

Gilles Deleuze

Seminar on Anti-Oedipus and Other Reflections, 1980

Lecture 1, 27 May 1980

Transcriptions: [Voix de Deleuze](#), Frédéric Astier; augmented transcription, Charles J. Stivale

Initial translation, unattributed; new translation, Charles J. Stivale

For the UV [*final course credit*], I'm reserving this week. So, those who haven't filled out their form yet, you'll give it to me today. The results of UV will only be available at the end of the month. There we are, there we are.

So today I have finished what I had planned to do this year and what was desirable, because I think that this can work; we'll see. Following the wishes expressed by some among you, this was about some questions asked, and these, we will all try to answer them, that is, it is not necessarily me, but still it would be necessary... I'm afraid that those who -- this happens very often -- that those who wanted to ask questions are not there on the [particular] day... But this happens. In any case, we will see. So, I mean, for me, what concerns me, what interests me in this isn't necessarily the same that interests you; again, we'll see.

What I'm interested in is that what we've been doing for four or five years now -- there are some who were there, some years, there are others who came here only this year, for the first time. first time -- what interests me, what we have been doing anyway for four or five years, it represented in any case for me, a certain path having a coherence which revealed itself to me, in any case, only gradually. So, it's not that I want to do a review of what we've been doing for a number of years, but it's the point that interests me the most in our working relationships here. But anything else, if there are questions about what we did this year, or what we have done even in other years, or quite different questions. I consider that these last two sessions, it is you who assure them as much as I do, if that suits you. There you are, then ...

Question from a participant: Can I ask a quick question? [Deleuze: Why yes!] I do not read anything, even your books; I cannot read them! Here are you sure that negativity... There is a differentiation in your books, even a wealth, an exuberance, an important diversification. Do you believe that the negativity in which you are -- you agree, negativity? -- is not a possibility to create the real? You see what I mean? That if we only allow (*n'admet que*) "being", the real is not created? [*Pause, silence from Deleuze*]

A second question: I leafed last night through the first pages of the *Anti-Oedipus* -- excuse me, I read this ten years ago -- you spoke of "the schizo stroll". But I have seen the movie of [Alain] Jessua [1963] called "Life upside down" with [Charles] Denner. I saw -- how to say -- Hölderlin returning from Bordeaux, I saw Artaud returning from Ireland, I saw Thomas Mann, the solemn

Thomas Mann. I saw in Dr. Faustus, this man who at the end, this man who was leaving like a genius, an extraordinary pianist, to return to his native [*missing word*] to the care of his mother. Isn't the schizo stroll dangerous sometimes? Of course, as for me, I've come here more or less by chance, so then the questions aren't entirely pertinent, I do not know, I'd like to know, I don't know very well!

Deleuze: No, they seem very, very pertinent to me, but me, here's how -- I think everyone understood the question? It was very clear. -- It's because, indeed it is true that, following -- since you grant me permission to speak about things that Guattari, that Guattari and I did, provided you understand this really in its intended modesty; I mean that, that is, I do not think it was all that great.

What I think is that *Anti-Oedipus* indeed has given rise to a series of criticisms that may not have been absolutely unjustified. There are, in my opinion, criticisms that were stupid. But there is a kind of criticism that always seemed to me to be important and touching, which was: "It's a bit easy to say or even to look a little bit like, "Long live schizophrenia," and then as soon as you see a schizophrenic" -- this connects back a bit -- So, let me answer on this basis because it's ...

Initial participant: I didn't say that...

Deleuze: It's not entirely... Yes, you did, for example, you said to me that...

Initial participant: I didn't identify the schizo and schizophrenia activity.

Deleuze: Well, of course, that's where there are all the ambiguities [following the participant's comments], ambiguities between the schizophrenic and schizophrenic activity. It is obviously very difficult to say -- "Yes, you know schizophrenia" -- to create a kind of lyrical picture of schizophrenia.

I remember that at the time of *Anti-Oedipus*, there was a psychiatrist who had come to see me and who was very aggressive, and who said to me: But a schizophrenic, have you ever seen one? I found that this question was insolent, both for Guattari -- who for years had been working in a clinic where it is known that many schizophrenics were there -- and even insolent for me, since there are few people in the world who do not see or haven't seen schizophrenics. So, I answered that way quickly -- but we always believe we are being witty and never are -- I replied: "But never, never, I've never seen a schizophrenic!" So, afterwards, she wrote something in newspapers saying that we had never seen any schizophrenics. [*Laughter*] That was very annoying.

But what I'm saying is that ... There were several ... I'm even remaining at a level ... So, I'm choosing a level that is almost too theoretical on purpose: if you will, in the interpretations of psychosis, in the great interpretations of psychosis, what is there? I think there were two major kinds of interpretations. There were interpretations in terms of degradation, decomposition, that is, interpretations under the sign of the negative, namely, psychosis happens when something breaks down, or when there is a kind of degradation, of what? Fine, of the rapport with the real, with the unity of the person. I would say that these interpretations by decomposition,

degradation, they are roughly, -- but here I summarize enormously -- we could call them personological interpretations. They always come back to take the “me” as a basic reference, the unity of the person, and to mark a sort of defeat from the point of view of the unity of the person, and of his/her rapports with reality.

So basically, personological interpretations -- and I’m insisting on that -- personology had a tremendous influence on psychiatry. For example, the author of the great manual of psychiatry, Henri Ey, the enemy-friend of Lacan, dove deeply into personology. A guy like [Daniel] Lagache was, and was trying to do, a personological psychoanalysis. For my pleasure, I think that Lacan’s thesis on paranoid psychosis, which Lacan had edited, is still from one end to the other traversed by a personological vision, which will be absolutely the opposite of the theses that he will subsequently go on to defend. So, fine, if you will, there is this first big current.

There is a second current which can be named as “structuralist”, but which, in fact, is completely distinct and different. *[Pause]* This time, psychosis is interpreted by virtue of “essential phenomena of the structure”. It is no longer an accident that occurs to people, in the form of a kind of mechanism of decomposition, degradation. It’s an essential event in the structure, related to the distribution of positions, situations and relationships within a structure. And in this sense, all the second [version of] Lacan -- I mean, Lacan after his thesis, Lacan of *Écrits* -- proposes, for example, an extremely interesting interpretation of psychosis as a function of the structure.

I have always been attracted by -- that’s why I’m insisting on... it’s not Felix or me who invented this point of view -- I think rather that we used it and that we renewed it in a relative way. There was always a third type of interpretation, which was to conceive of mental illness and its expression psychosis. Why this expression: psychosis? I need to explain myself; I’m opening a parenthesis very quickly. It goes without saying, if you will, it seems to me that there is no neurosis that is not backed up against something on the order of a psychosis. We see it well in what are called neurotic accidents of young people or even children, and that even neurosis, it seems to me, must be indexed, can only be thought of as a function of psychosis, as at least a possibility. I mean concerning obsession, I do not see the possibility of a kind of dualism between neuroses and psychoses. I prefer instead to see breakpoints within neuroses, caught within a kind of potential becoming psychotic. But what interests me in this third tradition to which I am referring is the interpretation, the understanding of mental illness as a process. And there as well, I’m not trying to say things that are overly specific, because in this, the authors are very varied who have launched this idea of mental illness linked to a process.

To my knowledge, if I try to situate historical date markers, the true idea of a “mental illness process”, that is, mental illness no longer being something that happens in a structure; it is no longer an affection of the person, you see, neither of personology nor of structuralism. It’s really, really -- how to say -- it’s really, it’s really: is it the process itself, or is it a concomitant of the process? But finally, it is thought in terms of much more dynamic terms, in processional terms, process. So, what does that mean? I am just saying, well, if you take the history of psychiatry, the idea of “process”, it stands out. I would say it’s really a third point of view that is completely, and even psychiatrically, an entirely different understanding of psychosis, from the personological point of view or from the point of view of structuralism, of a structure, of a

mental structure. This isn't a very clear notion, that of process. I'm once again trying to situate [where] that begins; it starts, it seems to me with German psychiatry of the 19th century.

And then the first one that will take that quite far is an author, I think, who is a little forgotten today, who had been very important, however, a few years ago, it's [Karl] Jaspers. Jaspers is a curious case because he is a psychiatrist who came to philosophy. He started as a psychiatrist; there is even a manual translated into French, a manual by Jaspers, which still seems very extraordinary, a psychopathology textbook. One of the best things about -- not only about madness as a process, but as a study, of famous case studies -- it's a book I find very beautiful by Jaspers, which is called *Strindberg and Van Gogh* [1922] -- which develops through a study of diverse cases this hypothesis of madness as a process. [Pause] And besides, this book in the French translation was published with a preface by Blanchot. And there are thirty or forty pages by Maurice Blanchot, which are of a very great beauty, under the title, I believe: "Of madness par excellence"; this is truly, it seems to me, still going to be a basic text for us all.

So then, why did Jaspers temporarily disappear? I don't know well; finally, he died, but why was he read less? I don't know. There we are, there was this path, Jaspers, who really does, he really brings the idea of process to a very great psychiatric and philosophical expression.

And then very oddly, this was again taken up by the antipsychiatry. The whole interpretation of antipsychiatry, that is, of [R.D.] Laing and [David] Cooper in their early phase, is fundamentally the idea of a schizophrenic process, which they interpret or specify by saying, "yes this is a trip", the idea of the trip-process. What does that mean? There, they are rather forceful; you see why Jaspers employed a lot of phenomenological methods. In fact, how does this idea of the process somewhat belong to phenomenology? It is because it rather responds to a kind of lived experience, for example, of the schizophrenic himself, the theme of the trip that constantly appears. It's no coincidence that at the same period, right, drug people (*drogués*) proposed, American drug people went very far within a conception of the trip, all of that. [Pause]

So, I think that Guattari and I were taking "process" in yet another direction, but that does not matter; it seems to me that it was to that tradition that we were connected. So, can we move forward if we say, "schizophrenia or psychosis, is fundamentally linked to a process"? Well, I think, what does that mean? This means that maybe schizophrenia reveals something that happens to us in detached parts or in small bits (*en petite monnaie*) and always and everywhere and fairly constantly, specifically, we do not cease to be as if caught, snatched (*rapté*), carried away, by what? It's on this point that we contributed a little something because we said the most useful word yet is flows; we spend our time being crisscrossed by flows. And process is the development (*cheminement*) of a flow.

