

Gilles Deleuze

**Seminar on
Anti-Oedipus and Other
Reflections**

27 May & 3 June 1980

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Seminar on Anti-Oedipus and Other Reflections, 1980

Lecture 1, 27 May 1980

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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, from schizophrenia. I can say: Well yes, let’s try to see, how precisely does 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’ve encountered schizophrenia, what have we tended 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/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/her parents in a historical-global field. He/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 more of a pre-established line of segmentation in some ways; 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, stereotypes, 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. What makes Virginia Wolf 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 is fed up it. 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 wait for hours and hours -- at least, you have to suffer greatly to stand this -- to listen to all that stuff for hours and hours. 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 is bearable only for him. What will become of this? How, what does it become? It is on this line that there is a real becoming, 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 make that turn into a line of death. For me, that's the... And there is no 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 head 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; it all about not at all creating a romantic conception here about 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 people. All that creates delirium on the world, in fact; it can be as much an oasis as a desert in all that 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, I think we risk failing to understand something. 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: [A long intervention (approximately 3 minutes); Although the details are not entirely audible, the intervention is more of a complaint of the participant's incomprehension and great difficulty in accepting the terms with which Deleuze critiques psychoanalysis, notably the notion of "process"]

Deleuze: Listen...

The participant: [He interrupts Deleuze and continues, suggesting that, at some point, at another class meeting, Deleuze had already answered something about what the participant is asserting]

Deleuze: And what was my answer?

The participant: [He suggests that Deleuze spoke then in terms of "lines of flight" and "process"; while listening, Deleuze says, "Yes, yes, yes," while the participant continues]

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,” I would say that, at most, it has two heads: life and death, and that everything is decided at that moment, but that there is 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 kinds of fields 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 yourself 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 field of death 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 life insofar as it passes through organisms, this matter-movement, in the end, I tried to find it in what? I had found the best approximation of this inorganic life in primitive metallurgy.⁹ You remember, it was precisely this material-movement that was the work of the itinerant metallurgist, namely the metallurgist, he was the one who followed the process of matter-movement, which was completely indexed to the process of matter-movement. And let this matter-movement link with sound – notice again the role, as we've seen, from metal into music - - that this process is vital, it does not prevent it from being 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: [*Brief inaudible comment*]

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

The initial participant: [*A longer intervention (approximately 2 minutes), certain statements are audible, but overall, the participant places into question the "privilege" that Deleuze gives, "for example, to the line of death". He refers to what Deleuze is saying concerning courtly love, in particular, and proposes a distinction between two sorts of death:*] ... as for the "little death", I would call that orgasm, pleasure (*jouissance*) in relation then to what cannot be the same death.

Another participant: And what about violence, in this case?

The initial participant: [*He refers back to the two kinds of death*]

Deleuze: What are these two kinds of death?

The initial participant: [*He continues the explanation, adding a distinction as regards "disappearance"*]

Deleuze: What is this disappearance?

The initial participant: [*He distinguishes death from what he calls "a happy disappearance," and he refers on this point to Kierkegaard*]

Deleuze: 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. The discussion 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 suppose you would agree, whereas I feel so much in the sense of life that all that has no interest. I feel myself being Spinozist; I feel myself believing so much in immanence, that Kierkegaard doesn't even belong to my personal pantheon. But...

The initial participant: [*He is not pleased with Deleuze's interpretation of Kierkegaard*]

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*]

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 to 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, he did not dare 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 you're ok, we'll continue on the same topic ... [*End of the session*]
[2:01:56]

Gilles Deleuze

Seminar on Anti-Oedipus, 1980

Lecture 02, 03 June 1980

Transcribed by Méropi Morfouli (Paris 8)

**Translated by Graeme Thomson and Silvia Maglioni; additional translation (for Paris 8),
C. Given Duthey**

The fact that you are numerous, quite numerous, while the last time, it's curious, you weren't that numerous, and all that is...

So I'm reminding you it's our last session. For those who, for matters relating to our work, would need to see me, I am leaving for ten days, but I'll be there and I'll come back here to see those who need to see me, starting from the... around the 20th of June. Well, there it is, you understand, this is how it is.

The last time, we started from some sorts of very vague conclusions, since it was not only conclusions regarding this year but covering a kind of undertaking -- it's a good thing to end here, whereas we don't quite know where we will be next year -- well, some conclusions of, or some lines of research about the work we have been doing here for several years. I've started on some things, on "what is it?", I've taken up things on: "what is it? - I've tried to define as a line of flight. "What are lines of flight?" How does one live on lines of flight? What does it mean exactly and most of all, how the line of flight or the lines of flight might turn out and run a risk of their own. I was saying basically for those who weren't there, I was saying, well yes, the problem of an analysis, it may not be at all to do a psycho-analysis but to do for example, one can conceive something else, a geo-analysis.

And a geo-analysis, it's precisely, it comes from the following idea, it is that people, whether individuals or groups, they are made up of lines. It's an analysis of lineaments, to draw the lines of someone, to the letter, to do the map of someone. So then, the very question "does that mean something or not?" loses all meaning. A line, it doesn't mean anything. Merely do the map, with the sorts of lines of someone or of some group, or of an individual, that is to say, what are all these lines which blend? Indeed... It seems to me, we could conceive people as hands. Each of us it is like a hand or several hands. We've got lines, but these lines do not tell the future since they don't pre-exist, but there are lines, well, of all kinds of nature, and among others, there are lines we can call lines of border, of slope or of flight.

And in a certain way, to live it's to live on, in any case it's also live on lines of flight. It was what I've tried to explain, but each type of line has their dangers. It is because of that, it is why it's good, it is why it's very good, one can never tell - "it's where I'm going to pull through"; the

salvation or the despair always comes from another line that the one we expected. One is always taken by surprise.

2// I was saying the proper danger of the line of flight, it's that it brushes by some such strange things that in a certain way, it's the one we have to mistrust most. It's the one we trace that we have to mistrust most because it is where we brush by the bigger dangers.

