truly habits, really.

So, yes, I can only answer your question like that. I mean, I'm not answering you: we'll indeed see. I'm telling you, it's certain that we don't stop seeing things if we are paying attention. And so, as for the pessimistic question, is there a power capable of preventing this creativity, I answer no, no, no power can ever prevent this creativity.

Thank you for this year which has been extremely valuable, for me in any case. [*End of the cassette*] [3:03:21]

Notes

¹ Regarding the topic that Deleuze suggests, the fold and subjectivation, this especially concerns what he examines in the final segment of his book *Foucault*, “Foldings, or the Inside of Thought (Subjectivation)”. As for “The Life of Infamous Men,” Deleuze considers it from the start of this same chapter in *Foucault*, and one can also consult *Negotiations*, pp. 90-93 & pp. 108-116 (*Pourparlers*, pp. 126-128, 147-158). All the interviews on Foucault included in *Negotiations* took place during summer 1986, that is, shortly after this seminar. The text, “The Life of Infamous Men” is an introduction to an anthology of prison archives, but appeared in an issue of *Cahiers du Cinéma* 29 (15 January 1977), pp. 12-29; in English translation, it was published in *Michel Foucault: Power, Truth, Strategy*, eds. Meaghan Morris and Paul Patton, trans. Paul Foss & Meaghan Morris (Sydney: Feral Publications, 1979), pp. 76-91. A more recent translation was published in *Power: Essential Works of Foucault, 1954-1984*, Volume Three, Ed. James D. Faubion, trans. Robert Hurley and others (New York: The New Press, 2000).

² The full title of this text is *I, Pierre Rivière, having slaughtered my mother, my sister, and my brother* (Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1973) [*Moi, Pierre Rivière, ayant égorgé ma mère, ma sœur et mon frère* (Paris: Gallimard, 1973)].

³ On this mutual confrontation, see *Negotiations*, pp. 110-114 (*Pourparlers*, pp. 149-153). The reference to Michaux's text is *Miserable Miracle* (1956), “I turned myself into a linear acceleration that never retreated and opposed itself to all shredding, yet wanted to improve, was practically rehabilitated, when some outside force, faster than any projectile [would take over]. I would put up a hell of a fight” [« L'accélération linéaire, que j'étais devenu, ne reculait pas, faisait front à chaque déchetage, était pour se reformer, allait presque se reformer, quand la force sur lui plus rapide qu'un bolide... C'était atroce parce que je résistais », pp. 126-127], trans. Vadim Bystritski, <https://contemporaryfrenchpoetry.wordpress.com/2018/08/14/poet-as-a-line-a-text-of-henri-michaux-translated-by-vadim-bystritski/>.

⁴ This is an area in a close Paris suburb, just west of the city.

⁵ This is a somewhat oblique reference to Foucault's *The Archaeology of Knowledge* (1969; trans. A. M. Sheridan Smith (London: Routledge, 2002).

⁶ The precise reference is “Conversation with Werner Schroeter”, in G. Courant, *Werner Schroeter* (Paris: Goethe Institute, 1983), pp. 39-47; Michel Foucault, *Dits et Ecrits* (Paris : Gallimard, 1994), pp. 251-260. The English translation appears in *Foucault at the Movies*, eds. Patrice Maniglier and Dork Zabunyan (New York: Columbia University Press, 2018), pp. 179-192.

⁷ This phrase, “à un mot près” (except for one word), is omitted from the *Foucault at the Movies* translation.

⁸ The *Foucault Goes to the Movies* translation reduces this phrase to: “There's no love in *Maria Malibran*”.

⁹ These are references to Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774), and Emily Bronte's novel (1847).

¹⁰ This term refers to the famous northwesterly wind in the south of France.

¹¹ On this kind of singularity, and notably on haecceities, see *A Thousand Plateaus*, plateau 10, pp. 262-263; the authors refer there as well to Charlotte Bronte, p. 261.

¹² « A nous deux » is an implicit reference to the famous final scene of Balzac's novel, *Old Goriot*, when Rastignac, beaten but unbowed, looks down on Paris from the heights of the Père Lachaise cemetery and says, "It's between you and me now!"

¹³ Deleuze and Guattari refer frequently to Carlos Castaneda's books in *A Thousand Plateaus*, notably *The Teaching of Don Juan* (Berkeley CA: University of California Press, 1971), p. 519, note 6; *The Voyage to Ixtlan* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1972), p. 556, note 38; and *Tales of Power* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1975), p. 162.

¹⁴ D.H. Lawrence, *Etruscan Places* (Leiserson Press, 1932).

¹⁵ This reference to Henri Michaux is located at the end of Deleuze's book on Foucault, "whiplash of a furious charioteer" (*Foucault*, p. 120), apparently quoting from Michaux's *Miserable Miracle : Mescaline*, trans. Louise Varèse (San Francisco: City Lights, 1973) p. 87. The reference is located also in *A Thousand Plateaus*, p. 543, note 70.

¹⁶ Deleuze will make this precise connection during the second seminar on Leibniz, specifically in the sessions of 28 April 1987 and especially 5 May 1987.

¹⁷ This relates again to a reference located in *A Thousand Plateaus*, precisely regarding this title, *A Universal History of Infamy*, that the authors consider him to have ruined, pp. 125, 241.

¹⁸ The story in question is Chekhov's "Sleepy" (1888).

¹⁹ The story in question is Chekhov's "The Malefactor" (1886).

²⁰ The references here are: Michel Foucault, *The Confessions of the Flesh*, trans. Robert Hurley (New York: Pantheon, 2021); Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1962).

²¹ Michel Foucault, *The Use of Pleasures* (New York: Vintage, 1985), p. 139.

²² See *The Use of Pleasures*, p. 250.

²³ We see from a footnote in *The Fold* that Deleuze would address this very point raised by this student's intervention, p. 148, note 28: "Merleau-Ponty has a much stronger understanding of Leibniz when he merely posits that 'our soul does not have windows, which means *In der Welt Sein ...* " in *Le visible et l'invisible* (Paris: Gallimard, 1966), 264 and 216. As of *La phénoménologie de la perception*, Merleau-Ponty invoked the fold in order to oppose it to Sartrean holes: and in *Le visible et l'invisible*, his task is one of interpreting the Heideggerian fold as a 'chiasm or interlace" between the visible (*visible*) and the seeing (*voyant*).

²⁴ This is no doubt a reference to criticisms coming in the mid-1970s from a group (many former Marxists and Maoists) called the Nouveaux Philosophes, against whom Deleuze wrote a famous short essay in 1977, "On the New Philosophers (plus a More General Problem)", *Two Regimes of Madness and Other Texts*, ed. David Lapoujade, trans. Ames Hodges and Mike Taormina (Cambridge MA: MIT Press, 2006), pp. 139-147.

²⁵ Deleuze refers here to the Foucault session on 13 May 1986 in which Guattari participated.

²⁶ MLF refers to the French women's liberation movement.

²⁷ This refers to the French politician Jean-Pierre Chevènement who, at the period of this session, just left his position as Minister of National Education in France but had also been the Minister of Research and Technology previously. In his role as Minister of Education, he reestablished courses in civic education and insisted on the possibility of 80% of a graduating class to reach the level of French "baccalauréat" (the terminal high school degree

leading to different paths in French higher education). As such, he insisted on “standard”, including the importance of spelling.