What does "process" mean in this sense? It means rather, it's the quite simple image, like a stream that digs its bed, that is, the trajectory does not exist before, the trajectory does not pre-exist the trip. That's what a process is. Process is a movement of a trip insofar as the trajectory does not pre-exist, that is, insofar as it traces its own trajectory. In a certain way, we called it a *line of flight*. This is tracing lines of flight, and lines of flight do not pre-exist on their own trajectory.

One can always say that with the other lines, there are, in fact, trips for which the trajectory pre-exists. If you remember, for example, if some of you remember what we did last year when I was trying to determine the “movement” within a particular type of space that I called *smooth space*, this comes down to the same thing. In the smooth space, every line becomes, or everything tends to become, a line of flight because, precisely, the trajectories do not even pre-exist the projectiles. It’s not the pathway on train tracks; it’s not the striated space, that is, there are no striations that pre-exist the movement. Fine.¹

So, let’s suppose that in our life, I’m not saying we’re made of that, but either that there are moments, or even unconsciously -- after all, maybe the unconscious is made of that, of flows and processes -- you understand that we already commit ourselves a lot, because if I say that the unconscious maybe is made of that, it amounts to saying: but no, it does not work under the law of structures; it does not work under the distribution of persons, this is another thing. This is a world that is completely depersonalized, that is unstructured, not at all that something is missing, but its business is elsewhere. The process is ultimately the emission of any flows whatsoever (*de flux quelconques*).

So, I can already reconnect something, for example, to schizophrenia. I can say: Well yes, let’s try to see precisely how the schizophrenic himself feel the impression of the trip, with all that this implies. Whenever we consider or whenever we are involved with something, each of us privileges certain aspects. Myself necessarily, when we encountered schizophrenia, what did we tend to privilege? In the end, the thousand declarations by schizophrenics, where their problem is not that of the person; their problem is not that of a “structure”. Their problem is that of a problem, but ... what seizes hold of me, and where does it take me as well? So, well... Fine.

But in this respect, what fascinates me is the way schizophrenics are dealing with what? You understand, they bide their time. That’s what created one of our reactions against the eternal family coordinates of psychoanalysis. It’s because I’ve never seen a schizophrenic who really has family problems; it’s quite another thing. In the end, it’s all too easy what I am saying because we can always say: There are familial problems, but in any case, at least grant me that he/she does not state them and do not experience them as familial problems. How does he/she experience them?

One of the strongest things, it really seems to me there -- it’s almost what I like most now when I think back to *Anti-Oedipus* -- one of the strong things of *Anti-Oedipus*, in my opinion, -- and that must be something that survives -- it is the idea that delirium is the immediate investment of a historical social field. I am saying, that must be something that survives because this is a kind of simple idea; it’s not complicated to say: well, you know, eh, in the end, what delirium are you creating? You’re creating a delirium about history and society; it’s not about your family! About your family, I always think back to Charlus’s quite satisfying comment, in *In Search of Lost Time*, when Charlus arrives, pinches the narrator’s ear and tells him, “Hey, you could really care less, you could really care less about your little grandmother, you little rascal!” Well, fine, to some extent, this is about all of us. That doesn’t mean that we don’t love our grandmothers, our fathers, our mothers; of course, we love them. But the question is knowing in what form and as what.

I believe that this is never the social field; if you will, the operation, the whole operation of psychoanalysis, is perpetually to flatten out the social field onto family members and the family structure. I call a family member, the image of a father, the image of a mother, etc., and this is the tendency of personology. I call a family or familialist structure, the father's name, the mother-function, defined as a structural function. And whatever the differences, there is at least one common point, it is this perpetual flattening out onto familial coordinates, whether they are interpreted in terms of persons or whether they are interpreted in terms of structure.

And for me, delirium is exactly the opposite. Someone who creates delirium, this is literally someone who haunts the social field, the historical field. And the real question is: why, and how does [delirium] operate its selections, its historical-global selections? Delirium is historical-global. So, once again, to say this is, I believe, almost the simplest idea, the most concrete idea, the one that engages me the most. And strangely enough, [this idea] did not work at all in the end, because I think that what is nonetheless striking is that *Anti-Oedipus*, I think, is a book that had a lot of influence, on a lot of people, but each one individually.

The fact is, melancholic defeat has never prevented in the least any psychoanalyst from continuing his stupidities, and no doubt, this was forced, this was inevitable. But at the time, it was less obvious than it was inevitable. So yes, I insist a bit on that. If you take someone in delirium, this is someone who, through a historical-global field, through a historical and social field, draws his lines. So, it's the same thing as the process that carries us away.

Once again, delirium, what is it? It's not about raving about my father and my mother. It consists of creating delirium about [the] black, [the] yellow, the big Mongol, Africa, what can I say, etc., etc. And if you take... Then, of course, I can hear the immediate objection coming right away, the immediate objection coming right away: "Well, yes, but what is there beneath this?" I say there's nothing underneath, because that's the bottom, [and] that's the top. And if you do not understand, then I choose some examples very, well, of grand delusional figures. And that's why over the course of a year, we formed a group here, especially with Claire Parnet, and another, with another student named [André] Scala. There were several of us who undertook the following operation, something at that time that interested us greatly: we selected examples of delirium, and we compared the examples in which psychoanalysts or psychiatrists spoke, and we took the statements of delirium, the utterances of delirium, and the utterances of delirium retained by the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst were taken. So, we really possessed something like two texts, and we just put them side by side.²

And this was unbelievable. I mean, experiencing this, we cannot forget this experience given how frightening it was because here we saw the kind of *forcing* of the psychoanalytical or psychiatric operation; we saw how much this forcing occurred, then, in real time (*sur le vif*)! I'll select an example: what is Schreber, President Schreber, the famous President Schreber? So, we had studied this [case] very closely; we spent an enormous amount of time on this. If you select this delirium, what are you seeing? It's quite simple; you see a guy who keeps on creating delirium about what? About Alsace and Lorraine. He is a young Alsatian -- Schreber is German - - he is a young Alsatian who defends Alsace and Lorraine against the French Army. There is a whole delirium of races. President Schreber's racism is frantic, his anti-Semitism is frantic, it's terrible, with all kinds of other things in that direction.

It's true that Schreber has a father. What does this father do? It's not nothing. The father is a very well-known man in Germany. And he is a well-known man for inventing some veritable small torture machines, sadistic machines, that were very fashionable in the 19th Century, and that originated with Schreber. Subsequently, a lot of people imitated Schreber's [machines]. These were torture machines for children, for the proper education of children. In magazines still from the end of the 19th Century, you will find advertisements for these machines. For example, I'll cite the most innocent one, for example, some anti-masturbation machines, with which children sleep with their hands tied, all that. And these are pretty terrifying machines, because the purest, the most discreet one, is a machine with a metal plate in the back, a metal jaw support there, so that the child might sit properly at the table. These machines were very successful, highly successful. [*Laughter*] So fine, the father, he's the inventor of these machines.

When President Schreber gets delirious, he also gets delirious about an entire system of education. There's the theme of Alsace and Lorraine; there's the theme of anti-Semitism and racism; there's the theme of the education of children. Finally, there's his relationship with the sun, the rays of the sun. I am saying, behold, he's raving about the sun, he's raving about Alsace and Lorraine, he's raving in the primitive language of the primitive god, he invents a language for himself of, drawing from forms of Low German, fine. He's raving about the sun-god, etc. You place Freud's text alongside, and what do you see? Well, it just happens that Schreber wrote down his delirium, so this is a good case. You place Freud's text alongside it, and I assure you, well, if you remember this text: on no page is there any of that at all. It's about Schreber's father insofar as being the father, and only that, all the time, all the time, Schreber's father, and the sun is the father, and the god is the father, etc., etc.

And what has always struck me is that schizophrenics, even in their misery and pain, are not lacking in humor. It does not bother them so much when you tell them that, when they have to endure that talk. They tend, in fact, to agree; first, they want to be appreciated, to be cared for, they have so much..., so they're not going to.... Or they get angry, they say, "Oh stick it! Leave me alone!" There was a show on TV about schizophrenia not long ago where there was a perfect schizo who asks for a cigarette; the psychiatrist, I do not know why, he says: no, no, no, no cigarette, so [the schizophrenic] leaves and says, she says: oh, well, very good. Now, you understand, when you say things like this: "But the sun, you're raving about the sun, but the sun, finally, don't you see that it's your father?" The schizophrenic, what do you want him to say, what do you want him to say? It's as if, it's like when you ask him: what's your name? to write his name on the hospital, on the register, on the hospital register. It doesn't bother him so much because he will say: "Yes, yes, yes, Doctor, yes ... the sun is my father, only my father, it's the sun, fine." He's raving about the Virgin; for example, Gérard de Nerval, good.³ They say to him: "But don't you see that the Virgin is your mother?" He'll say: "Well yes, but of course, that's what I always said, I always said my mother is the Virgin." He builds up his delirium, he puts his delirium on its feet. This happens a lot.

I've never seen anyone get delirious, once again, get delirious within familial coordinates. How is it... Of course, parents emerge within delirium, the theme of parents, but why? Solely insofar as they are useful as kinds of transits, doorways, that is, they place the delirious subject into relations with historical-global coordinates. "Oh, my mother, it's the Virgin!" But what matters isn't the relationship with the Virgin; what matters is... Take Rimbaud, for example; I mean,

nonetheless, one must not snuff out the ravings. So, of course, all the delirious subjects are not Rimbaud. But still, I believe that delirium has great power [*puissance*]. Delirium has great power; the person who is raving might be reduced to impotence, yes, and the delirium might reduce him or her to impotence. But, the power of delirium, what is it? Rimbaud starts to rave, not in the form of his relations with his mother. Because, come on, we really must not exaggerate; it's shameful the way that... It's humiliating, I don't know; there's something so reductive to bring delirium back perpetually to... as if people who are raving were doing so just to repeat stories.