["I and the personal pronoun", translation Thompson/Maglioni]

Lines of flight always harbour a potentiality, a potency, a possibility that they will be transformed into lines of destruction, lines of despair or destruction. The other time I tried to explain that, for me at least, these are nonetheless lines of life, that's what they are first and foremost. And it is on the peaks, these peaks of flight, that life is made, is created. But this is also where the line of flight risks becoming a line of death, a line of destruction and so on. And last time I became quite moralistic about the whole thing, but I don't see a problem with that since I was speaking of dignity, of what is shameful in the cult of death.

What is this cult of death that can suddenly derail a line of flight, block or entrap it? Or else try to graphically imagine a line of flight that suddenly veers off and plunges into a sort of – there is no better word for it – into a sort of black hole. All of that can happen. But today, seeing as how I don't wish to exaggerate in repeating myself, I would like to examine a perhaps related problem, but in a completely different context. This is a problem very close to my heart and I've been wanting to speak about it for a long time but the occasion never arose. So I'll take it up now. It's a question that interests me greatly and I would like nothing more than for you to ask me: "What relationship does it have with what you've just said?" And perhaps this rapport will emerge little by little. So let's forget everything...

Now I'm going to make what would almost be a summary, though not on my own account... I would like it to be a bit like an exercise where before you I take the risk of constructing a problem with the help of certain authors who will furnish me with materials that are closely related to it. First point: once again I'll number them because...

Oh God... there you go... this is what I call abjection... this is real abjection. Even if you forget everything else please remember the words of Unamuno that I find so wonderful. When the Francoist generals arrived shouting: "Long live death!" Unamuno replied: "Never have I heard such a stupid and repulsive cry." I don't know if whoever writes this type of stuff... [*Deleuze holds up a pamphlet that he has found on his desk to show the class*]... if they think they're being funny or humorous, for me this is abject, disgusting, filthy. It's worse than immoral, it's filthy! It's pure shit! This is what I do with stuff like this...

(Student) Nonetheless they published it...

(Deleuze) Yes, it's a document of sorts, but it's disgusting!

(Yolande) And what's more they make use of us.

(Deleuze) Not of me, I hope...

(Yolande) Yes, they cite the rhizome, they cite Nietzsche. Nietzsche becomes something really bizarre here.

(Deleuze) They're the scum of the earth...

Okay, let's speak about something in the same genre but more uplifting. There's an author that some of you know well who wrote a short text that for me summarizes the core of his thinking, and that I find extremely touching even before I understand why. I'm speaking about Maurice Blanchot.

In one of his books, *The Work of Fire*... he writes in a text on Kafka... here is what he writes about Kafka. Listen attentively because this is where I want to start:

“So it is not enough for me to write 'I am unhappy.' As long as I write nothing else, I am too close to myself, too close to my unhappiness, for this unhappiness to become really mine...”

Let it flow through you. Don't look for anything in particular here. Just stay with the tonality of the writing. It's interesting... As long as I say I am unhappy “I am too close to myself, too close to my unhappiness...” And now we expect him to say something like “for this unhappiness to become exterior”. Instead, he says the opposite. *As long as I say 'I'...* “I am too close to myself, too close to my unhappiness for this unhappiness to become really mine...”

A great sentence. And he adds: “in the form of language. I am not yet truly unhappy. It is only from the moment I arrive at this strange substitution, 'He is unhappy' that language begins to be formed into a language that is unhappy for me, to sketch out and slowly project the world of unhappiness as it occurs in him.”

Only when I say: ‘He is unhappy’ does this unhappiness become “really mine in the form of language.” Which is to say that it begins to constitute the world to which this unhappiness belongs.

“It is only from the moment I arrive at this strange substitution, 'He is unhappy' that language begins to be formed into a language that is unhappy for me, to sketch out and slowly project the world of unhappiness as it occurs in him.”

“So, perhaps...” But we haven't yet understood the formula ‘he is unhappy’... What can that mean? Let's take it as is, trusting Blanchot. “So, perhaps...” When he says ‘I am unhappy’... “I will feel myself implicated...”

You see, he doesn't say that one shouldn't say 'I' and concentrate on others, he says only when I say 'he is unhappy' does the unhappiness become in a certain sense ‘mine’.

“So, perhaps I will feel myself implicated and my unhappiness will be felt by this world from which it is absent...” This isn't as good, so I'm going to cut a bit... “So perhaps I will feel myself implicated...”

Okay... In what sense does this concern Kafka? Blanchot says that Kafka's stories are precisely like this. "He expresses himself in them by this immeasurable distance..." - the distance between 'I' and 'He' - "He expresses himself in them by this immeasurable distance, by the impossibility of recognizing himself in them." In other words, he has reached the point at which he is deprived of... as Blanchot will say in another text, using another wonderful expression... deprived of the power to say 'I...'."

I reach the point at which I am deprived of the power to say 'I'...

So we've already made some progress. This would be the 'he'. The 'he' is the point at which I am deprived of the power to say 'I'. So what is this privation? You should immediately understand how this directly connects to my topic of the other day. If I define 'he' as the point at which I am deprived of the power to say 'I', this is precisely the line of flight. In other words, the 'he' is the expression, or rather the "expressor", of the line of flight. But how and in what conditions do I arrive at the point at which I am deprived of the power to say 'I'? And this point will allow us to regroup a number of notions, since we're attempting to construct our problem. But what are we missing? What defines this point?

It's certainly not the fact of whether I say 'I' or not. I can always go on saying 'I'. That's of no importance... It's silly thinking that things always pass explicitly through language. One of my favorite of Beckett's phrases is when one character says more or less: "I will say it if they insist..." If they insist I can perfectly well say it, just like everyone else. Just that I won't put anything into it. It's not a question of whether one says 'I' or not.

In a certain sense we are all like... like Galileo. We all say the sun comes up knowing perfectly well that it's not the sun that comes up but the Earth that turns. We have to be able to say 'I' in the same way. We know that the 'I' is empty, but we say it nonetheless because it's a useful marker, it's an index, a linguistic index. Fine.

Thinking of the genius of nations, another problem that we occasionally touch upon, and that I never manage to address... How is it possible that certain thinkers... that there is a certain geography of thought? Such that we tend not to confuse either in philosophy or in other fields, say English, German and French philosophy. Actually, I find these rough categories to be relatively well-founded. And it's not just a question language.