I cannot even recount early childhood stories, because the child never lived like that. You understand, a child experiences his or her parents in a historical-global field. He or she does not experience them within a familial field; he/she experiences them immediately. Imagine, you are a little African child during the colonization. Fine. You see your father, your mother. In this situation, what are your father and your mother in contact with? They are dealing with the colonial authorities, they are dealing with this, that. Take an immigrant child today in France. He/She experiences his/her parents in relation to what? He/She does not simply experience his/her parents as parents; never has anyone experienced his/her parents as parents. Take someone whose mother does cleaning work, and someone whose mother is a wealthy bourgeoisie. It is obvious that what the little child focuses on, and very quickly, very early, he/she focused, through parental themes, on vectors of the socio-historical field.

For example, if a small child is taken very early by his/her mother to a stranger's home, that is, to the mother's employer's home, as often happens for cleaning ladies. It is obvious that the child has a certain vision of "lines" of a historical field, of a social field. As a result, once again, I jump from all my... It's the same idea. When Rimbaud launches his kinds of delirious poems, what is he telling us? He says to us: "I am a negro, I am a negro, I am a Viking, I am Joan of Arc, I am of an inferior race for all eternity." That's what raving is. "I am a bastard, I am," etc., and I am a bastard, that does not mean I'm having problems with my father and my mother.⁴

It means that delirium is this kind of investment, it is this kind of investment by desire of the historical and social field. As a result, for us, the interpretation we've been offered, the rules for listening to delirium, it was essentially that, basically that. It is obvious that parents are only "signposts" of all these vectors that crisscross the social field. As a result, already giving dignity back to delirium, or restoring dignity to the raving person, is for me to conceive that the delirious person is not trapped within childhood problems, because it's already true of the child that if the child becomes delirious, he/she'll do so in this way.

You understand, this has been tested within the same research perspective, this has been tested regarding the kind of psychoanalysis which appears the least compromised in these stories of flattening out [delirium] onto the familial field, namely Melanie Klein. And Melanie Klein analyzes a little boy named Richard.⁵ And for me, this is really one of the most shameful psychoanalyses imaginable. Because it is during the war; Richard is a young Jew, he has only one passion, the geographical maps of war. He constructs them, he colors them in. His problems are Hitler, Churchill, what is all this about, what does war mean? [*Comment by Claire Parnet*] Yes, he moves ships and armies around, etc. And here, it is stated by Melanie Klein, it is out of evil intention (*mauvais esprit*), she doesn't stop saying: "I stopped him, I showed him that

Hitler, is it the ‘bad daddy’, that Churchill is the good mother”, etc., etc., etc. This is so painful, and the little guy cracks up.

This analysis is very interesting, because there are I don’t know how many sessions, everything is timed. This book was published in France, this shameful psychoanalysis, it was published in France at Editions Tchou. It’s frightening; at first, he manages fine, and he is even quite humorous. He jokes with the aging Melanie; he says: Oh, you have a watch? he says to her, which means clearly: I want to get out of here! So, then she says to him: Why are you asking me that? So, she interprets, she says that he feels threatened in his unconscious defenses. Oh, come on! He has only one desire: to get out, get out, get out. And then little by little, he can’t take it anymore. He can’t take it anymore; he just isn’t up to it. What do you want him to do? So, he accepts everything, he accepts everything. He accepts everything, but at what cost? I don’t know. Fine.

And for each case, it’s like that. Whenever you see delirium, you find these affirmations, which are splendors of delirium and at the same time, their true reason for existing. This is about the relationship someone has with Celts, Blacks, Arabs, the etc., and who does not have ... and if this is an Arab [speaking], it’s about the relationship he/she has with the whites, with etc., etc., with the particular historical era.

Let’s talk about masochism; here we have a case where there isn’t even any delirium. There could be delirium, but there’s not necessarily delirium. If you will, if we take it back to... So, I’m choosing this case because it’s a case that I had studied a long time ago, the case of Sacher-Masoch himself.⁶ We are then told that psychoanalysis never stops talking about the role of the father and the mother as the generator of masochism, specifically in which case and in what figure this father-mother duo will always generate either a masochistic structure or masochistic events. But all this is extremely painful. Masoch’s father, for example, if we take this case -- I’m not saying that this is a general case – he’s a prison director. So, for this, psychoanalysis, has a strange answer which is still its famous notion that seems particularly suspicious, [the notion] of “after the fact” (*par après*). It says, ah, right, all that, it comes after the fact. But at the level of one’s early childhood, this does not intervene. What matters is the family constellation.

[*Interruption of the audio recording; the YouTube video of the session contains the omitted text, starting from time marker 22:35; see <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SoFrOpzrFkI>*] But really, that’s stupid. I do not know; it seems so stupid to me that this is the strong point of *Anti-Oedipus*. It’s having nonetheless protested against this kind of thing because we are... Imagine, the little Sacher-Masoch, he was born, his father is a prison director, and he was born in a prison. Well, does he apprehend his father as father or does he apprehend him as a prison guard? [*Here recommences the audio recording*]

Part 2

... I would say, and even already as a baby, even before learning to talk. You will tell me, there’s no comparison, there’s no comparison, there is no basis for making a comparison. He doesn’t say, he’s not telling himself: “I am in a prison”, or “my father runs a prison”. What he feels is a certain very, very impressive constellation, which is that of a power over a black and enclosed place. And it does not matter; he’s not comparing. If needs be, he doesn’t even know there are

other places. But I am saying, this goes without saying; still a child, he doesn't simply experience his father as his father, he experiences his father under father-power (*puissance-père*), and, A-N-D – these are inseparable -- father AND prison guard. Well, does that count?

Then, to the extent that Masoch personally develops a real delirium at certain moments, this delirium consists in what? This delirium isn't simply delirium; it's also a politics. He lives in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Masoch. All his life is a kind of reflection, but an active reflection and participation in the problem of minorities in the Austrian Empire. And what are his obsessional themes? His obsessional themes are courtly love, with the trials that the woman love object imposes and the role of women in minorities, as what? The movements of minorities. Masoch is one of those who stated it most profoundly, the movements of minorities are deeply animated by women. There is all this mixed up therein, both to constitute this kind of masochism that creates delirium about the minorities, about the Middle Ages at the level of the courtly love, and which creates delirium about the world of the prisons. I am saying: if you apply all this to a problem of the child Masoch in relation to his father and mother, then you might as well say that there's nothing more to say! It's grotesque, it's grotesque.

I'm asking you [that] each time you are faced with either the written transcript or the oral recording of some sort of delirium, you will see that what is invested is fundamentally, that is, what is invested through desire is fundamentally a historical-global field. And I'll call "lines of flight" the lines that connect the delirious person to a particular direction or to a particular region of the historical-global field.

So, if this is how it is, I'm just trying to express a "process". But maybe this is a little clearer? Something happens to us; something sweeps us away. The whole question of an analysis that wouldn't be a psychoanalysis, is what? What is it? But this is what it is: what lines do you trace? I mean, for me, analysis cannot be either an interpretation or a signifying operation; it's a cartographic outline. If you can't find the lines that compose someone, including their lines of flight, you do not understand the problems that occur or that he/she poses for him/herself. And, in fact, lines of flight, you understand, are not uniform. The way that someone ... A line of flight is even an ambiguous operation, I'm saying; it the process that carries us away.

Obviously, that means that, for me, lines of flight are what's creative in someone. Lines of flight are not lines that consist in escaping, although it consists in fleeing, but it's really the expression that I like greatly from an American prisoner who cried out: "I'm escaping, I never stop escaping, but by escaping, I'm looking for a weapon".⁷ I'm looking for a weapon, that is, I'm creating something. In the end, creation is panic, always. I mean, it's on lines of flight that one creates, because it's on the lines of flight that one no longer has any certainty, as such certainties have collapsed.

So, I'm saying that that's what process is. But -- and here, I'm thinking I can answer your question more directly -- I would say [that] precisely because these lines do not pre-exist the outline that is made of them. I would say that, at the same time, these lines do not pre-exist the outline that one makes of them, and then that all the lines are not lines of flight. There are other types of lines. So, for a year here, we had devoted ourselves to this topic; I think we spent about

a year studying the kinds of lines that compose someone, that compose someone in the sense of the individual or group, within a social field or in a historical-global field.

At the extreme, we distinguished several types of lines. We really interested ourselves in a splendid short story, because here again the delirium is not far off, a very beautiful short story by Fitzgerald, in which he distinguishes -- [with] a whole language, a whole vocabulary -- in which he distinguishes the big breaks (*cassures*), the small cracks (*fêlures*), and real ruptures.⁸ And in the end, we experience all this. And he tries to show, he shows very well that these three kinds of lines -- I believe that these are always there in everyone -- these [are] three kinds of lines, but [there are] some that abort, and others that ... So, this is almost an analysis of lines, almost in the sense of lines of the hand, except that these lines are not in the hand.

I would understand nothing about someone if I couldn't translate him/her into a kind of linear drawing, with -- it would take three colors, at least three colors, in fact much more - and draw the lines in which he/she's situated and through which he/she manages his/her life. I would say, yes, you understand, so all these lines that get tangled up, that get terribly confused -- I had some lines -- I proposed to call them "lines of hard segmentarity". And we all have lines of hard segmentarity. This is not about saying that some are bad, and others are good. It's about managing oneself with all these lines. Lines of hard segmentarity, for me, are things that everyone knows well, but there are already plenty of cases like that. There are some very different cases in this first packet of lines.

We are... I would really like almost to conceive of myself and conceive of others solely as packets of abstract lines. So, these lines represent nothing, but they work, they work. And for me, schizoanalysis is only this: it's the determination of the lines that make up an individual or a group, the outline of these lines. And this concerns the entire unconscious. These lines are not immediately given, neither in their respective importance, nor in their dead ends. That's why rather than a story, I dream of a geography, that is, a cartography, to create someone's map.