There are indeed concepts that have a German signature, perhaps even the greatest... just as there are concepts that have a French signature, alas, very few... but we're not to blame for that. There are also concepts with an English signature. It's strange. I've never seen an English person take the 'I', the question of the 'I', seriously at any level. It's odd... All the great thematics of English philosophy, and there are some wonderful examples, turn around the following idea. Which is why there is a kind of frontier of unintelligibility, of non-communication, between a Cartesian and an English philosopher.

A Cartesian is a little French flower. They only bloom in France, Cartesians... And we have quite a number of them. Generally speaking, as you all know, Cartesianism is a philosophy founded on

the ego and on the formula we will discuss later, if there's time, that magical formula *I think therefore I am*.

The Germans took up the *I think therefore I am* because they elevated the 'I' to an even higher power, transforming it into what they themselves called the transcendental ego, the transcendental 'I'. Good. That really is a German concept, the transcendental ego.

The English, they're quite fine you know... In their open discussions on the matter they say things that are much better, and much funnier. Each time French or German philosophers speak of the 'me', the self of the subject, the English find it quite bizarre and amusing. They find it a really odd way of thinking. Their thinking all turns around a very interesting idea. If you ask them what the 'self' is, they tell you it's a habit. Literally, one expects it to continue... I say 'me' on account of certain phenomena, of a belief that these will continue. No more than that. There's a heartbeat, there's a someone who expects it to continue and who says 'me'. It's a habit. It's wonderful this theory of the 'me', the self, as a habit if we attach it to a sort of lived experience. Why don't they live like 'me-s'? We should make a civilizational survey. Why, in any case, do their thinkers not live the concept of the 'me', the self?

You see, I'm wandering a bit... but back to Blanchot. If I try to summarize his thesis, it seems to me a very curious one. And it's interesting trying to sum it up, perhaps because up to now it hasn't really been drawn out. We always say this to give us an incentive to continue our work. Perhaps it hasn't been well drawn out, since if it were, we would find ourselves confronted with a problem. Which is to say that Blanchot throws a sort of grenade into the midst of all kinds of questions but without saying as much, and perhaps without even being aware of it to that point. What do I mean by this?

If I want to summarize Blanchot's thesis, it seems to me that what he is saying is that there is... or we *can*, from a certain point of view and in certain conditions, bring out a kind of *tension* in language. And on the basis of this tension in language, or thanks to this virtual tension – it doesn't pre-exist, it has to trace itself – the whole of language can be organized. And would this be a style? The whole of language can be organized in function of a tension, a certain well-determined tension that would enable us to pass from the personal pronoun 'I-you' to the third person 'he' - with the 'he' surpassing the 'I-you'. But the tension doesn't stop here. And in the same movement, that would enable us to pass from the 'he' of the third person (the third person pronoun or so-called 'personal' pronoun of the third person)... to pass from the 'he' of the third person pronoun to another 'he' that is much more mysterious and secret. Why? Because this other 'he' no longer even designates a third person.

[tape interrupted]

There's a curious text by an author who isn't much read these days. Which is one more reason to point it out to you since he's a very interesting writer with a very particular story. He was a psychiatrist, the son of an execrable historian of 19th century philosophy. He died not long ago, either during the war or just after the war. His name was Pierre Janet. At some point he was really well known. He was a contemporary of... His works followed a parallel path to Freud.

Neither of them understood... it's strange. Attempts were made to try to put them in contact but nothing ever came of it. Their starting point was the same: hysteria. Janet developed a very significant concept of hysteria.

[tape interrupted]

It was really interesting, because he said that memory – psychology of conduct was almost a quite valid educational method at one time – he said “Memory doesn't interest me. For me it's completely meaningless. I wonder what kind of conduct one can assume only through memory.” And his answer was telling stories. From which he derives his celebrated postulate: “Memory is the action of telling a story.”

[tape interrupted]

Very soon something went off the rails that consisted in the fact that after five minutes my father began to scream, he was ready to beat me, and I burst into tears. I was just a small boy... I burst into tears. What was going on? It's clear. There were two emotions in play: my profound sorrow and his profound rage. To what did these emotions correspond? To two defeats. He had failed in his conduct as a pedagogue. He couldn't explain... he wanted to explain something to me through algebra because, he said, it was simpler and clearer that way. And if I protested he went off the rails. I protested, saying my teacher never gave me algebra to do. A child of six is not supposed to have to solve an algebra problem. But he insisted that this was the only way he could make it clear. So we both lost our temper. Defeat in pedagogical conduct: rage. Defeat in the conduct of the pupil: tears. Very well, it's a failure, a total failure.

Janet said: emotion is simply a failure in conduct. You become emotional when you fail in the conduct you're trying to maintain: that's when emotion arises. One of Janet's best books, he wrote a lot, much of it bad, but one the finest books, a quite unusual book is a massive tome called *From Anxiety to Ecstasy* that gathers together the seminars he gave.

[tape interrupted]

It's in *From Anxiety to Ecstasy* that he makes a very odd observation. Janet says: “You know what the first person is?” I'm telling you this because he wanted to demonstrate that the first person was a type of conduct. A certain type of conduct. And this is the example he gives. If there wasn't a first person, if we weren't able to say ‘I’, what would we have to say?

[tape interrupted]

A thesis that seems quite simple: the proper name derives from the first and second person pronoun. But let's try to imagine the possibility of a reverse procedure. The possibility that in the end we could say the opposite. That it's the first and second person pronoun that derive from the proper name. So you understand the situation we're in... If, according to Janet's hypothesis, the first and second person pronoun derive from the proper name, what does the proper name designate? What does the proper name refer to? So at this level we find ourselves with the same problem. That is what I wanted to say.

Before starting my regrouping, which will give us a full picture of the problem we're looking at, I want to mention another case which has a certain importance in linguistics. I'll try to define in my own words what could be called a 'personalism' or a 'personology' in linguistics. I would say there is one great modern, contemporary linguist who developed an actual personology in linguistics: Benveniste.