So yes, I am asking, what is hard segmentarity? And certainly, we are segmented from all sides. We are segmented from everywhere; it's a first kind of line that crosses through us. I mean, we are first segmented immediately: work, leisure, the days of the week, each day, each night, etc., you see. It's a segmented line: work, days off, Sundays, in the end, of the daily grind kind (*métro-boulot*), a kind of segmentarity. There's a whole bureaucracy of segmentarity. There is the office, where we go; when you go from one office to another to obtain the slightest document, we see what social segmentation is. We get sent from one segment to another.

But there is also an even more troubling and more difficult segmentarity. This is to say that already the line... I couldn't say that there's "a" line of segmentarity, and it's not the same for everyone. It's so variable for everyone according to one's line of work, according to one's lifestyle. We are segmented like verse, right! But we cannot say that this isn't good; it depends, it depends what you get out of it, but it's a first component of your lines. One segment, another segment, another segment! -- Oh, I'm coming home? Ah, I've made it home, whew, the day is done. Ah! Don't let anyone come bother me! -- Moving from one segment to another. There are some people, take note of this, there are some people who have rather few lines, for whom this line is as if weakened, weakened. These people are quite attractive, those who have a very

weakened segmentarity. We get the impression that they are too mobile, that they move from one segment to another much faster than others, that they have a much more flexible segmentarity. Good.

But I am saying that, generally, there is already in this domain of segmentarity an entire packet of lines, and not just a single one, because you understand that the line of segmentarity is very oriented from the perspective of time. Notably, it is following segmentarities that the sad evolution of the life unfolds, for example: one ages, from youth to old age. This is another segmentarity; you see that these intersect all these segmentarities, man, woman. Here, men; there, women. All that gets segmented, young, old. So, fine! -- Ah, I was young, I'm not young anymore. Ah, I had talent, talent, and what's become of him? -- You recognize the tone, but, for Fitzgerald, it's not at all a whining tone, for those who have read him. What is this phenomenon of "loss of youth", "loss of beauty", "loss of talent", which occurs along this line? And how are we going to endure it? There it is, there are always ruptures, breaks on this line. We go from one segment to another by a sort of break (*cassure*). There are people who endure it; this line is already very different for each person or for groups. But groups give an entire status already to this first line.

And then there is another kind of line. We know well that, at the same time, it's not that the first one is a mere apparition, but we know that, at the same time, other things are happening, that there are not just men here and women there, that there is the way men are women, the way women are men in things much more..., so, a line that's much more, how would I say it, literally, much more molecular. [It's] a line where it is much less apparently sliced than... Someone makes a gesture, right? Someone within the context of his job makes a gesture, and I get this feeling of unease -- novelists have always played on this a lot -- I get a feeling of discomfort; I say to myself, well, this gesture is not appropriate (*adapté*). Where does it come from? It seems a bit incongruous; it comes from somewhere else; it comes from another segment. There is like a kind of mixing of segments.

This is no longer a line of segmentarity somehow pre-established; it's a line of thin segmentation in the process of being made, of tiny thrusts, of small things, a little grimace, that comes from where? Bizarre. [It's] a line that no longer proceeds by "breaking" (*cassure*), a kind of binarity, dualism -- man-woman, rich-poor, young-old -- but that proceeds by... By how? Fitzgerald says, by "tiny cracks" (*petites fêlures*), small cracks like on a plate, that will break only because of the small cracks, but these are not the same pathways, that of the big break and that of tiny cracks. So, in the end, we realize that we have aged on the first line, while aging is a kind of process that continued for a long time on the second line. The time of the two lines is not the same. There we have a second type of line which is very diverse. It's a second packet of lines.

And then there are lines, yet again, of another type, the lines of flight, the lines that are created and on which we create. Sometimes we say: but these are as if caked in sand, they are like mouthfuls, sometimes they release, passing through veritable holes, [and] they re-emerge; sometimes they are ruined (*foutues*), ruined [since] the other two types of lines have eaten them, and then they can always be returned. What is this third type of lines? Let's suppose that it is ... I am saying, to create a schizoanalysis of someone, it would be to determine these lines and the "process" of these lines.

And finally, to answer the question, [it's] a very simple thing: let's call "schizophrenia" according to the outline of lines of flight. And this outline of lines of flight is strictly coextensive with the historical-global field. As a petty bourgeois Frenchman who did not leave my country, once again, what are my ravings about? I create delirium about Africa and Asia, as a kind of revenge. And why? Because that's what delirium is, that's what delirium is. And there is no need to be crazy to be delirious.

So, if I call this process, it is this flow that carries me off into the historical-social field following vectors. To call this the trip in the manner of Laing and Cooper, I see no problem with that for, in fact, I can just as well get delirious about prehistory; I can very well make prehistory my business. Anyway, this is what one gets delirious about.

So, what happens? I am saying that each type of line has its dangers. I believe that the danger peculiar to the line of flight and lines of flight, to these lines of delirium, is what? In fact, it's a kind of real collapse. What is the collapse? But the danger proper to lines of flight – and it's fundamental; this is the most terrible of dangers -- is that the line of flight turns into a line of abolition, of destruction, that the line of flight, which normally and as process is a line of life and must trace new paths of life, turns into a pure line of death. And finally, there is always that possibility; there is always that possibility, that the line of flight ceases to be a line of creation and goes around in circles, like spinning around on itself and sinking into what one year we were calling "a black hole", that is, becomes a pure and simple line of destruction.

I said, that's what, I think, explains a number of things. This explains, for example, the production of schizophrenia as a clinical entity. The schizophrenic as someone ill -- and I believe that schizophrenia is fundamentally and deeply an illness -- this is it: it is someone who, in the grasp of the process, is carried off by his process, by "a" process; well, he can no longer hold on. He does not hold on; it's too hard. It's too hard. You will tell me, one still must say why, what has happened? If necessary, if necessary, nothing has happened. I mean, nothing attributable has happened.

There is a wonderful text by [Lev] Shestov about the famous Russian writer Chekhov. Shestov does not like Chekhov; wrongly, he does not like him, he even hates him. He states the reason he does not like Chekhov. He says: You understand when you read Chekhov, you always have the impression that something has happened, and you cannot even say what! Namely everything happens as if Chekhov had tried something, which did not even require considerable effort, and then as if he had sprained his foot, and he comes out of this incapable of anything, as if for him, for him, Chekhov, the world is over, and he is only bitterness. What happened? What happened to make someone crack up? You'll tell me, cracking up like Chekhov did, it's not bad, huh? Yes, but... ! Maybe we can have a different vision of Chekhov. But what happens when someone actually cracks up, in fact? What was it he couldn't stand?

In any case, I am saying, it is there and it's at this level: what was it that someone couldn't stand? Well, it's this something that he could not stand, something that marks, it seems to me, the turning point of the line of flight which ceases being creative, and which becomes a line death pure and simple. There are two ways to become a line of death. It is to become a line of death for

others, and often, both are very connected, and line of one's own death. And in the end, why is it related?

This is complicated, but I am considering cases. How is it that, for example – I'm considering cases there, always literary -- what happens, what happens in famous cases, like [Heinrich von] Kleist, Kleist, who really wrote through a "process"? This process gives him all sorts of very schizophrenic signs: stuttering, involuntary movements, muscle contractions, all that. But all that feeds his style for a long time. And a style is not just something aesthetic; a style, you live as you speak, or rather you speak as you live. A style is a way of life. With all that, he invents a style, a kind of style, that makes Kleist's phrase recognizable among all phrases.

What is happening? So, all that will lead to a very delirious idea, which was there from the beginning in Kleist, namely: how to kill oneself as two (*se tuer à deux*)? How to kill each other? What occurs so that his line of flight crosses Germany? One sees very well what this process is in Kleist's case: he jumps on horseback, and he crosses Germany. It is the great German Romantic movement. Well, you'll tell me, it's not just the process; okay, it's not just the process. Let's say it's already the geographical sign of the process. There are people who stay in one place and are seized by the process.

It seems obvious to me that Beckett's characters are intensely living what might be called "the process". We cannot, it seems to me... We can only interpret Beckett with great difficulty in terms of persons, of personology, or in terms of structure. This is a matter of process too. And something goes wrong; what does it mean? It means the process is really turning, something that should have... -- But what does the phrase "that should have" mean? -- [Should have] been a line of life, that is, of creation, that should have been a kind of extra chance given to life, that turns into a deadly enterprise. How to kill each other together? An exasperated death in the manner of Kleist, or else a peaceful death. Peaceful deaths do occur. What makes Virginia Woolf sink into her lake, there, and drown like that? So, it is not at all an exasperated death; it's just that, in a certain way, she got fed up. She's fed up with what, someone who, in fact, undertook a prodigious process? What is happening?

So, I am saying, in exasperated forms, it's like that, if you will, if I try to give a concrete, lived, living content to the notion of fascism. I have tried several times to say the extent to which, for me, fascism and totalitarianism are not at all the same thing. Fascism – what I am saying sounds a little mystical -- but it seems to me that [fascism] isn't mystical. Fascism is typically a process of flight, a line of flight which then immediately turns into a mortuary line, death of others and death of oneself. I mean, what does that mean? All fascists have always said it: contrary to totalitarianism, fascism fundamentally implies the idea of a perpetual movement without object or purpose. Perpetual movement without object or purpose: in a way, one can say this is what a process is. In fact, process is a movement that has neither purpose nor goal, that has only one object: its own fulfillment, that is, the emission of flows corresponding to it.

But there we have fascism when this aimless and pointless movement becomes a movement of pure destruction. Provided that what? Provided that others will be put to death, and that its own death will crown that of the others. I mean, when I say [fascism] sounds quite mystical, what I'm saying about it is that, in fact, the concrete analyses, it seems to me, confirm it very strongly. I

mean, one of the best books on fascism, which I have already quoted, which is that of [Hannah] Arendt [*The Origins of Totalitarianism* 1951], which is a lengthy analysis even of fascist institutions, shows sufficiently that fascism can only live through an idea of a kind of movement that is constantly reproducing and accelerating, to the point that in the history of fascism, the more the war risks being lost for the Fascists, the more [there is] the exasperation and acceleration of the war all the way to Hitler's famous last telegram which orders the destruction of habitat and the destruction of the people. It will begin with the death of others, but it is understood that the hour of our own death will come. And here, Goebbels's speeches from the beginning said this: we can always present propaganda, but what interests me is why the propaganda was oriented in a direction from the beginning.

In this respect, that is completely different from a totalitarian regime. And one of the reasons why, it seems to me, one of the important historical reasons, there is again why the Americans, and even Europe, did not make an alliance with fascism. Well, we could trust them; it's not the morality or the worry of freedom that guided them along. So, why did they prefer to join forces with Russia and the Stalinist regime, about which we can say anything we want, and this is a regime that can be called totalitarian, but it's not a fascist-type regime, and this is very different. It is obvious that fascism exists only through this exasperation of movement, and that this exasperation of movement could not provide sufficient guarantees in the end. And the mistrust of fascism at the level of governments and the states that created the alliance [with Stalin] during the war, it seems to me, if you will, this is where there is always a potential fascism when a line of flight turns on a line of death.

So, it's almost for this reason, you understand, [there is] the distinction I would make between schizophrenia as a process and the schizophrenic as a clinical entity. It's because schizophrenia as a process is the aggregate of these outlines of lines of flight. But the production of the clinical entity occurs precisely when something cannot be held on the lines of flight. Something is too hard; something is too hard for me, and at that point, it's going to turn into a line, either a line of abolition or a line of death.

Take hold of a thing, an objective experience as simple as music, the music that you listen to. In what way can we talk about a potential fascism in music, if we can talk about a potential fascism? It seems to me that this is because music is process in its purest form. It is through this that of all the arts, [music] would undoubtedly be the art, it seems to me, the most adequate, the most immediately adequate. To capture within painting a process of painting requires much more effort. That is, the flows, to capture the flow of painting is much more difficult than to immediately grasp the sound flow of music. And here again, I would say for me that music is not a matter of structure, nor even of form; it's a matter of process. Well, I am immediately thinking of comparisons, of one of the musicians who thought about music the most in terms of process: this is [John] Cage. Fine, and I mean that music is process and, in a way, it is fundamentally love of life. It is even the creation of life.

And is it just by chance that -- at the same time, I must say the exact opposite -- that music inspires us at certain moments, and that there is no music that doesn't inspire us like that at certain moments, [inspiring] a very strange, a very strange desire, which must be called abolition, a desire for extinction, a desire for sound extinction, a peaceful death, and that in the simplest

musical experience -- and here I do not privilege one kind of music over another; I think it's true of all music, that it's true of pop music, that it's true of classical music, that it's true ... -- that it's both at the same time, and one kind is caught within the other, a vital creation in the form of a line of flight or in the form of a process, and grafted onto to it, constantly risking to convert the process, [there is] a kind of desire for abolition, a desire for death, and that music carries along the desire for death as well as it carries along the process? As a result, at this level, it's really a very, very uncertain part that each of us plays without knowing it. A person is never sure that it won't be his/her turn to crack up. Who can predict this? And yet again, he/she won't crack up under very strong visible jolts. Perhaps he/she'll crack up when, from a certain point of view, things are going better. We do not know; we just don't know.

I am simply saying that psychiatry and psychoanalysis, it seems to me, do us no favors each time they propose interpretation to these phenomena which can be called puerile interpretations. These dishonor people; these dishonor people. It turns out that people are happy; they can stand listening to that. It matters to them since it works; it matters to them. But I think one is dishonored by agreeing to listen for hours on end -- at least, you have to suffer greatly to stand this -- to listen to all that stuff for hours on end. It's because: "you do not agree with your father and your mother," all that; "it's because something has happened on the paternal side; it's because ..." Whether this is in terms of structure, whether this is in terms of a person's image, yet again, personology or structure, these seem to me so similar, whereas nonetheless, it seems to me we still, we have the elementary dignity of getting ill or going crazy, were it needed, under all sorts of other pressures and other adventures than that.

So, there we are, yes. In that sense, I answer, of course, if I understood the question correctly: the idea of schizophrenia as a process implies that this process constantly coexists with the production of a kind of victim of the process. One can be, at any moment, victim of a process that one carries in oneself. And by process, yet again, I am invoking, because for, because this becomes a common language, since it belongs to us all, I am invoking big names like Kleist, Rimbaud, etc. Well, Rimbaud, what about Rimbaud, who is this man? He takes off for Ethiopia, that is, he prolongs his line of flight, but he prolongs it in what way? On this point, this kind of denial of all his past is something that he can no longer endure. What does he then become? How, what does he become? It is on this line that a real becoming occurs, once again. And this becoming, it can also become a deadly becoming.

So, if there is a lesson, it's not just about unraveling the lines that make up someone; it's on the level of each packet of lines that makes up someone, about trying by any means at all to prevent that from turning into a line of death. For me, that's the... And there is no miracle solution, there is no quick fix. I just think that there is a sort of complacency that is extremely dangerous: the complacency to the psychoanalytic discourse that creates our disgrace. In the end, it suppresses, it removes... Long ago, the novelist [D.H.] Lawrence said it, having had a kind of fresh reaction to psychoanalysis. He said: but all that is disgusting -- in all that, it is not at all... Lawrence, you understand, he is very strong, because he isn't someone to whom they could say: "Ah you are shocked by sexuality?" He wasn't very shocked by sexuality; he is even at the forefront of a kind of discovery, and singular discoveries, of sexuality.

But it seems to him that psychoanalysis is disgusting. What does he mean? Because nonetheless, that does not mean... it's not Lawrence who would say: I am protesting against the idea that everything is sexual; on the contrary, [he'd say] this doesn't bother me! He says, "But, do you realize what they are doing with sexuality, do you realize? Well, it's shameful!" He says: Sexuality? What does it relate to? Well, he says the same thing that I just said about process. He says: it's obvious that sexuality is all about the sun. It's all about creating delirium about the world, and not at all about creating a romantic conception here of sexuality. This is how it is; this is how it is; what do you want? What we love, for example, the type of woman or man we pursue, what we expect from this, it's way beyond persons. In fact, that turns the world into delirium; it can be as much an oasis as a desert, whatever you want.

In any case, the very idea that all this comes down to Oedipus, that is, to a father-mother constellation, and even if we add to it a law, there is something scandalous; all this is dishonorable. It's obvious that's not what sexuality is. When President Schreber says literally: I have the sun's rays in the ass, he feels, he feels the rays of the sun. He feels them like that. Well, and here, if we try to explain his relations with his father, my sense is that we risk failing to understand anything. At that point, everything that concerns sexuality, then...

When Lawrence protests against psychoanalysis, he says, "But they see nothing but the dirty little secret," a shabby little secret, truly pathetic, this story of wanting to kill the father, and wanting to sleep with the mother, it's pathetic. So, although we interpret it within structure, it's still pathetic, because it is. You realize? Which child ever did that? No, come on! Never, never. All that is a twisted person's idea, in the name of sexuality. I mean, we must react against psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic psychiatry, in the name of sexuality. This is quite another thing, because in sexuality, there is a real process, and there as well, that can turn into death, can turn into... So, well, all that's what I wanted to say. So, I am continuing; that's why in one year, I had so much... So, I could stop if there are other questions... Yes?

A participant: I'd like to revisit a question we discussed last time [*inaudible passage*]. Why, for example, say that a process is first of all a lifeline onto which a deadly line is then grafted? There, really, I'm stuck. This is something that I can't accept [*je refuse*], a bit like Lawrence who said he refused psychoanalysis. That's something I don't buy into it [*brief inaudible passage*]. There is no reason to favor the lifeline. It seems purely tactical to me. Nothing can be said, nothing can be done. There's just apathy. [...] By talking about the lifeline, we are only displacing the problem [...]. For a schizophrenic, either he believes in it, or he goes along with the psychoanalysis thing, [and] so much the better for him. It's the illusion of interpretation. So, fine. That could very well be a solution for him. Or he will go along with schizoanalysis. Why not? If we stick to a theoretical level, there is a kind of great lyrical circle to finally arrive at: as much power of death resides on one side as on the other. That's true. Why not start with this apathy of equalization, of neutralization?

Deleuze: Listen...

The participant: I announced at the start of my question that I was referring back to the previous time we met. Last time, you said: we've had enough of the philosopher-hero. What is the other

image? My question already contains its answer; you've stated it many times. At the same time, your answer seems empty to me.

Deleuze: And what was my answer?

The participant: The response proceeded through lines of flight, through rhizomes. [*Deleuze responds, "oui, oui"*] But that doesn't change anything. Yes, there are processes. What does that mean concretely? In processes, life force still exists. That's clear, okay [*inaudible passage*]. What happens for the schizophrenic is that quite suddenly, he loses his job, he loses his wife, he loses everything. In this, a power of death is already located, which doesn't mean that it's completely death, that's obvious.

Deleuze: Listen, there's only one thing that is not right in what you are saying, in your intervention: it's the way you repeatedly say: "it's true, it's true, is it true". As for me, I never say, "it's true" because, in a certain sense, this does not occur at this level anymore. But it was like a way you comforted yourself by telling me, "ah and then, it's not like you are saying, it's like I am saying it." Indeed! So, here's what I would answer: it's that ...

The participant: I didn't say that.

Deleuze: And the whole time, you said, "That's right, it's true ... it's true, we cannot get out of that, we cannot escape that; at the extreme, we might say, well yes, there is the power of life, but there is on the same level the power of death," and you are saying, "it's true, it's true, it's true," which showed that you're attached to this idea.

So, if you're attached to this idea, I have, I mean, I'll present two answers at once, but these answers, I insist on the first as on the second, and the first one might appear insolent, but it is not at all. It is that, on a certain level, when one says something that one, in fact, thinks, the more one provides answers to what one thinks, the less one can invoke any truth whatsoever, since one is not sure about it, and that's even one thing: when you've lost the certainty that you can say something, so that's why...