Indeed Benveniste places particular importance on the personal pronoun in language, to the point where he affirms that it's a common feature of all languages. He places particular importance on the first and second person pronouns. So Benveniste – and here I don't think I'm twisting his thought – proposes (in certain conditions that I will define later) a path of derivation that would be the following... In the first place 'I-you' first and second person pronouns. Secondly 'he' ...no that's not it either, no I'm wrong... Strike that.

He proposes firstly an extraction, to extract from the 'I' and the 'you' – the first and second person pronouns – an irreducible form, a linguistic form that would be irreducible to any other. Secondly, from this irreducible form we derive the 'I' and 'you', the first and second person pronouns of current usage. Thirdly, from this would be derived the third person pronoun, the 'he.' Why do I propose this overly abstract schema? To show you that we are in fact confronted with two schemas, that of Blanchot and that of Benveniste, which are diametrically opposed.

They are diametrically opposed in the following sense: Blanchot begins from 'I-you' which he surpasses through 'he' and then surpasses the 'he' by means of another 'he' that would be irreducible. Benveniste begins from the personal pronoun in general from which he detaches 'I-you' and then detaches from the 'I' an irreducible form.

In other words, in one case, that of Blanchot, you have what I would call language, a treatment of language which submits it to a tension, I would almost say - employing a term from physics – *surface tension*. A surface tension that drags language towards its periphery and that tends towards this mysterious 'he' that no longer designates any person. I repeat: *a surface, peripheral tension that drags the whole of language towards this 'he' that no longer designates any person...* In Benveniste you have the exact opposite: there's a centering, a profound concentration that drags the whole of language towards the personal pronouns and the extraction of an 'I' even more profound than the personal pronouns themselves. Here we have a kind of inner concentration, an interior centering.

(Student) These are surely the same differences that exist between a linguistics of languages and a linguistics of words...

Deleuze: Yes, that's it. Because it forces us to completely put in question the distinction between *langue* and *parole*. And this is why Benveniste needs what he refers to as *discourse*. For Benveniste, discourse is a category that goes beyond the Saussurean langue-parole duality. It's from this point that I would like to start, as though I were beginning from zero, so you can understand what's at stake.

Our problem will be precisely this. We're not choosing, we're trying to find our way between these two possible movements. We have identified two virtual movements, which don't exist in

concrete reality. It would be like two different uses of language. On the one hand, a usage that concentrates, that tends towards a deepening of the personal pronoun. And on the other, a language that is always exterior to itself, that moves beyond personal pronouns towards an impersonal usage, towards a 'he' that no longer pertains to any person. So, it's not a question of saying that one is right and the other wrong, that's not useful at all, but to see first of all what these notions have to tell us and to look in them for something that is of use to us. But of use to us in what sense? That depends a lot on what each of us means when they use the word 'I'. So I pretend to begin again from zero. And I ask myself, what does 'I' mean, linguistically speaking. What is this 'I'?

Generally speaking you know linguists have always said, and have fully demonstrated, that the 'I' is a very bizarre, a very particular linguistic sign. What's more... several other linguistic signs also fit this case, though perhaps there is one that is more profound than the others. Among these, they cite as special cases the first and second person pronoun, *I* and *you*, they also cite the proper name and also temporal and spatial markers such as *here* and *now*. Maybe also *this* and *that* and finally they cite *proper names*. All this forms quite a mixed category: first and second person pronouns, proper names, adverbs like here and now, demonstrative pronouns like this and that... what do all these things have in common?

Once again we have to try to analyze the sign, *I*. As you know, linguists have invented an interesting category to describe all these cases, whose English term is *shifter*, which Jakobson translates by the word *embrouilleur*. He says that these are very particular linguistic categories because they are shifters. What is a shifter? One can try to explain it by referring it to *I* or *here*, *now*.

When I say *I*, what does a linguistic sign normally contain? It has a double rapport: on one hand with something, or a state of things, that it designates, which we call the rapport of designation. And on the other hand it has a rapport with a signified, known as the rapport of signification. If I say *man* the situation is simple, it's not a shifter. If I say *man* I can assign the rapport of designation, saying that *man* designates this or that other man and so on. And I can equally well assign the rapport of signification. *Rational animal*, I could say. Man means a *rational animal*. I will say that *rational animal* is the signified of man. Good. You see that a linguistic sign always seems to bear a designation and a signified. In different rapports, it depends... the concrete name, the abstract name, perhaps these don't have... perhaps the abstract name has above all a signified. For example, *Justice*. Whereas a concrete name, for example *dog*, has perhaps above all a designation. Even if it can vary, names seem to have this double reference.

But when I say *I*, what does this disturb, what is its designation? There isn't one. You understand, there's none. There seems to be one, we might say, it's me. But what is *me*? There's no designation when I say *I*. I can't designate me by myself. Why because in principle in the rapport of designation there is no self-designation.

The *I* is already a bizarre enough sign... That's what Benveniste postulates when he says that it is self-referential, which is to say that it refers to itself and not to a state of things. In other words, whereas other signs seem to have a designation which is defined through its existence

independent of the sign, the *I* is not attached to a designated object that has an existence independent of the sign.

Moreover, can we say that the *I* has a signified? The answer is no. Literally the *I* doesn't signify anything. In what sense does it not signify anything? I have already said this in relation to other matters.

Bertrand Russell has a nice formula, he says: When I say the word *dog* I use a current linguistic sign. The word *dog* signifies something that I can designate in secondary terms under the name “dogness” or “caninity”. What is there in common between all those who say *I*?

We can say that the *I* is not at all a collective concept. It is a solely distributive concept. And the same thing applies to *here* and *now*. But here things become more complicated: what are these kinds of concepts that are exclusively distributive? In other words, the *I* refers to the person who says it. It's quite a bizarre state for a linguistic sign. A sign that designates only who pronounces it and which has no collective signification, but only distributive signification insofar as it is effectuated by the one who speaks, the one saying it. It is 'I' for the one who says 'I.'

One can trace the same passage for what an *I* designates as *here*. Here is a purely distributive concept. If I say *here*, also my neighbour can say *here*. But between these two *heres* there is nothing strictly in common. This is strange. I can also say – but the difference is quite significant – that they are concepts that perhaps have a signification, but one which is fundamentally implicit, enveloped. Which is to say that the signification is given in the signifier itself. Which is a very rare occurrence.

Now I will cite from Descartes to pay homage to one of his finest texts. It's in the *Replies*. Descartes writes a famous book called *The Meditations* to which a number of his contemporaries pose objections in a book called *Objections*, to which Descartes answers in another text called *Replies*. Now in *Replies to the Objections* he responds to an objection that has been made to his *cogito* in which Descartes pronounced his famous formula *I think therefore I am*. Many people had objected to it, saying they didn't know what he meant by this “I think therefore I am.” And Descartes replies with great brio, the way a logician or a linguist might speak today. He has an intuition thanks to someone who has had made objections and he invokes language.

In the 17th century they already had linguists. So, at a certain point, Descartes answers, taking up the problem of language. And he says: When I say “I think therefore I am” you shouldn't be surprised. “However bizarre it might seem to you, I am giving a definition of man.”

I find this very interesting. It seems highly mysterious...

Descartes pronounces his formula “I think therefore I am” and says to an objector “ You don't understand, it's not just any old formula. It's a veritable definition of man.” But why should “I think therefore I am” be a definition of man. And here Descartes becomes quite brilliant, very crafty. He says: you are accustomed to an Aristotelian manner of definition. You are accustomed to saying that man is a rational animal. Thus you proceed by way of traditional concepts. You define a thing through its realm and its specific difference. The realm of man is the animal realm

and his specific difference is rationality. For Descartes, such a mode of definition might be termed one that proceeds by way of *explicit signification*. Why *explicit signification*? Because when I say that man is a rational animal... Let's say I teach, I am teaching. I have a class and I say "Man is a rational animal. Repeat!" And the students say: "Alright, so man means rational animal."

[tape interrupted]

As Russell said, going back to his phrase, the word dog refers to a concept common to all of the beings the word designates. In other words, this concept is "dogness" or "caninity". The *I* doesn't refer to such a concept. Or, as he adds, the proper name doesn't refer to a common concept.

[tape interrupted]

[Paris 8] Several dogs, as they are named 'dogs', have a common concept. On the other hand, if several dogs can be named 'Rover', there is no such thing as a common concept we could call the 'Roverity'. Here we cannot say better, this is the status of the 'distributive concept'. It amounts to say that 'Rover' as a proper noun is solely a distributive concept. If I go on with my echoes, echoes coming from classical texts, I tell myself, let's make a detour then, even if we mix all up for this last time, let's pass by Hegel. Since he is an author I seldom talk about, make the most of it. Besides, I don't venture, I keep to the very beginning of *The Phenomenology of Spirit*.

[Translation by Thompson/Maglioni]

[Beginning of video clip] At the very beginning of the *Phenomenology of Spirit* it's clear to every reader that Hegel is performing a sleight of hand, a piece of verbal acrobatics that he impudently calls *dialectics*. What does he say? To show us that things are caught up in a movement, a continuous movement proper to dialectics, and that they are subject to a kind of movement of self-sublation... What does he do? Has anyone ever been so cunning? He tells us this: let's begin with what is most certain.

At this point we have to imagine a dialogue of the dead in which Hegel is explaining this to the English philosophers. You can guess the exact moment when the English philosophers will begin to laugh. Hegel says, with his usual gravity – I take back everything I've said about Hegel because it's clear he's a great genius... But after all... anyway, try to follow me.

He tells us a story which is rather fine and quite convincing. He tells us there is sense-certainty, entangled consciousness. It's the starting point of *Phenomenology of Spirit*: consciousness mired in sense-certainty. And consciousness says that the sensible has the last word on things. Here the English philosophers might say: "This German gentleman is already betraying us." But they might also say: "Yes, perhaps we too could say that. We've already said that sense-certainty is foremost".

In fact, it's a thematics that runs through what is called empiricism. And, as we all know, empiricism is an English invention. So here we have consciousness caught up in sense-certainty. It matches particularity, singularity. And our splendid Hegel analyses singularity and demonstrates that it is an untenable position because we cannot take a step without overcoming the stage of sense-certainty. And so as to show this, he says that sensible consciousness is as though torn, a tear that will become the first stage in the dialectic of the *Phenomenology of Spirit*. It is torn because, while it presumes to seize the most particular, it in fact seizes only the abstract universal. **[End of video clip]** Why does it presume to seize the most particular? It presumes to aim for what is most particular in the sensible and expresses this in saying 'here and now'.

But as Hegel, who at this point becomes almost cheerful - which is quite unusual for him – says, "here and now" is the empty universal because it pertains to every moment of space... no, to every point in space of which I can say 'here' and every moment in time of which I can say 'now.' In the very moment I believe I have seized what is most singular, in fact I seize only abstract and empty generality. So you see how, caught in this contradiction, sensible consciousness is ejected from the sensible and must move on to another stage of the dialectic.

But before this happens, the English philosophers I mentioned before will have a laugh. Why are they amused? Because it seems that poor Hegel has lost his head. The dialectic has to work. Hegel strikes a formidable blow because he acts as though the concepts of *this*, *that*, *here* and *now* were common concepts. Which is to say, common concepts that refer to states of things and which have an explicit signification. He treats the concepts of *here* and *now* exactly as he would the concept *dog*.

Here, a supporter of sense-certainty - if he had no other reason for reading the *Phenomenology* - would have no qualms about closing the book, because there would, as Hegel says, be no reason to go any further. Hegel thinks that sense-certainty sublates itself because he's performing a sleight of hand. Which is to say that instead of realizing that *here*, *now*, the proper name etc. are literally shifters, he translates them as common concepts at which point he falls into contradiction. Contradiction between the function of *here* and *now* which refer to what is most singular and the form of *here* and *now* translated into the pure universal. But you see that that isn't the case...

We should make a special category, in saying that it's not true that *here*, *now*, proper names and the *I* are not real concepts, but that they are instead very special concepts: distributive concepts. And that distributive concepts cannot be aligned with common concepts.