So, I would say, if someone says to me, as you have -- but this is only my first answer -- if someone says to me: "Oh no, for me, I cannot think that a line of flight, for example, is essentially vital and creative; I cannot believe it, I do not feel that way. At most, I'd say that [the line] has two heads, life and death, and that everything is decided at that moment, but there's no reason to privilege the vital pole over the deadly pole." There, my answer would be, well, well, okay, go in that direction, it's yours. I cannot say anything; I cannot say anything. Everything in this idea offends me, but I cannot say anything. There is no basis to try to show that I'm the one who is right if someone feels differently than me. The "I feel", I mean, there is a philosophical "I feel". The "I feel" is not only "I have the impression"; it is that there is a philosophical "I feel" that is like a kind of background of concepts. It means, well, fine, this concept, you do not like it, you do not like it, even vitally, once we've established that concepts have a life.

But at the same time, my second reason is almost -- so this is not a desire to convince anyone at all; it's an immediate desire; I am telling myself that, at least, it might be useful for something if

there were someone who does not agree -- what would I answer, for myself? For myself, I would answer this with a lot of wailing, because at the point that we've reached, if you will, these are really affects. We are not simply at the level of concepts; we are fully within a particular domain that I was trying somewhat to have you sense about Leibniz, namely, the affects of the concept. There are no concepts that are neutral or innocent. A concept is loaded with affective power.

And when I hear the idea that death can be a process, my whole heart, all my affects are bleeding. For -- and this is why I exclude death and life from having the same status on the lines of flight, and I will never speak, for example, of a bipolar character, which would be life and death -- because death is the opposite of a process; here, it would be necessary to define process better than I did, but I am deliberately insisting on the affective resonances.

For me, death is the interruption of a process. That is why I'll never understand the phenomena of death or preparation for death in a process as such. This is even why, for me, process and life, process and the vital line, are strictly one. And what I call "line of flight" is this process insofar as being the vital creative line. If I am told about this [that] it necessarily has the correlate of death, it can be understood in two ways, so it becomes complicated.

And the two ways can almost theoretically get closer to each other infinitely; affectively, they are absolutely opposed. And I am saying that in this case, affects are even more important than concepts. Namely, if I say: death is inseparable from this process defined as vital line, I can understand it in the form: death would be part of the process, which in me I refuse to, by taste, not out of... Everything is offended by this idea, everything in me is offended, and it is even an idea that horrifies me. Or I understand something else, namely: but we have never won, and at every moment, this vital line risks being interrupted and the, not the process, but its radical cut is precisely death. And that, in fact, I cannot guarantee it, that it won't be interrupted by death. What I can ask, which is entirely different, is that everything be put into motion so that it might not be interrupted by a voluntary death, that is, what I am calling voluntary death, in any form whatsoever, a cult of death. And by cult of death, I mean fascism as well. We recognize the fascist by the cry, once again: "Long live death!" Anyone who says: "Long live death!" is a fascist.

So, this cult of death can be represented by fascism, but can be represented, if needed, by all kinds of other things, namely, a certain suicidal complacency, a certain suicidal narcissism, by suicidal undertakings. All suicidal enterprises belong to and imply a kind of song of death, of the cult of death.

So, at the point that we've reached, I would not even try to tell you here that I'm the one who is right because, once again, that's not at all the question. [*Interruption of the audio recording; the YouTube video of the session contains the omitted text, starting from time marker 11:45; see <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SoFrOpzrFkI>*] I'm just answering you that someone who would like to create a theory of the process -- so here we come back to the concept -- where death and life would be like two equal poles of the vital line or the line of flight in such a way that the only status of this line for itself, it would not be the vital line but, as you said, a line of apathy. I see here that [*Here recommences the audio recording*]

Part 3

... already death has chosen, and that in this path, we have already chosen death because, who are the guys who demand to be apathetic? They demand apathy, for example, or else it is the Sage, the ancient Sage, or else in modern times, it was de Sade and sadism. It is not at all to say: “what you are saying is sadistic” – here, I don’t care, but just to say: you cannot give to death its share on the level of process, without at that very moment, stuffing [the process] fully into death. So, I have no problem with it -- I see no problem with anything -- I am saying at this point: use another notion than process, because process, you understand -- and here, I would like to say that if I had to justify the notion theoretically, it also refers there, to an entire thesis, but a very practical thesis in which I believe, which was in *Anti-Oedipus*, specifically, that desire insofar as being an emission of process, insofar as being a construction of a creation of process, that desire has absolutely nothing to do with anything negative, with lack, with whatever it might be, that desire does not lack of anything. And it is precisely in this sense that desire is process.

And if someone pushes me into death, in the idea of process -- yet again, process pursues its fulfillment – death is always an interruption of the process. Death cannot be part of the process; there is no process of death. Here, I say it with passion, not at all to say: “I am right”, but to say, these seems to me contradictory, death and process.

A participant: [*Inaudible comment*]

Deleuze: Okay then ... What is... I don’t know any more what I wanted to say... Ah, right. I would like to say, precisely at the level of affects, in a sense, this is very useful, because here, if you will, I insist on [this]: [about] philosophy, I proposed as a definition, philosophy is the creation of concepts. But once again, we would have to study three concepts that form a kind of constellation: concept, affect and percept, because there are philosophers who have tried to pose the problem of philosophy at the level of percepts, for example, many American philosophers, by saying, “philosophy is something which proceeds by percepts”, and which, at the limit, changes perception. And then there are philosophers -- for example, a philosopher like Nietzsche, and also [Pierre] Klossowski who saw quite well that in Nietzsche, the extent to which Nietzsche proceeds less by concepts. Concepts are a great reaction against concepts. He proceeds essentially by mobilization of affects, and affect receives within Nietzsche a very, very, very subtle, very curious philosophical status: this is a discourse by affects; this is a “pathos,” as one says, it is not a “logos”.

So, at this level, I can say that for me, then, what was I saying the last time, how is it possible today to be Spinozist, to be Leibnizian? If I ask the same question about Spinoza, I would say, what does it mean today to be Spinozist? There is no universal answer. But I feel, I really feel Spinozist, in 1980 -- so I can answer the question, only for myself: what does it mean for me to feel Spinozist?

Well, that means being ready to admire, to endorse if I could, the phrase: “death always comes from outside”. Death always comes from outside. Death always comes from outside, that is, death is not a process. And whatever the beauty of the pages that, in one way or another, can be drawn back into a death chant or an exaltation of death, I can only say one thing: it’s that, for my

part, I deny their beauty. That is, I am saying, whatever their beauty might be, because for me, these are insults. These are insults against what? These are insults to thought; these are insults to life. This goes without saying, but these are insults to thought, these are insults to all that has lived. And the cult of death, this seems to me really the thing... in whatever form it might be.

So, it has its psychoanalytic aspect of death; it has its fascist aspect; it has its psychotic aspect, all that. I cannot tell you, I am not saying that it does not exist, I am not even saying that I do not have it in me like everyone else. I am saying that it's the enemy because our problem is not simply agreeing on the level of true and false. It's not even knowing what is true or false, our collective problem. It's knowing what our allotment is of allies and enemies. And that would also be part of a schizoanalysis. Schizoanalysis, yet again, does not ask: "what are your relationships with your father and your mother?" It asks: "who are your allies, who are your enemies"? So, if someone says to me: "Well, for me, death is my friend," I say, "okay, okay"; I consider him to be like a mistake of nature, I consider him to be like a monster. And I know, I know that for me: "No beauty can go along this path." Why then? I just want to finish before that point.

Why am I so attached to the line of life, the line of flight being equal to life, being equal to process, and for all of that, excluding death, death being only an interruption?

I would say that it's not only about death that I would say that. I would also say that about pleasure, if you will. Pleasure for me, it's fine, pleasure; and here, I would say it's great, we even have to have it. It's fine, pleasure, it's fine, fine, we have to have it. But what's so awful about pleasure, what's so pathetic about pleasure? That's because, by its very nature, it interrupts a process. It is odd that in the problems of desire -- if you will, there is a case that seems very striking to me -- it's how in different civilizations, it's very curious what happens in all kinds of civilizations. In all kinds of civilizations, you have, you have an odd idea. And this odd idea, it always appears in groups that are a bit isolated, a little bit on the margins. That's how not to... This is the idea that desire is ultimately a continuous process. This is the emission, in fact, [that] pursues its fulfillment. This is continuity. Process is something continuous.

So, process has only one enemy: that's what interrupts it. What is interrupting it? What is it? I said that it's death. But there are some forms of "little deaths", what else might that be? It can be pleasure. At the same time, there are necessary interruptions, "the little deaths", these are absolutely necessary [*this is a euphemism in French for orgasm*]. Death is inevitable, so the process would be interrupted. It goes without saying, it will be interrupted. I am saying, everything that interrupts the process is outside the process. I'm not saying that it may not come. It will necessarily come, and in a way, it is good that it comes; maybe it is good that we die; maybe it's good that we have fun, okay, okay. But again, what I reject is that what comes to interrupt the process might be part of the process itself as it is being accomplished.

And I am saying that pleasure interrupts process. What am I referring to? Here again, I come back to my example because this returns to me from the past, since I had once spent time on Masoch and on masochism. In masochism, I am struck by this: it's that sometimes we are told that this is about people who seek suffering; this is what we could call the superficial interpretation of masochism, people seeking pain, who love pain, that's it. To love pain is a

funny thing; it is literally a proposition that is nonsensical. Or we are told, no, it is not that they love pain; it's that they seek pleasure like everyone else, but they can only obtain pleasure in particularly devious ways. Why? Because they are supposed to be beaten and subjected to such anguish, that they can only obtain pleasure if they have at first relieved the anguish. How does one relieve anguish? By having oneself be punished. And it is only the punishment received that will enable them, like everyone else, to experience pleasure.

You see, it's basically two different interpretations of masochism. Both seem to me to be false because I feel that this is not masochism. And I have historical reasons on my side.