[tape interrupted]

Isn't there a great difference between the use of *I* in certain cases and other uses of *I*? Or *I* in certain formulae and *I* in other formulae... When I say 'I walk' – here I'm deliberately taking two very distant examples. I'm still trying to construct my problem. I'll take two extreme examples but we will perhaps see that everything in the middle creates problems.

If I say 'I walk' I clearly understand that this is a phrase which employs a shifter: 'I.' But is this so fundamentally different from 'he walks'? Meaning: is the use of *I* in 'I walk' not already a use I would define as derived. Which is to say an *I* that stands for a *he*. An *I* aligned on the *he*. Why? Because I can very well say 'I walk' while not walking. The proof is that I've just said 'I walk' and I haven't moved. I'm not walking. Therefore I can say 'I walk' without walking. Which equates to saying that the *I* in this case has a rapport of designation with a state of things exterior to it. And which therefore may or may not be effectuated.

At this point I will say that this is a use of the term *I*, which is a term, okay... a special sign but which can have a common use. When I say 'I walk' I don't use the *I* in a sense proper to the *I*. I use it in a common sense, thus one which is valid for a *virtual he*. I say 'I walk' exactly as another person would say of me 'he walks' or 'he doesn't walk.' There is an alignment of the *I* upon the *he*.

Perhaps at this point you will understand what Benveniste has in mind when he says that it is not enough to draw out the formal specificity of the *I* and *you* with respect to the *he*. Something more must be done. That is to say, we have to draw out the form of this special *I*... We have to extract from the *I* an *I* that is even more special, more profound and this will be at the centre of langue-parole, meaning at the centre of discourse. And what will this be?

It suffices to take the opposite case to the formula 'I walk'. When I say 'I walk' I use *I* in terms of a current common usage. That is to say I use it as a *he*, or as a common concept. Let's look for a case that is not like this. As I said, if I say 'I walk' I make a common use of *I* because I can say it without walking. Therefore 'I walk' is a formula that refers to a state of things that is exterior and can be effectuated or not. Whereas – and here I jump to the other extreme – when I say 'I promise' ... I say 'I promise'. It's a curious phrase. It's completely different from the point of view of a good linguistic analysis. And Benveniste was not the only one to make such an analysis. English linguists too still take pride in having done so.

So, when I say 'I promise'... Okay, I promise... But that can also be a false promise. And yet a false promise is not a promise that is false. So what does it mean to say a false promise isn't a promise that is false? It means that when I promise, when I say 'I promise', whether I wish to or not, whether or not I intend to keep the promise, I *do* something in saying it, which is to say I actually promise. It's enveloped in the formula. I would say that such a formula doesn't designate anything that is exterior to it and at the same time I would say that its meaning is enveloped in the phrase itself.

There are certain acts typical of language from which we derive the very interesting concept developed by the English: the *speech act*, the act of language. These are language acts that we have to distinguish from actual actions, meaning actions exterior to language. The phrase 'I close the window' refers to an action that is exterior to language, whereas 'I promise' doesn't refer to an external action. When I say 'I declare this session open', the session is effectively open. And yet it's not completely certain. Well, let's suppose it is... At first glance, this could be the case.

When I say 'I declare this session open', the session is open. In other words, I do something by saying it. I open the session. There is no way to open the session other than by saying 'the session is open'. It's a speech act. You understand... Good. So I have my two extreme cases: 'I walk' and 'I promise'. Or if I say 'I greet you'... actually there are equivalents. Instead of saying the session is open I could strike a hammer three times. But these three strikes would constitute a speech act. We will call *speech act* any formula in which something is done in its being said. So 'I promise' isn't the same as 'I walk'... Is this clear, the difference between these two opposite cases?

Let's look at some other examples. When I say 'I suppose...' what does this refer to? To which case? Or I say 'I think...' What does that refer to? There's a feeling that this is going to be complicated. If I say 'I reason', which case does that refer to? Now things become interesting because if we mix all this up, I can see that Descartes was indubitably right. It wasn't out of caprice that he opposed the objections. He thought that the formula 'I think' was of the second type. I can't say this without doing something as I say it, namely: think. Why? Well that's his business... Among his implicit presuppositions is the idea that man always thinks. So to a certain extent I cannot avoid thinking. Benveniste, however, will deny that 'I think' is a phrase of the second type. And he will place it in the first category.

[tape interrupted]

He, or rather the ensemble of so-called common formulae, exists only through... linguistically speaking, it exists only on the condition that it is placed within and referred to a kind of matrix of discourse, which is to say the *I* that would be more profound than any *I*. The *I* that would be more profound than any *I* belongs to the type: *I* promise. The category of shifter.

So, you see, what we have here is not simply a surpassing... I return to where I started from... In this case there is not simply a surpassing in linguistic terms of the *he* with respect to *I* and *you*, but also the surpassing of the *I* and *you* towards an even more profound *I*. And here we bounce back to the beginning. We bounce back because viewed in the light of Benveniste, who has had a certain influence in the field of linguistics, Blanchot's text seems to me even more unusual. Although when Blanchot was writing this he wasn't thinking about the linguists of the time.

What does he mean when he says: "No, not at all. What is this business?" As though Blanchot were saying to us: "What is all this personology?" And he says quite openly that all of so-called modern literature has gone against this movement. All modern literature and everything that counted for him in it has made the reverse movement, that is to surpass the *I* and the *you* towards a *he* of the third person, and from this towards a *he* that is even more profound and that pertains to no person.

In this respect, I think Blanchot has something to teach us not only in terms of literature but also of linguistics because, as far as I am aware, he is the only one to sustain such a hypothesis in terms of linguistics. In his work we find elements of a critique of the theory of shifters, a critique of the linguistic theory of the shifter. And this is interesting because... why does Blanchot do this? There's something here I don't quite understand. But no matter... So what does all this mean?