I tell myself: the masochist is not at all someone who either seeks pain or seeks pleasure by oblique or devious means. His or her interest is entirely elsewhere. The masochist is someone who in his or her own way, only in a perverse way, -- and perversity, I think it isn't... well, we do what we can, eh? -- this is someone who in a perverse way -- which will no doubt lead to a dead end, a strange impasse -- experiences very narrowly that the desire is a continuous process, and therefore is horrified, is horrified affectively, is horrified by anything that might come to interrupt the process.

Henceforth, pleasure that is a mode of interruption -- which is the "pleasant" mode of interruption of process -- the masochist does not stop rejecting this pleasure. In order to obtain what? To obtain, literally, a real "field of immanence", field [*champ*, c-h-a-m-p], a field of immanence of desire, in which desire must not stop reproducing itself. So, it's not at all pain he or she is looking for. He or she receives within; moreover, he or she receives it as the best way to repel pleasure. So, he or she receives it, moreover, like the dirty story that results from his or her attempt, but which is not part of this attempt. And that is why, when he or she begins creating delirium about history, masochism gathers, it lands on two points. It lands on the problem of courtly love.

And what was courtly love? This is a historical era, so why at a particular time? Why in a particular civilization? Courtly love, that seems to me to have been a phenomenon of very great importance; what did courtly love propose? It proposes something quite funny. It proposes to eliminate what is called today, both the Law, and the Good, and Pleasure, in exchange for what? In exchange for a permanence and a subsistence of desire, and of a desire reached at a level where desire lacks nothing and reproduces itself, to construct for desire a kind of field of immanence. And this field of immanence will have as motto the motto of courtly love: everything is allowed, everything is allowed except orgasm. Curious. Masochism will draw a lot from this. And there is no masochist who does not renew in his or her own way, and who does not take up in his or her own way the forms of courtly love, with the entire theme of courtly love, namely "the test" (*l'épreuve*), the test which is really in the mode of an extraordinarily sensual test since really everything is allowed, everything is allowed as long as it does not lead to orgasm. Why don't they want orgasm? Not because it's sinful, but because it would be the interruption of desire, and that they wager by right - I insist on "by right" - on the continuation of desire to infinity. And why? Because the continuation of desire to infinity is the construction of a field of immanence.

You will tell me, but in fact, there is always an interruption! Of course, of course, there is always an interruption. It is a question of considering that interruptions are only accidents of “fact”, and that they do not interrupt the “right” of the desire, desire not being at that moment something that lacks anything but being united with the construction of a field of immanence. And in an entirely different civilization, in a totally different world, you find the same thing in the East, in famous forms of Chinese sexuality, in which precisely orgasm is averted. What is affirmed is the kind of right of a desire to construct a plane of immanence, a field of immanence, such that nothing by right interrupts the process of desire.

So, in that sense, I would say, you understand, what interrupts process can be a thousand things. It can be pleasant things, for example, it can be pleasure. These are all facts. Death is a fact. Pleasure is a fact. But process is not simply a fact because it’s an act. And, in this sense, it is in this sense that no more, I could no more make death a component of the process than I could make pleasure a component of the process. I would say that process is quite another thing; for process, what is the word? It is neither pleasure nor death; it is life, it is life. Life is not necessarily pleasure, it’s not necessarily death, it’s not necessarily... No, life has a specificity which is that of process itself. What do I mean by that, in the end?

I am choosing two examples because that concerned, for example, the work we were doing last year. I tried to show what, for example, a line of flight meant in painting. Fine. I pretty much arrived at the definition of process at that time. As we saw, I took as an example, I took as expressions, two expressions, the line of certain very classical artists that responds to the expression, to a famous expression: “He did not paint things, he painted between things”, the line that passes between things, no longer the line that circles something, but the line that passes between things. I took another extreme in a recent artist: the so-called Pollock line, [Jackson] Pollock. And what was extraordinary about this line? It’s because, in a certain way, it challenged the abstract as well as the representative. Because what is the common ground between the abstract and the representative? In a way, the line there is still at least a virtual line of death.

What do I call “line of death” there? It is a line that determines a contour. So, it does not matter, the true difference, it is not between abstract and representative; it is between a line which closes a contour and a line which proceeds differently, which *proceeds* differently. Because a line that closes a contour can determine a concrete figure; it can also determine an abstract figure. Whether abstract or representative, there’s no difference; you always have the line that creates a contour. Pollock’s line, why is it – it’s not the only one -- why is it neither abstract nor concrete? Because it does not form a contour. As we said about other painters, it passes “between” things. It does not move from one point to another; it is instead a point that goes from one line to another, or from one line segment to another line segment, and so on. About this, I am saying: this is a line of life, in fact. Fine.

Or else, last year, we deeply reflected on the idea of a matter-movement. And, for me, matter-movement is the same thing as life. And we had tried to show -- especially as this gets greatly complicated, I just want to finish on this -- it is precisely in this perspective of the line of flight that is united with the process or with life, above all, we must not -- just as one did not confuse such a line with the inevitable arrival of death, with the accidental interruptions of pleasure -- this must not be confused with the determinations of the organism. A line of life is not at all an

organic line. There is life even when life has conquered its non-organic character. And the line of life is something that happens between organisms, because within organisms, it coils itself up, and when the line of life coils itself up within an organism, when it starts to swirl in an organism, at that moment, it becomes a search for pleasure, or even, of connection with death.

But insofar as life passes through organisms, ultimately I tried to discover this matter-movement, in what? I had found the best approximation of this inorganic life in primitive metallurgy.⁹ You remember, this matter-movement was precisely what concerned the itinerant metallurgist's work. The metallurgist was someone who pursued the process of matter-movement, who was completely linked [*indexé*] to the process of matter-movement, whether this matter-movement is sonorous (consider once again the role, as we've seen, of the metallic within music), or whether this process is vital, that does not prevent it from being non-organic.

So, I would almost say it's in the name of all of this that I'm creating what I call process as a completely positive idea, yes, and completely affirmative, and whatever the dangers that the process encounters, even if it falls into these dangers, I can say: these dangers were not part of its inner components. These dangers, whether they are called pleasure, whether they are called death, whether they are called the rights of the organic, or the constraints of the organic, etc., that is not part of [process], for me. For me -- but I still do not care about convincing anyone at all -- I'm just saying, if you care so much about making death an active cause (*instance*) and not a consequence, if you want to make death an active cause, well it's better then not to use the term process. It would be better to discover [the term] "structuralist" -- this is still possible and allowed -- because there is a place within a structure for death. Within a process, in my view, unless we use words despite good sense, within a process, there is no place for death as an internal component of process... Yes?

The initial participant intervenes: It's really difficult to be structuralist.

Deleuze: It was just advice, [*Laughter*] it was a bit of advice; I'm not particularly wed to it.

The initial participant: I completely agree with not putting death into the process. That's not the problem. I was questioning the privilege granted to the lifeline, that is, we identify it entirely with the process by saying: in any case, there is no death in the process [*short inaudible passage*]. But in that case, we are only shifting the problem. In what I would call for the moment the existing entity [*l'existant*], we extract the lifeline. In the example of the schizophrenic, we extract the lifeline, saying: whatever the lifeline may be, death always comes from outside [*short inaudible passage*]. If there is a problem, it is precisely that [the schizophrenic] comes up against something because all of a sudden, he or she is face to face... [*inaudible passage*]. It's a crude little example. But it seems to me that we are going to come back to something more essential. Indeed, we are very close conceptually, but it's from the perspective of affects that we don't agree. The proof is that the examples of masochism, I absolutely would have used them as well. [*Inaudible passage*] But, basically, where you invoke Spinoza, I would rather invoke Kierkegaard. That's the difference. I am completely for the knights of faith, even if it means being provocative. Why? Because the knight of faith is also apathy or indifference... or the Taoist sage... or masochistic suspense.

The initial participant: What I was questioning, once again, is the place of death in what you're proposing. Sometimes you say: death is not the line of flight. In this case, you present it as segments [*Brief inaudible passage*]. Death is what forms the contour. Death is always referred to the outside. Sometimes you admit — in any case, you cannot do otherwise; this is where we are absolutely in agreement [*Inaudible passage*] — you admit that the line of flight leads to abolition, disappearance, etc. This is simply what I place the priority. That is: it leads to a disappearance that is no different from that of the outside. [*Inaudible passage*] Sometimes you say, it's the segment that is bad. It's the genealogical tree [107:00], it's the striated space. This is where death is. Sometimes you say: that's not it at all. In any case, death lies on both sides. I think what we really need to look at is: does death lie on both sides? That's not structuralist. [It's not obvious, for example, that [*inaudible word*] or all the examples you have given lead to that.] So, obviously, this death is different from the little death [*petite mort*] of the structuralist. I would call that *jouissance* as opposed to pleasure. [*Inaudible passage, which evokes a loud laugh in the room*] We must distinguish two kinds of death.

Deleuze: What are these two kinds of death?

The initial participant: For example, death is sometimes the segments, sometimes the desire for abolition. You recognize: there is death on both sides.

Deleuze: No, [*Pause*] no.

The initial participant: Or maybe it's not the same death? [*Inaudible passage*] We must still admit that it's a disappearance.

Deleuze: That it's a disappearance?

The initial participant: It's a disappearance. Simply, it's a fearful disappearance. That's why, here, I'm for Kierkegaard, that is, for the spiritual.

Deleuze: Yes, well, I'm afraid the difference is not there, because Kierkegaard and "to be for the spiritual", this is a proposition on which everyone could agree. It's not in this that Kierkegaard has an originality, Kierkegaard's originality, and here, I would not feel Kierkegaardian. Arguing has no purpose. And in this sense, this is a matter of taste, provided that we consider that taste is philosophical. It is not philosophy that is a matter of taste; it is taste that is a matter of philosophy. The true originality of Kierkegaard is not at all a matter of the spiritual: for him, the spiritual is related to a certain very hard, very assertive, very absolute conception of transcendence. And in this, I assume you would agree, whereas I feel so much in the sense of life that all that has no interest. I feel myself being so Spinozist; I feel myself believing so much in immanence, that Kierkegaard doesn't even belong to my personal pantheon. But...

The initial participant: I think that [associating] the Tao with Kierkegaard already implies a certain...

Deleuze: Yes, it does imply a weird kind of gymnastics, yes!

The initial participant: [*He finishes here with a brief comment*]

Deleuze: Well, then, this implies that this becomes your business, what you do with Kierkegaard. If, in fact, if you remove from Kierkegaard the conception of transcendence, I'm afraid it will create a Kierkegaard who, in fact, could be at once Taoist, masochist, all the things he precisely was not. But, here, I believe that at the point we have reached, there is no basis for... We can conceive that we have traveled a long way together, [and] there is a moment when we separate; you must go along this road with Kierkegaard, but don't disfigure him too much! [*Laughter*]

A second participant: [*Inaudible comments*]

Deleuze: That's what process is.

The second participant: [*His comments address the conception of death from another thinker who we discover to be Spinoza in the following comments by Deleuze*]

Deleuze: But he as well, he has a marvelous conception of death; there are only finite modes that die. So, he has a great thing (*truc*). He said, if there was an order -- Spinoza's answer to death, it seems wonderful to me, and then so true -- he says: you understand there is no natural death! There is no natural death. You can believe that you die naturally, it is even a topic there; it is according to the social criteria, one says: there is natural death or not natural. He says metaphysically -- and I really like the statements of the doctor recently; it seems to me, I suspect he is Spinozist -- [Léon] Schwartzberg, Schwartzberg [*author of the book, Changer la mort [Changing Death], 1977*], all the statements about... You know, the doctor who defends euthanasia, and who gets angry, who is the only one to get angry about the current phenomena of survival and their political significance. For example, he had gotten angry about the forced life support of [Joseph] Tito [*former president of Yugoslavia, declared dead on 4 May 1980*] which, in fact, from a medical perspective, is a scandal, a huge scandal.

But Schwartzberg says: "You understand death, it's not a problem as a doctor," he says; it's not a medical problem, it's a metaphysical problem. So, he explains very well why, for him, this is a metaphysical problem. Because, he says: it's still possible today, within the skills of medicine, it is still possible to make literally fragmented bodies function. With a system of tubes, you can always keep a heart beating, make them do I don't know what, irrigate a brain, etc., and then you'll call that Tito. Okay, fine, the first scandal, only we did not protest because we were... But we were wrong: it was the survival of [Francisco] Franco which was the first scandalous thing in this domain, you understand. The need to maintain, on the one hand... We might have believed that it wasn't too soon for Franco to die, but that's not the question.

There where we have a basis for protesting, medically, within modern medicine, is against this way of maintaining life, of a kind of -- what can we say about it -- kind of mask, right? Kind of display. This is Tito's uniform, which has nothing to do with a living entity. That's it, [if] we put his hat and his pants there on a dummy, fine, it looks like it's Tito, well doing that, it would be less serious. But to maintain that someone who thought, who existed, etc., beyond his existence and thought, is something abominable and atrocious. When this happens by virtue of a natural process, for example, what has long been the [case with] general paralysis -- think of Nietzsche

who lived for years, for years, for years, like a wreck, indeed, like a total wreck --general paralysis has long existed -- until it was cured and was treated like syphilis -- general paralysis was a catastrophic thing, as important as leprosy in the Middle Ages, or the plague. [It was] general paralysis that kept you alive for years and years, in a pure state of vegetation, well the general paralysis succeeded in something that, suddenly and through a process deemed natural, medicine now succeeds in doing today artificially.

And I am saying, yes, Spinoza's idea of death is so concrete, is very good. In the end, we can say: I do not agree! It disgusts him, the idea of death coming from within. You might answer: He just has to deal with it! No, he does not have to deal with it. He says: "There is no reason to believe in that!" He says: "No, death is not that!" And he proposes a kind of theory, he proposes it especially in the Letters. There are prodigious letters from Spinoza, which are part of the most beautiful aspect of his work. These are the letters to a little guy who was bothering him all the time. There was a guy, a grain merchant, a young grain merchant, who bothered him, because he wanted to convert Spinoza to Catholicism. And he was very treacherous, he was very devious, and Spinoza was a little suspicious; he was annoyed, but he didn't dare not answer, telling himself: this will be even more trouble, all that. There is a splendid correspondence, it is the Letters to Blyenbergh. [See the *Spinoza sessions of 16 December 1980 and 6 January 1981 on this correspondence and a detailed study of the topics therein.*]

And in the Letters to Blyenbergh, he says everything about death, all he thinks. And there, you have to trust Spinoza; he lived like that. He says: Yes, yes for me, death, in fact, is very curious, but, I only conceive of death as coming from outside. The type of death, well, it is always the bus accident, that's it, always something that rolls over you, right? And, he creates a theory; he says: [Death] cannot come from within! Why? That's good because it's the whole problem: is there a death instinct? all that. He says: but this, this is odious, exactly as here I believe [myself] to be a little disciple of Spinoza by saying: Everything in me is offended when I see the forms that are connected to any cult of death whatsoever. Because that's again what fascism is, that's what tyranny is, and Spinoza connected it to the political problem. He said that tyranny -- this is very strongly stated in the *Political Treatise*. In the *Political Treatise*, he says very strongly that "the tyrant has only one possibility: it is to erect a kind of cult of death"; he says, afflicting, afflicting people, affecting them with sad passions, making them commune in sad passions.

And then, why does death always come from outside? He says, "Well it's very simple, it's very simple." he says: You understand, there is an order of nature. Only what happens is never in accordance with the order of nature because there are several levels. There is an order of nature from the point of view of nature. But if I, who am in its language -- each of us is, what Spinoza calls, a "finite mode", a modification; each of us is a modification, a modification marked by finitude, a finite mode -- well, the finite modes encounter each other, according to an order that is not necessarily favorable to each of them. The order of encounters between finite modes is always in accordance with nature. As a result, nature never dies.

But a finite mode that meets another can be a good meeting or a bad meeting. I can always meet a mode that does not suit my nature; even more often, I can meet a mode that suits my nature: it's a party, it's a joy! That's what Spinoza will call: love, love. But I spend my time meeting modes that do not suit my nature. At the extreme, I die. If the mode that I meet and which does

not suit my nature is much more powerful than me, that is, than my own nature, at that moment, all that constitutes me, all that composes me is upset, and I die.

So that provides an extraordinary interpretation that is one of the happiest things in Spinoza, where Spinoza is unleashed: that is his interpretation of sin. He does not very much like all these notions, of sin, of guilt -- he hates all that -- of remorse, he sees in these the cult of death. So, he says, it's quite simple, you understand, the story of Adam: we've been fooled. In fact, it is exactly a case of poisoning. The apple was a poison for the first man, that is, the apple was a mode, a finite mode, which did not suit the finite mode that was Adam. Adam eats the apple; it is absolutely of the type: an animal that poisons itself. So, he dies; this is a spiritual death, but in this case, he loses paradise, whatever you want. But death is always of this type, it is always of the type: intoxication-poisoning. I die only by poisoning-intoxication, that is, by a bad encounter.

Hence the splendid definition by Spinoza when -- there he changes everything -- he keeps the very classic word, "reason". I would like to close on this, always with this appeal for you to beware how a philosopher can use concepts that seem very traditional and, in fact, he renews them. When he says, "You have to live reasonably," he means something very specific. He winks at himself because when he seriously defines reason, he defines reason in the following way: "the art of organizing good encounters", that is, the art of taking oneself aside in relation to encounters with things that would destroy my nature, and on the contrary, the art of provoking good encounters with things that comfort, that increase my nature or my power of action (*puissance*). As a result, he creates a whole theory of reason subordinated to a composition of powers of action. And that's what will not escape Nietzsche when Nietzsche, in *The Will for Power*, recognizes that the only one that preceded him was Spinoza. Reason becomes a calculation of powers of action, an art of avoiding bad encounters, of provoking good encounters.

So, you see, this becomes very, very concrete, because our life, our morality, well, we are all there, all of us. So, in philosophy, fine, in philosophy, there are these prodigious encounters; what is it to encounter a great philosopher nonetheless dead for centuries? So here, he just told you that he [*the initial participant who commented earlier*] has an encounter with Kierkegaard, good, very good, very good.

As long as you have good encounters, do not think about the bad encounters that you've had; protect yourself from the bad ones by creating good encounters. Find what suits you, ok?! But looking for what suits you is a platitude. It's less of a platitude when it takes the expression of a philosophical concept and corresponding affect, namely, what suits me, which is what? It will be, for example, this composition of powers of action: to make sure precisely that the encounter, the bad encounter, is perpetually averted. I would almost say, this is a certain way again of saying: Cause the line of life to pass through, trace the line of flight, etc., etc. Find flights as a group (*fuyez à plusieurs*). As I've said, know who your allies are! Everything is good there, as long as you find them, your allies. Only one thing is bad: if you find them in death because death has no philosopher; it has no philosophy, not at all, not at all. But I should not say that.

That's it; so next time, if it suits you, we'll continue in the same manner ... [*End of the session*]
[2:01:56]

Notes

¹ See ATP V seminar 1, 11 November 1979; see also *A Thousand Plateaus*, plateau 14.

² Deleuze refers to academic year 1973-74 and work that was published by Deleuze, Guattari, Claire Parnet and André Scala as "The Interpretation of Utterances", originally in Deleuze and Guattari's *Psychanalyse et politique* (Alençon: Bibliothèque des mots perdus 1977), in *Two Regimes of Madness: texts and interviews 1975-1995*, trans. Ames Hodges & Mike Taormina (New York: Semiotext(e) 2006), pp. 89-112.

³ This refers to Nerval's novella, *Aurélia* (1855).

⁴ This quasi-citation is a reference to Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*, the chapter titled "Bad Blood".

⁵ The reference is to Klein's *Narrative of a Child Analysis* (1961).

⁶ Deleuze's *Masochism: Coldness and Cruelty*, (1967).

⁷ This reference is to George Jackson's prison letters, *Soledad Brother*, cited in *A Thousand Plateaus*.

⁸ "The Crack-Up" (1945), studied in plateau 8 of *A Thousand Plateaus*.

⁹ Deleuze refers to seminars in 1979, notably 27 February, and 6 and 13 November.