For us it means that Blanchot's schema would work only if - just as Benveniste showed that there is an *I* more profound than the *I*, an *I* of 'I promise' deeper than the *I* of 'I walk'... Blanchot was to make a quite different attempt in the opposite sense in showing that in the *he* of the third person there is a much more profound *he* which no longer pertains to any person and which concerns us all. A *he* which at this point is no longer at the centre of language but at the *borderline* of language, as its tensor, assuring the peripheral tension of language, all the surface tension of language which it flattens, stretching it towards its limits. And, indeed, all the authors he cites as those who have handled this mysterious *he* - Kafka and others - are writers who have accomplished this kind of spreading and sprawling of language. They have refused to centre language on devices such as shifters, and instead they have performed this kind of spreading, treating it like a sort of skin that has to be stretched out, a surface tension of the skin that tends towards a kind of limit. Rather than establishing centres in language, they traverse it by means of tensors.

[tape interrupted]

Okay... *he* can be the third person, but if I say 'it happens' (*il arrive*)... what else can this third person be? Here I'm not speaking on behalf of Blanchot. I'm trying to say things of a simpler nature. And we'll see if Blanchot connects to this. In French, there is another *he* (*il*) which marks not only the third person but also the impersonal. 'It rains' (*Il pleut*). Why wouldn't this difference between these two indefinite forms of the third person deserve a linguistic analysis similar to that of the *I*? When I say 'it happens' (*il arrive*), or 'it rains', these are two formulas stretched to the extreme.

[tape interrupted]

There are many authors, if we look again for sources, for whom individuation, in the literal sense of the term, can only be the individuation of a person. Individuation can only be applied to a person. So there you have it. I'm reminded of a text by Leibniz...

Leibniz says that certainly there are many different uses of the words *a* or *an*. Making a reflection on the indefinite article and says that *a* or *an* constitute a series of hierarchical grades. When I say 'an army' we have what he calls a pure being of collection. It's an abstract entity. When I say 'a stone' it is already more individuated... according to Leibniz. When I say 'a stone'... When I say 'a beast, an animal' this is even more unified, individuated. And he launches his great formula: "being is one thing." *Being* one is being *one*. And the more one *is* the more one is *one*. Which is to say that, fundamentally speaking, being is the person.

Many authors have maintained that the secret of individuation lies on the side of the person. To the point where they end up saying that the event has no individuation, if not by derivation. Or else, by fiction. That is to say it is either a fictional or derived individuation. It presupposes persons. Again, only the English – oh, how strange this story of the genius of nations is... – have chosen not to follow this path. In my view, many English philosophers flirt with the idea that the secret of individuation is not the person. Real individuation concerns events. It's an odd idea...

You might ask yourself what justifies such a view. What do you think? Does this say anything to you? What do they mean?

They mean that people too... they make the inverse derivation. They say that people too are individuated in the same manner as events. But we don't see this. We have so many bad habits... We think we are people but in fact we're not. We are in our way small events. And if we are individuated we are so as events not as people. It's interesting...

You might say that we would have to define what an event is and what a person is. No, I appeal to the resonances... that things... depending on what you say about it, the definition of what constitutes an event changes in a peculiar way. What is a battle? What is an event? An event? Death, is that an event?

And what is the rapport between the event and the person? A wound, is that an event? Yes, if I'm wounded, a wound is an event. It's the expression of something that happens or that has happened to me. Okay, so how is a wound individuated? Is it individuated because it happens to a person? Or do I call 'person' the one to whom it happens? It's complicated... Perhaps those of you who were here previous years will recall that I spent a lot of time on the following questions: What is the individuation of a time of day? What is the individuation of a season? What is this mode of individuation that, in my view, does not at all pass by way of persons? What is the individuation of a wind? When geographers speak about wind, they actually give proper names to winds.

So our problem returns. It's the same problem as the one we had before but at a different level.

Some say that the proper name is first of all the person and that all other uses of a proper name are derived. Others say... you have to make your own choice... my own view is very much aligned with this other side that I'm trying to explain, who tell us it's not like they say. It only seems that way. But it's not the first time that something seems to be which isn't. That's not it. I truly believe that the first usage of the proper name and its meaning are discovered only insofar as they derive from events. What is or has been fundamentally identified by a proper name are not people but events. I mean that, before the person, there is this very strange region... because individuations are made in a completely different way. I cited from the beautiful poem by Lorca: "Oh that terrible five in the afternoon..."

Oh that terrible five in the afternoon... What kind of individuation is this?

In English novels, not always but in the works of many great English novelists, the characters aren't really characters... You see, we go back to Blanchot. Luckily we can console him and console ourselves through him... Although he doesn't speak about English novelists as such. So perhaps here we have another source who can take his side...

In many English novels, particularly at key moments, characters are not treated as persons. They are not individuated as persons. Take the Brontë sisters for example. They have a kind of genius. Especially one, though I don't remember which, so I won't mention her... No, I think it's Charlotte actually. I'm sure it's Charlotte Brontë... who presents her characters not as persons but

as the equivalent of a wind. A passing wind. Or in Virginia Woolf... they can take the form of a school of fish, or a walk...

Isn't this the 'I walk' that Benveniste neglected and treated as of minor importance? It is enough that I walk for me to be I no longer. If my walk is a walk, I'm no longer an *I*: I am an event. The author who bore this quite marvellously in English literature is of course Virginia Woolf.

[tape interrupted]

Schopenhauer sang of the woe of individuation, but in his case individuation was conceived as that of the person. And the undifferentiated abyss. And the young Nietzsche was fascinated by this idea. In his *Birth of Tragedy* we find him still clinging to these coordinates. Very soon afterwards, however, Nietzsche will say that there is another path. Not a middle way, but a completely different path that will overturn the very terms of the problem. He will say that the choice is not between the individuation of persons or the undifferentiated abyss: there exists another mode of individuation.

It seems to me that all these authors turn around this very complex notion of the event... An individuation of the event that will no longer be the individuation of any person.

What is a morality? There is a morality everywhere in the type of personology I described before. Benveniste is a moralist of language. He is a moralist of language, except that his moralism is a moralism of the person. In the other case there may be just as much of a morality but one that is of a different nature. It's not the same notion of dignity or wisdom that we see at work here. Nor is it the same kind of dissipation. It's not the same kind of non-wisdom either. It's something else entirely. In what sense?

If you live *your* individuation and not that of a person, it is - to go back to the terms we used the other time - that of a *tribe*. I am a tribe, I have my tribes. I have my own tribes. You'll tell me I said *my* and *I*, that the tribe is subordinated to *I-you*, no... to *you-me*. But I will answer you: You haven't understood. Don't bore me with questions of language...

If, just like everyone else, I say 'the sun rises', I can also say 'I have my tribes'. Of course in the formula 'I have my tribes', the word *tribes* is subordinate to *I* and *my*, that is, to the first person pronoun and first person possessive pronoun. Except that *I* is individuated according to the *mode* of tribes. Which is to say its individuation is not at all like that of a person. So doesn't this change everything? Here too the point isn't to know who is right and who is wrong. If now we say that the proper name first and foremost designates events... designates winds... events, it doesn't designate persons, or only secondarily, and in the last instance, we can say that we are adopting a kind of anti-Benveniste stance. But this is not to upset Benveniste, it's just as a way of sticking to our path. So what does this mean? Why am I speaking about individuation through the event in opposition to the other form of individuation?

I would almost say that individuation in the mode of persons is nothing more than a linguistic fiction. It doesn't exist. I say this because I feel like it... Obviously at this point any personology, if it were true, would be entirely a fiction. So what does this mean? It might mean...

It should be said what a strange thing an event is because in the event we must distinguish two things. We're still developing our distinction, moving it. I am wounded. Oh no, the wound. I have a knife stuck in me. Or else war breaks out. Here we have two types of event. There are two sides... I cite here an author Blanchot knows well: Joe Bousquet.

Joe Bousquet is a very odd author. Very fine... He was wounded by a grenade during World War I. He died quite recently. The wound left him paralysed, immobile. He lived in bed. He wrote a lot. Fortunately not about himself, but about things he felt he had to say. Here is a phrase of Bousquet's that sounds quite strange: "My wound existed before: I was born to embody it."

There's a lot contained in these words. You will note that only someone who is profoundly sick or struck by a malady could sustain a thesis that in another's mouth would sound quite odious. Bousquet had to have undergone the grenade explosion that left him paralyzed to be able to sustain a thesis of this sort. "My wound existed before." It sounds like a kind of diabolical pride... "I was born to embody it."

If this phrase speaks to you... accept this method. If the phrase doesn't say anything to you, forget it. But if the phrase says something to you, we can go on. What could it mean?

It seems to me – and he explains this very well so that we feel it too – he means that an event can only exist insofar as it is *effectuated*. There are no events that are not effectuated. Okay. There is no platonic idea of the wound. Yet at the same time we have to say two things: there's always something in the event that surpasses, that exceeds, its effectuation. In other words, an event only exists insofar as it is effectuated. But in what exactly?

I go back to the words I used before. It only exists insofar as it is effectuated in persons and things. War doesn't exist independently of the soldiers who are subjected to it, the materials that are deployed, the places involved... that is to say it is only effectuated in states of things and persons. Otherwise what are we talking about? What war? The pure idea of war? What would that mean?

So I have to reassert that every event is of this type, and at the same time I maintain that in every event, however small or insignificant, there is something that exceeds its effectuation. There is something that cannot be effectuated.

[tape interrupted]

It's here we can say that in every event that happens to us there is something that can only be called the splendour of an event that exceeds every effectuation. That at the same time cannot be effectuated and that surpasses its effectuation. As if it had a *moreness*, an excess. Something that exceeds the effectuation of the event in things and persons. This is what I would call the most profound sphere of the event. Perhaps not the most *profound*, because we are no longer in the world of depths, but I'm using the word randomly. You know where I'm heading...

Now we can better understand Bousquet's phrase: "The problem is to become worthy..." And here we have his whole moral, "to be worthy of what happens to us" - whatever that is - whether good or bad. It almost makes one think, for those familiar with the matter, of the morality of the Stoics, although here it takes another shape. To accept the event... What does this mean? It doesn't at all mean to resign ourselves or to say: "Oh God, it serves me right." This isn't what the Stoics mean. It's not by chance that they were the first among the Greeks to formulate a theory of the event, which they pushed quite far. This is what they say: In the event there is something they call, in their own language, the *incorporeal*.

The event is effectuated in bodies and would not exist were this not the case, but in itself it contains something incorporeal. "My wound existed before: I was born to embody it". Meaning: yes, it was effectuated in me yet it contains something for which it is no longer *my* wound. It is the *he*-wound. And so back to Blanchot... You understand? Hence the idea of "being worthy of what happens to us" whatever it is, whether it's a horrible catastrophe or a lucky streak. There are people who are always unworthy of what happens to them, whether it be suffering or joy. I think that these are the personologists, those who centre, who centre things on the first and second person, those who fail to draw out the sphere of the event.

[Paris 8 translation]

Well. To be worthy of what happens to us, this is a very curious idea, or a very very curious way of living. That is to say, to 'mediocrise' nothing. There are people who 'mediocrise' death. There are people who 'mediocrise' their own diseases, however they have diseases. I don't know, yes, they have diseases-events. Yeah well, there are people who make everything filthy... as the guy who writes "commit suicide!".

Here is a phrase of fundamental mediocrity. It isn't someone who has a connection with death, absolutely not. The ones who have a connection with death, they have on the contrary a cult of life, which is entirely something else and they don't piss around like that.

[Translation by Thompson/Maglioni]

So you understand... being worthy of what happens to us means drawing out of the event that is effectuated in me or that I effectuate, that part which cannot be effectuated.

(Student) Can I ask you a question?

(Deleuze) Yes.

(Student) (*question inaudible*)

(Deleuze) Blanchot stated it clearly regarding death and he also speaks of suicide. In suicide there is an operation which is fundamentally one of bad faith. Because in suicide there is a kind of desperate effort to effectuate and render the event of death as though it could be completely

effectuated, to exhaust it through its effectuation. Blanchot insists that one can never separate the two deaths: the death that is effectuated in me and to which I am more or less near, more or less close, and that which in death cannot be effectuated and which impedes my killing myself. And in this we have a kind of cult of life.

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.